

Nat sighed, exhausted from working late into the day at his lab tech internship, cleaning up while everyone else had gone home for the weekend. As the newest intern, he was left with all the laborious tasks, heavy lifting, sorting, cleaning, and the like. At least he was being paid, though for now only minimum wage.

This afternoon he was tasked with lifting and moving boxes from a shipment that had been delivered early that morning. He could go home after he was done, however, the job was taking longer than he'd thought. He was sure he was the only one left in the building, save the evening security staff. Oh well. It was peaceful working alone, his headphones in with an interesting podcast playing.

Finally, he came to the last of the crates, bending over to pick it up swiftly so he could finish up. To his surprise, it was much heavier than the other boxes of vials and beakers he'd been moving. Grunting, he picked up the heavy package, straining his back a little as he balanced it in his arms. He contemplated looking for a dolly or lift but thought better of it. He didn't want to be here any later than necessary and, besides, he couldn't remember where he'd seen them last.

Though his vision was obstructed by the size of the box, Nat was confident of his route and proceeded recklessly. All too eager was he to make his target and set the box down as soon as possible in one trip. In his haste, he hardly noticed that he'd wandered closer to the walls, lined with meticulously labeled jars and vials. With the weight of the crate, his center of balance was off and he had no time to react as he tripped, violently yanking out his headphones and falling forward into a cabinet.

Nat swore as he felt the cabinet rock from his impact and heard the distinct sound of glass overturning. In panic, he dropped the box as he felt several beakers worth of fluid splash over his clothes and skin. Just as distressing, a bone-jarring crack signaled that he had broken the contents of the crate.

“Fuck, fuck, FUCK!” He yelled, pissed off at himself for his carelessness. Not only did he have to stay even later to clean up after himself, but he'd also likely broken a valuable piece of equipment. He could easily lose his internship, perhaps his chance at a career in the field.

Still distressed, Nat took a few deep breaths to calm himself. First things first. He wiped at the dampness on his shirt, shaking his arms to remove the excess fluid. Shit. The liquid had most assuredly stained his clothes. He had to find the nearest washroom, and clean himself up right away. Who knew what was in those vials, and how dangerous their contents could be to human skin?

Taking off towards the washroom, Nat was unaware of the faint green glow of the liquid on the floor mixed with the destroyed contents of his ill-fated crate. The only off was a slight tingle barely felt as he moved down the hallway. Still, he paused, soon slightly dizzy, as though the proportions of the room had changed somehow. He played it up as a trick of the light and continued on.

At the bathroom, Nat flicked on the light, dreading the extent of the damage. He was right; his light-colored shirt was stained dark and greenish-purple. Some had even spilled onto his blue jeans and left the garments with a rather embarrassing stain. Thankfully he hadn't gotten any on his watch, a graduation gift he held in high regard.

"Fuck..." Nat muttered as he reached for a towel, noticing, oddly, that his skin was bone dry. He patted himself down, not finding any dampness anywhere. Even his shirt was dry, the only evidence of the accident was the distinctive staining. He was somewhat concerned that the liquid had absorbed into his skin but chalked it up to a high evaporation rate. Why the hell had those chemicals not been better covered? It was hardly his fault for spilling them if the staff didn't care for better safety against accidents!

Turning to leave, Nat was eager just to clean up the rest of the mess, and head home to put this day behind him. Yet, he paused as an odd tingling sensation spread throughout his body. Bracing himself against the sink, a wave of nausea shot through him. He stared at his face in the mirror, watching in shock as he seemed to *grow* visibly, just an inch, but enough to notice in his reflection. Looking at his face in puzzlement, Nat found himself wondering if he'd seen what he thought he'd seen.

"*Fuck, must be overtired....*" He concluded, shaking his head a few times to eliminate the disorientation.

Turning back to wash his hands, Nat was shocked when he near hit his head on the overhead light he'd sworn he'd been shorter than only moments before. Curious, he stared at his face again, looking for signs of anything peculiar. Had he really grown *taller*? It did seem as though he was looking at the mirror from an unusual angle, straining to see himself at the level he'd seen every other time coming into the bathroom. Surely this wasn't his usual 5'7 height.

Slowly, Nat felt another wave of nausea and dizziness overtake him and, this time, he focused on the mirror in time to watch him grow visibly. It wasn't much but it was sufficient to conclude there was indeed a change. Judging from the angle, he seemed to have grown to a little over 6'0. Was that right? Part of him felt momentarily excited. He'd always lamented his smaller

stature, and a growth spurt was surprisingly welcome. Still, there was no way his body could grow so much in such a small time frame. A simple hallucination couldn't explain this away.

Steadily, Nat felt the tingling return again, this time centered in his arms. Nat stared in fascination as his muscles began writhing underneath the skin. Feeling his arm, he could tell the was muscle thickening and bulging slightly in real-time. At that realization, he gasped in excitement, having never felt such tone, such definition on his lean frame before. He had always been lanky, weak, and lacking the ability to gain any definition. Yet, now his arms clearly displayed something different. Nat had to wonder if it may have been his recently lifting with the boxes, but surely even a rigorous workout couldn't explain such a visible muscle growth. Not to mention the noticeable increase in height!

Feeling a cool sensation on his belly from the blowdryer, Nat looked down to see that a line of skin was visible, as though his shirt was slightly too short. Nat was certain his clothes were properly fitting before now. In fact, they were a size too big, finding it difficult to purchase men's clothes that fit his small body properly. A similar cool breeze on his ankles signaled his bare ankles were showing as well, jeans a size too short for his inseam. He looked ready for a flood! It should have been impossible he was tall enough to expose his stomach, to feel a slight strain across his chest further proving his growth and the tightness in his clothes.

Another wave of tingling overtook him, leaving his muscles slightly sore and aching once more. It was as though a slight surge of strength was flowing over him, like the after-effects of a solid workout. Curious, he pulled up his shirt further, it, too, more toned, a clear improvement over what he had been. A quick touch to his legs reported the same, bulging muscle on his thighs and calves that had not been there previously. Stanger still, his skin seemed hairless. Never the most hairy of guys, Nat was still shocked to notice that all his body hair had seemingly evaporated, making room for this new visage of muscle.

All the while, the tingling persister, worse now, a sensation spreading over his body. Nat was clearly growing taller now, his forehead and eyes disappeared from his reflection in the mirror. Everywhere he felt thicker, bigger, *stronger*. His shirt had ridden up a bit more, past his belly button, while his jeans had ridden up nearly past his ankles. They were beginning to feel tight around his expanding waist and his tight muscled ass. Even his feet felt a little cramped in his shoes, as though the footwear was a size too small.

Yet, despite the bizarre circumstances he couldn't help but feel a small surge of pride. As impossible as it was, his normally lanky build was slowly looking more and more like the form he'd always wanted, muscular, toned, sexy. Eye candy for the ladies and the envy of other men. He felt his cock tent in his pants at the thought. He loved this new version of himself, slightly

taller, poking out from his old clothes. Unable to keep from admiring his taller figure in the mirror, Nat was absolutely loving how aroused the notion made him, enjoying the pleasurable sensations of growth and masculinization.

“What the hell...it feels...ooohhhh...” Nat moaned, suddenly warm, flushed, and overheated in the tiny bathroom. He tried to fan his shirt, only now realizing it was becoming tighter on his chest, slowly pulling over his chest as his body surged with growth. Yet, he was only able to moan again as the tingling continued, giving him more and more of what he craved. His arms were bigger, twice the size they had been only an hour before. His shirt was tight, making him want to rip out of his weak human clothes and stare at his naked Adonis form in the mirror, and enjoy the image from his dreams.

A further wave of tingling hit him harder this time, finally breaking him from his stupor. Something was very wrong. This time the tingling came faster, causing him to brace himself on the sink as he felt his body surge with growth. His mouth was now above the edge of the mirror and everywhere his clothes started to feel too tight, as though he'd struggled to put them on this morning. There was no way he could get them off without tearing at them a little, much to his detriment.

A sudden prickling around the skin of his forearms gave him pause. Absently, Nat scratched his arm, alarmed when he realized it was on the same spot where the chemical has splattered. He looked down to see a massive red patch spreading over the area. Had it finally given him an adverse reaction? Quickly, he flushed the skin on his arm, hoping to dilute the spot, frantically remembering his WHMIS training. *Shit shit shit!* He should have looked for a label on the vials. *Stupid, stupid!*

Yet, to his dismay, the discoloration seemed to darken, turning purple, almost greyish black as though he had bruised. Rubbing the area his fingers reported a roughness, his skin feeling thick and calloused. It was almost as though it was no longer skin like he'd been struck with some sort of disease. What the hell was going on? Surely the delayed effect wasn't natural, as much as the sudden growth spurt had been.

Frantically, Nat began to sweat, staring into the mirror for signs of further change. To his horror, patches of red had begun to erupt all over his face, slowly giving way to the disturbing pale gray skin. He shuddered as he watched the anomaly expand, scared to rub the skin but needing to know regardless. To his surprise, it seemed to be cool to the touch, almost as though it was not a part of him any longer.

A moaned as his frame began to fill out all over, faster now and bridging the gap between his skin and clothing. He turned around to watch in the mirror once more. He must have been close to 7'0 now, and it was becoming clear the bathroom dimensions were not meant for a man of his growing stature. Nat was looking more and more like a football jock, save for the few patches of scales on his hands and arms. Yet, despite the bizarre rash he had to admit he still looked good. To his chagrin, Nat felt his cock tent once more, pushing insistently against the tightening band of his briefs. A flush of embarrassment crossed his face even through the discolored skin. How could he be getting turned on at a time like this? Yet it was impossible to deny how good his new muscle looked, how nice his larger size made him feel.

A gurgle in his stomach proceeded its push further outwards, putting significant pressure on his belt and the lower part of his jeans. He rubbed his stomach a bit, finding it thick, hard, and packed with muscle. With some excitement, he played over the defined ridges and dips, almost forgetting that he had grown to inhuman proportions and had a scaly rash playing over his skin and arms. It was too much like his dreams, and be it a realization of a deep-seated fantasy or a side effect of the chemical spill, he couldn't help but feel elated!

At this point, his shirt was painfully tight, stretched taut over his expanding skin. Still, part of him was eager to see the new shape, even if it was covered in what was beginning to appear as scales. He tried to pull it off but couldn't work his thicker fingers under the fabric. Nat moaned again as the band pressed painfully against his arms and stomach, leaving marks on his skin that were quickly overtaken by the leathery scales. Elated, he could hear the elastic in the bands snap as his stretching skin finally tore them apart.

“Urrggghh!” Nat moaned as a surge of growth overtook his body again. His chest barreled further, stomach muscles rippling as his shirt rode further up his stomach, exposing more of his mutating skin to the cool air. He was very warm, skin now noticeably dry as though his sweat glands no longer worked. The scales were beginning to spread further now, tracing over the bulging muscle of his stomach and chest, accentuating his muscled form nicely, making him further aroused despite himself. There was no denying the bizarre, impossible changes were really doing it for him!

Another wave of nausea hit him as his shirt rode further up his chest, scrunching up around his pecs and bulging chest muscle. Yet, he could not be delighted in being rid of the shirt when it caught on the rows of scales that were now forming obvious plates over him. The sight of his pale belly reddening and darkening with scales shook him violently out of his reverie. He was turning into some sort of scaly beast against his will. How could this possibly be arousing?

Stunned, Nat shook his head a little, trying to break from his trance. Though he looked good and felt amazing, he couldn't ignore the realization that this wasn't right. Humans didn't grow into muscled hulks in the span of half an hour, and they certainly didn't sprout scaly skin without provocation. Worse, he had no idea when the changes would stop or how big he was going to get. Nat knew he had to get out of here, lest he became trapped in the bathroom.

Trying to turn and grasp the door handle made him gasp, shocked at the sight of his fingers. His digits had thickened, becoming swollen, nails long and pointy. Worse, his thumbs had begun to slowly crawl up his palms, as though they had stretched and pulled them along. The alien skin had spread over the backs of his hands, complete with thick bony protrusions encroaching over his knuckles. They almost looked like the claws of an animal!

The skin slowly spread up his hand, under the watch on his right arm as they began their relentless march across his flesh. His watch felt a little tight against the new flesh, and Nat realized that the width of his wrist was expanding as well. He wanted to take it off but the sight of his fingers distracted him just as another wave of tingling overtook him. That, and his new claws, now adorning both hands, would likely make such action impossible.

Startling him, Nat felt something press heavily against the seat of his pants as his hips continued to stretch the waistband of his jeans. An intense ache resonated through his spine and was proceeded by an audible groan as it pushed against the thin fabric of his stretched undies. It felt massive, growing thicker and longer as it pushed painfully into the ass of his jeans. Nat squirmed at the uncomfortable sensation, of new skin and muscle writhing that he was yet unable to control. The growth rapidly filled his pants, making him moan as the sensation pushed his underwear further up against his cock, causing him to leak.

The pressure in his pants grew ever greater, eliciting another moan. He expected the growth would burst free at any moment, his pants were so painfully stretched. Suddenly, to his relief, a small tear resounded in the bathroom as he felt the protrusion pop free. He was surprised that his jeans had remained intact, though judging from the sensations of his growing flesh they wouldn't be for long. The thing behind his ass was still expanding, far beyond the confines that his former body could support. Reflexively, Nat tried to move it, feeling it twitch at his command, stretching the fabric of his undies further towards the breaking point.

Soon, Nat was again distracted by a pressure in his wrist that signaled his watchband was being pulled painfully against his wrist. He could only stare helplessly as the pressure built up, and the leather strap began to fray at the edges. The pressure no longer hurt as much; his skin was thick and leathery and the relatively frail strap wouldn't last long. He didn't want the watch

to break off like this, but he had no choice as every surge pulled tighter and tighter at the already impossibly stretched leather.

“Make it strrrrop!!” Nat yelled as he felt another wave of growth wash over him. It seemed that each wave seemed to accelerate the change, yet, Nat was remiss for not being able to catalog with his current mindset. He was so hot, so sexy, and powerful before, why did the changes need to continue?!

Yet, Nat was rendered helpless as the force of his expanding hips sent a shock of pressure running down through his jeans. Scaled skin pressed painfully against the fabric, as though begging for release. His ankles, too, yearned to be free, stretching the bottoms of his jeans as his socks were stretched to the breaking point. Both feet were painfully cramped in his shoes, the cheap leather beginning to pop as the glue between the seams peeled apart to make way for increasingly reptilian feet.

All the while, Nat felt his skin crack and stretch against the back of his shirt, as though something was pressing against the thin fabric all over the length of his back. Tiny rips echoed as the growths poked insistently over various spots on his back, threatening to tear holes in his shirt. Bending down in the mirror, Nat could view a series of scaly ridges along his backside, two rows parallel to each other as they extended down his back and under his pants. The protrusions were sharp enough to poke through in a few places, tearing tiny holes in his shirt to make room for their growth, much to the relief of the pressure on his back.

The alien changes were coming faster now, Nat’s facing burning as it became covered with scales. He’d been too distracted by his growing muscles to notice, but his proportions were slowly becoming inhuman, far beyond the shapely muscle that he had started with. Another sudden growth spurt sent his head slamming against the ceiling, though he was hardly pained by the impact. Still, he realized he needed to get out as soon as he could lest he became trapped in the relatively tiny washroom. He had to duck his head to get out of the bathroom, translating his height was well over 7’2 by now. This time, however, the surges and tingles of growth did not abate as they had been doing as a sort of cooldown period. If anything, he felt a steady buzz that indicated his growth was steadily continuing as he made his way down the hall

To the best of his ability, Nat tried to erase from his mind the image of the alien face he’d viewed in the mirror before turning away. It was truly becoming that of a creature out of his nightmares. A long muzzle, yellowed daggered teeth, a sloped ridged forehead. Yet, most frightening of all had been his eyes. In terror, he’d watched his formally emerald eyes turn sickly yellow, pupils contracting into reptilian slits. Nat couldn’t imagine why he was being forced to wear such a face. What had he done to deserve this?

An uncontrolled yelp escaped his lips as his hair began to fall out, Nat feeling it slide down his increasingly scaly face. Helpless, he watched in horror as large clumps of his short brown tumbled to the floor, trailing behind him as he ran. The bare scalp burned as the skin peeled away to expose what he knew to be more scaly skin. Worse, his sloping forehead expanded, forcing his muzzle to push painfully outwards, now clearly in his field of vision.

All the while, his shirt was being pulled comically higher on his expanding chest. It had slowly begun to tear down the center, partially from his growing spines but in part due to the slow, steady expansion of his chest and frame. Despite the horror of the changes, Nat felt powerful and strong in a way that still maintained his arousal. But, it was far more than that now, the sensations no longer feeling human. Nat was rapidly losing primate dimensions, his frame being overrun by this muscular scaled form.

With an audible ripping noise, his jeans burst and split from the pressure of his expanding hips, unable to contain a beast like the one he was steadily becoming. A resounding pop signaled that his belt had separated, making him groan in relief from the removal of the uncomfortable pressure. He could hear his zipper tear loudly as his expanding crotch made short work of the fabric that held his former jeans together. Buttons popped and flew off as he raced down the hall, trying desperately to move in the increasingly cramped space. He needed to get out as fast as possible lest he outgrew his surroundings!

Noticeably, his wrist ached as his bulging frame outgrew the dimensions that his watch could support. The leather was rapidly deteriorating under his thickening wrist. With a jolt of surprise, he felt the metal strap snap off as his wrist continued growing in relation to his body. Still unused to his new form, Nat stumbled awkwardly over the antique, the glass crunching under his still barely contained feet. Though, it was barely noticed in his haste to escape before the changes robbed more of his humanity from him.

A resounding snap signaled his shirt had finally begun to burst down his back as his massive size and scaly ridges ripped apart the frail fabric. Yet, Nat simply groaned in relief as the rags were torn apart thread by thread, making way for his expanding scaly hide. They were barely able to hold onto his frame as his shoulders rotated forward with a wet crunching noise. Now, his bulging stomach was clearly visible, pale gray scales covering his increasingly expansive flesh.

Waning shoes popped and stretched, his massive feet tearing them slowly open. Though he wasn't sure what was happening, his toes felt numb and unresponsive, and he assumed they had grown tapered points like his fingers. Soon, the heavy nails made short work of the



meddlesome ruins of his shoes. Ankles stretched as the base of his foot expanded, nearly knocking him off balance as he rushed down the hall. They pressed painfully against the heel of his shoes, expanding the already fragile material to the breaking point. Only the series of snaps brought his attention as his shoes finally gave way, exposing his reptilian digits as the torn leather clung stubbornly to altered feet.

His pants gave way further as his new reptilian tail tore its way through, spreading apart the straining fabric of his blue jeans as it thickened from the base. Subconsciously he felt the new muscles above his ass twitch and writhe as the expanding appendage put further pressure on his steadily ruined clothing. The band of his underwear was pushed out from the appendage as its growth widened the hole in his jeans to make room for its further development. Reflexively, Nat leaned his body forward, better able to move as the extension improved his balance.

Yet, above all, Nat could feel a surge of pleasure in his groin, his balls having moved inside him though still massive, swelling with seed. A now-mammoth member bounced up and down as he made his way out of the hall and into the receiving area, body too big to make his way back or out through any of the doors even if he wanted to. His altered penis throbbed as though his prostate was being massaged internally by his growing flesh. Though part of him was terrified by his changing form, he was unable to deny how good it felt to grow, to be this...thing. In response, his cock grew larger in his undies, pushing apart their stained remnants, making them damp with his lust and perspiration.

Unable to resist the urges welling in his psyche, Nat paused, needing to relieve the pressure. Though, his arms were hilariously small in proportion to his growing bulk, unable to touch his cock as the powerful odor of his need permeated the area. Yet, the sight of his powerful frame sent shivers of lust through his being. He was so big...his rags were steadily stretching apart, exposing his slick scales as he grew larger still. He wanted to touch himself, to roar in release....

The familiar surge of muscle bulging, flesh expanding, and clothes snapping was all it took. Ever-growing bulk rubbed gloriously over his prostate, making him swell with seed and the onset of orgasmic release. Nat's pants burst apart, his straining cock popping apart his yellowed undies. All the while, his shirt fragments slid off his growing frame, his socks and shoes fell away, and even his glasses smashed on the floor. The sight of their remnants was all he needed to push over the edge. Nat was overstimulated with sensation, cock flaring as torrents of jism flowed copiously from his shaft, pooling on the floor to mix with the glowing green chemical residue that had initiated his change.

“RRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAARRRRREEEE!”

The surge of orgasmic pleasure nearly whited out his perceptions, leaving him to stand there as another surge of change rushed over him. Now free of the troublesome garments Nat felt his body begin to grow faster, as though their absence was a catalyst. He roared as his head bumped the ceiling, large enough that even the main area could no longer contain him properly. Another surge permeated his face as his muzzle grew longer, jaws swelling with strength, serrated teeth sharpening as new ones grew up between the gaps in his gums. Yet, no longer afraid in the orgasmic afterglow, Nat could only find himself proud of his physique and power.

Still, Nat had to duck down as yet another surge sent his head against the 30 ft ceiling. He was massive now, beyond all earthly animals, even beyond the size of any dinosaurs he'd ever seen in museums. It was impossible that he was still growing, still changing into something that had never existed in the world as best as he could ascertain. Looking out he was able to see his changed face reflected in the glass of the building's side. The image brought with him some vague recollection of something he'd seen as a kid, something from an old monster movie that his fading mind could no longer place...

Nat was distracted from those recollections as his head hit the ceiling hard, another surge of growth rippling over his massive bulk. Yet, thankfully, his thick cranium damped the impact. Still, the irritation was getting to him. He was getting far too cramped in the small space. Nat needed to be free, to be out into the world, a beast without rival. Roaring, he threw his weight into the wall, toppling the concrete like paper as he smashed his way through. He stormed out, rushing forward, his skin barely registering the debris.

The air was the final spark to light his changes as Nat continued to grow, body aching as he put on hundreds of thousands of pounds of muscle. Parts of his frame cracked and groaned, echoing heavily into the night, though aside from a few itches and tugs he felt his new form was complete. Dispute the alien creature he had become, Nat's fading cognizance loved how powerful he was, the sight of the city landscape he towered over. He felt content, a cool reptilian indifference overriding his psyche. Nothing could hurt him, threaten him as he now was. He was the largest monstrosity in existence and Nat let out a mighty roar that vibrated over the land, announcing his dominance to the world

The beast felt heavy, awkward out in the middle of the city. The scattering lights and running ants below him were more of an annoyance than anything, numerous and distracting. He made his way through the tiny streets, unable to avoid stepping on them. Yet, they were beneath his notice. His only goal was the ocean, the vast watery world that would support his bulk and provide his escape from the loud bright surface world.

With a mighty splash the beast of legend dove into the sea, a wave of devastation in his wake as thousands of terrified onlookers gazed in fear. Millions more were glued to their TVs and smartphones, the video evidence of the beast undeniable. One man, however, was focused on the video his security company had recorded. A simple employee fuck up, exposure to certain mutagenic compounds...the chance to make a fortune....