

Some might say that trying to unlock the secrets to a growth serum that would work one hundred percent of the time on all those it was tried on might constitute insanity, or at the very least some extremely odd views on what science was, but neither of those were enough to dissuade Andy from doing just that. He might not have had the slightest idea for how he'd succeed when he petitioned his faculty for funding in order to conduct research, but his presentation was possessed of such a ludicrous amount of excitement and raw energy that it was impossible not to give him *some* money... with the condition that he present some measure of successful results within a year's time, without which the entire project would be shut down. Working mostly alone and out of his office, the fox had his work cut out for him, but he didn't care; just as long as he had that dream alive and well in his mind, that was all he needed, along with some other minor stuff like proper filing and access to high-end laboratory equipment that he absolutely didn't pilfer from one of his rival departments when they weren't looking. Then again, most of his work was theoretical, with the practical applications being few and far between, so it wasn't anything a good scrubbing couldn't resolve; besides, when he finally perfected his formula and showed it to the world, they would *thank him* for borrowing their equipment, or at least that's how Andy chose to see it. The deadline was approaching, with only a month or so left for him to show the fruits of his labour off to the university's faculty board, but while those curmudgeonly old farts had sent him email after email making their dissatisfaction with his "lack of results" apparent, Andy himself couldn't be more excited; sure, he hadn't published any papers, nor had he synthesized any volatile concoctions... yet. But it just so happened that spending most of a year slaving over numbers and formulas wasn't the sort of thing one did without something to show for it, and it was with the widest, toothiest grin that the fox suited up and got ready to prepare what would be the first proper prototype solution for the growth serum, the one *designed* to provoke growth rather than just test a few hypothesis on how to get there. It had taken him so long, cost him so much, but after the centrifuge slowed down and he removed the small vial from within, what he saw wasn't a clear, almost blue-ish liquid; rather, in front of him was a *revolution* in the biological sciences, far more than just the ability for all of furkind to become bigger versions of themselves at a moment's notice (regulatory agencies notwithstanding). No, if his formula worked, it would mean that he, and he alone, had unlocked the very secrets of biological editing in the manner that, up until then, had been the exclusive purview of movies and TV series; no more would people have to suffer under the "reality" that genemodding and bodily alteration were something to be expected in the far future, for they were here *now* and they could get them at a reasonable price! Already Andy could see the dollar signs pouring from the heavens, practically drooling at the notion that, were his serum to be accepted for general use, then the amount of money rolling his way would border on the downright obscene. However, this did quire the serum itself to *work*, and not just theoretically in a test animal, but in actual practice, with the people it was meant to affect... and lacking any test subjects, there was only one person involved with the project that could serve to verify if the formula worked, the only person who ran the project to begin with: Andy himself. It was a terrible breach of both professional and scientific ethical standards, not to mention a horrifying

transgression in work and safety, but what was he to do? Wait until the ethics board gave the go-ahead to what could be the greatest discovery of all of medical history? No, he had to give that serum a try, and if it just so happened to be toxic, he'd have to deal with it and move on.

Preparing the syringe with which to deploy the substance was almost akin to a religious ritual, something possessed of a grand degree of importance, the first step towards a brand new world, one that he himself had constructed from naught but his own determination and sheer, unbridled idealism. Even if it didn't work, it was a solid foundation from which to build future solutions, and if it did... well, if it worked, then that'd be it. He would have found the answer, and it lay there, on the palm of his hand, ready to be injected into his bloodstream. With a sigh, Andy rolled up his sleeve, preemptively disinfecting the injection area, and after moving himself in front of a mirror to best admire any potential changes, he stuck the needle in and pushed down on the plunger; within moments, the substance had been injected, and the only thing left was to wait... so he did. He stood there, staring at his reflection for what felt like hours, waiting for something, *anything* to happen; be it a rise in temperature, a sudden tightness, hell, even mild discomfort after a certain point would've been a godsend, anything but nothing, anything but the cruel, merciless sting of failure after he had gotten his hopes up so much. If it did nothing, the only thing he could realistically take out of the experience would be not to hype it up so much in his own mind, that he wouldn't crash as hard on the inevitable way down; alas, as the seconds passed and nothing changed, the more Andy came to believe that his first experiment had been a complete failure, and that, despite his best intentions, the growth serum formula would need refinements. At least, that is, until he took his shirt off; it was a last-ditch effort, and wasn't originally intended to *reveal* any changes so much as it was him putting his body on as full of a display as he could without inching into indecency. He hadn't expected to lay eyes on a perfectly chiselled six-pack, nor did he ever hope to see a pair of pectorals so rock-hard that, when he brought himself to push a finger into them, the skin *refused* to budge; it was as if his head had been placed on an entirely different torso, that of a future Andy that had spent months working out at a gym for several hours a day, and yet, as he ran his fingers across his form, he couldn't help but recognize that it was, indeed, his own body, that it was *his* chest that had become something akin to sculpted wonder, and that, ultimately, the growth serum had *worked!* The victorious scream he let out was heard through his side of the faculty building, with most of the people there over the weekend lifting their heads a few inches upwards out of idle curiosity before returning to whatever task they had been busying themselves with before then; how little did they know that, just a short walk away, their colleague had discovered the secrets to perfection, approached divinity in a bottle... and had done so in a way that could be repeated. That alone stood out as being of extreme importance to the fox, who after spending a good ten minutes massaging his muscles came to the understanding that all he really needed was a bigger dose of something that he had both the materials and know-how to produce in large quantities. 'Twas with a toothier grin than usual that Andy put his shirt back on, intent on heading to the nearest laboratory to "acquire" more samples for his research, only to then immediately realize that something was off about it; the shirt itself still fit over his shoulders, but as he tried to pull it

all the way down, it refused to cover as much of him as it used to, and in fact felt significantly tighter than it just had a couple of minutes before. The explanation was obvious, the titillation for it even more so, but Andy nonetheless awaited the inevitable before drawing any conclusions, though mostly just because he wanted to see if what he was hoping would happen would in fact take place.

“Come on now, don’t be shy,” he mused aloud, wondering perhaps if this would be enough to get the serum to start working properly, “you can grow, it’s alright.”

It may have taken longer than he expected, an excruciatingly uncomfortable ten or so minutes where the pressure he felt his attire exerting over him yet won out over his body’s attempts at breaking free, but no sooner had the fox thought of it in those terms than an invisible threshold had been crossed, and his clothes would be no more. Ten minutes whereby the seams on his pants tore themselves apart, loudly groaning as the fabric was ripped to pieces, ten minutes where he could *feel* his body growing in every direction, ten minutes where the raw *power* of the growth serum coursed through him, letting the fox know in no uncertain terms that he had discovered something *magnificent*, truly worthy of the divine qualities he ascribed to it. Ten minutes, at the end of which came one final release, where Andy, head thrown back and mouth open in a growl-turned-roar that very nearly shook the glass in his office window off its frame, burst forth from his constricting attire, which in a single moment was transformed from an increasingly-strained collection of tattered strips into tiny wisps of what had once been clothing, floating towards the ground around a body so glorious that no single mirror could fully reflect its glory.

“Yes!” he bellowed ‘midst his savage rumbling, “Yes! *Fuck yes*, it works! Give me more, give me everything, give me more!”

With the roar dying down, and Andy opening his eyes properly for the first time since his metamorphosis had begun, the budding giant could take stock of the effects the serum had on him, even if he had to give himself a patdown in order to do so; his personal mirror, once perfectly serviceable, had become so tiny that at best it provided a decent view of his *abs* alone, and not even the full breadth of them! Such was his might that, as he approached the reflective surface with the intent of grabbing it off the wall, his steps were enough to shake the entire room, and quite certainly alert the entire building to the fact that something was dreadfully wrong... or dreadfully right, as the case may be, for surely they wouldn’t be so thickheaded as to fail to recognize perfection when it stared down at them. Then again, if they did, it’d be simple enough to get some sense into them: just pick them up and rub their faces along the full breadth of his body, maybe even drop them on that pillar of cockmeat he *just* realized he had down there; goodness, it really *had* taken wing and flown far beyond even the rest of his body! Andy was left flabbergasted that he hadn’t yet realized just how *heavy* his package had become, especially since it hadn’t yet reached the floor properly and hung pendulously from between his legs; if he had to give it a guess, his dick was most likely about half as long as his torso was, and thicker than even his considerably buffed-up biceps, with a set of balls underneath it that were, to put it lightly, positively *gigantic*. Just about the only negative he could think of was how his regular

love life was effectively over, as all of his lovers henceforth would need to be of a much, *much* larger size to even think of being able to handle him; thankfully, he had his growth serum to help resolve that, the magic juice that would fix all of his problems and leave everyone he met so much *better* than they were before... at least, after he had his fill.

“Hmm... could do with a bit more. Could do with a lot more, actually, now that I think about it,” the fox mumbled to himself, scratching his chin, “could do with a little more fine-tuning I think. Maybe improve on the protein polymerization...”

It was an interesting thought to have, but Andy couldn't help but shake it off: the notion that he wasn't yet *done* with his growth, and that others really would just have to wait. Though he'd begun the project as a means of extending this very same ascension to all those willing to take it, now that he'd gone through it, there was a voice in the back of his head telling him that maybe he should stop being such a selfless, altruistic god-in-the-making and just focus on himself for change, that he should stop trying to change the world for five minutes and look inwards for what *he* wanted to do. And it just so happened that, at that exact moment, what Andy wanted to do was grow larger, more powerful, bulkier, buffer, more imposing, until the whole building crumbled around him and he became something far *more* than a mere mortal. If anyone wanted a taste of the serum, he would still be more than happy to give it to them, provided *they* were willing to pay him back in the one coin that he actually cared for: worship. For he, after all, was a burgeoning god, a deity of pure size and mass, and as one, he more or less *deserved* to be given praise for all of his hard work; it wasn't every day that a soul ascended to the pantheons in the heavens through their own personal accomplishments, so for him to have become such an Adonis-like demigod was surely enough of a reason to expect others around him to recognize his divinity. Besides, even if they didn't, the next dose of enhancer formula would most likely shatter any illusions that bystanders might still have about who was in charge there, doubly so considering Andy was already thinking of ways to increase its potency. With his head held high, he walked out of his office, not even bothering with the door as he barrelled through the wall, showering the corridor outside with rubble and plaster just as a couple of researchers were walking past, hoping to find out what had happened to cause such a commotion; they would be the first to witness the glory of their new god, as the vulpine emerged from the obstructive cloud of dust to reveal a perfect, pristine, unmarred form, resplendent in the light pouring in from the windows lining one of the walls. Though it most likely was shock, Andy chose to interpret the stunned silence as a form of admiration, a tacit admission that those two tiny, inconsequential doctorate holders were indeed ready to declare him their new deity, even if they couldn't put two words together. With a smile, he performed a short bow before turning around and heading towards the stairs, leaving his newest supplicants to try and process just what they had seen, and whether or not it had actually happened.

The same could be said for Andy, whose mind was so flooded with chemicals designed to set off his reward system that he had a hard time really coming to grips with the fact that what he was experiencing was, in fact, *very* real, and not just a figment of his overtaxed imagination; every second he spent being more alive than he ever had was confirmation, sure, but there was

*something* about the whole thing that left him feeling like he had knocked his head on the side of his table and this entire sequence of events had been his dying dream. Even if that were true though, there was no point in *not* enjoying it to its fullest, especially if he was on a timer, though little did the fox know just how wrong he was in assuming that his current state wasn't cold, hard reality; he'd find out soon enough, after his brain clicked the pieces in place well enough for him to realize it *had* to be happening, but up until then, the world at large still had at least one line of defence against the burgeoning fox god. The laboratories downstairs, alas, did not, and a couple of short minutes after Andy's first growth spurt they would be the second victim in the giant's rampage, their walls not so much being torn down as simply *crumbling* underneath his unrelenting advance. Luckily, there was no one inside, which just so happened to work perfectly for the fox's plans, because he wasn't intending on holding back with the amount of material he wanted to borrow; in fact, he had long since stopped seeing it as "borrowing" and far more a case of "investing", as surely no one would care once he revealed to the world what his genius was capable of. So what if he exhausted the university's stocks of some of their most valuable, expensive chemicals? So what if he emptied out entire shelves, bringing the beakers and refrigerated containers onto a work table that he might put his skills to good use? Once the whole building was torn down by his ascension towards full divinity, they would *thank him* for being so generous as to gift them all his body for them to see; in comparison, a bunch of stuff that could easily just be purchased again seemed like such a silly thing to worry about, doubly so considering that the purveyors of said materials would most likely be happy to provide them free of charge once Andy requested it. Who could deny a god, after all?

The work began in earnest, with the vulpine preparing another dose of the growth serum while simultaneously applying the modifications he had hastily thought of; there was a good chance they wouldn't actually work, and in fact would result in nothing more than a "dud" formula, but Andy liked his odds, especially since his thinking seemed to be a lot clearer than it used to be. Obviously, this had to be the result of the serum not just making him bigger, but *smarter* as well, or at least more capable of taking his already-existing resources and refining him further, since he *had* devised the compound before first injecting it to begin with; therefore, it only made sense that this new, improved version would not only be much stronger, but it would unlock further areas of his brain for further upgrades, giving him the mental capacity to kickstart a vicious cycle of self-modification that could only end in disaster for all involved... at least until he resolved to give them all a shot of the serum as well, and then everyone would be as gods, just like him! That is, after he was done with himself, which given his mindset, might take a while; Andy had become insatiable, so much so that when he placed an ampoule with the second-generation formula inside a hypospray injector, not only was it much larger in terms of volume, but it was also *thicker*, denser, and containing far more of the active ingredients than the prototype version. The giant vulpine could only imagine what the results would be once he dosed himself up with it, thoughts that raged within his head as he pricked the side of his arm... and almost instantly, the hypospray itself was completely shattered. The contents of it were injected in very short order, quick enough that only a small fraction of them were wasted, but the effects

were nonetheless far more powerful than even Andy's wildest, most unrealistic expectations. It was as if someone had hooked an air pump to his arm, with it bulging out with so much additional muscle mass that it not only *looked* like it belonged on the body of a much larger creature, but felt like it as well; all the fox could watch as its sheer weight pulled it down and utterly *wrecked* the table it happened to fall upon, all while his bulk continued to multiply until his left arm alone was probably about as heavy (and large) as the rest of his body combined... at least until the effects began to spread. A torrent of mass poured into Andy's chest, filling him up at such a fast rate that all he could manage was to blurt out a hurried "Oh god!" before his voice was stuck in his throat and he was left unable to do anything but *roar* like a mindless animal; the infusion continued, spreading to his other arm, his legs, his paws, his *neck* as well as it threatened to envelop his head before pulling it upwards instead, his entire form multiplying upon itself as its weight grew beyond the floor's ability to hold it. He was lucky that he wasn't upstairs, or he would've crashed straight down to the ground below, especially considering how even the solid foundation of the building struggled to hold him without cracks appearing wherever he stepped. By the time his size stabilized, Andy found that his incredibly broad back was pushed firmly against the ceiling, hunched over as he had deliberately tried not to break through it, while the rest of his body had reached a point of such muscular perfection that he couldn't even move without some part of it rubbing against another... to say nothing of how his nuts were dangling dangerously close to the floor and his cock had grown to be about as long as his torso was, something he was going to have to do something about. But that wasn't enough, was it?

"N-No, this can't be it. This can't be it!" he shouted, once more rattling the glass in the windows, "No, I need more, I need more!"

It was a command, a demand, but also begging, as the fox began to realize that his second growth spurt, though leaving him an utter giant of a man, hadn't been nearly as explosive as he would've hoped. But that was easily fixed, or at least he hoped it would be... it would have to be, because he so willed it, and as the new god of that world, then that meant that his will must be done. And his will, at that point, was to grow-

"Bigger!" he ordered, shouting at the top of his lungs, "Bigger, damnit! I'm not done! I'm not fucking done, I can't be done! More!"

The yelling was heard throughout the building, utterly terrifying anyone that hadn't already been made aware of what was happening in the laboratories; not that Andy cared that much, seeing as his main concern was, and always had been as far as he cared, outgrowing everything around him. Any sort of life or existence in which this hadn't been his top priority seemed to be so far in the past as to be utterly irrelevant, with the only remotely important thing being for him to get *bigger*, always bigger, ever more imposing and domineering, even if this meant having to crash through everything in his path. But for that, he had to *grow*, and seeing as his body seemed unwilling to go along with this, then he'd just have to fix that himself, by *demanding* that it follow his instructions. They might say that the mind was a plaything of the body, but in the fox's

case, he was determined to make the opposite be true, even if he had to bring himself to the very edge of reason to do so.

“I’m not done yet!” Andy continued to bellow, “Growd, damn you!”

He punctuated this command by punching the wall nearest to him, which in practical terms meant shoving his fist straight through a few inches of concrete like it was made out of wet tissue paper... and in the process, setting off a shockwave that travelled from the impact zone all the way down his arm, leaving it *substantially* thicker in the process, before finally stopping near his chest; a few seconds later, the extra mass redistributed itself along the rest of his form, leaving Andy slightly larger overall, and in possession of the final piece of the puzzle needed for him to deliberately kickstart his own ascension properly. This was what he needed, not just confirmation that he *could* make himself grow, but the *method* through which such a thing was possible: sheer, raw effort. He didn’t really understand how it was supposed to make sense, just that it *did* somehow, thus the only thing needed of him was to flex and let nature take its course; after all, if he placed his body under stress, it was only natural that it should seek to improve itself in order to better deal with it, which in turn led to it growing bigger, stronger, bulkier... yeah, that scanned, in an incredibly insane, entirely sci-fi sort of way, which was frankly the way everything had progressed up until that point, so why bother looking a gift horse in the mouth? Best to just keep flexing, keep feeling as the pressure mounted, keep experiencing the multiplication of muscle mass as it built on itself, expanding outwards in an unending, ceaseless expansion that would soon bring the entire building down around him.

“That’s right... th-that’s right!” Andy managed to mumble, his voice just barely under his control as he tried to externalize even a fraction of what he was feeling at that moment, “That’s right, that’s how it’s supposed to go! That’s how it’s supposed to *go!*”

The last word was drawn out, the “o” extended past its natural shelf life until it simply degraded into a yelp-turned-yowl-turned-roar once more, for once masked by the sound of something far noisier: the entirety of the floor above him crashing down on his back. It was inevitable, given that the fox’s whole form had bulged outwards to such a degree that nothing could feasibly stop it from breaking out of its cocoon. In between a set of shoulders broad enough that Andy could probably lift an entire truck with very little difficulty, a pair of legs as thick as the trunks of trees and two arms of such girth that it was impressive the fox could even so much as move them around, everything worked together in such perfect harmony that really, the only way things *could* progress was by having Andy shed his old life in the most destructive way possible. Thus, when he felt the ceiling collapse and break up into chunks, when he heard the distant screams of whoever’s office he had just broken through, the process of exponential ascension *truly* began; destroying a single floor on a single building was naught but the proof of concept, and much like he’d gone from a prototype serum into the god-maker concoction he was currently affected by, so too would he quickly maneuver his way from wrecking *part* of a building to the entirety of one... and how fitting, then, that he should destroy the one place filled with people who doubted him, who spoke ill of him behind his back, who believed him unable to so much as heat up a beaker properly, let alone do anything of worth. How fitting that they would

all see him emerge from within a place that would no longer be necessary, raging and roaring and baring his chest to the world at large, shaking the very earth each time he opened his mouth to let loose a quake-inducing growl. And how fitting, as well, that such images served as perfect fuel for the fire, flashing by in Andy's head, showing him what it would be like when he finally gave himself up to the very flames of creation, allowing himself to be rebirthed in their glory. He smiled, a toothy grin that was far more predatory than it was inviting, as he pushed his body outwards once again, and again, and *again*, more and more space taken up, more of his faculty's structural frame left in absolute shambles.

"Yes, yes!" he once again shouted at the top of his voice, expelling air in such vast quantities that it would utterly flatten anyone standing in front of him, "More! Bow before me! Worship your god!"

Commands issued with the utmost sincerity, and as such, reality would provide. As the building crumbled around him, as Andy raced towards the heavens above, as his body quite literally gained feet in *everything* every heartbeat, his form could no longer be contained by something as simple as corridors or rooms, and thus, he'd soon find himself staring at the clear blue sky, sun blazing, its rays making him shine as sweat poured down his perfect form. All around him, little ones scattered in every direction, hoping to get enough distance between themselves and the burgeoning giant, only to have some part of their minds tell them to look back, to *see* what had caused such a commotion in its full, exposed glory... and once they did, there would be no saving them, for a single look was all it took. One look at Andy, the giant, the vulpine god, resplendent in the sunlight, taller than a skyscraper and as wide as a city block, still growing, still roaring, shaking the very foundations of existence by his genius and willpower alone... one look and they were smitten, utterly unable to even so much as question the divinity of the creature they were seeing. So of course they would worship him.

What else would they do?