

Accidentally Infinite

A Story Commission for scot158f

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Content Warning: Macro, Muscle/Size Growth, Extreme sizes

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Accidentally Infinite



“When you said you could make me taller, I thought you meant something like shoe inserts not injecting me with radioactive science juice to magically make me grow.” Tyson complained.

The heavysset gator stared at the glowing green liquid being dangled over his head. He was used to having things dangled over him considering his six and a half foot lapine friend absolutely dwarfed his own height which barely broke above the five-foot mark. That didn't mean he liked it. In fact, that was the main reason he was here today talking with their friend Andrew who vehemently insisted he was not a mad scientist. It was difficult to believe when the lanky bat prowled around the house in a lab coat that looked like it came from a discount Halloween store. It didn't help that the bat insisted people call the basement his “laboratory”.

“First off,” Andrew replied as he began to tick points off on his fingers. “it's not magic; it's science. Second off, I said I would make you taller not make you look taller. And third, calling it ‘science juice’ is insultingly

reductive. This is a saline solution carrying a batch of my latest prototype nanomachines!”

Before the bat could continue, he was interrupted by a snort of laughter from a third distinct voice belonging to their other comrade: Randy. When both of his roommates turned to look at him in confusion the rabbit had to stifle a laugh as he placed a hand over his heat then traced it along his chest before raising his hand up and flexing his fist as if admiring it.

“Nanomachines, son.”

Tyson and Andrew both rolled their eyes at the reference and chose to ignore Randy’s antics. Then something occurred to the alligator and he made a mental note that Andrew had specifically not refuted the radioactive part of his accusation.

“Wait, when you say saline solution, do you mean like that saltwater stuff they give you at the hospital?” When he saw his roommates nod at him, he wrinkled his snout and looked back at the liquid hanging ominously above him. “Then why is it glowing green?”

Andrew grinned proudly in response as if his answer was some brilliant idea. “Glow-in-the-dark food coloring! It would be boring if it just looked like a vial of water, wouldn’t it?”

Tyson gave him a deadpan stare for several seconds until he was confident the bat was dead serious. Then he glanced back at the vial with both trepidation and the beginnings of what could be seen as clear desire. “And you promise this stuff isn’t going to melt me into slag or make me explode or something?” he asked after taking a deep breath, clearly trying to work up his courage.

“100% money back guarantee!” Andrew replied confidently.

Tyler scrunched up his snout again. It was not lost on him that no money had been exchanged in this opportunity. He raised a finger and opened his mouth to protest but was interrupted by their jock-ish rabbit friend behind them chanting, “Chug! Chug! Chug!” encouragingly like they were at a frat party doing keg stands.

Tyson looked at both of his roommates and the vial one last time before finally deciding to go for it. Before he could change his mind,

he took the vial from Andrew, lifted the glass vial up and downed its entire contents in a single gulp like someone trying to swallow medicine without having to taste it. The room was dead silent for several seconds as they all waited for something to happen. Just when Tyson was starting to fear that it had all been some lame joke, they all heard a quiet beep come from the tablet in Andrew's arm. Randy crowded in behind them so they could both look at the screen, but Tyson had something else occupying his attention.

It was working!

He hadn't been able to tell for the first couple of seconds other than a strange warmth spreading through every inch of his body. But then as he stared down at his hands, he started to notice that the floor seemed just the tiniest bit farther away than it should be. When he looked up at his friends his eyes widened in shock when he saw that he didn't have to look up as much as he usually did! And as he stared them both in their equally wide eyes, he was having to look up less and less with each passing second. "Holy shit! It's really working!! Guys, look! I'm getting taller!" he shouted excitedly.

Randy immediately rushed over to compare himself to his runt of a friend -- or at least his friend that used to be a runt a few minutes ago! Now Tyson was rapidly swelling from being barely chest high up to cheek high on the rabbit! He reached out to poke Tyson on the shoulder as if to confirm that it was all really him. To his surprise it almost felt like the alligator's shoulder shoved back against his finger as his growth continued. The rabbit's excited expression softened slightly into a more surprised look when he soon found himself eye to eye with Tyson for the first time since they were kids. And then, just as quickly, they weren't anymore. Now he was eye level with Tyson's chin. "No way, dude! You're getting massive!" Randy exclaimed in amazement.

And it was true! Randy had always been tall but like most rabbits he was built lean and athletic like a runner, so he just came off as tall. But Tyson was a good deal stockier, particularly around the middle. So, when he and Randy were both the same size the alligator looked much, much bigger. And he was still growing.

Tyson's excitement at getting to look down at his friends for the first time in his life was broken by the sound of tearing fabric. He had been so engrossed in his increasing perspective that he hadn't even paid attention to how tight his clothes were getting until they started splitting

open at the seams! His swelling thighs ripped his pants legs open while his gut shoved his shirt up to bunch around his chest and popped open the fly of his pants. Even without significant muscle mass in his arms both appendages became thick enough around to tear open the tight sleeves of his t-shirt. But it wasn't the fact that he was getting so big he was tearing out of his clothes that drew everyone's attention. Instead that came from when the back of his shirt tore open for a reason that had nothing to do with his increasing size.

"Dude are those...spikes?" Randy asked, confused. Before Tyson could ask what he meant he felt the rabbit's fingers brushing against his spine and touching a bony protrusion between his shoulder blades he hadn't ever felt there before. Struggling to look over his shoulder at his own back Tyson just barely caught glimpses of bony white protrusions sticking out of his spine going from the base of his neck all the way down his tail – spikes that absolutely were not there five minutes ago!

"Uh... Andrew? I think something is wrong..." Tyson said nervously as he turned his attention back towards the chiropteran scientist. But when he did, he found that Andrew wasn't looking at him. Instead, the bat's face was still glued to the tablet in his hands and from the expression on his face he already knew something was wrong.

It took three shouts of his name before Andrew finally snapped his head up towards his friends. By then Tyson was well over seven feet tall and small horns had begun to grow out of the top of his head. The growing alligator had fully torn out of any remains of his clothes by this point, and it was becoming increasingly obvious that he was doing more than growing. His arms were already showing visible signs of new muscle mass that hadn't been there this morning. His scales had solidified in several places to become bonier and harder: almost like armored plates rather than rough lizard skin. Most notably was Tyson's fangs had begun growing to the point that some of them were hanging over his lips even when his mouth was closed to give him an intimidating, monstrous overbite.

"Hey uh... Randy? C'mere." Andrew motioned for the rabbit to join him as he gulped nervously. It wasn't hard to notice that the bat was slowly edging his way towards the stairs. When the confused rabbit walked over Andrew raised his hands towards Tyson in a calming gesture. "No need to worry! We just need to go upstairs and get something, and this will be right as rain. You just stay right there."

Randy took the hint and was already heading up the stairs, but Andrew seemed unwilling to take his eyes off of his growing and seemingly mutating friend. A low, threatening growl welled up in Tyson's throat as he took a step towards the bat. Then he paused, eyes widened in shock at the unexpected force of his footstep. The whole room had shaken slightly and when he looked down the concrete of the basement floor was cracked beneath his foot! When he turned his attention back towards the bat his eyes narrowed in accusation, but he couldn't entirely keep the hint of an incredulous, giddy grin off the edges of his lips; irritated that something had gone wrong but also not necessarily disliking some of the outcome.

"Andrew, what did you do?" Tyson growled.

"Nothing! Nothing!" the bat scientist quickly placated, taking another backwards step up the stairs. "There may have just been a small miscalculation in some of the equations."

Tyson took another step closer, the weight of his body slamming the floor even harder than the previous – and this time on purpose. The gator grit his teeth as he stared a hole through the retreating bat. "What kind of miscalculation?"

"Well, uh" Andrew stammered, trying to find his voice. "The nanites were programmed to reproduce and then increase your size by an exponential percentage relative to their number up until a specific cutoff time. So, your growth would ramp up until you got to your final size after a few minutes and then they would shut down and eventually wash their way out of your systems. And um... I may have put a number in the wrong spot when designating the end time."

"So you're saying I'm not just going to keep growing but I'm going to keep growing faster and faster? How long?" Tyson demanded. As if to emphasize the seriousness of the situation his body chose that moment to grow big enough that his head bumped against the ceiling. "I'm kind of already running out of room here. What did you set this timer to?"

"Well...um... you know what an eight looks like, right?" This time when Andrew took another step backwards his body was tensed as if ready to run. He hesitated briefly, managing to meet Tyson's gaze just long enough to gather the courage to continue. "Well, I may have taken that eight and turned it sideways." The bat then abruptly turned and high-tailed it out of the basement.

Tyson blinked. A sideways eight?

Wasn't that the sign for infinity?

Tyson's eyes went wide, and he shouted Andrew's name in a voice that was as much bestial roar as it was a normal voice. The massive transforming gator beast leapt forwards, a hand big enough to palm a basketball slamming down on the stairs an inch away from where Andrew's leg had just been and just barely missing grabbing him. Tyson tried to climb up after the retreating bat but he was already so big he didn't fit in the stairwell. When he tried to grab the external guardrail the weight of his arm and the strength of his grip simply snapped it off like it was made of stale cracker. At that point he didn't even bother with the stairs anymore and simply smashed them out of the way with an arm so he could reach up towards the door.

Now he had grown so large he was having to hunch down just to stay standing in the basement so reaching the doorframe at the top of the stairs was no issue. The problem was that he was now so big there was no possible way for him to fit through it. Even if he could somehow crawl through on all fours to let his height fit through his body was so wide it would have gotten stuck in the doorframe. That didn't stop him from trying to reach an increasingly massive arm through the opening and a blindly grabbing around in hopes of catching the mad scientist.

As for Andrew and Randy, the two found themselves running through the house as the increasingly concerning sounds of destruction chased after them. Their plan was to make a dash for the front door but by the time they rounded the corner into the living room the floor between them and the door was visibly bulging upwards, negating it as an option. The sharp sound of cracking wood snapped through the air just as something pushed up from below the floor, and they both knew exactly what it was.

They decided with a shared glance to head to the kitchen instead but as they turned to head that direction, the house physically lurched and a violent crashing sound came from behind them. A quick glance over their shoulder revealed a wall of scaly, green hide rising through the quickly collapsing floor. Tyson had already grown so big that even hunching down in the basement his head tore straight through the first floor and into the attic, which meant he had no way of knowing where they were or that he was seconds away from his rapidly expanding body crushing

them! Andrew and Randy desperately ran for the sliding glass door as one of their growing friend's enormous arms rapidly expanded towards them. In his panic, Randy fumbled several times grabbing onto the latch before finally pulling the door open and scrambling through. Andrew wasn't quite as lucky. By the time Randy was through Tyson's arm was already smashing through the kitchen wall and shoving the dining room table out of the way. The bat didn't so much follow Randy through the door as he was bodily shoved through it by the growing bulk of Tyson's forearm!

"Dude, how big is he going to get?!" Randy shouted over the sound of the house being destroyed from the inside from where he had evacuated to the opposite side of the backyard.

Andrew barely had time to stumble a few steps away from the house before he was knocked down onto his hands and knees. A heavy impact had sent him sprawling when Tyson's tail, now as thick around at its base as their truck, crashed through the side wall of their house and slammed down into the side yard with enough force to shake the ground! Rather than trying to get back up to his feet the bat instead scrambled on all fours until he had made it safely next to Randy. Despite his concern at the serious situation when Andrew rose back to his feet and turned back towards their house, he was unable to stifle a snort of laughter.

Tyson's head had just begun to break through the roof while his feet tore through the other side wall across the yard until they pressed against the neighbor's house! His arms broke through the front and back wall respectively and left the gigantic, mutating crocodile looking like he was poorly wearing some kind of absurd house-shaped Halloween costume. Or, more accurately to what had made Andrew laugh, was the comparison to a certain old fable.

"Dude..." Andrew giggled. "That's your house he's wearing. Look at how he's outgrowing it... He just Alice in Wonderland-ed our own personal white rabbit's house."

It took the jock rabbit a few seconds to connect the dots but when he did, he scowled at Andrew, though not because of the poorly timed joke as he was watching Tyson continue to obliterate his house. He punched Andrew's shoulder and gestured to himself. "Excuse me, do I look like a white rabbit? This is clearly gunpowder gray," he insisted.

Before either could press the joke further a thunderous growl drew both of their attention back towards the giant alligator. They could tell from the angry scowl on his face that Tyson was still irritated at them, or at least Andrew. And now the alligator was even more frustrated with how constrained he felt inside the tightening space of the house. He appeared to be conflicted with all the destruction that had been caused, but it didn't take him very long to give up on salvaging his friend's abode. With a snarl that pulled his lips back and showed off terrifyingly monstrous teeth the giant alligator jerked his arms up and tore through the remains of the house like it were a little more than wet cardboard. The last intact chunks of debris slid down his shoulders, back, and the swell of his gut to pool around his waist and lap. Finally freed of his uncomfortable constraint Tyson took a moment to survey his surroundings. His look of relief turned into an angry scowl once more when he caught side of the now much, much smaller looking pair of roommates standing off to his side. It would have been concerning enough for the pair to see something so massive looking angry at them, much less something that also looked like it was the budding star of some new Kaiju film with the new thicker armored plates running down the alligator's back adorned with bony spikes. But it was only made that much more intimidating that the alligator was still growing. More than that, he was still growing at an exponential and ever-increasing rate.

"There you are!" Tyson roared. "Look what you made me do to the house!"

Andrew was just about to argue that Tyson was the one that had destroyed it, not him, but quickly thought better of arguing. Not when the alligator was big enough to swallow him whole and well on his way to being able to swallow a bus whole as well. It was then that they both realized that they were rapidly running out of room. Even with both of their backs against the eight-foot wooden privacy fence on the far side of their back yard Tyson's hip was rapidly stretching towards them. He didn't even seem to notice when the large tree planted in their backyard was knocked over and buried underneath his growing ass cheek as he filled the entire one-acre lot.

The alligator's irritation softened slightly when he too realized they were running out of room. As much as he was irritated at them, he didn't want to crush them. At least, not yet. But that didn't mean he couldn't be petty. Instead of explaining to them what he intended he reached a hand towards them and let them worry whether or not he was about to

crush them. Carefully, he scooped them both up in his growing palm and raised them up onto his shoulder.

“Here, just hold on to something and hang out here before I accidentally squash you while you’re trying to figure out how to undo this.”

Andrew tried to tell Tyson that he needed his equipment from the basement to even hope to figure out an antidote. But by this point the alligator was already several hundred feet tall and didn't seem to hear him at all. He was about to try again by shouting but both he and Randy were forced to grab on to one of the nearby bony protrusions when Tyson abruptly stood up. All three of them soon got an amazing aerial view of the surroundings thanks to the two increasingly tiny roommates perch on his shoulder. By now he was well over a thousand feet tall and was only growing faster with every second. The city didn't even look like a toy anymore. It was more like a model. One that was getting smaller with every second. By the time Andrew had recovered from the abrupt movement and feeling their spiky handhold doubling in size then doubling again in their grip Tyson had grown far too large to hear him even when shouting.

The shoulder they clung to swelled larger and larger until Andrew and Randy struggled to even see the edge of it anymore. It grew from the size of a driveway to the size of a parking lot to the size of an entire park within the span of a few seconds. Their concern increased exponentially when they started to see clouds fluttering around their perch. Although Andrew was equally concerned about the destruction being caused down below, even if he couldn't see what was going on he could hear the increasingly thunderous impacts of Tyson's footsteps as he simply walked around and could only imagine how many city blocks... or whole cities were being destroyed with each step. It was about the time the sky started to darken from its normal blue color that Andrew realized they were nearing the edge of the atmosphere and he started being worried for entire states instead of cities.

By now, there was nothing they could do. They could barely even see Tyson's face anymore. Even sitting on his shoulder, the gator's head was so far away it was like looking at a mountain range off in the distance. They could have fit a small country on his shoulder and had room to spare. At one point, Randy had to shove Andrew to get his attention when the rabbit saw one of Tyson's arms raise up in the distance. Neither could even begin to fathom how massive it was or how far it stretched...at least

not until they watched the alligator's fingers curl around the moon itself like it was a golf ball. But the Titanic gator didn't know his own strength and the celestial satellite crumbled in his fingers like a clump of grated Parmesan cheese.

Luckily for the planet down below, Tyson had grown too big for the earth's gravity to hold him anymore and that his presence and weight alone destroyed it entirely. However, one hemisphere was mostly nothing more than footprints at this point, but the other half was still somewhat intact. It took the surviving major countries hours to get power and infrastructure back up and running, but by the time they did and were able to take stock of the satellites in orbit, they found that all but ten percent of them were simply gone with the only hint of their fate being an abnormally high amount of new metallic debris in orbit. They tried to use the remaining satellites to locate the alligator, but by then Tyson was nowhere to be found. The world leaders had expected to have the satellite start up with a close-up of a face big enough to swallow the planet. Or to see fingers curled around one half of the planet like it were a baseball. But instead, there was simply nothing.

...Until someone noticed something in the back filter of one of the satellite images. It took them a few minutes to adjust the satellite's perspective and focus to get a better view. It took them several more minutes to figure out what they were looking at. When they finally did, three people in the room fainted immediately and two more started praying. The satellite had picked up an image far off in the background of space, just beyond the Oort cloud surrounding the solar system. It was a picture that made it very clear that the alligator that had nearly destroyed the world was still very much present and still very much an apocalyptic threat. They knew this because it was a picture of an eye. A single, enormous eye beyond the entire solar system with a slitted reptilian pupil that seemed to be staring directly at the satellite itself. Most people thought that was just a coincidence or their imagination but the fact that they weren't entirely sure was terrifying in its own right. Tyson was still very much present. He had just grown so large not only did he not fit in the solar system anymore, but the entire solar system actually fit on the tip of his finger!!

All this Andrew nervously relayed to the rabbit who was doing push-ups next to him. After a while Randy had realized there was really nothing they could do and decided to start working out to take his mind off things. The bat, on the other hand, had used his personally modified smartphone and what little bits of miscellaneous tech he had on him

to cobble together a transceiver that could pick up signals from Earth's remaining satellite system so they could at least keep track of how big Tyson was. They also knew that he was still growing as the satellite image became increasingly unable to keep the entire reptilian eye in frame. Before long they couldn't see it at all anymore, only looking at the blackness of space that, in reality, was Tyson's pupil.

Andrew struggled to conceive of how gigantic the alligator was at this point. The land around them stretched off into an infinite expanse of rocky green terrain. Intellectually, he knew that those rocky hills and mountains were the miniscule imperfections and rough textures of what most likely was a single scale of their friend that was now effectively their new home planet, solar system, and galaxy.

"So, uh..." Randy finally spoke up. The unexpected noise in the otherwise dead silence of their new landscape startled Andrew. When he turned to look at his long-time roommate, Randy continued, "how much longer is he going to be growing?"

Andrew's sighed in response. After a silent moment he let out a slightly manic chuckle before he answered. "I don't know." He said, before asking sarcastically. "How many years are in forever?"

Meanwhile, hundreds of light-years away which, to Tyson, was only the couple of inches between his shoulder and face, the alligator-turned-living-celestial-body was having a manic chuckle of his own. He had said he wanted to be taller, after all. And his friend had certainly delivered. At first, he had been angry. Then concerned. Then excited. Then confused. Then finally angry again. Now? He had reached an almost Zen-like state. He had come to accept his absurd and still increasing size. If anything, he was a little excited about it again and not in just the "I'm-happy-this-is-happening" kind of way.

Up until now, he had never even considered it before, never even imagined it much less living it out. He felt that he never had the ego for it, much less the narcissism he figured was required to declare such a thing. But now it didn't seem so much like a question of narcissistic self-importance as it did a measurable fact – that is if you could measure him anymore. He had just wanted to be a little taller. But somehow, he had wound up being a freaking god. Maybe not a literal god with the ability to reshape reality at a whim. Hell, his body was so ripped with enormous amounts of muscle that he didn't even have his full range of motion anymore and couldn't even reach his face with his hands. But

power is relative. Sure, people could argue that he's not actually a god but when he can pluck their planet out of the sky like a grain of sand and squash it to dust between his fingers the difference between actual godhood and him seemed mostly academic.

And it was only then, now that he was tens of thousands of light-years tall, that something occurred to him. Something that in all the chaos of his ridiculous growth had completely slipped his mind. Even as the thought occurred to him, he tried to crane his head to look to the side – not that he had any hope of seeing something so laughably tiny to him now. But he couldn't stop the question from rolling around in his head!

“Wait... Are those two still on my shoulder?”



About Author

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