

"There's a galactic way station nearby! Let's try some repairs!"

"Let's check," Quicksilver said, looking the topographical readout over a moment. Only the sound of the Mirage choking and rattling through sliced air responded. "Okay...there's a galactic way station nearby! Let's try some repairs! See if we can get the Mirage in shape, before Mumbo figures a way around the canyons."

"You got it, Hoss," Bluegrass said, steering out over a large lake, toward the landmass beyond it.

Thankfully, the station sat right at the edge of the bay, meaning they were able to bring the dying ship down in once piece, onto the weathered old tarmac. The Mirage bounced, then rumbled, shuddered once, then sputtered out in a sigh of defeat.

"Y'all wait a moment, I think I can creep along toward one of the bays, over yonder, there..."

The station may have been every bit as abandoned as they had figured, but the equipment was there, and that was all that really mattered.

"Steelwill, keep a lookout on the perimeter," Quicksilver ordered, pointing out past the opened bay door and lakefront beyond it. "Steelheart, Bluegrass, let's get to those repairs."

"Shoot, I already spotted what all we need," Bluegrass said, tipping his 10-gallon hat by its brim. "Core power to the station would be divine, but we can use power cores to get the tools a-workin', right Steelheart?"

"You got it," she replied, nodding, already toting a small box of cells over.

"How long do you think this will take?" Quicksilver asked, as Steelwill took up a post outside, scanning the lake over.

"To get us to space, you mean?" Steelheart said, thinking. "Maybe an hour or two, at bare minimum. I mean, gum and bandages."

"Hmm."

"You two might close the bay door, and keep things lookin' quiet out there, boss," Bluegrass offered, nodding to the bay. "The quieter it seems, the more likely ol' Mumbo might not catch us doin' repairs."

"Agreed," Quicksilver said, nodding. "Just let me know when we can at least attain liftoff."

"If we get space-bound," Steelheart began, anxious. "If we leave Mumbo-Jumbo here..."

"He's a problem, either way. Even if we knocked him out somehow and got a big enough net around him, we would probably have a lousy time trying to transport him to prison. He's just too big for us to move on our own."

"But if we leave him here...I mean, what if he doesn't stop growing bigger?"

"We can't let that drive us toward inactivity. We need to get to where we can regroup and signal for help. Bedlama's so close by, I imagine any port would take us in. Then, we could alert Stargazer

and the Bedlama defense forces, too."

Bluegrass was already moving a large steel cart of tools over to the Mirage. Steelheart heard him clear his throat tactfully as he passed, and she fidgeted, knowing she was needed.

"It'll be alright," Quicksilver soothed, before turning and stepping out to join Steelwill. As the left, he flew up to the bottom lip of the pull-down bay door, and lowered it shut.

"No sign of him so far," Steelwill sighed, staring out into the moon's rocky landscape, out at the canyons and cliffs. "Even as big as he was getting, I think Mumbo would have some serious trouble clearing that much landmass."

"Thank goodness."

"What's the word, in there?"

"Going to be an hour, maybe two."

"Oof."

A low breeze passed, ruffling the stilled waters of the lake.

"...I've never been beaten by him before," Steelwill slowly said, as if letting the words out at last. "By Mumbo-Jumbo, I mean. Not ever."

"He was never the size of a building, before," Quicksilver added. "Don't take it to heart, Steelwill. There's nothing more any of us could have done, then."

"And now?"

"Long as we're standing and able, he hasn't beaten us. That includes you, you know."

Steelwill nodded slightly, forcing a smile.

"That's true."

The lake rippled, following a slight tremor from afar. Both of the SilverHawks stared out fearfully, trying to suss out its source.

"You don't think he's bullheaded enough to *still* be butting into the bottleneck in the canyon, do you?" Steelwill asked.

"I don't know."

Another dull tremor shook the planes, stirring the lake waters further.

"Should we have some sort of game plan, here?" Steelwill suggested, not-so-subtly. "In case he comes raging through the canyons?"

"Well, either he'd do so and see us if we move against him...or if we stay still, at his size, he might storm right past us, unawares..."

The Mirage sputters out...she's dying out on them!

Before Quicksilver could begin to think up a real answer, the Mirage replied first, and loudly. There was a single, violent shudder, a full-on lurch, and then, it happened. The view of the moonscape outside of the cockpit dome tilted down, down, dipping toward the vast artificial lake below.

"Everyone, to your chairs!" Quicksilver ordered. "Bluegrass, do you think we can—"

"I'm a-holdin' her together by floss, boss! Brace yourselves!"

"Prepare for a water landi—"

The lake practically leapt up to meet them, and there may have been a fantastic crash. The hull of the poor Mirage may have blown apart, scattering and skipping in destructive bursts over the surface of the lake, as the rest sank down into the darkness below. All of that may have very-well happened, but no one on board knew better. Every one of the SilverHawks had blacked out, on impact.

Something rocked the waters, clutching at Quicksilver's shoulder. It pulled hard, and the SilverHawk burst up from the surface of the lake with a sudden, spluttering cough.

"Whew! Almost lost you there," Steelwill sighed, hoisting the waking leader up onto a long flotation device. The other SilverHawks crowded, smiling weakly, putting Quicksilver on the shoulders.

"T...the ship?" Quicksilver grunted, shaking his head.

"This is the only vessel we got left, Cap," Bluegrass said, grimly. His smile was a poor disguise.

"At least we all made it out okay," Steelheart said, as a vast shadow began to spill out over the lake, and over them. Quicksilver, facing opposite her and Bluegrass, saw something massive cresting the canyon walls. His small smile vanished.

"Everyone!"

They all turned in time to see Mumbo-Jumbo's gigantic bull-head pushing out, crashing through the outer walls of the canyon. He had seemingly wedged his golden muzzle in through the bottleneck, and let himself furiously swell and grow against it, growing and bulging, cracking the rocks further apart as he spread and expanded bigger.

"Paddle!" Steelwill shouted, already grabbing over at a floating strip of debris, and using it as a makeshift oar.

"He's still growing!" Steelheart gasped, watching on, as Mumbo-Jumbo's muzzle trembled and bulged further out past the walls, cracking them wider apart as his bloating neck-bulk inflated unstoppably between them.

"Focus on getting away!" Quicksilver barked, as they all began to grab the drift-metal and row, row away, fast as they could.

The sounds of falling rocks and snapping boulders tumbling down into the lake chased after them, getting worse and worse as the towering cyber-bull kept roaring and pushing and shoving, forcing

his growing muscles out into the open as the canyon walls cracked wide.

"MMMMOOOORRRRRRRRAAAAAUUUURRRR!!"

"I think...he knows...we're trying' to ditch him," Bluegrass panted, rowing all the faster.

"Emphasis on trying!" Steelwill wheezed, paddling frantically.

"Which way do we even go?" Steelheart asked.

"Toward land!" Quicksilver replied.

Mumbo-Jumbo's colossally huge arm shot loose, spraying boulders all over. They punched down into the lake, throwing waves up like pillars, jostling the waters, and forcing their raft to wobble and dance about. All throughout, that massive red hand reached out overhead, and readied itself to make impact.

"We can't outpace him!" Steelheart shouted. "He's gotten big enough to reach us anyway, from the canyons!"

"Everyone, take flight! Fly at will!"

The hand came rushing down in a brutally fast, air-splitting swipe. The attacking palm slammed down into the lake as Mumbo-Jumbo slammed down, able and big enough to manage the attack at all. Now over 600 feet in size, the groaning giant was still partly-stuck in the canyons, struggling to get out—until he realized he had impacted the raft, after all. Then, even he let out a rude sort of bellow-snort. A laugh, even.

When the massive cow brought his bulky, golden arm back up, and opened up his huge hand, he saw...

An entire subterranean civilization is alive and well, down here...

"Well," Quicksilver said, finally, "we won't move anywhere standing here. We take whatever provisions we have, take the portable radio system, and hope we can hike somewhere with a signal."

"This hardly looked like a cave that's been mined recently, or at all," Steelwill muttered. "The only way we'll find a man-made route up to the surface again is if this system reconnects to any of the mine shafts."

"Otherwise, we're doing this without any help of any kind," Steelheart concluded. "So, which way do we go, down here?"

"First, we get the lights," Quicksilver said. "The rest goes from there."

The walk was long, and not entirely in the geographical sense. Every step was deliberate, as Bluegrass kept a small beam of light on the floor of the cave, casting out a pathway, while the other SilverHawks kept their lights on the walls to their sides, and one up in front. Slow was the only way to go, and for quite some time.

When the massive valley of rock ended at a wall, they flashed around it, until an opening to a smaller tunnel presented itself.

"You feel that?" Steelheart asked, suddenly. She held out a free hand. "Air."

The others did the same, all of them detecting a thin current of air running out from the tunnel.

"That-a-way, indeed," Quicksilver replied.

The path was even longer, somehow, and their combined hope started to wane and dull, the longer the trek went on. It was Steelwill who first perked up, then stopped outright, so that the others stopped after, to look back in confusion.

Steelwill quickly put a finger up to his lips, and they all listened on, looking wherever their eyes cared to go. Their cybernetic hearing honed in, until indeed, they could all hear it. Something else was down there, with them—only far off. It was a gently, echoing *clank*, or rather, a series of them, over and over.

"Footsteps?" Steelheart whispered. The other three nodded slowly.

Quicksilver motioned forward, and they proceeded on, but quietly. So quiet, in fact, that soon only the drip of water onto rock formations below could be heard. It took a few minutes' time before that soft metallic clanking returned, growing into something sharp and distinct.

A light just finished trailing down at the end of their path, at a junction of tunnels, going dark again just as they rounded their turn.

"It went right, whatever it is," Bluegrass murmured.

"Do we follow?" Steelwill whispered. "That was artificial light, meaning they have technology of at least some kind down here."

"Yeah, maybe," Bluegrass started, "but that don't mean they'd be all friendly-like and share..."

"We need a radio, or a signal boost, or something," Quicksilver sighed. "We have to take the chance, and go say hello. Or, at least, trail behind, unseen. Worst case, we get a look at them, and how friendly or not they may be."

The halo of the artificial light was long passed, meaning the group felt confident enough to start tailing along, at a far pace, following not the light, but the soft *clanking*.

The Mirage must have been a dozen miles away, by the time that tunnel system ended. What was there, at that end, however, was something quite remarkable.

A city. Entirely metal, mechanized, like an enormous, sentient old clock. Cogs that had been fit together ran shakily, but steadily enough, lifting metallic bridges up, letting others down across where they had been, others swinging around tall bronze buildings, letting countless robots and droids of innumerable shapes and sizes cross this way and that.

Phosphorescent lights lined the streets and walls, various cords connecting to their bioluminescence, funneling light and energy into large cells planted in gigantic housing stations. Buildings lead into buildings, and in all the mechanical bustling of robots and city parts, the SilverHawks could only stare on in shock, from the hidden spot in the tunnel's end.

"Good gravy, Marie," Bluegrass mumbled, wide-eyed. "This-here's more than somethin'."

"Almost all of them have the same production company alphanumeric designators painted on their chassis," Steelheart said. "You know what that means?"

"Same company," Steelwill said, nodding.

"These were mining operation units," Quicksilver whispered. "They never left the moon, after the work migrated away."

"You'd think they all woulda gotten recalled," Bluegrass wondered. "How in twenty-one hecks did they all wind up down here, in their own clubhouse?"

The question was left without any answers as a bright light shone over them, suddenly, from behind.

"ORGANIC FORMS DETECTED," a robot droned, shining a light over their eyes as they turned to its monotone voice. "IDENTIFY YOURSELVES, INTRUDERS..."

They've landed in an abandoned missile silo from the old colonies

The back bay door was so damaged from the fall as to be unusable, so the SilverHawks went with popping the seal on the cockpit dome, and forcing it open as a group. After they all crawled out and helped one another down, they flicked on their lights and scoured the interior they had landed in.

"Kinda a strange cave, don't y'think?" Bluegrass said, slowly, as the spotlight from his beam ghosted along smooth, metallic walls, up and down. Corners found each other comfortably, at perfect angles, riveted and studded with pinpoint precision.

"Water and geothermal pressure hardly did this," Steelheart murmured, as her spotlight sailed over a series of half-lit shapes—then coasted back over them in curiosity. "Least of all, *this*..."

The others focused their lights on hers; altogether, they cast enough light to reveal a long cylindrical tube, capped at it apex by a conical protrusion...the kinds that went on warheads.

"Good grief," Quicksilver said, training his light over another nearby it, and another, still. "Missiles..."

"Boy," Steelwill said, whistling. "I knew pirate attacks on colonies was pretty common, and all, but this is another league of offense..."

"You said it," Quicksilver seconded. "These armaments all have different designators and symbols, too. Meaning, they didn't get these from just one place."

"Stolen stockpiles?" Steelheart finished. "You mean, the old colonies had militias?"

"Maybe they didn't like Bedlama's pay wages," Bluegrass joked, before feeling around for (and soon after finding) a large light switch leading to a series of power cells. He threw it, and the lights flickered on grudgingly, quite unready to awaken.

There were missiles and guns and cases and shelves of food storage, alike. Most of the shelves remained stocked with dry goods and drinks, as well as—

"A radio!" Steelheart nearly shouted, as she moved to a beat-up console at the silo's back corner. "I'll see if it works!"

"Accessible from a hard-to-spot location in the canyons," Quicksilver said, looking the huge space over. "The other miners wouldn't trip over this place easily. Well, whatever upheaval was in the works, it looks like nothing ever came of it."

"Meaning we have a place to hide, eat, and call for help," Steelwill said, grinning. "About time some luck came our way!"

Far up above, the very moon seemed to suddenly shake.

"Oof," Bluegrass sighed, "Bet ol' Mumbo's mighty mad, up there on the topside."

"Calling for help is paramount, right now," Quicksilver said. "Get some rest, everyone. The minute we can hail Bedlama or the other SilverHawks, we'll figure out what offensives we can mount on Mumbo-Jumbo."

"Assuming the big bull doesn't keep getting bigger, while we wait," Steelheart muttered, as she fiddled with the console.

Meanwhile, up above, Mumbo-Jumbo was indeed mighty mad. The monstrously big cyber-minotaur raged and rumbled and charged, bashing with a huge head and horns at the cavern mouth, over and over and over, snorting and bellowing his anger.

They can't get away, Mumbo thought, his mind boiling in hot oil. *Not from Mumbo! Mumbo bigger, now! Bigger!*

His entire body trembled with rage, before he huffed and shook openly, starting to tremble and quake with power. I built and built ominously, making the 400-foot titan's shaft bulge warmly, grinding down bigger and fatter into the turf.

Something nearing inspiration hit, then, and Mumbo-Jumbo slapped both his massive palms flat to the sides of the canyon wall. He grunted and pushed, thrusting deep, forcing his humongous erection into the little hole.

The tip battered the opening, widening it out in a series of sundered cracks and gouges, before it crashed in, and plunged deep...

Mumbo-Jumbo starts a growth-war with the embarrassed, increasingly aroused fake

Even at equal size, even with Mo-Lec-U-Lar's incredible feat of shapeshifting to match the size of the 530-foot muscle-cow, it hardly mattered. Between the two of them, there was no equality. Mumbo-Jumbo still managed to tower over the copy-bull, size be damned. Mumbo's colossal red hands were balled to tight fists, set akimbo at his wide hips, as he stared Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo down, glaring all death.

Mumbo-Jumbo was so close, in fact, that his penis snaked and bulged and rubbed hot and firm against the fake's gigantic shaft, practically cuddling and bullying hot and huge against it, so that each angered throb tingled and reverberated into his own. Both sets of oversized testicles blimped close, dimpling tight and smooth as Mumbo pressed in tighter, snorting out a thick burst of steam.

Mo-Lec-U-Lar felt the fear anyone would feel, certainly. But, there was something else there, something that came with the copying. Clearly, Mumbo-Jumbo delighted in his new size and power, that was easy to guess, given the thick erection and all. The problem was, that pleasure had transferred along, and was translating to lust.

Basically, Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo was trembling not with fear, but with a rising desire. Mumbo's self-love was his own, now, and it was nearly impossible to fight.

"Come on, already," Melodia shouted from the Limbo Limo as it circled the two pressed-in minotaurs. "Get to it! Clean that moron's clock, Mo-Lec-U-Lar!"

"R...RUUURHURRR..." Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo stuttered, gulping.

"UH, RUURRRUR?" Mumbo grunted, scowling, pressing even tighter on the fake. His bull-muscles shone and groaned, the golden-copper plains of bulk starting to tremble worse and worse, as more power gathered and built up within him.

Fake-Mumbo just gulped harder, huffing a bit, starting to struggle. Mostly, by 'struggle', it meant Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo stepped back, giving himself some room, then brought up both hands to try and grip around Mumbo. In retaliation, the original Mumbo angrily brought both hands up as well and caught him in a full-on grapple.

Both their coppery-golden biceps and triceps swelled out as they fought, the fake pushing back, only for the still-trembling Mumbo to push him back even further.

Yet, it was of no avail; in seconds, the quaking Mumbo-Jumbo began to swell larger, loudly groaning and stretching all over as his body ballooned bigger. His red hands swelled larger and stronger, thickening fingers threading wider and wider between Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo's, outsizing them aggressively.

"RRRR," Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo snorted, his huge arms shaking from strain, as suddenly Mumbo's muzzle rose over his own, forcing his snout to bump into the cleft of his gilded pectorals. They chest muscles quaked and swelled even bigger, hotly inflating on either side of the fake's muzzle, pinching on it, as Mumbo-Jumbo's heaving erection boomed and rubbed its tip up, up, awkwardly swelling and bulging against Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo's smooth metallic body.

"What...he's getting bigger!" Melodia helpfully shouted.

I n-noticed! thought Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo.

Copy it, you fool! Keep copying! You'll shift larger!

His body already straining from effort, Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo forced it even bigger. He closed his eyes and moaned in pain and pleasure, feeling his bloated, musclebound body straining tighter, bigger, heavier, hotter, roaring out with more and more power and girth.

Mumbo-Jumbo had to have been upwards of 600 feet now, meaning the smaller fake's growth forced his muzzle to rub up along the slope of the bull's quivering chest. His knees knocked as his hands swelled to gradually match Mumbo's massive hands, pushing back hard.

"That's it! Knock him on his overgrown keister!" she hollered, circling past yet again. Her voice was shrill as ever, but mercifully smaller.

Just as he neared Mumbo-Jumbo's 600-foot stature, the original bull growled in a rage, and brought his knee up deep, burying it into Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo's stomach.

The fake boom-stepped back, stumbling away with a massive, bovine cough. His knee-length shaft swung one way, then the other, then firmed uncontrollably up into a thick, bulging spire of arousal. He just couldn't help it. Despite it all, it felt so...

"RRRRUUUUUUUUOOOOOOOOO!!!"

Mumbo-Jumbo charged without hesitation, his huge head and horns bashing into the stunned fake's belly. They both thundered along the valley floor, cracking and splitting it with each stomp, before Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo found himself crashing into an entire mountain base. A spectacular explosion of soot and dust blew up around them as they impacted, shaking that section of the mountain.

"Whoa!" Melodia cried, swerving the Limbo Limo away from the destruction. "Talk about a show..."

A small rock cracked against the door on her side of the car-ship, making Melodia scream in shock. She turned away from the destruction, to see Hardware, down below, waving like mad up at her.

"Hey! I said, hey!" Hardware shouted, the dwarven alien leaping on stubby legs.

"Hardware!?" Melodia shouted. "There you are! What's all this insanity about, here? What did you do!?"

A huge roar broke their tangent, making both baddies turn back as the smoke parted in the near-distance, revealing a huge bulging ocean of muscles and back-bulk. Mumbo-Jumbo was emerging a true colossus! He must have cleared over 700 feet in size, now, bearing all his furious, heavy tonnage onto the trapped Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo, who struggled and whined through his metallic bull-throat, fussing and writhing, yet unable to remove himself from under Mumbo's body.

A penis and sacs big enough to fill part of a stadium crowded onto his lower body, smothering his raging-hard sex, as Mumbo's bulging pectorals boomed and sank down over his, pinning him all the further to the base of the mountain.

"RRRRRR!" Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo roared, grunting and straining.

"MMMMMMWWRRRRRRRHRRR!" Mumbo shot back, presumably in as much anger as triumph.

Gads, it was unbearable...Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo's stirring just made more rubbing and touching, shiny, thick metal muscles on muscles, gleaming and warm and so achingly smooth...why did this have to have carried over!? How was he supposed to fight this?

Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo huffed, licking his muzzle over, panting sweetly into Mumbo's huge bulk as he swelled even bigger atop him, sinking heavier, driving the fake-bull wilder with need...

Mumbo roared, surging messily and noisily up to 800 feet, sinking bigger and heavier over him, until all there was to see or feel was the giant male's throbbing, swollen body on his...

"H-hurry up and collect me, already!" Hardware roared, getting Melodia's stolen attention back. "I've got a way to fix this!"

Melodia glowered something fierce, but ultimately lowered the Limbo Limo to the valley floor, letting Hardware climb into the back seat.

"What do you have that's going to undo this mess?" she barked, turning to face him, as the car-ship rose back up into the air.

"Heh, just you watch," Hardware said, raising the amber amplifier he'd found on the ground up, and taking aim with it...

Mumbo-Jumbo completely outgrows Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo!

Before Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo could react, both of Mumbo-Jumbo's huge arms pincer out on his sides, trapping the stunned copy-minotaur in a colossal bear hug. Both their humongous pectorals ground and squealed, metallic copper and gold muscles colliding and squeezing hotly together. Mumbo snorted and hugged in tighter, and tighter, making his own bovine muscles soar bigger, all over, from the act of flexing, alone.

"HRRRHRRRR..." Mumbo huffed, starting to tremble all over even worse. "RURROOMOO!"

"H...HRRRFRF!" Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo wheezed, getting crushed harder still. Despite their equal size, Mumbo-Jumbo simply seemed the bigger one, dominating the 530-foot facsimile with no trouble.

"Oh, for Pete's..." Melodia snarled, steering the Limbo Limo through the air in an off-put circle. "Just get a grip on him, already! It's not that hard!"

The fake Mumbo growled and struggled in earnest, starting to part Mumbo-Jumbo's gigantic biceps here and there. His lifted-up shaft sat atop the real bull's erection, throbbing and tapping Mumbo's stomach, his sacs curving lopsidedly over the bull's swollen tip as he huffed and groaned, unable to break completely free.

I can't get bigger than him, like this, Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo thought, fighting just to breath. I can't copy a size bigger than what I'm mimicking! I don't even...ugh, know that I can...keep matching sizes...

As if in reply, Mumbo-Jumbo's tingling body stretched out, held, vibrated...then boomed bigger! His bulk ballooned out, everywhere, bulging and smothering in size, burying Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo's trapped head and horns and neck and collarbone against the oncoming tide of growing chest-bulk. His back-muscles blew up behind him, crowned by the inflating girth of his neck. His already-massive arms billowed and boomed out, his biceps crowding bigger and fuller over the fake bull's trapped arms, as his thighs erupted bigger, his body lifting higher, his sacs expanding smoothly under his huge, lengthening penis.

Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo rode the expansion of the erection, feeling it spread his huge legs further, hefting his own smaller arousal higher as he saw and felt Mumbo-Jumbo blow up bigger, all around him, over him, even under him, lifting the 530-foot giant higher against his 650-foot body.

"Good grief, he's getting bigger," Melodia grumbled, pulling the car-ship around to the side of the two struggling giants. She idled the vehicle in mid-air, and stood up in her seat, readying a large musical synthesizer with a long shoulder strap. She pointed a small laser cannon tip at them both, and prepared to play a few notes on the synthesizer portion's keys. "My Sound Smasher will even things out!"

Mumbo grunted and roared over Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo, bellowing hotly into his swollen chest as he rumbled and pumped up past 680 feet, feeling his growing feet sinking steadily into the snapping bedrock below, deeper and deeper, as his weight kept climbing. He crushed his overgrown arms in tighter, forcing more air out of the groaning mini-fake trapped in his grip. He mooded out his anger and delight at the same time as he boomed again, surging loudly up with a rubber-metal stretch past 720 feet, then 750 feet!

"This is for ignoring me!" Melodia shouted, blasting out a few loud, sour punk-rock notes on her Sound Smasher. A bright burst of laser fire shot forth, impacting Mumbo-Jumbo's back knees...

Mumbo-Jumbo is over a mile tall...and he isn't stopping!!

"Oh, boy," Steelwill said, deflating slightly. Even the ray cannon in his grip sank a little lower. "That's a growth spurt, right there..."

Indeed, what loomed behind them, while certainly still Mumbo-Jumbo, was also virtually no one at all. The open starry skies of the moon's horizon lay ahead, framed only by two vast and enormous golden pillars—which, they all quickly understood, were legs. *Knees*, specifically.

Mumbo-Jumbo's knees were leading up to the skies, meaning where the big bull has moments ago stood, head-high, there were only the knees. That had to have put Mumbo-Jumbo at over a mile in size!

Quicksilver glanced up, only momentarily, at a massive pair of blimp-sized testicles overhead, high up in the artificial cloud banks. Each one was so swollen, so heavy and full and pendulous that it was nearly impossible for any of the Silverhawks to see up past them, meaning that, to them, there simply was no topside of Mumbo-Jumbo.

Worse still, what remained looming below the clouds was quivering even more than before, shaking with escalating growth power. Those knocking knees would have been laughable, if not for the ominous meaning behind their trembling quakes.

"Move, everyone! Top speed! We need to get away!" Quicksilver roared.

"I can blast him smaller!" Steelwill said, frantically trying to remove the amber amplifier from the ray cannon's barrel. "Just, lemme figure this out!"

Something like a continent shifting groaned up above, in some mounting anticipation that shook that air. Monstrous red fingers punctured through the higher clouds, stroking in surreal slow-motion at those mammoth sacs, on high. The moans did not diminish.

"We don't have time!" Steelheart shouted, as the bull's quaking legs and shaking feet began to force the cracked moonscape below into a violent jittering dance. "He's still growing, just m—"

"MRRROOOOOOOOOOUUURRRRAAAA—"

That stupendously big shaft overhead pumped, pulsed, and punched out bigger, bursting tight and painful and wonderfully larger through the clouds, as Mumbo-Jumbo's knees wobbled and billowed higher, wider apart. The moonscape crumbled and whined its gravely miseries below as Mumbo's gigantic red feet spread further apart, swelling heavier and longer across the terrain. The edges of those huge hips surged rapidly into the clouds, vanishing, as a penis a half-mile long bobbed high, throbbing angrily in the air.

The force of the explosive spurt was such that all three fleeing SilverHawks were sent into a harsh tumble, scattering them to the wind. Mumbo-Jumbo's 3-mile tall body spun in and out, one moment gone, the next, the entirety of their world. And that world was still shaking, even more...

"I can...manage it..." Steelwill hollered through the mid-air tumble, forcing the amber amplifier out of the chamber. "I can shrink him!"

"There!" Quicksilver yelled, evening himself out in the air, as the Mirage zoomed over to their far right. "The Mirage! Go, everyone, move!"

Even their trusty ship was less than a gnat compared to the booming golden thigh swelling ever-larger in the background, partially lost in atmospheric haze.

Steelwill stubbornly spun out, still trying to force the amber amplifier back into the chamber, the right way. When he stopped tumbling and righted himself in the skies, he saw the shadow-casting sacs and erection bulging endlessly larger, overhead, and heard the godly bovine's bellows of pleasure high, high, high up above them all.

"I...I got it!" he shouted, as the Mirage swerved over to him, its back bay door opened for entry. He waved happily to Steelheart and Quicksilver, who waved him on from the interior.

"Hurry up!" Steelheart hollered, her voice, his voice and even the droning rumble of the Mirage all partly swallowed up by Mumbo-Jumbo's stretchy, groaning spurts.

Steelwill shot for the bay and skidded inside, caught by his comrades on entry. He waved the ray cannon about, slipping the backpack attachment on over both shoulders.

"I, I got it! We're all set! Tell Bluegrass to steer the ship about, and I'll start blasting that big bully back down to size!"

Mumbo-Jumbo bursts back up to size! They'll have to combat each growth spurt!

"Bluegrass, are you," Quicksilver began, speaking into the communicator on his wrist, before scanning left over the horizon, and waving in relief. "No, wait--there you are! I see you! Come on over, and touch down!"

"Sure thing, Hoss," Bluegrass crackled over the receiver, as the Mirage zoomed nearer still.

The entirety of the gorge, rocky walls and all, suddenly shook with a deep and fearsome violence. Pebbles danced on the turf, the higher rock spires in the distance starting to wobble anxiously. Quicksilver's smile faded off, as all three of them looked out to the edge of the cracked-apart gorge.

"Wuh-oh," Steelwill mumbled, just before a golden, jewel-studded forehead surged right back up into view, looming higher and bigger, followed by a massive gold muzzle, then chin, then an impossibly wide neck. Mumbo-Jumbo was growing back up in size, not climbing; the borders of his bulging neck and jawline were swelling too wide, too fast! A massive hand settled up onto one side of the gorge, before another hand grew up to join it, on the other side. The bull's oversized chest boomed higher and wider, pushing his head and inflated neck higher and higher into the skies.

"RRRRRRHRRRRRR!!!"

"Shoot," Steelwill gasped.

"Shoot!" Quicksilver seconded, blatantly ordering.

Steelheart stopped gawking and fired the ray cannon again, blasting Mumbo-Jumbo right in the muzzle. On impact, the beam soaked in, and the trembling bull's body began to slow its growth, stopping just past 1 mile, just a little bigger than he had gotten before the last shot. It all shook and deflated a little smaller, the groaning bull surging lower...and lower...and lower, right back down from whence he had grown.

"Okay, keep it on him!" Quicksilver said, getting far enough away from the dwindling god-bull to wave the approaching Mirage over. All the while, Mumbo-Jumbo shrank down, lurching sadly down another 200 feet, then another 500 after that, heaving smaller and lower. His huge muscles deflated as well, though much more slowly, the stubborn bulk refusing to easily leak out of his still-1,400 foot-tall body.

"I got him!" Steelheart said, picking up the ray cannon as she kept blasting it, so that she stood holding it.

"C'mon, sis!" Steelwill said, motioning her to follow as he ran to the battered edge of the gorge. "This time, we keep blasting, even as he sinks down there!"

"You know it!"

Mumbo's rage withered, in spite of its intensity, the sheer volume of his booming wails slipping smaller, more manageable and light, as Steelheart blasted on over the edge, forcing the whining bull down to 900 feet...500 feet...

Mumbo tried to step away and flee the beam, but it stayed trained on him, even as he shook and slipped pathetically down to 200 feet.

"Gimme a lift down, Steelwill!" Steelheart said, still firing. "Don't want him getting away, once he's so small that I can't track him down there!"

"On it!"

Quicksilver watched the two of them fly down the gorge, Steelwill carrying her, she blasting away, not willing to lose a second of control over Mumbo. He sighed relief, then motioned for the Mirage to descend to the topside, next to him, which it easily did.

Once inside the ship, Quicksilver slipped into the cockpit, and gave Bluegrass a solid pat on the shoulder, in thanks. The blue-armored SilverHawk turned and tipped the brim of his 10-gallon hat, grinning.

"That was a mighty close one, I'd say!"

"It sure was," Quicksilver laughed. "Mumbo-Jumbo got a little too jumbo for comfort, there. Whew."

"I saw that bull blow right back up in size, there, on my way over," Bluegrass said. "You really think he'll grow again, if'n we stop blastin' him?"

"Hmm," Quicksilver sighed, thinking. "It is possible. The confluence of events that made Mumbo grow so big so fast seem perpetual, so...until Professor Power can come and help us out, we may actually have to keep blasting him with the shrink setting, just to keep him manageable."

"Well, I hope Steelheart and Steelwill there know well enough to make that danged bull extra-tiny, until we can figure better..."

Mumbo-Jumbo keeps shrinking! He needs to get to find a way to grow again...

The moments-ago gargantuan Mumbo-Jumbo was lessening fast, too fast to deal with. The wild rush of growing so large so quickly was in full reverse, in all senses, leaving the cyber-bull in a panic as he felt himself tumbling down the sheer wall of the gorge, trembling, deflating, sinking smaller and smaller and smaller.

2,100 feet collapsed pitifully down to 1,800 feet, then 1,400...

No, no, no, Mumbo thought, bellowing and gasping and struggling to find a grip on the gorge as he kept falling down along it. His muscles diminished steadily, leaving him merely thick with muscle, as opposed to overflowing with it. Still, the loss was completely unacceptable. *Mumbo big! Supposed to be big! Bigger!*

The chain reaction continued, alarmingly, until the 500-foot bovine thumped down against a huge crack his initial growth spurt had put into the rock wall; he tingled and shrank even smaller, and at 200 feet, he found himself slipping clear down into it, unable to stop his descent.

This couldn't be how it all ended. It couldn't! *Not now!*

At 50 meager feet, the still-somewhat-gigantic minotaur tumbled down into the gap, until at 10 feet he thudded to a full stop on the floor of a large mining tunnel. Mumbo stood to a shaky stand, watching as the dimly-lit walls rose higher and higher around him, mocking the 5-foot tall bull. He was smaller, now. Smaller than ever!

Mumbo gulped in a wild panic, frantically searching his way down the tunnel, growing smaller still. His increasingly-little red feet caught bigger and bigger rocks in the floor, tripping him, adding to the enraged bull's hot embarrassment.

As he hit 3 feet in size, Mumbo came to a door. His eyesight was good enough in the dark to detect the knob, no higher than him, and he had to jump to manage gripping and turning it.

The door swung open, letting Mumbo tumble in at 2 adorable feet in height. He looked around, squinting, before grabbing a chair, pulling it over to the wall by the opened door, and climbing up it quickly. He found the light switch, and the emergency generator whirled on along with the flickering overhead lights.

A bunker. He had found a hidden bunker, of some kind. Missiles and flags and guns and food provisions lined the high walls of its interior, which surged higher again as Mumbo shrank to half a foot in size.

Must be something, here, Mumbo thought, gulping dryly as he looked around. *Must be something!*

A few scuttling insects passed by as Mumbo jumped down off of the towering chair. Even those lowly creatures were only half his size now, making the frantic bull charge across the increasingly-open floor of the bunker. Whoever built this thing, and why, there had to be something there he could use to grow. *Anything!*

The missiles towered overhead, beside an opened crate filled with power cells. Mumbo, now only 3 inches tall, had trouble scaling the side of the nearest missile, having to force himself up high enough to where he could leap off, and land onto the rim of the container. Even scaling its plastic rim proved difficult, as Mumbo was only 1 inch in size now.

"HRR...RRRR...HRRR," the tiny bull panted, worn out, shaking from exertion.

He looked up, up at the massive power cell, feeling something pouring off of it, radiating out, calling to him. He reached out, mostly to lean against it and catch his breath, when the pane of the power cell housing case tingled and tickled his hand, giving off a pleasant buzz.

"RR?"

Mumbo felt it, right away. His eyes widened as finally, thankfully, his shrinking seemed to stop. He must have stood only 10 tiny centimeters, at that point, not even clearing an inch. Relief flooded in, before power flowed through, over that. Right away, Mumbo felt power coursing from the power cell into his body, making it twitch, then rippled, then swell back out in a thick, warm burst of growth...

"HRRR...H...RRRRRRRR!!"

Mumbo-Jumbo crouches all the way down, to attack the Mirage

"Easy target, comin' up," Bluegrass replied, from the cockpit, as he swerved the Mirage around in a tight loop. "Take yerself some careful aim, now!"

"Don't have to tell me twice," Steelwill said, grinning, as he took a knee and took aim with the ray cannon. "This is hardly a Hail Mary play!"

"How long should I blast him for?" Steelheart wondered aloud.

"Until Mumbo is no longer Jumbo," Quicksilver finished, as the periphery of the satellite moon twisted away to once again reveal those colossally huge, gilded calves taking up the sky.

"Here goes," Steelwill said, before something did indeed go on; to their surprise, those bulging calves shifted, and one monstrosly big copper knee slammed down onto the surface of the moon, shaking mountains.

"What the..." Quicksilver began, as the other knee crashed after. Tremendous red hands crushed down on the landscape, miles beyond them; Mumbo-Jumbo's titanic dark-tone penis descended, sinking like a meteor down through the clouds, toward the ship.

That same erection and booming testicles were sailing down right at them, covering them in a darkening shadow. The bull must have been so big by now that, even slamming down into a low crouch, even with his bloated orbs dangling and brushing and dimpling against an entire mountain range, he still was over 3 miles high—and *still* growing!

"Evasive maneuvers!" Bluegrass shouted over the line, as they all felt the Mirage lurch over to the left. It narrowly dodged the skyscraper-sized erection as it plunged below, parting and displacing so much air that the ship fought to stabilize after.

"Fire!" Quicksilver shouted, pointing out to ward the enormous sex that was bobbing back up from its downswing.

"Roger!" Steelwill said, squeezing the ray cannon's trigger. A beam of energy blasted forth, impacting the midpoint of the shaft's side.

"Keep on him," Steelheart coached, as the Mirage rocked and swayed and righted itself; Steelwill hardly needed the instruction.

As the beam poured on, they began to notice as Mumbo's erection began to tremble, then collapse smaller, in a reverse spurt of deflation. Those vast sacs trembled and shrank up, up off of the cracked mountaintops, as in the distance the bull's golden knees began to dwindle smaller against the cratered landscape.

"It's working," Steelheart said, then cheered. "It's working!"

All 11 miles of Mumbo-Jumbo, that towering, 58,000-foot mass of metallic muscle and sex, shuddered and shrank, slipping sadly down to 9 miles, then 7.

"RRRRHR?"

The massive bovine snort filled the landscape as Mumbo-Jumbo blinked, then looked himself over, and saw the way the cloud banks were rising back up past his huge arms, which grew less and less

bulky and thick as he slipped down even smaller.

As the SilverHawks cheered, Steelwill kept blasting away. Yet, as he held down the trigger, the ray cannon began to grow hotter, slowly.

"Keep it up!" Quicksilver said, watching on from the opened bay door of the Mirage. "We're getting closer!"

"Right!"

Mumbo-Jumbo bellowed a big, bovine roar of anger, moving his enormous head this way and that, trying to pinpoint what was making him decrease in size. He was diminishing down, down past 4 miles, then 3 miles, then 2...

His huge fingers shrank down, stranding his hands in the ever-wider imprints of the craters they had made moments before. As he surged down to 1 mile in size, Mumbo's hands might as well have been a small child's put up against a father's print. And still, he was dwindling smaller.

The ray cannon spasmed, the amber amplifier starting to rattle uncomfortably in the chamber. Still, Steelwill kept blasting.

3,400 feet...2,700 feet...

Mumbo snorted and raged, looking a lifted palm over, still trying to understand what was going on—or, more accurately, *how* it was going on, at all.

His shrinking penis touched down on the cratered turf, slumping unhappily flaccid over his dwindling orbs. Mumbo-Jumbo looked everywhere again, then growled, and slammed the moon with his fists in frustration, kicking up a great volley of smoke into the air around him.

The Mirage was swallowed up in the billow, throwing them into confusion and chaos, right as the ray cannon suddenly overheated, and sputtered out like a light.

"Can't see anything!" Quicksilver coughed.

"The ray cannon," Steelwill shouted, over the confusion. "It shut off! I think it overheated!"

As the dust dissipated away, their sight became clear again; when it did fully, the SilverHawks could all see the starry skies over the moon...and the huge crater that Mumbo-Jumbo had formerly filled.

Down, down, far down in its epicenter, laid Mumbo-Jumbo. The gigantic cyber-bull must have still been about 300 feet, still bigger than he ever should have been, but far smaller than he was becoming.

"I suppose that'll work, for now," Quicksilver sighed, patting Steelwill on his shoulder. "Let's get down there, and try to shrink him further, quick.."

Steelwill blasts at will...but which way did he actually face the amplifier?

"Bankin' hard left, y'all," Bluegrass replied, over the com line in the Mirage's cargo bay. "Make ready to fire!"

"You know it," Steelwill shouted back, raising the ray cannon up and taking aim.

The landscape swirled from blurred skies and stars back to the vast wall of Mumbo-Jumbo's gleaming, metallic testes. Entire cloud banks cuddled and crept along the bulging curves of both prodigiously huge orbs, stroking them over as they trembled and swelled even bigger, taking up even more of the skies above.

That was squarely where Steelwill trained the cannon, before squeezing the trigger tight.

"Take this, big fella!" he roared, as a bright beam blasted forth, making its way toward those tight, pendulous bulges in the air. The beam traveled fast and struck true, soaking into Mumbo-Jumbo's park-sized sacs.

"MMMR?"

Mumbo's response came as a confused grunt, so big that it rumbled out of the 6-mile tall bovine like thunder atop thunder. Then, as the beam kept blasting on, something changed, and that confused grunt slipped into a delighted, full, throaty moan from on high. The clouds shook, the moonscape quivering anxiously below, partly-crushed under Mumbo's colossal, 3,000-foot feet.

"Why does he sound so...happy?" Steelheart asked, before she got her terrible answer, in spades.

"Oh, no," Quicksilver muttered, stepping back further into the cargo bay hold, as the bull's trembling violently increased.

"HMMMMHWWWR..."

Even the bull's booming voice seemed to be deepening ominously, groaning lower and heavier, before those monstrous red-copper feet scrunched tight, digging hard into the poor moon's crust, before the cyber-minotaur's trembling swelled to an outright quake. Quicksilver looked to the ray cannon and Steelwill, thinking.

"Why isn't he—"

"MMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's body tensed painfully tight, throbbed out once, held...then exploded bigger, blowing up a full mile in one angry pulse of growth! His muscled legs surged out wide, too wide, billowing with uncontrollable mass, which boomed out through his widening hips and swelling lats and bursting chest, up above.

The 7-mile tall bull's biceps detonated larger, straining tight and full, glutted with strength. His triceps roared out even larger, yet, as his already-thick neck erupted twice as thick around, corded with hot, bloated, metallic muscle.

His sex screamed out in size, heft and mass pouring into it as it shuddered and pushed further through the atmosphere, throwing wild heat off as it trembled and boomed even bigger, and bigger!

"He's...getting even bigger!" Steelheart shouted, as the bull's groans and delighted throbs boomed through the air, filling the skies.

"But, but why?" Steelwill balked, firing on and on.

Mumbo bellowed harder, his chin nearly pinched by the rising slope of his own bloating pectorals. His shoulders rumbled up against his golden, massive trapezius, muscles competing with each other as the clusters swelled and bulged too big, too quickly.

His sacs ballooned out, billowing down to his growing knees, making Mumbo lick his muzzle over as it pushed out farther, along with his now vast member. 8 miles shuddered and shot up rudely, messily pushing and pumping up o 9 miles, then 10!

"He's not stopping!" Quicksilver said.

"He shouldn't have been growing, to begin with!" Steelheart shouted, looking to the ray cannon. "What happened?"

"I don't know," Steelwill replied, shrugging mid-fire. "It should be shrinking him! I switched it out myself, the amber amplifier shouldn't be on the positive polarity!"

Mumbo roared and swelled even bigger, towering like a vast gold pillar over the entire valley. His shadow spilled bigger over everything below, over the mountains, the abandoned stations and mining towns, over the lakes and plains and man-made colony roads. His feet alone surged so big that the ankles found the clouds, which parted submissively away against them as they trembled and grew, wider and wider.

The bull helplessly began to raise both hands, each bigger than a mile's worth of cityscape; he brought them both up to his overinflated pectorals, stroking them, feeling them balloon bigger against his swelling fingers, making the bull groan in unrestrained bliss.

13 miles...15 miles...19 miles!

"Let me see that!" Steelheart said, suddenly, grasping the barrel of the ray cannon, forcing its fire to halt. Steelwill hadn't the time to object—his sister already was looking it over, carefully squinting at the amber amplifier embedded in the chamber. Her eyes went wide.

"Good grief! It's still on the positive!"

"What?" Steelwill roared, clutching the cannon back for a better look. "But that...I'm telling you guys...I switched it out!"

"When?" Quicksilver asked, leaning in. "In mid-flight?"

"Well, yeah."

"It must have been twisted around, or you lost your bearings," Steelheart sighed.

"It's not my fault!" Steelwill said.

"Just switch it back out for the negative polarity, quickly!" Quicksilver interrupted, pointing to the chamber. "We can fix it, still! Hurry!"

The sounds of metallic groaning and swelling increased outside, in the distance, as Mumbo-Jumbo

continued to swell from a being into sheer geography. Over 24 miles tall, now, 126,000 feet and counting, Mumbo had been blown up to over 4 times in size, in that one shot, leaving him as big as an entire city, if it were standing upright on one end!

As they struggled to dislodge the amber amplifier and switch its poles, a different pole was coming into play, up above.

Mumbo's member fattened and billowed meanly, swelling out too tight and plump as the cyber-bull stroked down on it, lavishing affection and care, forcing it to groan and receptively balloon out even bigger, even more fitfully tight and ruddy in his huge hands. Suddenly, the gargantuan bull's member blew up too big to hold, and his fingers simply slipped out.

The pendulous 5-mile long erection fell, bobbing down heavy and hard through the atmosphere, gaining terrible momentum. The Mirage, caught in its path, was snared and flung down along with it. The entirety of the minute little ship wound up between the top of Mumbo's bloated testicles and the fat underside of the base of the shaft.

The impact of both fleshy masses colliding was like a metallic atom bomb exploding, echoing far and wide, in and out, rolling like thunder over the moonscape.

Mumbo-Jumbo lands in the snow, near a research outpost

The chill wind howled so far and so loud over the snowy plains that there was no distinguishing it from the whistling scream of entry, as a huge ball of gold-copper brawn plunged into it. A spray of snow kicked up in a pillar on impact, as the white field muffled enough of Mumbo-Jumbo's landing for the bull to not be dashed to bits.

Steam escaped the vent his body left in the snow, before the 100-foot behemoth blasted up into the cold air, bellowing and snorting, shaking the slush off.

The huge bull rolled his shoulders, looking out in one direction, then out into the other. There was clouds and snowfall on either end, and nothing more. The snow had piled so high, left undisturbed for so long, that even the towering bovine had to wade through it as he picked a direction, and simply went.

That line neared the boundaries of a small but dedicated Ice Station, which rather quickly detected something big, moving close by. What to do about the anomalous silhouette stomping through the mists ping-ponged back and forth, over and again, then once more, until the consensus was reached: send a drone.

The hangar near the bottom of the station lowered cautiously, and out into the oncoming snowstorm flittered a single black, metallic probe, bleeping awake as it set to its task.

Scans and optic feeds all relayed the same surreal sight of a bull, a cybernetic minotaur, standing so impossibly high that, even in snowbanks big enough to swallow whole species and vehicles, his entire upper torso was still visible, easily.

Murmurings quickly arose over whether or not to call into the Bedlama defense force line, and request reinforcements. Those who posited that the man-bull might be benign were met with a rude shock as the bleeping probe hovered, then caught visuals of the huge, musclebound male turning to face it, snorting angrily.

Eyes glowing white heat narrowed to suspicious slits, before orders came for the drone to pull back and return to base. By the time the orders were even spoken, Mumbo-Jumbo was already winding an impossibly big arm back for a swing.

Evasive maneuvers were employed at the consoles, rather frantically, edging the little robot into a barrel roll, and narrowly dodging the bull's gigantic hand as it swiped past. It course-corrected, flipped back upright, and then sped away with a defeated whine of fear, zipping through the snowdrift.

Mumbo growled, then widened his eyes, thinking for a moment (and no longer):

Follow. Follow!

Those inside the warmth of the station watched through their wraparound windows as their hangar bay reopened, and let the fleeing probe dart back inside, to safety. As soon as the hangar had shut, however, they felt the first soft, snow-muffled *thoom* arrive, nearby. On the next impact, the station

shook, just slightly. Every eye that could do so turned across the control room, to the back windows, where the dawning shadow of some terrible giant began to form in full. Two bright eyes burned maliciously in that darkness, and those eyes were set entirely on them.

Sirens understandably went off, if a bit late.

Folks still sleeping in before the night shift started and tumbled awake, spilling out of their beds as the alarms screeched and blared overhead, followed by a curious thud that rumbled everywhere, from nowhere.

Every defense droid imaginable was deployed from the hanger, which opened right back up to let out a small armada of flying, self-manned drones. They zoomed out through the snowfall and wind, sortieing and blasting various lasers at the approaching bull.

That call was put in to the Bedlama defense force, and quick. They were only on hold a few moments, but those moments were not happy ones.

Outside, as the miniature war raged on, Mumbo-Jumbo was starting to shake and tremble ominously. At first, his huge fists had smashed clear through unlucky drones, obliterating them, while others were caught between both hands, and slowly, powerfully crushed in, his biceps roaring tight and huge, before crashing in and exploding to dust between his enormous red fingers.

The more the remainders blasted at him, however, the more Mumbo-Jumbo chuckled. It was a throaty sort of treble bordering on bass as his gold-copper muscles twitched and bulged. The more they all blasted him, the fuller the cyber-bull's body seemed to rapidly become, until those witnessing and remote-piloting finally understood: he was *growing bigger*.

Mumbo snorted and licked at the frozen air, heat pouring off of his vibrating muscles, before he gulped, grunted, and ballooned larger. The snowbanks sank as his hips widened and rose up, revealing a flopped-out, dark-hued penis and testicles, which bobbed up firm and full into the air, virtually steaming against the cold. His 100-foot tall body had bulged clear up to 120 feet, in one thick, gushing spurt of size, leaving the bull huffing and flexing himself all over proudly, even as the drones kept on blasting.

Feeding, Mumbo finally realized, smiling a cruel smile. *Feeding Mumbo...*

"RRR...HRR...HRR! HRRHRRRHHRHRRHRRHRRHRR!"

His laughs grew deeper as his blasted body swelled up again, bursting thick and swollen and hot, booming noisily up to 140 feet, in another gush. His thick penis wobbled and swelled out, metallic and rubbery at the same time, straining bigger and fatter as he snorted, and playfully twisted his hips, so that his huge member swung left and smashed a passing drone to bits.

As the hold music calmly played over the phone, those on call could only watch, stupefied, as Mumbo-Jumbo lurched up to 170 feet, big as a modest-sized building, nearly half the size of the Ice station itself.

He reached out both impossibly big hands, open-palmed, and brought them hard to his bulbous chest, smacking his own heavy pectorals with basso booms of impact. The drones caught therein were crushed against them, making his groaning pectorals boom even thicker out in front of him, making the bull whine in delight.

"RRRRRUU...HUUUHUUHUUUUUUH!!!"

"This is Ice Station Delta, quadrant N-5B!" one operator shouted into the phone. "Get me the Bedlama defense force, now! Now! We're under attack! Send out a beacon to the Silverhawks, too, right now!"

Mumbo-Jumbo lands in the middle of a crowded city

The evening skies over the Eastern continent of South Bedlama were alight with neon and halogen, as the districts all prepared for a night of usual business. In about an hour, the suns would be down, and while some alien species would surely have withdrawn home for a wind-down, many others were just winding up.

Businessmen, women and hybrids alike filed out of the transit stations, all bustling to get to bars and start dancing, wading into the busy streets as a televised holo-alert played overhead, in the intersection between towering skyscrapers.

"BEDLAMA SCIENTISTS BELIEVE THE OBJECT TO BE APPROACHING FASTER THAN THOUGHT," a tentacled alien announcer read, taciturn, as multiple subtitles in alien languages zoomed by, underneath. "CAUTION IS ADVISED—"

The object that smashed down through the skies and punched through the holo-feed and the building behind it was so fast that its impact was all the crowds below could comprehend. But that part, they sure comprehended.

Cries of initial confusion melted into screams, which multiplied as a thick arm of gold and a red-copper hand shot out of the rubble of the building, then a thick leg. A massive, 100-foot tall god of a bull stepped out onto the streets, his foot smashing into a car, pancaking it with a muffled explosion as his sole smashed through it, sinking callously down into the street.

The screams proved contagious, as the gigantic cyber-minotaur roared and stomped forth along the street, kicking buses and heel-flattening motorbikes and cars and grounded space vehicles like they weren't even there.

"MWWWWWOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOROOOARRR!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's declaration was as fun for him as it was informative for everyone below him—which was everyone, save the many still copped up at their work, in the neighboring skyscrapers. Even still, his roar shook their windows anxiously. The gawking masses stayed still, lost in the surreal spectacle, so Mumbo helped things along by snorting, glaring down at them, and punching his huge fist clear through the façade of an office building to his side.

Smoke and grit and shattered glass sprayed out overhead, sending everyone into a sudden, long-delayed frenzy of motion. Hundreds fled away, as Mumbo laughed, then pulled his giant hand and forearm free, leaving a deep gash in the building.

His thick member swung wild as he stomped forth along the road, his fat sacs shifting and wobbling against his overgrown thighs as they moved. In the higher windows of most buildings, a bull's head passed by, golden and mean, its muzzle as big as a bus.

As the masses fled into the transit tunnels below, Mumbo-Jumbo growled and then bellowed, as a series of small explosions rocked his back and sides. He snarled and turned all his tremendous bulk back toward the sight of a clustering group of tanks, which all took aim anew, and fired again.

"RRRRRUUUU—"

Mumbo's taunts were unfortunately reciprocated, as huge shells met and detonated against his golden muscles, peppering the giant bull in hard blasts.

Flying gliders zoomed in over buildings, threading in and out between skyscrapers over 1,000 feet

high. They all sent out volley upon volley of blasts, which only seemed to soak impotently into Mumbo's huge body. The explosions, however, more than compensated, as they pushed the mooing titan back and off of his heels, which dug and crashed deeper into the road, cracking them, as Mumbo pitched backward and fell.

Unfortunately for the rejoicing defense force, Mumbo-Jumbo fell back onto a set of power lines...

Hotwing and the Copper Kid find Mumbo-Jumbo first

"Hello?" Bluegrass repeated, having waited a few moments on the party line. No one had answered him—not Quicksilver, Steelheart or Steelwill. They had only departed a short while ago...

"This-here's bluegrass, callin' out to the other SilverHawks—d'y'all read me, or what?"

He let go of the speaker button, and sighed.

"What in the wild world of Limbo's goin' on, out there?"

The two thug aliens minding their way toward the casino stopped, one helping the other walk normally. It was as if the green arthropod had never used its own body a day in its life—which was true.

"The thing about my illusions is, they don't make you have to walk like whatever I made you look like, Kid," the other alien said, quietly. "Just walk normal, alright? No one will think anything of it."

The smaller arthropod sighed, nodding. It whistled lowly, but the other alien shushed him gently.

"And please, Kid, no mime-speak...we're Glucggian traders, remember? That's one language that won't translate with the illusion. Now, we get into the Casino, unnoticed, and we'll enact the plan from there..."

THOOM

"What was that?" the taller alien wondered, looking back down the glum slum streets behind them. "Did you feel that, Kid?"

The smaller alien nodded, rapidly.

THOOOOM

Something big crashed into an abandoned vehicle, bumping it away with a screech of metal on road. Both aliens turned in time to see someone they saw often, on their adventures—just, never like this. Never that *big*.

Thanks to the illusion, the taller alien seemed to chatter something out in an alien tongue, when really, Hotwing was saying:

"Is that...Mumbo-Jumbo!?"

The smaller alien whistled loudly, startled. Mumbo-Jumbo was indeed big. Considerably bigger than usual, even. The 30-foot giant of a bull mooed angrily, cupping a copper foot under the bottom lip of the car, and kicking up hard, flinging the vehicle over onto its side in defeat.

The two aliens backed away, skittering around the side of a building, to hide. The illusion wore off, and instead of two arthropod aliens, there stood Hotwing, the illusionist SilverHawk, his pointy ears and golden armor impossible to miss. Even harder to miss was the Copper Kid, a diminutive cohort from the Mime Planet. His pale face seemed in permanent makeup, the back of his armored head cresting up into a point. The Copper Kid whistled something low, and Hotwing shook his head.

"I have no idea! But he's bigger than ever! We better postpone the spy mission for now, and go after Mumbo-Jumbo. Poker-Face can wait."

Mumbo snorted and stomped past them, shaking the street as he did so. Hotwing blinked, then covered the Kid's eyes at the sight of Mumbo's obvious arousal poking free. The cyber-bull's pendulous shaft swung fat and heavy, bobbing up and down, bouncing atop two huge testicles with every booming step.

"Er...maybe we'll cover that up, for you, Kid," Hotwing muttered quickly, casting an illusion to remove sight of the male's fullness, on the Copper Kid's behalf.

They both darted out from between buildings, keeping up behind as Mumbo-Jumbo stomped his way angrily down the road, snapping signs and crushing vehicles underfoot.

"Wonder where he's headed," Hotwing whispered, before seeing Mumbo sniff the air curiously, then turn to a run-down night club, down the way. Its sign was bright blinking neon, of a pair of dice rolling in perpetuity.

Mumbo sniffed his way over to the sign, then licked his lips with his metallic tongue.

"Why is he—" Hotwing started, only to go quiet as Mumbo made his move.

The big bull grunted, then bit down on the sign, sucking hungrily on it as he hugged the sign's pole. As he drew in power, he two SilverHawks watched his entire musclebound body rumble and tense up, the muscles starting to bloat out in an unbroken, escalating flex.

They stepped back fearfully as Mumbo fed, literally ballooning bigger and bigger against the sign! Patrons fled out of the club shrieking in various alien tongues, as the 30-foot minotaur swelled loudly up, foot by straining foot, growing slowly bigger in size and mass. His feet swelled over the road and onto the sidewalk as he hiccupped and sucked harder, yet, taking more and more in as the sign blinkered out.

His huge arms bulged bigger and stronger, crushing in on the pole as he hugged it into a snap. The lights died completely out, and Mumbo-Jumbo huffed out his pleasure in a thick burst of steam. He let the sign drop to the turf with a crash, stood up straight, and roared, standing well over 50 feet in height.

"Good gravy, he grew even bigger," Hotwing gulped, guiding the Copper Kid back with a cybernetic arm. "This is bad! He's headed the same way we both were, Kid...toward the uptown city district! Where all the lights and energy are focused!"

The Kid whistled sharply, making the huffing bull perk up, then slowly turn all his bulk back toward the sound he had made.

Mumbo-Jumbo turned back and saw nothing special there—just an empty street. The patrons had already fled, so it shouldn't have been them that made the strange, yet familiar noise. And he *did* know that noise.

"HRRRR," Mumbo growled, before turning back, and stomping along the path, bigger and stronger than before.

"That was too close," Hotwing sighed, as they reappeared again. He lowered his hands, the illusion

over, and thought hard. "Okay, we have to stop Mumbo from growing any bigger, while we still can..."

Mumbo-Jumbo bullies Poker-Face, threatening to take over Starship Casino

"Perhaps," Poker-Face sneered, somehow, his emotions showing clearly through his robotic face and shades, "We need a little show of force, hmm? After all, it looks like asking nicely didn't do the trick..."

"N-no!" a small alien reptile balked, struggling to get away from the two robo-goons holding his arms down to the backroom table. "I'm sorry! J-just, just lemme go, and I won't never come back!"

"You won't never?" Poker-Face asked. The dapper robot turned back to face the sobbing creature, leaning in. "You promise?"

"Y-yes!"

"So, you promise to *not* never return? Meaning you'll be back?"

"Wh-whu-hut?" the lizard sniffled, leaning away, the closer in Poker-Face leaned. "No! No, that's not what I actually meant!"

"So, you just said it lightly? You'll say anything, is that it? Well, how can I trust you not to return and cheat at my casino—the Starship Casino—when you'll just say anything? How should I take your word, I wonder?"

The small lizard blinked, openly fretting as the implications set in. He stopped struggling and slumped miserably in his chair.

"Relax, Max," Poker-Face mock-soothed, folding his arms. "I'm quite sure whatever we take off of you, you'll just grow back. Small price."

The backroom door of the casino suddenly burst open, and Hardware was the one who did the bursting. Behind him were Melodia and Mo-Lec-U-Lar. They looked embarrassed to be there, at all; Hardware looked panicked.

"I need temporary sanctuary, Poker-Face," Hardware grumbled, storming right in, to the surprise of the goons and the reptilian alien. "And I need to quick!"

"What, Hardware?" Poker-Face dubiously asked, tilting his robot head. "What could be so wrong that you'd bother me, in the middle of business? Is it the SilverHawks?"

"Worse," Hardware panted, motioning for both Melodia and Mo-Lec-U-Lar to shut the doors. "Mon*Star! I may have, er, botched a mission, and..."

"Oh-ho, fearful of the boss's wrath, I see!" Poker-Face laughed.

"We're not," Mo-Lec-U-Lar snarked, shrugging. "He's the one who pressed us to leave, and abandon Mumbo-Jumbo on the moon."

"Professor Power's prototype miniature sun is inside of that stupid bovine, and it's supercharged," Hardware replied, pushing between the small lizard and the robotic goons, to get to the table. "You help me avoid Mon*Star's wrath until he cools back down, and I can...I can get you the sun! It's unbelievably valuable!"

This, of all things, made Poker-Face stop.

"Oh?"

"Y-yes! It's one-of-a-kind! An entire system could be warmed by it!"

"And Mon*Star wanted it?"

"Of course, he did," Melodia snapped, impatiently. "And we want our cut, after you inevitably sell it over to Mon*Star! Consider it a finder's fee."

"Sure, sure," Poker-Face said, as he waved a hand, and the goons hauled the sniffling reptile back out into the casino. "And, say, if I were to help...you would offer me coordinated to where you so kindly stranded Mumbo-Jumbo?"

A loud, powerful sound broke through from out in the casino floor, interrupting. All four of them stopped and turned to it, quickly comprehending.

It was a *moo*.

There was the sound of struggling, albeit brief, before both robo-goons went crashing back through the double doors, falling broken to the back room floor. The four baddies moved back, watching silently, as Mumbo-Jumbo didn't so much enter the doors, as he simply destroyed them.

A thick wave of swollen bull-muscle met the door frame, too big to fit; it bumped, pushing the doors partly open, before there was a metallic bulging and a heavy grunt. The pectorals and shaft and testicles and thighs all pushed in, harder, tighter, until the molding cracked and warped out, then shattered outright. Through the smoke that billowed out stepped Mumbo-Jumbo, the cow so big, so bloated with muscle and heft, that he had to stoop his 23-foot body, just to barely fit into the room. His horns scraped the ceiling destructively as the bovine giant loomed over them, over the table, looking down over the slope of his pumped chest.

"Well!" Poker-Face began, clearing his robotic throat. "Mumbo-Jumbo! What a surprise!"

"HRRRRRRRR."

Mumbo narrowed his glowing white eyes, leering down at Hardware, in particular. His shaft bobbed bigger, filling with what they could only imagine were pleasing thoughts of brutal revenge.

"N-now, Mumbo, I didn't have a choice, you know," Hardware stammered. "The pickup arrived, and I wasn't in any position to uh, to take you with!"

"MMMMMMMMMRHR!"

The room shook. Poker-Face maintained exactly that, quietly edging his gloved thumb over the cane he carried, flicking a small button on the side of the tip.

"I imagine you are upset, yes," Poker-Face droned, calmly enough. "I suppose I would be, too.

"Though, not anywhere near as upset as Mon*Star, *your* boss, must be with you, right now. Hmm?"

The giant cow snorted, uncaring.

The sound of many feet thudding the casino floor rose, and since none of Poker-Face's summoned cronies seemed able to wedge into the back room, since Mumbo's bulk was plugging the door and walls, there was instead the sound of many lasers all firing on the cow, at once, from behind.

Poker-Face sighed, shaking his robotic head.

"Oh, Mumbo, you dull-headed bull," he said, menacingly, "you don't come into my casino and threaten the guests. I don't care how strong you think you are, there is always...someone...bigger?"

Rather than roaring in pain at the attacks from the casino and the thugs, Mumbo-Jumbo seemed more to be moaning in raw delight, as more and more and more of the laser fire soaked into his rump and backside, building up more and more inside him...

Mumbo-Jumbo steers his way to Mon*Star's planet Brimstar

It was awkward as all get-out, but after a minute of wobbling the Mirage around in space like it was sick or insane, Mumbo-Jumbo began to get the knack for basic piloting. The ship's systems were all still intact, after all.

*Get back to base, he thought, plainly enough. Back to Mon*Star. Happy to see Mumbo, because Mumbo has sun inside. Escaped stupid SilverHawks, stole ship. Mon*Star should be happy.*

Smaller satellites and asteroid belts passed by as Mumbo tried to gulp with his huge tongue out, almost choking as he went. He must have been over 60 feet tall, given how the Mirage was only a few hundred feet, at most, and he was fairly-well wedged in its center.

Could flex all big-like, and strong. Be fun.

"HRHRHRHHRR..."

No, stupid. Would break ship.

The gigantic bull considered trying to work the radio with his tongue tip, but he figured no one would understand him with his mouth open, trying to speak.

Planets came and went, in the far distance, and boredom started to set in. The initial thrill of being so much bigger and stronger didn't fade, per se, but it was taking a backseat to how little was going on.

Flying boring.

The planet Brimstar sat like an unhealed wound in the bounds of dark space, a red eye open to the Mirage as it drew nearer. Within its star-shaped opening was the tower and headquarters of his boss, the dreaded and feared Mon*Star, whom the bull was decidedly eager to see.

The ship lowered nearer, when a series of lasers suddenly belted out from the planet, blasting angrily around the struggling ship.

"HRRR?" Mumbo grunted, trying to maneuver around the attacks with his tongue. Again and again, the ship was blasted, the impacts that hit their mark shaking the Mirage worse and worse. He thought about hailing on the radio, but finally realized that, even if he had tried then, or now...he didn't at all know how to work it.

Not enemy, Mumbo thought, defensively. Not...SILVERHAWK! Crud!

Mumbo...stupid.

The thought collided with the bull at about the same time as a bevy of concentrated fire, making the ship crackle and shudder...then explode, with Mumbo-Jumbo still very-much inside it.

Mumbo-Jumbo crashes the ship into Hawk Haven, for some revenge!

Requisition forms and paperwork sat in small towers on Commander Stargazer's desk, nearly blotting the old man's cybernetic features out. His gold-plate and robotic eye managed to stand out on one side of his bald head, while the rest of the veteran lawman's face was all too human.

"Clerical work," Stargazer grouched, flipping sheets over, reviewing this, stamping that. "Is this what it's all come to? Sometimes maintaining the peace leaves me longing for the days when we weren't *this* good at our jobs. Ah, well."

A small but shrill whistle answered, down the lobby of Hawk Haven, home to the SilverHawks. Stargazer's office door was open, but he heard the knock following, just the same. The old man didn't even look up.

"Come on in, Kid," she said, plainly, sifting through a stack of papers.

In stepped the Copper kid, the smallest of the SilverHawks; his copper-coated cybernetic body stood only as tall as a child, hence the name, and the tip of the armor over his head crested into a point, over a face that seemed covered in permanent mime makeup.

The Kid whistled at a slightly higher timbre, then whistled low again.

"Good job, glad to hear," Stargazer said. "Let me know when Hotwing is back from his mission, and then the both of you reconvene here for the next assignment. "While the others are out following up on that theft tip, it's just us."

The Kid nodded, then turned away, as the high-pitched whine of the proximity alarm went off. The muffled sound of their cargo bay door opening almost registered, underneath it.

"What the?" Stargazer started, as the noise escalated.

Mumbo-Jumbo's tongue coiled and curved awkwardly around the steering column, working it as best as it could, as the Mirage careened vengefully on toward Hawk Haven.

Embarrass Mumbo? Mumbo wipe out everything! See who's laughing, then!

Hawk Haven came closer and closer in the distance, the gigantic sculpted hawk coming into full clarity as it rested over an asteroid. In the front of the asteroid was the bay opening, settled between the hawk's talons.

Mumbo pushed with the absolute tip of his tongue, forcing the stick all the way forward, and the Mirage picked up ramming speed.

Mumbo intentionally aimed for the hangar, and braced for the violent entry he knew was coming; after all, if bulls knew one thing, it was how to charge.

The Mirage impacted, tearing clear through the opening in the bay door. It crashed and skidded, slamming another smaller ship and crushing it to the cargo bay wall in a great fireball of an explosion.

"What in actual blazes—" Stargazer shouted over the alarm, as he and the Copper Kid entered the

bay. "What did they do, crash in here?"

The Kid whistled something like a scream as the Mirage, still ablaze against the wreckage of the smaller ship, saw something enormous burst free, flinging flaming debris all about.

"MOOOOO!"

The bovine battle cry echoed everywhere as Mumbo-Jumbo erupted into the view—all 23 feet of him!

"Good gravy," Stargazer gasped, backing away from the heap, as the gigantic cyber-bull stomped clear of it. His horns were nearly halfway up to the ceiling in a bay big enough to hold full-sized ships. "Is that Mumbo-Jumbo? He's as big as a house!"

The Kid whistled again, then made to push Stargazer back up the stairs to the Haven's holding pens.

"R-right! My weapon! Come on, let's move!"

Mumbo caught sight of them both, then loosed a bellow of flame and steam as he flexed impossible golden muscles, then ducked and drove into a full-on charge. They shut the door behind them, scrambling up the stairs, just as a massive dent bulged out after them, bashing the door clear off of its hinges.

"Keep going, Kid!" Stargazer yelled, as he looked back to see the wall blowing open, letting Mumbo's torso-sized head punch through, so that his muzzle hit the bottom steps of the stairs.

They tore into the hallway of the holding cells, then turned into main lobby. Its police-station appearance remained intact for about two seconds, before a gigantic hill rose, cracking the floor into a groaning web of destruction. Stargazer pulled the Kid away and guided him into his office, just as the flooring blew open, and Mumbo's huge fist punched up with it. A giant bull-head and horns rose up as the minotaur forced his way up into the hole, crashing and bashing through benches and desks alike, to climb up into the lobby.

His head bumped the ceiling, cracking a light fixture, as Mumbo-Jumbo hunched and crept closer to the office, closer still...

"Take this, you overgrown oaf!" Stargazer said, as Mumbo-Jumbo's roaring maw neared the door to his office, which remained open. As Mumbo's muzzle opened farther to bellow, Stargazer trained his trusty Solar Energy Bazooka dead-on, and squeezed the trigger.

Mumbo-Jumbo goes off course, right into a small star...

The ship now gone, Bluegrass was left there to make what attempts he could at hailing his cohorts. When no SilverHawks answered, he let a modest look of confusion slip, then changed tack:

"Alert!" Bluegrass growled, trying to make his voice more alien and rumbly, losing his Southern accent. "Alert, I said! Hey, any of you knuckleheads out there, listen up! The SilverHawks' ship is tryin' to escape the planet! They can't use their weapons here, remember? No jurisdiction around these-here...er, these parts! Go claim all those sweet bounties on 'em! Quick!"

He cleared his throat after ending the communique, and turned to watch as multiple ships began to fly up into space, giving chase.

"That'll do it, then," Bluegrass sighed. "Hate to sicc a buncha lowlife dogs on the ol' girl, though. Ah, well."

"RRRRM...RRRRH," Mumbo-umbo grunted, trying hard to keep steering with his tongue-tip out against the wheel.

*Mumbo get back to Brimstar, see Mon*Star, Mumbo-Jumbo thought, working things out slowly. Mumbo big now, won't be laughed at. No more 'stupid' Mumbo!*

A sharp impact rocked the Mirage, interrupting his 'thoughts'. Being big enough that his body was wedged in the main hallway and cockpit, obviously, Mumbo felt it.

"HRRR?"

Another impact, and the Mirage rocked again—only the impact was from the other side.

"Surrender, you suckers!" a gravelly voice crowed, over the intercom line. "We've got you now!"

"H...HRR? RRRRR!"

The realization hit as hard as the blasts from whoever was chasing him: Mumbo was in the SilverHawks' ship, so others were out to take their chunk out of it. Out of him, too.

"Back off!" another alien voice cackled, wetly. "They're mine, you hear!?"

Indeed, a small army of ships were in hot pursuit, blasting warning shot after warning shot at the sides of the fleeing Mirage. Mumbo-Jumbo groaned angrily, steering the ship away with his tongue, still getting shaken by a few stray hits as he fled.

Stupid criminals! Mumbo thought, getting progressively more angry. *Go away!*

One ship turned on another as it veered too close, trying to bully it off.

"Cut that out!" one voice roared over the line.

"Out of the way, loser!" another hissed back.

Behind him, one ship collided with another, coming too close. This knocked one ship out of its path,

throwing its chassis into the back of the Mirage, which put the Mirage into a hard spin. The ship flung off course, spiraling and spinning as it shot through space, toward the light of a neighboring star.

Uh-oh, the bull thought, gulping awkwardly as he tried to course-correct. His tongue tip worked the steering column over aggressively, but it was no use; the Mirage tumbled headlong through the void, screaming into the small star, impacting it with a sudden, violent little flash.

"Look what you idiots did!" one hunter grumbled, as its ship pulled to a slow in space, watching the star burn silently on in the far distance. "Those SilverHawks were my prey!"

"Oh, shut up," another hissed, pulling up near the former. "Nobody gets the bounty, then! Bah! Should've let me have them, you greedy fool!"

"Me, greedy?"

"Yes, you!"

As the other ships pulled by and watched, something odd began to happen. The star itself seemed to almost...diminish. One moment passed, and the entire ball had shrunken, just slightly. Only a few pilots noticed it, initially, as it lurched smaller again, and again, seeming to vanish and pull in tighter and tighter.

"At least, no more SilverHawks, eh?" one alien hunter chuckled, over the line.

"Maybe, but I could've had them taken care of, *and* gotten paid!"

"Do you see that, out there?" one hunter finally asked, making everyone else on their multiple channels look out their windows, at the bizarre sight of something emerging back out from the center of the shrinking star. What is that...is that...OH."

The sentiment was accurate. Jutting out from the star was a single, throbbing, massive tip, of a bloated, throbbing, ballooning penis, bobbing wild as it bucked and swelled uncontrollably bigger, and bigger, and bigger.

One fist emerged in their viewfinders, as big as a building, surging out angrily from one side of the star's center; the other mirrored on the opposing end, punching out through contrails of fire, as that fattened penis billowed even bigger, trembling atop a burgeoning set of overinflated, tight testicles. Two massive feet pushed out below, before finally Mumbo-jumbo's head erupted up through the ball, in a monstrous and shaking bellow.

"What in the..." one ship said, crackling in a dawning panic over the line. "That's..."

'Mumbo-Jumbo!?' another gulped, as his ship began to pull back. "From Mon*Star's gang? Wha...what's he doing there?"

"H-how is he...so big!?"

"The reader's going crazy," yet another moaned. "The sensors say Mumbo is...is...500 miles tall!"

"What!?"

As if overhearing, the quaking bull roared and trembled and billowed bigger, flaring out in a lewd gush of growth, size pumping rapidly into his engorged muscles. His pectorals boomed ahead of

him as more and more of the star shrank away, lurching smaller as it soaked into Mumbo-Jumbo's enormity.

His shaft stirred and groaned, pleadingly full, painfully swollen, yet begging desperately for so much more. His sacs expanded like great fleshy boulders, surging hotly down over his knees, even as his thighs blew up twice as wide, then twice that. The bull had always been notorious for being a bruiser, but his musculature alone was growing from impressive to obscene.

"RRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU--"

"3...3-3,500 miles!?"

"He isn't stopping! He isn't stopping! He's already as big as a moon!"

"How is he doing this!?"

"Forget how! I'm out of here!" another cried out, before the head of a penis big enough to puncture a small planet bulged forth, smashing clear through it, forcing the other panicked ships to scatter around its passing girth.

"7,000—" another ship said, over its own bleeping instruments and panic alarms, before Mumbo's bloated orbs boomed too big, too fast, and smashed into it. The shuddering bull swelled even faster, consuming more of the small star into his 18,000-mile tall body, the size pouring into the bull so quickly that his copper-gold skin seemed to stretch and strain just to contain it all, as he kept shivering and tensing and blowing up, and up, and up and up, and up...

The other ships kicked their drives into high gear, screaming and hollering in fear. Even at top speed, they could only keep up so far ahead, and the bellowing, mooing god-bull groaned and exploded up two triple his size, clear to 54,000 miles, over 285,000,000 feet tall...then moan and squeeze on himself, feeling his overloaded, bulky, smooth, hot muscles, before he closed his glowing eyes, blew out a thick burst of fire, and boom, boom, *boooooomed* up to septuple that size, in one stunning eruption of growth!

Still, more and more of the star shrank away, until the last of it vanished into Mumbo's overgrown chest. Then, horrifyingly, the shuddering grew *worse*.

Biceps as big as continents ballooned outward, shoed away by the sheer mass of his overflowing pectorals; Mumbo's backside blew out beyond him for miles upon miles, trembling, twitching, exploding bigger, and bigger! His foot sank lower, bumping a planet, and pushing it aside, only for into stubbornly roll back toward his growing gravity as he hiccupped and grunted, then violently shook all over.

The few remaining ships kept their speed up, even as their ships groaned and whined from stress; it was all they could do to escape the expanding background of nude male growth behind them, and even that was rapidly failing.

"M...MMMMM...MHMMMMMMMMUUUU..."

Mumbo's growing voice came out as a basso rumble of power, too much power, all of it forced into his trembling, bulky body, before the spasming titan bucked his thick member hard, dwelled, and exploded ten times larger, in size!

"MMMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

"Nooooo—"

Another ship exploded against the bursting wall of Mumbo's testicle as it boomed unfathomably larger in space. Entire planetoids cuddled up along the curving slopes of his penis and sacs and biceps and shoulders and feet and rump, more and more drawn to his 540,000,000-mile tall body.

The once mighty Bedlama, where Mumbo had just escaped from minutes earlier, was less than a grain of salt now, in comparison. Whole planets danced and crept obediently along his swelling smooth metal muscles as the mooing god moaned wildly, shaking and licking his muzzle, entire planets being swallowed whole as he flared his growing nostrils and slapped two enormously vast hands on both sides of his overgrown shaft, trembling in bliss on impact.

Entire planets felt the sudden pull, seeing their skies change to gold as waves of lusty heat poured over their civilizations and countries. Starship Casino tugged closer, making all on the planet (including Bluegrass and the SilverHawks) all stop and stare in frightened awe.

"Gaw, heck," Bluegrass sighed, as the skies kept groaning bigger.

Mumbo-Jumbo gulped and huffed, stroking his oversized penis, itself bigger than his titanic, muscled arms, the speck-sized planets swirling about him as he cried out and exploded much, much larger, raging and booming and gushing with mass up to 9,400,000,000 miles! He stood over 100 times taller than the distance in space between stars and planets, and he was only quivering up bigger...and bigger...and BIGGER...

The operation is a success—Mumbo's going away for a long time!

"I wonder how long this will take," Steelheart said, pacing about the outer fence of the prison yard, just outside the operating station. "Or even how it's going to happen."

"Whatever's involved, Professor Power knows what he's doing," Steelwill replied.

"Right," Quicksilver added, staring out across the courtyard through the fence. "For now, we all just have to wait it out."

There was a sudden bovine roar, making them all turn to the building, before it all stopped, and everything went silent. At length, Professor Power and the Warden both stepped out of the swinging doors, the Professor holding a bright ball inside of a large transparent container. It was the miniature sun.

"Well, then, splendid work, Professor," Warden Lockdown said, patting the tall robed humanoid on his shoulder. "You just leave Mumbo to us, then, and that'll be that."

"Excellent, Warden, thank you very much," Professor Power replied, giving him a nod, then turning to nod to the SilverHawks. "Though so much of the real praise should rightly go to the SilverHawks, for catching the brute in the first place."

"It was a collective effort, Professor," Quicksilver said, shaking the humanoid alien's hand. "Just happy we could help."

"Y'all gonna be puttin' Mumbo up in yer best suite, I take it?" Bluegrass asked, leaning on a light pole.

"Oh, yes, he will be lead to his cell momentarily, while he's still anesthetized, yes, yes."

At that, the double-doors sluggishly opened, and Mumbo-Jumbo stumbled out, still in his net, lead away by two guards. The bull was so slurred, he couldn't even properly moo out some last word or growl at his hated foes. Instead, he lurched along sadly, defeated before anything could even appear to come of the twist of fate.

"I suppose we'd best be off, then," Quicksilver said, nodding goodbye. "Professor, Warden."

"I shall be on my way, as well," Professor Power added, smiling.

That night, as the prisoners all settled in for lockdown, Mumbo-Jumbo sat there, in his large cell at the bottom of the West block, the effects of the anesthesia slowly fading off. In the silence, down the dimly lit hallway, soft footsteps could be heard, nearing the solitary holding cell, closer and closer in the dark.

"Mumbo..."

The bull's eyes fluttered lazily, trying to focus.

"Psst. Mumbo. Hey. Hey, stupid!"

"RRRR."

"Yeah, look up, dummy!"

Mumbo did so, with some effort. There, at the bars to his cell, stood a regular-looking guard, a canine alien of some sort. He was holding something. Something very bright.

"I don't have all night, Mumbo! Ugh, if you won't come to me, then...fine..."

The guard impatiently rolled the glowing sphere through the bars, along the floor, toward the bull, as though he were a last standing pin in an alley. It bumped Mumbo's thigh, and right away, a tingle of energy tickled his hide.

"Go on, eat it! I had to go through enough trouble, knocking out that stupid Professor after coaxing the operation out of him, just so I could copy a guard, just to get this stupid thing back inside of you!"

Mumbo's eyes fluttered open, seeing the ball. He looked up to the bars, to see the guard shifting and changing, becoming more familiar to him. It was a humanoid of gold-yellow spheres, with smaller spheres around the head, like a halo.

It was Mo-Lec-U-Lar.

"Well?" Mo-Lec-U-Lar hissed, glaring through the bars at him. "Go on, Mon*Star doesn't know about this, I'm not going to tell him! We're going into business, ourselves, understand? You owe me! Come on, I added something to it while no one was looking—something the Professor warned me not to do! Heh, the namby-pamby!"

Mumbo's hand sluggishly fumbled for the miniature sun, now as big as a large ball.

"Go on, already, eat it! This time, you'll feel different."

Mumbo grunted, then forced the sun against his metallic mouth, opening it wider, and wider. It took some force to push it past his bovine teeth, and the cyber-bull's throat bulged as it went, but he finally swallowed it down.

"Heheheh, excellent!" Mo-Lec-U-Lar muttered, rubbing his hands together. "I'll make you big, Mumbo...I'll make you bigger than anyone! Bigger than everything!"

The bull's white eyes glowed like ivory flame, going wide as the energy shot out through him, all at once. The bull immediately began to pulse all over, crackling with electricity, as something terrible and amazing began to happen inside of him...

"That's it, big boy," Mo-Lec-U-Lar laughed. "Mon*Star's not going to be the big boss, any longer! That failure can't stop a single SilverHawk! But you and I will move mountains...no...WORLDS! GROW, already! GROW!"

Something goes very, very wrong...

"Y'think the doc there knows how to remove that sun from Mumbo-Jumbo?" Bluegrass pondered aloud as the SilverHawks stepped out of the operation chamber, exiting into the outer rim fence of the prison courtyard. "I mean, it ain't like this ain't new, even for him."

"Be that as it may," Quicksilver started, wandering out toward the fence, and looking the night-lit courtyard over, "it's worth a shot."

"Should we wait around for confirmation?" Steelheart asked.

"I say we stay right here, until we all know it's done," Steelwill said, nodding firmly. Quicksilver nodded back.

"Just to be on the safe side."

Mumbo-Jumbo couldn't move. He just couldn't. Where his body could not, his mind threw up a fit, all fury and rage, muffled under an anesthetic blanket. Professor Power calmly placed a small hand-scanner against Mumbo's golden stomach, and switched it on.

"Let's see, then," the Professor said, watching the scanner's readout blinker awake. "Once I have a bead on the item's specific location, we can begin extraction..."

No, Mumbo-Jumbo thought, desperately, with a fear even he didn't fully understand. No! Not already! Mumbo never got...any power...from stupid little sun! Why Mumbo the same? Should be better than ever...why? WHY?

"HRR."

"Easy, Mumbo-Jumbo," Professor Power soothed, as the scanner beeped loudly, holding over the incapacitated bull's lower belly.

No. No. Nonononononononononono

The scanner beeped louder, making the Professor blink in surprise.

"That's certainly odd," he muttered.

"What?" asked the Warden, who was still observing from the side.

NONONONONONOOONOOOOOONNNNOOOOOOOO

"The sun...is somehow...getting stronger..."

"M..." Mumbo started, grunting sluggishly, stirring slightly.

"What's going on, Professor?"

"I uh, I'll have to quicken the extraction, it s-seems..."

Right away, the Professor grabbed a long tube from his bag, and began to feed it down Mumbo-Jumbo's huffing muzzle. In response, Mumbo's body suddenly tensed up all over, tight and flexed to its utmost, so that even the net containing the bull strained tight. The straps to the angled operating table stretched noisily as he bull panted, gulped, and tensed even harder, moaning hotly.

"M...M-MUH...Mu-MMMOOOOO..."

"I don't understand," Professor Power muttered, taking out a pair of multi-faceted tongs. "Why is...the sun, it's power is spiking! But why? I...only used..."

Professor Power turned back to his beeping hand scanner. The implications of the face he wore inside the bulb turned terribly grim.

"Oh, n—"

"MMMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO—"

Mumbo-Jumbo's entire body shook ominously, his shoulders bulging out with his huge biceps against the netting and straps. His pectorals heaved up, visibly bigger and heavier, as his sides flared out hungrily, angrily, and his feet and ankles began to creep down longer, extending out over the rim of the table. His lewdly-inflated phallus kept pumping fatter and higher, pushing furiously up, up into the air, forcing the chagrined Professor back.

"Wha...wh-why is he..." Warden Lockdown stammered, squinting with his alien eyes. "He *is* growing! How is he growing bigger!?"

"Oh, my gracious," Professor Power groaned, stepping back in terror. "I activated it! I...I had no idea it was already that unstable, inside of him! Oh, this is catastrophically bad. We must leave, at once!"

"What?" the Warden roared. "Now, really, Professor! I run Penal Planet 10, and I will not leave it abandoned!"

"You don't understand," Professor Power interrupted, pleading, as the technicians ran to try and force Mumbo-Jumbo's growing body to stay put. It wasn't working, evidenced by the 20-foot minotaur snapping through the netting, and pulling the straps too tight as the table warped and began to buckle down. "I've started a chain reaction, in Mumbo-Jumbo! That sun is going to expand to tremendous sizes! There simply won't be a Penal Planet here, in a matter of minutes! We have to leave!"

The Warden seemed too dumbstruck by the scope of the problem to respond. There wasn't proper time to, anyhow, as Mumbo-Jumbo's quaking nude body trembled deeply, and the moaning bull's musclebound girth suddenly exploded bigger.

Biceps and hips and back muscles and throbbing sacs all blew out against them, battering and shoving, pushing Professor Power, the Warden, and the attending technicians all back to the walls of the chamber, tighter and tighter, as the mooing bull ballooned bigger...and bigger...and bigger...

"Y'all hear somethin' strange, in there?" Bluegrass asked, turning back to face the now-shaking building. That it was shaking answered his question. He had others, as it turned out.

"What in the world?" Steelheart mumbled, turning as well.

"That...that can't be good, you guys," Steelwill said, already backing away anxiously. "That's not a good rumble. We should move back, maybe..."

Quicksilver opened his mouth to respond, when the side of the building blew apart, spraying out a mess of splintering rock and beams and glass, as a humongous penis burlled out into the open. It throbbed deep drumbeats, groaning and expanding eagerly, swelling out longer and higher and harder, as two massive dark orbs inflated to monster-size underneath, blossoming out into the night air.

"Holy smokes!" Quicksilver said, just as the front of the building cracked wider and wider, starting to split open, and the roof bulged up like an eggshell, snapping and splitting and coughing out dust, before Mumbo-Jumbo's door-sized head and bulging neck blasted up and through!

"Mumbo-Jumbo's...gigantic!" Steelheart said, as the huge bovine trembled and growled, then licked his muzzle, closed his eyes, trembled harder, bigger, tighter...and blew up bigger, obliterating the shattering walls as the entire building detonated apart. Construct and debris flew past as they all shielded themselves, looking up and up at the sudden and unwelcome sight of a 50-foot, towering Mumbo-Jumbo.

"How'd he get so big?" Steelwill coughed, waving the passing dust clouds off, before he saw Professor Power crawling toward them, one lanky arm extended in a plea for help.

"Grab him!" Bluegrass shouted, as they quickly moved to pull him away, just as Mumbo-Jumbo roared, quivered tighter, and blew clear up to twice his size, at a massive 100 feet!

"Everyone, get clear!" Quicksilver shouted, as they scattered and broke through the fence to the prison courtyard, running across it in a panic.

"I m-made a mistake," Professor Power wheezed, as Steelheart and Steelwill carried him along. "I didn't mean to! Th-the sun...it's gone haywire! It's going...n-nova!"

Behind them, Mumbo-Jumbo shook and trembled, pausing only to look himself over in wonderment and unbridled, sudden arousal. His biceps creaked with each little movement, taut and swollen and deeply lovely and full. He was brimming with power, overflowing with it! It just k-kept...building!

This, Mumbo thought, hissing out a thick cloud of vaporous steam, standing his heavy bulk upright. The chunks of rooftop and bent support beams sloughed off of his bulging girth as he chuckled sinisterly, and gave his arm a powerful squeeze with his other hand, before wrapping both huge arms about himself, hugging tight, just to f-feel it. **THIS...MUMBO...NEEDS THIS! YES! HAH!**

"HRRR," he panted, snorting happily, as he rumbled deeper and deeper, spreading his huge feet apart, snapping trees and benches like twigs. "HH...HH-H-HHRRRR...R...HRRR...HRHRHRHRRRR!"

His laughter grew heavy and cruel as Mumbo-Jumbo's shaking worsened, and the tensing bull roared and blew up again, bursting thick and hot to over four times in size! 400 staggering feet of bull towered higher toward the top of the neighboring cell blocks, as lights began to blink on in windows, and hollers of shock and fear began to ring out, from guards and cellmates, alike.

"WARNING," a klaxon blared, over the courtyard, as the SilverHawks continued to flee, the shaking and moaning bull starting to tremble yet again behind them. "WARNING. PRISONER ESCAPE IN PROGRESS. PRISONER ESCAPE IN PROGRESS."

Guards filed out of the stairs and through the openings of the nearest block, all surging toward the massive bull. One good look at Mumbo-Jumbo, however, and those forces started to slow down and waver, some outright gawking at the building-sized behemoth roaring before them, overloaded with walls of bulging copper-and-gold muscles.

"How...do we stop this?" Quicksilver asked, mid-run.

"I...I don't know," Professor Power said, defeated.

All the while, Mumbo-umbo laughed and roared and boomed bigger, stretching and swelling, huffing in deepest pleasure as his bulky body erupted five times bigger, in one heavy billowing burst of growth, heaving the aroused male to a startling 2,000 feet!

His feet swelled unstoppably, snapping and cracking the ground to rubble as his toes burst clear through one block, demolishing it as it collapsed down around the massive digit. His penis swung high, throbbing fatter and thicker and longer, as his groaning sacs boomed drum-tight and huge, ballooning down over the buildings below, as he towered higher over the courtyard, over the buildings and cell blocks, over *everything*...

"We take a stand, and put Mumbo-Jumbo down, now!"

"He's big, but we can still manage," Quicksilver said, moving the startled Professor Power aside as they all scattered back.

"So, basically..." Bluegrass sighed, summoning his guitar, Hot Licks, and slinging its strap over his shoulder like a weapon (which it very much was).

"We take a stand, and put Mumbo-Jumbo down, now!"

"Y-you can't!" Professor Power wailed, even as the SilverHawks took action. Quicksilver and Steelwill rushed Mumbo-Jumbo's exposed legs, tackling them hard at the ankles. Steelheart swung around in flight and slammed her entire body into the bull's thick backside.

In tandem, it was enough to stagger Mumbo into a stumble, and the roaring bull crashed down head-first, smashing through the courtyard fence, and spilling over onto it. The impact shook the neighboring cell block buildings, and light after light flickered on in the windows.

Shouts and cries of shock filled the air as prisoners and guards alike all saw Mumbo-Jumbo rising back up, 50 feet tall and loaded with shiny golden-copper brawn. His phallus pulsed angrily as he shook the dust off, and bellowed out his anger.

"Looks like the bull ain't invincible!" Bluegrass shouted, as the SilverHawks kept on the initiative, and surrounded Mumbo's gigantic feet.

"Bluegrass, use Hot Licks, and blast out as wide a section of the remaining fence as you can! We need a new net!"

"Hey, you got it, Skip," the blue SilverHawk hollered back, smiling. He took up his guitar, strummed out a cord, and a blue laser blasted out of the tip of the head, slicing through a length of the standing courtyard fence.

"Keep on him, until Bluegrass is ready!" Quicksilver shouted. The twins both nodded, and took to flight. Steelheart whizzed by Mumbo's gigantic muzzle, making the enraged bull turn to swipe at her, as Steelwill snuck up close to Mumbo's turned head. When he whistled, the bull looked back, and caught both of Steelwill's foot rockets in his eye, momentarily blinding him.

"RRRRRRRROOOOOAOAAAAAAAAGH!"

Mumbo-Jumbo swung wild, nearly slamming a man-sized fist into Steelwill, sending the SilverHawk into a corrective tumble toward the ground. His feet slammed as he danced in place, wobbling and rubbing his eye, making Quicksilver dive out of the way of one heavy, vehicle-sized foot.

"Got it," Bluegrass yelled, as he finished cutting, letting a huge swath of fence fall free from the rest of the fencing. "Time to corral that oversized steer!"

Mumbo-Jumbo kept thumping forward, holding his eye with a gigantic hand, swatting angrily at Steelheart as she darted around, taunting and diverting him.

"Got it!" Steelwill said, grabbing one end of the link fence, while Quicksilver took the other.

"Wrap-play, Steelwill!" Quicksilver shouted.

"You got it!"

Both of them dragged the fence up, standing it, and then flew with it toward the huge minotaur, when Mumbo reached out and caught a mounted power converter box with his hand, covering it as the bull rested awkwardly against the high wall of the main hub building.

"No!" Professor Power cried, running away quickly.

"We've almost got him!" Quicksilver said, as the two of them flew circles around Mumbo, wrapping his shaking body in fencing, then pulling the frayed ends of the fence links around one another, tying it tight. Only Mumbo-Jumbo's outreached arm escaped it, and that arm and hand were both starting to tremble as electricity flowed from the converter into his bulky body.

"That oughta do it," Bluegrass chuckled, as the four SilverHawks all regrouped in the middle of the stomped-on courtyard.

Quicksilver saw Professor Power scurrying off in a hurry, and his smile vanished. He glanced back at Mumbo-Jumbo, and saw the bull shaking and quivering deeply. A low moan escaped Mumbo's gigantic throat as blue bolts of power tickled and dance along his fence-wrapped body.

"HHHHUH...HHHHUHHHHRRR...HRRRRRRR!"

His heaving sides bloated out bigger and thicker, smooth and surging, dimpling warmly out against the stretching fence, pulling it tighter immediately.

"What's, uh, what's he doing there?" Steelwill asked, blinking.

Mumbo mooed out happily, feeling the power feed into him, forcing his 50-foot body to groan and warp out in thick pockets of growth, bursting out bigger, spreading the overtight fence angrily wider and wider apart. His neck thickened out terribly, his thighs and calves booming thicker, heavier. His feet swelled over the turf of the courtyard as he billowed higher, suddenly, and higher still.

"He...he's growing again!" Steelheart gasped.

"It's the power supply!" Quicksilver said, snapping his cybernetic fingers. "We have to get him away from that power supply, now!"

The fence was starting to snap away, allowing bigger and bigger bulges of muscle to blow out free. Mumbo-Jumbo's 75-foot body swelled uncontrollably bigger, and bigger, spreading his feet out over the grass, his penis mashing and dragging hotly, slowly up along the outer wall of the hub building. His hand and fingers grew to cover the entire converter box, his sacs ballooning between his trembling, swelling legs, as his back muscles billowed higher over his head.

The mighty minotaur was already over 100 feet tall, by the time the SilverHawks moved. They all crashed hard into the bull's back, making the shuddering bovine crash with a dull roar through the wall, smashing his huge bulk into the hub station itself.

The walls bowed and blasted apart as his massive pectorals burst through, crushing down on the mid-level floors. Interior walls and doors all snapped and blew apart to rubble as he landed, the huge cow snorting and shaking his horned head destructively.

The power lines from countless sources across the building all touched Mumbo's golden muscled hide, and the bull whined and boom-mooed as his overfed body rippled and rumbled, shaking the

entire building into a frenzied wobble of doom.

"Did that do it?" Steelwill asked, as they all touched back down, only to see Mumbo's feet and rump trembling and shaking more and more, before them.

Before anyone there could answer, the bull's entire body jerked, tensed tight, and *exploded* bigger...

"Protect the Professor! He may still know how to stop Mumbo!"

"Protect the Professor!" Quicksilver shouted, leading them all away from the courtyard. "He may still know how to stop Mumbo!"

"Not that way!" Warden Lockdown said, the yellow alien motioning over at the other end, toward the cell blocks. "The exit process takes too long, we'll be sitting ducks waiting for the main hub doors to open!"

Quicksilver about-faced, and followed, as did the others. Steelwill guided the Professor by the hand at the rear of the party. Their turnaround did them little favor, as it kept them too close to the roaring Mumbo-Jumbo, who flexed and huffed in self-enjoyment, before shaking it off, and starting to glower down and scan for his enemies in earnest.

"Do you think he saw us?" Steelheart panted as they all ran, descending a smaller set of stairs, and running down along the walkway of cell block F-3.

"In through here!" Warden Lockdown wheezed, already out of breath, as he flung the main door open, and flashed a badge for the surprised guards who were only starting to peek outside at the commotion. They all gawked in confusion as the group passed, until he shouted back at them: "Clear the area! Secure the prisoners—"

A massive head smashed through the door, interrupting, flinging the stunned guards this way and that, as Mumbo charged headlong into the first floor of the building. The SilverHawks, the Warden and the Professor were all knocked over into a fall, skidding on the cell block floor, as the waking prisoners all began to chatter and shout in their cells.

"Come on, everyone, come on!" Warden Lockdown hollered, motioning for them to get up. They all scrambled back to their feet, slipping and wobbling, as Mumbo-Jumbo's gigantic head and muzzle pulled out slightly, then crashed back in, deeper, harder, smashing more of the building away in a geyser of smoke and rubble. The ceiling coughed out dust as they all fled, Mumbo forcing his bulging shoulders and lats in, digging tight to squeeze after them, into the building.

"Which way?" Quicksilver asked, just before the Warden pointed left, darting down another corridor. They swung out into a secondary hallway of cells, various mandibles, tentacles, hands and claws all wrapping around their cell bars in escalating concern.

"Hey what gives with"

"Who the"

"Tryin' to sleep, here"

Varying things came out in a roar of confusion, before the building rocked and shook, and Mumbo-Jumbo's huge body blew through an entire wall, sending bars, construction and tiny prisoners all flying free. Some stuck in a panic to his huge, smooth muscles, sliding down his gigantic biceps and forearms and thighs as the fuming bull stormed into the hallway, chasing them all.

"RRRRRRRUUUUOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRR!"

"Faster, faster!" Steelwill hollered, picking the poor Professor Power up, and carrying him outright.

Mumbo's giant hand smashed through a stairway up to the higher rows of cells, making them all dodge right to avoid it as it punched past and missed.

"Left here!" Warden Lockdown shouted, twisting down into a smaller hall. They followed him to the exit door, which he swiped a badge over. The reader blinked green instantly, as Mumbo's huge muzzle bulged into the entrance of the hall they had turned down into, snorting and growling.

The Warden pushed at the door, but it wouldn't budge.

"Is it unlocked?" Steelheart asked.

"It...it is, but..." Warden Lockdown stammered, as the entire building shook again. "The damage...to the building...it must have warped the foundation! The door is jammed against itself!"

"Steelwill!" Quicksilver said, turning to him. "With me! Rush!"

"Gotcha," Steelwill said, putting the professor back down respectfully. He rolled his shoulders, and both Steelwill and Quicksilver charged the door, head-on. It held, bouncing them back, as the building shook even worse, and worse, still.

"Another!"

They both braced, then charged, but still the doors held. Cracks began to form along the walls as Mumbo-Jumbo kept battering into the hallway, determined to make a fit, or bring the building down.

"Step aside," Steelheart suddenly said, as the shoulder-mounted lasers of her cybernetic body blasted the doors, blowing them off of their hinges, and clearing the way. The molding overhead snapped, looking ready to collapse, now that their support was gone.

"Good thinking!" Quicksilver said. "Everyone, out!"

"We can take an emergency shuttle back around the main complex, over to the landing zone, to your ship," Warden Lockdown said, running with a stitch in his alien side toward a small loading platform with a mutually-small transit trolley, which flickered to life as they neared, and he badged over its doors.

"The sooner, the better," Quicksilver said, as the doors whooshed open, and they all pushed in quickly. As Steelwill helped the shaking Professor to his seat and the trolley began to move on its rail, the beleaguered alien sighed and sagged, his bulb-head resting down on his hands.

"It wasn't supposed to be that unstable," the Professor said miserably. "I didn't know! Oh, I got here as fast as I could, and still..."

"It's alright, no one's to blame, but Hardware and Mumbo-Jumbo," Quicksilver said, comfortingly. "There was no way you could have known."

"And hey, on the plus side, the big fella's peaked out at the size of a house, and no more," Bluegrass added. "Shoot, could've all been a whole mess worse, right?"

"That's the problem!" Professor Power sighed, bitterly. "What we all experienced was just from Mumbo-Jumbo finding one momentary source of power to fuel the sun's expansion with. One moment. He's still out there, and so is power. The building alone there, that we escaped from, Warden...is there a power source within it?"

Warden Lockdown thought, then his alien fish-bug expression sank.

"Y...yes..."

"What?" Steelheart pressed, leaning in as the trolley rattled along, leaving the cell block F complex behind gradually.

"...A small generator."

At that, a few thick bolts of electricity crawled along the entirety of cell block F-3, in the distance, and they all turned as more and more of it danced and scattered like eels along its outer walls, before a great and terrible shaking broke out, everywhere, forcing the trolley to jitter uncomfortably on its rattled rails.

Before anyone on board could reply or rebuke the idea, the entire rooftop of F-3 bulged up, up, up, cracking, snapping and breaking apart in snips and chunks...before the rooftop blew apart, and Mumbo-Jumbo's bellowing muzzle, head, neck and shoulders all burst out into the air, sending debris everywhere as a mammoth penis burst out of the far wall, throbbing and crackling with electric energy, feeding Mumbo up and up in size, past 300 feet!

Speck-sized prisoners dotted his body, clinging to groaning muscles and warm, pulsing phallus and sacs, as Mumbo hugged in on his bloated brawn, snorted, shook, and bulged *even bigger...*