

THAT ONE TIME

Once, *just once*, Louis had nearly dropped his phone.

It hadn't been so much in public as around the corner of the music hall, inches away from the world. Too close. One hand had apologized to the other as it failed to snatch it in one go, instead bouncing the bottom rim and flipping the phone farther out toward the light. The second hand caught it, held, then jerked for no reason, none at all, nearly losing the phone again.

By that point it had been inches from the brick walk; there likely would have been zero damage were it to have landed.

Yet all the terror on earth had clawed up from nowhere and everywhere, clutching the deer's heart like a balloon in a vice, *about to fall just a few inches*. The height hadn't mattered.

The Louis that was supposed to have left the far corner of the Cherryton music hall had been stolen, spirited away, replaced by the same fawn that had lived in the same Dark market cell for so long that the grit in the air had never left his teeth. A little boy in a world of teeth.

Who should he have called, on the phone he had barely saved? Who *could* he call?

Not Ogma. No. Not ever. No one.

Despite being a tattoo, not even a millimeter of difference on his skin, Louis still felt the number printed on his foot. Every time he had ever stepped on it, it burned. Long after Ogma had taken him from there, from that captivity—and placed him into a cell so big he couldn't see enough enemies at once.

Not Ogma, damn it. No.

The boy grew back into the adult, by dint of sheer will. No one had seen the blunder, partial though it was. No one had seen the panic, seen him small, seen the number. No one ever would.

He drew a breath and kept it, all his, before callously blowing it out through his nostrils, his eyes lidded back low and indifferent. His mouth back to its rigid space between a forced smile and a sudden scowl, ready for either.

Yet.

Yet, that single moment of fear, that panic, from the needless, primal place—it left an afterburn, a hot chill, tickling through his spine. That lack of control, that abandoning of the self into the black pit, the ecstatic dread of its onset—it was a charge.

The obvious fears of being exposed, laughed at, *weak*, they failed to maintain that odd, perverse thrill. That wasn't it.

As Louis had straightened up and pocketed the phone, however, it hit. Everything in his rational mind pushed it back, but it was getting too big.

For all his training, tutelage and trials, for all the years of proper behavior, stringent tenets of aristocracy and all the control it demanded, the leash around him...the idea of being something that *couldn't* be leashed...the thought of being so powerful that neither herbivore manners nor carnivore force could stop him...

The charge hit again, and even Louis blushed.

That fire inside, that raw anger that had screamed so hard for so long that he could only hear it as silence—if he ever let it loose, in full, it would undo everything he and his 'father' had worked for, for so long.

Being a beastar, being an icon, an example, a patsy, a toy behind glass; being a victim, being a winner, being eaten, playing along with it all, while that fire screamed.

If he let loose and burned it all away, really *let it happen*...

Louis gave one exhalation; that was as close to a laugh as he would permit. He gathered himself the rest of the way, cleared his throat, and patted the phone, back where it belonged. Back in its cell, silent and comfortable and ready.

It was just a phone, anyhow. Just a thought.

He straightened his blazer, snorted quietly, and moved back into the game, a prime piece.

And yes, he knew what it would have been like, in some far-flung fantasy, had he *really* just let it all fly off and succumbed to it, to that fire. Sure. The answer was easy.

It would have been apocalyptic.

WESTERN CLIFF RANGE

LOUIS, 8:05 PM

A long-forgotten charge hit, in the moment.

It wasn't when he had swallowed the whole rock, fun as that was. Specifically, it was the moment, that stomach-flipping instant that the growth hit him. More specifically, the *ascension*.

"H-HUH," was all Louis got out, almost a laugh, before the explosion nearly tore his fibers apart with its percussive, concussive burst.

The fear, the millisecond of certainty that he was, in fact, about to violently unbind was replaced by a madman's delight that he was actually letting it happen. The only way to let it happen was to surrender, effectively becoming vulnerable to godhood.

The life he had yesterday was gone, anyhow. Any fool could do that math. The world was gone, along with it, a vast blanket of tiny city lights and bumpy mountains and upturned pasta noodle roads having become its new descriptors.

No one could see them, growing up, those bindings. Even as he rose in prestige, Louis had been bound, and knew it perfectly well. Now, unseen but felt, they strained, then whimpered in defeat at how unfair it all was, before banging soundlessly away to nothing, to air, through which the monstrous red deer rocketed higher.

He could have been in a bullet train and not kept pace with his own body as it swelled out of all control. A rocket might have done the job, until a single gushing swell of mass pushed him too large to compete with in any medium, his form stretching past 7 miles, then 8, less than a second's time having passed.

Ten miles, bigger than downtown itse—

Fifteen miles. Over 8,700 feet tall, and still he g—

Twenty-fi

Fort

Ninet

Louis' antlers cut the atmosphere as his growing head pummeled past, his bloated neck consuming the space around him, a bouncer crowding out the jealous heavens as he ascended higher, then wider. The landscape below dropped, and dropped, and dropped, and dropped, distinct grids of civilization slipping into speckled squares, crowned by the near-flatness of the horizon as he caught back up to the setting sun and squinted in surprise.

For every relative foot Louis grew, a stray inch subtracted; his monstrous feet lurched larger and larger, swelling furry heels bashing out greater gouges in the cracking landscape below. Geysers of until pressure hissed and popped through spreading trenches, narrowly missing the slumbering forms of Bill, Riz, Mizuchi and Cosmo.

To his credit, Louis did try to look down as they were shoved back by toes as big as the supergiants beneath him. His vast ears twitched out as he struggled to keep his eyes open against the rush of lessening air around him; his chin tilted down on habit, only to bump dumbly against the ever-rising hilltops of his own pectorals. In fact, the world below was all but nothing, his sights setting only on the expanding reach of his chest as it heaved farther out.

360 miles. Just under two million feet tall.

Not that he had the exact quantifications handy, but somewhere deep and important, Louis knew enough. His foot was roughly 40 miles long, so big it could have been a small house to him, at his 4.8-mile size, just twenty seconds ago.

At 750 miles, 3,960,000', that foot was suddenly an entire mansion.

Louis shook, his mind reeling back on itself, fleeing and chasing and wallowing altogether as his antlers burst thicker, each one its own throbbing world tree, and still getting bigger, faster. His wall-abs exploded, full and huge and warm, struggling not to detonate as his lats surged and surged, bullying his torso-thick arms up so much that his shoulders mashed his billowing neck, and it was too much.

Teeth bigger than mountain ranges grit tight as Louis snorted out a snake-tail of glowing steam, his body starting to radiate too much power.

“GHG–”

1,100 miles. Nearly six million feet in height.

Hands as big as a small state shook wild as he forced them up, his geographically-big biceps blasting angrily in size at his slightest flex. Tension and friction cast sparks, igniting in the higher atmospheres into great, deific bolts of electricity, tickling and coursing through his inflating bulk as he closed his eyes and tried to moan.

He was too big to manage even that.

The realization hit at 1,400 miles, and Louis' erection blew up so screamingly, *painfully* huge, so blazing hot as it hovered over the entire coastline that satellite feeds had to switch off of infra-red at every monitoring console.

Hulking thighs boomed larger, casting terrible echoes as displaced air battered out over the terrain, blowing everything on land back as Louis simply grew too powerful to measure—and suddenly grew even *faster*.

Gargantuan furred orbs consumed his massive legs, flowing off of his 175-mile long feet, the limp bodies of the others idly shoved to the side in the process.

His vast rump flexed on instinct, casting more bolts of crackling power as the hemisphere rattled and bore his size, grudgingly, fearfully. A second time, Louis craned his muzzle down, the godly deer seething out golden smoldering smoke as he stood there and breathed; another errant flex sent hurricane-force gales loose as he snorted into his billowing pectorals, groaned out a thick earthquaking huff, shuddered, tensed, trembled, w-wincing, an-and

BWWWRRRRMMMMMMMMBBBPH

Fifteen-hundr—sixteen hun—s-seventeen hu—EIGHTEEN H—

Louis' feet rolled right over mountains like nothing, collapsing what nature never could in a second. His heels rumbled bigger and wider, blasting the poor firmament to bits as they consumed the wilderness frantically, throbbing deep echoes into the world.

That '4' was over 160 miles long now. It would have crushed anyone that thought they could manage such a little number.

Never, ever, would Louis have entertained even a moment of this absurdity. Yet, as his erection ballooned as wide at the center-length as his entire midsection, as it wagged in dark glee over the ocean, the coast, the cloud banks, the cities, the ridiculous animals therein and their moronic rules...it almost happened.

Louis very nearly let it happen, but sent out a hard flex that capped his darkening crown all the way down at the end of his 1,350-mile long phallus. An entire interstate of sex was bulging out of his groin, yet it obeyed, allowing only one immense, burning, wonderful crystal rope to cast out into the cool of the evening.

Louis stood at such a psychotic height that even it and all its tonnage took nearly fifteen seconds to reach the ocean. Its impact sent a billow of steam as the water hissed, then went still once again, in respect of its superior.

The surge had continued, throughout, pulling his bulk down as it boomed taller anyway, dragging the far end of his swaying pillar-sex up, up with it, making it nod happily each time.

Finally, at just over two thousand miles, the wanton force of his own body forced it out: Louis bellowed, and everything across the world simply stopped.

Immense back muscles sparked as they collided, the over-built buck throwing his colossal arms back, chest up and out, every muscle throbbing out even larger from the strain of what would have been a good morning stretch.

The sound reached both sides of not the state, but the entire country, an aftershock suddenly crashing through sundered lands as he twitched and roared and shook. Only his feet were there, as far as the stunned populace could see, the under-curves of toes bigger than counties parting the clouds that dared to be in their path of growth. The vibrations alone from the utterance above send waves down into his huge soles, rocking the crushed planes deeper, still.

Horrifyingly, mid-bellow, Louis' impatient body saw fit to burst *even larger*.

SITE DELTA WESTERN TRAM STATION, TOPSIDE

OPERATIVE T, 8:06 PM

The capybara saw only a few miles' worth of brush and rock when they emerged from the tram station hatch. Beyond that was nothing but a wall of lovely-soft yellow labrador pelt, consuming their entire world on that side.

"Okay, made it," T groaned, popping a very tired back as the scientist emerged. "Let's get this over to Ogma, before he manages to outgrow the dog."

"Unbelievable," the owl murmured, adjusting his glasses quietly. "I-in person, it...it's like seeing the landscape, but alive."

“Yup, yeah, it’s magic,” T grumbled, pulling the older male into the waiting tram on its still track, just as an aftershock rattled the entire world, putting them both to wobble.

“What in blazes!?” the scientist hooted, snapping back to the situation in alarm.

“I dunno, I guess the kid shifted a bit,” Operative T guessed, tossing the idea at the owl as she hustled him into the tram. “Let’s just move, come on!”

“R-right, of course! Yes!”

The owl stumbled over to the station’s power closet at the end of the overhead partition, got the door unlocked, and threw a switch. The lights to the partition went on, blinking to life in time with the tram interior as they both pushed in through its opened door.

“Emergency power seems intact,” he mumbled, throwing switches at the front console. “We can top-speed to them in a few minutes, tops.”

“Who...do we cure?” T asked, finally, making the scientist perk up.

“Yahya...he chose Melon, didn’t he?”

“He’s not here. Ogma is. And likely way, way bigger, right? Wasn’t that what the feed showed? I mean, Melon’s still buried at the bottom of Omega, so.”

“Fine, that’s fine,” the owl said, looking back out at the tracks as the tram rumbled towards Jack’s monstrous behind.

“Really?”

“We need a test, yesterday, he’ll do. Besides, he can’t fight back, trapped under that young man’s posterior, so yes. It makes sense enough. Considering.”

“Oh,” the capybara huffed, waiting for some unknown shoe to drop. “C-cool.”

By the time they had arrived, it really sank in that Jack was no longer the person of interest, but rather the destination itself. Vertical fields of gold fur became a forest, then an alien jungle of stretching follicles, some nearly a thousand feet long, bobbing carelessly in the sky as the great canine sat.

Far off to the right Jack's hidden spine fed out into a tail resting all the way back from which they had come, and then some, so thick that a hundred of the site tunnels could have been bundled together, over and over, and still not been a match for it.

She had never been so concerned about visiting a monument or canyon, because no site had ever *moved* before. One errant twitch, and they would both be flattened, along with the one cure. Considering how carefully the owl approached the looming behemoth, they were on the same page.

"There!" the owl chirped, his feathers fluffing out as he pointed. "Down the way!"

T saw it just fine, even in Jack's vast shadow: a set of deer-furred feet and hulking calves protruded from underneath the labrador's duff, mercifully opposite Jack's tail.

"Let's inject him before he gets any bigger!" she commanded, charging ahead over the rock and soil. "Or the kid, for that matter!"

More rumblings tore through the earth, forcing the pair to stop intermittently as they neared Ogma's feet. At the sizes they were now dealing with, it remained anyone's guess who was making it.

The buck's vast feet only got bigger, the closer they kept getting to them, until they too were spires of red fur and heat, stretching up beyond them into the evening haze. It took the most effort just to wriggle themselves past the advance guard of fur strands, a terrible wave of body heat slamming T as she felt through, then finally found skin.

"All the marbles, Doc!" she shouted back, sticking animal-kind's last hope in deep.

LUPO VERDE MOUNTAIN RANGE, CENTRAL & WEST

OGMA, 8:09 PM

All that the old buck could do, trapped under Jack's greater bulk, was watch as Louis transformed into more and more of the periphery, becoming his own land mass in the far-off distance. At that moment, it was all the old man wanted in the entire world.

Rather, it was *becoming* the world.

“An herbivore,” Ogma grunted, his godly body unhurt beneath Jack’s tonnage, but straining just the same. “And a deer, even. Fascinating. Hah, yes. Completely fascinating! I knew I picked the right son. And look at you, Louis. Just...look!”

The precious gap between their land and Louis was shrinking steadily as the quaking buck burst ever larger, ever stronger. Even Ogma, a creature 25 miles in size, could no longer make out the Northernmost end of Louis; he was less than a toy to the youth, something that the toy would have been holding.

The rocks he had known about, and for some time. The effects, simple conjecture from old stories of the war. The dawning madness of their truth, never.

But it was here. And if it was to be, then it was right that it be *his madness*.

“Grow,” he huffed, his composure ironclad in the face of the muscle bound buck towering over the curve of the continent. “Until there is no competition...until there is no reach that can come close to you. What is a Beastar, to a titan?”

Again, Louis bellowed, his pectorals threatening to explode as they gorged and swelled, blowing up over his chin, even as it tilted up into space. Lightning clashed and snapped from the speed-friction of his ascent, the lower atmospheres crackling in a panic as his growth stirred them. 2,200 miles, over *eleven-and-a-half million* feet of cervine glory boomed larger, still, unending, cyclic and horrible, the young male deliriously blowing up to 2,300 miles in one heaving lurch of muscle.

“Finally,” Ogma sighed, not daring to close his eyes, drinking in the sky-dwarfing god. “Finally, the right ruler made it. Haha, n-no need for politics, when you’re bigger than the ent...entire sy...hah.”

Something deeply odd interrupted.

“Mn.”

At last, Ogma blinked, then found the world expanding around him, as though a significant gust of air was let out from somewhere important, dwindling him lower. Then, lower, still. The vagaries of landmarks swelled into fuller detail, blotches growing into forests, canopies making themselves known in the dying light of day.

“What...”

He grunted, slipping down to 19 miles, then 15. The bulk of his form shrank in small but noticeable gulps as mountains cradled up against his muzzle, almost caging it as Jack's rump seemed to grow and grow atop him.

A moment's fear broke through as he realized what was slipping in, among the slipping out: normalcy. That same dull, dreary regularity was flooding in as he shrank, feeling the power bleed out as he whiplashed down to 8 miles, then 4. As fast as he had ultimately grown, he was dwindling even faster, the severity of the insult the only thing not leaving him as he frowned.

"No. No, wait. How?"

More and more of Jack's mountainous cheek smothered Ogma as he shrank, leaving the alarmed stag to his own fate as he finally clutched huge fingers to the ground and pulled, determined to extricate himself from that much weight on the off chance his invulnerability was also fading.

At 1 mile tall, Ogma rolled loose and crashed to the cracked turf, panting into the evening air as another great quake rumbled out. He gulped, panted, then looked up at Louis, now seeing only the underside of a curve that rose through the clouds. Louis' foot. It was still getting bigger.

"Huh, huh...good."

Ogma put what remaining muscle he possessed to use and rose to a stand, finding it more work than expected, in the wake of Louis' growth-quakes. Able to take a full stock of himself, the old stag found enough to smile about:

"Alright. Not as bad as I feared. Seems to have stopped, too."

His bulk was that of a champion bodybuilder—meaning he had lost a considerable amount; yet, something was anything. Then, the business:

"The cure. They chose *me*."

His frown was momentary, before he broke into amused laughter. Not being much of a comedian, Ogma simply put his huge hands to his hips and cackled, shaking his head.

"Perfect. How perfect is that? Hah, such a massive error! Why bother?"

He sniffed, grinning, before turning back to Jack. Even knowing what was there, Ogma still shuffled back a step, wide-eyed. The dog was...far bigger than he had imagined, even when pinned down.

“A state’s worth of muscle atop me, and I was fine,” he muttered, before nodding thoughtfully. “If he’s that big, and I was cured...and I didn’t see anyone coming from this side...they came from behind the canine.”

His eyes shifted back and forth, the CEO back in his decisive mode.

“They couldn’t see. The dog was simply too big, if they were normal-sized. Heh. Hah. They didn’t see my son, then, how could they? Haha! How fortunate!”

He thudded around, folding his monstrous arms in complete confidence.

“They missed their chance to stop you...the cure didn’t even shrink *me* all the way down! Mostly, I admit...but you, Louis...you would have kept growing anyway. I am certain of it!”

Almost in response, the horizon-disrupting buck roared into space, now over 2,400 miles tall, and still, *still* growing larger. His shoulders blasted wider, throbbing so powerfully that they trembled, his thighs erupting even larger than they as he pulsed with power. His feet consumed more land, smashing through the wilderness as they bulged and broadened and boomed out.

His phallus blew up through the lower atmosphere at around 1,000-1,500 miles high, given its sheer girth, his big toes surging past the stratosphere and into the mesosphere at 34 miles tall, all lower spheres already long conquered by his feet and heels. His bloated orbs rumbled and rolled out into the ocean as he stood over the entire Eastern coast, snapping the terrain and letting cold water rush in around his thick soles.

And, yes...Louis was still growing.

“Show them, Louis,” Ogma snorted, watching as Louis’s feet overtook the entire state, each one 300 miles long, then 310. “Show them what you would have shown them, as a Beast—”

Whatever crashed down behind Ogma, between the stag and the labrador, proved big enough to send Ogma toppling over.

“Looks like the cure went through, for the most part,” Yahya chuckled, the gigantic equine storming over and taking the deer roughly by the forearm. “Funny, that you of all types would alert me by laughing. Didn’t peg you as a humorous one.”

“Humph,” Ogma started, not even resisting as the 3.75-mle tall horse handled him, getting both huge arms behind his bulky back, forcing the muscle groups together. “It doesn’t matter though, does it Yahya? Surely you can see, with that fantastic sight of yours. Isn’t it something? My Louis...has surpassed me. Surpassed us all! As I knew he would!”

“Yeah, yeah,” Yahya sighed, pulling the smaller buck to him, lashing his hands behind him with one of Jack’s massively long long fur strands. “Just shut it.”

“Hmph. You want silence? That’s fine. Actually, that’s perfect. Thank you. We should take a moment to drink this magnificence in.”

The horse was nearly four times the size of the giant buck, yet he too paled on sight of Louis, beyond them. In all senses, really.

“He...he’s a monster, alright, I’ll give you that.”

Ogma nearly swelled bigger from pride, nodding.

“Yes.”

“Tch,” Yahya growled, looking away for a moment. He spied the skies, then dragged the stag along with him, storming heavily over the forests and rivers and hills with no bother, heading opposite the insanity.

“Where could you possibly hope to take me, Yahya?” Ogma asked, in earnest. “You know full-well there is no jail suited for me—”

“Shh.”

The horse caught a glimmer in the upper skies, and grinned, waving up at it.

“Come on, Mienai, pick up the news reports,” Yahya began, waving harder, his immense bulk shifting back and forth rhythmically. “I need you to do something for me!”

The glimmer of the satellite high above changed, glinting as it moved to catch sight of the colossal horse. He gave it a moment to focus in, pointed to himself intently, and began to mouth something out for those behind the news station monitors, slowly and deliberately:

MIENAI. TAKE A CHOPPER NORTHWEST, RIGHT NOW...

LUPO VERDE MOUNTAIN RANGE, CENTRAL & WEST

LEGOSHI, 8:12 PM

Legoshi's mouth, for all he knew, might never have closed shut again.

"Legoshi," Jack muttered, the much-bigger labrador gulping loudly as he held the wolf, Haru, Juno, Pina and Gosha all at once on his mass. "I-is that really...Louis!? It can't be! N-none of us...can possibly get...that big!"

"I-I," Legoshi croaked, the 90-mile wolf only a third of Jack's size, Jack being only tenth of Louis'. "It...it has to be him! He was er, a-already a giant with me, earlier..."

"B-but he's...TOO BIG!"

"And getting bigger," Haru shouted, just to be heard. The rabbit was only a thirteenth of Legoshi's size, with Juno next to her at 5 miles, Gosha clutching at Legoshi farther down at 3.5. "Seriously, whatever this is that's happening, it isn't stopping. Isn't there anything we can do? I-if he just keeps getting bigger..."

"We'll all be flattened, that's right!" Juno barked, ears flicking back anxiously.

"We'd be okay, actually," Pina interjected, the 4-mile tall dall sheep climbing up over Legoshi's wrist with a tired bleat. "Ogma...whew, good grief. That crazy other deer grew all the way up into the atmosphere earlier, and he breathed in space just fine; he said something about becoming godly, and I mean...we're all up here breathing, too, right?"

Legoshi looked down, squinting.

"Pina? Is that you? You got bigger, t-G...G-Grandad!?"

"Legoshi!" Gosha roared, making Pina wince. "I-I'm here! Ah, I-I'm sorry to interrupt, it's just that I didn't want to, while you were with your friends, so—"

All the talk ceased as Legoshi's massive 9-mile wide hand sailed past, snatching the old komodo up high. In one instant he was hard pressed to Legoshi's endless cheek, the humongous wolf nuzzling in on him without hesitation.

"G-grandpa!" he squeaked, despite his size and bulk, a towering puppy for one second.

Gosha blushed through his thick scales, then closed his eyes and accepted, cuddling in.

“Legoshi!”

“G-grandpa, I saw you earlier today! You got even bigger since then!”

“Eheh, it has been quite a day,” the monstrous reptile chuckled, venom starting to quietly pool around his jaws as his emotions broke through a lifetime of stoicism. “But you’re even more incredible, aren’t you? Jack here, he was worried about you!”

“W-well, haha, Gosha was worried more than anyone, Legoshi, I swear,” Jack boomed up above, as though Legoshi really needed the support.

“Is now really the time for this?” Pina huffed, as another shockwave crashed past, this one so big that even Jack pitched sideways, carrying them all with. “Louis is still growing!”

One cervine foot slid, dragging a swath of ruin through the ocean as Louis hunched low and moaned into his own chest muscles, booming angrily to a stunning 2,500 miles, his body nearly 1,600 miles across with pure bulk. The only reason his feet hadn’t rolled right over the lot of the other giants was merely due to Louis’ positioning and stance, his feet hardly dipping into entire seas, as though it were a curving puddle. Which, really, it was.

Then, after all the maelstrom and ruin and sound and thunder, it all stopped. One last displacement rushed by the lot before an eerie, unhappy silence overtook all.

Louis’ phenomenal girth settled with a final, tight flex, before the god-deer twitched, flared his nostrils up in space...and let out a sigh of glimmering, golden smoke.

Louis stood, erect and swollen, at 2,600 miles tall. Twenty-six hundred.

The day had been a keeper, and then some: just that afternoon, the world had contended, rather awkwardly, with the arrival of giants as big as buildings. As if that hadn’t been the whole menu, they had to contend with mile-high beings by late midday.

Now, a new kind of night had fallen, and might likely remain for all time.

Louis stood atop the entire hemisphere, as a 325-mile long foot found the other side of the entire country, slamming down so hard that the globe tilted in slow motion. It alone would

have taken any of the military's escape shuttles about 5 hours to traverse, *at top speed*. The 4 he had worn so much of his life would have taken 3.5 hours to cross.

2,600 miles. Just under fourteen million feet.

Louis' head, all 339 miles of it, loomed over boundless pecs in the upper atmosphere, sucking it in coldly through a nose big enough to fit multiple cities in each nostril.

A state-sized hand reached slowly up, and up, and up, thumping wonderfully on a pectoral so massive it took almost all of his arm's reach to get to it.

He looked around and saw the world drop off to a humble taper on either side of him, the slope of the very planet his to judge, to embarrass with his own size. A pretender exposed, it seemed merely laughable now. Cute.

His erection billowed out as it hit him: Louis was a third the size of the entire world.

He was moon-sized. No...*bigger*, actually. **BIGGER**.

"HMNH," he puffed, his smile returning in full. It crept even higher after, his glowing eyes crackling with power as he flexed again, just to feel it, just to feel his pecs surge obediently tighter, wider, blowing up against his neck and chin as he shuddered.

"He's so big," Jack gulped, biting his lip as he too stared up into space. "I'm not even a doll to him...but it feels like it's only right that we engage, right? At our size? We're the nearest to him in height."

"It's not like he's stopped being Louis," Pina sighed, ruffling his thick wool as he edged along Legoshi's arm. "Just talk to him, already."

"We're not saying he stopped being himself," Haru countered, looking down over her sheer bulk at the impressed sheep. "If anything, that's...probably the core problem."

"R-right," Legoshi added, backing her up from above.

"He must be a classmate, then?" Gosha added, as Legoshi glumly nodded.

“Oh, I’ll talk with him, it’s fine,” Juno chirped, pulling everyone’s attention. “We’ve done enough working together in the Drama club, I know how to talk to him. Frankly, I’m the only actor that doesn’t annoy him. No offense, Legoshi.”

“B-but I’m in lighting,” the much bigger wolf grumbled, looking away.

“Do you *want* to talk to him, then?” the female laughed, raising her brow, not hiding how nice it was to feel a little more in charge of the moment.

“Eh...that is, ah. No.”

90 miles tall or not, it was flat-adorable.

“I’m sure you could talk things out with him, Legoshi, have some faith in yourself,” Gosha chimed in, surprisingly firm. “I know it’s something you can do.”

“Eh, sir,” Pina started, clearing his thick throat. “He tends to just end up making Louis yell and fume a lot. Wouldn’t a better show of faith be to trust your grandson’s judgment?”

Gosha cocked his scaly head the tiniest bit, flicking his tongue, before nodding slowly.

“I see.”

“It’s completely fine, at any rate, haha,” Juno concluded, the huge wolf sliding casually down Legoshi’s arm, slipping over the ridges of massive furred abs, and leaping off onto Jack’s even bigger thigh. “Just let me smooth all this out, and make sure we’re good. I’m sure we’re all still friends here!”

“Should we maybe...stop her?” Haru mumbled, glancing up to Legoshi. “I know what Louis is like when he’s worked up. It’s actually worse when he’s faking self-control.”

Legoshi was nearly stupid enough to ask how she knew that, when the image of the deer leaving her garden shack hit him, and hit just hard enough to shut him up.

“You’re from Cherryton too, then?” Pina asked, stepping right up to the bigger rabbit.

“Oh. Oh, y-yeah, hah. Pleased to meet you.”

“Ah, you’re a student, like my grandson, I see,” Gosha laughed, getting only slightly closer to them as Juno thudded to the ground below, and sauntered toward the hulking god-deer.

“Ah, I...am, yes,” Haru stumbled, cutting Legoshi several very fast looks, even by rabbit standards. “Y-you’re Legoshi’s...Grandfather?”

“I am, haha!” the old lizard rumbled, suddenly doting and warm again. “Do you attend any of the same classes?”

“Eh, not as such, no.”

Legoshi’s massive face paled a few tones, a thick gulp slipping down a bulging throat.

“Ah, G-Grandpa, this is Haru,” he nervously wheezed, his ears whipping back as Jack watched from higher up. “Haru, my Grandpa, Gosha.”

Haru, seeing nothing more from Legoshi, withheld a sigh, and instead shook the smaller giant’s scaly hand. For the moment, there was sense enough in leaving it at that.

JACK, 8:15 PM

Being perhaps a bit too big to fully absorb the conversation below, Jack’s mind and eyes had started to wander over to Juno and her quest. He was just able to see over the massive curve of his shoulder muscles as the 5-mile wolf padded over the turf, looked over at the smaller Yahya (so *that’s* where he had jumped off to), spoke to him a moment, then continued on her way.

The math quickly unfolded in the labrador’s head.

520. Louis was five-hundred and twenty times Juno’s size, big as she was.

This was a terrible, *terrible* idea.

“Why is she okay with this?” Jack murmured, so huge that it still rumbled out powerfully, pulling everyone’s attention up to his sky-sized muzzle. “What could she possibly—”

Then, it happened. Juno reached the mountain range nearest the Louis’ landscape-toe’s outer slope, and stopped in place. As she did, Jack felt a tiny rumble start up, inside of him, rising slowly but surely in power, and his ears flicked back. It came, then went...for the moment.

“Uh-oh.”

JUNO, 8:15 PM

“Hmm-hmm, this should do,” the wolf huffed, her massive tail swishing eagerly. “Let’s see *any* male ignore all *this* for long...”

She brought a colossal hand up slowly, deliberately, and cupped her fat nipple tight. The other, the same. She exhaled as both hands compressed into the teats, bulging them in against swollen areola, until her torso-sized bust dimpled bigger, wider. Thick thumbs teased the rims of her trembling nipples as she bit her lip, grinned smugly, and began to *rumble* all over.

“T-that’s right,” she growled, narrowing her eyes. “You think I’ll r-really let myself stay sidelined, all through this? Humph! How funny!”

Again, she squeezed, torturously teasing her burning flesh, tickling and tap-tapping and tracing her claw tips just over herself. Again, the body trembled, responding by stretching noisily out, twitching, then exploding out in size.

Far off, Jack gawked, watching intently as Juno suddenly *rumble-boomed* up a full, whopping mile in size—then, another. And another, still. At 10 miles in size she spread her heaving thighs wider, then reached down and played at her puffy crotch, her form rattling happily as she pushed its growth harder, and harder, and harder.

“Nowhere n-near big enough,” she faux-pouted, wagging faster. “Let’s...puh-pick up the pace a bit!”

Skyscraper-sized claws slipped into her vent, hooked, and touched the *scream*-region. Turns out, it was well-named.

“HuoaaaAAAAAH!”

10 miles rocketed, unceremoniously—even *angrily*—to 20, Juno’s size doubling instantaneously. Her feet crashed down into the hills below, each one over two miles long and several thousand feet wide across the heels, upending tons of blasted dirt and crushed forestry as she howled. Her oversized bosom blew out even larger, rolling up, perking, then sagging gently by an inch against her growing rib cage as she let her tongue flap out, shuddered, and burst to 40 miles, doubling yet *again*.

Ogma was the first of the two to look, though Yahya followed right after.

“Hmm,” both of them simultaneously snorted, each for different reasons.

“A trigger, no doubt,” Ogma muttered, more to himself, watching closely, before being pulled away by the bigger horse.

“Never you mind,” Yahya ordered, using his own vision to still watch from the periphery. “Just be a good executive, until the chopper gets here.”

“Melon had his own trigger, didn’t he,” Ogma continued, absorbed entirely. “Pain, it seemed. Naturally, the rock fuels its own baseline growth, we saw that...we’ve felt it, even. Hmm. Fascinating. Yet, this innate trigger...compounds it? No...sub-spurts? Hmm.”

“Quiet, I said.”

“Louis’ trigger is dignity, no doubt,” Ogma sniffed, “same as myself.”

“Or pride. More importantly, you have *no proof of any* of this. So hush up.”

“Yours must be justice or revenge, or some dramatic puffery, I imagine.”

The slightest tremble tore through Yahya at the thought of getting bigger, the more passionate he grew about catching wrongdoers and the like. Ogma chuckled, easily able to feel it race through the bulging equine.

“Hmph. Imagine me, towering over you so thoroughly, yet again,” the old stag murmured darkly, his body starting to shiver, his fur bristling up. “Wouldn’t that be something to be proud of, hmm?”

“You even *try* talking yourself up bigger, and I’ll just lay you out cold.”

The trembling in Yahya surged, his near-black muscles stretching bigger.

“Hmm, not enough to elicit a major reaction,” Ogma sighed, “but the path seems to bear out, doesn’t it? Good to know.”

Juno howled a second time, harder, making them both look as the female erupted bigger again, and again, plunging her entire hand into her lips as she blasted to 80 miles, nearly as big as Legoshi. She now towered with ease over the stag and horse, making Yahya gulp as he pulled his captive away with him.

“We’re moving,” he huffed, brusquely yanking Ogma along. “We’ll intercept the chopper instead, forget this.”

“If you say,” Ogma replied, dryly.

Juno looked back to see Jack, all of him, and smiled. At first, it was from knowing she was only a fraction of Jack’s vast scope, but as her sights narrowed to Legoshi, the wolf’s wide eyes staring back, her satisfaction skyrocketed.

“T-that’s muh-m-more like...iiiiiiit-tt-t!”

She screamed as her form exploded bigger, spreading her soft brown fur everywhere in aggressive pulsating bursts. Her breasts roared down toward her widening hips, thick nipples inflating too large, slipping wetly out from her grasping, growing hands.

Her rear pumped wider, wider, her vent sucking back against her entire fist as she surged to 160 miles, more than half Jack’s size, making the labrador jerk back as he scooted away. His massive rear dug through the ranges, scrubbing them with his impossible weight as he whined and watched Juno tremble, then blast up to 320 miles, soaring bigger than even he!

“A...a trigger?” Jack muttered, eyes darting as he watched her billow in size. “It’s a trigger! I-it has to be...what is it, emotional? P-physical?”

“How do you know?” Legoshi asked, his ears perking as Jack’s body began to tingle worse and worse.

“Basic observation, Legoshi, come on,” Jack groaned, before closing his eyes and scrunching his massive muzzle. “G-guh, it’s the only thing t-that makes sense, considering!”

Legoshi suddenly felt it, that tingle racing through Jack’s huge form.

“Eh, er, Jack...don’t tell me...”

The towering canine snorted out a blast of heat, then sighed.

“I-I got it, I’m o-okay, heh. I t-think. I just calmed down a little. Okay, working theory, Legoshi, but...I think we’re all growing at a certain rate, at intervals, no matter what we do. But, if we hit on specific triggers, each of us can grow further, up to a point. Juno didn’t keep growing, after all, I saw her. So...even if we’re totally still and don’t stimulate ourselves at all...we’ll eventually keep growing. But when triggered—”

Suddenly, Legoshi was the one trembling. Which made Jack tremble back.

“Gah,” the gray wolf huffed, Haru hugging into him, Gosha staring in surprise. “Erf...s-so, just sitting still won’t help much, i-in the long run, you mean?”

“Right,” Jack moaned, throbbing harder, his pulses echoing against them all.

“Legoshi,” Gosha started, the old komodo putting a hand on his grandson’s bicep. “Do you trust this Louis character to take over like this?”

“Er,” Legoshi mumbled, making a face. “I mean.”

“So, no,” the reptile finished, nodding calmly, even as he too began to rumble deep. “I won’t tell you what to do, but...bigger or not, if you feel he needs to be challenged, then you should at least try.”

“He’s right, Legoshi,” Haru added, cuddling in supportively. “We can reason with him, I’m sure of it!”

“Whatever we do, can we just not be huddled like this?” Pina muttered. “It’s getting so warm, all this body heat, good grief. I didn’t think we could be atop the planet, and still crowding each other out.”

Legoshi bit his lip, the rumbling in him getting worse, and worse.

“Well...I mean, I don’t want to start fights, especially with an herbivore...maybe we can just talk him down, then?”

At 350 miles even, Juno finished; given her enthusiasm, it was fairer to say that her body finished, and no amount of pleasuring would increase the latest spurt any.

“Oh,” she moaned, licking her massive muzzle over hotly. “Can’t we do better? Eh, fine then, fine. Hmph. I’ll try again in a minute, maybe I just need a break to build back up, heh. Anyway...”

The state-sized female straightened up her huge back, her spine curving like a country-spanning river as her breasts bounced high and settled with the slightest wobble. Even

standing so close to the titanic deer, she only managed to come up to the nadir of Louis' shin. Still, it was nothing she couldn't work with.

"Louis. Louis! Down here, hey!"

Even to her, it was difficult to see the end of the male. Her eyes stole wincing glances of the buck's pillar-long erection, cast out over the coast for miles and miles.

"LOUIS! IT'S ME, JUN--"

The decibel equivalent of a falling truck slammed down onto Juno, nearly knocking her to the shaking firmament as pure sound attacked in response.

"GHK!"

Even the mountainous female wobbled, then took a pained knee as the force shot through her, down into the ground, an unsought full-body massage on overdrive.

She forced her head up through the pressure and roaring, to see what she thought was the near-transparent form of Louis' muzzle up in space, moving up and down, the mouth opening and closing.

Words.

Words.

Louis was so powerful...*his words* were too big to hear.

***METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT
FLOOR 57***

MIENAI, 8:18 PM

The zebra's foot drummed the floor of Yahya's apartment like a piston as he stayed by the phone, breathing heavily. He had gotten more calls in the last hour and a half than he had in the past week, and not one of them was his boss's ringtone. He had stopped answering twenty minutes ago, having gone selectively deaf to the *breep breeps* on the dining table; as such his hearing went elsewhere, right to the mounted television nearby:

“And still nothing back from the city’s officials regarding the escalating growth spurts of multiple confirmed giants; city evacuations across thirty eight counties are now confirmed complete, with surprisingly little to no fatalities report—everyone, we have an update!”

At this, the zebra whipped around, nearly toppling his chair, lasering in on the set.

“Experts here at our international satellite are reviewing footage of another giant, one that is addressing our satellite directly! Ah, he...okay, we have validated the identity, the enormous horse is none other than P.D. figurehead and former Beastar, Yahya! O-onscreen comparisons put him at...t-three point seven-five m-miles tall...God. Ah, er, though we have no way of capturing audio from him, Yahya has been confirmed by our staff to be speaking to us. Lip readers translated his motions as thus:

Mienai, t-take a chopper Northwest, right now. Bring the...cookie? I need a boost?

Hmm. Well, we’re putting this out to Mienai, whoever or wherever they are. Really, Sharon, a cookie?”

Another voice, a female one, answered more calmly:

“Likely Yahya attempting to wrangle an intensifying situation, Clark. My money is on him trying to subdue that deer.”

“Right, that. Folks, or to those just tuning in, reports have included a male red deer, now standing at an estimated 2,500 m...miles—”

“He’s the size of the moon, and nude, Clark, they all know. He’s standing on the entire planet like it’s a big couch, if he even moves wrong, we could all—”

“Er. Folks, we here at Channel Five will remain at our posts until the bitter en—”

The station they were filming at, likely an underground standby, shook violently, lights rattling on and off, stands thrown, papers shuffling loose.

Mienai felt the same shock right after as the entire city rumbled and teetered in a wave of pure sound. Nine million thunderstorms tore through, raw bass and booming force battering the world, rising and falling, stopping, then rolling out again, over and over.

Lights flickered off across the city, now walled in with a chunk of the coastline between a vast, vast wall of fur; not one citizen could process that they were all literally in between one set of immeasurably big toes.

After a minute, more or less, the fury subsided, the city blinking back to life through the high rise windows. Mienai shakily found a table leg and pulled himself back up from under it, as the report nervously continued:

“G-good Lord...Sharon, you...okay? Okay, I’m fine, I’m alright. Everyone? Okay. Okay, folks...we’re being told that...just now...that was not an earthquake.”

Mienai was already out the door, phone in hand, calling in the chopper. The TV played on after he exited, not bothering to close the door behind him:

“We’re being told by space station observance staff that...t-that was the male deer, the buck. H-he was talking. T-to us...We’re translating now, as fast as we can...p-please, stay in your bunkers, and be patient...”

THE ENTIRE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

LOUIS, 8:18 PM

“TO ALL MY LITTLE ANIMAL BROTHERS DOWN BELOW, ON THIS LITTLE PLANET.”

Louis stopped for just a moment, struck by how insanely strong and huge his quietest words proved to be, in the uttering. He had even accounted for it, and still been surprised. His vast eyes lidded as he sighed out a cloud of energy, then calmly resumed, even softer:

“I APOLOGIZE. THAT WAS TOO LOUD. I’M STILL ADJUSTING TO MYSELF. BUT YES, HELLO. THIS IS LOUIS, HEIR TO THE HORNS LEGACY AND...FORMER CHERRYTON ACADEMY STUDENT. HEH. OBVIOUSLY, YOU ALL CAN SEE ME. YOU ALL ARE AWARE THAT THIS NEW PHASE OF ANIMAL EXISTENCE IS HERE, AND FRIGHTENINGLY FAST IN ITS ARRIVAL. WELL, I’M AS SURPRISED BY IT AS ANY OF YOU, I PROMISE.”

This wasn't the school auditorium, but he was too well-trained in public speaking not to measure out his timing and beats. A single massive, smug smirk stole in at his own programming. At least it had some residual use.

“HMM. IT SEEMS MY CANDIDACY FOR BEASTAR IS NOW SOMETHING OF A MOOT POINT. FRANKLY...I COULD CARE LESS ABOUT IT. I THINK ANYONE WOULD UNDERSTAND, GIVEN ALL...*THIS*. NOT THAT I'M HERE TO TALK ABOUT IT, MIND. NO. I ONLY PREFACE THE REAL POINT: AS BEASTARS AND SCHOOLS AND COMMITTEES AND GOVERNANCE ARE NO LONGER RELEVANT—AND, LOOK AT ME, YOU **KNOW** THEY AREN'T—I HEREBY REPLACE MY BID FOR BEASTAR WITH A NEW TITLE, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.”

To be honest, Louis hadn't gone in knowing the word he would choose. In a rather brazen test of his own free will, he let it come on the fly:

“SAVIOR.”

His erection was so far off from the space station and satellites that they had no chance of detecting how much bigger and harder it groaned, at the saying of that one word. Sure, the entire country and coastline saw, but what were they going to do?

“I WANT TO TAKE THIS SURREAL NEW MOMENT TO INTRODUCE MYSELF EN MASSE, AND PROPOSE A RADICAL REACTION TO THIS PHASE. I WANT THE GOVERNMENT, IN ONE LAST MATERIAL ACT, TO SEND A SPACE CREW UP TO ME. ALL THE WAY UP HERE, TO MY FACE. YOU WILL PROVIDE THE CREW WITH PROPER BREATHING APPARATUS, WHEREIN THEY WILL CONDUCT A TEST. ONLY THEY CAN CONFIRM A SUSPICION OF MINE, AS I CAN BREATHE EASILY UP HERE, BUT DON'T KNOW IF MORTALS CAN.”

He had let the word slip out, and only chided himself for a millisecond.

“PLEASE ASCEND TO ME AS FAST AS YOU REASONABLY CAN, AND CONDUCT A FULL ATMOSPHERE TEST. GIVEN THAT I CAN BREATHE IN SUCH LIMITED TO NO AIR, I SUBMIT THAT I AM PRODUCING MY OWN. IF THE TEST BEARS THIS OUT...I OFFER A NEW WORLD TO ALL OF YOU THAT ARE WILLING TO ABIDE IN IT. ME.”

Louis could hear the chattering and clamour of his presumed audience in his head. There was no way there wasn't either an uproar or dead silence, down below. Either way.

“UNDERSTAND, LITTLE ONES,” he soft-bellowed, getting harder and tighter at the words he spoke next. “THE EMERGING PATTERN OF THE DAY IS PAINFULLY CLEAR: THOSE OF US THAT HAVE BECOME GIANTS ARE STILL GROWING BIGGER. RAPIDLY, IN FACT. AGAIN, BELIEVE WHAT YOU SEE. IN THAT SPIRIT OF HONESTY: I’M GROWING BIGGER. BEYOND A DOUBT, I WILL CONTINUE TO GROW. AND GROW. AND GROW. THERE IS NOTHING TO FOUND ANY OTHER IDEA UPON. I *WILL* OUTSIZE THIS PLANET, AND SOON. IF YOU WISH TO START A NEW WORLD, A *BETTER* WORLD, THEN PLEASE, CLIMB ABOARD. LIVE ON ME, AND I WILL SHOW EVERY ONE OF YOU A BETTER EXISTENCE! EVERY SINGLE HERBIVORE WILL THRIVE, AT LONG LAST.”

There was no use in delaying the qualification, after all. Best to rip the bandage off, quick and clean.

Far below, even the biggest animals had no hope of understanding the tonnage of bass coming out of Louis’ huge muzzle. Not even they came close to him—a thought that made his erection tremble at the tip with delight.

“THAT IS ALL. I WILL REMAIN RIGHT HERE FOR YOU, FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING AND INTO THE NIGHT. I RECOMMEND TAKING ONLY WHAT YOU FEEL YOU NEED, SUCH AS FOOD AND PROVISIONS. ONCE I AM POPULATED, WE CAN MOVE ONTO APPORTIONING BUILDING MATERIALS AND THE LIKE, SO THAT YOU CAN ALL BUILD ANEW ON ME. I’LL LEAVE NO GOOD HERBIVORE BEHIND, IF THEY’RE WILLING TO ADHERE TO ME AND MY STRENGTH ALONE. TO...SUBMIT.”

It was now or never.

“I’LL BE CLEAR, SO LET ME REPEAT THAT. ABANDON THIS ROTTEN WORLD IF YOU WANT TO UNITE WITH STRENGTH AND DIGNITY—WITH ME. UNDERSTAND, I WON’T LIE TO YOU. NOT ONE OF YOU. I DON’T NEED TO LIE. STAY HERE AND SQUABBLE OVER CARNIVORE RIGHTS AND HERBIVORE ETIQUETTE ALL YOU WANT, IF YOU INSIST, AND STAY SMALL, WHILE I GROW.”

Know when to quit. Best rule of speaking.

“THAT IS ALL. YOU ALL KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME. ALL PASSAGE TO ME WILL BE FREE. DON’T BOTHER CHARGING. MONEY IS NOW POINTLESS.”

To his own surprise—even astonishment—the fire inside roared even larger, free at last.

OUTER LUPO VERDE RANGE, EAST-ISH

YAHYA, 8:22 PM

Far below, on that same little petty planet, the horse waited.

The vocal cataclysms from on high faded grudgingly, the after-tremors lingering across a wracked horizon, leaving Yahya and Ogma to resume their impromptu trek. Yet again, he found himself having to force the stag along—not from resistance or trouble, but because Ogma kept looking back at the living tower his adopted son had become.

“He’s like a pillar into the heavens,” Ogma sighed, grinning crookedly. “A bridge.”

“He is big,” Yahya admitted, almost picking Ogma up this time.

“Really, Yahya, there’s no shame in being open about it. He’s astonishing, isn’t he? Everything a true herbivore should be, in a world such as this.”

“He’s just proof that herbivores can be insane, too.”

“Oh? You don’t even know what he was proposing up there, do you?”

“None of us could decipher that much sound. You don’t know it wasn’t something nuts. Tell me, does anyone get to be as big as the moon, and stay humble?”

“Haha. Perhaps not—”

“Finally!”

Ogma’s ears perked, the stag rearing his head back up against Yahya’s bulging chest, bumping antlers to overinflated pecs as the equine waved down a teeny glimmering light in the distance with a relieved whinny.

“I really don’t see what any help you call for can do,” Ogma muttered, just before he felt Yahya shove him away.

“Meinai! Get closer, and toss it in!” Yahya mouthed, so as not to alert Ogma.

The chopper drew in nearer as the zebra sat shotgun, hearing a reader in the back with binoculars read the horse’s huge lips.

“He wants us to toss it in?” the reader shouted over whining rotors, making Meinai gulp nervously. “What’s that mean?”

“It means, throw this into the boss’s mouth, once we’re close enough,” Meinai shouted back, pantomiming the actions to the confused employee.

“This thing? He...he wants a cookie!? Why!?”

“Just do it! We’re closing in!”

Yahya had been imposing, to be sure, during his entire tenure as a Beastar, as well as their direct superior; never had it been a more literal read than now, though, as the sky-consuming horse filling their visions, seeming to get bigger and bigger the closer they sped. Every few seconds it looked like they were set to crash right into his bulk, yet still he drew bigger, closer—they had to remind themselves that he was just that large now.

On Meinai’s orders a red flare shot out, just bright enough to signal Yahya.

“Hah, clever boy,” he snorted, understandingly opening his maw.

There was obviously no way to know if a 4-inch cookie was impacting his tongue, given he was 3.75 miles tall...but he knew Meinai was the sort to—

A green flare blasted, interrupting, and Yahya closed his enormous muzzle, flexed in preparation, then swallowed whatever had landed inside.

“Is this what we bothered to move away for, Yahya?”

Yahya hadn’t felt a thing, as expected, on swallowing. Still, he knew his staff.

“You’ll see, in a minute.”

It was considerably less than a minute before Ogma saw Yahya’s body began rumbling dangerously, deep and powerful within.

“Wait,” Ogma began, narrowing his eyes slightly. “Did...”

“Louis isn’t going to *stay* the herbivore overlord, Ogma. S-sorry—”

A thick, muffled boom swelled inside as Yahya pumped out in size, blowing up in front of Ogma with enough *oomph* to knock the deer off his massive feet.

“Y...you do understand, that won’t be enough,” Ogma huffed, the bulky stag getting back onto his feet, trying to get the words up to the growing stallion before they went inert. “Whatever you just took, it hardly looked large enough to give—”

Yahya’s stretching hide groaned as he billowed clear up to 10 miles, visible undulations coursing through bulging muscle. The male’s body blasted even bigger immediately after, uncaring, indifferent to the deer’s logic as it ballooned to 25 miles, shook harder, strained out rubber-tight, then *exploded* to 50.

“*WHY...NOT...TRRRRYYYYYY!?*”

Yahya’s words mingled with the further cracking of the earth below, his swelling black feet crashing down, and down, and down into deepening craters. Their rims spilled toward Ogma, forcing the deer to back away as the quaking horse’s bulk boomed too large for his frame.

The sheer impact of his growth blew air back in hot waves, shoving the speck-sized chopper back into a whirl of panic. The pilot blocked Meinai’s orders out as reflex took hold of the stick, the helicopter spinning wild as they went completely off course.

JUNO, 8:23 PM

“*Don’t you ignore me, Louis!*”

There was a certain irony to the fact that Juno hollered this while looking down, effectively away from Louis. But God, it was all she could do.

The aftershock of the deer’s words had been so close that the wolf’s ears were still ringing for it, leaving her wobbling in place. Colossal as she was, Juno was still so tiny that simply being spoken down to hurt, forcing her to cover her lupine ears and wince at the landscape underfoot.

That, as it happened, was how she finally noticed them.

“Hmm?”

With Louis staying in place (per his unheard proposal) it was easier to realize what she was seeing: four giants were strewn around the vast deer's feet, poleaxed, out cold. Moreover, Juno *knew* them. Well, more or less.

“What in the...B-Bill!? Riz?”

There her classmates were, bear and tiger, as well as a female rabbit with a harlequin pattern she knew she had seen before, not to mention—

“*Cosmo!?*”

The massive okapi lay still, slumped sideways against the wall of Louis' foot, partially buried in thick brown follicles. To see her, of all animals, in any kind of submissive state was a bigger shock than anything else. And that was saying everything.

Compared to Juno, all four of them were minute, just large enough to be seen at all. Not one of them breached 2 miles in size, making Juno, well...*bigger*. They were nearly ants, really.

“Does Louis even know?” she wondered, before thooming over to the great deer's foot, itself just slightly larger across than she stood tall. “Let's see...if I'm very careful, I think I can...”

Remembering what Pina had said made Juno far less worried about harming them as she pinched down over each little giant, and gathered them up. It wasn't about being too rough, it was a matter of accuracy.

“Okay, that's three...”

As she leaned over the entire foot to reach Riz, her bosom mashing and rolling across immense toes, another blast of raw sound hammered down on her, buzzing through his foot and the earth itself.

She looked up, and saw two dark, brilliant eyes up in space, straining to get past the full bulk of an overloaded chest.

“E-eep!”

All pretense at confidence vanished as Louis' attention finally drifted to her—and even his attention felt like bearing a mountain.

“L-LOUIS!” she roared, or tried to, watching the deer’s vast eyes slowly blink. “I-IT’S ME, J-JUNO!”

There was no confusion in the god’s huge eyes. Just a kind of bemused tiredness.

There was just enough of his muzzle visible as it moved, before another burst of sound smashed down at her, making her huge legs tremble.

“AH...UH, I-I CAN’T...YOU’RE T-TOO BIG, LOUIS...”

Louis’ ears flicked; far up and away, the buck’s gargantuan erection bulged even tighter, its tip nearly unseen in the atmosphere. Given the reaction, it was clear he had heard that much.

A hand as big as her whole body descended, without asking. In seconds, Juno was ensnared in warmth, great fingers and thick palms covering her tight. Motion followed as she wriggled in the dark of his grip, before there was light and space and a sudden field of fur.

She shook her head and looked around, sitting on top of a set of pectorals so monstrous that the pillowed just the tiniest bit under even her titanic weight.

“CAN YOU HEAR ME BETTER, THIS WAY?”

“Ah, y-yes!” the toy-sized wolf answered, automatically.

Louis’ muzzle and eyes and ears and antlers were all she could see beyond his pecs, attached by a fantastically thick neck. All that mass shifted as Louis merely cocked his head again, lidding his eyes halfway.

“SO, YOU TOO THEN, JUNO,” Louis rumbled, his words vibrating up under her rear, through his chest. “THAT’S YET ANOTHER CARNIVORE THAT’S TOO LARGE.”

“W-well, speak for yourself,” Juno frumped, cutting a scowl. “You’re way more capable of damage, at your size, aren’t you?”

Louis’s eyelids rose, and a strange grin stole over his muzzle.

“HAH. SAY WHAT YOU LIKE. IT’S NOT LIKE IT MATTERS.”

Juno weighed a lot of things going forward very, very carefully.

“At your size, nothing probably matters anymore,” she huffed, switching tacts. “I had come here to speak with you, but if you’re just going to dominate...”

She could hear Louis’ erection swelling even bigger, far down below, sending a feedback pulse through his tightening muscles as he grinned wider.

“LIKE THERE’S A NEED TO. DIDN’T YOU JUST SAY SO?”

The wolf gulped, eyes darting. This really wasn’t going how she figured. Granted, she hadn’t figured far enough to have particulars, but she knew this wasn’t it.

“WHAT DID YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT, THEN, JUNO.”

“Ah. Erm. I want to know what you’re up to.”

“IF CLASS WAS CORRECT...I’D SAY, *THE EXOSPHERE*.”

Juno’s fears were dissolving as wave after wave of irritation broke through.

“I mean, what are your intentions, at this size! You’re so big, you can’t even move without reshaping the earth, so what’s your plan? Just stand here and be colossal? What about us, down below?”

“YOU DIDN’T HEAR? AH, TOO BIG. HRM. I’M GIVING THOSE THAT WISH TO START A NEW, BETTER WORLD TIME ENOUGH TO TRAVEL TO ME, SO THAT HERBIVORES CAN BE PROTECTED IN MY GLORY.”

At that, Louis sneered the slightest bit.

“AND, TO ANSWER THE REST...WHAT ABOUT YOU?”

“Huh?”

“I SAID, ‘WHAT ABOUT YOU’. YOU KNUCKLE-DRAGGING CARNIVORES CAN STAY ON THIS LITTLE BALL AND BEAT EACH OTHER UP, FOR ALL I CARE. YOU CAN DO WHATEVER.”

“Wah...w-we’re classmates, Louis!” Juno balked, openly.

“WERE.”

“Y-you really think the others will just let you boss the populace around, now that you’re in power?”

“YOU WERE ALL FINE WITH ME BEING A BEASTAR,” he boomed casually. “IS THERE SO MUCH OF A DIFFERENCE?”

“Yes!”

Louis kept grinning wider. *God, this was fun.*

LEGOSHI, 8:25 PM

“What?” Jack bellowed, his ears flicking up. “M-me?”

“You’re the biggest,” Legoshi offered, shrugging his huge shoulders. “Louis is literally the most likely to even hear you, right?”

“B-but you’re stronger!”

“Actually, you...kind of...are thicker than I am, now...”

So help him, Legoshi had the slightest blush, and Jack saw it. The labrador’s rumbling intensified terribly, rattling everyone else as he grit his teeth, wheezed, and started rumbling *bigger*. His thick hide blossomed out as he bulged all the way up to 310 miles, his bulk erupting to hulking proportions against pulling fur.

“I...gh, g-guess I a-am...”

Again, Jack shook, harder still, his muscle bound body groaning as it swelled out, and out. His pectorals burred against Legoshi, the shaking wolf hugging in tight as he too rumbled worse, spasmed, and *burst*.

“I-incredible!” Gosha gasped, clinging to his growing blood.

“This is really the opposite of what I meant,” Pina bleated, riding the boom of growth as Legoshi spilled bigger against Jack, blowing up to 160 miles, only for Jack to squeeze tighter into his best friend, blasting even bigger in reply, billowing loudly to 400 miles as the earth sank and snapped and crumbled.

“T-that means...so much...L-Legoshi,” Jack whimpered, his pink tongue slipping out as he made to dog-sneeze, but swelled tightly to 500 miles, instead. His back muscles detonated over him, his swollen yellow traps consuming his pillar neck as he roared into Legoshi’s pecs—just as the howling wolf exploded to 600 miles in one horrible gush. “T-to have...you say...t-that...”

“I-it’s the truth,” Legoshi moaned, only bigger than Jack long enough to say so, before Jack’s body groaned out larger, still, pumping and stretching wider, heavier, fuller, the labrador already 750 miles tall, his pectoral cleft swallowing Legoshi’s growing muzzle. “I-I’m sorry I wasn’t more available be-befHMMPH—”

“No, no, I didn’t w-want to interfere with you and Miss H...Haru,” Jack huffed, feeling Legoshi’s panting muzzle plunge bigger and deeper into his chest, the wolf’s upper pectorals blowing up under the lower curve of his own. “I j-just miss you—”

Legoshi howled so hard into Jack that the 800-mile behemoth trembled, making the blushing labrador howl up into space as Legoshi hugged him back dearly, shuddered, then exploded so massively that even Jack’s huge arms started to slide wider apart around him.

“I-I’m sorry I was so caught up,” Legoshi panted, the 1,000-mile titan’s muzzle rising up out of the dog’s cleft, his shaft pushing sideways against Jack’s as they hugged it out.

Haru had been shouting something throughout, the bulky female smothered between two surging walls of fluffed muscle and pure body heat. Pina, perhaps more wisely, had simply clung with Gosha to Legoshi’s growing back bulk.

At 1,100 miles Legoshi stopped, giving off a last electric shudder as the landscape under and around them stopped shaking so hard. Jack, still a stunning 900 miles tall, pursed his lip and finally gave in, squeezing Legoshi lovingly-tight.

“I-it’s okay, heh,” the immense canine said, blushing. “How about we handle this together, then?”

Legoshi looked over at Louis, still considerably larger and stronger.

“Hehe,” he boom-chuckled, nodding. “Deal! Pack time!”

With that, both enormous males stood, and stood, and stood, each so large now that the simple act took time to commit to. The other giants hung on as Legoshi popped his back, making his abs and chest bulge out even larger before him, Jack dusting himself off as his golden bulk

twitched and rumbled. Their feet alone devoured whole mountains and valleys—at least what of them they could see, through so much cloud cover. Each of them could have had cities built on a hand or foot or *other parts*, and still have had room for road work and stops. They weren't just big, they required *planning* to navigate.

“Goodness, does it look different at this height,” he murmured, still nervous, but managing. “It’s like an alien world, isn’t it?”

“It’s home, is what it is,” Legoshi replied, rolling his fantastically huge shoulders. “Let’s go protect it.”

That he made it through without any trailing off or stuttering made Jack’s huge tail wag.

MEINAI, 8:27 PM

“Oh, okay, okay,” the pilot sighed, getting his air back as they sat in the chopper. “Everything checks, we’re golden. Just went into kind of a tailspin there, from the pressure changes. I think those two dogs stopped growing, so...yeah, we seem safe to stay touched down for the moment.”

“G-good work,” Meinai muttered, the zebra still shaking as he clung to his seat, refusing to remove the buckle. “Wait, what dogs?”

“A wolf and a labrador, I think,” the staff member behind them piped up, sounding strangely exhilarated. “There wasn’t time to talk about it, sir, but...it’s not just the deer out there. Or Yahya. Hopefully he wasn’t smothered under those two, with how big they—”

“How big?” Meinai demanded, twisting around towards him.

“They...I dunno, sir. Not quite half as big, but close?”

“No wonder we didn’t touch down for a few minutes there. I know that’s height you’re saying, not width...we should have been caught in their growth spurt...”

“We were blown pretty far off to begin with, actually,” the pilot added. “Yahya’s growth blasted us clear long before I pulled us out of the spin. Head start, basically.”

“Ugh, this day,” Meinai groaned, rubbing his temples.

“Don’t mean to pile, sir,” the staff member said, looking through their binoculars, “but I think someone had the same escape plan as us. There’s some kind of transit line farther off, a track, and—yessir, there! A tram is on the move, and it’s coming our way!”

Meinai’s ears twitched as the sound approached, then rose, then ground to a stop nearby, the train slowing down as it eventually passed them by and halted entirely.

The trio in the chopper watched (one listening) as the train door chimed, then opened, allowing an old owl and a capybara to climb out onto the dry brush.

“Hey!” Operative T shouted, waving the stilled helicopter down. “Hey, you! Help!”

Meinai’s ears perked again, before the zebra groaned.

“Oh, no.”

“M-Meinai, sir!” she blurted, saluting as she approached the chopper. “What in the world are you doing here, now?”

“Called over by Yahya, via an order over a surveillance satellite. You?”

“W-well, long story. This is a scientist from Delta, we had to book it on this military train-thing before those kids outgrew the entire area and smothered us. But sir, thanks to Yahya’s efforts, we did it! We synthesized a cure and brought it topside, we confirmed it works and everything!”

“What!?”

The zebra was out of his precious seat in a blink, stumbling out of the passenger’s side and grasping T by her shoulders, all as the owl puffed over, worn out and beat.

“I-it’s true,” the scientist said, nodding. “Data from the sister site proved to be adequate in creating a cure for the growth spurts. We were able to administer to Mister Ogma—”

“Then why in thunder didn’t you shrink all of them?” Meinai demanded, making the owl fluff out defensively.

“N-not enough cure to administer with.”

“Can you fly, sir?” Operative T interjected, suddenly intense. “If so, get us to wherever this bird wants! We can make more, ASAP!”

For the first time, Meinai softened. He went from grasping T to patting her shoulder, a smile starting up on his muzzle.

“Yes. Yes, yes we can! Hah! Excellent work, get in, get in! Where do you need to go?”

Far off, yet much too close, the ground shook. The newly-formed party turned to see the mountains crumble flat, clouds blasting high up around the heels of Legoshi as both he and Jack saw fit to stop standing and stretching up in space, and finally move.

“Anywhere else,” the owl huffed.

LOUIS, 8:27 PM

“REALLY?” the deer asked, cocking a brow high.

“That’s r-right,” Juno shot back, nodding fast. “They’re practically all gathered down there, on the planet; you just watch, they won’t just let you push the world around like this!”

“SO WHAT IF THEY ARE?” Louis rattle-spoke. “IF THEY’RE ONLY AS BIG AS YOU, THEN THAT’S...CUTE.”

“They’re all growing too, you know—”

“I’M SURE THEY ARE. BUT GIVEN THE PACE THROUGHOUT THE DAY...I DOUBT THEY’LL KEEP UP WITH ME. YOU CERTAINLY HAVEN’T.”

Juno fumed, wishing with every empowered fiber in her huge body that she could get bigger, right there and then. Even if that had meant pleasuring herself in front of him. Hell, maybe it would have flummoxed him, at least momentarily—

“HMM?”

Juno’s ears perked in time with Louis’ as the immense deer’s head turned to look down.

“OH. YOU.”

LEGOSHI, 8:27 PM

At 1,100 miles in size, Legoshi should have been a veritable god among animals. It wasn't so much that he wasn't—it was just, Louis was *godder*. At best, the towering wolf stood eartips with the red deer's upper thighs or groin, making it impossible for Louis' far, far larger shaft to keep out of Legoshi's periphery. Jack almost seemed to be standing behind Legoshi, partly out of admiration-tinge fear of Louis, and partly so the wolf blocked sight of that much maleness.

To Jack, Legoshi was actually slightly shorter than usual, as the labrador was that much taller, in context. Haru, Gosha and Pina all clung to Legoshi like the bugs he so adored; the same way Bill and company were bugs to Juno, they could only cling tight to the vastly larger male, hoping that he knew how best to handle being bigger than a third of the entire country, lengthwise.

It was a stretch. But then, a *lot* of things were stretching.

"I think he heard you, Legoshi," Jack muttered, shrinking back with a booming step as the deer glared down at them both.

"I'M NOT THAT SURPRISED YOU'RE HERE, HONESTLY, LEGOSHI," Louis rumbled, repressing a sigh, keeping it stored in his flared pecs instead. "JUST DISAPPOINTED."

"Ah, well," Legoshi stammered, fumbling his start, "I did notice you, y-yeah..."

"AND."

"Well, you know...don't you think you're getting too...you know, big?"

Louis just stared, waiting, his brow gaining weight as it slowly lowered in.

"AND YOU AREN'T?"

Legoshi sniffed, looking himself over.

"A little bit—"

"YOU CAME TO STOP ME. JUST GET TO IT, ALREADY."

“S-stop you?”

Legoshi and Jack exchanged looks, as Louis’ brow fully knitted, a soft rumble building up inside of his mass as he waited, then huffed.

“GOOD—OKAY, LOOK. YOU’RE BIG ENOUGH TO HEAR ME NOW, RIGHT? THEN LISTEN: IT’S OBVIOUS WE’RE NOT LONG FOR THIS SHRINKING WORLD, SO I USED COMM SATS IN THE ATMOSPHERE TO PROPOSE A NEW ORDER. ALL HERBIVORES ARE FREE TO TAKE SHUTTLES ONTO MY BODY.”

“W-what!?” Jack groaned, stepping further back.

“You mean—”

“I’LL BE THE NEW PLANET, YES. JUST BECAUSE I’M STANDING HERE WAITING DOESN’T MEAN I WANT YOU TO WASTE MY TIME. IF YOU KNUCKLE-DRAGGING MEANT-BRAINS DON’T LIKE IT, THEN STAY HERE AND SIT ON THE ROCK. I DON’T REALLY CARE. I DON’T HAVE TO ANYMORE.”

Legoshi dug the words up, even as they buried themselves deeper.

“B-but that’s insane...”

“IT’S BEEN AN INSANE DAY, HASN’T IT.”

The rumbling built as Louis grew more agitated, by unsubtle degrees.

“Well...why can’t carnivores—”

“STAY PUT HERE AND JUST EAT ONE ANOTHER?” Louis finally roared, his muscles stretching angrily as pressure built up within him once again, rising and rising, making Juno gulp as she felt his heat spike under her. “AGREED, GREAT IDEA! BEST GET TO IT, AND LET THE GOOD ONES DO THEIR THING!”

“T-that’s not what I meant—”

“UGH, SHOO, ALREADY, WOULD YOU? GET LOST. JUST...GO.”

“Not going so good, is it?” Haru sighed, hugging tight to just one of Legoshi’s vine-thick hairs. “At this rate, Louis will brush him off the planet, to shut him up.”

“Would he really?” Gosha asked, hanging nearby, looking up at a female rabbit twice his massive size. “This Louis?”

Both she and Pina sighed, and nodded in sync.

“Legoshi hasn’t changed one bit, then,” Gosha laughed, still smiling up at the colossal male, an unmasked love seeping through. “I guess time at school and all the socializing didn’t do enough to help out.”

“Legoshi? Socializing?” Haru repeated, grinning some. “Well—”

Now Haru was the one rumbling, and badly.

“Oh.”

“Your turn, is it?” Pina moaned, swinging himself over to another follicle quickly. “You should move, Grandpa, before you get caught in the impact!”

“Oh,” Gosha murmured, blinking. “Haha, I suppose I ought—”

Haru erupted, there and then, an ocean of trembling bunny muscle bashing into the old lizard, sending him flying back as her breasts doubled in size, overflowing up past her mashed muzzle and flopping ears. Nipples big enough to kiss whole mountains flat buffeted out on either side as Gosha found himself consumed by rumbling fields of soft, colliding cleavage, lost to it as Haru screamed larger, and larger, and larger, and larger.

7 miles shudder-bulged messily to 18, her back bursting so wide and built and heavy that her old self could have stood across it, arms out, and still not bridged the distance they made. Nevermind the odds when she hiccupped and billowed to 50 miles, tensed tighter, tighter, huffed, then *boomed* to 140 right after.

Had she been on land, it would have been a dramatic explosion of muscle and curves and soft light fur; against Legoshi, however, she was only growing from a flea to an ant.

“Oh, good grief,” Pina huffed, the bulky sheep slipping from one follicle on accident, snagging another below just as Haru roared even larger, heaving in burning fits to 210 miles, filling the pace Pina had just vacated with untold muscle.

The rabbit was so full of bulk that her bust nearly vanished against the swell of the pectoral surges beneath them, only to explode so big afterward that they nearly blocked the rest of her; her muscles jealously exploded all the larger, shoving her pulsing chest up as she blasted up to 260 miles, shaking uncontrollably.

Her huge rump swelled lower and lower, practically chasing Pina down as he bleated and swung lower still.

“I-I’ve never been chased by a f-female l-like this,” he gasped, his words drowned out as Haru frantically bellowed, spasmed harder, and exploded *even bigger*.

“I don’t think this is working, Legoshi,” Jack whined, shrugging his massive shoulders.

“I mean, I know,” the wolf mumbled, “b-but we can’t just leave, right?”

“WHAT ARE YOU TWO BABBLING OVER, DOWN THERE?” Louis snapped, staring the two dogs down, rumbling worse and worse. “DIDN’T I JUST TELL YOU TO LEAVE? GO ON! I PUT UP WITH YOU ALL THE TIME, SO GO!”

“N-no.”

Jack was speechless first, though Louis went quiet right after. The deer’s brow raised on one side, cocking incredulously.

“WHAT.”

“N...no. You need to s-stop.”

Louis just watched, gauging something he didn’t see fit to clarify with words. When he did react, it wasn’t in the way Legoshi saw coming. What was coming was something bigger.

Louis closed his eyes, flared his nostrils, then...twisted.

With a long, slow, surreal turn of the hips Louis swung his erection around, the tip taking time to bend and follow as it cut the upper atmosphere, swinging around over multiple beshadowed states as it passed like a meteor. Legoshi’s eyes bulged for one instant as he understood, brought his huge arms up, and caught the brunt of the impact.

With the slightest of motions, Louis had interrupted the rebellion by letting his member swat the opposition, bumping the smaller giants away like nothing. Big as Legoshi and the stumbling Jack both were, the deer's erection was still just as big as them—a head bigger, it turned out. Monstrous testes dusted the abandoned edge of the coast as they moved, brushing the geography itself into a cloud as they did.

Legoshi's real scope of size had been muted in the wake of Louis', but as his 140-mile feet crashed back through the ruined terrain, hammering it more and more as he bumped into Jack, it was easier to remember how damned enormous they had become.

Toes as big as their home city dug into the earth, clenching as Legoshi regained his balance many, many miles back, Jack clinging to his thick arm to not fall over as they stabilized.

"D-did he just," Jack began, shaking all over from surprise.

"He did," Legoshi sighed, dusting himself off.

Were it a schoolyard, they would have been shoved a few yards back. At this scale, however, that stagger put over 1,300 miles of distance between them and Louis—effectively putting them halfway up the midwest of the country.

"Gosh, I hope evacuations kept going," Jack fussed, looking the terrain over nervously.

"It's been hours, I-I'm sure they're all below or in the air!"

"HOW PERFECT."

Both males looked back. Legoshi was the one who cried out.

"Oh!"

Louis plucked something soft and bulky and white up off of his massive length, holding it up by its neck.

"Is that...Miss Haru!?" Jack exclaimed, his ears rising up.

"Oh, no, no," Legoshi muttered, clenching his hands into fists.

"P-put me down, Louis!" Haru stormed, the 600-mile tall female trying to put all that vast muscle to fuller use as she dangled up by his chest. "This isn't funny!"

Juno grimaced at the sight of Haru nearly twice her size, and so much stronger...but she held words back, unsure of what to do as she remained on Louis' chest, *ignored*.

"YOU, HOWEVER," Louis started, the rumble subsiding as he grinned. "YOU CAN STAY, HARU. IN FACT, YOU'RE ENTIRELY WELCOME."

"I heard your nonsense a minute before, Louis," Haru grouched, folding her immense arms so tight that her breasts bulged upward. "If you think I'm going to be party to any of it--"

"PARTY?" the huge deer chuckled, almost offended. "HARU...YOU'RE FIT TO BE QUEEN. YOU, I KNOW. YOU, I COULD TRUST. HERBIVORE WITH HERBIVORE. WHO CARES IF THEY ALL KNOW NOW?"

Legoshi put a nearly-finished equation together, solidifying what he had put out of his mind that morning at the Gardening Club. His fists tightened until they hurt.

"YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE SMALL. WEAK," Louis continued, his gargantuan voice lowering, warming. "IF I COULD RULE WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOU, IT'D BE...BETTER, I THINK. WE'RE INEVITABLY GROWING INTO SPACE, SO WHY NOT MAKE THE MOST OF IT?"

"Excuse me!?" Juno bellowed, at long last. "I'm right here!"

Louis looked down, without moving his head.

"WHAT ABOUT YOU?"

"EXCUSE ME--"

"Louis, forget her, and forget all this," Haru demanded, stony and firm. "If we can't stop getting bigger, and what's done is done, the best thing we can do is...just leave the planet. We should have kicked off out of orbit over an hour ago, it would've been the selfless thing to do."

Louis blinked, then smiled wider.

"SEE. I'M RIGHT. YOU'RE A VOICE OF REASON."

“I’m not being a part of some new-world supremacy,” Haru huffed, not an ounce of fear on the smaller rabbit. “And who’re you calling ‘weak’? Speak for yourself, if you’re so strong now. You don’t represent us. You never did.”

All the warmth drained right out as Louis’ brow crashed back down, all the way into a glare that could wither the Sun dead.

“...FINE.”

With that, Louis flung Haru off and out into the ocean, as though she were a dirty wrapper stuck to him too long.

“H-hey!” Haru yelled, the moment she impacted the ocean, angry and embarrassed.

Legoshi’s fur bristled so far out that he nearly seemed a third larger for it.

“L-Legoshi, let’s calm down,” Jack offered, pleading.

Some tiny, tingling little spider-thread at the back of Legoshi’s mind, one that had been straining tighter and tighter all day, *all his life*...snapped.

“LIKE I ALREADY SAID,” Louis grumbled, cold and removed, “NO ONE *HAS* TO JOIN ME IN THE NEW WORLD. ONLY THE BEST. AND LOOK.”

Far below, more and more blinking little lights rose in the darkness of the atmosphere, a small herd of them gathering as they slowly approached him.

“LOOKS LIKE THE BEST KNOW WHEN TO JUMP SHIP. HERE THEY COME NOW. HMM, THAT DIDN’T TAKE LONG AT A—”

Legoshi’s fist hit so hard that Louis’s massive jawline shook, gray knuckles embedding into the bigger deer’s cheek as he took a punch that could have shattered the hemisphere. The impact traveled miles and miles up through his antlers, his eyes closing, his neck snapping back as his entire body twisted from the transfer of momentum.

Legoshi seemed to leave the Earth as he remained airborne, willing his fist in deeper as the red deer thundered step by step out into the ocean.

All 2,600 miles, all 13,728,000 feet of cervine bulk slammed the ocean, crashing so hard that most of one ocean invaded the other. The entire planet tilted on an uneasy axis as aftershocks upset entire nations, power blinking out across the globe in a wave of darkness.

When Louis got both eyes open, there was Legoshi, fur flared out, a thorough and complete rage ballooning the wolf bigger and bigger atop him.

“DON’T”

At 1,500 miles, Legoshi’s fist made a much bigger impression, the lupine swelling out of control as his right hook connected hard with Louis’ face, making it whip the other way as the ocean floor cracked underneath them.

“YOU EVER”

1,800 miles—Legoshi’s bulk exploded in a fervent series of blasting spurts, muscles overtaking muscles as his sex blew out against the deer’s huge abs, up along his pectoral cleft, making the startled Juno dive into the water below as another bigger fist smashed into Louis’s muzzle bridge.

“TOUCH HER”

Jack was *thooming* out into the displaced ocean after them, the labrador tackling Louis with a panicked cry of fear, pinning the deer’s rising arm back down. At 900 miles, it turned out he was more than heavy enough to keep it there.

2,400 miles, and still growing, Legoshi pummeled Louis until the floor cracked.

“L-Legoshi, stop!” Haru bellowed, crawling over the entire ocean like it was a kiddie pool. “You got him, st-top!”

Louis’ free arm begged to differ as it shot out and snatched Legoshi by his equally-thick, massive throat.

“I K-KNEW YOU...WERE WORTHLESS!” Louis bellowed, choking the wolf as he grew even larger over him, outsizing even the great Louis with another thundering burst of growth and bulk. “Y-YOU RIDICULOUS, STUPID, MANGY—”

“I got him!” Juno shouted, the wolf ballooning bigger, and bigger, over beside Louis’s free arm. Even at 500 miles, then 700, the growing female struggled openly, nowhere near as big

or strong as the enraged deer. If anything, each flex of his arm nearly pulled her up out of the ocean as he strangled Legoshi, the incensed wolf not caring as he smashed Louis' jaw even harder, sending his head snapping back into the ocean floor yet again. Even still, Legoshi only surged bigger, and bigger, pouring off of the deer as his physique rumbled too big for the rest of him, blowing up so much that he looked ready to explode.

"K-keep him down!" Jack ordered, the labrador's body responsively growing and swelling the more he flexed and strained, as if growing to accommodate the struggle. To be fair, none of them had really had to, up until recently.

"H-hold on!"

Haru was just as big as Juno as the rabbit helped out, hugging Louis' massive arm alongside the wolf. Juno, pride be damned, took the help, and both growing girls pinned the arm down at last, prying it off of Legoshi as he furiously burst to 3,000 miles.

"We can't stay here like this!" Pina shouted, the Dall sheep rumbling as he tumbled out from Legoshi's fur, thudding down on Louis's belly, just between Legoshi's erection and the deer's. "Whatever you're all doing, just do it, and let's get off the planet, before it gets any worse!"

"I'm trying," Jack and Haru and Juno all said, each of them booming bigger against one another as they wrangled the enraged cervine.

"WORSE!?" Louis god-boomed, rumbling so bad that his fur bristled to match Legoshi's. "THAT'S ALL YOU *IDIOTS* DO, IS MAKE EVERYTHING WOOOOORSE!"

Louis's eyes glowed as his body shuddered violently, something terrible building up within him, the world shaking as the oceans around them stirred and frothed.

"H-he's gonna grow!" Pina fearfully baahed, even as he burst to 400 miles, Legoshi to 3,300, Haru to 1,300, Juno to 1,700, and Jack to 2,000. "P-punch him out or something, Legoshi, hurry! D-do something!"

"THIS IS EXACTLY WH-WHAT CARNIVORES DO!" Louis roared, his bulk burning hot as the pressure rose and rose, crashing so big inside that his hide visibly stretched out larger, throbbing, begging to detonate into madness.

"YOU'RE THE ONE TRYING TO TAKE OVER!" Legoshi shot back, fangs finally bared in full, still bigger and stronger at 3,500 miles, his body bulging up over the planet

steadily. “YOU PUT UP WITH US!? REALLY? WE PUT UP WITH EACH OTHER! THAT’S BEEN...THE ENTIRE...POINT!”

“Amen to that!” Bill shouted, the tiger leaping out of Juno’s fur as he blew up to 50 miles, then 90, doing his best to clutch (pointlessly) at Louis’ neck bulk. “Knock me out, will you!? I don’t care if you’re the club president, you’re going down!”

“OH, FOR—” Louis groaned, throbbing even harder as he thrashed.

“We’ll help how we can!” Cosmo added, sliding down Juno’s bigger arm and onto the deer’s voluminous pectoral. “Just keep on it!”

“C-Cosmo!” Juno yipped, wagging against Haru’s bulk.

“Is t-that Louis?” Mizuchi peeped, the rabbit staying buried in Juno’s fur, even as she too began to rumble bigger from excitement.

“We can all do this, everyone stay the course!” the growing okapi ordered, suddenly leading them all. “Keep your weight on him, take away his leverage!”

“WHO THE HELL EVEN ARE YOU—” Louis seethed, his skin stretching painfully as too much size welled up from his body, threatening to erupt out.

“You idiots!” Yahya roared, the growing horse crashing over to the party, getting bigger with every step. By the time he could be heard from the mainland, he was over 500 miles tall; in a fairer world, he’d have easily been the biggest there. “What’re you all trying to do, crack the poor planet!?”

By the time he reached the mess, Yahya was just over 600 miles tall and slowing to a stop as he neared one of Louis’ kicking legs, and lunged on it.

“Goddammit, stop!” he shouted, his growth kicking back in as his enormous muscles strained to contain that much angry deer. “L-last warning, kid!”

“Who the hell are all these others!?” Bill moaned, the tiger nearly knocked back as Louis’ muzzle vengefully thumped down against his growing mass. “I-is that Legoshi up there!? Holy shit! He’s huge!”

“STOP TALKING...ABOUT...LEGOSHI!”

“S-stay on him, up there!” Cosmo hollered, the shuddering okapi blowing up to 300 miles as she helped Bill keep Louis’ head pinned down. “We’re all getting bigger, if we keep it up, we all might outpace him!”

“I CAN HANDLE THIS!” Legoshi growled, shaking the atmosphere as he twitched and tensed tighter, between bursts. “HE’S MINE!”

“Legoshi, calm down!” Gosha shouted, the old reptile blowing up big enough to hug around his grandson’s monstrously thick neck. “T-this isn’t what I meant by standing up for yourself!”

“HE WON’T BE REASONED WITH, GRANDPA,” Legoshi blast-spoke, his eyes glowing the same way as Louis as the two stared daggers at one another. “STAY OUT OF THIS! G-GET SAFE!”

The mere idea of abandoning his blood made Gosha wince as the komodo ballooned to 400 miles, then 500, then 600, scales stretching tight as he snorted and expanded aggressively atop Legoshi’s spreading mass.

“L-leave!?” he huffed, his muscles erupting twice as massive around as he inflated to 800 miles, then 900. “W-what kind...of Grandfather...would I be...if I did!?”

“G-Gosha, sir,” Jack barked, still very-much Jack. “Please help us restrain him!”

Gosha slid down the mass of Legoshi’s back, thumping down onto both a dismayed Pina and a much larger Louis.

“Consider it...done!”

“IF YOU THINK I’LL—”

The old lizard was already edging up past 1,000 miles, making it far easier to scoot his growing bulk over Louis’, spitting a lake-sized wad of venom directly into the deer’s exposed face. It took only a second for Louis to shake his head in bafflement, then pain, the male snarling as well as a buck could as it burned into his eyes and mouth. A moment later, the deer fell silent, as did the rumbling.

“Oh my God,” Haru shouted, leaning away in shock as Louis snorted, coughed, then passed out entirely, his huge head resting heavy on a very wounded ocean. “What did you just—”

“I think he’ll be okay, Haru, wait,” Jack panted, grudgingly letting Louis’s huge arm go. “Like Pina said, we’re turning...I dunno, invulnerable. I mean, even gravity and the lack of air hasn’t slowed any of us down at all. Look, he’s still breathing.”

Indeed, the stilled deer’s huge chest swelled in and out as he rested, unmoving.

“Smart as ever, Jack,” Gosha chuckled, the growing komodo slipping off of Louis as he boomed up to 1,500 miles, power flowing out of his scales like steam. “It...didn’t seem like venom would kill him, but if it’s as strong as I am now, it would still h-have a punch.”

“Hey, Legoshi,” Haru soothed, patting up at the enormously huge wolf’s flared tricep, the mighty rabbit still getting slowly larger as she drew his attention to her, watching as his snarl finally slowed down to an embarrassed frown. “It’s okay, you did it.”

I...I GOT SO MAD,” Legoshi muttered, before blushing darkly. “JUST S-SEEING YOU THROWN LIKE THAT...”

“That was crazy!” Bill huffed, the 750-mile tall feline catching his breath as he joined Cosmo in slipping off Louis, into the waters below. “Look how big I got! Is this from fighting?”

“Or stimulation, maybe,” Cosmo offered, the 1,000-mile female brushing her flawless chest off calmly, somehow still composed. “We certainly shot up, didn’t we kitty?”

“Oh, still?” Bill hissed, wounded.

Mizuchi snuck off into the ocean, sourly measuring just how much bigger Haru was than her, still. Even though the rabbit was now roughly 500 miles tall, the stupid dwarf rabbit was far, far larger, *again*.

“Are you okay?” Gosha asked, going right past Yahya to Legoshi, letting the horse snort out a puff of genuine, buried hurt. “You’re not hurt?”

“Legoshi?” Jack chuckled, still shaking from the fight. “He’s bigger than all of us, sir, I’m sure he’s okay.”

Gosha still felt Legoshi over for damage, flicking his massive, road-sized tongue here and there. Legoshi blushed even harder, seeing Haru see it all happen.

“Why are we still on the planet?” Pina shouted, pulling everyone towards the smaller sheep. “Look around you! Good grief, aren’t we almost as big as the house, now? Shouldn’t we maybe move this party elsewhere?”

“Pina’s right,” Yahya cut in, thumping a colossal dark hand on his soft wooly shoulder, the horse’s 650 miles just shy of Pina’s 730. “We’re crowding the literal *world*; there’s too many of us, and we’re just too big. This got so badly out of hand, we need to...I can’t believe I’m saying this...leave the Earth. Like, now.”

Everyone went silent as the one thing heavier than them descended.

“But what about—”

Juno had been the one to start asking, but Yahya put up a hand.

“There’s nothing to grab, nothing to take with. Our old lives were down there, with the world we outgrew. You want to preserve what’s left, you move. We’ve been selfish enough as it is, having some petty fight on top of the world, while everyone’s trying to either fly off of it, or hunker down underground—”

At that, the mainland behind them *split*.

The remaining mountain ranges running the coastline and continent beyond opened like loose zippers, great troughs of upheaving rock tearing apart from one coast to the other. Each opening split further yet as something too big tried to bully up through each one.

“W...what,” Gosha started, only to teeter with the other giants in the ocean(s) as both side of one split, the fissure they had just been at not ten minutes prior, hatched a long, utterly immeasurable muzzle, whiskers and fur pushing free, up past the mountains, the clouds, *everything*.

“Oh,” Yahya grunted, before clenching up in a wave of terror. “Oh, oh no!”

“What is it, Yahya, s-sir?” Jack began, only to freeze in horror after. “Wait...is...is that really him!?”

So many miles away, that towing muzzle opened wide, stretching the sundered landscape apart around it. Magma wept around the rim of impossibly thick lips and teeth as a great mass of rock and stone revealed itself, within the jaws.

“Is that...” Bill ventured, unblinking. “Is that whole thing in there...”

“The mine we were stuck in,” Cosmo gulped. “The entire mine...”

“But i-if the rock we found came from...there...then...”

Yahya whipped around to face them both as Legoshi, Gosha, Haru, Pina and Jack all stared, concern rising faster and faster as the entire planet ominously rattled.

“What rock!?”

“Th-the rock that made that buck so big when he stole it and ate it,” Cosmo added.

“There was more under us, this whole time!? Damn you, Ogma!”

The muzzle was so big that they could easily see a sick smile as those monstrous jaws clamped shut, a volley of glimmering steam billowing into space as the ground snapped wider apart, revealing a thick, warm bulge sliding down an absolutely massive throat. The swallow alone rocked the Earth as a series of thick bulging fur mounds pumped and pumped, blowing up through more and more cracks as the entire hemisphere began to break apart, farther, and farther.

“W-where is Mister Ogma?” Jack asked, as the world shook more and more.

“Nevermind, I let him go, when I saw you needed help!” Yahya shouted back, just as the continent cracked in two, separating and segmenting against a tide of stretching patterns, etched into growing fields of thick fur-melon petals.

Each one loomed as big across as an island, adrift on a swelling sea of dusty fur. Yet, as the hemisphere crackled and blew open, they only grew bigger, still.

“E-everyone, off! Off the damn planet! Now!” Yahya boomed, just as the ocean on the other side of the party blew open, a bulging, booming phallus punching up through the split mantle, throwing magma and rock into space, so high they simply drifted into the black.

“How, jump?” Pina bleated, as the ocean beneath them crashed apart, replaced by a rising shelf of melon-leaf fur boomed up, carrying them higher and higher and higher.

“Just do it, do it!”

They all vaulted high, Louis remaining stuck to the growing gravity well of what they now saw were gigantic abs, the deer slipping between as their side of the planet...*hatched*.

“Melon!” Yahya all but screamed, in anger and astonished panic.

PLANET EARTH, NORTHERN HEMISPHERE

MELON, 8:36 PM

“YYYESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS.”

All that came out of Melon was a thick, tickling, gushing blast of power, in the form of a lust-crazed, ever-growing *boom*. An erection big enough to penetrate the planet and moon at once only screamed bigger, thicker, blazing with a need that hurt so bad that it was beyond delicious.

The entire mine slid deeper into his body as he forced it down, the monumentally BIG hybrid birthing out of the topline like a newborn God, blasting untold tons of the globe off of him like nothing as he swelled bigger, pulsing grossly into space at a mind-breaking, terrifying, unreal, unhinged, boundless size of 18,000 miles.

By the time he was free of the miserable world, it was already so much smaller than Melon that he could have stood just taller than two of them stacked. He'd have had room to rest his chin on the topside and let them all see.

A great blast of growth swelled through his straining body, still nearly too much to contain as it exploded the groaning colossus to 30,000 miles, then 55,000, his form almost instantly filling the remainder of the world with nothing but undulating, nude, tattooed muscle.

Horns over 900 miles thick flowed out into the void as he stretched in blackened delight, Melon's glowing eyes lidded to eerie slits in the dark as he felt himself over and grunted.

He had tasted it. The mine, that rock, all of it.

Hell, was it good. Hell was about to be everything, and so was he.

A gold glow crept over his bulk, flooding off of him in waves as he hissed in pleasure, trembled, and blossomed bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and *bigger*, still. He was so big, the curl of his smiling sneer was visible from countless miles away, where the party had been blown to by nothing but the violence of his growth spurt.

“HAH.”

The meager utterance sent the surviving portion of the planet sailing back, the fleeing shuttles all desperately firing thrusters to right themselves as the unhurt survivors, however many millions there were, all struggled to get out of the path of Melon’s unceasing growth.

At 100,000 miles tall–528,000,000 feet–the hybrid was impossible to see all of anymore, for anyone but Melon.

Even Legoshi, who had strained so hard through the tumble into space that he stopped growing at 7,100 miles–himself nearly as big as the Earth–was awestruck.

“W-who is that!?” the wolf balked, looking around as the others finished growing in the same fashion, for the same presumed reasons.

“The worst-case scenario,” Yahya grumbled, looking fully deflated, despite being covered in hulking horse muscle and over 1,150 miles tall. “That maniac just ate...an entire mine full of that stupid rock.”

“M-miles?” Jack whimpered, the 2,500-mile labrador finally smaller than Legoshi, even more so than he had ever been, growing up. “Did that much of it exist on Earth!? O-or was it a meteor impact, from ancient times?”

“Doesn’t matter anymore, kid,” Yahya growled, watching as Melon throbbed bigger in ugly, amazing waves, filling up even their periphery, literally blotting out *space*. “However it all got there, it went to him. He won.”

The last words landed hard as Melon’s body exploded to 150,000 miles, then 175,000, the size pouring into him as he blew out great clouds of power and clutched himself enviously.

Then, all that mass shifted.

Melon's head whipped forth, atop a neck many times wider than it, his chin nestling down into bursting pectorals as he caught sight of them all and showed teeth.

***“THOUGHT I
HEARD SOMEONE
FAMILIAR. YOU
G-GREW TOO, D-DID
YOU, OLD HORSE?
GUESS...YOU MADE
A-AN ERROR,
PUTTING ME DOWN
THERE...WITH***

***ALL...THAT
DELICIOUS ROCK,
HAHA!
FUH-FOOLISSSSSH
HHHHAAAAAAAU
GHGHKKGH—”***

A hideously huge bulge of growth rocketed through as Melon snarled and thrashed against his own power, clearly in pain from its sheer impact, and clearly adoring it all. The next blast of size blew the bulging hybrid up to 225,000 miles, his veins threatening to consume his tattooed muscles as he rolled his eyes and bucked his endless hips, letting his massive furred orbs balloon so large that the moon was soon lost among the follicles alone.

“H-he’s gone berserk!” Bill gasped, hiding behind Pina, who actually shielded the cat on reflex. “He’s lost it!”

“Ah, he was already like this, actually,” the massive sheep sighed. “I changed my mind, everyone—this is a dream. A bad one, but a dream. Feel free to wake me, already.”

“He’s so big,” Legoshi murmured, just as Haru took one arm, and Juno the other.

“Snap out of it!” Haru said, tugging the wolf back to his senses, such as they were. “Louis is still stuck on his body! We can’t just leave him there!”

“Screw him!” Bill blurted, his tail frizzing out. “He’s not in charge anymore!”

“It doesn’t seem right though, does it?” Jack added, only as big as a kid to Legoshi now, but still speaking up. “If this Melon is so terrible, what’ll happen when he realizes Louis is on him?”

“Would he—” Legoshi murmured, only for Yahya to intercept:

“Yes. He’d kill him, no compunctions. Absolutely. He was already a serial killer, before...this insanity.”

Legoshi snorted, lowering his head into his chest a moment. Then:

“Let’s go, then. We’re getting him back!”

MELON’S LOWER ABDOMEN

OGMA, 8:42 PM

“Hmm.”

The alien landscape of melon’s muscle groups stretched before the mile-tall stag, an ever-growing expanse of forest-fur, obliterated chunks of Earth clinging stubbornly to his gravity as they partially floated about him. Big as he was, Ogma was less than a mite, still wandering half-blind through the rising tide of fur strands as he went.

“To think, he found my deposits...to think, there was more in there, after all! Such a waste, going to a hedonistic lunatic like Melon. Had it only gone to you, Louis...”

He had seen the landscape heave once, then twice, over and over again, until the upturned mantle and crust had blocked all view from the land of his son as those other giants had assaulted him. Perhaps, maybe, his son was still around—only his odds at finding Louis among the growing jungle of Melon’s fur were lessening by the moment.

Far above the tangle of strands, shuttles could be seen gathering into a mess as they were pulled into a forced series of landings, off in the distance of Melon’s groin.

“Survivors, after all, hmm?” Ogma pondered, relatively unfazed. “That was mostly Horns tech guiding the systems, after all. Perhaps the whole ordeal wasn’t as punitive as one would fear, then...”

Just as he spoke, the strangest of tingles crept into Ogma, making him tremble slightly. It was the familiar kind of his last growth spurts, only...only something was very different...

OGMA’S RIGHT SHOULDER

OPERATIVE T, 8:42 PM

The chopper rested uneasily among the plains of the stag’s scented fur, the door kicking open as Meinai, the pilot, the staff member, T, and the old owl all unbuckled—carefully.

“Is e-everyone okay?” Meinai asked, at length.

“Seems so,” the capybara said, having trouble budging from paralysis. “Did all that really just happen? I mean...did the Earth just—”

“The Earth is still partially intact, from what glimpses I caught when we landed on sir Ogma. Sudden as that was that he wound up in our flight path.”

“Glad he did,” the pilot sighed, shaking some. “We didn’t have anywhere else to touch down, the freaking continent was breaking apart under us.”

“That’s it then, isn’t it, though?” the staffer murmured, almost whispering. “I mean...that’s it. We’re done. It’s over. The m-mother of all giants just blew up out of the damn planet, what’s it matter if there’s, what, 50% left?”

“Oh no, at least 70%,” the owl helpfully hooted.

“Who cares!?”

“What about the cure, then?” Meinai interrupted, looking back over his seat.

“It was on Earth,” T muttered.

“Can we...I dunno, go back?” the Staffer half-laughed.

“Fuel? Nope,” the pilot cut in. “A *rocket* wouldn’t get us back anytime soon, this is a helicopter. We shouldn’t even be breathing out here!”

“The giants have generated their own atmosphere, remarkably,” the scientist went on, nodding thoughtfully. “It’s just our dumb luck to be stuck on one now.”

“Lucky us,” the Staffer moaned.

“Is there any other way, T?” Meinai insisted, sternly. “Any way at all to make that cure?”

“Well,” the owl sighed, opening up his coat, and fishing into a deep side pocket. “The only way we’re getting that cure made is if we manage to find the facilities here on Melon’s body, with what fuel we do have left, and if the facilities are undisturbed enough, and still have undamaged generators for machinery power, hah. So...it’d certainly be a reach. Yes.”

“Well, let’s get moving, then,” the zebra said, flat and plain. “Take us up.”

“Seriously!?” T groaned, exhausted.

“Seriously. We’re finding the ruins, if they’re on Melon’s body.”

“But the fuel!”

“I only want you to take us up as far as Ogma’s ear, relax,” Meinai said, smirking despite his fears. “I have a proposition for him...”