

CHAPTER 6

LLOYD: LV. 52, 4,650/4,650 HP
ARLEI: LV. 88, 19,400/19,400 HP
RIZII: LV. 60, 7,000/7,000 HP
BYRNA: LV. 66, 6,280/6,280 HP
MOHZ: LV. 77, 5,000/5,000 HP

“It takes a certain level of skill, but it can be done to splendid effect,” Mohz calmly explains as he takes hold of the Shadowcast ring and holds it up between two thick, violet-furred fingers. “If we relinquish the item to Arlei and I tell Byrna to tell her what to do, with Arlei’s raw power? Her copy should be flawless.”

You take the kirin’s speech seriously, listening intently. Mohz thankfully as MP enough to cast float, given that Rizii alone is already too big to easily hear Mohz, and Byrna is about 20 Rizii’s tall, at just over a mile in height. That this makes Byrna even less to Arlei what he is to Byrna still breaks your poor, tired mind.

Rizii nearly swats Mohz on reflex as he calls her, before sort-of-apologizing and nodding, taking the teeny ring. It blows up to the huge kobold’s size, and she waves up tenderly to the much, much, much bigger Byrna.

“HMM? YES, LOVE?” the sky-high salamander asks, all pudge and heft curves and glowing-bright skin.

“GIVE THIS TO ARLEI, AND REPEAT WHAT MOHZ TELLS ME TO TELL YOU!”

“OOOH,” the colossal female chirps, as the ring swells to the size of her chubby finger, suddenly big enough to put around an Inn for protection. “ARLEI! ALREI, HONEY, HERE! HEY! SHE STILL CAN’T...AH, I KNOW!”

Her huge, huge tongue snaps out, darting and *wapping* like a relative bug bite on Arlei’s incredibly vast, bulging rear. The world shakes from the after shocks of the ultra-maid’s head turn as she peers down, down at you all, blinking eyes the size of entire cities beyond the clouds.

“HMMMMMMMMMMMMMM?”

All is vibration and chaos alike as she rumbles a gentle, confused grunt, before slowly leaning in, getting bigger and bigger and bigger through the clouds. She squints, then goes wide-eyed, grinning a sweet, relieved smile.

“TAKE THIS! TAKE THIS RING, AND PUT IN ON!” Byrna roars, making mountains tremble and your body shudder deep—but to Arlei, Byrna seems about as loud as a gnat whisper.

Still, with some clever pantomiming, the immense lizard understands. Knowing that words won't be as easily caught, she simply slow-nods, stirring the air below and kicking up fantastic gale-force currents. The Shadowcaster ring does indeed explode larger, swelling in her massive open palm, growing so big that it could house several towns together, within.

Arlei slips it on, then looks back down over the shelf of her over-inflated chest, blinking gently, watching Byrna shout an explanation up to her enormous head.

Arlei nods again, looking down at the floating lost kingdom of Arast, their ultimate destination. She reaches unthinkable huge hands out and clutches one at either end, so big she can hold the entire continent up high, like a large platter.

“NOW WHAT?” Byrna boom-asks Rizii, who looks down and asks you and Mohz.

“Now that she has Arast held tight, it should be safe—Rizii, please pick us up! Then, have Byrna pick the three of us up, and ask her to climb up Arlei's body! We're going up!”

Byrna perks up, muffling a happy squeal.

“GLADLY, HONEY!”

Rizii is openly laughing, wagging her stubbier blue muscle-tail in agreement.

Even with a party member over a mile tall, it takes nearly half an hour to get all the way up Arlei's phenomenally huge body, and that's with her sitting down. You and Mohz ride snug in Rizii's gargantuan breasts, the blue kobold giantess riding even more giddily in Byrna's immense, far-more overgrown cleavage as the mountainous salamental climbs and climbs. Her sheer ember-like warmth nearly lulls the three of you to a delicious slumber as her moving bulk and shifting breasts rock back and forth. Byrna is so soft, so kind and warm, that it's almost impossible to stay tense enough to survive this much of her.

Arlei's regrown apron allows Byrna to heavily claw her way higher, claws sinking in between threads thicker than ancient tree trunks as she scales up the underside of an endless breast, then swings out, leaps, and tongue-lashes around Arlei's huge arm, just tongued enough to manage it and swing to a landing on her forearm.

“ALMOST THERE!” she giggle-blasts, thumping down the great road of scales that makes up Arlei's arm and wrist.

You slide with her down a titanic thumb, the laughing salamander bounding off a curving claw, and bouncing onto the fabled borders of the one and only lost continent: Arast!

“NOT BAD!” Byrna hums, making her chest rumble all around you nicely as she looks around. “I CAN’T BELIEVE HOW BIG THEY BUILT SOME OF THESE PLACES!”

Indeed, the three of you can see as you look out from her cleavage: Arast is bordered by surprisingly tall hills, beyond which is a strange, more technologically-impressive, towering city, long-silent and still. Even Byrna has to look up at several of the highest towers, though most of the city only comes up to her humongous, chubby hips.

“I...DON’T KNOW HOW EASILY I CAN ACCOMPANY, LLOYD,” she softly booms, her tongue slipping out a little bit lower in thought. “MAYBE I SHOULD—”

At that, Arast itself interrupts, as the entire landscape rumbles ominously, then expands larger! The continent itself surges wider, angrily growing and stretching and rising more and more, taking up more of a very confused Arlei’s massive hands! She still easily holds it all as she sits, but the immeasurable ultra-maid does see fit to lower the mass of land onto her huge lap, where it very easily rests.

As for the party, the city now looms more than large enough for even Byrna to squeeze into its streets, most of its buildings taller by a good margin.

“I GUESS THE CITY DOESN’T LIKE BEING OUTSHONE,” Byrna huffs.

“It can do *this*, Mohz?” you ask, genuinely perplexed.

“First I’ve seen of this level of magic, I must say,” the kirin mumbles, perking his ears up cutely. “It’s really quite something! I can’t help wondering if we caught some sort of corrective sensor on entry? Or if it’s a reaction to our sizes?”

“WELL, WE’RE HERE,” Rizii rumbles, shaking you in *her* breasts. “LET IT GROW, WE’LL JUST OUTGROW IT AGAIN, IN NO TIME, HEH!”

She’s probably right.

“Well, then, let’s get our dear Arlei over here!” Mohz laughs, rubbing his thick hands together eagerly. “This will be a treat!”

The incantation is shouted very, very powerfully up to Arlei (yes, she's *still* higher than you all, on a floating continent), and her boom-speak quakes out, too big to understand—until a great flash of light consumes everything, then fades slowly off.

When your eyes readjust, there she is, balancing on Rizii's huge bust: Arlei, back at her original height and all, looking herself over with wide, lovely eyes. The lizard tugs on her own maid's apron, pulling straps with her clawed thumbs, checking her cuffs, adjusting her netted leggings and straightening her cap smartly. As soon as she stops she looks over to you—and tackles you immediately!

"Lloyd, my Lloyd!" she cries, the reptile nuzzling you all over, squeezing in lovingly, until her more normally-proportioned chest mashes tight on yours. "My darling, sweet honey!"

"Whu," you splutter, almost falling back into the gigantic kobold's cleavage, despite your new levels and strength. "H-hold up, wait!"

"HAHA, ALRIGHT ARLEI!" Rizii cheers, watching you cuddle below. "ABOUT TIME YOU GOT IN THERE!"

"AWWW," Bryna bellows, massive soft hands to her cheeks. "GOOD!"

"Easy, Arlei," you stammer, or try to, as she presses her muzzle into your face, and plants and holds a long, cherished, slow kiss, pressing it deeper and deeper as her nostrils flare in and out, holding you. Mohz is bulky enough that your back terminates at his unbudging abs, his pectorals pillowing against the back of her helmet and hair.

"Just, please, Lloyd, let me—"

"Arlei, hold on, that's a-an order!"

The maid pulls back, pursing her lip. She...nods.

"Yes."

"Thank y-you," you say, gulping. "What's...that's very nice of you, Arlei, thank you, I uh, I mean it. It's really good to see you, too!"

"Y-yes, Master Lloyd. Pardon me. That was too much, wasn't it?"

Something about being called such a great word suddenly feels like acid.

“Well, no, not too much,” you backpedal.

You’re blowing it, aren’t you.

“It was just sudden, haha! Wasn’t ready. You didn’t do anything wrong!”

Arlei smiles a little bit, but the rest of her doesn’t. *Dammit.*

“Thank you, Master. That’s...very kind.”

Oh, come on.

“The uh, the team isn’t the same, without you, you know!”

She smiles wider, but there’s a sigh after that kills you.

“That’s wonderful,” Arlei chirps, nodding. “The party does come first!”

“I THINK YOU JUST SHOCKED HIM, ARLEI, IT’S OKAY,” Rizii huffs, looking ready to boot you off of her chest if you get this any wronger. “WHY DON’T WE BREAK CAMP, AND GET ALL SORTED OUT, HUH?”

“Yeah, we can talk inside our tent, Arlei, just you and I, okay?”

“We don’t have a tent, Master. It was *used*.”

“Right. Hmm.”

“Tent-schment!”

That voice cuts through again, the moment goods and wares are mentioned, and you look all about. Arlei just stares very softly at you, her lip still pursing, as Goh appears over Rizii’s giant bosom.

“GET OFF.”

Rizii sniffs, then scowls, snorting angrily down at the tiny lagomorph as he dusts off and sets a huge sack down on the kobold’s breasts.

“I SAID LEAVE, GOH,” Rizii grumbles, furrowing her brows over pretty yellow eyes. “DON’T SPOIL THE MOMENT, YOU RATTY LITTLE FURBALL!”

“Haha, I love that we’re at pet-names, already! Fast friends, yeah?”

Goh wholly ignores her as he opens the bag, Byrna blinking down overhead curiously (as to what got her lover growling so).

“It looks like you lot lucked into a small fortune, this time, didn’t you?” Goh asks, the greedy rabbit rubbing his paws together. “You’re practically set to clear me out, haha! Go on, Lloyd, my friend, take a look! Buy everything, even! I bet you can!”

You dump all 45,000 GOLD out of your bag of holding, and the rabbit looks ready to blow his stack. Knowing Goh, he might blow something else, at the sight of that much money. Still, rather than dwell on that, you get sorted out, and not a moment too soon:

INVENTORY:

HEAL POTION
MAGIC POTION X2
POWER ELIXIR
ANTIDOTE
CABIN
SOFTENER
SMELLING SALTS
ULTRA-GRADE HRUTHGA SIGIL
DRAGON’S TOOTH
DRAGON FOOD X3

KEY ITEMS:

MAP
MASTER KEY
RED JEWEL
BLUE JEWEL
GREEN JEWEL
INSTANT SAVE POINT

“Ooh, mercy,” Goh chuckles. “45,000 GOLD, you nearly cleared me out! Too bad, so close! And not too much left to pay down Rizii’s debts, either, shame!”

“About that, Goh,” Arlei says, taking off her cap, and dumping out a massive pile of GOLD, nearly as much as yours: 30,000 GOLD! “I, ah, I was my own party for awhile, there, so

when I crushed that annoying demon army, I wound up with all this.”

Goh’s eyes grow to saucer size.

“WHOA!” Rizii gasps, wagging anew.

“That makes sense, actually, she was reaping much reward,” Mohz laughs.

“Could I buy that poison blade, for...my Master, please?”

“Certainly, certainly,” Goh starts, only to be cut off:

“And I want to use the remainder to pay Rizii’s way clear, please.”

Goh freezes up, mid-laugh.

“Beg pardon?”

“I’m buying out Rizii’s debt, in full. This is more than enough to clear her.”

Rizii stops laughing, too. Her jaw is slightly open, exposed huge white teeth and a soft blue tongue as her eyes go wide. Her breathing stops, you can feel it.

“Bwuh, well,” Goh mumbles, pulling back. “See, these ah, payments happen in lumps, so that the interest—”

“Oh, you won’t need to add further interest, Mister Goh, it’s cleared now!”

“Ah.”

“GO ON, GOH, TAKE THE MONEY,” Byrna rumble-booms from above, slightly glowering despite her friendly grin. “YOU’VE ASKED FOR REPAYMENT FOR AGES. THERE IT ALL IS, PLUS INTEREST. YOU’RE A VERY WELL-OFF BUNNY!”

“R-right,” Goh slowly grumbles, grudgingly taking the coins from Arlei. “One ah, one poison blade, right. I uh, suppose that clears Rizii, yes. Consider your debts dead, then. I guess. Your family is cleared, too, then.”

“Thank you, Mister Goh!” Arlei giggles, hugging the smaller rabbit up.

“Sure.”

The lagomorph is set back down, wherein he gathers up his sack and slumps, despite all the profit he’s just made. You just watch, as slack-jawed as Rizii, as the bunny stifles something, then sighs and slides down off of the kobold’s bosom without a word.

“ARLEI,” Rizii begins, only to stop again. You feel her huge scaly chest bob up with a bounce as the towering female snuffles, then laughs...then starts to cry openly. You ride the surge as her bosom heaves up and down, before Rizii slumps into a sit on Byrna’s chest, and you pat at the huge kobold’s chest plates, comforting.

“You okay, up there?” you ask.

“AM I OKAY?” she hiccups, laugh-crying, using her big palms to bash her tears into defeat. “YOU TWO...HAVE NO IDEA. HAH. AHAHA. Y-OU BOTH...I LOVE THESE TWO! HAAAAHA! YOU BEAUTIFUL TWERP! HEHE!”

Having picked the best strategy to kill her emotions, surprisingly, Rizii doesn’t choose violence. Her voluminous biceps and monstrous forearms close in around you, Arlei and Mohz as the building-sized female crushes you into a great, long hug.

“THANK YOU,” she huffs, squeezing even tighter. “I WOULD HAVE GIVEN YOU TWO MY BLADE, ANY DAY, AFTER RESCUING MY HOT ROCK...NOW, I’D GIVE YOU MY LIFE. I CAN’T. THANK—”

She crumples in against her own thick, blue muscles, crying into the three of you, and you just...let it happen. For awhile she holds you like family, before Byrna’s even larger arms cuddle around Rizii and yourselves, the gargantuan salamander just happy for the excuse.

By the time the sniffing mega-kobold lifts her muzzle, she sees Arlei hugging it back directly, and her long ears perk up as she chuckles.

“I KNEW I WAS RIGHT TO GO WITH YOU TWO BOOBS,” she hiccups one last time, wiping her eye. “HEHE.”

“HOW ABOUT THAT CABIN, LLOYD, HONEY?” Byrna blast-asks, as softly as the towering giantess can manage. “IT’LL BE EASIER DOING ALL THIS INSIDE.”

“That is true,” Mohz adds, grinning. “Cabins are much fancier, plus the space-alteration magic should even us out while we unwind and save and relax. After all, this is just about the end, isn’t it?”

“I suppose it is,” you say, slowly. “Plus, we can still use that instant save point when we’re further in. Sure, let’s do it!”

The cabins are better built, they’ll last a long time. You could always sub-warp to one if you’re close enough, or warp outright, now that you’re in Arast.

Mohz wasn’t kidding.

You’ve never had two coins to rub together, up until recently, meaning cabins and Inns

were beyond rare, practically nonexistent. Being inside of one now, you only lament that you hadn't thought to steal one earlier.

The interior is bigger than the outside, though by a hair; a modestly-sized living room and fireplace, furnished, a small adjoining kitchen in the far corner (with a stuffed pantry), everything log-related in form and function. The fire isn't lit, but you can pull your own weight.

Down a short hallway are several rooms, each with a small window that allows sight back out into the hills of Arast's borderlands. There was never much need to report on the tents, but this was something you were quickly burning into your mind as the party stumbles in, wide-eyed and impressed. Only Mohz seems the slightest bit let down.

"Back room for me," Rizii growls playfully, carrying Byrna down the hallway as she lets her, giggling the entire way.

"Me too!" Byrna chuckles, nuzzling up under the kobold's chin.

It takes a moment before you even understand that everyone is roughly their original size, for the moment, and what will happen the moment you step back out for the conclusion of your quest is easy enough to guess. For now, though, it's actually rather neat, having everyone on a roughly even keel like this. Mohz and Rizii are still abnormally bulky, and Byrna's hips and chest are humongous, giving Rizii an armful...but overall, it does make everyone much more manageable. How else could varying-sized travelers make use of lodgings, after all?

When you find the bathroom, it really brings home how advanced the spatial magics must have been, when alchemists designed these places originally. You're effectively in a subspace, and you hope for everyone's sake that the toilet has its own sub-subspace, too.

"Dinner in twenty, everyone," Mohz chirps, the bulky kirin happily tying his long hair back and cracking his knuckles. "Eat all you want, since we might not be eating ever again!"

"Good grief, Mohz," you sigh, as the larger kirin bustles about in the pantry, grinning. "I *had* an appetite."

"You'll feel different when it's in front of you, my boy!"

Turns out he's right.

You've never had pasta made by a mage; that alchemists and magicians might know how to conjure dinner never occurred to you before, so today really is a day for learning. And eating.

Astonishingly, Byrna is overeating Rizii—no, everyone at the table.

"Chicken, chicken," the salamander purrs, with literally half a baked chicken in her stretched maw as she twirls a massive wad of noodles up off her plate. "Rib-stickin' and good

lickin'!"

"You're your father's kid," Rizii snorts, artlessly stuffing noodles into her muzzle.

"Isn't every kid?" you finally joke, making Rizii pound the table.

"Look at you, twerp! Haha, didn't know you were here!"

"Papa Mahl always rhymes when he's happy," the gorging salamental rumbles, grinning wide, noodles sticking loose. "And he was always happy at dinner! Hehe!"

You stop a moment.

"Mahl?"

"Family name!" Rizii says, nodding, before destroying a pint of ale.

"You're kidding."

"No, why?" Byrna asks, cocking her head.

"Byrna Mahl."

"Right."

"Byrna Mahl?"

"Hehe, uh-huh. What?"

Rizii almost stuffs her muzzle into her cleavage, lest she choke on her drink.

"You really don't hear it, dear?" Mohz asks, his fancy eyebrows raised gently.

"Your parents have a sense of humor," you sigh.

"What's your siblings' names, honey?" Rizii persists, beaming. "Tell em'!"

Bryna blinks, still grinning sheepishly as she wipes her muzzle clean, and hiccups.

"Shoem and Killim. Why?"

The table explodes in laughter. Bryna chuckles, but doesn't understand.

"Heh, what? I don't."

Arlei sets more chicken down on the table, and everyone realizes she's been trying to

serve you all throughout the dinner. You set your fork and knife down, swallow, and motion for her along with Rizii and Byrna.

“Hey, no, no, stop that,” Rizii says, having to thump her collarbone to get some food down. “Arlei, you aren’t the help, get in here, eat!”

“Yes! Come on, join us, it isn’t a full party!” Byrna adds with a wave, her huge chest nearly swallowing up her plate overhead as it wobbles.

“Is that an order?” she asks you, specifically. She isn’t saying it mean, but.

“No, not an order,” you start, wiping your mouth. “But you’re wanted. Come on, sit, eat. How often did you really get to have a good meal, back at Kogo Varan?”

“Hey, yeah,” Rizii begins, looking at Arlei curiously as the lizard maid quietly pulls her chair out, and takes a seat, looking unsure what to do. “What was your day like, in that crazy tower, anyhow?”

Arlei looks the food over, then takes a fork, and jabs at chicken quarter from a bowl, hoisting it up and sniffing at it lightly.

“Well, I didn’t really eat,” she explains, the reptile setting it on her plate. “I’m a holy being—er, I was, heh. I uh, I’m not quite sure what I...well, back then, I walked the levels and rooms, going through and purifying each one day by day with my aura.”

“Didn’t you sleep or anything?” Byrna asks, still eating more and more.

“I’ve heard of sleep,” she huffs, taking a bite, then trying to mimic the way you all are chewing and swallowing. She does so, then makes a face. “This is good!”

“Well, now’s the time to start, tiny!” Rizii says, patting Arlei’s puff-clas shoulder playfully, making the maid grin a little bit more. “Eat, eat!”

“Yes, yes, get in there and enjoy, while it’s hot!” Byrna chirps, waving a forkful of noodles. “Eat what you get, while it’s all that you got!”

“Stop,” Rizii laughs, banging the table.

“Yeah, try the pasta, too, here,” you add, sliding the larger plate over to her. Arlei nods, grinning a bit wider, and taking a fork’s worth—then, three more. “You can mix the meat in, if you feel like trying it!”

“Okay!”

Thank goodness. Whatever cloud crept over Arlei is starting to lift.

“I didn’t know you were such a good cook, Mohz,” Byrna chirps, her fat tail wiggling about behind her chair.

“I’ve dabbled in plenty,” the kirin says, giving a tiny nod. “You’re not the only one that’s been at a family table—”

His laugh stops up short, and his grin falters one single, odd centimeter South.

“Hey, come to think of it,” Rizii mumbles, swallowing, “what got you so into this quest, in the first place, Mohz? I just wanted to get more powerful, hehe! I didn’t think I’d get this strong, or get my debts cleared, but hey. And thank you, Arlei, Lloyd. I’ll never stop thanking you two!”

“Gonna run it into the ground, until we make you stop?” you sigh.

“Ah, you caught on.”

“Mmhmm,” Arlei agrees, eating all that she can now. “Could you, ah—”

The lizard motions to the bread bowl, and you slide it over.

“Good choice, ma’am,” you joke, as though you were now the butler. Finally, at long last, Arlei chuckles, nodding.

“Excellent service!” she laughs, making the table explode a second time.

This is...nice. It’s just nice. Why hadn’t you done this before?

Mohz just quietly drinks, letting the original question fade into air.

Byrna and Rizii stumble into their room, giggling and shushing and kissing, happy as two very full clams with their own room and nothing better to do. Mohz puts a hand to your shoulder and adds a fatherly squeeze, before seeing himself off to the second guest room.

You see Arlei putting away dishes in a ceramic basin, and step in to help.

“Here, let me.”

“Oh, you don’t have to, Lloyd,” the reptile huffs, blushing through her scales the tiniest bit. “*Master* Lloyd. I apologize.”

“Arlei. Why did you kiss me?”

The female freezes, holding a plate.

“I’ll answer, but I want to know why you’re asking me, first. P-please.”

“It was so sudden, I mean. After all we’ve been through.”

“So, it was bad.”

“No, not at all. It was very sweet. I want you to know that, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Was it the excitement of being back to normal size?”

“Well...I liked being big, a-actually. I was...overflowing. So full of emotions, sensations, I wasn’t empty, at last. I wasn’t alone. I had you in my arms. I wanted you in my arms so, so badly, every time I got bigger. That feeling, it just...started erupting out of me. I loved it. I love you. And...I don’t know what that means. But I know it. But, when we kissed...”

Her eyes dart back and forth, batting the feelings around, trying to knock everything but the truth off of it, and finding it hard to do.

“It was so wonderful. But, it was so awful. I didn’t feel anything back.”

“Wait a minute,” you start, only for her to turn to you, calmly, unblinking.

“I know it’s not fair to ask,” Arlei sighs, deeply. “We’ve only known one another since Kogo Varan. Clearly, relationships outside take longer to really form, but I see the spark between Rizii and Byrna, and I want that. I want it, Lloyd. I want it so bad now. But, I. I just. It just wasn’t there, was it? You don’t love me, do you?”

You lean back, even though you don’t mean to, even though you know how it will look, and does look. You don’t have an answer, and it’s suddenly the worst answer of all.

“It’s not that I don’t love you, Arlei,” you force yourself to say, as those big eyes pierce you through. “I do. We’ve been through so much already, I owe you my life.”

“Mm,” the reptile snorts, gently. “Just not your heart.”

“Oh, come on, don’t,” you moan. “You really think I don’t care about you?”

“I didn’t ask that, Lloyd.”

“That’s another thing, you stopped calling me Master recently, at different points. You hugged and kissed me on your own. I thought that meant you were more your own person, not just my servant. I don’t see you that way.”

“No, just part of the team. No better, no worse, I suppose. They’ve saved your life too,

plenty, and you've saved all of ours. I see how amazing you are, Lloyd. My savior. You saved me, don't you get it? Back when it was just us, and there was only us. You, alone. I loved the others too, and I like the party very much. But Lloyd, darling. I love you. Dearly."

"I don't deserve any of you, though," you confess, at last, deflating. "I just lucked into all of this. You just see it from your side, you don't know."

Arlei is already right up against you, batting her eyes curiously.

"Don't know what?"

"That I was nobody."

"You?" she asks, cocking her head. "To whom?"

"Everyone. I barely even made it into the Avros Guild, and it was more as a joke, a humoring. I was brought in dead last to round out the required annual recruitment numbers."

"That must have hurt."

"Oh, no, it was nothing new, heh."

Something settles in your throat, but you push it back.

"You were never that to me."

"T-thank you."

"I...think I understand, though," Arlei slowly continues, wagging her long scaly tail against your leg. "I, heh, thought it was amazing that you bothered to save me."

"You?" you balk, half-smiling. "Arlei, you're literally made by the gods. You're virtually a goddess, yourself, and you're only getting more and more powerful--"

"I'm boring, though. Aren't I?"

You pull back more this time, openly. Arlei sees it.

"I knew it."

"I don't mean it like that."

"It's alright, Lloyd. I was practically designed to clean a house of evil, of course I would be a maid. A bouncy, giggly, faithful servant. Oh, I did want to be that for you, at first, I really did! Don't be mad. I thought we had that...dynamic, before. But the more I saw Rizii and Byrna and Mohz, and even Goh, and Endid, and everyone else...heh, even the bosses...I realized that

beyond the uniform, there was just nothing to me. I was boring. I even bored me, sometimes, and the more I saw you get along with the others, the more certain of it I became. The only time I felt exciting at all was when I grew, or when I...you know. F-fantasized...a-about you. I felt less heavenly...yet, I felt more blessed than ever. But then, I pulled back, and knew I was being dull again. Boring, again. Over and over!”

“I don’t think you’re boring!”

“But we never connected the same, regardless!” Arlei insists, not so much angry as saddened in her admission. “Isn’t that pretty much the same? We didn’t click. We don’t fit. I was so eager to disprove it with that kiss, but it was a one-way moment. When you ordered me back, that sealed it, and I really knew.”

“Arlei—”

“It’s okay, Lloyd, I still love you. So much, it hurts, inside. And I will fight to the death for you, *because I want to*. I didn’t have a world, until I met you. So. Hah, I will...be thankful for that. I mean that. I love you, Lloyd, just...let me love you, however I can. That’s all I’m asking, as long as I’m here.”

“Arlei. Listen to me. Don’t obey, don’t carry out, just really *hear* me. I was of the world, while you weren’t. But I didn’t have a life, until you. I do love you. You’re a party, even within the party. I’m a human, and a fragile little one, and the thought that anyone wants me anywhere near what you’re admitting to, it...I never allowed that idea in. Understand?”

Arlei watches quietly, and nods just once.

“I don’t feel worthy of you. That’s why.”

“I see. Well. We’ll fix that, Master,” she offers, putting a soft hand over yours. “I promise. You’ll see what I see, soon enough.”

“If you can wait that long, heh,” you laugh, your eyes locking with hers.

“I waited a thousand years for a *door* to open, Lloyd,” the reptile purrs, starting to wag. “I can manage a day or two more.”

“Okay, then.”

She presses her muzzle in on your shoulder, and just keeps it there a moment.

“Okay.”

Despite every order you give, she refuses to sleep in your guest room, taking the couch instead. If you need time to think, then she surely does, too, so you don’t argue. You take off

your gear, slowly, thinking and thinking, replaying what you stupidly said, not quite believing you still managed to see her smile after it all spilled out.

You finally take a good look at yourself in the mirror of your room. You've gained some bulk here and there, truth be told, you don't look half-bad. Yet, surrounded by the others, you have to admit there's a gulf between them and *you*.

You make a few flexes here and there, then think to the outside, to the final hours of your mission, up ahead. Then, finally, you think of Arlei's real body sitting out there on the continent, holding the entirety of Arast in her colossal, soft, warm hands—the same hand that had touched yours, in the kitchen. You imagine her massive body, acre after acre of scales and curves, and you finally think that, just maybe, she feels what her shadow felt, then.

Maybe that Arlei is smiling, too.

You turn to the bed and unpack the mimic ring, staring at it intently.

*She loves you. That's great. But...what if you didn't have to be **you** anymore?*

The cabin thankfully remains in place as you exit, your gear cleaned, your segmented armor checked and reattached to its joints, your new poison blade at the ready. Under your glove is the mimic ring, one your finger, ready for the words to activate it.

“HAAAAAH,” Rizii booms as she leaves, her old athletic frame ballooning frantically bigger and stronger, her scales swelling loudly as she bursts back up to her mighty 360-foot height, instantly looming over you and Mohz. “OH, I WANNA DO THAT AGAIN! LET ME—LLOYD, GIVE ME A SECOND, THAT FELT SO—OOF!”

As she turns around, her thick kobold tail whipping out over you and Mohz's heads, Byrna steps out, and her far, FAR larger body swells with a happy orange glow as she rockets instantly back up out of the door, billowing to a plump, huge, wide, wobbly 6,150 feet! Her soft feet boom out on either side of you, including Rizii, her huge clawed toes wiggling in relief.

“EEEEEE,” Byrna hisses, shuddering happily as the growth wave blasts her up to size. “HEHE, AGAIN! AGAIN! I COULD DO THAT ALL DAY!”

Her humongous, syrupy voice explodes everywhere, before the titanic salamental slaps massive hands over her huge muzzle, embarrassed with herself.

“RIGHT. GOT USED TO USING MY NORMAL VOLUME, THERE.”

“YOU WERE PRETTY LOUD, LAST NIGHT!” Rizii crows.

“WE CUDDLED AND PASSED OUT, LLOYD, MOHZ. SHE'S JUST GOING ON.”

“HEHE!”

The door shuts as Arlei stretches and pops her neck, before scooting over to you.

“Ah, Lloyd,” she fumbles, looking away cutely. “Ah, m-my back, it. I didn’t sleep well on the couch, and I–”

“On it,” you say, casually getting around the reptilian female and hugging her back, pushing in and pulling back, until you hear her back pop, making the soft, cuddly maid huff in joy, and give you a thankful touch of her palm on your chin.

“Thank you! Hehe!”

“You know it!”

Rizii grins at the same speed and time as Byrna, despite their massive size differences.

“Right,” you start, adjusting your helmet. “We’re going in, so whatever happens, let’s do what we somehow manage to keep doing!”

“DUMB LUCK, FOREVER!” Rizii howls, wagging. “WE’RE LEGENDARY STATUS, TWERP, RELAX! WE FINALLY OUTCLASS EVEN MOST BOSSES!”

“Right, but we’re going up against an incredibly dangerous one, now,” Mohz cautions. “I’m not saying we can’t do it, mind. Just, let’s be cautious.”

“There is no map of Arast,” you add, shrugging. “So, anywhere near the center of the abandoned, sentient civilization is likely our first goal!”

“EASILY DONE, EVERYONE!” Byrna laughs, scooping Rizii up, just as Rizii scoops you three up with no trouble, stuffing you deep into her bouncing cleavage.

“So this is what it’s like,” Arlei hums, grinning. “It’s warm!”

“Y-yeah, can’t argue with that,” you admit, laughing along with her as you feel Byrna’s gigantic, soft feet crashing ahead, her impacts vibrating back up into Rizii and your selves in ticking, deep trembles. The mighty city of Arast lurches nearer and nearer with every booming step, as you look far off beyond the hills, then point out. “Hey, there you are, Arlei!”

The lizard gasps, going wide-eyed, her irises slitting thin.

“Oh, my! I...oh, I’m BIIIIIG!”

What you all had time to understand, she finally sees: her breasts consume the skyline of the city as you enter into it, past the higher clouds, past the atmosphere, fading up into its hazy span gradually. Plates big enough to colonize stretch and swell as she breathes slowly, in a trance

of sorts, her body so colossal that her forearms vanish on either side of your new world, holding it up for you as she slumbers.

You look as high up as you can, and quickly try to subdue your blush.

She *is* smiling.

“I’M NOT SURE HOW MUCH FARTHER I CAN GET IN HERE,” Byrna mutters, cocking her enormous head. “NOT WITHOUT KNOCKING SOME BUILDINGS OVER.”

“THIS PLACE ALREADY GREW WHEN WE ARRIVED,” Rizii ponders aloud, there with you in Byrna’s chest, “SO, IF WE START TOPPLING IT, IT MIGHT...REACT.”

“Agreed,” Mohz hums, down below. “Lloyd, any ideas?”

“Well, yeah, actually, I have one.”

You feel around at your bag, which is down in Rizii’s huge cleavage, making the giantess break out into laughter as you fish a handful of Fairy Kisses out of it.

“You didn’t buy those from Goh,” Mohz says, the kirin eyeing you coyly.

“Well, no. I happened to grab some, back when I was trapped in the Avros treasury, there was a small pile of them. I didn’t really get a chance to use them on Reb, but we can use these to temporarily get inside and investigate.”

“Do you know how long they keep one shrunk for?”

“Nope!”

“Haha, me neither. Ah, well, time to find out!”

Neither Rizii nor Byrna laugh at the suggestion, however. Both reptiles seem fairly loath to give up their massive sizes, even temporarily. When you explain that they get to explode bigger when it wears off, though, they do warm up to it—at least, enough to finally both agree.

You slap pink sigil after pink sigil onto Rizii, then onto Byrna, enough to where they finally start to grudgingly dwindle smaller, and smaller, and smaller, deflating down and down until Rizii stands at a powerful 30 feet, and Byrna at 100. Still, even if that’s the absolute limit for what you brought, it proves enough to allow you all entry into a massive temple of sorts.

“This way *has* to be it,” you assure, as the party just manages to squeeze indoors. Rows of stone pews and marble pillars line either high wall, half-shadowed statues in between each as you proceed. At the far end is an altar, with a much bigger statue of a fox-woman, stony and still.

“Be careful, everyone,” Mohz suddenly growls, his horn glowing softly in the descending dark of the interior. “Demons are near.”

“You’re kidding,” you groan, readying your sword. “Do they smell Arlei and I?”

“Worse than that, I fear. Arlei, Byrna, you almost single-handedly wiped out the entirety of the great Molgrath and Nozala-Kuth, at your enlarged sizes. That leaves only the Nozala, the most eldritch and cruel of the Archmage’s old alliances of the damned. They’re surely here to guard the resurrection chamber of the Archmage, but also to avenge their millions of fallen demon brothers and sisters. Even at our level, we cannot afford to become cocksure.”

You know what? No. You’re ready, this time. It isn’t just your newfound level spikes, or your fancier gear, or your wildly-overpowered comrades behind you.

It’s Arlei.

“Weapons out, everyone, you heard the kirin,” you say, firmly.

“Hehe, my!” Mohz rumbles, grinning lopsidedly. “Well said!”

“Aura-time?” Arlei asks, looking ready to shine—literally.

“Please,” you ask, making her tail swish as she lights up, her holy aura swelling out and throwing shadows across the ancient interior as light forces its way in.

Multiple shadows lunge away, hissing, slipping behind the regular shapes and shifting blacks, and your sword raises high.

Yup. Sure enough.

“Demons, already!” Arlei helpfully cries, as vile laughs and alien chittering echoes from every ancient temple pillar.

“Good!” the thirty-foot female muscle-beast of a kobold cheers, readying her matching cleaver. “I didn’t walk here for the exercise—I walked here for the EXERCISE!”

“Blasphemous wretches!” one inhuman voice rattles, half moan, half snake-rattle. “You dare to set foot in Arast!?”

“Blasphemers are to be ripped to shreds, to shreds!” another rages, echoing throughout the temple. “And not the ones that do *our* kind of blaspheming!”

“At least they clarified,” Byrna booms, as she raises her huge, soft arms up high.

“KILL THEM!”

“RIP THEM INTO TWO...HUNDRED!”

“SAVAGE THE SAVAGES!”

“EMBER MAX,” Byrna calmly says as her scales seem to glow and drift loose, the highest layers fluttering off like, indeed, a thousand burning embers in the air. Mohz guides you all in closer to the giantess as each ember sparks into a hotter and hotter light, the demons all hissing and screeching as the very shadows around you ignite, blazing across each demon, suggesting horrid bodies as they scream and thrash and burn to nothing.

Their battle stats don’t even register, before they’ve collectively perished.

+6,900 EXP

Arlei shivers happily, the shadow maid stretching and rumbling up a few inches bigger, throbbing larger than you as she huffs.

“O...Ohhh, thissss again!

You watch her reptilian body swell inch by warm inch as she pulses up a whole foot taller than you, and stops, happily shuddering the last of it off as the embers continue to float around the party.

“Right, almost forgot that was coming,” you sigh. “Byrna, how long does that spell last?”

“It’s a skill, so until my next level, this is one-use,” she rumbles gently, looking down over her huge bust. “But it’s max, so probably a few more minutes.”

“Great, let’s keep up the momentum. Any idea where we can proceed from here?”

“Behind that giant kitsune statue, I believe,” Mohz hums, peering over at it. “There seems to be an entry way beyond her.”

It’s a sure guess as to the gender of the sculpture, given its wide hips and huge bosom. Either whoever it was based on was someone to brag about, or the sculptor had issues. *Not that you were one to judge.*

Arlei steps up to it, her now 7-foot body on par with Mohz. Compared to the statue, though, only Byrna seems tall. It must stand roughly 60 feet high, excluding a great stone pedestal underfoot that reads:

“DARK PRIESTESS GALAN,” Arlei says, reading it over. “Mistress of the Archmage, and former head of state of Arast, before the Great Conversion...”

“Sounds like she shared more than a bed with the big boss,” Rizii snorts, her cleaver still ready. “Lot of good it did her, if she kicked such a great bucket.”

“DID SHE?”

All five of you leap in place, looking at one another, before looking up.

Oh.

The statue stares back down, unfazed by your presence, uncaring as the ember storm batters pointlessly away at her smooth body and carved robes. A high priestess hat is fused to her sculpted, gorgeous head, long fox ears branching out, a slender, graceful muzzle looming up beyond her enormous breasts and stretched-out robe.

“It’s not a statue, is it?” you ask, slumping your shoulders.

“Fascinating!” Mohz murmurs. “A genuine, functional alchemically-induced automaton! A living machine, imbued with the original being’s life force!”

“CORRECT, MAGE,” the towering kitsune rumbles as her massive body shifts loudly, and a huge foot lifts from the pedestal, slamming right by you, cracking the floor. “ALLEGIANCE TO THE ARCHMAGE HAS SUCH BENEFITS! IT IS MY HONOR ALONE TO GUARD THE RESURRECTION CHAMBER OF SUCH A HIGH BEING AS HE! AS IT IS MY HONOR TO DESTROY YOU TENACIOUS PESTS!”

The other foot crashes down, the joints all sliding partially open, gaining surprisingly high articulation as she puts huge hands to even huger hips.

BOSS: DARK PRIESTESS GALAN, LV 80
HP: 50,000/50,000
MP: 6,000/6,000

All nine mechanized fox tails whirl to life behind her ample rump, extending out as one glows brightly, at the far left.

“MAGIC DRAIN MAX!”

Instantly, the party’s collective MP bottoms out, utterly vanished. The glow of all that ejected MP pulls back into Galan, making her mechanized body shudder and burst bigger! Her clawed feet balloon out on either side of you as her head surges higher, her breasts swelling, her thighs bulging loudly as she roars up to 100 feet in one push, reaching Byrna’s size with ease!

“Goodness!” Byrna chirps, as the growing automaton’s clawed fingers detach, lipping down with a set of linked chains, the other joints slipping loose after, until her hands have become lengthy whips of chains and claws.

“An artificial body that can grow?” Mohz curiously hums. “That...I admit, is new.”

“SUFFER, NON-BELIEVERS!” Galan bellows, snapping her whips at Byrna for -1,974 DAMAGE; she staggers back heavily from the attack, her heels cracking and crushing rows of pews to dust. “SUBMIT TO THE IRON WILL OF THE DARK ONE!”

“CRUSH MAX!” Byrna shouts back, planting her feet and twisting about, smashing into Galan with her pump rear and chubby tail, smashing the priestess with such force that her muzzle, left breast and arm are all cracked deep, leaving her down -2,699 DAMAGE as she wobbles and twitches.

“HEAL MAX,” Galan commands, as another tail glows green, her HP shooting back up to its full state instantly. Even her damage seals back up, her body again completely pristine as she takes another step forward, thooming nearer, forcing the party back.

“Didn’t Reb already do this, with the rings?” Rizii huffs, narrowly dodging as a huge foot slams down close by.

“Can’t we shut down her casting?” you ask.

“It takes magic to stop magic, generally,” the kirin calmly admits. “I’m afraid brute force might be in order, as we only have our skills to use now.”

“Right,” you groan, thinking quickly. “READER MAX!”

STRONG AGAINST OFFENSIVE & DEFENSIVE MAGICS
WEAK POINT: TAIL

“Her tail!” you shout, as the looming Galan pushes you all back row after row, including Byrna. “Go for her tail!”

“Which one?” Byrna asks.

“MULTI-STRIKE MAX!” Rizii hollers, working around the huge machine-kitsune and slashing at all tails at once, for -1,214 on all of them—except for the middle one, which takes a far-greater -2,940! With eight tails damaged and the weak one on top, Galan’s health drops down by -12,652 DAMAGE!

“Found it!” you shout, as Galan grunts and stops a moment. “The middle one!”

“IS IT?” Galan booms, as her tails whirl once again, then slide out and rearrange one another, randomizing the position! “CARE TO TRY AGAIN, MORTALS?”

“Oh, for f—” Rizii growls, rolling her bulging shoulders. “BATTLECRY MAX!”

The huge kobold’s speed shoots up higher and higher as she flexes her colossally thick thighs and calves, then blasts forward, slashing every tail consecutively, her speed still increasing.

-1,722 DAMAGE
-1,722 DAMAGE
-4,293 DAMAGE!
-1,722 DAMAGE
-1,722 DAMAGE
-1,722 DAMAGE
-1,722 DAMAGE
-1,722 DAMAGE
-1,722 DAMAGE

A startling and devastating 18,069 total knocks Galan further down, until her health sits at 19,279/50,000 HP! More cracks dance along her frame as the huge kitsune chuckles, taking another heavy step.

“Third one in, left side!” Rizii bellows, readying for her next round to hurry up.

“VERY CLEVER! HEAL MAX!”

Again, the massive automaton fox heals completely, easily undoing all the damage.

“Arlei, here, quick!” you call out, tossing the surprised maid a magic potion. “Be ready to heal us up! You, too, Mohz!”

“Not me, Lloyd, save it!” the kirin replies, sternly. “We only have two to use!”

“But—”

“Trust me, son!”

You nod, as the loud clicks and clanks of Galan’s tails switching around behind her fills the air, between her heavy stomps. You’re nearly back at the doors of the temple, the huge kitsune’s hat crashing up into the ceiling at the peak of every looming step.

“HEALTH DRAIN MAX!” she bellows, as you and everyone in the party are suddenly rendered limp, nearly to the point of passing out, at 1HP, each.

Her whips-fingers rise up as her attack turn approaches!

“Arlei!” you shout, your vision blurring, every one of you flashing dark red as the mighty Galan absorbs your collective HP, and starts to rumble up even BIGGER!

“C-CURE ALL!”

Just as the growing kitsune’s arms stretch out to attack, mid-growth, your health climbs back up to full, as her lashes strike the entire party for -1,852 DAMAGE!

“H-HIGH ARMOR!” Arlei cries, her body glowing orange; you watch her defense surge higher and higher as she steps out in front of you all, blocking.

“OH, PLEASE,” Galan roars, the kitsune blowing up loudly in size, her head pushing up against the cracking ceiling, her breasts expanding double their size, making the carved robe appear to bulge wider out with it. “TRYING TO ABSORB A DIRECT BLOW, WHEN YOU HAVE BRUNT? I CAN READ YOU ALL, AND GROUP ATTACKS WON’T ACTIVATE IT!”

“Huh?” Arlei chirps, as the finger-whips strike out again. “Oh—C-COVER ALL!”

Arlei absorbs the damage for the entire party, stacking up to a nasty -6,420 DAMAGE, knocking her health back down to 11,128/29,400 HP as she grunts.

“A STRONG SHIELD SPELL, TO BE SURE,” Galan huffs, the trembling auto-fox violently blowing up even bigger, until the entire temple erupts as she balloons too big for it, at a relative 250 feet in height! “BUT I CAN CUT RIGHT THROUGH IT!”

The five of you tumble back out of the temple as its roof crumbles around more and more surging kitsune hips, her contemptuous stare piercing down below.

“Ah, Lloyd,” Byrna starts, looking back over her huge shoulders. “Behind us! The Nozala army, and all that!”

Indeed, Galan seems to be intentionally pushing you not only away from the secret entrance in the temple, but back toward the enraged demon hordes swarming out of the surrounding buildings, kept at bay only by Arlei’s huge aura.

“FAITHFUL NOZALA,” Galan purrs, her huge body swelling up to an even 300 feet before stopping. “I SHALL EXTINGUISH THAT AURA, AND THUS SHALL YOU FEED ON REVENGE!”

The demons howl and bay in anguished joy as she makes her boasts, her feet stomping on either side of the party. At that, her breasts both detach slightly from her chest plate, then slide down and slam the smashed cobblestones of the courtyard, each one a kind of dirty wrecking ball!

“Oh, come on!” you groan, as they lift back up, then start to sway as Galan swings her torso about, working up momentum.

“Whoa!” Rizii yelps, as one swings hard and connects with her bulky body for -2,044 DAMAGE—not enough to knock her back, but enough to put that much bulk into a wobble.

“We have to take her out in one hit, otherwise she’ll keep on healing!” you shout.

“DEFENSE DRAIN MAX!”

To your horror, your defense shrinks rapidly, nearly instantly, slipping down to a paltry 1. The entire party feels it as again Galan absorbs the stats, rumbles all over, and expands even bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger! Her huge wrecking-ball breasts rise back up to her plate with a heavy, hot click as they groan and swell, pumping even more disproportionately massive, artificial marble nipples somehow pushing even bigger and thicker through her tenting carved robe!

“HMMM,” Galan purrs, her marble tongue slipping out softly as she throbs higher and wider, her thighs exploding twice as thick with a booming blast of displaced air. “SENSORS ARE MOST PLEASED, AREN’T THEY? HOW LOVELY A THING TO BE ABLE TO FEEL!”

300 feet bursts to 400, then 500, her size nearly doubling as her feet blow up into buildings of their own, crushing the walkways and steps of the gathering plaza, her tail swelling higher and longer behind her inflated rear.

“HEAVEN’S ANVIL!”

The skies—well, the portion of sky beyond the sky-high Arast—open up as a beam of pure holy light slams down, crushing into the growing kitsune, who roars and sizzles with diving retribution as the column batters down.

[SLOW]

-8,268 DAMAGE! CRITICAL!

The damage is at her far right tail!!

“F...FOOLS!” she bellows, trying to get upright fully, as her body stubbornly swells to 600 feet, her breasts and hips threatening to bulge out of the pillar of light’s diameter.

“Rizii!” you shout, forming a fast plan.

“Lloyd!” she roars, looking at you seriously. You throw a power elixir her way, and she lets it smash onto her huge muscles gladly, her bulk starting to quiver and blow up even more colossal and huge, swelling loudly tighter and larger and stronger! “Alright! Haha!”

“Smash Arlei, Rizii, now!”

“Bwuh!?” the hulking kobold female balks, mid-growth, her muscles still groaning bigger and bigger against her straining bits of remaining armor.

“Do it, Rizii, it’s okay! I get it!” Arlei says, steeling herself.

The huge kobold’s muscles are now beyond godly, even at her decreased height. She

shrugs, and the air shudders for it!

“Y’all are the bosses! Sorry, Arlei! SMASH...MAAAAAX!”

The swollen kobold swings her cleaver so hard that the stone walk bursts apart underfoot as she bashes Arlei for a whopping -8,856 DAMAGE, CRITICAL!! Had her armor boost not been so massively high, Rizii would have obliterated her in one hit, even at a reduced height! You tell yourself you aren’t making the giddy kobold into a total beast, but gods, her power is screaming higher every day...

Her health knocked all the way down to 2,272, Arlei begins to rumble all over like mad, her own bronze scales stretching as she violently erupts larger with a hot cry, her muscles exploding over and over again as all that power blows her up like a blimp!

She rumbles and stretches and groans, bloating up with almost as much muscle as Mohz as she pushes up to 100 feet...150 feet...250 feet...500 feet!

Her apron snaps and rips as her puffy sleeves overfill with shoulder muscles, her cuffs stretching and snapping away as her black under-dress pulls too tight against her swelling chest, ripping down the center as she winds up her colossal mace, and swings at the weak tail, full-force!

“BRUNT MAX!”

Galan’s cracks increase as she struggles to exit the beam—she’s almost freed herself!

“STUN 4!” you shout, striking Galan with it before she can get completely out.

No good! She’s getting out!

“SLOW 4!” you try next, striking her with it right after.

Again, failure!

“YOUR...MEAGER TRICKS...WON’T TOUCH ME!” she roars, the humongous fox-machine surging forward, as Arlei’s mace comes down behind her, striking the weak tail for a catastrophic -34,899 DAMAGE!!

Yet again, Galan cracks all over, her gargantuan breasts rocking at their joints as the impact clears through her, making the huge female shudder as she pushes back against Arlei’s strike with all her robotic might.

“STRENGTH DRAIN MAX!”

Another tail lights up as, to your terror, you feel every bit of your hard-earned power flood out into Galan. Your sword is suddenly too heavy as you go limp, Mohz, Rizii and Byrna

all slipping down to your knees heavily. Thoughts of trying to mimic anyone nearby suddenly becomes pointless as everyone in the party's strength plummets to a laughable 1.

"ONE STRIKE...IS ALL I NEED," Galan bellows, as you can see her slowly, slowly trying to initiate another HEAL MAX cast. "THE DEMONS...CAN HAVE YOUR SCRAPS! KEEPING YOU ALIVE...IS NO LONGER A SENSIBLE OPTION...THE OPENING HAS ALREADY BEEN LEFT UNATTENDED FOR NEARLY TOO LONG!"

"I can't...hit her with anything, Lloyd," Rizii grunts, struggling to even move around. You suddenly regret spending the power elixir then, instead of now. "What do we do?"

"LASH...4!"

You see Byrna's huge maw open as her tongue *fwips* out, coiling all around Galan's huge body, constricting her for -1,127 DAMAGE, then another -928 DAMAGE, the numbers decreasing like a timer for how long she can hold her. Yet, doing so proves difficult, as Galan's absorption forces her to grow, and grow, and grow, and grow, the lizard's tongue stretching around her bulk as the powerful kitsune-bot balloons to 800 feet...1,000 feet...1,400 feet! Her bulging rump and breasts crush against entire buildings as she begins to swell over the city itself, slowly but surely!

Whatever you're doing, it has to be now!

"Byrna! Get...get inside of her!"

"Whuf!?" the huge salamander garble-barks, blinking weakly.

"Get inside of her! The cracks!"

You point to a huge gash between the automaton's now-exposed crotch, where a crack from earlier has widened from Arlei's attack, leaving a gap big enough for the 100-foot giantess to crawl into. With Galan's growth spurts heaving her false body larger and larger, it proves remarkably simple to do, as Byrna hobbles over and slips her pudgy, glowing body in, having to squeeze her oversized chest in first, then cheeks, then tail.

"What for, Lloyd?" Rizii asks, as Mohz tries to shake the fatigue off nearby.

Arlei is still trying her best to swing for another attack, seeing Galan's health so low, all as the shuddering kitsune tries to force her HEAL MAX along faster, when a rumble emanates from within her bodice, somewhere deep within a sea of animated cords of pseudo-muscle.

Even Galan pauses along with Arlei and the party (and even the hordes of Nozala) as the rumbling gets worse and worse, making Galan look herself over as the holy light continues to beat down over her huge, half-mile tall body.

"WHAT...INANITY...IS THIS!?" she growls, as Rizii feels herself begin to rumble, too.

“Heh,” the kobold starts, laughing once, then twice, then exploding in laughter, as her body shakes and swells, returning back to full size! Her height skyrockets as she booms larger, her further-expanded muscles growing up with her as she blasts up to 360 feet again, bellowing as best as her weakened state allows! “AAAAHAHAHAAA!”

At the same time, Galan’s entire body starts to warp out in odd pockets of growth, some strange swelling pushing her false breasts and collarbone and sides and robes out, and out, and out, the cracks growing worse and worse as the kitsune literally snaps away! Pockets of glowing orange scales surge out into huge mounds, before much bigger breasts blast out through the chestplate, blowing the fox’s breasts away with heavy crashes as her thighs split, replaced by cascading oceans of billowing female nudity.

“NO...NOOOOO! ARCHMAGE...THE SEAL IS B-BROKEN! FUH-FORGIVE MEEEE, D-DARLLIIIIING—”

With a massive -99,999 DAMAGE, Galan’s entire false form blasts apart entirely, the ever-growing, mountainous Byrna booming up to her towering height of 6,150 feet! Every scrap of the fox-bot explodes forth like marbled shrapnel, replaced with a contentedly groaning female salamental, the puff-tuft of flame behind her thick neck radiating pleasure as her absolutely monstrous breasts wobble into place.

Behind her, Arlei slowly shrinks back down to normal size, still shocked at what all just happened.

“HAAAAAAH,” Byrna giggles, popping her bulgy neck. “THAT WORKED! DON’T NEED STRENGTH STATS, WHEN HEIGHT’S ALRIGHT!”

“SCREEN MAX!” you shout, a terrific storm of smoke blowing out to cover you and the party, just as a series of angered hisses and demonic screams take over, all around you.

“GAH, LLOYD, WHAT!” Rizii coughs, waving the smoke away.

“We have lousy stats, run! Follow my voice back into the temple!” you cry, the others thudding heavily behind as the battle results float overhead:

+50,000 GOLD
+80,000 EXP

“The demons won’t get that close with Arlei’s aura, Lloyd, why the rush?” Mohz huffs, his powerful legs pushing him ahead of you as you run.

“It’s not just them! We need to get down to the next open space before Arlei’s growth spurt! She’s leveled up to ECONO MAX, now, Mohz!”

The kirin goes a little pale, then picks you up in one huge arm. He turns, scoops up Arlei,

and double-times it into the temple ruins, past the obliterated pews and snapped pillars, straight down into the secret opening, as Arlei begins to moan hotly, her body rumbling violently in Mohz's mighty grip.

"OOOOH...M-MY!"

"Please hold it in, Arlei!" you beg, as the reptilian maid starts to blow up bigger, inflating big enough to spread Mohz's arm out. "Give us just a second more, we're almost there!"

Down, down the stairs you go, as you hear Byrna boom after you, through the opening in the temple:

"WE C-CAN'T FIIHIT!"

"HEY!" Rizii shouts, shaking the walls of the narrow stairwell, which keeps going down, down as Mhz speeds up, pumping his gigantic thighs harder, his robe tearing further and further as his pecs swell against the threads, his firm rump shifting back and forth as he moves.

Arlei whimpers and doubles in size, exploding bigger than Mohz, making him stumble as he adjusts to her growth, and you can only hear the stretching gets worse as her trembling increases, deeper and deeper.

"Almost there, Arlei, please!"

"GUH-HAH! LLOYYYYD!"

Her scaly cheeks billow uncontrollably, pulling her lacy underwear tight against swelling lips as her breasts flop out, bobbing and slapping bigger and bigger against Mohz's huge forearm. She doubles again in size, ballooning and stretching loudly, angrily, her throbbing body demanding to grow unimpeded.

Clearing the walls of the stairs, Mohz practically throws Arlei loose ahead of him, swinging his freed arm around to hug you and turn for cover as the howling lizard maid *detonates* in size. A sheer wall of bronze scales crashes into Mohz, who huffs as he and you are hurled back into the stairs, Arlei's booming hips and rear slamming into the chamber walls at high speed as she grows, and grows, and grows, and grows, and grows, and GROWS!

Her muzzle swings open as she cries, her burning teats erupting cream loose in hard, messy sprays as her panties soak and stick and stretch, half-swallowed between her sex as she screams, clutches her breasts tight, and erupts BIGGER!

100 feet blasts up to 300 feet, then 500 feet, her huge body shredding through more and more reformed clothing as the levels pour into her shaking body!

You see her stats, practically crammed into the crumbling stairs with you: for the first time, you bother to check what ECONO MAX actually is: *EXP earned X30!*

What is that!? What...1...2,400,000 EXP!?

That's without the doubling effect of the Monstear! 4,800,000 EXP!? That amount could rocket a nobody into beyond-legendary powers! Even Rizii and Byrna have high-level ECONO skills, but MAX!?

The rumbling only gets worse. And worse. It's clear that Arlei is getting too massive in there, as you feel the pressure of her body overflowing the chamber emanates out into the walls, and up into the ruins above. You have no idea how big this will make her! If she gets too big, you'll have two geographically-huge Arleis together! What then?

You make the choice, and make it very, very fast. You remove all three jewels, and activate them!

"Warp these back up, Mohz, right away! Fast!"

"W-WARP!"

Up they go.

You can tell who they touched, as soon as they finish warping up to the topside of Arast. Rizii's bellow gets bigger and bigger as the surprised kobold staggers back, throbbing like mad with way too much power incoming!

"Hopefully she won't be mad," you sigh, as the rumbling worsens, up adobe and down below.

"Knowing her? She'll love you forever, for what's about to come her way!" Mohz laughs, as Arlei's screams of growth match Rizii's. "If she doesn't explode."

"Whatever, we just need to take as much growth off of Arlei as possible, now!"

Inside, a 2,000-foot Arlei bellows and squeezes in on herself, pulsing angrily. Her body balloons unstoppably bigger, crushing through snapping rock and pillars and flooring, crushing everything as she heaves bigger in a thick, burning wave of gushing growth and stretching scales! Her breasts pour out burning rivers of milk as she splatters her nude, swollen body over, getting bigger and messier with every panting breath. Her nipples swell and slip wetly against her surging arms as she screams up to 1 full mile in size, demolishing more and more walls and stone as she squeezes her thighs, trembles with a hard tickle, and streaks a high-volume squirt of pre everywhere, blowing geysers of steaming fluid as she helplessly presses two massive, slick fingers in, trying desperately to get it out of her as it builds and builds!

The words are the only things that don't come as she snorts and bursts to 1.3 miles, her breasts and slicked rump crushing through compartment after compartment, a maze of chambers meant to be navigated, a final dungeon being steamrolled into rubble by tower-sized teats and

groaning, building-wide scales!

Bridges and chasms, treasure chests and ridges and underground lakes are all summarily wiped out as the bellowing female keeps rippling bigger, *boom-booming* through it all, over it all, her swelling teeth bared as she shakes and whines, billowing up past 2 miles, then 2.4, then 3!

All of Arast starts to shake as Byrna looks around in the fog from your screen, trying to make sense of it all.

“HONEY, I THINK THAT MAYBE WE SH-AAAAGH!”

Byrna turns to see as Rizii’s whole body is increasing. *Dramatically.*

“B...B-BUH-BYRNNNNAAAAA!”

The blue kobold has, in days past, swollen into a mighty thing, a titan in the flesh and scales. Any kobold male would have ruined their clothes instantly at the sight or smell of a female that incredible, that glorious. Orcs would have run the other way at sight of her. She could have clobbered a dragon in one punch, full-grown. They would have sung tales about her, one verse per foot.

Suddenly, that legendary size is just a piddling joke, compared to what the screaming kobold is becoming.

In one instant, by the time Byrna’s turned her nearly 1.2-mile tall body about, Rizii is already bigger than her, so much so that the salamander’s muzzle wedges right in between a pair of monumental, surging breasts. Her muffled groans melt into overjoyed rumbling as her confused palms quickly embrace two overloaded nipples, one pumping longer and fatter on either side—before Rizii continues to expand, higher and higher, forcing Byrna to snuggle her growing abdomen and hulking torso.

The kobold’s mouth is wide open as she bellows, only for it to be eclipsed by her inflating bust as her muscles grow from absurd to *terrifying*. Her back bulk pours out in waves, stretching her straining blue scales until they’re practically crying out, overwhelming the rest of her body, before her growing thighs explode to match, then surpass, as her biceps nearly cover her on either side, followed by her erupting shoulders.

Every last bit of armor blows off at once as the 1.5-mile tall behemoth kobold shudders and moans, huge hands rubbing down on Byrna’s increasingly smaller rear as she gulps, then snorts through flaring nostrils, and grist her teeth with a renewed explosion of pure *growth*.

Her chest overflows her now-immeasurable biceps as they inflate too big, her hips blowing out to match Byrna’s proportions as her clawed feet crush into the neighboring buildings, toppling them over the fleeing hordes of shocked and dismayed demons!

1.5 miles balloons to 2 as Rizii crushes her lover into her bursting abs, a firm wall of ever-growing heat, smooth, mansion-sized scales rumbling and pressing her nude glowing body as the over-pleasured kobold strains.

“HUH-H-I’M G-G-GUH-G-GONNAAAA—”

A burst of fluid splashes with tidal force against Byrna’s fat thighs as Rizii erupts, blushing and screaming, her muscles exploding even *larger*. Her head is massive, her long ears flicking back in delight, yet even it sits stranded on a booming neck, her body far larger than it as it pulses with power only gods can know. The 2.5-mile tall kobold towers over the majority of the city when it’s finally over with, the smoke from the debris overpowering the smoke screen entirely as both fade off to reveal a withdrawn army of demons.

Byrna stays snuggled in tight, feeling and riding the surge of Rizii’s heavy breathing as the towering kobold looks herself over, and nearly faints.

Down below, Arlei too has stopped growing. Still, the needy reptile’s immense fingers plunge in deeper, her teeth grit in a snarl between love and pain as she strokes faster and faster, before catching a huff in her throat, and sighing it out as she gushes one last, deeply hard time, and finally relaxes, covered in milk and honey, slick with release across her entire heaving body.

The aura fades.

A female over 12.2 miles, nearly 65,000 feet in size, lies tight and squeezed within the final dungeon, heavy and swollen and ready to sleep in her own fluids as she purrs gratefully, smiling wide. That blazing need has finally subsided a happy bit, and Arlei, completely grown out of her uniform, just lets herself be glad.

“FINALLY,” she rumbles, her soft whisper enough to crack the dungeon’s outermost walls as she tenderly feels herself over, just to feel it all. “I JUST WISH...MY LLOYD WAS HERE FOR IT. HEE. MMMM!”

The release, the *freedom* of it still overwhelms her as she closes her eyes and squeezes her arms in on her now-gargantuan chest.

“SERVED MYSELF, I SUPPOSE.”

She sighs, her breasts rising up into her massive, scaly jawline and slender chin...before her huge eyes open, then blink.

“HMM. HOW...HOW DO I GET OUT?”

Her beautiful irises dart about as she blushes.

“ER.”

She blushes worse as she realizes she's swollen herself stuck—inside Arast, itself.

You climb over Mohz's bulk apologetically, there on the partially-ruined stairwell, looking out at the vast tide of bronze ahead of you, as one single scale consumes what was previously the entryway out into what you guess *was* the final dungeon.

"Arlei! Arlei! Can you—can she even hear me?" you ask, as Mohz stands back up.

"I doubt it," the hulking kirin says, honestly. "I would warp further in around her, but...I haven't been down there before. I can try warping her, back out, but there's so much of her. I'm not sure I would do a good job. I don't even know where the lady begins or ends, from this vantage point."

"So, she's stuck down here?"

"And Rizii and Byrna are both big enough to give King Endid a shock, yes. They can't get down here, and she's too big to get up there. I'm not entirely sure we can...undo this shadow, and try another one, as that shadow's returning size would blow Arlei up all the bigger, in the outside world. I'll say, this is a pickle."

"Right. I didn't know there would be *another* boss, on the way to the final boss," you say defensively, throwing your arms up in agitation. "Never thought we'd be sabotaged with EXP. How do we fix this?"

Again, the world of Arast answers, as you feel it begin to shift and rattle, as if annoyed or frustrated once more by the three oversized females.

"Is...it is doing what I think it is?" you ask.

"I think it is," Mohz replies, nodding sagely. "It really does seem that Arast dislikes anything looming over it. Good thing it doesn't seem to recognize the original Arlei, beyond itself. That could get ugly."

"Well, if it gives us some space to move around in, then let it get bigger!"

Sure enough, the stairs begin to swell under you, widening as the walls rise higher and farther apart from each other. In seconds, you and Mohz are both too small to take up one step, and still the area expands! Arlie's huge body slowly seems less insane in size as the final dungeon grows and grows around her, making the confused reptile look about as the high ceilings finally lift up off of her body, rising up and up overhead.

Even over 12 miles in height, shadow Arlei can finally stand upright—just barely. The massive reptile looks about, then feels herself over curiously, before looking around for any sign of you.

At the same time you hear Rizii's huge voice exclaiming up over the ruins as the city presumably swells around them, more and more.

Out beyond the edges of the growing island the real Arlei rests, her huge hands holding the floating city as its hills and cityscape get larger and larger and larger, until it fills her arms and rests against her massive cleavage, now nearly half her size.

Once it stops, you find you have to run across just one step of the stairs as though it were a great plain of rock. Mohz follows up close behind, grinning. Moments later you look up, and up, and up, and up, to see Rizii and a smaller Byrna both peering down from the entrance, blinking.

"Why's it look so much bigger, down there, now?" Rizii asks, her voice shrinking down the moment it echoes along the interior walls.

"Bit of a naughty place, isn't it?" he chuckles. "Doesn't like being lorded over, it seems! The city has grown, outside...but inside this chamber, the scale is different, again! Ingenious!"

"Yeah, well, if that's what it takes, then fine," you huff, as the world-sized stairwell starts to shake from Rizii and Byrna descending down it.

"Truly! Even if you and I are less than flea-sized, now, compared to everything else. Getting around will be exceedingly difficult. Remember, to Byrna and Rizii, one presumes even Arlei will stand still taller. And to *those* two reptiles, we're less than dust particles! We'll have to figure out who's carrying whom, and how, as fast as we can. Though how to converse with them, at their sizes—"

"I've got that covered, heh," you say, slapping something onto Mohz's chest with a warm, deep *thump*. "You won't have that trouble—at least, not for a long while!"

When you remove your hand, Mohz can see it: the ultra-grade Hruthga Sigil!

"Lloyd," Mohz begins, starting to rumble all over. "Don't you think this is a bit much? Do you even know how powerful this thing—GHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

You're already running away as Mohz's trembling worsens, his huge velvet muscles pulsing openly, his heartbeat getting stronger and louder as you open the bag, take out the Dragon's Tooth, and throw it.

With a brilliant plume of smoke a large silhouette appears, revealing a grand red dragon, yellow belly plates and huge ivory horns curving like a ram's. The giant beast is at least 20 feet long and 10 high, a fine specimen of a feral dragon. He shakes his head, then turns to see you, smiling wide.

"Ah, good day, sir!" the big dragon rumbles, his voice gravelly, yet smooth. "My name is Grath, it's my pleasure to be your summon companion!"

“Pleasure’s mine, Grath!” you huff, running up towards the confused beast in a great hurry, as Mohz’s body starts to vibrate and twitch, and stretch bigger. “Could we please get airborne? Immediately?”

“Oh, of course, sir!” Grath soothes, nodding his huge head. “My expertise is in high-speed flight–”

“Lovely,” you pant, scaling up his dark brown back spikes, taking a seat. “You’ll want to lift off right away, please!”

“Where exactly...ah, are we, sir?” the professional dragon asks, blinking. “Some sort of strange canyon?”

He feels the rumbling and looks up as the sky-high Rizii and Byrna thunder down the mighty steps, getting bigger and bigger as they do. Grath screams in dragon (it’s definitely a new sound to you) and takes to flight, flapping frantically higher and higher.

“What in the world!?” the feral dragon booms, fighting to ascend high enough to avoid Rizii’s huge blue soles as they slam the step below, the movement enough to shove air out and send Grath into a mild spin. “S-sir, what is this!?”

“The rest of my party, Grath! Just keep going higher!”

All 13,200 feet of kobold wobbles to a stop as Rizii snorts, perks her ears and squints, just as the 6,150-foot Byrna bumps into her massive back muscles.

“Did you hear that?” Rizii growls, her humongous floppy ears swiveling toward the flapping dragon-speck near her chin. “I almost heard Lloyd.”

“Maybe it’s the acoustics,” Byrna ponders, just as Mohz erupts larger, down by their feet.

The kirin’s bulky body explodes in size as the Sigil glows brighter and brighter, pushing him up from a proud 7 feet of muscle to 70 in one burst, then 210, clearing Rizii’s clawed toes. He shudders and grits his teeth as he bursts to 680 feet the next push, his eyes shut, his hoof-feet spreading wider as he shakes and balloons to 1,800 feet, the swelling male trying to cry out as raw power floods his booming mass!

The steps shrink from plains to platforms as he huff-huffs, gulps, then booms up to half a mile in size, then a full mile, getting bigger, faster, as the Sigil glows even brighter, until his horn and long hair and flicking ears reaches Byrna’s height, shoving right up past the startled female:

“BAH!” Byrna shrieks, making Rizii start, turning her body to where Mohz grows up directly underneath her huge, swaying breasts.

“What?” Rizii chirps, before Mohz blasts up to her size, shaking terribly. “GAH!”

“P-PARDON,” Mohz politely bellows, as he groans and tenses in on himself, his muscles throbbing with his racing heartbeat, before the huge kirin blasts up even *bigger* than her!

“OOH,” Rizii coos, suddenly deeply impressed, just before Mohz’s overblown pectorals rub up and swell clear of her breasts, burying the kobold’s massive muzzle in growing, furry pectorals. Her tail whip-whips all about immediately.

“What madness have you summoned me into, human?” Grath balks, the comparatively bug-sized dragon trying to flap clear of Mohz’s growing muscles. “What sort of quest is this!?”

You opt to forego any mention that the dragon is losing his professionalism. It’s understandable enough.

“We just need to keep up with these four, okay Grath? That’s all I need you to do!”

“Four, s-sir?”

You *pat-pat* the dragon’s thick neck, and he looks back to Arlei, farther down in the final dungeon entrance area, and he shrieks in shock.

“SHE’S EVEN BIGGER!?”

“Our party is a little complicated, fair,” you admit, fishing in your bag for a nugget of Dragon’s Food. “But I have good compensation, if you’ll treat this as an escort mission!”

Grath sniffs, then gasps.

“R-really? I mean, ah, o-of course, sir, it really is my pleasure!”

“You help us, Grath, and I’ll make you a *huge* dragon. How’s that sound?”

“Oh, sir, I’d be delighted! Yes, yes, of course! I...don’t know how you acquired that food, but it’s not every day, or even year, that it’s offered! Haha, yes, yes sir!”

Good old dragon greed!

“I have three, Grath.”

You feel the dragon shudder violently as he hears this.

“YES, SIR! HAHA, A-ANYTHING YOU LIKE, SIR!”

“Just call me Lloyd, Grath. Welcome to the party! You’re just in time for the final dungeon, too, good to have a dragon on board!”

You toss the golden nugget of food into the air, in a nice, easy arc, and Grath rears back just enough to snap it up with a thrilled gulp and a throaty purr.

“MMMMHMMHMM! MMF, THANK YOU, LLOYD! OHO, THANK YOU!”

The dragon is beyond elated, and the moment he starts to rumble deep inside, it doesn't diminish any. His rumbling grows with him as the red dragon closes his eyes and starts creaking all over, his bloody scales pulling wonderfully tight over his billowing body. His wings flap harder and louder with each beat as he swells out of control, his horns lengthening, his toothy muzzle shoving out as his feral chest and thighs and arms boom bigger, in a series of rapturous, concussive bursts. You hold on, feeling each spike swell on either side of you, rising from seat-sized bump into towering, door-high ridges as you watch him swell bigger and stronger under you!

“NNNNNNNRGH,” he thick-purrs, Grath's form blowing up past 20 feet to 40 feet...then, 80 feet! Those nuggets of food are serious business, after all!

You feel yourself dwindling against his spreading back as he trembles one last time, snorts cutely, and explodes to 160 feet, roaring with unmatched glee as he savors getting so much stronger than his unseen compatriots.

“YES! GAHAHA! I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, LLOYD! HAHA! I SWEAR MYSELF TO YOUR QUEST, GLADLY!”

Grath does a jubilant loop-de-loop in the air, and you hold on tight—only for a shadow to fall over you both as a looming kirin muzzle and wide, thin deer-nose fills your periphery, and then some.

“I FOUND THEM,” Mohz shatter-speaks, shocking the dragon and yourself back into the moment, his raw decibel force shaking the air.

“Goodness!” Grath rumbles, trying to stay calm in the shadow of a kirin over 16,000 feet tall. Indeed, to you he's a small mountain; to Byrna, he's a giant, three times her great size, and to Rizii, he's...*taller*. “Such magnificent companions!”

For the first time in all the confusion, you realize: how haven't even bothered to look at any stats, for anyone—yourself included!

ARLEI, LV 97, HOLY MAID (SHADOW)

HP: 31,600/31,600

MP: 6,900/6,900

STRENGTH: 10,000

DEFENSE: 12,500

DEXTERITY: 5,150

SPEED: 7,200

HEIGHT: 64,416'
WEIGHT: ??????

SKILLS: AURA MAX, ALL-SMASH MAX, BRUNT MAX, ECONO MAX,
ALL-COVER, HOLY SONG, CHARM MAX, SEAL
SPELLS: HEAL MAX, CURE ALL, DETOX, RAISE MAX, HIGH ARMOR, WARP,
SUB-WARP, HOLY FLARE, HEAVEN'S ANVIL, ALL-SPIRAL

You had always been told how difficult it was to level up, after a certain range, and this just bears that idea out. That much experience, and still, Arlei hasn't quite hit that unimaginable level number, that golden number that even fools don't dare to dream.

LLOYD, LV 58, ADVENTURER

HP: 5,800/5,800
MP: 880/880
STRENGTH: 3,700
DEFENSE: 2,440
DEXTERITY: 2,900
SPEED: 4,000

HEIGHT: 5'09"
WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: CONFUSE MAX, STEAL MAX, COVER ALL, SCREEN MAX, REBUKE
ALL, SLOW MAX, READER MAX, FULL STUN

RIZII, LV 69, KOBOLD AMAZON

HP: 9,600/9,600
MP: 810/810
STRENGTH: 15,500 +10,000 BOOST
DEFENSE: 16,900 + 13,000 BOOST
DEXTERITY: 8,300
SPEED: 9,000

HEIGHT: 13,200'03"
WEIGHT: ?????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY MAX, MULTI-STRIKE MAX, SMASH MAX, CRUSH MAX,
REBUKE ALL, DEFENSE MAX, ECONO MAX
SPELLS: PERM BUFF, DRAIN ALL

NEXT LEVEL: 91,000/220,000 EXP

BYRNA, LV 72, FLAME SALAMENTAL

HP: 8,200/8,200
MP: 1,060/1,060

STRENGTH: 5,000 +5,000 BOOST
DEFENSE: 9,500 +6,000 BOOST
DEXTERITY: 7,700
SPEED: 5,400

HEIGHT: 6,150'07"
WEIGHT: ??????

SKILLS: ECONO MAX, COVER ALL, LASH ALL, EMBER MAX, CRUSH ALL
SPELLS: HELLFIRE, PERM BUFF, WARP, SUB-WARP, HEAT SHIELD ALL

NEXT LEVEL: 50,000/260,000 EXP

MOHZ, LV 81, KIRIN MAGE

HP: 6,300/6,300
MP: 1,910/1,910
STRENGTH: 4,800
DEFENSE: 4,400
DEXTERITY: 4,900
SPEED: 4,280

HEIGHT: 16,500'00"
WEIGHT: ????????

SPELLS: BUFF MAX, REMEDY ALL, REFLECT OUT, FLAME MAX, ICE MAX,
WAVE MAX, THUNDER MAX, CHARM ALL, RAISE ALL, FLOAT, COMET, FLARE,
STONE

NEXT LEVEL: 190,000/320,000 EXP

"They're good!" you agree, grinning at their world-filling selves, from your perspective.
"Better than ever, in fact! COVER ALL!"

Grath seems perplexed, until a smoke burst consumes you and he, the dragon growling slightly in confusion.

"Ah, Lloyd?" he asks, patiently.

"Fly to the biggest reptile, down in the dungeon, they'll follow us!"

Rizii looks a little upset that anyone other than Arlei is bigger than her, but she also has a half-grin that speaks louder as she looks the massive, sleek, bulging kirin over, Byrna eyeing the monstrous erection bobbing inflated sacs and the ripped threads of a robe trying evermore to contain it.

“Ah, there we are,” the kirin laughs, pointing a finger bigger than an entire tower at a contrail of smoke pulling out down the stairwell. “That would be our clever lad. Shall we?”

“After you, cute-cute,” Rizii says, covering her huge muzzle right after.

Mohz sticks his massive soft tongue out a playful bit, then thud-thuds down the steps, his muscles shifting hypnotically, his rear swaying with a coy wiggle of his tail. Byrna nudges Rizii, giggling, the bigger kobold afire with blush-blush.

“Lloyd?” Arlei moans, rubbing at her scaly temples in confusion. The massive maid bites her lip and circles heavily about in place, her head still just a few ‘feet’ shy of the dungeon ceiling. “Anyone? I—oh, thank goodness!”

The bronze giantess chirps in relief as Mohz, Rizii and Byrna all descend the stairs, the colossal maid not yet having realized that you and Grath have been buzzing around her vast ear hole, trying to shout loud enough for her to notice. It’s a bit like shouting at a country, and expecting it to answer.

“Glad you’re okay, dear!” Byrna says, running up and hugging Arlei’s lower ankle. Even for a creature over a mile tall, it’s as good as the salamander can currently do.

“Arast got way bigger around us,” Rizii sighs, grinning. “You must have gotten super-huge, to make it that mad-mad, haha!”

“I...suppose I blew up a bit,” Arlei murmurs, as Mohz steps back a tiny bit, blinking.

“I suppose in more ways than one, my dear,” the kirin chuckles, waving a hand big enough to hold a castle. “Can’t say I blame you, it...it is something to feel.”

Arlei lights up.

“You can tell?”

“You smell like a honeymoon, love!” Byrna purrs, nuzzling in gladly.

“I like it!” Rizii agrees. “You look free, to me! Good for you!”

For once, it’s great that no one in the party can see you, because you’re beet-red in the face. The thought that...she was doing *that*...you’re glad for her, what with her empowerment and taking herself into...her own hand...you just hadn’t pegged now as the time, or the final dungeon as the place for it!

“Your party is weird, sir,” Grath huffs, shaking his head slowly. “Where to, then?”

“Well, we need to figure this area out, and find the resurrection chamber.”

Grath tenses up, under you.

“Beg pardon?” the enlarged dragon snorts. “Heh, sir, I believe the only one known for any possible resurrection powers is...is, ah, the Archmage. Haha.”

“Right.”

Again, a pause. A different, bigger one.

“We’re ah, going to...the Archmage?”

“Right.”

“OH.”

“You did swear to the quest, Grath—”

“Oh, I k-know, Lloyd, sir. Yes. I did, didn’t I. Ahah. Hah. Er.”

“Let’s start at that quadrant, please.”

The faintest of whimpers manages to escape a dragon nearly as big as high-tiers, though admittedly he’s nowhere near the size of the elder wyrms sitting stuffed in King Endid’s hall. He glumly flap-flaps and nods, starting to guide the lingering smoke into a half-assed arrow, mid-air.

“We’re a lot stronger than we look, you know,” you offer, somewhat defensively.

“If you made it here, I believe you, I really do,” the dragon sighs, gulping. “But it’s the Archmage, Lloyd.”

“I know, Grath. Believe me, I really do.”

You hear Arlei squeal-boom excitedly behind as she catches sight of the smoke arrow you’re leaving, followed by the rapid booming of her huge feet slamming the dungeon over and over. She must be following along.

“LLOYD, YOU’RE OKAY!” she thunder-talks, her voice so powerful it shakes even the giant dragon inside and out. “I WAS WORRIED, HAHA! WE’LL GET YOU BIG, DON’T WORRY!”

“That’s not what I was worried about,” you mutter.

Grath laughs.

So, Mohz, Rizii and Byrna follow Arlei, who follows you carefully, the giantess stepping over entire chasms and bridges, while Mohz holds her tail on the opposite end and lets Byrna wiggle across the gap. Rizii and Mohz start a game of throwing one another over spans, or just laughing and stepping right over them. *They're...having fun!?*

"This is kind of serious business," you sigh, as Grath laughs again.

"They seem fun."

"Well, we'll get you even bigger, and you can play with them later."

"REALLY?" Grath purrs, the dragon unironically thrilled. "I'D LOVE TO PLAY! I HAVEN'T GOTTEN TO RELAX IN SO LONG, AND—Ah, aha, sorry!"

"I figured you were more happy to grow."

"Oh, that, too, sir! Lloyd! Just...I work to work, and...it's been awhile since I've seen a party that actually acted like...friends."

You grin wider, nodding, without thinking about it.

They are, aren't they.

Absolutely, yes!

Odd. You could swear you just answered yourself, without using your own voice. You pause, but hear nothing more, and continue on.

You're so close!

As you go along, final dungeon creatures start to peek out, only to retreat at the sight of you and the party. Well, okay, the *party*. Not one dares to attack as you cross over lava pools and poison lakes, your enormous comrades joking and shoving each other, Rizii play-threatening to push Byrna into the poison pit, Byrna 'pretending' to grab Rizii's nipples to keep from falling.

Ooh, that was close, wasn't it! Haha!

Mohz picks both huge females up as they squeal and laugh, his massive bulk surging as he walks them respectfully over a final threshold at the top of a massive stairwell.

In a few minutes, you've cleared the dungeon. Even enlarged, at your collective sizes, it's still no trouble to do it. Rizii steps up with one or two motions and opens the monstrous double doors wide, gesturing for you all to enter in.

Here goes.

Be brave, little hero!

Over and over, the voice returns, small and chipper, even encouraging.

“I don’t suppose you hear anything, Grath?” you finally work up the nerve to query.

“Just your friends.”

“They’re your friends, too, once you’re big enough to be seen by them. Speaking of which, let’s land, this should be the final area. I owe you more treats!”

“Sir!”

The huge dragon touches down among your four gargantuan comrades, wagging faster as you fish another nugget out, and throw it. Grath snatches it right up and swallows, starting to tremble and moan in joy.

“Enjoy, heh!”

“I’ve nuh-never had...more th-than onnnne,” he growls, starting to clench up and dig his swelling claws into the darkened chamber, before blowing up so much bigger that it bowls you back, forcing you to ride it out as you hugs his ever-widening paw! “GHHAAAAAAAAAHA!!”

Mohz is the first to notice as a seemingly red dragon randomly booms up into view, just barely so. In one thick boom Grath looms over you at a stunning 320 feet, getting more and more powerful, more bulk crowding his surging scales as he grimaces and shakes, panting loudly, his tongue lolling out as she blasts up with a tight pulling burst to 640 feet! He’s starting to rival the biggest dragons known to history, and with an overjoyed bellow, his rumbling body spurts up even larger, pumping the red titan to a gorgeous and impressive 1,280 feet in length, his height on all fours still reaching 400 feet!

“YEEEESSSSS!”

“WELL, A DRAGON!” Mohz booms, making the tinier feral giant turn to see him looming overhead, far larger and bulkier, yet. “I IMAGINED LLOYD WAS FLYING ABOUT ON SOMETHING. YOU COULD HAVE JUST BROUGHT ME ALONG WITH YOU, MY LAD, GROWING ME WAS HARDLY NECESSARY.”

He extends a vast palm, allowing the red dragon to climb up, with you still hugging his vast, bulging paw. Mohz, still over 12 times bigger, still, easily handles Grath like a small lizard as he brings him up and smiles gently.

“HELLO, THERE.”

“G-greetings, sir!” Grath yelps, trying to keep his composure as Rizii looks over Mohz’s huge bicep, Byrna having to heavily jump up to see over the other. “Lloyd says that we uh,

s-should be here!”

“YES, YES, HE’S RIGHT,” Mohz rumbles, nodding, his head so big it can be heard moving up and down. “NOW, WE FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.”

“What happens next is, you die!”

A somewhat-familiar voice rings out, drawing your attention to a last set of stairs, leading up to a huge set of curtains, several pyres suddenly flaring with flames. Between them is the tiny, miniscule form of a naga, one so comparatively small that he’s only perhaps as big as Byrna’s leg. Of course, that means he’s bigger than you, considerably. That likely puts the man-snake at a towering 1,500 feet in size!

“Who the heck?” Rizii grunts, sniffing at the naga at the end of the chamber, before growling. “Ugh, you again! That no-good naga that cut off our warp in the jungle!”

“The same!” Gorj rumbles, the expanded naga folding his decently thick arms. “I’m linked to Arast, as a high servant of the great Archmage! Not only can I use the warp technology of my ancestors, but I can shut it off, too! You shouldn’t have even made it here! Though, heh, I do owe you morons this much: if Arast grows, I grow with it!”

“Fat lot of good it does you, squirt,” Rizii snarls, grinning wider. “I can bash you good-good, no sweat!”

“Oh, you won’t be fighting me,” Gorj smugly hums. “I just wanted to see you off, before being there for the resurrection of my Master! You idiots will be entertaining the one my Lord sealed away, long ago. Didn’t you feel it when you moved Galan from her post, and opened the way? Did you really think a being as powerful as the Archmage would have one measly wench in a statue as his safety precaution? Haha!”

Hahaha!

You jerk back, still hugging Grath’s massive paw, as the laughter is right beside you, practically in your ear by now.

“Enjoy an infinity of madness, you boobs!” Gorj sneers, the enlarged naga slithering off onto a final teleporter beyond the curtains, vanishing away.

“Who in the hell was he talking about?” Rizii chirps, shrugging her massive shoulders.

Probably me, haha!

A creature you hardly expected to ever see *pops* into view, right before the stairwell, taking a long, low, theatrical bow. It’s a rat. A rat, in a skintight, red-blue jester’s outfit. Her muzzle pokes out from behind a red mask, a red cowl around it, culminating in three jangle-belled fabric fronds that bend and wobble around her head and perked rat ears.

She's slender and light, a long pink tail running from her pert behind, clad it clinging, smooth fabric, similar to spandex or rubber (not that you know of it, yourself, by name). A huge blue heart rests right on her belly, almost like a fur pattern, as she brings her rodent hands up and claps enthusiastically.

“Pleasure to meet you lot! I agree with Grath, you *do* look like a fun group!”

“Who?” Byrna asks; the red dragon waves to her, and she smiles and waves back.

“The Archmage locked you away, did he?” Mohz asks, seeming a bit more serious.

“He did, that stinker!” the rat sighs, though she’s still smiling. “A good gag, I admit. I love that about him! Haha!”

The moment she inhales from laughing, you see it. She stretches a few relative feet bigger, inflating her body with the intake. She appeared at roughly Byrna's size, but the giggling has already blown her up to 7,000 feet, even. Her chest starts to balloon out disproportionately, blowing out over her sleeved arms as she sighs.

“Better, better,” the rat squeaks casually. “I haven’t had any fun in so long, I’m starved for it. I don’t mind telling you! But you’ll play with me, won’t you?”

BOSS: JESTMI, GODDESS OF CHAOS, LV 999999999999
HP: 9999999999999999999999999999/99
MP: YES/MAYBE

“He captured a goddess?” you stammer, your mind snapping. “That’s not possible!”

The busty rat pops into view before you, suddenly your size, but keeping her proportions in the hips and rear and chest.

“I KNOW! It’s insane, right? Hahahaha!”

She inflates even bigger, her tightly-concealed bosom blowing up into your shocked face, before she poofs away, reforming in front of the party, now as big as Mohz. Bigger, even.

“I...don’t suppose you would just let us pass, miss Jestmi?” Mohz asks.

“I could, but...really, why?” the humongous she-rat putters, grinning impossibly wide. “Where’s the fun, then? You need to unwind, sir!”

A snap of her thick rodent fingers, and Mohz literally unravels. Before you all. The kirin's eyes bulge as his entire body breaks into ribbons, which deconstruct and separate into a pile on the immense floor.

“Mohz!” Byrna shrieks, backing away. “Please, undo this!”

“Oh, he’s fine, he isn’t hurt,” Jestmi sighs, shaking a dismissive hand. “You really don’t have to worry about being wiped out, I wouldn’t do that to company! I love mortals so, so much! Haha! You’re unbelievably entertaining! Hahaha!”

Again, the more she laughs, the bigger the rat inflates. Her huffs swells her breasts even larger, fat nipples starting to bulge against the shining rubber fabric with loud, giddy stretches. She balloons higher and wider, her hips flaring twice as wide, her thighs impossibly big, already, finishing her growth spurt with a plump bounce and a happy sigh as she towers over you all, at a staggering 25 miles in height. Her head draws nearer to the ceiling as she leans down, brushing the very tips of her fat breasts over Mohz's ears and horn, the tip of which nearly seems to poke into the rubber deep, threatening to pop it.

“I was so tired of the chaos of the universe, after its creation, you have no idea,” Jestmi rumbles, rolling her eyes in different directions. “There was too much...order to it! It just got so old, you know? But then, mortals, mortals, mortals! And oh, what a time! I was, hah, I was there when the first primordial shoved the second one, just to see it fall! Haha! I was...hee, I was the first giggle anyone made during love!”

Again, the rumbling rodent bursts in size, lurching bigger in hungry, massive, loud, stretchy bulges of pure growth. A strange rush of air rides each surge, a kind of lowering echo, as her body consumes the entire back of the great chamber, stretching bigger against the stairwell, her rear pumping into the back wall as her head and back and shoulders grind up, up into the ceiling, starting to break it apart around her 40-mile tall body.

“Did you all know that Arast’s growth is my doing? Yes? That’s why the Archmage tricked me into powering the kingdom, and putting it so high up in the air! He said that whoever managed to make it up here would have to be phenomenal playmates for me, and since a few thousand years is a nap away, I figured I should take him up on it! And here you are! Imagine how big you would be, compared to everything else, back down on the world, back in normal space! Imagine how BIG I WOULD BE! BAHAAAAHAHA!”

“Uh, everyone,” Rizii gulps, she and Byrna scooping the pile of Mohz and moving it back, as Grath takes to flight in a panic, taking you with him. “This is getting kind of cramped!”

“IS IT, CUTIE?” Jestmi bellows, not even trying to. “I’M JUST FINALLY STARTING TO GET COMFORTABLE!”

The 60-mile tall rodent's bloated body overfills everything, her breasts pressing Rizii and Byrna and whatever Mohz is against the entrance wall, her hips flaring bigger and bigger and bigger, inflating nonstop against a pinned Grath and yourself.

With no recourse, you take the poison blade and stab her with it, the tip sinking deep for:

-9,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999,999 DAMAGE? WHEE!

The megarat bursts, exploding into a shower of confetti and streamers, leaving the five of you shaking in surprise and fear as Mohz starts to reform back to normal, panting deeply, trying to keep himself collected.

“Heavens.”

The huffing kirin shudders, for all his efforts, as you get Grath to fly over to the other three. Other three?

“Where’s Arlei?” you wonder, looking about among the settling confetti storm. “Arlei!”

“IS EVERYONE OKAY?” Arlei asks, the looming reptile checking in as she towers behind you. When you all turn, however, she’s clad in the same jester’s suit, the kindly lizard titan blinking through her mask in confusion. “W...WHAT?”

“Arloof?” Mohz asks, before shaking his head, and opening his mouth, to reveal a huge serpent for a tongue that lashes at him, making the cool-headed mage stumble back.

“Yes!” Rizii roars, despite the panic on her face, as the confetti around her turns into countless tiny Jestmis, a swarm of little busty rats covering her up from head to toe, piling on more and more and more as the kobold thrashes wildly, nearly striking Byrna. “Get more on! Get them all on me! I love it!”

Every single rat starts to laugh hysterically. Each of them begin to rumble and expand, inflating themselves bigger and bigger and bigger, until the entire chamber is quaking.

“Everyone, in!” you shout as you spur Grath toward the doorway out, only for the dragon to splash through it as though it were liquid, falling down back in the dungeon.

“Lloyd, I CaN’T FIY RiGhT!”

You turn back to see a thousand swelling female rats rubbing and nuzzling and laughing at each other, some nibbling on nipples, some absorbing back into others to make them even larger, wriggling in between their legs as the others cry out happily. Innumerable huge breasts rub and surge and swell, angling and dimpling as a million rubber squeaks mingle with happy rat chirps! From that sea of growing breasts you can see Rizii fighting out, popping through the door, which evaporates into steam as she sputters and turns back to protect you, her cleaver out.

“This is great, Lloyds!” she says, grunting with frustration. “Stay away!”

Instantly, her cleaver is a monstrous erection, making the huge kobold gasp in shock—only for her head to inflate as a result, before bursting into more confetti!

“AHHH!” you shout, even Grath backing away with you, as Rizii falls over and dies—only for Rizii to scramble back out of the chamber-full of still-growing breasts, panting,

wide-eyed and terrified. The all-consuming orgy of breasts and chittering rat muzzles finally gets too huge for the chamber, and starts to spill out into the dungeon, each rat easily 10 miles in size, and getting bigger and hotter and stretchier as the three of you back away.

“I think she made an illusion of you to drive us mad,” you shout, your voice suddenly huge, so big it makes Rizii wince, despite being 2.5 miles tall.

“NO, IT WAS ME,” she nearly cries, shaking. “WE’RE OUT OF OUR LEAGUE, LLOYD, WE NEED T-TO RETREAT!”

“S-she has to have a weak point!” you insist, your voice still huge thanks to the loosed chaos magic.

“SHE’S A GODDESS, LLOYD! WE’RE UP AGAINST GODS!”

Over a dozen enormous spilling rats merge into a single sleeved arm as Jestmi recombines into a horrifically immense giant, her hand along too big for Rizii to fit in as it slams down into the dungeon. She snarl-smiles as she rubber-pulls herself out more and more, her breasts exploding larger and larger as she throbs with chaos and energy.

“PLAY! PLAY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?” Jestmi thunders, laughing madly as you feel Rizii pick you up and stomp off the way your party came. The 110-mile tall rat blinks, and every bit of confetti from Rizii’s explosion turns into another tiny Jestmi, all of whom begin to cackle and blow up even *bigger*.

“What’ve you lunatics gotten me into!?” Grath howls, the huge dragon clinging like a baby to Rizii—only for Grath to start swelling to double his size, then double that, the shocked dragon ballooning so big so suddenly that he not only weighs Rizii down, but flattens her in place! “H-HELP! S-STOP!”

“We’re in her space, Lloyd!” Arlei shouts, the pixie-sized fairy reptile fluttering around in a panic. “Can you hear me, Lloyd? HEY! LISTEN!”

This is way more than too much. You’ll go mad in minutes, at this rate.

“Lloyd?” all four Arlei fairies ask in unison. “Should I attack?”

“N-no!” you pant, as the groaning Grath continues to enlarge, grunting and booming triple his size, now over 15 miles in size, and still growing. Rizii slithers out, a huge blue snake with her erection-cleaver dragging in her coils.

“Lloyd, seriously, we can’t do this-this!” the Rizii-snake hisses. “It’s too weird! Even for me, this is kinky! I’d r-rather die-die than keep this up! Where’s Byrna and Mohz?”

“This way, everyone!” Byrna says, the huge female kirin glowing orange as she bleats. She’s standing on the dungeon ceiling as she waves, only for her to tremble and cry out as her

breasts cave into pectorals, a bloated erection and testicles bursting out from her thighs as she turns into an orange Mohz. “Ah, please hurry! I can’t take this!”

“Follow her!” you shout, as Jestmi’s enormous muzzle bursts up behind you, millions of tinier, growing Jestmis stuffing into her mouth to feed her growth.

“WHERE,” one growing rat laughs, before vanishing into the biggest Jestmi’s mouth.

“ARE YOU,” another one laughs, getting even bigger, so big it stretches the biggest one’s maw strangely.

“GOOOOOIIIIING!?” a third roars, turning into a flying rat-dragon, who swells bigger between your party and the biggest Jestmi. Grath struggles to move, he’s getting so big that he wedges in between the dungeon floor and the ceiling, pulsing bigger and bigger, grinding up into it as he moans—only for the rat-dragon to match his size and consume him, bulging even fatter for it with a happy rumble.

“LLOYD!” Mohz shouts, as the ground beneath you turns into kirin fur, thick and soft and deep. Everywhere you look in the direction you’re all fleeing, you see it. Mohz isn’t just big—he’s *become* the dungeon! “LLOOOOOYD!”

“W-WARP!” Byrna shouts, still in kirin form!

“WARP!”

“WARP!”

Kirin-Byrna’s echos teleport more and more Jestmis into the Mohz-dungeon, all of whom wave to you and smile.

“HI LLOYD!” they all roar together. “DON’T RUN! LET’S BE FRIENDS, WHAT DO YOU SAY?”

More of the surging waves of Jestmis laughs and swell larger, rubbery pulls and inflating skins and booming hips and rubbing rears and billowing breasts all cascade into a frenzy of lewd noise and soft, rat-groans of joy as you panic utterly, lost in madness incarnate.

“Lloyd!” Rizii bellows, the snake-kobold suddenly inflating into a massive, stretchy-scaled blimp. “K-kill her!”

“How?” you bleat, your voice going all wrong. “Attacking her does nothing!”

“HEAL ALL!” the army of Arlei fairies all shout, covering every Jestmi in flame. They all melt down into unharmed, blue-red rubber, and twist together into a dungeon/Mohz-filling mass that keeps expanding, bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger, mile after mile, until everyone’s swimming in her liquid form.

“WHAT’S WRONG, LITTLE ONES?” Jestmi’s voice booms, as a huge rat muzzle forms in the center of the Jestmi-lake, which keeps rising higher and higher, covering the entire dungeon-kirin as she rumbles happily. “PLAYING TOO ROUGH? I APOLOGIZE! GODS DO HAVE TO BE GENTLE WITH MORTALS, I SUPPOSE!”

Gods.

GODS.

She’s right, if completely nuts. You’re mortals. Even the archmage couldn’t kill her, clearly. She’s so incredibly powerful and dangerous, that only a god could ever hope to—

There’s no time to fight it, or to even think it through.

Swirling in a churning ocean of rat, you remove your glove, point the mimic ring right at her towering, laughing, growing rat muzzle, and shout:

“MIMIC!”

You explode.

You

explode.

For a moment, you’re pretty sure you’ve gone and

died.

Your mind *seems* to be in a similar state as it was, with Reb, but you aren’t really sure.

After a year or two passes,

you feel a twist on your very being, as you reshape steadily, clumsily, figuring yourself out with a modest degree of understanding, until *you’re done*.

You rise up from the lake of ever-growing, dungeon-filling rat, panting raggedly from the effort of reforming yourself. You look yourself over, still shaking from the experience, only to

see hands that are no longer your own. They should, perhaps, be rat hands. That would make the most sense, so far as that can get you here. But they aren't.

They're clawed, yes...but they're also scaly, not furred. Your hands are a brilliant emerald green with a tint of yellow, if you hit the light of the dungeon right. You feel yourself over, to find that your face is now a muzzle, with sharp teeth; you have horns up on your forehead, rising out of your usual shock of hair. You blink your big eyes, wishing you could see yourself—

That's when the mirror appears in front of you, quite suddenly.

You yelp, stepping back, looking yourself over, seeing not yourself, but a rather tall, well-built young kobold, all green, with yellow belly plates and gentle blue eyes!

“What.”

Your word comes out of a strange new throat, making you look yourself over in fascination for a moment, before you finally accept it:

“I'm a kobold!?”

You were aiming for *rat*, quite literally. You turn around to see things more insane than ever, in your presumably-brief absence. The ceiling is now also Mohz, and Byrna is a series of geometric shapes with a muzzle on one, its tongue sticking out.

“Someone?” it calls, sighing impatiently. “Hello?”

You blink a moment, then point to it.

“That's Byrna,” you say, trying to do so calmly. Instantly, she reappears, back in normal form, her gigantic, curvy salamander body back to rights. “Rizii...is just fine, too.”

Just like nothing at all, the huge blue kobold pops back to reality, totally unhurt and fine as she looks and feels herself over.

“Ho, thank goodness—AH!”

She sees you, stepping back. Then, she steps forward, squinting.

You snap your thick kobold fingers, feeling the new sensation of claws clicking claws. With a flash, Mohz is back as himself again, shaking his head in stupefaction as the dungeon returns to how it once was. Arlei pops back up at full size, as well, feeling herself over a moment, before turning to thank you.

“Oh, Lloyd, thank—”

The party sees you, a well-built, youthful, strapping sort of kobold...as big as Mohz. With another clap of your hands Grath reappears, tumbling to the floor at his previous size.

“Oh, thank you,” the big (but not as big) dragon sighs, looking up to you, and doing a lurch back from surprise. “Gah!”

“Is everyone okay?” you rumble, cocking her head in concern, meaning it.

“L...Lloyd?” Byrna asks, slowly, her jaw going slack. “Is that...you!”

“What happened?” Rizii balks, bug-eyed, looking you over excitedly. “You...whoa, twerp...y-you’re beautiful!”

“He is!” Byrna gasps, hands to her pudgy cheeks. “How did you do that?”

“I ah, heh, mimicked her.”

“Really!” Mohz huffs, still shaking a little from his ordeal. “Y-you certainly pulled the most ambitious mimic ever, haha. M-mimicking a goddess is no small task!”

“But why a kobold?” Arlei asks, coming up close, looking you over, still bigger than you. “Isn’t Jestmi a rat?”

“I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUNNIER IF IT WAS A RANDOM SPECIES!”

The huge rat jester pops back into view, the ocean of rubber gone, the hordes of rats vanished. She floats upside down, her breasts sinking down into her chin as she smiles. The party turns to her, everyone scooting back behind you, trying to mask what’s clearly lingering terror.

“You...have some serious issues,” you growl, pointing a clawed finger.

“AND YOU...OH, YOU’RE JUST AS FUN AS I WAS PROMISED!” Jestmi giggles, inflating her breasts and rear happily as she rubs her growing rodent hands together. “WE’RE GOING TO HAVE THE BEST TIME, LLOYD! HAHA! YOU KNOW, A KOBOLD IS A GOOD LOOK FOR YOU! YOU’RE WELCOME, SMALL FRY!”

“WARP.”

At your command, everyone appears in what seems to be...space itself!

“Ah, Lloyd, dear,” Arlei huffs, confused. “Where are we?”

“Not...where I was hoping to go,” you say, also baffled.

“NO, NO, LOVE,” Jestmi giggles, the huge rat popping into place before you all as you float among the planets. She’s easily your own size, perhaps right at 4 miles tall, spinning in a

circle as her thick pink tail trails around in a cute loop. “YOU MIMICKED ME, THAT’S TRUE...BUT YOU DID SO IN MY SPACE. IT’S STILL *MY* RULES.”

“Are we in Arast, then?” Mohz ponders, staring at massive planets.

“A SUB-POCKET, LET’S CALL IT,” the gigantic rubbery rat explains patiently. “YOU ONLY HAVE THESE POWERS IN THIS SPACE, AND I’M FAR, FAR MORE ADEPT WITH THEM. YOU’RE A NEWCOMER, AT BEST. GO ON, TAKE A SHOT AT ME! PLEASE!”

You roll your shoulders, then focus around her. In moments, a large cage of iron forms, clanging down around her, and sealing up tight.

“MMMN,” Jestmi sighs. “OKAY, YOU’RE EVEN LESS ALONG THAN I THOUGHT. THAT’S FINE, WE HAVE TIME! HAHA!”

Again, the rat swells, inflating herself to 6 miles, then 9, her ballooning proportions mashing and dimpling against the bars—and still, she swells!

“G’HAHAHAHA! AAAHAHAHAHAAA, HAHAHAHAHAAA!”

She explodes in scope, the bars straining and bowing as the rumbling rodent booms out around them, pockets of rubber growth stretching bigger, and bigger, until the entire cage is blown away, a 100-mile mega-rat taking its place!

“TRY AGAIN!” she thunder-purrs, her huge whiskers rippling space as she swishes her now-immense rubber hips. “I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT!”

“Lloyd, better think of something,” Rizii snorts, floating nearby. “Think...I dunno, BIGGER!”

“YES, LLOYD,” Jestmi guffaws, her stretchy body expanding up, up, and up, getting bigger and wider and curvier, until each thigh is as big as her breasts combined, her head and jangle-fronds comparatively tiny as she shoots up to 500 miles, consuming your view.

“BIGGER! THAT’S ALL IT’S ABOUT, RIGHT? BAHHAHAHAHAHA! WELL, YOU SHOULD JUST LOOOOVE MEEEEEE, THEN!”

Both pumped-out breasts surge forward as the 800-mile colossus crushes in on her own chest with huge arms and spread rodent paws, nipple pushing out into zeppelins from the air pressure as her breasts smash in over the parry from both sides, sending out shockwaves through the strange, new cosmos around you!

She smiles, feeling you tremble within her bosom, then gawking in mock-amazement as your kobold body erupts in size, shooting up so big that you’re a staggering 1,000 miles in size, your erection swelling up between her hot, oversized thighs.

“OKAY, NOT BAD!” she laughs, blowing up bigger than you instantly. “SHOULD WE

JUST KEEP DOING THIS, FOREVER? IT'S MY SPACE, REMEMBER? WE CAN FILL IT UP MORE AND MORE, JUST PLAYING AND SWELLING AND CUDDLING! FORGET THOSE MORTALS, AND PLAY WITH MEEEEEE!"

The 1,500-mile female rumbles smoothly, rubbing her nearly body-sized breasts tenderly, making batted eyes at you as her lashes lengthen impossibly, before she snerks and blusters, then bursts out laughing!

"YOU SHOULD SEEED YOOOOUR FFFFAAAAAACE!"

She balloons unstoppably bigger, her bust surging flat against a moon as she roars with laughter, inflating faster and faster and faster. Her nipples alone dwarf you as she screams larger, and larger, her hips many times wider, her bloating tail whipping in delight as she passes the size of a small planet, and still keeps swelling, louder and tighter and smoother!

"WARP!" you shout, trying again.

You blink out, then reappear. No good!

Jestmi's booming laughter envelops everything as she surges bigger than planets, starting to breathe all the smaller matter into herself at a terrifying rate!

"W-WARP!"

Nothing, this time. She's right, your powers are too underdeveloped! It's enough to keep your party safe, for now, but the mad goddess' power and size keeps expanding, the longer she's out in her territory, getting thousands of miles larger by the minute!

Her breasts alone consume the heavens as she rumbles and stretches, huge rat fingers stroking her ballooning sex underneath her rubber suit, her thighs doubling, then doubling again!

You can't warp. You're in *her* space.

"Lloyd!" Arlei says, whispering into your floppy, adorable kobold ear. Your eyes widen.

You throw both huge hands out, and concentrate, as a wooden roof suddenly crashes down hard, buffeting the endlessly huge rat's head, pushing it down into her overflowing bosom, before four walls appear and compress around her, squeezing her down, forcing her smaller and smaller as the walls connect and seal up, merging into a familiar place: the cabin!

"WHHAAAAT—"

"I just introduced a new place," you gloat, grinning, as the cabin shapes fully around you all, forcing the huge rat smaller, swallowing up planets that are nearest to her body as well. "You don't have control over it, because it's not *yours*."

The rat panics, trying to blow herself up even bigger, struggling to do so.

“YOU...YOU CAN’T!”

“I didn’t bend the rules,” you rumble, crossing your now-massive, bulky arms. “I just brought my space into yours, and now *you’re* in *it*.”

“NO...N-NO!”

“Not so funny now, is it?” Rizii asks, readying her restored cleaver. She slashes at the huge rodent, but nothing happens. “Ah, come on!”

“She’s still a deity, Rizii,” Mohz sighs, putting a huge hand on her shoulder. “I don’t think we have any chance of killing her.”

“T-THAT’S TRUE,” Jestmi mutters angrily, still trying to blow herself up big enough to crash the cabin apart, and free herself. “Y-YOU HAVE NO OPTIONS, JUST THE SAME!”

“Not true at all,” you reply, as the front door opens on its own. “We can just go.”

“WHAT!?” Jestmi roars, struggling to move. She’s still too big, she’s filling most of the living room tight. “NO! D-DON’T LEAVE!”

“Bye, now,” you chuckle, just enough to blow your muscles up impressively large. You’re still able to join the others as they wave goodbye and step out. “Maybe you can just play with yourself, in here.”

“LLOYD!”

You’re still able to squeeze out the door, and shut it. You *will* the handle and keyhole away, merging the door with the exterior wall, until that’s all there is.

You turn and sigh deeply, slumping down with a heavy crash onto the borders of Arast, still in one piece, still as enlarged as before, from Jestmi’s magic. In fact, you’re still a kobold, and a very, very, very enormous one, at that.

“No more space for let,” you laugh, your bulk swelling even bigger, until your green-scaled body is every bit as massive and hulking as Mohz’s. “Huh. Looks like I mimicked her powers, and her powers still work in Arast. It just isn’t occupied by her anymore. Am I...am I a god, now?”

“You’re amazing, that’s what you are, you nugget, you!” Rizii guffaws, the 2.5-mile tall kobold hugging your bigger 3.5 mile body tight, covering you in kisses. “That was the most insane *anything* I ever-ever saw! You crazy idiot! Bahaha!”

Byrna piles onto you, too, the 1.2-mile salamander snuggling up into your much larger,

stronger body, drinking it in. Grath pops up from between her huge breasts, gasping, shaking the whole ordeal off with a grunt, before pressing in tight to your muscles, meaning to or not.

“Really, I can’t believe that worked! That was ingenious, Lloyd! And look at you, you’re just gorgeous! Your form is perfect for a kobold! Your muscles are—AND YOUR PACKAGE!”

“Well, it was Arlei’s idea,” you say, reclaiming focus, making the party turn to grin at the even-bigger maid. “I got us pretty far, but she’s who saved us.”

“It was a group effort,” Arlei purrs. “Happy to serve.”

“We stopped a goddess,” Rizii says, shivering. “Who can top that!?”

“The Archmage,” Mohz says, matter-of-factly. “And while we’re even stronger than ever, and while you, Lloyd, may well be turning into a kobold chaos entity, heh...Jestmi is right, you’re a fledgeling. The Archmage overpowered the original, even at the height of her powers. I’m not saying we can’t celebrate, but...I think we all have one last job to do, yes?”

“Right,” you rumble, secretly enjoying the way it tingles in your swollen, powerful neck. You stand up and gently let Rizii and Byrna off, both of whom keep ravenous staring up at you. “Arast is still big enough that we can go back inside the final dungeon, so we better get to it. Arlei’s real body is still holding it all up. Thankfully, since we didn’t destroy Jestmi, it looks like her magics are still in play. Shall we go back in, and beat up the bad guy?”

“You bet-bet!” Rizii laughs, wagging faster.

“I’m ready!” Byrna giggles, wagging as well, going up heavily on her huge toes with a thudding bounce of excitement.

Mohz keeps rather quiet, looking off. His Sigil starts to lose its glow, but with a gentle press of your finger, it fades into the kirin’s body, merging with him.

“Hmm?” he grunts, before blushing and grinning. “Did you just make that permanent?”

“I need practice with the chaos magic, don’t I?” you say, smiling.

The huge kirin brings you into a tight, thick hug, muscle on muscle, and the three girls cuddle in gladly around you, in a long overdue group hug.

“This is heaven,” Arlei softly murmurs. The group hugs in tighter, agreeing.

“Okay,” you growl, flashing a toothy kobold-god grin. “No more being tiny and lost! We’re all big and leveled up! I’m...still a newbie of a different kind, but if you don’t mind following along, we have an Archmage to smash!”

“Right!” the party cheers, gigantic fists and hands in the air.

“And we’ll never speak of what happened in the dungeon ever again!” you add.

The entire party pauses, then shudders.

Everyone nods.

...Arlei blushes.

The cabin remains there as you depart for the final conflict, leaving bulging rubber reds and blues and matted rat fur straining against the living room window as the ensnared goddess struggles, huffs...then finally laughs.