

The twins lose track of Mumbo-Jumbo, who goes for their ray cannon

Upon touchdown, both Steelwill and Steelheart found no sign of Mumbo, not even some potential mini-bull form. There was literally nothing, as they scoured the floor of the cliff base, this way and that. Grudgingly, Steelheart shut the ray off

"Did he really get away?" Steelwill grumbled, incredulous. "We only lost sight of him for a second."

"Well, the growth and shrinking both seem to get more fast and intense, the longer the beam is on the target," Steelheart said, lowering the ray gun to her side. "Where he could've gotten to is beyond me."

"Maybe he actually shrank too far down? Maybe we laid it all on too thick for him, and he's a speck of dust, in size..."

"Hmm..."

Steelheart thought on that a moment, looking the ground over intently. At length, she sighed.

"Then, we wait. Once the last blast let up, he just continued on with another huge growth spurt, right? So, he should blow up bigger again, even if we made him too small. If things work out, he'll maybe only lurch up a little bigger, long enough for us to blast him again."

"With a lighter intensity burst, I'd suggest."

"Good thinking!"

As they spoke, a toy-sized Mumbo-Jumbo stepped out from behind a large rock, hidden away there was the two taller SilverHawks passed by. He snorted a little mini-snort, still fuming with anger, but he kept it restrained. Even Mumbo knew size mattered enough to not charge them both. Instead, he watched as they kept walking past, and saw the lowered ray cannon at Steelheart's side.

Bah, Mumbo too small, the bull thought, sourly. If grow again, SilverHawks blast Mumbo smaller. Ray gun make small...unless...

The little minotaur huffed, wriggling his body in preparation, before sneaking out in little quiet feet, getting up close behind them.

"Just keep an eye out," Steelheart added. "He'll show up. It's Mumbo-Jumbo. He isn't smart enough to do anything but charge."

"Hehe, true."

Mumbo glowered death up at the two giant cyborgs, but kept a lid on it. He picked up a modest-sized rock, to him a small boulder, and used his remaining bull-strength to hurl it off to the side. It cracked on the ground and rolled loudly, making Steelwill and Steelheart spin over toward it.

"Was that him?" Steelwill muttered, quietly.

Mumbo-Jumbo snuck around their blind side, and crawled up along the long barrel of the cannon, his lack of overall weight a sudden boon. It took some straining just to quietly detach the amber amplifier, and turn it around.

"I'll go check it out," Steelwill said, stepping down the incline which the rock had tumbled. As soon as he went down it, Steelheart turned back to her own path—and saw Mumbo-Jumbo there, scampering away in a panicked series of moos.

"RRRRRRRRRU!" he wailed, looking ready to fall over from fear, as she sighted him easily.

"That's enough out of you, Mumbo!" she said, bringing the ray cannon up and taking aim. "Freeze! You try to get away, or even think about having another growth spurt, and I'll blast you down even smaller!"

Oddly enough, Mumbo-Jumbo *did* feel something happening, within. As if on cue, Mumbo's body rumbled with a fresh burst of growth, his muscles surging out as his body shook and tremored and began to push bigger, taller and thicker. He lurched up a full foot, then grunted and ballooned suddenly, violently up to 15 whopping feet, in one push!

"H...HRRRRR_RRRRHR!"

"No, you don't!" Steelheart shouted, squeezing the trigger hard. The ray cannon blasted Mumbo-Jumbo dead-on, soaking into his already-growing body, and Mumbo practically shook with glee as his muscles twitched, trembled, and began to tense up all over...

YES...Mumbo huffed, licking his muzzle over, as the power spiked within his quaking body. YYYESSSSS!

The twins shrink Mumbo-Jumbo more than even they meant to...

Steelheart and Steelwill touched down on the cliff floor, and Mumbo-Jumbo was certainly there. Stumbling back over himself, despite his remaining 120 feet of muscle and height. He swatted wild in the air, missing the twin SilverHawks as he panicked and grunted, trying to get away from the ray cannon in Steelheart's jealous grip.

"RRRRRRRRH...HRRRH..."

No, Mumbo thought, pleading with whatever force was listening. *No, no! No shrink! Mumbo supposed to be big! Not teeny-small! S-stop!*

"Save it for the Penal Planet, Mumbo-Jumbo," Steelheart said, as she took aim with the cannon, and readied the trigger.

"RRRRR!"

In desperation and despair, Mumbo clutched an entire boulder, and hurled it at the both of them. Steelwill caught it midair with his shoulder-mounted lasers, blowing it to rubble.

"Nice!"

"Thanks, sis! Fire away—his being bigger actually makes him a bigger target!"

"Roger that!"

Mumbo-Jumbo strained, forcing his gigantic body up off of the rocky ground, leaping away as the laser struck nothing. She re-calibrated, fired, and blasted another bigger boulder, which Mumbo-Jumbo had grabbed up as a shield; it caught the blast, and shrank down to a stone in his hand.

"RRRR!"

Crud! No!

The huge bull jibbered on, swiping pointlessly, as Steelheart took aim and fired again, striking the bull on his side. He lowed angrily, dwindling down halfway, shrinking and slipping to 60 feet, something far more manageable. She fired again, and even though Mumbo sprinted into a charge right at them, she connected, sapping his size, forcing him down to their own height as Steelwill caught his charge head-on, and grappled the weakened bull.

"I remember you being stronger!" Steelwill chuckled.

"RRRRRRRRRR!!" Mumbo bellowed, though it actually came out as more of an endearing squeak, as Steelheart opportunistically blasted him even smaller. His red copper hand shrank even smaller, lessening smaller in between Steelwill's larger hands and fingers. Mumbo watched his opponent surge higher and higher as he lowed miserably, shuddering and lurching down to half his size, around a measly 3 feet.

Get away. Stupid to fight. Get away!

But it was far too late; Steelwill's grip began to slip over his entire hands, squeezing them tight, so that the struggling kid-sized bull could no longer pull himself away. He mooed and thrashed, as Steelheart fired again, making him tremble and lurch down to a pitiful foot in height! Steelwill had to

kneel down to keep a grip on him, and the little bull's anger and frustration boiled over into blind rage.

"HRRRRHRRRRRGGGGHR! RRRRGHR! RRRR!"

"That's enough out of you," Steelheart sighed, just before Mumbo-Jumbo's little frame shook in anger and pressure, and the internal heat climbed higher. In one sudden gush of growth, the rumbling little bull billow-boomed up larger, surging up over Steelwill and Steelheart, his muscles flaring in glimmering golden fury.

"RRRRRUUUUUUUUAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

His shaft stretched and bulged, throbbing out firm and huge between his swelling thighs, as its tip bumped up awkwardly against Steelwill's metallic stomach, making him go wide-eyed. The bull doubled in size on the spot, hiccuping and blowing up to twenty feet, as the fresh growth spurt blew his muscles up to massive, terrifying—

"Nope," Steelheart said, plainly, blasting Mumbo with the ray cannon once again. Instantly, the growing nude bull cried out, feeling his size spill right back down, down, down. This time, Steelheart kept firing, and Mumbo-Jumbo felt himself shrivel and sink down to their ankles, then smaller still.

NOOOO! NO, NO! NONONONONONONOMMMOOOOO!

In a blink, the once-mighty creature stood no higher than some child's toy, an action figure. The SilverHawks loomed above him, and the terror he had struck in them was revisited back onto the screaming bull as he took it all in.

By the time Steelheart stopped firing, Mumbo was practically the size of a tack. She had almost kept firing, just on principle.

"Whoa, whoa, think you got him, sis," Steelwill cautioned, putting a hand out for her to ease off. "He can't hurt anyone at that ridiculous of a size."

Yet, Mumbo-Jumbo shook again, huffing an adorably tiny little huff, before he felt himself diminish further, and further. He went from a dot to a speck to a...well, nothing at all. By all accounts, he simply was no longer *there*.

"Er," Steelheart started, biting her lip in mute surprise. "I didn't think he would keep..."

Steelwill quickly scooped up a huge handful of dirt, and lifted it up.

"If he hasn't shrunk out of existence, then he's on here," he said, briskly, turning around and walking back. "We had better get this in a jar, and get it to Professor Power. If he can fix this, then Mumbo can go back home—to Penal Planet 10!"

Mumbo feeds himself back up to normal size

Even after surging up bigger, in that one delicious, now-familiar burst of growth, Mumbo-Jumbo was still only an inch or two tall. It was only by way of hugging himself and rubbing against the power cell that Mumbo managed to swell up larger, creeping and creaking his way pleasantly up past half a foot, then 1 foot--roughly the size of the power cell, itself.

Okay, he huffed, shaking off the pleasure, knowing there was work to do. *Just...hug it up...tight...*

The battery-cap on the top of the power cell proved tough to reach for the impatient bull, who clutched the mutually-big cell in his arms, and hoisted it awkwardly up, as though it were a massive bottle he was trying to drink out of.

"HRRRF."

Almost...al-almost...

He shudder-bulged up another few inches, feeling his growing arms slipping around the cell's casing, allowing him to better balance it as he held it out, then worked his hungry muzzle over the tip, and suckle.

The effect was not only immediate, but every bit as fruitful as was desired. Oh, yes.

Immediately, Mumbo's tiny body ballooned bigger, making his feet slip and teeter over the formerly-thick width of the container's rim. At two feet, his weight forced the container to wobble as he tried to absently balance atop it a second longer, and at four feet, his growing bulk forced it (and himself) to topple over. Mumbo fell onto his bulging back, almost bouncing as his shoulder blades helpfully expanded bigger and thicker against it. He let his muzzle swell over the cell, covering half of it as he gulped and grunted and shuddered, billowing up tight and huge to 6 full feet.

"HHHRN....H-HHRRRN," he moaned, sucking harder, demanding more. As he felt the power tap out and dry away to nothing but plastic and metal casing, Mumbo spat the cell out, and sighed contentedly.

So good, he thought, rumbling away; already, he found himself reaching for the next power cell, from the pile on the floor that the overturning of the container had created. *One more! No, two!*

No, stupid! Wait!

Mumbo's hand stopped, just shy of grabbing up another cell.

Why? he asked himself, rightly so. He snorted, almost indignant with himself. *Why not grow? Mumbo want bigger!*

Not yet! Think! Mumbo underground, in mountain. Away from SilverHawks.

So?

He reached for the cell again, and paused, a second time.

Mumbo grow too big in mountain, get stuck! Take cells out with, and THEN get bigger!

"HRRRRM."

The logic was there, much as he didn't like it. He finally stopped to take a better look around the interior of the shelter. It looked reinforced, heavy-duty, serious. It looked more like he would be crushed, trying to outgrow it. Obviously, he wasn't sure, but the thought did make him recoil slightly.

See?

"HRRM RRRMF," he groused, snorting.

Mumbo back to normal, so can carry lots and lots! Take container! Then, hehe...eat all...and BIG!

That particular suggestion finally made the bull smile.

"...RR."

With that, Mumbo got upright, found a nearby flag big enough to suit him, and tore it down off the bunker wall. He lidded the container, wrapped it with the flag, and hefted it easily up over his shoulder, in a bundle.

"HRRHRR."

Terribly proud of himself, Mumbo opened the opposing door at the back corner, and snuck his way out, winding through the tunnel system, with barely any light to guide him.

He hooked left as the tunnels narrowed, and to his bafflement and shock, Mumbo-Jumbo stepped out into...

Mumbo devours everything there...and GROOOOWS...

The moment it happened, the rest was written in fate's ledger; Mumbo-Jumbo had no idea what that was, but it didn't matter. He was simply too preoccupied with hugging the power cell tight to himself and nuzzling up against it, not even an inch in size.

But that was already changing—Mumbo could feel it. Something tickled and played at his metallic little toy-muscles, soaking slowly but surely into him.

"MMMN...HNNNM..."

Mumbo moaned in his tiny voice, idly rumbling and hugging tight against as much of the tower-sized cell as he could, feeling his muscles start to tingle and twitch...then swell bigger, bulging out in receptive little *booms* of growth.

His tiny body trembled and heaved up an inch bigger, then 2 inches more. The larger he swelled, the more Mumbo was able to get his arms around the sides of the power cell's casing. He flexed experimentally, on and off, trying to heft the much bigger thing up out of its container, but even by half a foot, it wasn't quite doable yet.

"RRRRRRGH," he huffed, puffing and straining, working to lift up the entire cell as he neared its own height, now a foot in size.

Almost, he thought, working himself up to it, as the little fits and starts of growth teased him, egging him on. He flexed his tiny thighs hard, lifted, strained, and felt the power cell slip up from its casing, bit by bit. His growing feet began to outsize the width of the container's rim, and he wobbled for balance as he brought the power cell up to his muzzle, and eagerly, hungrily clamped down on its top cap.

YESSSSSS!

Indeed, the effect was immediate, and wonderful; in a sudden *boomph* of growth, Mumbo-Jumbo lurched up, exploding four times bigger.

"HRMMMMMRRRM!"

That didn't matter one bit. It didn't even matter the way his shifting weight made him wobble on the thin rim of the container, then topple off backward onto the bunker floor. The container flipped in the air, power cells all scattering out around the rumbling bovine, so that over a dozen of them touched and rested on or against his huge muscles. That, combined with the constant sucking on the first battery, suddenly drove the bull wild.

"HRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!"

His eyes shot wide as his 8-foot body rattled and creaked, rumbling intensely deep down. His muscles twitched and swelled out into thick bulges as more and more power tickled into him, making him gulp the entire power cell in his muzzle down, from surprise.

Instantly, the teasing trickle of power blew into a stream, and Mumbo-Jumbo's body suddenly quivered and rippled, rumbling and tensing, before blowing out twice as big, in one thick, raging spurt of growth. His surging back and neck muscles collided with a chair and table, flipping it off its foundation as the bull blew up bigger, shook, and surged out again, tripling in size!

The bunker itself must have been roughly 100 feet by 100 feet, overall, and the 48-foot beast of a bull was rapidly inflating to fill it. His head skidded along the floor, knocking other tables over, his expanding biceps and shoulders knocking carelessly into missiles and artillery crates, smashing through them all as shelves bent and screeched in steely protest.

MORE, Mumbo willed, wished and sang, internally, begging to grow bigger, faster. Over half as big as the bunker, Mumbo had trouble moving his arms enough to grab up several of the nearest power cells. Some skidded or bumped away, or snapped and broke into small eruptions of energy against his burgeoning bulk. *MOOOOOORE...*

His erection thumped up over and over again against the ceiling, slapping the swinging overhead lights, as his knees surged up to tap it as well, his feet sliding out bigger and bigger. His red soles bumped the far wall and swelled larger, still, creeping bigger and longer up along it as the bull, unable to get his hands up to his huge muzzle, had to place the cells on his swelling chest muscles, and let them roll down into his open muzzle, just before his pectorals bulged flat up against the ceiling as well, and kept growing bigger.

MMMooooooooooooore!

Mumbo-Jumbo's rumbling body shook even harder, from even deeper within, as he swallowed the other cells, then forcibly grabbed a small missile, twisted his growing muzzle toward it, and pushed the entire thing deep into his mouth, working harder to swallow it. As he tried, his body ballooned far larger, rapidly, aggressively expanding to more-then fill the entire bunker. The walls held, and for a moment, some keener part of Mumbo's functional mind began to worry. He swelled against himself, having nowhere else to grow, and felt he mighty walls of the bunker stretch out wider, the bigger and thicker he burst.

"HHHHHRNNNNNGH...NNNNRRRRNNNGHR..."

Mumbo-Jumbo isn't done shrinking...

"Alright," Bluegrass said, bringing the Mirage down lower toward the center of the crater, in which the weakened Mumbo-Jumbo staggered, slumped, and fell into a heap, catching his breath as his gigantic metallic chest heaved up and down. "Y'all are good to go, so git!"

Out Quicksilver, Steelwill and Steelheart went, descending with careful leaps out off of the bay door as the Mirage hovered low. Steelwill kept the ray cannon at the ready, leading the charge forward...until they all slowed down and stared on ahead, blinking in surprise and confusion.

"Oh," Steelwill mumbled, arching his brows. "I uh, I didn't think it would..."

"Keep working," Quicksilver and Steelheart both said, at once.

There, indeed, lay Mumbo-Jumbo, the huge bull dizzy and spent from the sheer loss of size and strength, in such a short gulf of time. Where he had slumped over at 300 feet or so in size...he was now merely 100, and drooping tiredly.

"RRRR...RRRR...RH..."

Stubborn still, Mumbo's arm went out, and his hand met the crater, as the steer tried to push his bulk upright. His palm slipped out, and he crashed low again, already having slipped down, down, to just 50 feet. He would have been a fright to them at that size, had he not just been over 11 miles tall, before. Being over eleven-hundred times bigger made it tough to take him seriously as a regular-sized giant, now.

"This thing sure has one heck of a lasting aftereffect," Steelheart said, looking Mumbo over from afar. "It really took the fight out of him, and then some."

"I'll say, sis," Steelwill added, almost looking at the bull in a kind of sorrow or pity. Mumbo boom-roared, or tried to, before shaking, and lurching down to twenty feet. "So...what do we do?"

"Wait it out, and play it where it lays," Quicksilver said. "If he stops and he's still too big to manage, we blast him again. If he gets small enough, we keep the gun ready, but Steelheart and I will move in to capture him."

They both nodded, watching on intently, as Mumbo moaned and trembled and slipped even smaller, down to 10 feet, then merely 5.

"Uh, he was never *that* small, was he?" Steelwill started, looking unusually anxious.

"We had better get him onto the ship, and pronto," Quicksilver said, motioning for the other two to follow him.

By the time the trio reached Mumbo-Jumbo, he was not only two feet in size, but had lost most of his once-proud muscle mass.

"It's not stopping," Steelheart said as she gathered Mumbo up against her chest, making the baby-sized bull almost blush in his weakened state.

Stupid...Si-SilverHawks... he thought, wheezing, unable to do much else as his body rumbled, then slipped a few inches smaller, against her embrace. *All their f-fault, anyhow...hate...*

The bay door lowered down low enough to where they could all leap back up into the Mirage, then close the door and lift off into space.

Inside, Quicksilver and Steelwill followed Steelheart into one of the holding cells. Quicksilver skidded by the door to the cockpit, and shouted over for Bluegrass:

"Get Professor Power on the horn, Bluegrass, and quick!"

"What? Why, Cap?" Bluegrass asked, blinking in confusion.

"We need to stop Mumbo from getting any smaller!"

Mumbo-Jumbo gets put away...for good?

"Goin' down, everyone, hang on tight!"

Bluegrass let the Mirage down into a hover, just above the smoking crater; as he did so, however, Mumbo-Jumbo lunged nearer, stomping over powerfully from his side of the crater. Even shrunk down, the 300-foot bull was easily able to swing his humongous arms and fists in their direction, making the Mirage pull back to avoid attack.

"Whoa!" Steelwill said, keeping ahold of the gun as they teetered for balance in the bay. Out the opened cargo door, they could see the enormous bovine snort and bellow, swinging wild at the ship, trying to take them all down, while he had the chance. "Guess, the blast didn't take all of the fight out of him, did it?"

"Whatever we're seeing, that's all that's left," Quicksilver said, rolling his shoulders in preparation. "You all ready to take him down the rest of the way?"

"You know it!" the twins both said, grinning in sync.

"Let's wrangle a bull!"

The three flew out of the fleeing ship, their metal wings sliding out along their outstretched arms as they took to flight.

The gargantuan cyber-minotaur roared in rage, humiliated by the very idea of being reduced to...well, merely *regular-gigantic*. He swung a wide haymaker, just whizzing past Quicksilver, who flipped in the air and landed on Mumbo-Jumbo's giant golden forearm. He sped up it, running at top-speed, knowing better than to use his lasers to attack. When he reached the bull's neck he released his wings again, shot up high, and slammed right into Mumbo's eye.

"GGGRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHHHGRHGH!"

The infuriated giant stormed away, teetering, as Steelheart cut through the air and circled around, stirring up dirt and rocks and wind, making the fuming bull cover his muzzle with his hands and stomp away.

"Now, Steelwill! Now!" Quicksilver shouted, as Steelwill landed on the crater, took a knee, aimed up high, and blasted Mumbo-Jumbo in the chest with the ray cannon.

The bull bellowed out his dismay and panic as he felt himself trembling all over yet again, and slipped down even smaller, lurching lower, his view dropping as he dwindled to 270 feet, then 250.

No...NO, Mumbo thought, spiraling out mentally as he swatted the dust and air currents and debris, feeling the blaster catch his swinging arm and then his chest and neck, soaking in, making him grunt and tremble, before deflating down to 220 feet...190 feet...150 feet... *This can't be it! This no end to Mumbo! Not fair! NOT FAIR!*

"You're doing it!" Steelheart cheered, as the wobbling bull moaned and swayed, swiping blindly, then surging down to 100 feet, even.

"Not so big now, are you, big fella?" Steelwill laughed, as Mumbo roared and rumbled, and sagged even smaller, lurching smaller in awkward, embarrassing gulfs.

80 feet...40 feet...

Was...finally...so big! So BIG!

Another blast, and Mumbo jumped down to 20 feet, then 10 feet.

At a startling and surreal 5 feet, smaller than he had ever been before, ever, Mumbo let out something sounding like a cry of defeat, some bull-speak capitulation on a war he had begged for. With a sad, lingering *moo*, Mumbo finally lost his Jumbo, and when the ray cannon stopped firing, there was only a 2-foot tall bull, like a big stuffed toy.

That toy had business in prison.

"Where d'you suppose Hardware ran off to, though?" Bluegrass asked, as they steered the Mirage silently on toward Penal Planet 10. "Wasn't he still on the moon?"

"If he wasn't picked up by Mon*Star's cronies already, then I'd say so, yes," Quicksilver said, thinking it over. "Either way, it looks like we'll have things back to normal again shortly—with a little help from Professor Power, of course..."

The ship carried on through the inky span of Limbo, and within its holding cell, a tiny child-sized version of Mumbo-Jumbo sat there, bound in chains, glowering at the bars with total hatred.

Stupid SilverHawks, Mumbo thought, before sighing, and just slumping down in defeat...

Continue

In a short gap of time, Mumbo-Jumbo had grown up into a 24-mile colossus, dominating the horizon of the moon as he stood over it. Busy hands gladly squeezed and teased at his overlong shaft, tracing big circles along its bulky, swollen sides. One hand drum-thumped down on his bulging sacs, making the bull huff happily at the basso impact, the way it made the tight orbs rumble out a satisfying beat.

The tremors lingered, soaking down into the crushed-in terrain around his feet. Trees smaller than grains of salt wavered anxiously, entire artificially-grown forests swaying from the beat. Whole boulders leapt and crashed, mountains shook, and the cloud parted to bits as the looming god-bull snorted out his pleasure, blinked, and looked the slow curve of the moon over.

He hadn't even felt it, the moment the mighty SilverHawks had been trapped between the bulky underside of his penis and the top curvature of his sacs. They had all been far, far, *far* too small for that to register.

Good, Mumbo-Jumbo thought, smugly grinning wide. *Heh, good! Better!*

A slight wind tickled down around the bottom swells of his soles, half-buried in the crunched crust of the moonscape. He breathed deep, rumbling contentedly as he felt the motion inflate his tremendous pectorals out even bigger. They did not lower back down when he exhaled, and it made the humongous bovine shudder with glee.

...Where Hardware go?

The thought intruded, making the bull grunt in sudden curiosity.

*What Mumbo do now? Find Hardware? Hardware yell, if not. Wait...who care? Mumbo not need Hardware. Hardware always yelling. Mon*Star always yelling, worse.*

Don't need them, another part of Mumbo offered, brusquely. *What good they to Mumbo, now? Heh, look at self! Mumbo big as whole city! Bigger!*

"RRR," Mumbo rumbled, conceding the point to himself.

But they going to show up for pickup. For Mumbo and Hardware. Try to take Mumbo back? Keep Mumbo? Puh. No...no, they not able. Mumbo...too big...

"HRRR HHHHRRHRRR!"

Should be bigger, though. BIGGER-BIGGER.

Mumbo's whole body flexed eagerly, on its own, his erection plowing high in an excited arc. Mumbo looked the thin sheet of the surface over, snorted, then took a ponderous, looming step, clear up over the lower clouds. One foot vanished into the haze above, reforming into a terrible, massive solid as it crashed back down onto an entire mountain range, crushing it flat.

A monstrous pillar of smoke blew out around his impacting sole and heel, the aftershock rocking the moon as Mumbo started walking, step by shattering, destructive mega-step.

Don't want be here when they show, Mumbo thought idly, as his town-sized feet bashed and sank into the crumbling turf. *Should leave dumb little moon. How get off of moon, though? No ship hold*

Mumbo, now...So, how leave?

Stuck on moon? BREAK MOON. No moon, can float in space.

"RRRF."

Mumbo-Jumbo cocked one bullish brow, looking the span of the horizon over. The moon had to have been at least 3,000 miles across, and he was only a fraction of that size, big and powerful as he had gotten.

Moon too big. Sad to say. Can't punch moon for days, hoping it smash.

Must be something on moon, help, the rest of Mumbo added. Think, stupid. Towns and little bug-people need power to go vroom. Power still here. Get power, get bigger. Get bigger, smash moon, get free to move around!

Nodding in agreement, the towering bull hummed and knelt down slowly, crashing one knee into the terrain, then another, blasting up heaving geysers of broken crust and miniscule buildings and town homes, all at once. He got down onto his elbows and squinted, sweeping pesky little clouds away, to better see the thing sheet of life down beneath him.

"HHRNF."

Buildings too tiny. Can't tell what has power. Must be in one of them...

He scoured the unlit hundreds of little speck-sized homes and stations, getting more bored and irritated, the longer he searched.

Boring. This boring.

Up high, high overhead, in the higher reaches of the mesosphere, a small craft silently idled, unseen. Within it, a single gold-armored SilverHawk watched on, sitting in the pilot seat, a radio receiver in his hand. His pointy ears and jewel-studded armor-crown stood out in particular, looking brilliant and flashy, despite his calm demeanor. He watched the titanic cyber-bull crawling around over the landscape of the moon, searching doggedly for something unknown.

"I have eyes on Mumbo, Commander Stargazer," he said, unblinking. "The Bedlama intelligence reports weren't kidding, he really has grown to immense size. We wouldn't stand a chance against him, normally. I have no idea how the other SilverHawks are faring, down there, but I can't hail them."

"Hmm, that's a helping of bad news," Stargazer said over the line, his old, leathery growl of a voice as bulldog as ever. "Professor Power says we need to activate the same escape-warp teleportation net he gifted Bedlama awhile back...he'll walk us through instructions on how to shift the net onto the moon, and catch Mumbo-Jumbo in it. With luck, it should teleport him into an uninhabited quadrant of Limbo, where we can paralyze him and start working out how to get inside him and deactivate his growth."

"It had to have been the miniature sun that they reportedly stole, sir," the golden SilverHawk said, certain. "If we can shut it off, I bet we can stop his growth spurts."

"Right, that's what the Professor thinks, too. Okay, Hotwing, await instructions from our liaison on

Bedlama, then use them to activate the warp field and move Mumbo. Over."

"Roger, Chief, over and—"

Hotwing stopped short as a sudden grid of green energy shot out over nearly a fifth of the entire moon, out of nowhere.

"What in the..."

Even Mumbo seemed shocked, as the net was more than huge enough to consume him. The green grid overlapped his musclebound body, the bull blinking and snorting down below, before it flashed bright, and Hotwing had to shield his eyes entirely.

"Gah!"

When the light cleared, to his amazement, Mumbo-Jumbo was gone. There was only the series of massive dents and craters his movements had created, before, the only lingering evidence left that the colossus was ever even there.

"He's...gone," Hotwing muttered, his finger still compressing the receiver button. When he let it go:

"What? What do you mean, he's gone?" Stargazer thundered, confused and unhappy. "Where'd he go to? Hotwing!"

"He...there was a grid...the grid appeared, and flashed bright, and when it cleared...sir, it took him! It was the grid, the net...but it was enormous!"

The cannon fires, and Mumbo-Jumbo steadily starts to shrink...

Mumbo cocked his head, itself as big as an entire lake, atop a neck so thick it rivaled his own massive bicep and tricep. He grunted, laughing, as the little glowing speck gathered and grew, getting more and more intense.

"HRRRN RRR?" he boom-chuckled, shaking the hemisphere. He even pointed at himself, tapping loudly on his humongous shaft's head, thumping the tip with a pleasant, echoing series of bumps.

"We'll see how cocky that bull is, in a moment," Steelwill said, as the SilverHawks all watched on, from far out of orbit.

Mumbo-Jumbo's amused look melted to a slow, burning glare, though his smile remained. He thudded his impossibly overgrown chest with both hands, ape-like, sliding his massive feet out over the cities and states below, digging a destructive stance in the planet's surface.

"RRRURURRU!"

The more Mumbo thumped his bulging pectorals, the bigger they seemed to swell. In a moment, all of Mumbo-Jumbo was swelling bigger!

"Uh-oh," Steelheart moaned, as they all watched the immeasurably big bull start to flex harder, putting on a show of dominance, as his body started to rumble and groan, then balloon up bigger, and bigger, still.

The gathering burst of energy grew larger, as well, from afar. Mumbo sneered at it and shudder-moored out his challenge, as his body blew up larger, surging up from 800 miles to 830 miles...then 850!

"RRRRRHUHUHHHHHUH!"

"Fire!" Professor Power shouted, as he threw the switch on the portable console.

Mumbo-Jumbo's eyes widened, the growing god-bull bellowing as his bulging muscles erupted even larger, swelling into huge boulders across his rising body. He stuck his chest out and snorted, before that chest rumbled and boomed out twice as huge, swelling out over his biceps, crowding his rising chin, surging out and pressing against his humongous, overgrown penis, nuzzling into its throbbing tip.

The message was clear, as the beam shot forth, zooming out across the nation, toward Mumbo-Jumbo:

MUMBO BIGGEST! DO YOUR WORST!

The lowing behemoth shook with anger and pride, quake-booming up to 900 staggering miles in size, his feet crushing heavier and bigger and deeper into the splitting bedrock below. The rims of the craters around his feet alone pushed whole cities back, as though they were grains of sand on a landscape so puny, Mumbo couldn't tell it wasn't completely flat.

The beam was enormous, yet to Mumbo it was a thread of floss, tiny, laughable—*weak*.

It penetrated into the bulging, mooing male's vast body, and it took time for it to spread throughout that much musclebound mass, because for a moment, Mumbo just kept on growing, higher and higher, pumping and bellowing and swelling, throbbing his spilling-over mountains of metallic, golden muscle and body-length sex.

PUNY, thought Mumbo, who boom-snorted and stomped his way closer to the capital, step by crushing, crashing step. *PUNY! TOO SMALL! HAHA!*

Another step landed like a copper cataclysm, shaking the nation terribly, before it finally started to happen, and Mumbo-Jumbo paused his advance. The bull blinked a few times, fluttering his lids, before shaking his head and stomping back a wobbling step.

"H...HNNN..."

Another step in retreat, and Mumbo's huge hands were up on his head, the bull starting to rumble all over again, only differently...before his entire body suddenly, awkwardly lurched and leapt down, smaller. A reverse spurt rocked through him, making his height slip down to 800 miles, in one huge anti-burst. He wobbled and shook his head again, blinking, before finally seeing himself heave down another 100 miles, then another!

"HR? HRRRRNRN!?"

Mumbo looked to one huge, powerful arm, and watched in horror as it rumbled, then shrank down, slipping smaller, leaner, less and less full of strength. The bulk around his entire body was mimicking it, dwindling in raw mass. At 500 miles, the bull was still more imposing and built than anything known to all of Limbo...but to the bull, it was a nightmare, utterly unacceptable.

"NNNNNNNR!" he growled, swatting at the beam, as though that would snap it apart or break it. The thin streak of energy kept pummeling into him, undeterred, and it quickly became Mumbo-Jumbo who was fleeing in panic.

No...NO!

Stomp by stomp, Mumbo stumbled back the way he had come. his shrinking feet landing smaller and less heavy, suddenly only half the size of the prints that had been left on his approach, then even smaller, as he mooed and trembled, then slipped down to 200 miles.

Those watching on satellite feed on the other side of Bedlama started to cheer, seeing the good news at last. Professor Power watched from the capital building, more than able to see what was happening on the horizon. After all, Mumbo-Jumbo was shrinking, but at the moment, the bull was still 100 miles tall.

Well, 50 now.

"NNNNN! RRRRRN!"

Mumbo still kept swinging, ineffectually swatting the skies with his decreasing muscles. No matter where the dwindling giant stumbled, the beam followed, battering him, stealing more and more beloved size, making him moo and quake all over, before slipping down to just 10 miles...then 8...5...2...1...

Got to, Mumbo thought, lost in a flurry of panic, as he felt more and more power leave him. *G-got to...get away! Where can't beam hit Mumbo!? Where!?*

That was when the 3,000-foot minotaur stumbled all the way back over himself, crashing heavily into the ocean, kicking up a huge spray. He was still only partly-submerged, but in his thrashed, the bull noticed something grazing his passing fingers, underwater: cooling jets of magma, bleeding up from the cracks his feet had made on his way over.

Down, the bull thought, realizing. *DOWN!*

The cannon fires, and Mumbo-Jumbo...shrugs it off!?

Mumbo-Jumbo's colossal eye narrowed, the titanic minotaur huffing at the sight of the ray gun charging up, preparing to fire on him. Some unnamed force within the bull welled up to meet it, just as they beam's gathering whine swelled to a piercing shriek of energy, prepared to fire on him in full.

Go on then, stupid little bugs, Mumbo thought, snorting angrily, as he flexed his huge chest bulk out in defiance. *Go on! Fire on Mumbo! Use all you got!*

The sight of a 770-mile tall man-bull looming overhead mostly registered to those below was two monstrous feet and high ankles towering up into the skies; this meant only Professor Power and those remaining view with the proper view-finding equipment could properly see the upper half of Mumbo as he flexed a challenge back.

"Good gracious," Professor Power gulped, before working his own nerve up, and throwing a switch. "Fire!"

The mighty cannon, so big to those below, blasted out a thick, bursting laser, which shot at top-speed, slicing up through the air toward its target. As it happened, Mumbo-Jumbo was hard to miss.

"HRRRRUUUUAAAAR!"

Mumbo's gigantic, quaking voice boomed over the hemisphere, echoing out in waves of percussive force that shook mountains and stirred the seas, as the beam impacted his enormous chest.

"We have impact!" Professor Power shouted, over the buzz of the laser blast, and Mumbo's heaven-shaking roar as he flexed against it. "Repeat, we have impact!"

"Wahoo!" Bluegrass cheered, waving his 10-gallon hat ceremoniously about the cockpit. "Right on target! That's the way!"

"Thank goodness," Steelheart sighed, having held it in long enough.

"Talk about an ordeal," Steelwill said, putting a hand on Quicksilver's shoulder. "Looks like we pulled a real Hail Mary on this one, huh?"

Quicksilver, who had been watching throughout, grimaced.

"Why isn't he shrinking yet?"

The other three stopped celebrating long enough to watch on through the cockpit dome.

"There's probably a delay," Steelheart guessed, trying to sound certain. "That's a lot of bull to hit, after all..."

Quicksilver just watched on, as Mumbo-Jumbo continued to loom just as tall up in their distance. Even as the beam poured on, the snorting bull merely grunted, then flexed harder, and stepped slowly forward, closer into the capital.

Puny little beam! Mumbo thought, feeling the ray gun's fire impact, and just dumbly pour on over his body. He swatted at the beam, splitting it, letting it divert into an angle off of his opened palm as he stopped it, and took another booming step closer. His foot sank into the borders of the great city, smashing down on entire roads and intersections and blocks and parks and districts, all at once. The aftershock tremored out, shaking Professor Power, the cannon, and the entirety of the Bedlama defense force's building complex.

"It...it doesn't appear to be working," the professor mumbled to himself, still processing the idea that it could possibly ever fail. "I don't understand it...why?"

"Any luck, Professor?" Quicksilver asked, over the com line. "We're not seeing much change, from here."

"No luck, I'm afraid," the tall alien sighed, shaking his head to himself. "The beam appears to be ineffective! I have no ide why, though!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's landed foot was only miles away from the complex. When he lifted the other foot, so far back in the horizon, and as it loomed higher and higher, casting a death-shadow over the entire capital, it was clear: if that foot landed, it would take the city with it.

"Get away, Professor," Quicksilver said, quickly. "You're right in his path!"

"I can...I can figure this out," Professor Power muttered, quietly, pulling the switch to the cannon all the way down. "I can make it work!"

The ray cannon shook violently, before a massive blast of energy gushed forth, battering bigger and harder into the bull's foot. Instead of it shrinking, however, the foot continued to grow closer and closer, consuming more of the skies as it descended, undisturbed.

"Get out of there, all of you! Use the teleportation grid, now!"

"P-perhaps..." the Professor rambled on, wide-eyed, "the force of the sun's energy has grown so dense...it deflected the beam?"

Mumbo's foot was nearly all the way down, and there simply was no sky to be seen anymore.

"Professor!"

"I...I am sorry!"

With that, a bright flash lit up the tiny little complex of buildings, just as Mumbo's titanic foot crashed down like a meteor onto the city, obliterating half of it, from heel to toe. The bulk of the foot caught for a millisecond, before blasting down for several miles, from sheer weight, as though the cybernetic bull had stepped in fresh snow. Crater rims as high as mountaintops spread out, framing the foot in ruins and mulched terrain.

"Did they make it off-site?" Steelheart asked, leaning in at the cockpit dome. "I couldn't see, Mumbo-Jumbo's foot is so big..."

"I couldn't tell, either," Quicksilver said, slowly.

"I'm sure he'll hail us in a moment," Steelwill soothed, though he looked every bit as anxious as the rest of the SilverHawks.

"Why didn't it work?" Steelheart asked, moving onto the next best topic. "Professor Power said he had a functioning shrink ray, so...why?"

Only the pillars of smoke wafting from Mumbo's feet answered; the continents surrounding the hemisphere had all been evacuated, leaving only the blanket-thick veneer of civilization under the huge bull's shadow. At over 4,000,000 feet tall, Mumbo-Jumbo stood so high that the Mirage only reached his muzzle, and the ship was up in space.

Thankfully, when Mumbo turned their way, it was only to look his claimed space over; at his sheer size, there was no way he would have noticed them, even looking right ahead at at them.

That was about the only good news around.

"What can we do, now?" Steelwill asked. "What can any of us do to stop him? We can't shrink him..."

Mumbo-Jumbo explodes to horrifyingly huge size!

"Hello, Professor Power?" Quicksilver said, trying not to rattle everything off too quickly. "Expand the teleportation grid as much as you possibly can, at the same coordinates!"

"Good heavens, Quicksilver, why?" the Professor asked back, over the com line.

"Because, he's about to—"

"HHHGRRRRRHHHRRRRR..."

The rumbling was so sudden, and so powerfully strong, that it quaked out into space, of such concussive force that the Mirage itself began to rattle and shake. Mumbo's gigantic maw swung open, huffing out vast clouds over his swollen-out pectorals, his chin bumping down on their slopes of his puffs shined the surface. He licked his huge muzzle over eagerly, rumbling out a thick, hot, bellowing moo, before his entire body spasmed angrily, stretched, condensed, tightened, twitched, shook...and exploded in size!

With a single, bursting *boom* of growth, Mumbo-Jumbo erupted in all directions, his muscles inflating rapidly over his rising body. He doubled his already-terrifying size in one hard pump, flexing deep in against his own ballooning chest, making his biceps swell out against them as his shoulders boomed against his bulging trapezius and pillar-neck.

His bloated shaft punched out ahead of him, driving the overgrown tip into the terrain with a fantastic crash. It kept growing through, down into the crust, snapping and splitting it with enormous explosions of dirt. His testicles rumbled and boomed out behind him, under and between his heaving thighs, spreading them out as they strained and expanded noisily in size, bumping up against his rear as he roared and shook...and exploded twice as big, again!

1,540 miles rattled and blew up to over 3,000 miles, making the surging, rumbling male as big as the moon he had just leapt off of minutes ago—and his growth wasn't slowing down.

His huffs came out in great waves as Mumbo's hands and fingers dug deep into the cracking crust, his pectorals mashed far down atop his bulging penis, further grinding the fat digits down into the ground, between his huge golden forearms.

He strained and clawed at the terrain with his feet, curling in on himself as his vibrations grew even more aggressive and loud, starting to send quakes throughout the curvature of the moon. To the SilverHawks, it looked as though something big had built up inside of Mumbo—something so incredibly big that it was having trouble coming out of him, safely.

"That dadblamed steer's fixin' to explode, at this rate!" Bluegrass yelped, already pulling the Mirage away farther and farther back. The more it retreated, the more Mumbo's quaking back muscles and shoulders boomed out to bridge the gap, bursting bigger and bigger and bigger, even as his shaking grew worse.

"Just make all the distance between us that you can!" Quicksilver said. "We can't get caught here!"

"NNNNNNNGH...MMMGHMMMMNNNNNNN..."

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR--"

The Mirage could hardly manage to get far enough away, even at top speed, as the crying cybernetic minotaur roared with strain, trembled worse, and b...b-bl-blew up twenty times larger!

Bedlama was clearly sending out its fleet of defense ships, but they had no time to act; Mumbo was there, one moment, and the next, he was already stretching bigger, filling even their viewfinders on maximum zoom-out. His chest ballooned so big that they began to strain tight at their sides, expanding too big, too fast, lining stretch marks across his inflated metal pectorals. They bumped and swelled out against his surging penis, pushing it forth into the startled armada, before all they could see was the vast wall of dark-hued erection booming out for them, bashing through whole warships, scattering them like gnats as he kept bellowing and pleading for it to stop, as much as for it to go on and on and on.

His enormous, planet-eating muzzle loomed up higher and higher, his feet sinking down lower and bigger under bursting, tremendous golden thighs and calves. His back muscles and shoulder blades erupted larger, straining out in angry, swollen explosions of mass.

His arms boom-boom-boom-boomed bigger, exploding his copper-gold biceps into planets, themselves. His shoulders rolled back, only to be shoved forward by the mass of his swollen backside, as his lats flared out under his huge triceps, muscles rolling and bulging and erupting against bigger muscles.

Bedlama itself felt the brunt of the singular growth spurt as Mumbo's shaft and pectorals and testicles all collided with it, pushing the cracking planet out of its orbit as Mumbo kept growing up and beyond it. The planet, over 280,000 miles, went from body-sized to huggable as Mumbo-Jumbo's humongous arms wrapped slowly, ominously about it, and hugged it hard to his bulging shaft, crushing deeper and deeper against it.

900,000 miles. Nearly one million miles. Mumbo-Jumbo had, an hour or so ago, been considered a big fellow, a bruiser, a tank. Many only came up to the minotaur's chest.

Now...now, Mumbo-Jumbo had blown up to over 4,752,000,000 feet.

One of the biggest planets in Limbo was in his arms, like a sad little beachball, crushed steadily against a penis nearly as long as he was, tall. Entire moons and planets began to circle lazily and obediently around his magnitude, as his staggering growth spurt finally stopped. The reactor and countless supply of cells had swollen him up nearly 1,200 times bigger.

And, as the Mirage watched, he hardly seemed interested in stopping for long. Already, the huge, cosmic-sized bull started hugging the entire planet up to his muzzle, sliding it destructively up, up along his fat shaft and pulsing tip, working to force the entire planet toward his opening maw.

"Good grief, it's...insane..." Steelheart muttered, in shock. "H-he's...immeasurably big..."

"How do we stop him, like this?" Bluegrass asked, balking openly. "Ain't no way, no how..."

"Worse than that, Steelwill said, shaking as he pointed. "Aren't s-several bigger power plants on that side of Bedlama?"

The swallowed reactor goes critical, making the sun in Mumbo-Jumbo go NOVA!!

"Yes, that's right, Professor," Quicksilver said, taking the receiver from Bluegrass. "The entire reactor, the warehouses, everything in the mass production line! All of it! Mumbo-Jumbo just consumed all of it in one try!"

The line went silent, laden with dread.

Until:

"Get as far away as you can," was all the Professor offered. "I am readjusting the teleportation grid here for as far away as possible...across Limbo, if need be! Just, we all need to vacate as far back as we can, immediately!"

"Well, okay, but--"

"The miniature sun, well, as big as it has grown now, doesn't bur like a normal star! Its temperatures burn far less intensely! The reactor could potentially cause a serious chain reaction! There is simply no telling how big Mumbo will explode, but it will be horrendous! Astronomical! Run!"

"You heard him, Hoss!" Bluegrass said, turning the Mirage away and putting it into top-speed through space. Even then, the SilverHawks appeared to only lose Mumbo-Jumbo's huge body in slow motion, and that body was already starting to rumble ominously deep.

Mumbo's panting grew frantic and terrible as the effects began to rumble out through his gigantic, golden body. His muscles spasmed and twitched and swelled, angrily flexing themselves in tics and starts. His pectorals surged out against his shaft as he remained hugging against the curvature of the moon, huffing, trembling, feeling his bloated penis bob and pulse between cold rock and his warm chest.

"HHHHRRRRRUUUHHH...HRRRRRRR...RRRR..."

Far down below, untold acres and miles of forestry, buildings and towns all splayed out under bulk. Swaths of greenery flattened out as his fingertips spread over them, then clutched and dug into the crust. Hands bigger than mountain ranges crushed deeper as the trembling worsened, making Mumbo snort and whine against his own building pressure.

Then, at last, it happened, and the swallowed reactor and millions of stockpiled power cells all finished tumbling down, and hit the enlarged miniature sun, exploding within it. And that was very-much that.

"MMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!"

In an instant, the entirety of Limbo that lay between the Mirage and Mumbo-Jumbo was consumed, replaced against an explosive boom of raging growth. Mumbo-Jumbo's muscled body creaked and swelled out like a shot from a cannon, his bulk leaping larger as he went wide-eyed and billowed out to 370,770 miles, in one heaving burst!

His shaft erupted bigger, plowing out beyond the moon as its base smashed down bigger and bigger into it. The head surged out with a nonstop groan, the bulging midsection of the shaft

wobbling and bloating wider and wider. His rear boomed against the terrain, crushing more and more of it as his squeezing thighs slipped along its slopes and forced a gigantic egg-crack to dance out over its contours.

The planetoid snapped and split, then split twice after, as Mumbo overwhelmed it all in an blink, and kept pumping bigger. Fragmented chunks of moonscape broke off and slid awkwardly as Mumbo's rear overtook them, his metallic, huge cheeks swallowing the whole mess as they grew and grew. His testes boomed out like weather balloons, taut and swollen and warm, smoothly bursting out so big that they mashed and ground against the face of Bedlama itself.

Being a planet some 280,000 miles in size, Mumbo had been vastly inferior seconds ago. In that second or two, however, Mumbo-Jumbo was already looming high up over it, his billowed-out shoulders, neck and chest rising higher than it as he kept ballooning bigger.

His sacs pressed bigger and fatter over its oceans and continents, crushing mile after mile of snapping cityscapes and islands and rivers and mountains and valleys and canyons into nothing, only growing bigger and wider and hotter as they grew to half the planet's size! His cybernetic phallus dragged destructively up along the remainder of the Northern hemisphere, small explosions and gouts of bleeding magma hugging the periphery of his shaft on either side.

"HHRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUAAAAAAAAAAOOOO!!"

Mumbo's enormous cry shook Bedlama, furthering the forced-out cracks crawling along its surface, as he stopped his single spurt, and huffed out his pained pleasure, fogging the bloated-up slopes of his copper-gold pectorals against his chin.

Nearly 2,000,000,000 feet of Mumbo-Jumbo shook again, immediately, as though taking in that one breath had reignited something. Perhaps it was simply the next step in the chain reaction inside, one of who-even-knew-how-many. Whatever it was, it was getting *worse*.

The warp flashes all across moons and planets surrounding Bedlama all lit up in tandem, like a fantastic light show, as innumerable civilizations of all alien life fled in panic. They were wise to do so.

"RRRRR! G...GH-HRRRR-RRRRR! RRRAAAUUUUUUUUU—"

B-BBB-B-BBBB-B-B-B0000000000000000000000000000000000

The sound of the explosive growth spurt started, like a roar, but refused to end. The OOOOOOO not only continued on, but grew bigger, deeper, more ominous and rumbling, as Mumbo-Jumbo's 370,770-mile body, bigger than planets, boomed so much bigger that, suddenly, no one could tell where the bull began to ended.

His biceps kept on bursting larger, swelling and creaking like all doom, as his back muscles erupted bigger, eclipsing his entire body, only for his pectorals do flare out to match, as his lats and triceps blew out to monstrous size in either direction.

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His hands clenched as they grew, his feet curling at the tips. His thighs billowed out tight, heaving so large that they rivaled his enormous arms. A planet only slightly larger than Bedlama, a trade depot and neutral political ground for Limbo, was only as large as one of Mumbo's lidding eyes. And still, he grew.

The distance between the Earth and the old sun suddenly could have been almost filled by Mumbo-Jumbo's erection, which moaned and flared bigger, still, heaving with power and growth and pressurized size. His sacs strained tighter and hotter as they ballooned to absurd proportions through space, filling more and more of it, shoving entire planets and tiny moons aside like space grit.

When the second spurt ended, and space gradually stopped shaking, the SilverHawks found themselves relative inches away from a single metallic pectoral. They had been gunning the engine to the breaking point to get away, only to have wound up closer to the godly bull than ever before.

"That's it, I'm callin' it," Bluegrass said, shaking his head. His hands shook at the wheel. "We can't outrun him! We gotta land, and hope for the best!"

"Do it."

"Bigger than the sun," Quicksilver gulped, blinking. "T-two hundred times as big!"

"He isn't stopping!"

Steelheart's words froze everything in a cold and silent chill, as they felt the ship start to rumble anew atop Mumbo-Jumbo...

The Navy shows up to take Mumbo-Jumbo down

A nearby battle cruiser on bay patrol caught a quick, frantic distress call, from the Cruise ship Whalon, and confusion ran rampant among the ship's brass over what it all meant. No signs of enemy fighters had been seen all morning, no one scrambled or sortied for battle of any kind. If it was a prank, then whoever it was behind the receiver deserved both an award and a prison sentence.

Still, several scouter pilots already on patrol were contacted, and put to work scouring the coordinate site for the Whalon.

The reports, as the pilots put it, were entirely warranted. Sightings of a cybernetic bull matching the description of the wanted Mumbo-Jumbo came through—only they all said Mumbo-Jumbo was over 100 feet tall, and getting bigger.

Mumbo rumbled out his triumph as he erupted clear out of the back deck tower, his bulky brawn booming out of shattering walls and splintered plastics and wood lining. Attendants, guards and officers all clung in desperation to his muscles, some sliding deep into the cleft of his metallic pectorals, which heaved pleasantly in and out as the 110-foot minotaur looked the rest of the gigantic cruise ship over, snorted, and dismissively brushed little hangers-on away.

"HRRRRNH," he grunted, stomping in place as he turned and reached down for a group of clearly-rich tourists, mostly insectoid. Compared to other species and humans, they were surprisingly large, but to Mumbo-Jumbo's reaching hand, they still weren't much.

He scooped several of them up with no trouble, lifting them up high over his muzzle as he flexed hard, just as a show of force. And it was fun.

Heh, tiny little bugs, Mumbo thoughts, sneering smugly. Bet they have money, lots of money!

The mantis-like female bug in his hand wriggled and hissed, clearly enraged and embarrassed. Suddenly, a thought struck Mumbo, and struck hard.

Who care about money? So what?

Huh?

Think, stupid. Money for littles. No need barter or legal tender, when big! You big now! Really big! Heh, why you bother?

The tourist-insects all wailed and jabbed and bit (well, not a few with better breeding), but Mumbo-Jumbo's red copper hand simply swelled even bigger, his fingers thickening as they closed around more and more of them, without even trying. The bull was lost in absent thought, such as it was, when something screamed through the skies, and struck him in his side with a hot burst. He went wide-eyed and mooded angrily as he stumbled forward and crashed to the deck, shattering and cracking it, sending the entire boat into a slow tilt in the water.

What the...

"HUUURHHHRUUHR?"

Only somewhat hurt by the explosion, Mumbo shook his head and glanced up to see several planes streaking by, overhead. His confusion instantly tumbled into boiling anger and rage.

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGH!"

STUPID LITTLE PLANES!

The back of the cruise liner rocked badly as Mumbo forced his 130-foot body up to a stand. He brushed himself and the last clinging sailors off, just as he caught sight of at least five planes veering off and circling around him, readying to open another volley of fire.

In his building anger, Mumbo rumbled deep inside, swelling continuously larger. His muscles bulged out tight as his height crept steadily higher, up and up, toward 150 feet. His feet slid over the flooring of the deck, warping it snapping it as his weight grew dangerously high.

SMASH YOU GOOD! Mumbo thought, snorting out fire as he reared back. He grabbed one of the nearby communication towers in one huge hand, pulled, and snapped it clear off its foundation.

One incoming plane only had a moment's notice, before the tower sailed up through the air and connected, crashing into the wing and shearing it clear off, so that it spun out and crashed into its neighbor, taking both down into the ocean.

The others opened fire, their laser artillery battering into his looming body, and as they streaked by, they could see their enemy; he wasn't toppled over or even remotely hurt. If anything, he was...growing!?

Hotwing and the Copper Kidd arrive on the scene

"Alright, Kidd, the distress call went out right around these coordinates...let's keep our eyes peeled, alright?"

The guidance came from Hotwing, who sat behind his fellow SilverHawk as he steered the small ship down toward Bedlama's Southern ocean. The Kidd was of the Mime planet, evidenced by his pale-white face and its clown-like markings. The rest of him was all copper-toned cybernetic armor, which came up to a point above the back of his head. His moniker was fitting, given that he was only as tall as a young man.

Hotwing, an older male with pointed ears and a more golden cybernetic body, watched out through the cockpit dome, spying through the clouds as they steadily parted to reveal the ocean...and a cruise ship...and...

"Whoa," he said, going wide-eyed. "So that's what this is about..."

The Kidd whistled lowly, agreeing in his native language.

Both of them clearly saw what *'what'* was.

Mumbo-Jumbo, only bigger. Much, much bigger.

The big bull was thrashing and swelling violently, growing out from within a gluttonous shell of the deck's aft control tower. The cracking remains of its outer wall bulged against Mumbo's booming brawn, metallic muscles pumping and bursting out of the trembling structure's last remnants.

"Good grief," Hotwing said, slowly, as the Kidd circled the besieged ship. "That's Mumbo, alright...how he got that big, I don't know."

The Kidd whistled out something with a question mark on the end of it.

"We sure are," Hotwing said, forcing a confident smirk. "Take us down, Kidd, we've got work to do!"

The small craft darted low to the water, nearly grazing the ocean's surface as they sped toward the emerging giant. Mumbo snorted and growled, spraying snapping wood and plastic off into the air as he shook, rumbled, and ballooned out even bigger, smashing his way through the rest of the tower. His shaft flared out into the open, bobbing angrily, as he sent his huge fists back, demolishing the rest of the walls in a few powerful swings.

"Get the cables ready, Kidd," Hotwing said, trying not to stare ahead at Mumbo's sudden arousal. "Let's put his steer down!"

The ship heaved up at the last second, emerging over the side of the ship, as Mumbo stomped his way across the aft deck, making passengers of all species scatter away. They crested the rim of the side and shot across the bow, firing a steel cable line from the front of the ship as they circled the aft.

"HRRRRRUHRRH?"

Mumbo blinked, stopping mid-stomp, as the familiar craft whizzed by, circling his 120-foot body. The cable fired out with a sharp whine, its weighted end lashing into a loop around Mumbo's bulging calf.

Wait, that... Mumbo thought, snorting in preemptive, mounting anger. *That Silverhawk ship! Stupid SilverHawks, here!?*

The huge bull roared, following the ship with his eyes as it circled, again and again, looping the steel cord around both of Mumbo's legs. By the time the raging minotaur finally stopped roaring and looked, he realized that the cable had wound its way up his legs, hips and torso, so that it eventually wrapped about his massive arms, and pinned his erection up against his metallic-gold stomach.

"R...RRRRRRHUHRRURR!?"

"Looks like we got him!" Hotwing said, beaming. "Nice shot there, Kidd!"

Mumbo teetered awkwardly as the other tiny guests all departed to the life boats, before the mooing bull toppled over and crashed, chest-down, onto the deck. As he grumbled and snorted, thrashing this way and that, his rumbling growth spurt continued on. Hotwing finally noticed as the ship circled once more that something was wrong, that Mumbo's roaring bulk was only inflating up larger, and larger, and larger...

"He's still growing?" the SilverHawk said, grimacing. "This is bad..."

It's the Bedlama Naval forces! This means war!

The impact, while of the magnitude sought to sink entire ships, merely forced an errant twitch in Mumbo-Jumbo's back muscle. The towering bull heaved forward with an unhappy lurch, as though jostled or shoved by someone on the subway. He blinked, then rolled his huge red shoulders, making his gigantic back surge up and settle back down in a series of metallic, muscled creaks.

There was a huge snort from behind the wall of the beast's back, which loomed up over the more shallow ends of the reef upon which Mumbo-Jumbo crush-stood.

The arm of the continental Bedlama defense force's naval fleet was there, beyond the bull, and it was the kind of arm that looked ready to wrestle. When the huge bovine didn't budge any further, every ship fired.

Despite the aggravation of the impact and its suddenness, Mumbo hardly seemed angered by it. If anything, there was a lingering tingle rumbling up through his body, as a result of the explosion against it. The explosion had died, certainly, but the trembling tickle remained.

"HNNRRRN?"

The ship and its multitude of passengers all cried out that pleasant trebling grew into a rumble, then a flex, forcing his humongous golden biceps to bulge out even larger against its hull. Then, they bulged out again, farther yet. The huge bull's brawn billowed out in a heated gush of growth, waves of throbbing muscle groaning and tensing and bursting out over his frame, getting bigger and bigger. The hugged-up ship creaked all over as Mumbo's swelling arms continually surged larger on either side, compacting the warping hull inward slowly but surely.

Oooooo-hoo-hooo, Mumbo thought, huffing out a happy blast of air, as he closed his eyes and felt his entire body boom up another 100 feet, making his shaft stir and bob warmly in the waters below *That...good...very good...*

"HRRRRRRRRHURN..."

He licked his muzzle over, flaring his nostrils as the last of the shiver ran through him, leaving him incrementally bumped up a little bigger, at 1,700 feet in size. His bulk, however, had inflated massively. Raw power radiated off his huge, nude, golden frame, ballooned out with new definition and bulk, all over.

At last, he turned around, in time to see innumerable ships there many over 1,000 feet long, all in formation over the ocean. He saw the way their lights all bleeped on decks, as a swarm of missiles plowed on through the water and arced through the air, toward him.

"...R--"

A symphony of explosions suddenly rocked Mumbo-Jumbo, and this time, he was very-much shoved back. Untold tons of high-grade explosives peppered his bulk as he closed his eyes in a wince and toppled sideways into the ocean, finally releasing the half-crumpled can that had been the Whalon ship. It plunged back down into the water, bobbing back up with enough buoyancy to spare those speck-sized passengers onboard.

As for Mumbo, the colossal bull crashed hard into the waters, blowing up a fantastic geyser of spray that rained down over the entire fleet.

Sensors scanned the waters below as Mumbo fell off of the reef formation, and sank down into an underwater valley, slamming his head in slow-motion against a huge bank of the floor. His shaft swung up in a slow arch, still so hugely long that the tip nearly brushed the underbelly of a carrier up above.

Ouch.

The single thought was all Mumbo-Jumbo could get out, before it all happened, at once. Where a swarm of explosions had hit him, there was now an entire colony of tingling, tickling trembles. They wracked his shaking body over as Mumbo grunted underwater, feeling his entire body start to shudder and quake and stretch tight, as his body tensed deep, held, and...

(BBBWWWWWWWWMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPPPH)

It's the Mirage! The SilverHawks followed him to Bedlama

The explosion buffeted against Mumbo-Jumbo's back, only large enough to make the humongous bull lurch forward a tiny bit, as though he had been hit with a softball. It was enough, though, to get him to blink, then look back behind him, as his death-hug on the cruise ship started to slacken.

"HRRR?"

Some miniscule thing zipped by, less than a small bird to him in size. As it passed and circled around, Mumbo-Jumbo glared after it, until his eyes widened with newfound rage.

"RRRRRRRRROOORRO!"

The Mirage!

Stupid SilverHawks, here? Mumbo thought, snorting in a fury. *How follow? Mumbo so discreet! Not want them here! Stupid little bugs! Go away!*

Mumbo hugged the gigantic cruise ship up against one side with one huge arm, using the other to angrily swat at the Mirage as it neared, then dodged out of his hand's way. As he attacked, standing there waist-deep in the ocean, countless little tourists and passengers willfully let go of the ship's rails, and took their chances plunging down into the water below, while others climbed up onto impossibly-big fingers or biceps, hanging on for life.

As he growled and snorted, the tingling from the explosion kept building and building inside his body, which began to tremble all over...

"He seems surprised we're here," Steelwill laughed, as the Mirage veered away from Mumbo's fist. "Did he really think we wouldn't follow his trail here?"

"I don't think Mumbo thinks, to begin with," Bluegrass answered, before pulling the wheel and turning the Mirage into a quick roll through the air.

"Regardless, he's gotten way too big, in a short time," Steelheart added. "Look at the size of him! Could all that have been from the crate of power cells that's missing? Imagine if he had gotten two of them on his way out..."

"Funny you mention him growing," Quicksilver sighed, grimacing, as he watched Mumbo-Jumbo through the cockpit dome.

As he spoke, the huge bull's 1,600-foot body rumbled powerfully, before he stopped swinging at them, closed his eyes, shook all over, and bulged loudly up in size, another 200 feet! His muscles ballooned bigger, the bicep and forearm and pectoral on his one side swelling destructively larger and fuller against the cruise ship, crushing its hull inward slowly as they all expanded.

His shaft throbbed, starting to push up out of the ocean with a huge twitch of stimulation. The head crested through the surface like an enormous whale, before bobbing back down. Mumbo let out a steamy puff of joy, before shaking his head with a fresh scowl.

An even-bigger fist sailed out to thank them, and this time, it nearly hit.

"What the...how'd he get even bigger, just then?" Steelwill gasped, holding onto a chair for the evasive maneuvers. "I thought he ate all of the power cells, he must have!"

"The explosion!" Steelheart concluded, snapping her fingers. "The missile we fired, its impact or explosion must have fed him, made him larger..."

"So, regular attacks are a bad idea, you're sayin'," Bluegrass moaned, as the viewfinder was suddenly very full of a cruise ship being swung right at them with two huge hands, Mumbo swinging the cruise liner at them as though it were a gigantic baseball bat. "Whoa, now, hang on!"

It's the Bedlama defense force, and their...giant robots!?

The missile that struck Mumbo-Jumbo, normally reserved for whenever skyscrapers or entire military complexes needed to be blown to bits, only registered as a bee sting, an annoyance. Certainly, the colossus treated it much the same way.

As the impact lingered, Mumbo's irritation melted off into a little electric jolt of pleasure, brief but enjoyed. The tingling that the explosion left behind built into a momentary shiver as its power spread through, making Mumbo tingle and hiccup bigger, by another 300 feet.

Being over 20,000 feet tall, naturally, that was a relative inch. But, that wasn't to say it wasn't enjoyed.

"RRR."

The bull blinked away the surprise and pleasure, before turning slowly around in the ocean, to face whatever had bothered to attack him.

His pendulous monster of a shaft slowly swerved through the water as he did so, kicking up waves as its 3,500-foot length displaced it. A small fleet of toy-sized ships caught the wave, rolling back and trying to stabilize as Mumbo's merest movements caused them instant distress below. It was pretty funny.

What was less-funny awaited the bull as he did something he never thought he would have to do, ever again: he looked up, straight ahead.

"ATTENTION, MUMBO-JUMBO," a booming voice blared, through countless speakers, lining the sides of Mumbo could only describe as a really, really big robot. It's body was something like a vast metal dinosaur, its shoulders, torso and thighs and head all lined with about one thousand rockets, lunch pads, landing strips and laser turrets. "YOU HAVE BEEN IDENTIFIED AS A WANTED CRIMINAL, IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE MON*STAR GANG. YOU WILL DESIST ANY AND ALL ILLEGAL OR AGGRESSIVE ACTIVITY, AND YOU WILL SURRENDER TO THE BEDLAMA DEFENSE FORCE!"

The robosaurus stood nearly as tall as Mumbo, himself—something that sat sour with the towering cybernetic minotaur.

"HNNNNH."

"THIS IS A RECOMBINANT BATTLE UNIT," the speaker-voice continued, threatening. "ATTEMPTS TO OUTMATCH OR ATTACK IT WILL NOT WORK. WE HAVE CONTACTED EVERY NEIGHBORING INSTALLATION, AND THEY WILL ADD THEIR FORCES TO IT. SURRENDER!"

Mumbo-Jumbo was already thundering along, stepping destructively over the ocean floor. His mile-plus feet sank into entire reefs and banks, smashing everything, stirring the sea-life into a confusion, as above he swung a huge fist back, and landed a massive haymaker on the robotic opponent. His red fist smashed deep into its muzzle, sending smashed chunks of individual robots flying off like flecks of blood.

The mighty robosaurus staggered back, thousands of unified servos whirring and adjusting, before a hailstorm of rockets tore loose, all of them colliding and exploding in a wave of devastation across Mumbo's huge body.

Roughly 709 lasers all fired point-blank, peppering the surprised bull with so much firepower that even he stumbled away, mooing and tripping backward, so that he crashed down hard into the ocean. A spray of water geysered up, up into the skies, nearly to the lower clouds, pattering rain back down over the BDF robosaurus as its guns and turrets all smoked and cooled.

"COUNTLESS DIRECT HITS," the robosaurus said, like a police officer reading rights.
"COLLECTIVE DAMAGE AT 11%, RECOMBINING..."

As the speaker boomed, hundreds of other smaller defense craft all flew in and began assembling together, patching in more of what Mumbo had pummeled off of its muzzle and face, until it had reformed, good as new.

"RECOMBINATION SUCCESSFUL. WELCOME, BROTHER AND SISTER SATELLITES! THANK YOU FOR YOUR PROMPT RESPONSE. WE ALL KNOW A COMBINATION-UNIT OF THIS SCALE HAS NEVER BEEN ATTEMPTED; EVERYONE, JUST HOLD TOGETHER, AND WE'LL HAVE THIS WRAPPED...UP IN...NO..."

The ocean itself was starting to churn, ominously. The thousands of smaller craft making up the robosaur's body all looked everywhere, but everywhere was where the rumbling was coming from.

Down below, on the ocean's smashed-down floor, Mumbo groaned and grit his huge teeth, huffing underwater as he stretched and strained and shook violently. His body reactively tensed in, trembled painfully, then

(BBBBBBBBBBBBMMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPHHHH)

His pectorals surged up higher and higher in the water, bumping and shoving schools of massive whales away as his biceps and shoulders bloated with power, stretching his metallic golden hide tighter and tighter. His eye rolled back as his triceps and rear and testicles all bulged bigger and bigger against the ocean floor, grinding it all down as he doubled in size, then

(BBBBBBBBBBBBMMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPHHHH)

His shaft plowed straight up through the ocean, throbbing and bloating and booming bigger

(BBBBBBBBBBBBMMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPHHHH)

And bigger

(BBBBBBBBBBBBMMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPHHHH)

AND BIGGER

(BBBBBBBBBBBBMMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPHHHH)
(BBBBBBBBBBBBMMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPP PPHHHH)
(BBBBBBBBBBBBMMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPHHHH)

"WHAT..."

The gargantuan robosaur unit, the size of a small town, began to back away in the water, only to have hundreds of pilots on its side compartments all report something dark growing around the robot, on both sides. Little did any understand that each of those swelling dark blotches under the water were thighs.

what they did understand, and quickly, was the sudden emerging of some billowed-up, booming hilltop, dark and metallic, yet fleshy and pulsing-hot in the air. Water poured down off of it in rivers as it pushed higher and higher, itself almost as wide as the entire robot unit's torso, and still getting *bigger*.

"IS THAT...A PENIS?"

It's Hotwing and the Copper Kid! The other SilverHawks are here!

Mumbo-Jumbo felt the impact as the missile slammed into his vast lower back, exploding in a little pop that registered mostly as a mosquito bite. Still, it was enough.

"NNNNRH?"

Who biting Mumbo? the humongous bull thought, thunder-grunting in a moment of annoyance and confusion. *Who dumb enough? Not see Mumbo bigger now? No one bigger...*

The enormous cyber-minotaur turned, snorting out a huge burst of air, churning the ocean itself with the simple act of turning about.

No one bigger...

Already looking down, Mumbo found only the ocean...no, there were ships there, Bedlama's naval forces...but a shadow was covering them all. He glanced up, and went wide-eyed in total, unhidden shock.

Than...

There, standing at least a full head taller than he, was Hotwing, a golden-armored SilverHawk, pointed ears and all. His face visor was down, covering it entirely, so that he looked just as much a full robot as Mumbo-Jumbo did. Both were cyborgs, sure, but the similarities were there. So, too, in height.

Not possible...not possible!

"HUUUURU..."

Mumbo blinked, then boom-stepped back, looking the towering SilverHawk over, before finally realizing that another was next to him, though he only stood about half as high up over the ocean. It was the Copper Kidd, that aggravating brat from the Mime planet! That twerp was in full-copper armor, pointed ears and all, his pale face covered by his own downed visor. They both looked akin to birds with them down—birds of prey.

"RUUU!?"

"Surprised, Mumbo-Jumbo?" Hotwing boom-spoke, the huge SilverHawk holding up what looked like a gun. Mumbo finally realized: he was carrying a naval carrier. The missile must have launched right off of its deck!

NOT POSSIBLE!

The Copper Kidd whistled in his native language, and it came out like a cataclysm, shaking everything. The run used to be the size of a child, and now he must have stood about 900 feet in size!

"We got a great big upgrade from Professor Power, Mumbo! We're every bit as big as you, now! So, are you gonna surrender quietly?"

White-hot anger began to burn against the veil of shock, until it burned off, and the bull saw only lingering red.

"RRR...HRRRRRUUUUUUUUUURUUU!"

At that, Hotwing readied the entire carrier, pointed it at Mumbo-Jumbo, and shot out a barrage of missiles. Mumbo braced, tensing his enormous legs in the ocean; his arms went up over his muzzle, shielding him, as a series of explosions peppered him over and over. He barely felt it.

CRUSH THEM! CRUSH SILVERHAWKS!

The uncomplicated message flashed in the bull's mind, driving him insane with anger. His feet crunched into the ocean floor as he huffed, snorted, and sneered his way into a deep, terrible scowl, before he lowered his head, and charge forward, stampeding at the two titans with horns bared.

Hotwing and the Copper Kidd both darted away, sidestepping, as the naval fleet parted and let the bull storm past, kicking up a vast spray in his wake that rocked every ship below.

"You can't take us both, Mumbo-Jumbo!" Hotwing shouted, as Mumbo dug a heel in, spun in place, and swung a hard right. Hotwing bent back, the fist narrowly missing as it sailed past his visor. Mumbo's swing threw him forth, until the bull stumbled and tripped over himself, crashing into the ocean hard.

The vast bovine could have sworn he heard laughter up above, as he felt his head bash into an underwater cliff face, shaking the ocean on impact.

LAUGHING...AT MUMBO!? LAUGHING!?

The bull's entire body shook with rage, as he felt something crash into the water, after him. The massive spire of rock towering up past the ocean surface had snapped in two on impact, and the topside hit the water and sank below, landing with a muffled *thud* on top of him.

"Think he's had enough, Kidd?" Hotwing asked. The Kidd whistled an enormous sound, then shrugged casually.

That was when the ocean itself began to shake...

Mumbo-Jumbo smashes through their offense...how is the station's defense?

Before, the known criminal Mumbo-Jumbo had been on the approach, looming at 100 feet in size, bigger than ever, bigger than any wanted poster or rap sheet could have said. Now, the terrified workers of Ice Station Delta had a 200-foot bull on their hands, and the odds they could hold him were nil.

"Somebody, respond!" the now-frantic operator screamed, their death-grip on the hone nearly crushing its handle. "Acknowledge! We need—"

A hard impact shook the entire station, as Mumbo-Jumbo battered it with both fists. Each was surely as big as a whole snowdozer, and heavier yet. With each slam, the outer wall dented in, its convex form going more and more concave. Windows cracked, the wraparound view filling with webbing lines as the panes began to snap and slide against each other.

Dust coughed out in sheets, raining down over the operators and staff as the entire building shifted and sank down a few feet, followed by another crash, then another.

"HUUURRHRRRURRHRRRR!"

The bovine boom shook everything as they tried to brace, before the ceiling rattled, then held in a strange pause...before several gigantic red fingertips burst in along the interior wall. They dug in, and the entire topside was suddenly wrenched clear off, in one gargantuan yank, revealing monstrous gold-copper biceps and forearms.

They moved helpfully out of view as Mumbo-Jumbo hurled the rent roof away from the station's main building, so that they more easily saw the bull's towering chest and muzzle, overhead.

A moment later, the rooftop could be heard crashing afar, in the snow. Everyone broke for the exit hall doorway, clattering and stumbling over upturned desks and chairs, all as a gigantic red fist rose up high, held...

Then crashed down, shattering the entire top floor, so that it and the following level collapsed in with a cloud of smoke and spraying debris. The dust blew out through the exit hall, blowing everyone off their feet as they tried to evacuate into the dormitory buildings.

Aftershocks tremored out, shaking the snow off of nearby hills and cliffs as the smoke cleared.

"HRRRRF RRRN."

Mumbo-Jumbo snorted derisively, lording his sheer size and victory over the blown-out building, around which only its shell remained. He withdrew his massively thick forearm, letting the rubble tumble down off of it, grinning cruelly as he watched the little workers fleeing down the tunnel, into the opposing buildings.

Gonna run? Mumbo huffed, laughing a booming rumble out of his huge chest and neck. *Not gonna work...*

The colossus stomped imposingly around the building, which still reached up to his waist, cracking his copper knuckles as he approached the dormitories.

Those actually bothering to pack what they could of personal worth felt the sanctuary of the dorm building fall apart as a bigger, harder impact rattled its walls. Over the shouts and cries, some few tried to haul footlockers and bags out into the main hall, only to be met with a collapsing wall as a massive erection burst in through it.

The head battered and bowled down the span, plugging it as it jutted over workers, knocking them back and scattering papers and chests as its sides ballooned hot and huge against the walls. Cracks lined the hallways as the penis' girth expanded, bloating and bursting bigger, forcing the walls to warp loudly, before the monstrous member withdrew...then shoved back in, harder, bigger, firmer, demolishing more and more, still.

"RRRRRRRRFR," Mumbo chuckled, licking his muzzle over eagerly, as he shuddered and thrust into the building again, and again, each time cracking it further and deeper, until its structure began to snap and separate in ugly increments.

The more Mumbo thrust and ground in, slamming his huge hips into the poor building, the more his huffing and panting increased. His erection bulged tighter within, hammering the interior away as his huge hands gripped the building at its sides, and held it in place as he violated it.

His huge sacs slapped and pressed into the exterior, over and over, a drumbeat of doom haunting those trying to flee inside and below. The pleasure inside his erection built and built, tingling and groaning and rumbling with want, his giant fingers digging in as he panted and snorted and flexed all over, straining with smug, giddy lust over his prize.

The rumbling grew...and grew...and grew...and GREW, until...

Mumbo-Jumbo swallows all the droids he can, and they combust inside of him...

The 200-foot cyber-bull's rampage proved relentless, as his huge fists bashed into the upper station exterior, again and again. Glass shattered and sprayed out as an entire corner of the main building caved inward, making those within cry out and fall to the floor, then skid along it as it snapped open and slid lower.

One determined operator smashed the keyboard to his work station console, and a large dome opened nearby, in the snow. Mumbo-Jumbo turned over to it with a curious grunt, in time to see a small wave of drones spew up from it.

"HRRRN."

The armada of black drone whirled and clicked, then shifted their small, eye-like lights from green to red, going into attack mode. The swarm shot through the snowfall, attacking Mumbo-Jumbo, bunching and collecting against him like a sentient wall of machinery. More and more kept spilling out, until the bull was as covered as a carcass, and his growls and swipes did nothing to stop the onslaught.

A huge hand slapped over Mumbo's face, wiping the cluster of drones off like it was pie on the face. He trace the dome nearby, and began to stomp angrily over toward it, the swarm trying to stay stuck to him as he moved.

Stupid little robot-bugs, Mumbo huffed, more indignant than hurt. *Show all you! Humph!*

His gigantic golden-copper knees slammed down into the snowbanks, heavy ad huge, as Mumbo bent onto all fours, opened his muzzle wide, and then clamped it down over the dome. Unable to understand right away, the technicians and operators struggling to not fall into the hole Mumbo's fist had made were unable to tell what he was doing.

But boy, Mumbo sure knew.

Countless drones were flying thoughtlessly up, up from the hole, filling Mumbo's mouth and gullet, and the bull kept gulping them up and up and up with raw greed. Hundreds and hundreds filled his cybernetic body, until the store was depleted, and Mumbo stood back up. He then clenched a tight fist, brought it far out...and slammed it hard into his own thick chest, making such a concussive impact that every drone inside of him exploded, sweeping out in a huge chain reaction.

Bet that make Mumbo-Jumbo really big! Haha! Stupid little HHHHRK!

Instantly, the explosion boomed Mumbo bigger; his brawny bulk blew out so big that it nearly overwhelmed him as it raged in all directions. His gilded pectorals billowed out so big ahead of him that his arms suddenly couldn't reach halfway past them, as his biceps burst up and up, his triceps boomed lower and heaved noisily against his stretching lats. His abs surged out in a bulging row as his rump erupted larger behind him, his back arching as his shoulder blades, shoulders, forearms and thighs all exploded bigger, and bigger!

His body rumble-boomed up all the way to 300 feet, his neck bloating out wider along with his swollen, rising penis, which bobbed and battered the snowy hills below, before his testicles bulged and ballooned clear over them, mashing them flat, forcing his arm-length erection higher and higher up into the freezing air.

"HHH...HRRRRRRGHK..."

Mumbo sputtered and gulped, then whined out a thick, steamy grunt, before hiccupping up even bigger, booming to 400 feet...500 feet!

His muscles groaned and creaked and squealed, rubbing and mashing and bulging hot and huge against themselves as he shook and swelled out again, and again, rising taller, wider, heavier. The station shrank down past his thighs, then his bulbous, swollen calves, as his rear pushed out, and his throbbing phallus and rumbling, rolling sacs consumed more of the landscape, making Mumbo roar up into the snowy skies as he trembled and erupted up even bigger! And BIGGER!

It wasn't stopping. It...it wasn't stopping!

"HHHH...HHHUHHHR...HUHRRR...HRRRRHRRRHRRRRHRRRRRR!"

The looming bovine laughed deep and terrible as he blew up past 600 feet, shaking with power and size to spare. His overloaded muscles kept tingling and twitching, spurting, blowing and gushing out larger, bigger, stronger!

The drones, briefly able to consume his form, began to pitifully spread apart, only able to concentrate themselves over portions of the bull's ever-growing body. The lack of control was noted, as Mumbo's enormous red hand slapped down over whole swaths of drones, scooping them all up like tiny candies, and cramming handfuls of them into his muzzle, devouring all that were left.

The ensuing internal explosions made Mumbo bellow in delight and lust as his body erupted bigger, even faster! His feet swelled out over the ice, his weight starting to crack and snap it apart, under bulk, as his tonnage climbed higher and higher and higher, along with his expanding body.

As he passed 800 feet, the ice itself began to crack fully apart, and the rumbling giant slipped part-way down into it with a sudden, shocked cry.

"HRRRRRUUU!?"

Bigger still Mumbo swelled, rumbling on, surging with increasingly gigantic muscles and sex. His pulsating member smashed down, dimpling his massively fat orbs as they crushed down along the icy foundation, which cracked wider on impact, and began to consume more and more of him down into the deep gorges of once-hidden ice deposits.

No...NO!

Yet more of the bull did indeed slip down into the much larger gulf, sliding down into the abyss. The larger he blew up, the easier it was to sink faster.

Get out...get free! No, stupid! Sun hot! Too cold down here! No, no!

Those within the station had already fled the site, watching on in their winter coats designed for numerous alien life forms, shapes and sizes. They saw as Mumbo's 1,000-foot body sank progressively lower into the widening gorge below, until only his roaring muzzle and waving hand remained. Then, there was only the hand, grasping and huge, yet utterly desperate.

Then, with a last cry, there was simply nothing at all. Just an echo dying in the snowfall.

"I'll be," Bluegrass said, whistling low. "It really happened, just like that. The big lunkhead got so big,

he broke the ice."

The Mirage hovered over the devastation, cautious and high up. Inside the cockpit, the four SilverHawks surveyed the carnage.

"I keep waiting for him to blast back up and roar at us," Steelwill sighed.

"Not likely," Quicksilver said. "That sun is all energy and heat and ignition. The deep freeze so far below probably has him so low-powered, he could hardly move. Otherwise, he'd be clawing his way back up."

"So, what now, then?" Steelheart rightly asked. "What do we do? Reports put Mumbo at over 1,000 feet tall, so..."

"Right," Quicksilver replied, nodding. "There isn't much we can do to extricate the big guy, anytime soon. Maybe never, even. Maybe frozen solid is just what's called for, here."

The other three watched on in silence, collectively imagining the icy prison that Mumbo-Jumbo's greed had put him into. With the formerly-miniature sun on deep freeze, the bull had proven his own jailer, and in that jail he would now surely stay...

Mumbo-Jumbo grows twice as big

Mumbo-Jumbo's backward all was something like watching a massive tree fall and crash; even the sounds and motions were the same. What was different was everything *after* the impact.

The huge bull's bulk pinned a set of lengthy power lines to the crashed-in turf, sending wave on wave of electric energy coursing through his body. Mumbo bellowed and gasped, then panted hotly as his wide eyes lidded in pleasure. Thin fingers of blue energy crackled and dance, weaving in and out over his trembling metallic pectorals and bobbing erection, tickling his hefty sac and quaking thighs.

The rumbling within him seemed more like a happy moan to the little species of life on the city streets, until it grew too powerful, and began to shake the buildings and cars, rattling the pavement under countless feet.

Then, it happened: everyone creeping forth in morbid curiosity paid for it, as Mumbo's fallen body suddenly started to swell larger, on the spot!

"GH...HRRRRR...RNNN..."

Mumbo-Jumbo's moans melted into pleased timbres as his shaft plowed up into the air, throbbing up higher and higher, thicker and fatter, spreading his legs as they started to grow too. His resting arms inflated in size, straining tight as they rumble-boomed out larger, rising higher over the cracked streets and smashed cars.

His fingers swelled bigger as they dug into the road on either side, his huge feet skidding out, heel-down, over the streets, getting larger, heavier, wider, his risen toe-end starting to chase and loom over those nearest to the fall. They cried out and fled, stumbling over one another in a wave of panic, as Mumbo's fallen body billowed larger, and larger, 120 feet spurting hotly to 130...140...

"CLEAR THE AREA!" a voice boomed over the speaker, as a row of huge tanks rattled up the street, aiming their cannons at the swelling target before them. "EVERYONE, EVACUATE!"

The trembling, mooing giant tensed and shook happily, licking his muzzle over, before he boomed up to 150 feet, then 160, still growing and swelling with more and more colossal bulk. The tanks opened fire, blasting into the rising bull in time to knock him back down again. At 200 feet, however, the impacts had diminished greatly, and Mumbo-Jumbo had little trouble hefting himself right back up, unscathed.

"Artillery fire ineffective!" one tank operator said, addressing the battalion's com line. "He's twice as big, now, it doesn't look like we're even hurting him now!"

"The electricity did it, he appears to be feeding off of it. We're getting this sector of the district shut down! In the meantime, switch to auxiliary fire and block off any escape routes," their CO ordered, barking over the intercom. "Fire!"

Mumbo-Jumbo grunted as he sat up, then sighed deep, sad that the growth spurt was over...yet thrilled that it was a possibility, for him. As he rose to a 200-foot stand, marveling at his increased mass and muscle and the much-preferred perspective, the lights across the strip suddenly sputtered, then went entirely out. While it didn't help the cries of those fleeing, down below, it did make Mumbo growl in irritation.

They saw Mumbo grow, he thought to himself, sourly. They know too. Cut off fun, so no grow.

Hmm...

Mumbo work with what Mumbo got.

At that, the gigantic bull stomped down on the nearest tank, before it could reactively fall back. It held for a millisecond, before the full weight of his huge foot bore down, cracking its chassis, then flattening it down into the crumbling road. Mumbo looked over at the line, which fired away, only for its explosions to nudge him back, like ineffectual shoves from some weak child.

"HRRRPH!"

Mumbo's body shook a moment, as the tanks finished switching to laser fire, and began to blast him over and over. The more they soaked in, however, the more Mumbo-Jumbo rumbled and shook, until the buildup seemed to come to a head, making the bovine cyborg suddenly swell even larger. The tanks rumbled back fearfully, halting fire, as they and the spectators watched Mumbo-Jumbo bulge up another 30 feet, his muscle pumping tighter and fuller.

"HRRRRHRRRHRRRRNH!"

Mumbo snorted out his chuckle, before realizing they had stopped firing. He sighed in annoyance, and leaned in toward a tall building, wrapping his huge musclebound arm around its backside. With some effort, he pulled in toward himself and the street, making the foundation below crack and snap, then break apart, as he literally pulled the entire remainder of the building off its base, letting it tumble destructively down onto the road. It exploded in a shower of construction, mortar, glass and steel, blowing out a huge cloud as it crushed down onto the entire battalion of tanks, burying them.

"HRRRN."

Not feed Mumbo bigger? Then you no good. No need you.

BDF planes began to crest down over the city as the 230-foot behemoth stormed his way through the unlit streets, toward the nearest section of the city's grid that still had power flowing.

"Looks like he's headed for the lights," one pilot said over the line, grimly. "How do we slow him down, if the brass is suddenly saying we can't use lasers or explosions?"

Mumbo-Jumbo grows much, much bigger...

The unwieldy metallic *WHAM* of Mumbo-Jumbo's bulk collapsing back onto the streets felt like the beat of a great war-drum, a deafening victory blow against the colossal cyber-bull. The impact shook the pavement, rattling cars and wobbling trees, rumbling up through the windows of the surrounding buildings, before finally tapering off.

The crowd's cheers rose for all of ten seconds, when something shut them all up. It wasn't any battlecry or bellow of rage, on the downed bull's part. It wasn't artillery fire or planes rushing overhead, in the sky.

It was a moan. A deep, deep moan, of absolute delight.

And it was coming from the bull.

"HHHHNNNNNHGH...N..NNNGH-HHHHH..."

The metallic colossus groaned and strained against himself, his huge penis starting to buck itself up into a firm, stiffening pillar, as what appeared to be electrical currents wove in and out of his huge muscles, tickling them, rolling and crackling, gathering and branching everywhere. They tingled up along the supple bulging curve of his sacs, teasing along the undercarriage of his throbbing erection, up along his huge stomach muscles and swollen gold chest.

YYYYYYEEEEEEEESSSSS-SSSS-SSSSSSSSSS...

Mumbo-Jumbo's entire body shook openly, making everyone and everything in the periphery jitter and quake fearfully. The huge bull's biceps tensed and flexed involuntarily, before stretching bigger, swelling larger atop his bloating triceps, which inflated loudly and warmly out against the cracked street. His sacs ballooned bigger, wider, spreading his thickening thighs out farther as his shaft swelled longer overhead, bobbing in a happy sway, pushing out higher over his swelling pectorals.

His chest bulk strained out too far, forcing the sloping bulge of its upper realm up into the bull's chin as his back brawn billowed into the road, crushing heavier and wider over the impact crater of his landing—and the snapped series of crackling power lines, caught underneath.

His feet surged bigger, dragging out with heavy bumps and skips along the road, his growing heels crowding the nearest vehicles, even shoving them away as he grew and grew and grew.

"NNNNHNNNNHHHHHN...RRRRRRNNNNGH!!"

His shaft ballooned wider as he panted, feeling himself swell bigger in all directions. 100 feet, formerly so imposing and dangerous, seemed a sudden laugh, as the bull surged clear up to 150 feet, then 200.

His knees rose higher and higher as he simply laid there, huffing and gulping, feeling his pectorals bulge up gigantically huge under and over his chin and muzzle, pinching it, as his lats inflated into huge wings that spread his growing, hulking copper arms apart. His shoulders crashed against the sides of business towers on either side of an intersection, his bulging neck and horns snapping traffic lights and poles flat as he swelled through.

That intersection only held the snorting, panting bull so long, as his body kept crawling with bolts of power, feeding him, draining the grid slowly as Mumbo-Jumbo groaned, trembled deep, and

boomed up to 300 feet! His shoulders blew through the buildings' lower floors, smashing them apart in spraying torrents of glass, forcing the cracking topsides to snap loose and fall in on Mumbo, crashing in a smoky heap over his growing body.

The clouds blew out along the street, catching and even flinging the fleeing crowds off their feet. Through the haze it left, Mumbo's golden-copper body could still be heard, rapidly bulging, booming and billowing larger and heavier.

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRR...H-HHR...RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHH!!"

"I can't see anything from here, but I can hear it," one passing BDF pilot said over the com line, as his plane whizzed past the block-covering cloud of ruin. "No, I don't think it stopped him at all! I think he's getting--"

"BBBRRRRRRRRRRUUUUOOOOOOOOUUUU!!"

The devastation below vanished, suddenly, as Mumbo-Jumbo exploded bigger, surging violently larger over the block, consuming it with engorged muscle and sex. His 500-foot body kept relentlessly expanding, callous and greedy, bulging over entire smaller buildings as his erection pushed up floor after floor, throbbing loudly in the evening air. Mumbo's muzzle was half-embedded in his pectoral cleft, a golden canyon of heat and smooth, bulging muscle, making his every pleased huff and moan cake them in air.

His rear trembled and bulged bigger, mashing out against his humongous, overgrown testes. They rumbled and swelled out like an impossibly, metallic tide, bowling over buses and tanks, crushing them as they tried to retreat, only for the sacs to speed up larger, as if to catch them.

600 feet rumbled and blew up to 700 feet...

"We can't stop him!" a CO barked into his com line, as the tank farthest back in the line tried to reverse and head down a different road. "He just keeps growing bigger! Our artillery isn't even scratching him! It's...got to be the power! Yes, he landed on power lines! What? That's why I'm calling in! Yes, cut the power! The whole grid, if you have to! Do it!"