

## **Mumbo-Jumbo explodes with power**

Mumbo-Jumbo's mind snapped awake, awash in insane power. His throbbing muscles surged out against him, without even flexing, and with no retreating back in. The heels of both feet began to skid out along the cell floor as Mumbo's back muscles bulged up thicker and fuller against the wall, as the bull pulsed a few inches bigger, then a few inches more, creeping higher and heavier.

"G...R...GH..."

"That's the way, Mumbo, come on," Mo-Lec-U-Lar muttered impatiently, leaning into the cell bars. "I've got special plans for you! Heh, Hardware wasn't kidding, you really can become unstoppable!"

Mumbo-Jumbo attempted to reply, but his body was convulsing with power, waves upon waves, crashing and billowing and bursting up within him. His rear billowed out over the floor as his shoulders bulged bigger on either side, the trembling getting worse and worse, until—

*"BRRRRRROOOOOUUUUAAAAAARRRR!"*

Mumbo's swelling body rumbled and boomed bigger, blowing up twice as large, in one thick burst of growth! His 10-foot body rocketed larger, stretching and swelling, pumping up along the wall, forcing his horned head to bash up into the ceiling with a clattering spill of dust. The moment his head impacted, there was another tremble, and Mumbo snorted and shook and boomed twice as large again, shoving his head and neck against the center of the crumbling ceiling, forcing webbed cracks everywhere as his pectorals boomed up against his chin.

His growing shoulders bulged out on either side, bumping into the edges where the walls met the ceiling, as his knees heaved out, his feet hitting the cell bars, then pressing bigger and tighter against them.

"There we go," Mo-Lec-U-Lar started, backing away, just as Mumbo's burgeoning erection bulged out between his feet, pushing and swelling hungrily larger against the same bars, so that its flaring tip dimpled out against them. "That's more like it!"

*"RRR...RRRRRRHRRRRR!"*

Mo-Lec-U-Lar's edging back turned into a stumble as Mumbo's groaning body suddenly billow even larger, faster, tripling in size! The bars warped out as his bloated golden muscles surged unstoppably bigger against them, pockets of copper brawn bulging out between, spreading them tighter and further out. The shapeshifting crony landed on his backside, agog, as the 30-foot bull boomed to 60. His sheer mass burst up through the shattering ceiling, spreading concrete and mortar up in a spray as several very confused alien convicts felt something huge slam up through their floor, then boom bigger, forcing them against the walls.

Several of those warped bars screamed as they parted, letting Mumbo-Jumbo's erection punch out into the hallway, narrowly missing Mo-Lec-U-Lar's head as he crawled back, suddenly terrified and thrilled, all at once.

"Hah! Haha! I knew it would work!" he howled, over the cascading debris above, as Mumbo's fat sacs bloomed out through the bars, snapping them off their bases with a series of hollow metallic pings.

Bigger still Mumbo ballooned, roaring and grunting, unable to get his own bearings as his entire body trembled even worse, then tensed in tight, and boomed bigger, tripling in size yet again, and

again!

Walls shook and blew out in a chaos of cracks and breaks, humongous biceps and neck and shoulders and muzzle and rump and horns all blasting through everything. Mo-Lec-U-Lar held on with a cry of shock as Mumbo's growing testicles collided with him, mashing against the opposing hallways cell, then pummeling through that entire wall with his shaft and growing feet, as his knees pulsed and tore up through the ceilings.

Dust caked the bottom floors as Mumbo's ever-rising body expanded up, up into it, spreading and filling, huffing and quaking, and booming bigger!

YEEEESSSSSSSS, Mumbo thought, panting and shaking, as his 240-foot body burst hotly and messily, gushing up even b-bigger...and BIGGER...

Nothing could contain the brawny bovine as his metallic body blew up through the fifth floor of the block, his pectorals bursting out disproportionately, crashing through more of the cracked flooring as his body and hips and rump and sacs and shaft bloated bigger and hotter and thicker, filling every crumbling nook, pressing hundreds of very baffled, grunting little aliens of all sizes flat against the last vestiges of the building...

Only for Mumbo to moan out as he trembled again...

### **Mumbo-Jumbo bursts out of his block! Can the Penal Planet stop his growth?**

"That's certainly odd," Warden Lockdown murmured, looking at the same monitor the security guard had called him over to observe. "And you haven't seen him in how long, now?"

"Professor Power went to his spacecraft, a while back, with clearance to depart, but I have footage of him exiting the ship sometime later, and we haven't seen him since."

"Well, what did he come back in for? Was he missing something?"

"That's just it, sir, he never came back inside."

The warden blinked his large alien eyes, processing.

"Well, that makes no sense. And he hasn't returned to that ship, there?"

"No, sir."

"And you haven't hailed him since?"

"Oh, yes, sir, multiple times. I sent officer Zangru over to inspect the ship, a few minutes ago, and he hasn't responded to my channel."

"And you just let it go at that?"

"No sir! I...I called you, sir."

"Well, something is wrong, here, obviously...alright. You and officer Vargos follow me, we're going to call on that ship. Let's go."

"Should we call the SilverHawks back?"

"Have a line open, should we need to. For now, let's move."

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The small shuttlecraft sat silent on the tarmac, over at the edge, where it wouldn't have been easily noticed, offhand. The two officers and Warden Lockdown approached cautiously; being on an entire prison planet, one didn't last long without due vigilance. Their guns ready, they knocked on the door. Nothing.

"Alright, open it," Warden Lockdown said, quietly.

Before they could, however, something came shambling awkwardly out of the shadows, from behind the nearest wing of the arrival terminal. The guards whipped around, lasers primed, only to see the stumbling figures of Zangru and Professor Power coming their way, bound and gagged. They were nearly hopping, on account of their lashed ankles.

"What in the world!?" Warden Lockdown started, as both guards rushed over and slipped their gags down. For Professor Power, it was as easy as nudging the material down the slope of his bulb-head.



Mumbo's laughter was genuine, born of the realization ahead of the guards that, indeed, the energy was only pumping his huge body up bigger, bloating his pulsing muscles as he huffed and flexed harder, feeling his biceps inflate into massive boulders against his swelling shoulders and popping forearms.

His shaft stirred, bucking up hard with a metallic, groaning bob of weight through the air. Both his pendulous sacs boomed lower, bigger, fatter around, gaining some smooth, menacing heft as he let them dangle overhead, full and tight and stretching.

"S-stop!" one guard finally said. "Stop firing! Look at him, it's making him even bigger! Knock it off, everyone!"

So, they had noticed, too. Pity.

**"NRRRRRHf."**

It hardly mattered, either way. Mumbo-Jumbo stood 70 feet tall, and his earlier growth spurt was still ongoing. All they had done was feed him a nice bit extra, in the meantime. As if to demonstrate the futility of their resistance, the huge bull flexed in, curling both arms down, feeling the biceps balloon out against his booming pectorals, as his back muscles burst higher up over his head and thickening neck. Another tremble raced through, and the shaking bull growled lewdly, feeling his shaft bulge bigger ahead of him, before he boomed up twice as big, in one ugly, billowing spurt of size!

"Holy smokes, he's still growing!" another guard groaned, stepping back in abject fear. "What do we do?"

"Gas canisters! Grenades!" one officer shouted, making them all nod and switch tactics quickly.

Mumbo snorted, blinking, having to take a little more time to properly see what the little bugs below were up to. At 140 feet tall, it was getting to be required.

Pins slipped out, guns aimed, and canister after canister was thrown or shot outright at the looming giant. This time, Mumbo's booming chuckle was replaced with a cacophony of hacks and coughs. Through the mist of the spreading gas, the officers all felt it: several heavy, huge steps away, then something gigantic crashing back into the detention block wall, cracking it's higher floors on impact.

"Hah!" one guard cheered.

"That got him!" another said.

"Stay ready! Wait for him to actually fall, then move back in! For now, stay away from the gas!"

The team leader's warning went heeded, and everyone stopped crowing long enough to back away from the wall of smoke...before something huge blew hard, and the entire wall moved over them, instead.

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Through the monitor, they could all see Mumbo-Jumbo blowing the cloud away, pushing it over the small army of officers. The panting bull coughed silently on the screen, then shook his head and loosed a muted, angered roar, billowing up to double his size again! His muscles roared larger,

booming in all directions as his head pushed up over the battered detention block, then his swelling neck and shoulders, then his back, as he huffed bigger, stronger, wider, higher...

"Gah, that does it!" Warden Lockdown growled, more fearfully than angrily. "Close off the sector! Seal it! Right now! And for the last time, contact the SilverHawks!"

**Mumbo-Jumbo seems truly unstoppable...but everyone fights anyway!**

*NEVER S...SSSSS-SSSTOPPPP...*

The order was clear, and his body gladly obeyed.

*NE-NEVER...MUMBO N-NEVER BUH-B-BE SMALLER...EVER!*

The other foot loomed overhead, as big as Mumbo-Jumbo had just stood; it slammed into the courtyard, the brunt of a massive red-copper sole crashing down deep into cratering turf, the toes crushing the exterior side wall of the main hub, and the heel demolishing half of the detention block behind it. Somehow, the following aftershock was worse.

Every guard nearby, the warden, and even the fleeing SilverHawks all heaved up into the air, thrown by the seismic crash of the foot. Steelheart managed to take to flight, in mid-air, and Steelwill tried, but they all tumbled back down, caged along with the courtyard, the stairwell and main hub and a portion of the detention block by Mumbo-Jumbo's feet.

"Stay up!" Quicksilver hollered, waving her off as he hit the ground. "Stay airborne! We need eyes!"

"R-roger!" Steelheart yelled back, flying up past Mumbo's towering calf muscle, toward the knee. "I'll find Professor Power!"

"Warden!" Quicksilver shouted, running up to and helping the semi-avian alien find his footing. "What can we do? What does this place have, for deterrence?"

"Guns and...a-and shutters," he stammered, helped into an awkward run by the Silverhawks as they fled up the stairwell, into the main hub's partly-eviscerated remains. "We also have a knockout system! B-but Mumbo's already too big to confine in any of the shutter domes! Even if we employed them, he wouldn't fit!"

"Maybe not into *one*," Bluegrass shouted, over the panic of flung officers and crashing buildings and light posts, all at once. "If'n we can topple that steer, I figure we can force enough of a dome over what matters, and gas that part!"

"Well, it wouldn't seal completely, if it stops clamping down over his neck," the warden said, as the building shook all over. "But it would hold a lot of the gas in, I would imagine it would still be effective!"

"But, how do we knock him down?" Steelwill asked.

"We...we open the courtyard, and the hub!" Warden Lockdown said, suddenly. "In emergency situations, there are charges planted throughout the lining to two quadrants of the interior...they blow out the connective structure plates, to drop detainees or escapees to a padded bunker below!"

"So, we get him to step even a little further toward us, and we can snag his foot?" Quicksilver asked, as the building crashed and slid apart, its walls blasting open from the simple motion of Mumbo's colossal toes curling, a few sections of the building over.

"Then, we just gotta make sure he falls right!" Bluegrass said. "Which is..."

"There are domes of equal size on either side! All he has to do is fall, back or forward!"

"Well, shoot, *finally* some good news!"

"Steelheart, come in! This is Quicksilver!"

The building's ceiling snapped further apart, as the side of the hub surrounding Mumbo's toes crumbled away around them. The three and the Warden all stumbled over behind a large stone pillar, to avoid the billowing clouds of debris.

"Steelheart, come in!"

"Sorry, Quicksilver! I found Professor Power, I was busy moving him out of the courtyard!"

"Tell everyone down there to get clear! We're going to blow a series of emergency plates, and trip Mumbo-Jumbo up!"

"R-right! Professor Power has a plan, though...do you want to hear it?"

"It better be dynamite!" Bluegrass shouted, as the dust cleared. Even inside the decimated husk of the main hub building, they could all hear Mumbo-Jumbo's huge body starting to rumble even harder, shaking everything.

Quicksilver thought, and thought fast...

## **Mumbo-Jumbo's getting too big, too fast! Everyone evacuates the planet!**

The night skies and space beyond had been quickly replaced by none other than Mumbo-Jumbo, blocking all else out as he towered over Penal Planet 10's maximum security block. The throbbing bull's muscles shook with need, as power upon power built up endlessly inside of him, bloating his bulk out in bursts as he trembled and huffed and moored out unfathomable, boundless pleasure.

Then, it got bad.

"Can't we stop him, Professor?" Quicksilver shouted, as the sounds of devastation around Mumbo's enormous, building-smashing feet escalated louder and louder. "Isn't there any way at all?"

"I-I have nothing here that could even potentially stop his growth," Professor Power pined, trying to keep up with the SilverHawks, as one of Mumbo's colossal heels slid back against a neighboring building on the opposing block. Though it stood four stories high, the humongous red-copper heel bashed into it with no effort, steamrolling through its façade and interior as the bull shifted his stance just slightly, sending clouds of billowing smoke and guards flying everywhere below.

"What're our options, then?" Steelwill asked, as they ran toward the stairwell back up to the main hub building.

"We escape!" the Professor wheezed, well-past ragged.

"Shoot, we're already doin' that," Bluegrass said, helpfully. "We mean, how do we stop him, after we find a safe building or underground bunker, or—"

"The planet," the professor said, correcting. "We escape...this entire planet! Right now!"

A thundering boom-moo echoed everywhere, rolling over the other quadrants of the city-sized complex. As they all filed into the double-doors of the hub and ran by the tall windows inside, they could see as the lowing titan shook and panting and licked the air, before rumble-booming bigger, again!

"No!" Steelheart sighed, picking up the pace.

"Faster, everyone!" Quicksilver cried, as the bull's massive body blew up bigger, shoving his swelling body higher and higher into the skies. His tremendous feet blew out over the complex, so big now that they mowed clear through the courtyard, then straight through the wall of the hub, throwing them all off balance as it bashed through.

A storm of debris blasted loose as they all went flying, skidding and thudding the floors as they entire building snapped in two, making those very floors tilt and crash down as countless support beams snapped, nearby.

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That very foot kept on growing out to the side, getting bigger and bigger, smashing everything further apart as the gutted shell of the hub split away. Mumbo grew and grew and grew, beyond them, towering ever-higher toward the clouds above.

3,300 feet...3,600 feet...4,400 feet...

The moaning god-bull groaned and shuddered, heaving with too much brawn. His pectorals b-boomed out ahead of him, his backside inflating bigger and wider with bulk. His biceps stretching and bloated and pumped larger and larger, straining his metallic gold skin loudly as he brought both massive arms up and flexed.

**"HHHH...H-HGGGH...HRRRRRRRRRHHHHN..."**

His penis burlled out, a digit longer than the entire courtyard, and as fat and thick as his entire forearm. The head wobbled out over the broken remains of the hub as it crumbled further around his still-growing foot, his other foot having mown through the entire mess hall on the side. Mumbo flexed harder, forcing his already-enormous bulk to swell tighter, then flare up even bigger, stronger, bigger, STRONGER!

**"NNNNNNNNNGHNNNN!"**

5,000 feet...6,000 feet! 7,500 feet!!

His bursting sacs erupted bigger, lurching high as they expanded twice as full, then bobbed down heavy and low against his growing knees. His rear billowed out loudly as he panted and gulped and started shaking even worse, as the explosion inside him grew getting stronger and stronger. He could feel it! H-he could feel it all!

**MMMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORE!**

His neck surged wider as his back exploded with mass, pouring out bigger over his rolling, bulging shoulders. His chest swelled out so big, so completely out of control, that they forced their way out into his biceps, pushing his huge arms away as his thighs boomed thicker, then his calves, pushing the roaring bull up to 10,000 feet in height, steam and energy pouring off of his rumbling body as his growth simply grew *even worse...*

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More and more of the remaining structures all snapped and blew apart, crushed down in a series of pops and smoky blasts as Mumbo's ever-growing feet steamrolled over them. Warden Lockdown's voice blared over the entire system, ordering all prisoners and guards alike to flee in as fast and orderly a manner as possible.

This boiled down to ant-like dots all swarming out of smashed windows as security, staff, clerks and criminals all screamed and tore away from Mumbo's growth spurts.

Many that were late to the party slipped out of windows as their respective buildings cracked or split apart, sending waves tumbling out onto the bull's massive red feet, where they clung to the metal bull's hide or slipped and skidded down, down along the stop curve of the digits as they just kept growing bigger, everywhere.

From the now-demolished hub, the SilverHawks had taken flight, Steelwill and and Steelheart both helping to lift Professor Power with them out of the collapsing ruins, as Quicksilver carried Bluegrass.

"Sounds like the warden made it somewhere safe enough," Bluegrass said, as they all flew along over the next quadrant of the colony, which Mumbo's red feet were starting to angrily surge into.

"It won't do them any good!" Professor Power shouted over to Bluegrass. He pointed his alien finger

out at the landing strip, far off past the current quadrant, where ships were already beginning to lift off and blast out into space. "The only way to save ourselves is to evacuate the planet! And that's not even going to last, I fear!"

"Well, just how all-fired big can that bull really become?"

"...BIG," Steelwill said, grimly. He was looking back.

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Behind them was, of course, Mumbo-Jumbo—all 3 miles of him. The 16,000-foot bovine was growing even bigger, faster, as his oversized muscles all trembled and groaned, power radiating out off of his shaking body. His erection loomed out nearly half as long as he stood tall, quaking and bloated and ruddy-dark. His testicles boomed out yet again, smothering down over his thighs, knees and calves, reflecting fish-angle distortions of the crumbling complex underfoot. Innumerable fleeing dots, criminal or officer, all clung tight, wailing and crying in fear as the mass beneath them swelled relentlessly larger and larger and larger and larger.

The tip of Mumbo's flared-out erection rumbled ominously as the god-bull licked his muzzle over, huffed, and started trembling much...*muuuuch worse*...

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"There she is!" Bluegrass yelled, pointing, as they cleared the last row of detention blocks and entered over the landing zone. The Mirage was still there, all smiles and pep, and the SilverHawks touched down with Professor Power, who bolted off for his nearby ship.

"I will follow along!" the professor shouted, waving, as he climbed up into his vessel.

"Right, off we all get!" Quicksilver said, as the entire landscape began to rattle and shake. Mumbo's legs, testes and feet were all they could even see, without looking far up, and not one of them really dared to. Instead, everyone piled in, as the sounds of crushing little buildings exploding grew closer and closer, going from a harmony to a symphony of devastation and chaos.

"Go, go!" Steelheart shouted, as Bluegrass nearly vaulted over his own pilot's chair, and started the ship's ignition.

The Mirage slowly yawned to life, lifting up off of the landing strip, and as Professor Power's smaller craft rose up along with it, the entirety of the Penal colony's West side vanished, lost under the growing bull's 3,000-foot long feet, each one able to crush what Mumbo had been, back when they thought he was huge.

The 24-mile tall behemoth stretching up into the planet's atmosphere, roaring and groaning with unending pleasure and strength. A 15-mile penis pulsed and boomed in the air, casting an impossible shadow over the increasingly-ruined colony below.

It took a full minute just for the Mirage to rise all the way up above Mumbo's penis; after that, Bluegrass didn't bother with staying the course.

"We're outta here!"

The Mirage turned along with the professor's ship and about fifty other Penal Planet 10 craft, all

filled with fleeing crew and criminals alike. In a blink, all of them blasted off into space, leaving the mooing god to shudder and rumble and low as he giga-boomed bigger...

and BIGGER...

AND BIGGER...

"What now, Kemosabe?" Bluegrass asked, as they all moved away from the planet. "What's the plan against a bull as big as a city?"

## Mumbo-Jumbo grows as big as the entire hub!

Mumbo's basso lowing grew deeper and huskier as electric bolts danced over his body, feeding it a heavy burst of power. The SilverHawks and Professor Power were all knocked back as Mumbo-Jumbo's body boomed bigger, surging out toward them, as his upper half blew bigger, smashing further into the hub.

"Watch out!" Quicksilver shouted, as the bull's dimpled testes blew out to greet them, his musclebound legs swelling bigger and higher on either side of them.

Mumbo's erect penis bulged frantically larger underneath him, pinned to the cracking turf and hub flooring by his huge pectorals and belly. His golden muzzle loomed and crashed through pillars, flooring and ceiling, shoving machines and desks and waiting room sofas into a tangle of chaos. His booming shoulders pressed tight against countless interior walls, making them swell out and warp, then crack and burst open, letting his bulk balloon everywhere as his backside surged up through the fourth floor, then the fifth!

150 feet billowed messily, spurting hot and huge, up to 200 feet...260 feet...330 feet...

The bull kept growling and panting, feeling his body grow and grow in all directions. Wild pleasure battered against his senses, making him shudder and bulge and flex, the trapped bull reveling in his sheer power.

"MHHHRHHHRRRRRRRHN!"

*More*, he thought, huffing and snorting in dark delight, feeling little columns try and hold his bloated muscles, only for them to pop and snap apart. *More! More! Mo..mmm-mo...MMMMMMOOOOOO!*

His body obeyed, covered in snaking lines of electric energy; his rear and legs and sacs and feet blew up bigger, outside, the courtyard snapping and splitting into a widening crater, deeper and deeper. Heels as big as small ships pushed higher into the air as his soles expanded, red and warm and metal-smooth, bowling over officers as they tried to either fight back or flee.

"He's feeding off of the power grid!" Professor Power shouted, as the SilverHawks helped him stumble away from Mumbo's looming orbs. "We have to cut the power, somehow!"

"Right!" Quicksilver said. "Steelheart, where do you think the breaker would be, for this quadrant?"

"Storage house, either in the hub, or outside of the detention block!" she shouted, pointing to both places (only one was filling up with nude, giant steer). "The hub is occupied, so let's try the housing!"

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MOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMORE

Mumbo's wild chanting became a song, a perverse prayer. The 500-foot bull was rumbling with growth, surging in bigger and thicker bursts of size and heat. His muscles creaked as he felt his backside and shoulders bulge up against the top floor ceiling, as his booming chest forced his huge and bloated erection down destructively into the ground, cracking tiles and smashing halfway into the boiler room.

500 feet billowed hotly, sweetly up to 550, in a thick rush of electric excitement. His muzzle was pressing against the far interior wall, making the outside of that side of the building bulge out and warp with a spiderweb of cracks.

His inflated testes swelled hungrily bigger, and bigger, expanding so much that they filled the courtyard, spreading his enormous, muscled legs further apart. His body throbbed in time with his member as the snorting, moaning bull shook and erupted even bigger, booming and grinding against the shell of the hub, which began to split apart...

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"Found it!"

Steelheart ran up ahead of the group, shouldering her way in through the front door to the power house. "There should be a main breaker...here!"

"Well, throw the danged thing, already!" Bluegrass said, relieved. "Let's stop that bull now, 'fore he goes fixin' to get any bigger!"

With no hesitation, Steelheart pulled the casing door open, found the main lever, took it in both hands, and pulled, until it clicked, flipped, and thudded down to the opposing pole.

Just like that, the lights went out, inside the housing unit, and everywhere out beyond it. A small town's worth of the colony blinked out into darkness, in an instant, leaving only the backup lights to flash on in red, here and there.

"That should do it!" she sighed, as another rumble suddenly answered, outside...

### **Mumbo-Jumbo doesn't...stop...growing...**

"Good grief!" Steelwill shouted, as Mumbo-Jumbo's electricity-covered body burst out toward them, half-embedded in the hub building, the other half swelling rapidly bigger over the courtyard. "He's coming right for us!"

"Everybody, move!" Quicksilver roared.

The Professor and Bluegrass were both lifted up by Steelheart and Steelwill, respectively, so that they all cleared the bull's sudden, explosive growth. Caged on both sides by the bull's surging legs, there was only straight up to go. They darted up, wings spread, narrowly avoiding as Mumbo's massive privates boomed into their path.

The humongous bull was already twice as big, in seconds, having shudder-boomed up to 200 feet; as they kept to flight, the SilverHawks could only watch on below as Mumbo's rumbling bulk tensed in on itself, trembled, then blew up twice as big, again! The hub quaked as more and more bull-girth bulged its way deeper into it, smashing everything inside, blowing out walls and crushing floors and and bursting through ceilings, blasting gigantic clouds of rolling smoke as he grew and grew, quickly leaving 400 feet behind as he moaned powerfully, mooed, and blew up twice as big, again!

"Holy smokes, that bull's blowin' up like dynamite!" Bluegrass said, as Steelwill carried him higher up. "How d'you suppose we get him to stop growin'?"

"He is currently feeding off of the power grid to the colony," Professor Power answered, from over where Steelheart was carrying him. "We must therefore cut off the power supply!"

"I don't think we can!" Steelheart sighed, nodding over to the growing bull, just as the entire hub shook like all death, cracked along the bulged-up topline, then blew apart as an 800-foot Mumbo-Jumbo erupted loose.

**"HHHMMMMWWWWWWWWWUUUUUUOOOOOROOOO!!"**

"This's getting out of control, too quick," she continued, explaining. "Normally, the quadrant's power grid supply would come from a main breaker, which would normally be...right under Mumbo..."

"Meaning, it's all crushed, and we can't use it," Quicksilver concluded grimly.

"So, we can't shut off power normally," Steelwill said, as they all floated up higher above Mumbo's shuddering, stretching muscles and golden girth. "Does that leave us with zero plays, here?"

"Heck, no," Bluegrass said, snapping his cybernetic fingers. "We jut hit that big sucker with an EMP!"

Professor Power had a light bulb of sorts for a head, and though it didn't comically illuminate, it was clear he had gleaned Bluegrass's idea.

"Yes...yes! Excellent thinking! We create and electromagnetic pulse!"

"How?" Quicksilver asked. "What do we need?"

"Land us on-over yonder, at the landing zone," Bluegrass said, quickly. "We gotta get into the Mirage, an' create a discharge!"

Just as they all flew off, a massive roar pierced the penal colony, and Mumbo's horned head suddenly soared up past where they had just been hovering, atop a huge, muscled neck and ballooning pectorals and rolling red-copper shoulders. The bull had billowed up again, booming to double his already-huge size, so that his shaft and sacs and knees and feet and rump and thighs all steamrolled entire buildings, smashing everything beyond the courtyard to billowing dust!

"Good grief!" Steelheart said, beating Steelwill to the unwanted punch. "Look at the size of him! He just keeps getting bigger!"

"Focus on lookin' for the ship!"

1,600 staggering feet of bovine masculinity towered up over the entire block as Mumbo thudded to his knees, letting his monstrous penis bob high, swell, then slam-thud down to the shaking ruins below.

Yet, still, the electricity coursed through him, tickling and stroking his huge golden muscles, pumping into his bloated stretching biceps and hulking shoulder blades. Mumbo brought both tremendous arms up for a thick, hot flex, rumbling and snorting with pleasure, before he held his flex and began to shake all over, worse and worse, lidding his huge eyes as he moaned into his bulged-up pectorals...

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"Almost there!" Quicksilver shouted, pointing. "As soon as we touch down, Bluegrass, do what you have to do!"

"Right, Hoss! Now, it'll involve overloading the Mirage's output, to where the meg-lev regulators are overwhelmed, and they discharge—instant EMP! The bad news is, though—"

"The payload will drain the engine, meaning the Mirage will temporarily be unable to achieve liftoff," Professor Power finished.

"Meanin', no uppy, puppy! We'll be as beached as a guppy!"

"Stop rhyming, and get to it!" Steelheart snapped, as they all touched down on the landing zone. The five of them went into a tumble as the ground beneath them trembled and shook, as Mumbo-Jumbo boomed up over the buildings and horizon, itself!

"Whoa!" Steelwill gulped, on sight of the 3,200-foot gargantuan in the near-distance. His body was over-inflated with raw muscle, his pectorals raging up smooth and hot against his chin, his wings swollen out like semi-biceps on his sides, mashing big and full under his inflated triceps and engorged biceps, which bulged against his neck-caging shoulders.

**"HHHHRRRRRRUUUUAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!"**

A towering erection loomed over the buildings, bobbing and and hovering their way, as the after-tremors made everything wobble precariously.

"Go, go!" Quicksilver shouted, leading them all inside the Mirage. "Get it going, fast! He's not stopping, we don't have time to waste!"

## Continued

It took a moment for the aftershock of Mumbo's eruption to reach the transit line, but when it did, the trolley wasn't happy. The small unit jumbled on the rail, groaning as it adjusted, making the SilverHawks, Professor Power and Warden Lockdown all fight to stay upright.

"This is Lockdown," the warden barked into a raised communication device in his alien hand. "No time for questions, this is a Code 47! Repeat, Code 47! Cut all power, immediately! Yes, the entire colony, no except—"

He turned to see the SilverHawks and Professor Power all waving *NO*, and looked around the trolley, realizing shortly after.

"Leave the circuit to the transit line open! The rest, cut! Now! And have team C ready at the landing zone, North quadrant!"

"Yes, sir!" a reptilian voice shouted back, over the line. "What about the prisoner? We can all see him on the monitors, he's getting huge—"

"Do not engage!"

"S-sir!"

With that, they all glanced out the trolley window, watching the rim of the landmass that the rail hugged, seeing the lights start to blink off across the entire penal colony, from North to South. By the time it reached the South block, Mumbo-Jumbo was larger, still, nearly 400 whopping feet tall! The roaring bull was full of bulging muscle, nearly too much to contain, before the final lights shut down, leaving only a vast, swollen silhouette there, towering over the buildings, a pair of glowing white eyes burning angrily in the darkness.

And those eyes locked on to the only lit thing still moving, across the entire colony: the trolley.

In kind, all the SilverHawks and company saw, on their end, were two gigantic white eyes going wide...then narrowing to malicious slits.

"Guess this all works both ways," Steelwill muttered, as Mumbo bellowed a sky-shaker of a roar, and stomped clear out of the crumbled ruins of the cell block.

One mammoth-sized copper foot slammed onto the ground, shattering windows in the neighboring blocks, shaking the few permitted trees on the courtyard as he stood full-height, rolled his huge shoulders, and began to storm his way toward the coastline, nearer to the transit line rail.

The normally-impossible fence walling in the colony on the island no longer had any voltage to give, and being 400 feet in size, Mumbo found they only went up to his shins. The huge bull snorted at it dismissively, and stomped powerfully along beside it, hugging the lip of the island as he started gaining on the trolley. His stride was such that, at the speed the poor trolley was rumbling along at, his catching up quick was a distinct possibility.

"That's no good," Steelheart said, plainly.

"I don't think we're going to outpace him to the landing zone, like this," Quicksilver replied, grimly. "I'm officially open to ideas!"

### **They can't escape and leave Professor Power here, controlled or not!**

"We aren't leaving the Professor behind, regardless of the outcome," Quicksilver sighed, steeling himself. The interior of Hawk Haven shook in response, but the leader's resolve didn't break. "We need some plan to grab him, controlled or not."

"We'll get out the back and wait for you, kid," Stargazer said, motioning to Steelheart and Steelwill. "You and Bluegrass, get it done. You make for the Prof, and Bluegrass for the ship. You get the Mirage out of the bay, swing around, and pick us all up."

A deep, booming low of pleasure rose, as they could feel Mumbo-Jumbo growing bigger and bigger against the insides of Hawk Haven, rumbling with pleasure and power.

"That settles it, then," Quicksilver said, nodding to Bluegrass. They cowboy nodded back, lip pursed, and pulled his 10-gallon hat down tight over his head.

"Shucks, why not!?"

They both went to the door, just as the ceiling rattled, loosing dust from the rafters. The barbells and racks and machines all trembled metallically, refusing to settle, as the unseen pressure of the growing bull kept on bulging higher.

"On three?" Quicksilver asked, without really asking.

"Three!" Bluegrass shouted.

The doors were flung open, and there was no going back. In seconds, as Quicksilver saw Stargazer and the twins spin about and run to the gym-side exit door, then back to a panicked Bluegrass, he realized there was no going forward, either.

"HOLEEE--"

Bluegrass's potential cussing was crushed under a sonic stampede as Mumbo's massive testicles were already loose in the lobby, cracking and bursting through the splintering floor and flung furniture. Everything heaved up in a snapping spray of confusion and smoke as the two SilverHawks dodged a flipped desk, and leapt up over an office-filling sac. Bluegrass jumped higher and landed up on it as it ballooned, riding and squealing down its smooth metallic bulk over onto the other side. He landed into a stumble, but rejoined Quicksilver as Mumbo's shaft blew up through the roof, overhead, joining the rest of the bull's huge, growing body in the floor above.

"Was sorta hopin' he was finished!" Bluegrass hollered, as Mumbo's thighs ballooned against the walls to the lobby, cracking and warping them.

"There!"

Quicksilver found Professor Power up above, cuddling wantonly against the underside of Mumbo-Jumbo's shining, massive erection.

"You nab him, and meet me in the landing bay!"

"Right!"

As Bluegrass found a side door and leapt through it, Mumbo's outer thigh burst bigger against it,

crushing the entry and the lobby with more and more surging muscle and heat. Quicksilver scaled the bovine's thigh, crawling up a still-growing testicle, and clutched at the entranced professor. The normally-stoic alien was nuzzling deep against it, feeling its basso throbs and booming pulses, stroking it attentively, making Quicksilver look somewhat away as the sounds of destruction increased.

"Professor, fight it!" Quicksilver pleaded, pulling on his robe. "You need to come with me!"

Mumbo roared, and swelled even bigger, blowing up in mass, to where Quicksilver could only grab the professor and hold tight, as he felt the bull's throbbing shaft and huge sacs bulge into each other, bigger and bigger and bigger!

"Leave me be, you cybernetic clod!" Professor Power growled, hugging Mumbo's huge, growing abs. "Leave me, I said! I must...witness it all!"

"Enough of this," Quicksilver sighed, blushing, as he put the poor professor in a choke hold, until the alien blinkered, then passed out in his grip. He took the professor as best he could, and slid down the now-house-sized bulge of Mumbo's floor-filling testicle. He looked for the side door to the landing bay, but realized grimly that only Mumbo now occupied the lobby!

His inner thighs and sacs and the bottom of his huge erection proved more than the lobby of Hawk Haven could bear, and the walls blew open, making the entire place tilt slightly, throwing Quicksilver off balance a moment.

"W-whoa! Not good!"

Acting on pure instinct, he instead turned to the gym doors, only to find they had been smashed clear through by Mumbo's other leg—and still, the bull was growing...and growing...and growing!

**If they stop Melodia, hopefully it'll all be over...**

"Either way, we have a job," Quicksilver said, briskly. "We can save the professor without trying to go in for a risky extraction, if we stop Melodia, now!"

"Right, if we stop her, he'll snap out of it any escape on his own, while we get outside, too," Steelheart said, nodding, as the gym started to rumble around them. "But how to get to her, from here?"

Quicksilver grinned, even as the entirety of Hawk Haven trembled and shook with Mumbo-Jumbo's growth spurts.

"I know how..."

He brought the communicator in his cybernetic wrist up to his mouth, and activated it.

---

"Hahaha, that's right, you suckers," Melodia hissed, from the gloat-worthy safety of her car-ship, the Limbo Limo. "Let's see how big you all are, when Mumbo-Jumbo's bigger than all of you, combined!"

With every note from her synth-wave weapon, the professor stayed planted against Mumbo's ballooning bulk, feeling the bull's stretching, bulging muscles heaving and groaning as their metallic mass swelled, and swelled, spreading and cracking and breaking and smashing through flooring, pipes, rafters, walls, ceilings, everything within.

The punk-rock glam girl wore her skirt ensemble and stockings with as much style as menace, with her two-tone green shock of hair and shining lipstick. Her eyes were hidden by her music note shades, but the evil glee was unmistakable, nonetheless.

"Once that big oaf bursts free, then we're off to Brimstar, heehee! Mon\*Star has plans for you—bet Hardware will be happy to see you! Hah, otherwise, he'd have been deep-fried by now! Heck...maybe you'll pummel that little creep, anyway, once we're back with the professor!"

Something screeched, off in the distance of Limbo, making Melodia look up in dawning confusion. Her fingers kept working the Sound Smasher, and the sounds of Mumbo-Jumbo snorting and bursting larger against everything from within was rising, too...but *this* wasn't *that*.

"What in the—"

An avian cry pierced the heavens as a glint of light reflected nearby, then bolted forth toward her. Melodia cried out and ducked down in the driver's seat of the Limo as something small but fierce shot past, narrowly missing her head. When her eyes adjusted, Melodia could finally see what was swooping back around for another go:

*Tally-Hawk!*

"Grah! You rotten bird!" she growled, switching her fingers' positions on the keyboard. Right away, the foul music stopped, and a new one started, forcing a blast out of the Sound Smasher as she fired on Quicksilver's cybernetic hawk.

---

"Grow...GROW..."

Professor Power, normally so calm and reserved and bright, seemed uncharacteristically lost in passion. The bulb-headed alien nuzzled and kneaded into the musclebound bull's groin, stroking happily up under the base of his enormous, ever-growing erection. Mumbo's head, having already burst up through the second floor, and bulging up into its ceiling, snorted and huffed, his huge white eyes fluttering in bliss.

"RRRRRRRRRRRRHRRFR..."

The sounds echoed down into the lobby as Mumbo's huge body tremble-bulged bigger again, and again, smashing down heavily into the floor. His legs crushed in against the far walls, his rear having already compacted the detention hall flat behind him.

"Yesss, Mumbo," Professor Power rumbled, cuddling in, even as Mumbo's ballooning sacs mashed up bigger and bigger against his hot inner thigh, pinching in on the comparatively tiny being. "Grow! GROW! Haha!"

Suddenly, the sound of that awful music stopped dead, and in a few seconds, the professor started to blink, then shake his head in a stupor.

"Oh...what...what is th—GRACIOUS!"

Indeed, the professor found only the massive bulging wall of metallic bull-stomach and sex and thigh, all around him, above and below. Its heated girth pumped bigger and thicker, ballooning proudly against his head and body as it all stretched and swelled.

"HHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHN..."

"S-someone? Help! Ho-how did I..."

In a dawning panic, the professor forced himself away, having to squeeze and push against Mumbo's testes and inner thigh to extricate himself fully. When his legs popped free, the robed alien slid down, down along Mumbo-Jumbo's vehicle-sized orb, thumping to what little remained of the lobby floor. He took only one brief look behind him, in time to see Mumbo's billowing brawn and pulsing shaft and sacs filling the entire story. Up above, Mumbo's bulging chest and shoulders and arms swelled to fill every breaking room, demolishing walls, as his thick neck and head punched up through the top flight, and continued to grow to fill it, making the flooring snap and crack as it bugled up into a hill around it.

"H-heavens!"

The poor professor stumbled his way out of the main lobby door, just as Mumbo's sacs swelled out bigger, to claim him.

"What...how did you break out of my trance?" Melodia snarled, as she and the Limbo Limo met his sights, just outside the opened entrance. "Gah, wait a minute..."

She saw the Sound Smasher, and realized she had stopped playing to attack Tally-Hawk. She made to switch her fingers back to position and resume playing, when Tally-Hawk screeched and darted in, striking the weapon out of her hands.

"Hey!"

"Oh, Tally-Hawk!" Professor Power exclaimed, just as the Mirage swerved into view.

"Hop on in, Prof!" Bluegrass shouted, through the ship's speaker. "Had to detour around the place to reach the ship's bay, but hey! Free ride!"

"No, you don't!" Melodia spat, taking the wheel of the Limbo Limo, and swerving around to attack the Mirage. "I'm not letting you go that easy!"

Lasers blasted out of the car-ship, battering the Mirage, which swerved away, leaving tally-Hawk to swoop in and snag the professor by his robe, removing him from Hawk Haven just as Mumbo's enormous sacs boomed partly-out through the lobby doors, into space.

"Phew! Thank you!" Professor Power said, as the smaller avian chirped, carrying him along through Limbo.

As they all moved, however, the whole of Hawk Haven, sculpted hawk and asteroid alike, all began to rumble ominously. As Melodia cackled and blasted away, chasing the Mirage, a massive crack started to crawl out along the statue's chest and legs, then throughout the asteroid itself, before the entire place split apart, then split again, and again, and...

**BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!**

**"HHHHHHWMMMMMMWWWWUUUUUOOOOOOOARRR!!"**

Massive segments of Hawk Haven blasted away, launched into fragmented chunks of ruin as Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous body exploded free! The musclebound giant of a bull bellowed victory, erect and throbbing and huge, flexing impossible biceps as his 1,000-foot body emerged in full, gleaming glory.

"Whoa!" Bluegrass hollered, feeling the impact of the release push the Mirage back in space. Melodia cried out in shock, trying to right the flipped Limbo Limo, as Mumbo finished his big reveal.

"Whoa," she gawked, as she righted herself and finally saw the bull, in full. "Is Mon\*Star ever going to be impressed..."

### The energy starts to siphon off of Mumbo-Jumbo...

At nearly half a mile in size, Mumbo-Jumbo was big—*bigger than big*. The cyber-minotaur's entire body radiated power and size, bloating out his bulging, titanic muscles and gargantuan shaft. The energies that danced and played across his massive body tickled over his sex, swelling it tighter and fatter, making it bob pleasantly through space as it bumped down on his oversized testes, making them give off a plump, metallic groan.

"RRRRRRRRRRRGHR," Mumbo boom-snorted, rumbling contentedly to himself, knowing the tiny SilverBugs were watching, and liking it that way.

*Mumbo big now, the huge bull thought, happily, even smugly. Mumbo biggest! Haha! Mumbo get even bigger, and bigger, and bi-bigger! Yes! YESSS!*

Suddenly, silently, all that crackling energy stopped spreading outward, and began to pull back in, funneling into the singularity that was the mine. Microscopically small in comparison, Mumbo had no way to tell or even understand what was going on as the re-router pulled the inverted energy back toward it, taking more and more away from him, until...

"HHHHR."

He blinked, soon starting to comprehend that something was different: he wasn't getting any bigger. In fact, he was doing the opposite!

"GH...HHHHR!?"

Indeed, Mumbo-Jumbo's entire bulging body was starting to gradually slip down a little smaller, lurching lower, dwindling a little more and more. His bloated biceps and shoulders, neck and backside, triceps and thighs and calves, pectorals and hips...everything was deflating a little bit smaller at a time, in sync with his dwindling erection and sacs.

"NNNHHHHR!"

*No...NOOOO!*

---

"Yes...yes!"

Professor Power sighed with raw relief as he and the SilverHawks and Stargazer all watched the monstrously oversized bovine shrink smaller and smaller. Every second, it became a little bit easier to see more of his overall form, through the cockpit of the Mirage.

"So far, so good, Prof!" Bluegrass said, grinning. "Bet the bull doesn't much care for it, though!"

"He'll live," Steelheart replied. "We all will!"

"Once he's small enough, we move in and apprehend Mumbo," Quicksilver said, getting to business. "Not a moment too soon, though! He's still completely overpowered, right now. Let's just be ready..."

---

Mumbo bellowed in fury, swiping nothing at all, easily missing the withdrawn Mirage as it waited in Limbo, watching him roar and tremble and slip down even smaller, and smaller still. 1,700 feet leaked down to 1,500, then 1,200, the bull already half his former size, and still decreasing, faster and faster.

NONONONONONONONONONONO

No amount of thrashing or violence could erase the concept itself, and Mumbo shuddered again, slipping and shrinking down, down, feeling his power flood out, seeing his muscles collapse down to merely imposing, then acceptable...then normal.

The cowed cow raged on, but only rumbled anew, and diminished down further, slimming and shrinking to a meager 800 feet, then 500.

"HRRRR...RRRRGHR...NNNRRRRRRRR!"

*Not fair...NOT FAIR! Just got bigger! Mumbo just got bigger!*

---

"Almost there," Quicksilver said, nodding to Steelwill and Steelheart.

As Mumbo-Jumbo bellowed his last and rumble-slipped down to 200 feet, smaller than the ship, Bluegrass opened the back bay door. When he mooed and sighed smaller, dwindling down to 50 feet, then 30, then 20, both of the twins nodded, and made to leave.

"We have him now," Steelwill said, grinning wide, as both the twins soared out into space, ready to make the arrest...

## **The energy siphons off Mumbo-Jumbo...and into Tally-Hawk!**

Power cascaded in hot, mad waves, tickling out along Mumbo-Jumbo's tremendous body, teasing him, stoking the bull's pleasures higher and higher as his eyes widened in joy. Half a mile of bulging, musclebound minotaur loomed in the heavens of space, flexing and lowing his dominance.

2,400 feet tall—he could loom above a skyscraper; the thought alone thrilled the bull, making his erection painfully distend further out, in the best possible way. It was welcome, it was all so, so welcome! His sacs bulged down heavy, even in space, nestling and bobbing against his humongous, thick thighs. He had been as tall as a doorway, before...and now...NOW...

"HMRRRHRRRRRHRRR!"

His throaty laughter filled the area as the vast bull felt himself start to tingle all over, yet again. Thick belts of crackling blue electricity spread out over his bulky biceps and massive calves and pectorals, before they suddenly held in place, then began to pull in, retreating back the way they had just been coming.

That was when Mumbo felt it happen: he wasn't growing any bigger. But, something was still going on, he could feel it...

---

Tally-Hawk clicked his beak, making sure that the re-routing device was properly attached to the device, when the electrical surges began to center in on the mine. It beeped faster and faster, until Tall-Hawk cocked his avian head in curiosity, then felt a massive burst of power surge up, dancing and soaking up into his tiny feathered body. He cawed in surprise, feeling his talons curl tight as he closed his eyes, and started to tremble terribly, more and more and more and more and more power bursting into his quaking body...

---

"You think it worked?" Steelwill asked, as the four SilverHawks, Stargazer, and Professor Power watched on, unblinking. "I mean, it looks like Mumbo's growth spurt is stopping, doesn't it?"

"It should work," Professor Power said, gulping. "It truly should, if the principles of energy transference are sound."

"So, where is the energy supposed to go?" Steelheart asked.

Professor Power's bulb was constantly glowing with brilliant orange light. As soon as she asked the obvious question, he somehow went a shade paler, his eyes widened.

"Er..."

At that, as if to interrupt, they all saw something increasing in size, there on Mumbo's vast belly, until it became easier to make out.

"Hah!" Bluegrass howling, smacking his own blue cybernetic knee. "If that don't beat all! Good fer you, lil' buddy!"

"Holy smokes!" Steelheart gasped. The professor simply continued to look embarrassed at his blatant oversight.

It was Tally-Hawk...and he was *big*.

---

Mumbo-Jumbo finally felt the change, full-bore, when his entire body rumbled strangely, then deflated, lurching down awkwardly. The size was leaving him, exiting in such a manner that the proverbial air seemed to be blowing out of him in fits and starts. He widened his eyes in understanding as the miserable truth sank in: he was tiny-ing. Fast.

"MMRRRRRRMMMRRRNN!?"

*W-what?* he thought, gulping, as he shuddered and slipped down to 2,000 feet, then 1,600 after. *Why...Mumbo smallering? No shrink! No! Grow! Stupid body, GROW! Mumbo just...got used to being...huge! S-stop!*

But Mumbo's body wouldn't stop; his muscles compressed down in reversing spurts, taking away, his arms lurching from godly to improbable...then impressive...then bodybuilder...then normal...his pectorals deflated inward, his back doing much the same, as his thighs collapsed in, thinning, weakening, making the startled 1,000-foot bull moan in embarrassed fear.

Yet, through it all, something else was there, he could feel it, too. In fact, it was getting bigger against him. Fast!

"RRRR?"

A great, booming screech answered, as with a thick, tingling burst, a gigantic hawk's head shot up into his view, beak-to-muzzle. He knew those stupid bird-eyes! he knew the feathery bulge of the avian chest booming bigger and stronger, against his belly! He felt vast, thickening talons slip and rub past his calves, as the bird shuddered and cawed, clicked his beak powerfully, closed his eyes, trembled in, and...

**BBBBBBBBBBBBMMMMMMMMPPPPH!!**

Mumbo's 500-foot body began to vanish, astonishingly, in the sheer wall of Tally-Hawk's expanding chest feathers, fluffing out happily as the now mile-tall bird cried out and shook with pleasure. His growing beak clacked cutely as he huffed and pressed his chin down into his groaning chest, feeling it spread disproportionately wider, further out, heaving bigger, so big it seemed ready to burst...and still, Tally-Hawk grew!

*N-no*, Mumbo thought, slipping down smaller, still, to 300 feet. To anyone else, he would still have been gigantic, but the stupid bird...he was so...so HUGE! *Not fair! No! Not done being big! Just started to grow! NONONONO!*

## 1 mile in size!

A meteoric mass of golden-copper muscle descended from the upper atmosphere, gaining speed and heat as the entry began to cast a blazing glow over him. Vast angry cloud banks parted away as the roaring behemoth crashed down, impacting an entire section of a mountainside with a fantastic, cataclysmic crash.

A rolling thundercrack of a tremor blasted out over the landscape, kicking up a great and terrible explosion, followed by a rolling sheet of dust and blown-out dead trees and boulders. For some brief time, there was only the silence, which descended down after him. Hanging Rock accepted the continuing stillness, as thunder rolled and gathered in the clouds overhead, over a devoid world.

Well, *almost* devoid.

---

"What in thunder is this?"

From behind a particularly large, standing dead tree husk, stepped the Bounty Hunter, a notorious and feared specimen of alien menace and cunning. The canine-like humanoid was towering, all muscle and teeth and continuing muscle beyond, bigger even than anyone in Mon\*Star's fearsome mob; he wore a helmet and visor, with a spike-studded strip of leather running around his bulky neck, down over his huge chest and sloping belly.

He stole ahead on booted feet, waving the dissipating dust away, until he could see some vast bulge of golden, metallic mass wedged down deep into the landscape, having slammed down and cut into the mountain itself.

Then, that mass twitched. Then, it moved.

"Hrmmm?"

Then, surreally, it knelt up to a sit, among a crashing symphony of tumbling rocks and dirt and debris.

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

There, indeed, loomed the mighty metal bull, shaking a titanic head to get the extra debris off of his muzzle. A thick blast of steam blew the rest out over the mountains as Mumbo-Jumbo grunted, licked his lips, then dusted his overinflated pectorals off.

The Bounty Hunter squinted through his visor, which rested over his muzzle and long, pointed ears. He growled quietly.

"...So, it is. But what is that lumbering bovine doing here...and how in thunder did he get so gigantic?"

He knew the terrain, meaning he knew the mountains, meaning he could measure the towering nude male against the nearest ones. Accounting for the bull's kneeling, he quickly guesstimated Mumbo-Jumbo's height to be...1 mile!?

The very idea floored the Bounty Hunter, normally lethally stoic and focused.

*Is this that lousy Stargazer's doing? he wondered, before quickly correcting course. No...no, why would he have anything to do with this? But what, then? Did Mon\*Star come up with some new enlarging device, of some kind?*

Mumbo-Jumbo blinked, looked the mountain over, and snorted, callously slamming a hand as big as several buildings down hard onto the neighboring mountain, crushing it into a pillar of blasting smoke and ruin. The shock waves rattled out over the Bounty Hunter, who went from confused to outright fuming.

"That...that's the Eastern range mountain! That's one of MY mountains! That idiotic—he'll get too close, and crush my gemstone deposits, at this rate! I'll lose the source of my power, for sure!"

At that, he ran and leapt off of the rocky hilltop, slamming down far ahead, and breaking off into a run inside a large enclosure of stone. Inside laid a massive garden, a crop of precious stones, all shining as the lightning overhead crackled and danced in the skies.

"I've never tried to take this much power before," the Bounty Hunter grumbled, gulping, as he reached for a large cluster of stones. "I'm sure I can handle it...sure! I need all that I can get, to put so much as a dent in that gigantic goon..."

## **10 miles in size!!**

The Bounty Hunter checked the ship's readouts as it approached his home planet of Hanging Rock. It was another successful hunt done, and his barren, rocky home world seemed as unoccupied as it had been when he'd left it—which was fine by him.

A bulging, musclebound alien, the Bounty Hunter just barely fit in his own ride's seat, overflowing slightly as he checked the scanners onscreen. A helmet and visor covered his eyes, framed by two large, pointed ears, with a canine-like muzzle extending out from under it. Gloves, boots and a large sort of strained leotard with spike wrapped up around his stomach and around his neck, the rest of him looking uncontainable.

"Not a bad day's haul," he growled, steering the ship in toward orbit, when one sensor screamed red, beeping on and off. By the time he looked to it, the others were all beeping, too. "Hmm? What's this?"

MASS DETECTED IN ORBIT, the readout said, making him growl in a less-pleased manner.

"Mass? What kind of mass? Nothing drifts out here..."

He leaned in his chair, making it squeal unhappily as he moved his huge girth. He squinted awhile in silence, with only the beeping of the monitors to accompany him, before he saw it, and lurched back in confusion. Even with the visor on, there was no masking his shock.

"What...what in thunder is that!?"

Out in Limbo, approaching from the far West, was a kind of asteroid, or some vast hunk of something. The Bounty Hunter might have chalked it up to debris, or a rock, only the color and texture was all wrong. It was smooth, but not smooth enough to pass as some oddly-designed ship. There were too many bulges tucked into one another, almost...almost like...muscles...

The beeping increased as the massive thing plowed on ahead, gaining speed as it attained entry into Hanging Rock's atmosphere. It glowed slowly with amounting heat as the friction blazed hotter and hotter.

"Hey, now," the Bounty Hunter stammered, his normally-unflappable confidence on retreat. "I can't outpace it...it's going to impact first..."

He braced on habit, as the monstrous mountain of copper and bronze girth slammed with meteoric force down onto the face of the planet. Hanging Rock was certainly much larger than the mass, but when the readouts measured it at 10 miles in size, it was still enough to make him dread the impact—which was wise.

As the bulky mass impacted, the entire landscape, still visible enough to the faraway ship, openly shook. A vast cloud of smoke blasted out in a concentric ring, spreading out over the rattled mountains and desolate valleys below.

"Wait," the Bounty Hunter huffed, realizing something terrible. "No...NO! It's landing right on my precious deposits! All my electro-rocks, the source of...if it crushes them all, then I'll lose my best means of strength!"

Compelled by fear and greed, the hunter forced the engine, spurring the craft on faster toward the planet. The closer he drew, the clearer the carnage below was, and the clearer it was, the easier it

suddenly, regrettably became...to see just what the massive object really was.

"WH...WHAT!?"

The ball-shape of the strange structure twitched, after landing, then slowly unfurled. A monstrously muscled golden arm shot out, a red hand over a mile in size bashing down carelessly over the terrain, smashing it to cracking webs. Another followed in surreal slow motion, and the Bounty Hunter watched as both arms flexed down against the sheet-thin landscape below, then pushed up. A thick, overflowingly huge backside rose from the smoke, a thick neck and a huge bovine head and horns emerging in full glory. The vast cyber-cow bellowed, shaking the atmosphere, as the ship drew closer still.

"Mumbo-Jumbo..." the Bounty Hunter murmured, half-snarling. "But how...HOW!? How could that oafish thug be so...so enormous!?"

That much only mattered so long, as he brought the craft down far enough to the landscape to notice what was going on around them.

"Oh, no...NO!"

He gasped, seeing it spreading up through the air, in thick waves: dust. Glimmering, sparkling dust, from the entire mountain range's worth of electro-rocks he had smashed to powder. It was taking to the air, and the rumbling, snorting bull was drawing in huge quantities of it, taking it in deep as his pectorals flexed out ahead of him, the rest coating his thick, bulging bull-body, more and more, covering him.

"Not my stones! T-that much at once, no less! T-that's so much power..."

As if agreeing, Mumbo went wide-eyed, then lidded his eyes as his enormous body began to twitch some, then more, rumbling all over ominously.

**"HHHHRRRRRRNN,"** he panted, starting to suck in even more clouds. His shaft ballooned up firm and huge from the broken piles of rock, which also started to spark and glow around his throbbing erection and sacs, so that bolts of energy began to tickle them all over, more...and more...and more...

"NOOOOO!"

## 10 feet tall!

Mumbo-Jumbo was still very-much there, where the fracas had left him, jealously hugging his crate of power cells close. The only difference now was, sans fracas, everyone was left to observe the odd rumbling, coming unmistakably from him.

Also, he was 10 feet tall.

"Is he..." the muscular newt-guard mumbled, cocking an amphibious brow slowly. "He's...bigger..."

"You're not kidding," the female guard gasped, stepping back, her reptilian eyes widening. "Uh, boss, what's happening?"

Poker-Face just stared on, through his shades, as Mumbo-Jumbo released a huge, happy sigh, huffing out heavily in satisfaction...but not satiation. He licked his muzzle over a moment, flexing against the crate with his newly-inflated bulk. Even his gold-copper muscles had bulged bigger, considerably, and the already-impressive scope of the minotaur was now *staggering*. Biceps the size of beachballs swelled receptively as he flexed, straining his metallic hide loudly. Huge lats bulged out along his backside, his shoulders and neck inflated wide and heaving and thick.

The SilverHawks stared on in the same shocked fashion, and it was Steelheart who blushed first at sight of it: Mumbo's shaft was enlarged, too, massively. A bulbous set of sacs had swollen out tight and bouncing and plump underneath his forearm-sized shaft, over three feet long, and semi-erect already.

"Goodness," she coughed, starting to look back, then force herself to keep averting.

"What is this?" Steelwill gawked. "Ho...how did he just get bigger?"

"What's he doing with those power cells?" Quicksilver asked, bluntly. "Poker-Face! Is this your doing?"

Poker-Face stepped back, as his four bulky guards all gulped and moved away. The robot saw this, and stopped retreating.

"W-who said you could run?" Poker-Face said, indignance programmed onto his robotic voice. "Get those away from Mumbo, now! The deal's off, Mumbo! You want to stuff yourself bigger, d-do it outside of my property! In fact, do it off my planet!"

"NNNNNNRN, HRRRRF..."

Mumbo-Jumbo wasn't at all listening. To everyone's horror, he was instead dipping his opened muzzle down to eat more cells. Poker-Face snapped his gloved fingers, and the four reluctant guards all rushed the bull, at once.

Being 10 feet in size, however, meant that Mumbo proved instantly difficult to corral. All four guards grabbed his much larger arms and strained, slowly starting to pull them back, so that the crate dropped loose and thudded down to the storehouse floor with a dumb crash. The two cells stuck in Mumbo's mouth were gulped down, before Mumbo-Jumbo finished swallowing, and idly lifted one arm, effectively yanking two struggling guards slowly up off their feet with it.

"W-whoa!"

"Stop!"

"RRRRRRRRRF," Mumbo growled, in an irritated warning, snorting steam over the raised guards, before hurling them both off into a nearby shelf, toppling it over.

The other two charged Mumbo head-on, butting into and grabbing his thickened midsection in a bear hug, just as the bull began to shudder and rumble all over, once again. Their alien appendages spread steadily further apart, suddenly, as they literally felt the bovine start to bulge up even bigger, once again.

"NNN...NNNNNRRRRGGGGNGGGH!"

Mumbo puffed and quivered in pleasure as he swelled higher, his head and lengthening horns pushing past 11 feet, then 12, his shoulders expanding out wider, his arms bloating up even bigger, his thighs surging loudly out against his inflating sacs. His penis pushed up, bobbing high and firming tight, narrowly swinging up past one insectoid guard's clicking mandibles as he gasped.

"Geez!" he rasped, before a huge, growing hand snatched him by his thick mantis-like neck, pulled him up and off, and hurled him away.

"This-here show's sure gettin' outta hand," Bluegrass said, tilting his hat by the brim.

"Poker-Face, you need to put a real stop to this!" Steelheart said, stealing another impulsive glance at Mumbo's nude, 13-foot glory. "He's obviously getting power from eating those cells, so get them away from here!"

"You don't order me around in my own casin—OH!"

The huge reptilian female crashed hard into Poker-Face, her iguana-like spines flared out over her head as they both skidded back.

"G...he's friggin' strong!" she groaned, as Poker-Face tried to heft her bulky body up off of him.

"I can see that!" he growled.

Mumbo stopped growing at roughly 15 feet in height, his head still a good meter or two shy of the overhead rafters; still, with the other three guards only as high as the bull's midsection, there was only so much they could do to him as they rushed back in for another go—and go, they did.

Their fists and claws did nothing as they pummeled into Mumbo, who snort-laughed, looked down, and elbowed the newt so hard that he face-planted right down into the concrete floor, and bounced away. As if to add insult, Mumbo simply twisted his hips, then smacked the insectoid with his erection, slapping the big, bulky bug so hard that it spun him around into a wobble.

"Poker-Face!" Steelheart said, more forcefully.

"If you ain't gonna handle this, let us do it!" Bluegrass added, making Steelheart nod.

"This is something that'll outclass us all, if we don't make a truce, here," Quicksilver offered, as Mumbo picked the shaggier alien guard up by the scruff, and flung him up and over a rafter. "If he gets more of those cells, he'll get bigger and bigger!"

## 50 feet tall!!

All of the fuss and talk died right out, SilverHawks and villains alike, at the sight of Mumbo-Jumbo. Seconds ago, the dimwitted bull had been stuffing his muzzle with cells, for whatever reason, but had been his usual self, otherwise. What they all were looking at now, as something quite different.

Namely, it was a pair of humongous metallic sacs, testes, bloated out drum-tight and plump, so sheened that they cast the startled reflections right back at all present for it. Above their bulging, floor-dimpled bulk was a vast, surreally gigantic erection, bobbing and wild, a bulging pillar of pleasure radiating heat. The overall package was as tall as the high cage ensnaring the SilverHawks, caged and crowded on either side by two vast, swollen inner thighs, puffed out huge over a slightly-visible set of flexed calves and car-sized copper feet.

A pair of enormous red hands clutched greedily at a crate that hardly even showed up between his massive fingers, with bulged forearms and great, golden biceps crowning them. A set of metallic, smooth pectorals boomed down overhead, as they, the backside, the over-wide neck and head all curled up awkwardly along the snapping rafters and cracking ceiling.

The bull huffed and shuddered in absolute bliss, his size such that every little tremble quaked through the floor, rattling wares and goods on countless shelves—power cells included.

Mumbo-Jumbo, in effect, was big. Huge. The formerly 7-foot bovine had blown up to a 50-foot colossus, raging with overgrown muscle and bulk. His shaft nodded happily, throbbing out loud, lustful pulsations as he snorted over them all, licked his muzzle, and mooed out a huge, blasting bellow of delight.

"What..." Poker-Face stammered, slowly. "How..."

"Oh, forget this!" the reptilian female gasped, turning to run. The other three guards followed, without hesitation. Poker-Face just kept staring up at Mumbo's massive body, his robotic mouth completely agape.

"Hey!" Steelwill shouted, snapping the robot gangster back to attention. "Let us out of here, Poker-Face! Your crew just quit!"

"They..." he started, looking back, then up to Mumbo-Jumbo once again. "Those miserable cowards!"

"Let us free, unless you want to take him on, yourself!" Quicksilver added, as Mumbo rumbled contentedly, then began to try and get his muzzle to the rest of the crate's contents. His huge pectorals had swollen so massively that, in a mixed blessing, he had trouble forcing his own muzzle over them, to reach the crate.

"HHHHRRRR..." Mumbo muttered, his voice a thundering rattle of power and size.

"Don't!" Poker-Face shouted, waving both arms as frantically as a robot might. "Mumbo, don't eat any more! You'll outgrow the storeroom!"

"RRRR."

"Yes, yes, I know a deal is a deal, and I have them! But, just wait a moment!"

Mumbo blinked, then shrugged his massive shoulders, and callously forced his 50-foot body down

flat to the floor, smashing rafters and snapping beams as his oversized, golden chest *bumped* down onto the floor, next to where he had just set the crate down. His feet and rear bumped the far bay door of the storeroom, his spreading knees bashing whole shelves off their foundations, domino-style, knocking innumerable items to the ground. Naturally, many nearby ones were overturned crates of power cells.

Mumbo-Jumbo snuffled around the nearest crates, grinning evilly. He rumbled in his throat, and opened his maw, slipping out a long, metallic tongue, when—

"I said, no!"

Poker-Face stepped forward as the trapped SilverHawks watched.

"RRRN."

"I don't care about that, you oaf! What about my casino!?"

"RR."

"You..."

At that, Poker-Face spun about and stormed out of the storehouse, turning to face him and the SilverHawks while he still had one door open:

"Fine! I'll just test my defense systems, with you all trapped here! Good riddance to all of you, then!"

With that, the doors shut, then locked, multiple times. Then, the SilverHawks all heard something thick and reinforced slam down on their side of the doors, barring them off, before another of the same slammed down, on the other side.

"Guess that's it, then," Bluegrass sighed, as they all watched Mumbo-Jumbo curl a huge tongue out, scooping three crates and a dozen other spilled cells up, drawing it closer to his waiting mouth, his entire body quaking with raw, lustful anticipation.

"What do we do, here?" Steelheart asked, rightly. "He's going to overflow the entire room in a minute...with us trapped inside!"

## **Mumbo-Jumbo grows twice as big**

The SilverHawks remained back as Quicksilver put his arm out, signaling for stillness. They watched on as the newt-like alien guard approached, and jammed an impatient clawed finger into Mumbo's huge shoulder, hard, yet the undeterred bull kept feeding.

"Hey! Hey, you! I know you hear me, pal!"

The rumbling from Mumbo-Jumbo kept on escalating, getting worse and worse, and the unnerved guard, already agitated, stepped over and grabbed the crate away from Mumbo-Jumbo, glowering up at the bigger male.

Mumbo gulped one last time, and angrily snorted down at the newt, who admittedly gulped a little, and edged the tiniest bit away.

"Y-you help the boss, then you get these, you chowder-headed bull! Come on!"

"HRRRRRN...RRRRRHRRRRGH!"

Right then, to everyone's collective shock, Mumbo-Jumbo didn't retaliate. Despite his fuming tone, the bull was suddenly shaking all over, then tensing in with grimace...no...no, it was becoming a smile...

"HRRRRRRRR!"

With a thick, bursting boom, Mumbo-Jumbo bulged bigger, literally, swelling up a few inches, then a few inches more, in a rising swell of growth! His muscles surged out even larger than they already were, as the raw power from the cells filled his body, making the miniature sun inside of him finally start to grow...and grow...

"Holy—" Bluegrass started, only for multiple hands to cover his mouth at the same time, including his own. It got there last, but still.

Mumbo shook and panted, mooing out unmistakable pleasure as he kept rising like dough, puffing and bloating with swollen, tight, gleaming muscle. His erection lurched out lewdly, freely, swinging forth and bumping against the offended, startled newt. The amphibian gawked, straightening out his nice clean suit, and began to bring up his dukes and reflexively tensing, flexing his proud muscles bigger, so that they strained out huge against his tight jacket and pants. Still, the display was nothing to Mumbo-Jumbo, as he moaned and blew up to 11 feet...then 12...

"HRRRHRRRHRRRHRRRRRRHRRRR..."

"You..." the newt growled, flexing harder, until his tight suit began to pop at the buttons, as he swelled himself bigger and thicker, so much as he could. "C-come on, you lugs! We can t-take him!"

Mumbo blew up again, pushing 13 feet, his head rising toward the high storehouse ceiling and rafters, as his rolling muscles bulged out wider and wider. The other three were edging away, in answer, making the newt growl harder.

"You no-good cowards! There's only one of him!"

Mumbo snorted as he surged one last, heavy burst, lurching with a pumping blast of muscles up to 14 staggering feet, twice as big as he had just been! The newt shuddered, mostly looking up,

whenever the brushing tap and rub of Mumbo's overgrown penis wasn't interrupting at his chest.

"Big d-deal, Mumbo! You aren't gettin' another one of those in you!"

"He's right about that."

The cool robotic voice of Poker-Face filled the space as the cronies and Mumbo all glanced over to the entrance. There the villainous robo-gangster stood, with none other than Hardware behind him. Poker-Face's arms were neatly folded together, but Hardware was far less-so composed. The nervous little dwarf alien had something in his hands, and was pointing it forward threateningly—at Mumbo-Jumbo.

"I knew it!" Hardware panted, as though he had just finished running a marathon to get there. "I knew he would take energy and grow! Like I said, P-Poker -Face!"

"Yes, you were right, Mumbo was about to play me for a fool," the robot sighed, waving a wand. "You were right about the SilverHawks having your ray cannon, as well. Full credit to you."

Quicksilver, Steelheart, Steelwill and Bluegrass all exchanged looks. They had completely forgotten it was still onboard the Mirage. But Hardware knew. Meaning, he had been at their crash site!

"Yeah, yeah," Hardware grouched, keeping the ray cannon raised at Mumbo. "Just let me settle this craziness, before it gets out of hand, and Mon\*Star has my hands!"

Mumbo saw Hardware, and finally stopped gloating in himself. In fact, his smile vanished all the way, and instead, the huge bull glowered daggers at the miserable little dwarf.

"HRRRR," Mumbo snorted, raging already. "GHRRR HRRRRN!"

"Like I had a choice, Mumbo!" Hardware shot back, just as cross. "It was a gambit to help you crush the SilverHawks, and it didn't work, so here we all are! It's a mess! There's no point to you being bigger, now, you idiot! So, give it up!"

The silence settled like lead over the massive storehouse, as Poker-Face, Hardware, and the four goons all stared at Mumbo. Mumbo hardly looked ready to cry quits.

"Don't make a scene, Mumbo, I'm warning you. This thing doesn't just grow, it can shrink you right down, too!"

The SilverHawks stayed dead-silent, still hidden behind the large back shelf, waiting for what was going to happen next...

## Mumbo-Jumbo grows as big as the ENTIRE CASINO!

The bull kept stuffing himself silly, even as the odd quaking coming from within his metallic muscles grew worse and worse, to the point where his entire bulky body was starting to rattle and shake. The crate he hugged so tightly to himself shook for it, clattering the remaining cells into a noisy, annoying jumble, making the insectoid guard click her mantis-like mandibles in frustration.

"Hey!" she hissed, storming over to the rumbling bull. She wasn't as big as he, but for an insect, her segmented digits were extremely huge, stretching her good suit tight as she got up front to him, and dominantly forced herself against him, pressing her overgrown bust plump and hot to his huge pectorals. "You with me, here? Get to it! I'm in no mood for your screwin' around, here!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's shaking grew so bad that his guttural counter-laugh came out insane and wrong, like a lunatic asylum in and earthquake.

"HHHHUUUUURRRRRRAHHH...HHH-AAAH-HUUAAAH-H-HAAAAUUH!"

"What's so funny, you freak!? If you got something, to say, you—"

The SilverHawks watched from their hiding spot as, in a surreal instant, Mumbo-Jumbo simply *exploded* bigger. His muscles shoved out larger, cracking, then immediately smashing the crushed crate to bits, sending power cells everywhere as Mumbo-Jumbo, already a bruising 7-foot hulk, boomed up so big that his swelling head and neck smashed with a heavy *THUD* up into the snapping ceiling rafters, his horns bashing into the ceiling itself.

The insectoid female yelped, clicking her feelers and mandibles like crazy as Mumbo's suddenly-gigantic, body-dwarfing erection boomed up overhead, swinging high a moment, then crashing like a whole tree down onto her, knocking her over with a grunt.

His sacs blew up massively, tight and pleading for relief as they stretched bigger and heavier and fuller, bouncing from the sheer force of the growth spurt, all as his huge, hulking thighs billowed wider, his growing feet spreading apart across the storehouse floor, toward the stunned guards, knocking them over.

"What the—"

"Out of the way!"

"Lookout—"

The SilverHawks all lurched back in a tumble of surprise, not that it registered. The other cronies were too busy scattering as Mumbo kept swelling bigger, in a ceaseless eruption of hot, messy, spilling growth. His rear, outer-thighs and hips blew through row after row of toppling, crashing shelves as his pectorals and shoulders boom-boom-boomed bigger, raging up impatiently against his own trapped chin and head, bulging and ballooning angrily into the ceiling, to further crack it apart.

"We should probably—" Quicksilver started, only for the entire team to be rammed back against the bay shutter they had just closed, as Mumbo's growing rear shoved the shelf hiding them, cramming them all against the door and wall as everything warped and snapped and cracked open steadily.

Still, Mumbo kept growing, incessant, nonstop, mooing out orgasmic triumph as his muscles kept expanding, outpacing even his 100-foot body! The cronies all quailed back, but found no room to

flee, as Mumbo kept growing, and growing, pouring and pumping bigger and hotter and thicker against every wall, crushing or smashing every shelf flat to the walls as they bent out and snapped.

"RRRRRRRRRR!"

Mumbo's booms of laughter and panting moans all echoed louder and louder as the floor to the kitchen area up above rose rapidly, denting up into a small hilltop that slid kitchenware and pots and machines away before it cracked, then a massive golden bull-head blew up through it all!

His erection punched through the storehouse doorway, blowing them off the hinges as the shaft blasted out through row after row of slot machines, obliterating everything! One huge arm blew out through one wall, the fist and elbow smashing in a destructive arc up through the two higher floors, sending hotel beds and guests and vending machines and towels and televisions all flying everywhere in a spray of busted construction.

The other arm smashed up through a ballroom, spraying tile and globes and stage lights all about, as his sacs crowded in past into the main lobby, with his throbbing, growing penis, billowing out and inflating bigger, steamrolling over everything the erection smashed a second earlier.

Still, Mumbo kept growing, and growing. He huffed and snorted, impossibly huge, ridiculously strong, and painfully aroused, feeling his bulging muscles boom and rub and burst against pillars and railings and stairs and walls and little scrabbling patrons, all at the same time, driving the 300-foot behemoth utterly wild.

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRGHRRRRRR!!"

Floor by floor, Mumbo-Jumbo grew, smashing higher and higher up, feeling his billowing bulk spread wider and wider over and against everything and everyone inside.

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"What in the world is going on, down there!?" Poker-Face gawked, as well as any robot could manage to do, naturally. "Did a bomb go off!?"

He swiveled around in his seat, and saw flashes of a bull-head or penis or pectoral or foot filling one monitor after another, just as screen after screen died out to black, and the rumbling under his penthouse grew worse and worse.

"Mumbo!? B-but how!?"

The panicking robot stood up, kicking his gaudy, oversized chair away, as he leaned out frantically over his own desk, punching buttons left and right.

"Gah, no time! Got to enact emergency plan Q! Now!"

He smashed one last button, and the entire penthouse rattled—though not on account of the 500-foot bull swelling bigger, underneath it. Rockets flared awake, and the entire penthouse detached and began to fly up into the night skies, rising over all of Starship Casino. As he lifted, Poker-Face ran to the balcony, and looked over, in time to see the entirety of the Casino crumble into brick and dust, in a vast billowing cloud of defeat, below.

"My casino!" he wailed, sighing, just as the lights beside the buttons he had just pushed on his desk switched colors, and another, final one lit up, at the end of the line. Down below, a massive glass

dome shot up, as two sides of thick glass curved up from rims in the ground, surrounding the entire property, and met above, closing like a gigantic mouth up over the entire place, caging in the smoke cloud and all within.

As the smoke finally faded, Mumbo-Jumbo could be seen, like a humongous bug under glass. The massive bull had to have been as big as the entire casino, well-over 1,000 feet in size! He was so gargantuan that his bulky backside and head nearly bumped the apex of the dome's interior, and he was still shuddering all over, looking set to explode even bigger, once again!

"Stupid, idiotic bull," the robotic gangster growled, clearly upset. "A huge amount of my profits are down there, under your stupid rear! Ah, well..."

The final light turned red, and the dome below began to flood with a kind of pressurized, thick foam. It spilled all over the mooing colossus, who was too busy stroking his monster-sized erection to notice, until he blinked, and looked down, and found the rising levels coming all the way up to his pectorals!

Poker-Face imagined the startled bull was booming and mooing and roaring up a storm, from the way the dome was fogging up—but it hardly mattered, now. He had been caught in the last phase, was all that counted. And that was something Poker-Face was always good at.

"Normally, under that level of lockdown, I would wait, then have teams go in and mine the valuables back out of the dried foam...but for you, Mumbo...I suppose you can just stay in there, forever. Hmph."

Indeed, as he spoke, and as the terrified locals just outside the dome saw, the entire dome filled with foam, which rapidly expanded and hardened, until the last of Mumbo-Jumbo's bellowing muzzle could be seen...then not seen, at all.

## **The SilverHawks see the commotion and intervene, but Mumbo is getting HUGE**

The cabbie scraped its unhappy way down along the city streets, not bothering to stop for the SilverHawks as they all waved, then watched him and a traumatized-looking client pass along. To be fair, the back side of the vehicle looked blown clear open.

"Y'think the big bull hailed 'em, instead of hoofin' it?" Bluegrass asked, brows raised sarcastically.

"I think so," Steelheart slowly sighed.

"We need some way to get across town," Steelwill said, shrugging. "We probably stick out like sore thumbs, exposed like this..."

A single, heavy quake pealed through the edge of the slums, making Quicksilver look up first. His eyes went wide the moment they scoured beyond the rooftops.

"Speaking of which..."

The other three looked up, then reacted in similar fashion.

"Oh," Steelheart gasped, unblinking.

It was Mumbo-Jumbo, that much was clear. What was less-so was how or even why the bull was big enough to be seen, across the city. The roaring cow was throbbing with great, raging waves of power, blowing his entire metallic body up larger, and larger, and larger, before their eyes.

"Well, shoot," Bluegrass drawled. "Hate it when baddies need savin'..."

---

Mumbo-Jumbo's mind was lost in an explosion of delight, bordering on the orgasmic, as the power kept flooding into him, blowing him up larger, and larger, and larger. The 700-foot bull's gigantic red feet ground deeper into the roads, spreading wider, forcing the rims of impact out into swelling craters as his heels bumped scattering littles and pushed back whole cars.

His ankles and calves boomed wider, loudly bloating with growth, as his thighs boomed wider overhead, followed by his surging sacs. The metal globes boomed and rubbed and bulged out between his inner thighs as he felt his erection bloat out longer and fatter, the tip pushing and dimpling into cracking glass along the rest of the building the advertisement was mounted to.

His rear flexed and swelled tight as he arched his growing back muscles and hugged the huge ad with his hulking golden arms. With a giddy snort, Mumbo tugged up, and hu-pulled the entire thing by its frame, ripping it off the building's face with a shower of spitting, spraying sparks. Long cords yanked out, snapping tight as he pulled it away, and began to suckle on it like it was candy. Boundless electricity flowed into his snorting muzzle as he billowed up past 800 feet, then 830...860...

As he pushed up past 900 feet, growing taller than about half of the surrounding buildings, and neatly halfway up the higher skyscrapers, something zipped past. It registered only as a flash, tiny and bright, and Mumbo-Jumbo blinked in confusion as he pulled off of the blinkering ad frame, and looked around.

Another streak zipped by, making the humongous titan moo out in annoyance, before a third came,

from another angle.

**"HRRRRRNRRRH!?"**

"That's right, big fella, snack time's over!" Steelwill shouted, whirling circles around Mumbo's head. "You've had more than enough!"

Amidst the confusion, Mumbo didn't notice as Quicksilver and Steelheart both zipped through the cables connecting the building and the ad frame, snapping them apart. The sign blinked off, and stayed that way, making Mumbo cock a brow, sniff, then callously toss the huge sigh up over his shoulder, dismissing it.

The entire thing crashed down behind him, smashing into a storm of glass as its corner crushed a tourist bus down into its center.

Meanwhile, Bluegrass calmly commandeered an abandoned tanker, started the cab's ignition, and began to take aim at the back of Mumbo's ankle. In his stepping so heavily back, the huge bull had forgotten that his left ankle was still bent far, keeping his stance unstable.

"Steer clear? I think not!" he howled, punching the acceleration. The tanker rumbled along, gaining speed as Bluegrass swerved around a few smashed cars, aiming right for the back of the bull's foot.

He ducked out just as the tanker hit a makeshift ramp formed by an overturned chunk of rooftop, letting the speeding vehicle and its payload sail high and crash into the exposed ankle, with a fantastic explosion of fire, making Mumbo stumble back into a terrifying teeter.

**"HRRRR...RRRRNGH!?"**

There was only a second's worth of silence as the road cracked and groaned, the 900-foot bull pinwheeling in place, vying desperately for balance...

Poker-Face emerged shakily from the lingering remnants of his former penthouse, all of which had been relocated to the ground floor, when he noticed something looming overhead.

"What..."

The tattered robot could only manage that much as what appeared to be a muscular ocean of metal bulk fell down toward his property, from the neighboring street. He scattered and scrambled out of the ruins, just as the thundering bull crashed back-first onto the ground, shaking the entire block with a devastating slam, blowing everything back as a wave of dust blew everywhere.

---

"I doubt that stopped him for long," Steelwill said, as he and Steelheart and Quicksilver all landed on a shaking rooftop, watching below. "But it sure feels good to see!"

Unfortunately, that was when an even worse shaking began to rumble up from the clouds, in reply...

## **The SilverHawks see the commotion, but focus on calling for help as Mumbo GROWS**

The bull, moments ago thought to be so big and strong at 7 feet, was now a veritable god incarnate. The 700-foot colossus had no trouble in hugging up against the towering advertisement, itself nearly 300 feet tall, and with a hefty nuzzling, Mumbo glommed down on the frame with his muzzle, bit into its wiring, and rumbled in joy as he began to feed himself even *bigger*.

Tickling and teasing bursts of pleasure lanced his groaning gold muscles, as the bull's mighty feet clenched into the cracked roads and surged even wider, longer and heavier, crushing progressively further down as his back muscles burst out bigger, his arms bloated wider, and his pectorals boom-boom-boooooomed out against the sign, mashing into it as he shuddered up past 800 feet.

His trembling orbs blew up bigger, and bigger, plumping into a heaving boulder dimpling out between his hulking thighs, as his erection thumping up, up, batting and creeping higher up along the face of the actual building the sign was mounted to.

*THIS...THIS WAS MORE LIKE IT!*

The power-drunk bull delighted in the idea that it was real, that it was finally paying off. He was bigger! Bigger than anyone!

"NNNNNNNNRRRRRRRGHF," he groaned, sucking up more, making himself tremble and boom up over 900 feet. His erection screamed bigger, swelling wider and heavier against the cracking windows, as he felt and saw himself surging higher up along the side of the skyscraper, nearing its apex as he rumbled and erupted messily, hotly, to 1,000 staggering feet in size!

As he moaned and sucked and shivered, letting his biceps and shoulders, backside and rump, thighs and calves and lats and neck all bloat bigger and stronger, a familiar troupe arrived, in time to see it all as it developed.

"Holy cow," Steelwill gasped, as they SilverHawks cleared the intersection, and saw what was consuming the entire street.

"Whoa! Mumbo is lookin' a little closer to heaven," Bluegrass gawked, stepping back from the towering sight of the 1,000-foot bull. "But that steer ain't fit for the pearly gates!"

"I don't think he could fit in any gates," Steelwill corrected, just before Mumbo-Jumbo growled happily, quaking and squeezing on the huge sign, snapping it against his expanding, oversized pectorals. The resultant over-surge of power fed into him, making him quake all over, before—

***"MMMWWWWWWWWRRRRRRRRROOOOOOO—"***

The streets and everyone and thing upon them were blown back as the tremendous bull rumble-tensed deep, then rocketed bigger, blowing up another 200 feet, then another...and another...and another! His growth was speeding up, as the street lights all blinkered off and buildings began to flicker and fade out through the windows.

Mumbo snorted hotly and suckled harder, deeper, feeding himself up past 1,800 feet! His head and widening horns began to peek up nearer and nearer to the tops of the medium skyscrapers above, as his growing feet mowed down cars, busses, signs, benches, trees, the craters about each one swelling wider and higher, until each was taller than any adult, alien or human—and still, Mumbo was growing!

"That crazy bull is nearly half a mile tall!" Steelheart said, trying to keep upright as the crumbling streets shook and wobbled with his growth spurts. "It must be the miniature sun he swallowed! It's feeding on power, and getting bigger..."

"Yeah," Quicksilver agreed, nodding. "And fast!"

"H-how are we supposed to fight him, at that size!?"

"We can't," Quicksilver conceded, wasting no time, as the 2,300-foot giant huffed happily, and let the now-little sign fall to the battered streets with a loud crash. He licked his muzzle over, seeing how the power had been sucked out and the block had failed. "All we can do is call out for help, and try to slow him down!"

"But, we can't hail no one from here, like with the ship," Bluegrass said, throwing his arms up in gesture. "How the heck do we get a message out to Stargazer, or the Kidd, or Hotwing?"

### **Mumbo-Jumbo agrees, and follows to the power cells**

Mumbo-Jumbo flexed his powerful nostrils as he inhaled, thinking things over, and the mere act of breathing made his immense muscles surge tighter. Poker-Face's moniker bore out as the robotic gangster made no move, and offered no expression beyond friendly patience.

"RR."

"Outstanding," Poker-Face cheered, briskly turning around, to face the casino hallway that remained uncrushed. "Follow me, then, Mumbo, and we'll get you set up."

Mumbo's huge eyes lidded down into mistrustful halves for a moment, before he blinked, shrugged destructively up into the cracked ceiling, and awkwardly turned his huge bulk around to follow along.

The four guards all anxiously followed shrugging against their tight suits. Big as they all were, able to fling regular customers around like dolls, there was no way in Limbo any or all of them could take the gigantic cyber-bull on. But, they were still getting paid, presumably, so on the trailed, behind him.

Poker-Face continued along, gloved hands back behind him, walking as cautiously yet casually as he could. The sounds of Mumbo's enormity bumping, pushing and scraping against virtually everything was a torment to the robot, who distracted himself with a quick re-inventory of everything on property that had been insured (which was everything).

A turn to the right, a hook down the left hall, past the numerous bathrooms and phone booths, and Poker-Face stopped. He spun about with utmost precision and gestured operatically toward a huge double door.

"In here, Mumbo. It's a squeeze to the back room, but you'll find it to be much more roomy, once you make it in."

"RRRR..."

"Well, it would take ages to unload the crates, and there's no forklift that's able to make it out here onto the floor. The marble, you see. You'll get yours much faster, if you just go in, and save time."

Mumbo-Jumbo paused, then sniffed loudly, snuffling the door as he remained there, half-squeezed into the hallway.

*Power cells there*, he thought, humming lowly. *No lie*.

"HRR, RRR."

Poker-Face nodded, and opened the doors for him. Mumbo wriggled in place, then worked up a little momentum to force his way through. The molding caught his bulk as it jammed part-way inside, making cracks bleed out as the huge bull rammed himself deeper through, crushing and crackling the warped-out doorway wider as he passed.

As soon as he did so, Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous body popped loose, and the 40-foot behemoth tumbled to a skid over the back room floor. Poker-Face put a hand out as the four guards neared, keeping them outside and shaking his head sternly.

Mumbo rose to a kneel and bumped his head against a high rafter above. The minotaur grunted in a

flicker of irritation, shaking his head, before a flash of light consumed him, overtaking his vision, everything, bathing his world in a bright burst of orange...then darkness.

"Fool," Poker-Face sneered, now seeing fit to walk into the storehouse. "I'd say I can't believe he fell for it, but then, it's Mumbo-Jumbo."

Indeed, at the center of the floor, there was now a gigantic statue of a bull, frozen to the spot, with some odd, hardening semi-plastic spray. As the spraying turrets whirled back down into the trap doors in the flooring, and closed off, Poker-Face stepped right up to the huge bull, and watched as the casing fully hardened, preserving Mumbo in his kneeling position, erection and all.

"What'll you be doing with him now, Boss?" the newt-like guard asked, adjusting his suit as his muscles bulged against it.

"That's above your paygrade," Poker-Face said, meaning he didn't know just yet. "So, never-you-mind. Get the power back on, and bring Hardware down here, right away. I think I have something to discuss with him..."

## **Mumbo-Jumbo shoves Poker-Face aside, and just takes the whole warehouse over**

Mumbo-Jumbo eyed Poker-Face over suspiciously a moment, gauging the robot's intentions. Of course, that robot was named Poker-Face, and the name was the only thing that wasn't remotely misleading, meaning the big bull had zero luck there.

"HRRN."

"Why?" Poker-Face repeated, at once genuinely perplexed. "Why, what? What's that mean?"

"NNNNNR."

"Why follow me? Because I know where they are, of course!"

Mumbo blinked, licked his copper-gold muzzle over dumbly, then closed his eyes and snuffled around, sniffing in the air. The simple effort seemed to swell the bull's muscles just slightly, making the billow and balloon loudly, snapping and shoving other machines into a noisy, coin-crashed topple. Mumbo stopped, then glared coldly down at the robot, who finally fidgeted. A little.

"W-what?"

"MNNF."

With that, the enormous minotaur twisted the rest of the way around, demolishing rows of barely-standing slots as he forced his bulging mass forward—to the robot's instant dismay.

"W-wha...wait!" Poker-face growled, indignant, as the far bigger, house-sized bull crashed his way uncaringly through the lobby, further devastating it. Rubble and ceiling panels and tumbling duct tubing and wires all clattered down in his wake as Poker-Face watched. His entourage of guards ran up to his side, all muscles, and few ideas.

"Boss," the insectoid clicked, her segmented arms swollen against her fine suit as she picked him back up onto his feet. "W-what do we do, here? Do we really attack him?"

"And have him smash everything to dust? Hardly," the angered robot sighed, dusting himself off as the huge insectoid female politely set him down. "No...no, he's sniffed the cells out, so he doesn't need guiding. Let him get into the storeroom. It's fine. I know what to do. Get to the breaker, you three, and switch on exactly the one thing I tell you to..."

---

Mumbo-Jumbo nearly laughed as he stopped at the storeroom double-doors, locked and bolted up tight. He reared back, making his huge body and bulk drag backward along the crushed walls of the back hallway, before bucking forward, and ramming his horned head into them, with the expected results. Both doors went flying off in a muted explosion of mortar and metal, the rims of the molding blown away, to allow him a slightly-widened port of entry.

"HRRRN."

*Good*, Mumbo thought, shivering happily, as he wedged his huge body through the aperture. *Cells close, can smell them! Delicious cells!*

Wiggling in unrestrained glee, the tremendous giant popped through the blasting wall, crashing into

the storeroom floor with a massive *THUD*. He skidded forth some from momentum, then shook it off, planted his hands on either side of the floor, and pushed, forcing his heavy metallic brawn up slowly with a bovine grunt.

Then, the hissing started.

"RRR?"

Mumbo looked around, having trouble seeing what was what. The back room was only partly-lit by the emergency lights at a few choice corners, leaving the rest of the space unlit as the strange noise continued.

It was only when thick clouds of smoke wafted up into view that Mumbo realized what was happening, and panicked.

*Gas...GAS! A TRICK! DIRTY ROBOT TRICK!*

Mumbo sputtered and swung wild, but for all his strength, there was simply nothing to clobber, nothing to hit. The clouds parted and swirled, then reclaimed the air, filling it, until the huge bull's eyes fluttered, and he started to wobble in place.

"GRR...RRHRRRR...H...H..."

With a great slam of impact, Mumbo's eyes rolled back, and he crashed in a musclebound heap onto the floor, shaking countless supply shelves and rattling the overhead fixtures, until all was quiet again, and the hiss of the gas soon stopped.

Into the clearing room stepped Poker-Face, and Hardware. The dwarfish goblin stepped away, trying to brush the smell of the gas off of him.

"Ugh," he grunted, staying away.

"Indeed," Poker-Face said, plainly. "But it worked. The dimwit is down."

"Right, right," Hardware said, readying something behind Poker-Face's back. "So, I suppose I owe you for this..."

"Hmm? Oh. I suppose I might just hold onto the bull for you, as payment. After all, there's a lot I could accomplish with this bruiser on my side. And you'll see to it that he's properly reprogrammed, of cou—"

A magnetized mine slipped easily from hardware's hand, slapping in a seal onto the robot's metal backside. Instantly, Poker-Face shut down, and slumped over, just as much out of the game as the 40-foot bull before them.

"Hmph," Hardware sneered, dusting his hands. "Hardly. I have my own plans for you, Mumbo...hehe..."

At that, the small alien pulled out the ray cannon, and readied its polarity for negative.

"I didn't sneak onboard the SilverHawk's lousy ship and steal this back, just to have you steal the golden bull away! Please! He's mine!"

The stocky alien heard the four guards approach, down the ruined hallway. He smiled, spun to face

them and blasted all of them with the ray cannon. They all sputtered and cried out, before starting to dwindle down smaller and smaller and smaller, all the way down to the size of toys. Whatever curses they were saying, Hardware couldn't hear them.

"Heh, off you all go, lest I smash you!" Hardware growled, shooving the startled little guards off.  
"And, as for you..."

He turned and blasted Mumbo-Jumbo, watching intently as the huge bull started to shrink smaller and smaller and smaller, slipping and dwindling submissively down to size along the floor...

### **Quicksilver, Steelheart & Steelwill don't answer...are they really gone?**

The cowboy SilverHawk was never at a loss for words, and that much remained technically true—if anything, Bluegrass had too many at once.

"Repeat, this is Bluegrass, here...Quicksilver, Steelheart, Steelwill, any-ol' body! Anyone down there copy?"

The Mirage went in closer, on the off chance or hope that he might see a silver streak as his comrades flew away to safety, but still, there was nothing. In his intensity, Bluegrass drew too close; as impossible as it seemed, it took him time to realize that the 700-foot cyber-bull nearby was perhaps getting too close.

"Anyone! Hello! Do you—"

From the far left came something enormous, and fast. Bluegrass pulled up, and the Mirage narrowly missed as Mumbo's gigantic red backhand sailed past, in attack. The backhand preceded a spin as Mumbo-Jumbo twisted his huge body around, filling the cockpit window with a massive, furrow-browed glare.

"Their ship!" Hardware shouted, pointing uselessly ahead. "Finish the job, Mumbo!"

"HRRROOOOOOOOUUUUURRU!"

"Heck!"

Bluegrass swerved away as Mumbo leapt off of the entire mesa, bulging arms outstretched, vast hands opened, clutching for the fleeing Mirage. Both colossal mitts slammed together, nearly closing tight on the ship as it darted further away, then turned and broke into a full retreat.

Mumbo landed, and the entire valley shook as it received his tonnage. His feet blasted down into the cracked turf, spraying loose stone and dirt as he left two sinking craters down in the terrain, letting the aftershocks dance away from the epicenter. Hardware, still trying to right himself after the surprise leap and landing, was clearly in less of a good mood.

"Ugh! A...After it, you big oaf! Don't let him get away!"

Being down and off of the mesa, even at such a huge size, Mumbo-Jumbo was suddenly far less of a threat, and Bluegrass clearly understood, given how high into the lower atmosphere he had risen up to. The Mirage stayed well out of reach, and was starting to circle back over toward the devastated remains of the station, up on the mesa.

"C'mon, you guys, answer," Bluegrass pleaded, over the radio. "Gimme some kinda sign, else I'm comin' down there to look, myself!"

When no one answered, he bit his lip, checked the readouts, and grudgingly lowered the Mirage down at the collapsed site.

---

"What do you mean, no!?"

Hardware lobbed the question at the far bigger Mumbo, as though it were a live grenade. The colossal bovine huffed in irritation and, frankly, some fatigue, the spare grumble or grunt escaping between attempts to gather his breath.

"H...HRRRRHRRR!"

"So what, if you have to go back up again? Big deal! If they flew up there, that's where we're going! You're the one who thought it was so smart to jump off of it!"

Hardware stamped his stubby alien foot on the broad bulk of Mumbo's shiny trapezius, not that the mighty bull noticed it.

"HRRRRR RRR GHRGHN."

"Huh? Well..." Hardware muttered, taken aback. "O-of course, I could just make you bigger! I was merely just...shut up!"

With that, he angrily whipped the ray cannon at Mumbo's enormous, thick neck, and blasted the bull, letting the beam soak deep into his bulk. Mumbo's vast eyes fluttered gladly, a thick puff of pleasure blowing out of his maw as he started to tremble all over, then rumble, then grow...and grow...

His head rose higher and higher as Hardware blew him up bigger, feeling and watching his legs spread apart as Mumbo grew underneath him, raising him up higher and higher, along with.

"I'll just shrink you back after, anyhow, so who cares," Hardware murmured, still half-anxious. "So enjoy it, for now..."

Mumbo-Jumbo's massive feet crushed bigger and heavier, sinking into the cracking rock of the moon as his ankles bulged wider, thicker, his calves bursting larger, his thighs and hips blowing out huger and stronger. His abs pumped out with raw definition, stretching his metallic hide tighter as his lats bloated bigger, rubbing and shoving up under his swelling triceps and bulging biceps. His pectorals boomed out before him as the bull billowed up past 750 feet...790 feet...830 feet...

"RRRRRRRRRRR...RRR..."

His eyes rolled back in dark joy as he felt his thick member pulse bigger, fatter, bloating and pushing longer and larger out between his growing leg muscles. His sacs bobbed further and further down, lowering heavily, even as they grew higher with him. He licked the air happily, flexing his arms, forcing bigger and wider peaks as he swelled uncontrollably in size.

His rear bulged out as his back-brawn exploded bigger, spreading like fire across his swollen backside. His neck erupted thicker, power tingling through his body as it blew up past 900 feet...960 feet...1,110 feet!

Mumbo snorted and shook, before rumbling deep, making Hardware blink in confusion, just before his humongous body lurched up bigger, spurting up a whopping 500 feet, in one thick, trembling burst. The bull lowed in ecstasy, now over 1,600 feet in size, more than twice what he had been a moment ago.

"W-whoa!" Hardware growled, steadying himself against the shock of the eruptive growth spurt. The bull's body was only tingling worse and worse, underfoot, making the already-diminutive alien gulp in fear. "Maybe that's...g-good enough—"

Before he could rightly finish, Mumbo shuddered and mooed out a bellow of delight as his erection bobbed high, and his tingling, quaking form blew up again, surging hot and messy and huge to a throbbing, monstrous size of 2,300 feet, in one rude explosion of lust. And still, his muscles were throbbing faster, deeper, the panting colossus fully erect as he moaned and whined in bliss.

"HHHHUUURRRRRROOORRROOO!"

Hardware caught sight below of Mumbo's staggeringly big erection, itself nearly 400 feet in size, big as a building. Naturally, he looked back up, sporting an impossibly dark blush.

"H-hey, now, Mumbo! Eyes on your work!"

At that, the outright-fearful alien stopped blasting, leaving Mumbo one last shuddering bulge of growth, until the massive bovine shook off and huffed, looking himself over proudly. Not even half an hour prior, the bull had been a big bruiser, the tank of the Mon\*Star mob, at 7 feet.

Now, he was 2,900 feet. Ton upon ton of swollen, tight muscle crowded his body, gleaming with stretched copper and gold. He had looked like a bodybuilder before, easily, but this was...the body of a god.

Yet, as Mumbo looked ahead, and saw the mesa still a little under twice his size, his huge grin, slipped away, and a sour frown replaced it.

"RR?" he rumbled, his voice shaking the cracked ground around his cratering feet.

"I stopped, you idiot, what did you think?" You can practically leap up the mesa, now! No problem!"

"RRRUUUUUOOORUURU!"

"What problem!? No, there isn't! Quite wasting time!"

"BRRRBRRRR!"

"Bigger!? You're huge enough! There are skyscrapers that only reach your chest, and you're still whining!?"

Mumbo snorted his displeasure, but kept his rumbling to a low minimum. Still, an increasingly agitated little spark of anger was alight, and starting to burn brighter, the more Hardware yelled at him.

"Right...now, get up there, and make sure to finish them all! The Mirage should be the size of a toy to you, now! So, move!"

---

The Mirage touched down in a hurry atop the mesa, and in seconds Bluegrass was out of it, stepping onto the terrain, holding his hat on his head with one hand. He looked the wreckage of the site over, saw that virtually nothing was left standing, and sighed bitterly.

"Aw, come on, guys," he said, to no one. "C'mon, now. Don't go leavin' the show without me, like this..."

### **Bluegrass sees a flare nearby...but so does Mumbo-Jumbo!**

"Come back, SilverHawks, this-here's Bluegrass, your blue buddy and high-flyin' wiseacre! Bluegrass, lookin' for his pals, over! Y'all read? Anyone?"

Silence answered, over the radio. Hopefully, it was the only thing dead.

"Shoot..."

He took the Mirage in closer, careful to hang back enough so as not to tip off or disturb the gargantuan Mumbo-Jumbo.

"Lordy, that bull went and got awful big! That's just about close enough to the last thing anybody here needs..."

He swung the Mirage around the valley, stubbornly trying to spy the topside of the mesa and the smashed-in station, all without getting Mumbo-Jumbo's attention. The big bull was sifting through the ruins with one huge red finger, snorting callously as he scoured the wreck for the same thing as Bluegrass.

That was when he caught sight of it: a small, blazing little red dot, burning down below, behind the high mesa, on some smaller formations.

"What in...tarnation!"

Bluegrass whooped inside the cockpit, on sight of it. It was a flare, no doubt about it. Two more popped up, and the smiling cowboy tipped his hat brim and chuckled.

"One pickup, to go! Y'all got it!"

As he lowered the Mirage down for a pickup, something enormous shook the landscape, so much so that even the air was disturbed—and Bluegrass felt it all.

"Wuh-oh..."

He looked back from the cockpit and saw the 700-foot tall bull sliding down, down along the high mesa, looking in a rage. His bull-roar followed as Bluegrass picked up the speed, trying to touch down faster. Mumbo had seen, for sure, meaning this was about expediency, all the way.

He was somewhat closer, but not enough to where he had comfortable space and time to land, gather them in, close up, and liftoff proper...so instead, Bluegrass took the radio receiver, pressed the speaker button, and spoke.

---

"ATTENTION, Y'ALL," the speaker on the Mirage boomed, as the three SilverHawks down below watched it come closer and closer. "WE GOT COMPANY, AND I CAN'T RIGHTLY SET THE GIRL DOWN, SO YOU GOTTA COME AND MEET ME HALFWAY! THE BACK DOOR'S OPEN FOR Y'ALL! COME ON!"

"Guess we have to run interception, here," Steelwill laughed, shaking his head.

"Works for me," Quicksilver said, grinning, as he, Steelheart and Steelwill all took to flight, letting their metal cyber-sings spread out, and the rockets in their feet take off in flight.

"He doesn't look happy about this," Steelheart shouted over the passing air current, motioning mid-flight to Mumbo. The massive bull was slamming down against the mesa's wall, and was starting to stomp destructively over toward them, looking ready to kill. "Maybe we had all better pick up the pace!"

Whether by fortune or fate, Mumbo stopped. One humongous foot crashed down over a dip in the valley, smashing an entire field of clustered boulders to dust, before the bull began to grimace or wince, his eyes closing, as his entire body began to rumble ominously.

"He stopped!" Steelheart shouted, as the Mirage zipped past them in the air, then started to slow down for them. The back bay door swung open mechanically, slowly, but the three airborne SilverHawks kept their attention on Mumbo-Jumbo.

"But why?" Steelwill asked. "Vertigo?"

"Doesn't matter," Quicksilver said, turning back to the Mirage's open portal. "We just need to escape, for now!"

---

"What's going on?" Hardware grouched, looking the shuddering bull over as he teetered over the landscape, starting to huff and moan heavily. "What is this? They'll getaway, at this rate, Mumbo!"

"GH...HRRRRR..."

Mumbo's massive body suddenly began to tremble and tense tight, making Hardware's eyes widen...

## Mumbo-Jumbo booms up bigger!

"All aboard?" Bluegrass asked, the blue-armored, 10-gallon hat wearing SilverHawk both bothering to turn around as the other three piled into the Mirage's cockpit with him. "Cause I figure we oughta mosey, and fast!"

"Mosey away, buddy!" Steelwill said, as the rumbling overtook the entire mesa. For all any of them knew, it was overtaking the entire valley.

The back bay door closed, as the thrusters blew hot and started to force the ship up off the shaking terrain, leaving bouncing rocks and shaking boulders to their fate. The abandoned station shuddered, poles and wires tumbling loose from busted fixtures, plate glass cracking and splitting apart as they rattled away.

The Mirage was a sorely-sought relief, by all means; still, the speed of their departure left enough to be desired, to warrant a mention:

"Uh," Steelheart began, as the rumbling below was getting worse and worse, more and more audible below.

"She takes a second," Bluegrass interjected, somewhere between comforting and defensive. "We're still golden, up here!"

**"RRRRRRRRHHHHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUOOOOOOOAAAAA!!"**

The sound of Mumbo-Jumbo's growth spurt came like a cannon blast, an explosion, and its effect was tantamount. In a sudden, bursting gush, the 700-foot bull's metallic body and swollen muscles all erupted bigger, detonating in scope. His body lurched and trembled, then billowed violently out over the landscape, steamrolling the landscape under bulk. His rear and backside crushed a deepening, widening crater into the turf, spreading out in a rising rim of ground dirt and rock. His neck blew out thicker, his pectorals surging so high that Hardware was forced down against them by sheer force.

Mumbo's singular roar grew bigger and heavier, basso rumblings that quaked the rock formations and standing spires, before his bloated red shoulders bumped, then crashed through them in a series of surreal snaps and pops. His hips grew wider, thicker, his abs bulging higher, his lats billowing hungrily underneath his swollen, ballooning triceps and peaking biceps.

His red heels blew growing trenches through the surface of luna, scouring it away in great gouges as his metal calves and thighs exploded bigger, and bigger. His sacs blew up and up, tightly bursting in mass, groaning and stretching, hot and full and heavy atop his quaking thighs and knees. His erection thundered up, up into the air, booming bigger, and bigger, and bigger, longer and thicker and fatter, its tip pleadingly throbbing in some dark joy through the sky.

"S...sssss...t...tooooooop..." Hardware growled, unable to functionally speak, as the force of Mumbo's rapid growth pushed up against him, displacing air as the formerly-giant bovine boomed past 1,000 feet...1,300 feet...1,600 feet...

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"Where we headed, Boss?" Bluegrass asked, starting to ready the systems for space travel, as they rose high enough.



## **Mumbo-Jumbo grows...and grows...and grows...and grows...AND GROWS...**

The Mirage slowly lifted up off of the mesa as the SilverHawks flew up into the opened bay door. Given the circumstances, they fully understood Bluegrass's decision not to stay put and wait for them to walk in. The cowboy SilverHawk's instincts were on point, as the moment they departed the mesa, it began to shake and crack and split open, letting the emptied station topple in on itself, sinking and sliding down into the burgeoning cracks in a pillar of smoke.

The Mirage's shaky liftoff put it into a wobble in the air as the remains of the proud mesa crumbled down into a smoldering heap of rubble, scattering and tumbling and rolling down along what the SilverHawks realized was a single, monstrous digit—a bulging testicle.

"Holy moly," Steelwill gulped, looking down from the cockpit. "There's no way...he's getting that big, down there!?"

Mumbo-Jumbo was, and worse than that.

The mooing giant's massive body had detonated larger, spurting and spilling and pumping past 700 feet; where they were looking from, Mumbo-Jumbo was already over a whopping mile tall, and still growing bigger.

---

Mumbo was in a state beyond ecstasy, and it was climbing higher and higher still. He bellowed and shook, rattling and rumbling, as his enormous, nude body shuddered and tensed, then boom-*boom-BOOMED* bigger, on and on. His opened maw roared freely as his gilded pectorals burst up over them, consuming much of his growing torso. His shoulders ballooned like red copper boulders on either side of his inflated neck, as his lats bulged to impossible sizes under his expanding arms.

His golden thighs burst out larger as his sacs swelled over his upper-lower body, consuming his thighs and knees, as his erection bulged forth into the heavens, bigger and bigger, taller and higher and fatter, throbbing explosive beats of hungering growth through the skies, already a half-mile high, and still growing.

"M-mumbo, stop it!" Hardware wailed, the now-speck-sized alien stuck by sheer concussive force to the bull's bloated muscles. "En-enough!"

But Mumbo-Jumbo wasn't stopping. Quite the opposite, in fact.

**"HHHNNNN...R-RRRUHURRRHHNN...HNNNN!!"**

The billowing titan blew up over more and more of the surface of the moon, collapsing the terrain flat as his 3-mile body pancaked it all down flat, then further into a crater. He rumbled and panted and cried out, massive and masculine and hot, before spasming and trembling and booming twice as big, in one enormous, thick spurt! His feet crashed through a smaller mountain, smashing it from one into two, pushing clear through to the other side as his 6-mile body consumed the valley, crushing boulders and hills and formations and dips into a unified, powdered ruin.

His heaving stomach bulged higher as he panted and gulped, groaning loud and full and happy, before twitching and hugging in on himself, wrapping his overgrown forearms and biceps tight around his surging chest, only to feel it all stretch and explode bigger, screaming out as he erupted to 12 miles...then 24!

His towering penis wobbled almost cutely, drunkenly in the air, swaying in the skies as it adjusted to its flaring size and heft. The Mirage circled away, a gnat against an oak tree, trying to escape from the sheer speed and voracity of Mumbo-Jumbo's sudden growth spurts.

---

"I-I'm tryin', I promise!" Bluegrass sputtered, adjusting his 10-gallon hat anxiously. "He's growin' too dadblamed fast!"

"Just punch it anywhere!" Steelheart suggested, more or less, loudly.

"Just get us to space, Bluegrass!" Quicksilver ordered, as the Mirage adjusted, blasted its thrusters, and tore further away, not even bothering to go up just yet. Up was all they had kept trying to climb, but Mumbo's penis kept widening bigger and bigger, and kept getting too close for comfort.

---

"M...M....um...bo...ppppllll...llleaaaase..."

Hardware's microscopically small pleas went undetected, as the infinitely smaller alien tried to move across the ever-changing landscape of Mumbo's bovine pectoral. The curves flattened progressively into a single, vast plain of hot, smooth gold, stretching on and on and on and on, rumbling and bulging louder and wider under his tiny, tiny self.

The 48-mile god of a bull just kept growing, and Hardware couldn't figure out why, for the life of him. Had he blasted the dumb bull that much!? Really!?

The bull boom-bellowed, rumbling out in jubilation as the pleasure kept mounting and tumbling, spilling and smothering and bulging and filling his shaking, musclebound body. His eyes glowed as bright slits, burning through the lids as he threw his head back into the crumbling series of mountain ranges, smashing through them easily as he huffed and swelled and grunted and burst even larger in size, spreading everywhere as he blew up to a staggering, terrifying 96 miles.

In moments, the bovine colossus had swollen up from the size of a building to a city, then several, and now...now, Mumbo was almost the size of a very small state. Compared to the 3,000-mile diameter of the moon, it was still paltry...but the bull just kept moaning, kept stroking his quaking nudity in lewd glee, groping over his sky-high pillar of an erection as he bit his lip and snorted, closed his eyes, trembled ticklingly, and...AND...