

CHAPTER 1

LLOYD: LV. 9, 285/285 HP

ARLEI: LV. 9, 395/395 HP

The thought of bringing Arlei to Avros, of lording your victory and new comrade over the Guild and its higher-ups, is initially intoxicating. Then, terrifying. Even getting a nearly 40-foot tall giantess into the city would be a logistical nightmare—the main gates at the East would be tall enough, and the Guild...well, that *was* doable, giants were capable of entry with proper preparations. But, anywhere else? Forget it.

Worse yet, what if they thought she was too good—for *you*, specifically? There were definitely magic casters on staff that could potentially charm her right out of your life.

Forget Avros, you think, quickly making a decision.

Where to, then? The Guild would want you to report back with dues, at some point, it's not like you can hide from them forever. That being said, there's even less sense in splitting up, now that a gigantic holy lizard maid wants to be your one-and-only.

Arlei waits patiently behind you, casting a soft shadow even in the clouded half-light.

If you took the back way out around Moddot Pass down to the Rughill Forestlands it would take you as far as possible from Avros, without falling into the Stargos Straight and its infested waters. To go back the way you came meant...going back up through the tower, from the catacombs, as a sheer wall of rocks prevents any kind of travel around the structure.

That would mean your next stop was Phost. That wasn't a whole lot better.

"Okay, Arlei, we're headed Southwest," you say, making sure you speak loudly enough for the towering giantess to hear you properly. "That's going to put us at an outpost outside of the Marrean Gate that separates this side of the mountains from a neighboring kingdom, one where I think you and I can hide from Avros for a bit."

"Excellent choice, Master Lloyd," the huge reptile purrs, straightening up, shoving her bulging chest out ahead. "I take it we're hiding from this...Avros? They must be a terrible foe!"

"It's my home kingdom," you sigh, realizing she's been locked away for ages. "They have a Guild there, that I'm part of. I'd rather not bring you there, the place is filled with ambitious types that would just try and abuse your power. So, we're going to stay away."

"This other kingdom will protect us, then?" she asks, cocking her head.

"Not really, no. Stargos is a rough place, and the gate town we need to pass through, Phost, is particularly brutal. But, given where Kogo Varan is, geographically, we have nowhere

else to go. Even if we avoided towns or cities—which we can’t, we need supplies—we would still get into trouble once we hit sentries at the wall. So, we’re going to just walk in, and see how it all works out.”

“How daring!” Arlei rumbles, clenching her huge, scaly fists cutely. “I shall gladly take down any aggressors that stand in our way!”

“Well, they aren’t monsters or undead, let’s not go that far. Why don’t we just head off?”

“Of course,” she replies, her fists now clenched in peace and solidarity.

The Pass, so named for those of normal stature, finds much to discuss with Arlei’s massive body as she squeezes in after you—and it’s a real shouting match.

“Goodness,” you hear the huge lizard huff, intercut with groans of rock and scales, turning back to see Arlei’s colossal, oversized breasts squeezing in at awkward angles against snagging stone and falling pebbles. “I’d rather not do damage, but this terrain grants me little recourse, Master...”

“Do what you need to, then,” you huff, busied with climbing up over an long-ago loosed boulder, now wedged down between two nearly-connected masses of bedrock.

You aren’t being terribly literal, but Arlei takes the permission anyway. Her now-gigantic mace materializes in hand, jutting out past you overhead, and with one mean thrust demolishes the crags and outcroppings. Rubble rains down freely as the giantess smashes through, grinding away the sheer face on both sides, until her breasts are allowed to bulge back out, her shoulders tapping either side.

“Better?” you ask, dusting yourself off down below.

“Somewhat, Master Lloyd, thank you!”

“Don’t mention it.”

“Sorry, Master Lloyd, I won’t ever again.”

Your brain tells your mouth not to open for a reply. Better to leave it where it is, unlike the party. You swipe a few errant pebbles off of your shoulder, and get moving into the forest.

The grim skies clear as the canopy passes along above, the midday sun high in the sky. Patterns of light sway over the grass and bushes and rocks as the wind murmurs past, nearly lulling you and Arlei into peace as she thuds along after you. Tall as she is, the trees are old and vast, still several heads higher than her cap on average. You almost fail to notice the movement of shapes nearby, following, darker than the shaded halls of the woods.

“Arlie,” you speak sharply. She can hear the sound of your sword exiting the scabbard.

“Very good, Master—”

No sooner than said, at least five orcs come flying from behind the trunks around you, covering every possible exit! Axes and picks raised, the snarling green humanoids take up attack positions, readying to crush you, when they all stop to take a better look at Arlie: specifically her massive feet and rounded heels. Toe claws as big as their weapons idly twitch as the towering maid rumbles and glares down over her burst, snorting.

“Ghazzat Hurut!?” one orc jabbars, backing away, only for the other four to roar something nasty, to keep him in line.

Clearly, they hadn’t been looking all that hard, if they were surprised now.

If either of you attack, and the battle commences, then the EXP will almost surely make Arlei grow bigger, again. But, they aren’t backing down, so a brawl seems inevitable!

ORCS, LV 6

HP: 110

MP: 0/0

Granted, you were both LV 9 now, but with 5 LV 6 foes, that was still their 30 against your combined 18. You unsheath fully and charge, slashing the nearest orc for -45 DAMAGE, making the startled creature wail as it staggers back. That they had all ignored you to gawk up at Arlei proved to be yet another major advantage!

Before the other orcs realize their initiative’s been stolen, Arlei’s huge mace *thooms* down directly over another orc, crushing it for -170 DAMAGE, making it evaporate with a cry of surprise underneath its bulk.

You yourself stop momentarily at the thunderous impact, and this time the orc makes the move, countering your slash with a swing of its pick and clipping you for -39 DAMAGE! Had this happened just yesterday, you would be a dead man!

You angrily slash back for -20 DAMAGE, as the three remaining orcs hammer away at Arlei’s huge feet, hacking for -41 DAMAGE and -38 DAMAGE. In reply, the looming reptile swats one away for -38 DAMAGE, another for -173 DAMAGE, annihilating it!

As you wind up for another swing, an unfamiliar voice cries out:

“*MULTI-SLASH 2!*”

The three orcs all gasp in pain as a red gash streaks over every one of them, each one landing for -157 DAMAGE, making all three cry out and blow away to glowing dust!

“What in the world,” you begin, your sword still out, as something heavy lands between you both, shaking the ground slightly. You turn around to see a reptilian creature, certainly female, with a dark blue hide and light blue, icy belly plates running from crotch to chin.

A kobold! But...she’s a giant, if that’s true! She stands at least 8 feet tall, athletic and bulky, with modest breasts and wide hips. Her head spines and horns crown two long, twitching ears, the spikes running down her broad back and along a stubby tail. A thick bronze earring jangles on one ear, her body clad in what had to have been stolen knight armor, given how nothing seemed properly thought out or coordinated.

“Incredible,” she half-hisses, resting a massive iron cleaver on the grass.

You wonder if she’s also mooning over Arlei’s size, but it’s you she turns to.

“Utterly incredible. How can anyone at your level have such bad form!?”

“Beg pardon,” you mutter, as she thuds over to you, looming dominantly.

“I bet you *beg* plenty,” she huffs dismissively, before turning back to Arlei, who finally manages to see over her mammoth-sized breasts who it is that’s talking. “I really don’t know why you would keep him, mighty one! A pet, perhaps? Entertainment?”

“Hey, wait a minute,” you start, only for the bigger female to flex tight, lift her cleaver up, and let it slam down again, shutting you down.

“Pet?” Arlei repeats, before blushing profusely. “Oh, never! No, no, that is my Master, my dear Master Lloyd! Please, be kind to him!”

The kobold slowly, gingerly turns back to you, only enough to let one judging yellow eye show. Her slitted nostrils wrinkle, then puff out sourly.

“I must be hearing wrong.”

“Oh no, it’s quite true,” Arlei insists, kneeling heavily down over you both. “He saved me from imprisonment, you know!”

“How? Did the guards die of embarrassment?”

“Well, I was smaller, then...”

“About that,” she interrupts, pointing her body-length weapon up at Arlei. “I only intruded because firstly, those orcs were my quarry, not yours...and second, because I want to know just how you got so...beautifully big-big. Explain.”

The last bit reveals her core nature, that hint of excitement that made kobolds talk a certain way. Why would she bother asking about Arlei’s size, you wonder, given that she already

stands more than twice as tall as the usual kobold, male or female.

“Oh, well, I get it from—”

As she speaks, the glowing embers of the five defeated orcs vanish into all three of you as the battle results come in, ready or not:

+60 GOLD
+120 EXP

You and the towering kobold watch as Arlei purrs, a throaty rumble playing in a swelling neck as she closes her eyes and trembles, then bulges out a few stray inches in size, straining her tight fabrics as they attempt to keep up. The kobold’s jaw hangs slack as the monster-sized maid balloons bigger, creaking and swelling hotly to 39 feet, then 39’8”, leveling off with a contented, deep huff of pleasure.

“A...amazing,” she mutters, awestruck in the moment.

You feel yourself getting marginally stronger, as well, as the EXP flows in. It isn’t enough to get you another level, but it still isn’t bad.

This, in turn, brings up the massive kobold’s stats, which steals your attention:

RIZII, LV 15, KOBOLD AMAZON

HP: 620/620

MP: 110/110

STRENGTH: 185

DEFENSE: 150

DEXTERITY: 400

SPEED: 260

HEIGHT: 8’04”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY, MULTI-STRIKE 2, SMASH 2

SPELLS: BUFF

NEXT LEVEL: 4,450/5,000 EXP

“Hmph, not very much,” Rizii sighs, her green tongue sticking out without her realizing as she snaps back to reality. “It’ll have to do, for the moment. I suppose anything is something.”

At that, she intentionally brushes past you, knocking you back as she collects the coins.

“Those aren’t yours,” you begin, only to see Rizii’s thick tail smack around in agitation.

“No?” she growls, jangling them all in one big palm. “Then why are you giving them over to me?”

“I-I’m not!”

“Are you stopping me, tiny?”

You grow flustered and red.

“Then you gave them. Besides, I need them more than you.”

“She sure does!” another new voice croaks, as a small, mangy-looking lagomorph scrambles out of the brush, a large sac slung over his shoulder. “How else is she going to pay?”

Rizii’s teeth bare as she suppresses a roar, closes her eyes, then pivots to the far smaller creature, who comes up to perhaps her knees. Even to you, he’s rather small.

“Goh,” she snorts, her snarl barely checked.

“I just got here,” the rabbit cackles, as Rizii’s patience drops even lower. “Why would I leave now?”

“I hate this,” the kobold groans. “Big hate-hate.”

“Oh, now what?” you moan, as Arlei looms even lower to see, making the little rabbit start back a few nervous paces, cutting off his laughter. “A merchant, here?”

“Merchants are everywhere, friend,” Goh chuffs, setting his bag down. “I heard coin talking a second ago, and lo and behold, I find my dearest customer, and ah, two...very interesting friends, to boot! Gracious, you’re a big one, miss!”

“Why, thank you!” Arlei booms, her breasts starting to push out of her stretched top, two bloated nipples rubbing North of the rim. “What a nice rabbit!”

“He’s horrible,” Rizii growls, snapping the air with her jaws.

“It’s hardly my fault, you’re so far in debt, love! Now, hand over what you owe.”

“Don’t you want their business first?” she asks, thumbing back at you and Arlei.

The lagomorph thinks a moment, then shrugs.

“Fine, fine. What’ll you two be having, today? I have excellent prices!”

The store menu opens up:

HEAL POTION, 50 G
MAGIC POTION, 30 G
POWER ELIXIR, 120 G
SOFTENER, 90 G
SMELLING SALTS, 200 G
ANTIDOTE, 50 G
TENT, 150 G

“How perfect, Master Lloyd,” Arlei chirps, her muzzle pushing down over her chest, “we needed supplies, I believe you said!”

“Well, yes, we do...and this does certainly beat taking you into town at your size. Okay, we have 652 GOLD...”

“Why, excellent!” Goh exclaims, putting his hand-paws together. “Take what you will!”

When finished, your stock appears on a separate menu:

INVENTORY:

HEAL POTION
MAGIC POTION
POWER ELIXIR
SMELLING SALTS
ANTIDOTE
TENT

KEY ITEMS:

MAP
MASTER KEY
BLUE JEWEL
RED JEWEL
GREEN JEWEL

“Whew, good,” you sigh, finally feeling relieved. “Took some damage earlier, so these ought to help. This is even a party tent, good!”

“Every tent with a kobold in it is a party tent,” Rizii chuckles; the joke makes Goh turn to her again as he briskly bags up the coins.

“Well, my dear! Your turn, then. Give, give.”

“These aren’t my coins,” Rizii flatly says, nearly throwing them at you. “Can’t give what isn’t mine, now, can I?”

“Oh, no, no,” you reply, through a scowl, “I *gave* those to you, remember?”

Rizii wheels on you, her reptilian face going dark purple as a profound red covers blue.

“Wonderful! That should shave a bit off of what you owe.”

Goh is in between you both so quick, yet gone so much faster that the coins just seem to vanish from the scene. Rizii hasn’t broken eye contact with you, and her eyes appear to be trying to somehow break your spine. Suddenly, your back aches.

“What does she owe?” Arlei asks, watching it all unfold from on high.

“Oh, let’s see,” Goh murmurs, the tiny rabbit-man able to easily heft that massive bag up over a robed shoulder. “I believe this brings the amount down to...27,120 GOLD.”

Rizii’s eyes bulge among a sea of purple scales, her nostrils flared at you.

“Gracious, that is a lot,” Arlei assumes (correctly), the giantess cocking her head at the smaller Kobold. “How in the world did—”

“She stole an entire chest of Power Elixirs, naughty creature,” Goh sighs, turning to leave. “And here, you two wound up with the only one she might be able to enjoy. Those are permanent, after all.”

“Right, they are,” you wonder, looking her over. “That’s how you got so big and powerful, then!”

Rizii gulps something down, likely embarrassment.

“I...managed to drink two. The rest were...taken.”

“And she’ll repay me what’s owed, won’t you my dear?” Goh says, rather than asks. “Farewell, and well met! Just rattle coins three times, and if I’m near, I shall come quickly!”

The rabbit bounds off into the woods, gone and done.

Rizii has you up by your Guild vest so quickly, it makes everything spin.

“You miserable little gnat, tiny stupid gnat-gnat!” she seethes, openly snarling. “I was giving your money back! Why’d you go and embarrass me like that!?”

“You had it coming!” you wheeze, trying to kick at her breasts uselessly.

You weren’t exactly primed to see it yourself, but the way Arlei’s huge shadow suddenly devours both Rizii and you, you still know what’s coming.

“UNHAND HIM.”

Every ounce of kindness is absent as nearly 40 feet of angered female booms the words out. Even Rizii lurches back, gulping a second time. Despite her puffery and bullying she obeys, and sets you down on the grass. Her hands still grip you, however, squeezing just enough to hurt.

The huge kobold closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, swelling her chest out until it nearly touches you, before letting you go.

“If I see you again, I’ll clobber you, squirt,” she hiss-whispers, just to you. “Clobber you good-good. Stupid little no good man-man stupid—”

You step back, and straighten your minimal armor plating a bit, trying not to look as terrified as you really are; Rizii stomps off, her massive cleaver resting back over her bulky blue shoulder, her tail crisscrossing in a series of angry pulls and jerks.

“Are you alright, Master Lloyd?” Arlei asks, softness rolling back into her voice.

“Fine, I, uh, I’m fine. We should get moving.”

You have 246/285 HP remaining, not too bad. Arlei is down to 316/395 HP, a little dinged, but still doing okay. At least she had had the foresight not to use any skills now, or spells.

“We have an emergency potion, plus one to replenish your magic, should you heal us...and considering an Inn would mean having to take you into town, maybe we should just use your spells, to recover, and go from there. Then we stroll into Phost and see what happens.”

“Ooh, a spell, my very first casting!” Arlei squeals, adjusting her huge maid’s cap. “Very well, then, Master Lloyd—HEAL!”

Even without specification, the giant reptile makes it a point to heal you first for +37 HP, pushing your health back up to 283/285, then healing herself for +44 HP, putting her at 360/395.

“That should do us for now, Arlei, thanks!”

Arlei glows happily, the massive maid swaying back and forth in a poorly restrained little dance to herself as her MP drops to 120/150.

“You’re so very welcome, Master Lloyd! Shall we, then?”

The guards at the high border wall are already staring, and you haven’t even emerged from the forests yet. Their natural suspicion tumbles into terror as the trees bend and crack against Arlei’s towering, curvy body, eyes wide in panic.

“H-halt!” one of the dwarves manning the gate barks, trying to hide behind his beard. “State your big...your business! Now! Yes, you too!”

Surprisingly, you had still been noticed. Arlei’s door-sized feet slam down behind you as you stop, your hands already up on reflex as one of the dwarves approaches, spear out.

“We’re simple adventurers, passing through to Stargos,” you explain, as the guard pretends to bother with you. His eyes are fearfully fixed on the looming female.

“You aren’t here for the tournament, then?” the other guard asks, seeming fairly alright with patting down Arlei’s colossal lower thighs. “That maid of yours looks like she could win it in one day, there, heh.”

“Thank you!” Arlei boom-purrs, blushing slightly.

“A tournament?” you echo, confused. “I hadn’t heard of any, considering that they’re big deals abroad.”

“Aye, popped up on short notice, this,” the other dwarf said, stepping away from you. “Only been a few days, really. But, with something as bad as all that nonsense up in the mountains earlier in the week, it ain’t surprising. Countless heroes, all wanting to take the glory, makes a right mess. The Duchy announced a tournament to figure who’s gonna go kill the Archmage, soon as the court wizards saw the signs.”

You pause.

“The Archmage?”

“Right, where you been?” the other dwarf adds, moving on to check Arlei’s other huge foot, making the giant reptile giggle up above. “You must’ve seen it, everyone did. Something happened over in the mountains several days earlier, nasty storm came n’ went. Then, all the court wizards come back in an uproar, saying it’s a sign that the Archmage is alive again.”

Again, you pause.

“Days, you say?”

“Aye, days.”

You hadn’t checked your elapsed time since getting out of Kogo Varan. But it couldn’t be so. No way. The weather looked the same, when you exited with Arlei. There was no way!

You removed the holy maid from the tower. Did time move differently there? If you removed her...what if she was the one...

What if her being taken out is what woke the Archmage!?

“Good gods!” you exclaim.

“Aye, it’s a fine opportunity, indeed,” the dwarf agrees, his beard bobbing as he nods. “See why you oughta get in on it, while your companion is big as an Inn?”

“Should we, Master Lloyd?” Arlei asks, as the two dwarves look her over, then look to one another and shrug.

“We’ll see.”

“Yeah, go on in, but you watch yourselves,” the other growls as they step aside and motion for the massive gate to open in the wall.

“T-thank you, we will.”

“*Everyone’s* gonna watch her-self, hehe,” one guard comments to the other as you both pass, the duo laughing and eyeing the mighty reptile as she stoops and enters along with you into Phost. “Modo’s either gonna love her or cut off her head, I say.”

“Could be both.”

It’s amazing—despite years of rumors, Phost somehow still manages to exceed them. There must be some type of tavern every third building, and *all of them* are packed. Posters are up everywhere for the tournament, further worrying you. Yet, for all you’re taking in, you’re soon reminded that everyone else is indeed taking Arlei in, around you.

Brawls in every tavern are broken up (well, briefly interrupted) as gnolls and humans and kobolds and the like either press up to the windows or comes flying out of the double-doors to see the vast maid’s thunderous passage. The town shakes ever-so-slightly with each impacting foot, scaly soles slamming old cobblestones and making the water in a few hastily repaired fountains ripple.

Merchants stop their merching in bazaar tents as you pass along, beet-red, despite yourself. You should be strutting about like a king, but you’re not used to being anything but embarrassed, so embarrassed is what you are, anyway.

Murmurs arise among the quiet and hushed gasps, between the hefty thump of each of Arlei’s soles, followed by the clicking of gigantic claws after. Folks look at her, then at you, some motioning for you to get out of her way, lest you be stepped on. Your blush does not diminish any.

“Where should we head, Master Lloyd?” she finally asks, having to lurch up on giant tiptoes to see over the neighboring rooftops. “Are we to remain here for now, or continue through?”

“Straight through, Arlie,” you shout, or try to. All that comes of it is a forced, loud croak, making the onlookers and warriors and brawlers and maids and merchants all rear back in confusion. “N-no point in staying, we just want to lay low in the kingdom, not in a populated warrior hub like here.”

You’ve turned partially toward her to answer, and when you twist back around, you find yourself bumping into a wall of brown fur and muscle. You bounce back into a fall, shaking it off in time to see a fairly big, brawny gnoll, half-smiling, half-sneering.

“Oh, goodness me, sorry about that!” the hyena-man says, big and loud, unnaturally so. “Hey, my mistake, little friend, let me help you up, eh?”

His big paw extends, and you sit back up to see it there, right in your face. He’s covered in dark brown fuzz, with a lighter bleed of tan running through his belly, a leather tunic and some sort of badge hanging on his sash.

“Uh, thanks—”

The hand retreats, making you lurch back as well. Suddenly, the overly-friendly smile drops to a scowl, his brows dipping in.

“What’s this!? Wait a minute, here!”

He roughly picks you up and sets you on your feet, with no effort. LV 9 or not, his strength is clearly far ahead of your own. He pats you over, making Arlei loom in protectively, before he withdraws, holding up a modest-sized bag, fat with coins.

“How do you like that?” he bellows, shaking his head atop a thick hyena-neck. “A no-good thief, here, during a tournament! With so many pockets for picking, no less!”

You’re already shaking your head.

“Wait, what, NO—”

“Citizen’s arrest!” he roars, clutching you by your armor with one big hand.

“Release him at once!” Arlei bellows back, making the gnoll twitch nervously. Still, he holds his ground, to your surprise, and even hers.

“This here’s a criminal, miss!” he corrects, wagging a free finger. “He’s to be taken in for questioning, and that’s that! Phost law! You resist, and you might get people here hurt, especially him!”

Even at her size, Arlei sees the thick black claw on his finger grazing your throat. To be fair, you see it, too. Arlei growls, but steps back heavily, all as the itinerant brawlers and

combatants and proprietors watch on.

“M-Master Lloyd?” she asks, needing his say-so to do anything further.

You weigh your options. The gnoll’s got you, and you know it. Even if Arlei raised a stink and fought back, it’d do untold damage and possibly hurt or kill spectators, and you would *still* be dead as a doornail for it.

“Hold on, Arlei, it’s f-fine,” you stammer, gulping dryly, feeling it push down against the gnoll’s claw tip as several other gnolls file out, as if on queue. “Just...wait for me, okay? I’ll...clear this all up.”

Arlie puffs her cheeks out, her frown going crooked, but she does as told, and drops her fighting stance back to normal.

“I...shall await you, then, Master Lloyd.”

“Good girl,” the gnoll says, as the others surround him, taking you from his grip to theirs. “Thanks, lads, good thing you were so close by! Didn’t give this little thief a chance to run out on us!”

“Thank *you*, citizen,” one of the other gnolls says, playing it up as they take you away. “He’ll rot the rest of his life in a cell, under the colosseum, for sure!”

“NO!” Arlie roars, her sail-sized cuffs shuffling as she brings her hands up fearfully together, doing a heavy, slamming bounce in place. “DON’T TAKE HIM!”

“Law’s the law, miss,” the gnoll Captain says, so designated by a comically huge badge on his belt. “He’ll have to serve his life sentence here, or have it commuted in exchange for battle in the arena. If he had someone who really cared enough to take his place in the arena, well, we could see to reducing the sentence, but between you and I, he’s *doomed*.”

Oh, no. Oh, no!

“Arlei, don’t do anything—”

Four daggers find your neck with alarming speed from *three* gnolls.

“THEN...then, I will take his place! Please!” Arlei begs, making you groan internally.

That was easy.

“What a companion,” the Captain says, borderline-mockingly. “Come, then, you’ll accompany us to the colosseum, for processing!”

Nearly everyone in the crowds that has a saddened face must be a resident, because there

was no way this was an isolated incident, here. The visiting brawlers and warriors looked more terrified than sad, as they all realized the 39-foot giantess was now going into the roster.

The arena is even bigger than you had ever dared to imagine.

Cavea extend out in high walled seats, circling a massive dirt pit, columns and partitions and small clay shacks all littering the sides and center, a maze of hiding places and blind spots. A towering wire net covers the entirety of the interior, likely to keep flying slaves or combatants from escaping their dues. Even Arlei easily enters, her hands resting on the topside railings of the walled seats on both sides as she looks it over. By your quickest guess, it would take a dozen of her standing atop one another to even think of reaching the mesh up above.

“This way, then,” the Captain barks, a wave of surprisingly fine hair swishing as he nods to a faraway stairwell. “Crowds will be forming in less than an hour, so we won’t be wasting time dallying about. Hustle up!”

The third floor gallery houses a large office at the back, wherein a rail-thin, bleary-eyed old gnoll sits at a desk, covered in skulls of varying sizes and species. He looks old, but far from weak, as he eyes you over, exits, then walks over to the rim of the gallery rail.

“Damnation,” you hear him say, presumably at the sight of Arlei, who’s been left outside, for clear reasons. “She’ll certainly bring them in, won’t she?”

“Modo insisted, sir,” the Captain explained.

“I’m sure he did, at that. And the human?”

“He controls her. Believe it or not.”

“I rather don’t.”

You grumble on the inside as the older gnoll reenters the office, leans over his chair, then sits down and faces you.

“It’s true, then? You own her?”

“She’s my maid,” you say, not quite correcting.

The old gnoll narrows his eyes, looking you over for cracks. The ones he finds must not be the ones he’d worry about, because he shrugs his furred shoulders, and gives a little cock of his head in acceptance.

“Whatever gets her to fight. You go in with her, then, if that’s what gets Modo to really put on a proper show.”

“Who?” you finally think to ask. The name *was* familiar.

“The Modo you’re probably thinking of, kid. The three-time champion of two different tournaments in four nations. Dragonkin, hulking, prone to violence and butchery. Good tipper.”

Your stomach tries to hide in your groin, and fails. Everything clenches wrong.

You *did* know that name.

“He’ll be headlining?” you groan.

“Champions tend to, yes. The order came from the Duchy, from the King, to weed out a true hero to take down the Archmage, and that’s wonderful. Good news for us. We get a good show and a lot of business out of the affair. The danger overshadowing it all just adds flair.”

“You arrested me and coerced my...Arlei, just for that?” you growl, trying to work up enough anger to outmatch your mounting fears.

“Technically, no, you weren’t arrested. We just brought in a party of interest. Why, you think Modo will slaughter you two?”

Your silence answers for you.

“...Understandable.”

“Why not just let Modo go and take on the Archmage, then?” you ask.

“Maybe Modo isn’t strong enough, kid. This is the Archmage, if what those kooks in the capital really believe is true. Maybe Modo wants to have a good solid warm-up, before he finds out for himself. He wasn’t sure about you when his spies caught you both approaching the forestland—rather easily, I should add—but when you and that oversized kobold killed his alpha team, well. He committed to having you appear, after that.”

“Those were his men?”

“Everyone has staff, boy. Yourself included.”

“So...we fight, or?”

“You don’t want *or*. We’re being nice, just asking you, instead of charming her into taking him on. That would be simpler. Should we do that? Make the decision for you?”

“No. No, we’ll do it.”

It doesn’t matter if he’s bluffing.

“Sensational, sir. Pleasure. Captain, would you?”

He waves his clawed hand once and the Captain nearly lifts you up off the floor, ushering you briskly back through the gallery.

“Will you at least give me my sword back?” you ask, her feet stumbling and stuttering across the carpet as the large gnoll practically drags you. “Or, do I pick something when we’re at the armory?”

“Not going to the armory,” the hyena snorts as he takes you over to a large wooden door, which suddenly bursts open as two other gnolls tumble out, unconscious.

Both you and the Captain stare a moment, as a tall blue kobold—*oh, great.*

“The hell is all this?” the Captain snarls as he drops you to the floor and pulls out a large club, pointing it at a mutually surprised Rizzi. In her clawed hands is a sizeable chest, jangling inside with numerous glass things. “An intruder!?”

“Out of the way!” she bellows, the oversized kobold shouldering hard into the Captain.

Scales beat fur as the shocked gnoll tumbles back, the reptilian female charging down the hall, the chest still in tow.

“Rizii?” you wheeze, making the female turn around for only one instant.

“I wasn’t here, runt! Remember that!”

When she turns back to flee the rest of the way, Rizii slams into a thick wall of brawn, and stumbles back a few paces. For anything to do that to an eight-foot amazon was impressive enough, but as you and the Captain get to your feet, you find the proof easy to believe.

“Well.”

The word rumbles out of a toothy set of jaws and a pronounced chin, having issued like cannonfire from a monstrosity of a humanoid dragon, dark olive scales bordering on black, with massive orange stripes patterning his hulking sides. There’s enough muscle packed under the dragonkin’s hide that it seems fit to burst, even with over twelve feet of male to stow it in.

“You!” Rizii roars, protectively placing herself in front of the chest. “This isn’t yours!”

Funny, that all sounds familiar.

“It wasn’t yours, you mean,” the thick-throated giant growls, flashing a dismissive gleam of teeth and blood-red gums. “As I recall, you *gave* it to me.

Really?

Rizii had looked good and mad at you, earlier on. Now, she looked murderous.

“I’m taking these back, like it or not!” she hisses, brandishing her cleaver.

“Okay.”

With a hard swing, her cleaver connects, and bounces back, throwing the amazonian off balance as it deflects off of the dragonkin’s thick plated skin. The dragon’s eye ridges go North.

“Aren’t you going to take them?”

Incensed, Rizzi readies for another strike—only to turn around and raise the weapon up over the chest, instead. Suddenly, the male’s eyes drop into a mean glower.

“I’ll just take them away, altogether, then!” she roars, beyond angry.

Before you know what’s going on, his elbow is in her neck, deep. Rizii’s cleaver is up so fast that it almost blocks the strike, but the dragonkin’s forearm slides further in, his hand clutching the cleaver as his tricep forces it lower again, effectively grabbing, then twirling it back around himself as he disarms her, then slams the blunt edge of her own weapon around into her, knocking her back.

“I’d rather keep them, runt,” he gutter-snarls, holding the huge cleaver like it’s a kitchen item. “I’m not through with those, yet, and you know so. “You wouldn’t take such a boon away from the one that’s going to defeat the Archmage, right?”

Rizii is already back up on her feet, huffing out the pain. Despite her being handled, enough of you knows how much worse it would probably be, if anyone else had been hit.

“Captain,” the dragonkin says, flicking a look over at the smaller gnoll. “Your men need some work.”

“Sir,” he gulps, nodding respectfully. “This is the, eh, human in charge of the giantess, outside the gallery. He controls her. He’s agreed to the battle.”

You’ve done the mental legwork, given what a short jog it is. This is Modo.

Several other gnolls have stepped in around Rizii, hoping to take advantage of her being winded, but as soon as they advance, even bare-handed, the taller kobold sends them flying, with little trouble. +888 EXP flashes over her, but she doesn’t seem to care about it.

“Hoping for a level, runt?” Modo chuckles, hefting the huge chest up with just one hand. He’s shirtless, meaning you can see every overblown muscle shift and swell out in the effort. His leggings are canvas and gold thread, with a huge violet belt that could run the length of a grown man’s mattress. You’ve never seen any dragonkin this big, ever, and nowhere near this...built. “That wouldn’t help you much, *tweener*.”

“I’ll get plenty when I smash-smash your stupid horned head in, thief!” she rages, stepping forth with claws out.

With one vicious, high-speed swing of the chest itself, Modo cracks Rizii in the head, smashing her to the floor for an ugly, debilitating 590 DAMAGE. The impact carries such nasty momentum that it snaps the kobold’s head back with pure torsion, sending her to a heap on the floor.

“Like that?” he asks, unfazed by the sheer cruelty of such a blow.

“Gods,” you mutter, drawing Modo’s attention. The mountainous male flares his nostrils, then thumps heavily toward you and the Captain. Both you and he back away a step.

“I appreciate the warm-up you’ll give, boy,” he thunders, grinning lopsidedly. “Very sporting of you. You know, I saw…”

He kneels lower, his pectorals almost consuming your face.

“I saw the most interesting lady out there, gorgeous thing. All curves, nice ass. You’re telling me she’s yours? No lie, now?”

You gather yourself, and nod your head. An hour ago, you’d have done so proudly.

“How, exactly?” he asks, his chin right over your head, leaning in like he’s asking some old buddy at the bar a personal question. “I mean, if anything, a giant beauty like that should be owning you. Did she rip her purse? Nothing to carry you in?”

“I saved her,” you squeak back, hoping it sounds defiant.

“Well, thank the Gods for small favors, eh? Hey, good for you, boy. So, one more thing, help me out: how did she grow that enormous? She’s as big as a house! Bigger than me, even, wouldn’t you believe it! See, now I’m terribly curious. If you know what made her so huge, well, I am looking to be huger. Petty as it sounds, heh, I just really don’t care for anyone looking down on me, you see? Surely you understand, little thing you are. Must bother you every minute! Well, me too! We’re practically brothers, hell!”

He thumps the back of a hand as big as your entire head against you, and the slight motion nearly doubles you over from the force. With your armor still on.

“So, tell,” Modo purrs, getting even closer in, until his overloaded bulk is all there is to be seen. “C’mon, man. What’s the secret?”

“She’s from heaven,” you muster the courage to explain.

“Beg pardon?”

Modo lowers his giant head right into you, resting his bulky neck against your trembling shoulder, so that his reptilian ear hole is closer.

“S-she’s from heaven, god-sent. It’s a p-power of hers.”

Modo stays still, and his weight and warmth press in, compounding your terror.

“But, ah,” you continue, “I’m sure that chest full of power elixirs will be more than—”

You’re suddenly so high up off the carpet that your feet dangle down about the Captain’s chest and shoulders. Even the gnoll is removing himself from the immediate area. A fist that could crush nearly a third of you hoists you higher than the chest in his other hand as Modo’s camaraderie vanishes, leaving two nearly-black holes where his eyes had been.

“THAT CHEST IS PRIVATE PROPERTY, BOY.”

“Huh-hah! Hah!”

“THOSE ARE PRIVATE WARES. WHATEVER THAT LITTLE IDIOT DOWN THERE SAID, IT’S JUST HEARSAY, ISN’T IT!?”

“Ah, y-yes—”

“SO, YOU TWO KNOW ONE ANOTHER, THEN! HOW ELSE WOULD SUCH A DIRTY LITTLE RUMOR INTRODUCE ITSELF? CAPTAIN!”

“Y-yes, Modo, sir!”

“I’ll be ready within a half hour for the match! Let the crowd know, as soon as they open the arena! Have these two and the giant ready for me!”

“S-sir!”

Modo doesn’t let you go. Not just yet.

“If you want to tell me more silly stories about heaven and elixirs, then I won’t waste time on you. I’ll get her to tell me, when I’m snapping your back like a brittle *TWIG*.”

Hopefully you didn’t faint at the threat—the problem is, you can’t remember anything, after that point, on account of the blacking out. There was screaming. It might have been you.

The specific ping and ting of metal striking metal wakes you as the crowd goes wild, up above in the seats around the podium level. Inside the holding cells, you awaken to see Rizii

muttering something up to Arlei, the gargantuan maid bunched in on herself to fit inside with you both. A few other slaves hold their heads with their hands, crying or staring through the dirt floor in blind terror.

“Did I kill him?” you croak, sitting up.

“He seemed pretty alive, when you were thrown to the floor,” Rizii huffs, not even deigning to look at you.

“He threw me?”

Your HP is at 283/285, Rizii’s is at a dangerous 030/620. She looks ragged as all get out.

“Well, you peed on him.”

“I *what*—”

“Team Big, you’re up in five minutes,” a gnoll guard barks, thumping your bars with a wooden shield.

“What!?” you balk.

“Team Big, Master Lloyd,” Arlei explains, smiling. Her HP is still at a tidy 360/395. “I thought that, given my size, it felt correct.”

“We came up with it together,” Rizii pants, still weak, but smiling pettily, hugging her cleaver as if it were a lover.

“I peed!?”

She was joking. She had to be. Your pants seem dry enough—

“So, we’re a party, for the moment, pipsqueak,” Rizii interjects. “Modo is an unbelievably tough opponent, he’s built like a walking castle with claws and teeth. And that was before he stole from me.”

“All those elixirs you took from Goh,” you reason, pretty sure already. “You took those, but they all got stolen, and you got left with the bill one Goh found out.”

“They were mine,” the giant kobold snorts, looking more hurt now than when she had taken Modo’s attacks. “Mine-mine-mine. He wasn’t that big before. But I made him bigger, and bigger, after he stole that chest and started taking them for himself. Do you know how hard it is to get that many elixirs together, in one place?”

“Yeah, that would be a real find,” you admit, nodding.

“No one should have that much power,” she sighs, bitterly. “Except me.”

“Arlei...you still have what...110 MP left? Heal her, would you?”

Rizii’s eyes widen the tiniest bit.

“Of course, Master Lloyd! Here, dear, have this. HEAL!”

A green flash overtakes the kobold, and her wounds vanish as her HP jolts back up to 194/620. She still looks rough, all told, but she’s nowhere near as close to Death’s door.

“That’s it?” she grouses, looking herself over. “What is that, HEAL 1?”

“Yes!” Arlei chirps, quite proud. “I can cast it again in just a moment!”

“You better, otherwise we’re toast. Good grief, kid, I thought you two were stronger!”

“Funny, that you keep calling me all the things Modo calls you,” you shoot back, making Rizii clam up tight, wide-eyed and sore, as another HEAL spell glows across her body, repairing her for another 172 HP, putting her at 366/620 HP.

“I wonder who we’ll be fighting, on the roster,” Arlei wonders.

“I keep telling you, we’re going straight to Modo,” Rizii sighs. “He wouldn’t give us a chance to level up on the path to his battle. It’s a showboat session.”

The gate opens before anything else can happen, and the guard nods for them to get out.

“Boss time, kids.”

The crowd goes silent as Arlei steps out into the open arena, standing as high up as the podium walls. Her feet alone are big enough to crush the shacks and topple most pillars, which rise up to roughly her bouncing chest as she waves hello to the stunned spectators.

“And now, a specialty match, ladies and gentlemen,” the old gnoll shouts, from up on the gallery level partition. “Yes, yes! It’s Team...Big, versus the one, the only, the ongoing, the massive...MODO!”

The crowd is given the one thing that could trigger a break from staring at Arlei. With that, a ravenous, raging cry blasts from the seats, making the party twitch in shock down below.

At the dead center of the arena, among a smaller ring of pillars, the three of you take up battle stances. Your inventory is still there, but you’ve only so much, and now there are three of you present, to split amongst. Still, neither you nor Arlei have used your skills! Maybe there’s a—

“MODO! MODO! MODO! MODO! MODO!”

Your concentration breaks as the dragonkin male slams one huge foot down onto the arena from above, then another. Good grief, he's *even bigger* now! He must stand 16 feet tall, nearly half Arlei's height; surely he took another elixir, just to hedge his bets. The crowd roars, too far away to tell the changes from normal as Modo looks you three over, and takes up his own stance. Here goes!

BOSS: MODO, LV 40, DRAGONKIN GLADIATOR
HP: 9,000
MP: 200

Modo glares especially meanly at you, and you can't help but wonder anew if what Rizii said was really true; it shouldn't have been so, but he did look particularly enraged.

“LET'S SEE WHAT YOU HAVE GOING, RUNTS!” he booms, claws extended, his chest bared so big it makes the set of golden armor he wears stretch and groan unhappily.

With that, the hulking dragonkin lunges forward, the plates of his armor threatening to burst as he flexes powerfully and slams dead-on into Arlei's belly.

“BASH 3!” he bellows, as even the towering reptile maid falls back, her heels smashing through entire pillars as she absorbs the impact.

-1,500 HP

Arlei crashes to a heap, blasting a shack to powder from her falling hips and huge rump and tail. She lays there a moment, as Modo thuds back down, dusting his thick hands smugly.

“PAH! THAT'S IT!?” he roars. “I EXPECTED BETTER!”

You lash out with your sword, striking Modo for a meager 20 DAMAGE. It isn't enough to even make him finch. Rizii swoops in, swinging her cleaver into Modo's bulky arm for 186 DAMAGE, resulting in a minor growl of annoyance as he twists back and lashes with his tail, catching you for -239 HP, and Rizii for -149!

It wasn't even a hard swing, at that, as Modo wasn't flexing any. This was bad-bad.

You're openly shaking at 044/285 HP, and Rizii is at 217. She might survive another regular strike, but you sure won't.

Modo is already charging up for the next attack round, you only have a moment.

You remove the Heal potion and down it, your health shooting back up to 285/285 HP.

“You jackass!” Rizii bellows, between coughs from the hard hit. “What about me!?”

In reply, you throw her something else from your inventory bag.

“It’s better if you have this!” you shout. She looks down at the vial as she catches it in one hand. She looks back up at you, and for the first time, she’s smiling wide.

“Oho!” she hiss-laugh, uncorking it and downing it all in one huge, greedy gulp.

Instantly a red glow overtakes her, and the tall kobold shudders in rapture as you watch her bulk swell out a little bigger, ticking and pulsing stronger as she purrs through her snout, then flexes her even-larger muscles, her thighs bloating against her patchwork armor as her biceps creep larger, peaking giddily plump and tight against stretching blue scales.

“Pummel him!” you suggest, loudly, though Rizzi is already on it.

Her physique is only about half as impressive still as Modo’s, but given his size, that was still huge. She resembles less a highly athletic amazon, and more of a bodybuilding champion as she swings her cleaver with both hands, striking Modo for 1,370 DAMAGE! The champion lurches back with a grimace, finally knocked back a bit, and the cheering crowd howls in shock, all around.

“Whoa!” you gawk, just as startled by the sheer power of her attack. “One vial makes you that much stronger!?”

“No,” Rizzi huffs, readying for another strike to charge up. “Not that much! I struck...I think he has a weak point!”

“Where!?”

Modo is upon you both so fast that all you can do is defend. Rizzi dodges as you’re struck for a diminished total of 107 DAMAGE, still a harsh blow. It truly sinks in now, that one real hit from the champion could theoretically kill you!

“BUFF!” Rizzi hollers, activating an unused skill. Again, her bulk surges, pulling loudly over another swell of muscle. Her armor starts to pop here and there as her calves balloon, claws digging into the arena, as her heaving arms pull back for another hard swing, striking Modo in the back for -1,400 HP!

“DAMMIT!” Modo bellows, shaking the nearest pillars.

As he flexes tighter, his armor begins to stretch out and separate a few frightening inches, glimpses of vascular male muscles bulging through as he winds up for a skill attack:

“PUMMEL 3—”

A titanic mace thuds down over Modo, punching him into the dirt with a cratering *crack*,

and a loss of 1,115 DAMAGE total, bringing his health down to 4,909/9,000 HP! You've almost died once, but he's nearly down to half his health!

Arlei raises up, leaving the mace atop Modo, and you and a stunned Rizii can see her getting bigger, and bigger, and bigger.

"BRUNT!" the huge reptile maid cheers, as her forty foot body balloons up to 60 feet, then 70 feet, her curvaceous body taking on more and more pulsing, scale-stretching muscle. Her biceps blow up into firm definition overhead, her thighs booming out wider, her shoulders bulging bigger within her straining puffs, her neck pulling her huge choker too tight as it grows and grows.

Rizii and the crowd both cry out in amazement as Arlei grows even bigger, her chest slipping and swelling over her tortured top, one fat, hot nipple popping loose, then the other—and she's *still* getting bigger!

"She has Brunt!?" Rizii gasps, before wagging her stubby tail madly. "He opened with a skill attack, and she...haha! Okay, then!"

"Didn't want to give it away, while Modo was in earshot," you reply, grinning.

"S-SO...NIIICE..." Arlei groans, the crowd leaning over their rows to watch as her rear blows out from beneath her stretching skirt, her thighs billowing thicker as her breasts erupt larger, spilling out of her tearing dress, drawing the apron straps out tight as it struggles to contain her plated bust. She shivers harder before noisily blowing up in a humongous, violent lurch, to over 120 feet tall, then 160! Her feet take up more and more space as you and Rizii back away, only to both turn around as the downed mace is thrown clear up into the air over the arena.

"BRUNT!"

Modo's voice slices through the celebrations as you watch in horror. The vast dragonkin stands upright, the armor starting to blast away in fits and pinging starts as he absorbs Arlei's first strike, just the same as she had done for his!

"Get back!" you shout, as the quaking dragon starts to laugh, his voice deepening rapidly.

Modo's entire body explodes in size as he throws his head back and bellows, his pectorals straining and swelling, bursting up into his thickening neck. His trapezius erupts bigger as his lats blow up under growing arms, his biceps peaking higher than the shoulders as he heaves up to 30 feet, then 40 feet...50 feet...60 feet...

"YESSSS," Modo snarls, every billowing muscle twitching and screaming bigger.

"No!" you shout, as he stomps forth, one growing sole obliterating several pillars on contact. He shakes and booms up to 80 feet, his bulk expanding even larger, nearly doubling its already-stunning girth, pushing his mass into *ridiculous* territories.

“WORRY NOT, MASTER LLOYD!” Arlei roars, as she winds her mace back up, the 190-foot giantess still twice as large as she bashes Modo in the neck and shoulder, sending the colossal dragon-man back so hard that the entire arena shakes as he crashes into the gallery, demolishing it neatly.

“Wait, no!” Rizii wails, as the sound of numerous glass vials and a chest can all be heard snapping apart, along with the ruined wall. “NO!”

Modo lays there a moment in the wreckage, as 2,000 DAMAGE appears over him, knocking his health down to a more manageable 2,909 HP.

“What’s wrong?” you ask, having moved away from Arlei’s house-sized feet during her attack. In answer, you look to see multiple little rivers of fluid all seeping out over Modo’s body, soaking his sleek, tough scales, and seeping in between them.

The rivulets are all the same color as the power elix–

Oh, dear.

Modo, already nearly 100 feet tall, starts to pant and huff, shaking his head groggily as his body quakes and spasms and tenses all over.

“HRM?” he grunts, just as his muscles begin to rumble ominously, his body still growing from the Brunt skill absorption. Now, compounded with so many elixirs on top of it, he’s shaking far more, for deeper, far *worse*, all over! “GH...HHHHAAAHHHH!”

The entire colosseum jitters and quakes as Modo inflates, suddenly and aggressively, up to 150 feet, nearing Arlei’s size! The towering maid steps back in shock as he rises to a trembling stand, flexes, and blows up past her height, in one massive gush of growth!

His chin sinks between his pectorals as his arms detonate bigger, his thighs bursting through the scraps of clinging armor and leather, the canvas making up his undergarments snapping away as a bloated, bulbous set of scaly testes jut loose, then burst out and flop with a hefty thump between his ever-growing thighs. A pendulous shaft erupts into the open as it flares bigger, firmer, longer, clocking Arlei for 249 DAMAGE as she’s pushed away!

The growing tip smashes into the Cavea, throwing panicked spectators left and right as Modo stumbles back against his own burgeoning weight, the growing dragonkin laughing like doomsday as he bulges up to 300 feet, his muscles doubling in size, yet again!

Biceps too big for Inns explode unstoppably out on either side of the huffing beast as he trembles and grows on and on, his tail pushing out against the wrecked gallery walls, his thighs bulging as he adjusts to his own girth, his pectorals bursting out loudly, his shoulder blades ballooning so large that they crowd back in against his traps and shoulders! He...he isn’t stopping anymore!

“MOOOORE,” Modo booms, the 350-foot titan swelling even bigger, his head and horns threatening to snag against the high mesh. “MOOOOOOOOOORE! I’LL CRUSH THE ARCHMAGE TO DUST! HAHA! I’LL CRUSH EVERYTHING IN MY WAY!”

Rizii is built beyond any man’s dreams, but Modo is the stuff of nightmares. As she slashes away at his ever-swelling toes and heel, only striking for 100 and 90 DAMAGE, you run over to Arlei, as if you could actually help the giant she-lizard up from her fall.

“Are you okay?”

“I’M FINE, MASTER LLOYD, FINE,” she grumbles, her huge chest wobbling up over her dress and around the straps of her apron. “But Miss Rizii clearly has the greater attack speed and strength...if we could only give her an advantage...”

You think, and think fast, before rummaging quickly through your bag of holding. You pull out one of the jewels, a green one!

“Rizii!” you shout, making her look up, then dodge a stomping foot that cracks the arena. “Get as high up on Modo as you can! His erection, go there, get on it! Quick!”

“What?” the bulky kobold female pants, still charging another bevy of attacks. “Why!?”

“Just be ready to attack the weak point, up there!”

The green jewel activates in your hand, and as you throw it to a confounded Rizii, you see Arlei beginning to shrink down, bit by bit. The green jewel glows in Rizii’s hand as she sees Arlei dwindling smaller, dropping down from 190 feet to 133. She shakes her head from the shrinking as Rizii holds the jewel tight, then takes a running leap up onto an overturned pillar, bounding up onto Modo’s colossally bulky thigh, then scrambling up onto his monumental member, clutching tightly to stay on it as the dragonkin expands onward overhead.

“Activate it!” you holler.

As Modo rumbles up to 400 feet in height, his horns starting to thread up bigger between the mesh, Rizii shrugs, then activates it with a crush of her strong hand. The green energy overtakes her body, making her bafflement melt into divine pleasure as all of the stored size from Arlei bloats her modest breasts, and swells her hips out larger, and larger.

“OOH,” Arlie gasps, as the bravest/dumbest of the fleeing masses catch glimpses of Rizii’s bosom inflating like plated blue balloons, her dark-blue teats blimping out through her armor, popping free, then swelling on and on over them, her hips blowing up wider along with her thighs, ging from ample to comely in seconds. The 30% loss to Arlei transfers to her own body, her hips more than doubling, her chest tripling in size as another two and a half feet relative to her eight overwhelms her clothing!

“Haaaah,” Rizii coos, unable to help pressing her oversized bust flat against the nearest thing she can: Modo’s shaft.

The monstrous erection hardens on pure reflex, Modo unable to stop it as it stiffens to a rise, higher, and higher, and higher up, pushing so big and tall that the tip (and the clinging Rizii) bob up toward the giant god-dragon’s inflated chest.

“Rizii!” you shout, far down below in the chaos of a shattering, breaking colosseum, “attack! Attack, attack, now!”

Through her haze, Rizii manages to snap to enough to shake her head, then look up over her shoulder, at the looming wall of impossible, scaly brawn behind her. She snorts, then lunges up off the erection, slashing with her cleaver at the exposed, enormous weak point for 2,000 DAMAGE!

Modo’s 450-foot body flashes dark red as his health drops too low, making him roar and stagger back in pain and surprise. His entangled horns snap and pull the mesh away as he crashes back against that half of the area he nearly fills.

0719/9,000 HP!

“We almost have him!” you shout, as Arlei gets back up to a stand and HEALS herself for +231 HP, putting her right back up to full health.

Rizii slips back down, wobbling from the adjustment to her more-than-triple-sized breasts and massive hips, making her more curvy than even Arlie, were the two ladies equally sized.

“Amazing!” the kobold squeals, giddy with herself. “Right, right, let’s end this—”

Modo’s enormous fist crashes down, punching Rizii flat to the ground for 433 DAMAGE, knocking her out completely in one terrible blow!

You panic and slash at Modo’s hand for a laughable 10 DAMAGE, while Arlei swings her mace with full force:

“SMASH 2!!”

The impact thuds hollow against Modo’s sacs, registering only 391 DAMAGE!

“His defenses are still up, no good!” you wheeze, waiting for your next chance to attack, along with Arlei. Rizii lays there in an impact crater within a much bigger crater, still down for the count. “He’ll attack first, at this rate!”

“NOBODY...BEATS...A CH-CHAMPION!”

Modo’s voice blasts everywhere as you helplessly watch him raise his fists up high, one

for each of you. You can't attack yet, and neither can Arlei! All you have are your...skills! You can't likely steal much, he's nude and colossal...but you have one option left!

"CONFUSE!" you say, as you try your new skill out.

It works!!

The immense dragon-man blinks, then closes his huge eyes, rubbing them over suddenly with massive palms, before a pink glimmer overtakes his head, and the gigantic, 500-foot dragonkin is left disoriented, snarling and blinking, grimacing in confusion.

"WHAT..."

As you both move over to Rizii, the otherwise-empty colosseum is smashed open as the gigantic male starts to swing his bulging arms around, wild and fearful.

"N-NO!"

He brings his fists up to attack, but in his confused state, slashes himself for a startling an massive 1,984 DAMAGE, the colossus defeating himself with one overpowered strike!

The gigantic dragon fades away as Arlei scoops Rizii and you in her now-massive, soft, scaly hands, one in each. You shuffle through your bag for Smelling Salts, then walk over to the other hand (surreal as it is to do so), where you wave them under the kobold's nostrils.

She snaps awake, flashing red, her health only at 129/620. Her huge breasts wobble as she comes to, looking at you, then up at Arlei, who grins wide.

"WELCOME BACK!" she booms, her voice shaking the air and through her palms.

"What she said, heh," you offer, as Rizii sighs and rubs her head.

"Oh, he got me, did he? That no-good bad-bad--wait. Where is he?"

"We got him," you laugh, weakly. "Rather, he got himself. I think we got to you before he finished breaking down into results, too. You're welcome."

"IT'S TRUE, MASTER LLOYD MANAGED TO CONFUSE HIM SUCCESSFULLY."

Rizii looks down from Arlie's hands, and sees the huge mess of glowing embers as they all fade into the three of you. She looks back, then starts to snort out an alarmingly goofy, deep laugh, shaking her exposed bosom up and down as she guffaws.

"*You* took him down, pipsqueak!? Bahahaha!"

"SHE'S OVERJOYED BY YOUR MIGHT, MASTER LLOYD! YES! BAHAHA!"

You flush red, not even paying attention as the results arrive:

+400 GOLD

+7,000 EXP

All three of you feel your health and magic and skills replenish as level-ups roll in; even as Arlei's temporary buffs wear off, and as she begins to dwindle back down and lose her muscle, the permanent boons start rolling in. As you and Rizii start to fill up both her hands, Arlei's permanent size starts to rise in its place, as she huffs in joy and begins to moan aloud, her entire body blowing right back up. Her uniform fixes itself as she whimpers and swells up from 40 feet to 42...43...44...her hands re-grow under you both as her diminished bust starts to boom bigger again, her growing toes clenching as she bites her lip and shivers up to 46 feet...47...48...49...50...

"HAAAAH," she cute-hisses, lidding her eyes as you watch her muzzle rise higher and higher over her booming breasts and widening collarbone.

"Egads," Rizii huffs, gulping.

"Yeah, this is how it goes," you add, to which she just nods, unblinking.

"Gorgeous...she's gorgeous!"

By the time the rumbling growth stops, Arlei sweetly puffs the last of her bliss out, then smiles, looking her 55-foot body over. She gained roughly fifteen feet from one level!

ARLEI, LV 10, HOLY MAID

HP: 430/430

MP: 170/170

STRENGTH: 85

DEFENSE: 140

DEXTERITY: 320

SPEED: 160

HEIGHT: 55'05"

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: AURA, SMASH 2, BRUNT

SPELLS: HEAL 1

LLOYD, LV 10, ADVENTURER

HP: 320/320

MP: 95/95

STRENGTH: 54

DEFENSE: 110
DEXTERITY: 175
SPEED: 188

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

SKILLS: CONFUSE 1, STEAL

RIZII, LV 16, KOBOLD AMAZON
HP: 710/710
MP: 120/120
STRENGTH: 220
DEFENSE: 180
DEXTERITY: 420
SPEED: 290

HEIGHT: 8'04"
WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY, MULTI-STRIKE 2, SMASH 2
SPELLS: BUFF

NEXT LEVEL: 1,780/6,000 EXP

“Whew,” you sigh, brushing yourself off as Arlei hugs you both to her massive bust, letting you each climb onto it, each of you just a little smaller than one breast as you sit on their curves. “Sorry you didn’t get the elixirs back, for the record.”

The now considerably-bustier kobold ponders this for a moment, before reaching up to fondle her own overgrown chest, then smiles at her enlarged muscles.

“We’ll call it even, twerp,” she says, tilting her chin up smugly. “I’m giving that to you.”

“Heh.”

“WHERE TO NOW, THEN, MASTER?” Arleir rightly queries. “I DON’T THINK WE CAN STAY AROUND HERE.”

“Right, yeah, we should definitely leave. The Avros Guild will catch word of this right away, as well as the Archmage’s resurgence.”

“Oh, right,” Rizii hums, thinking. “Hey, if Modo’s defeated now, then doesn’t that make us the champs? So...does that mean we’re supposed to kill the Archmage?”

Her smile weakens, flattening out to a grim line of realization.

“I...don’t know. I mean, we did win. Who’s left to officiate, though?”

“Well, I don’t mind sticking with you two, for now,” Rizzi says, “but I don’t have any plans to tangle with the Archmage. That’s double-suicide, and change. You want to head anywhere else but him, wherever he is, then that’s okay by me. I...think I want to be where you two are, for a while, reap the benefits. Well...be with Arlei, *she’s* amazing...”

“I get it,” you mutter, sulking in place some.

“You know, you didn’t pee on him.”

“He looked so mad, though,” you say.

“Eh, it’s because you kicked him in the eye, right before passing out. It was actually pretty good, he was mighty angry.”

“I did?” you ask, balking at your own story.

Rizii shrugs her brawny blue shoulders, as if to throw even that into question; still, at the end of it all, she offers up a tiny sliver, a ghost of a smile.

“Now shut up, and pick, twerp. Where are we going?”