

CHAPTER 5

LLOYD: LV. 29, 1,350/1,350 HP

ARLEI: LV. 39, 2,500/2,500 HP

RIZII: LV. 32, 1,990/1,990 HP

BYRNA: LV. 37, 1,580/1,580 HP

MOHZ: LV. 71, 2,770/2770 HP

A scale. A single, solitary bronze scale stretches out before you, wide as a house.

One scale on Arlei is so much bigger than you, now. Just days ago, she was your own size, more or less, humble, petite, manageable. Everything Mohz supposed about the lizard maid rapidly outclassing you is not only coming true, but way ahead of schedule.

It's as scary as it is incredible, leaving you dizzy. One the one hand, you're not just friends with a being bigger than half a dozen giants stacked together—you're comrades. You quite literally have a bodyguard and confidant that could take down a kingdom, on your whim.

But she's so far beyond you, too, now. No longer remotely close to equal. Sure, you likely never quite were true mutuals, in that regard, but it was at least within the realm of *suggestion*. How are you supposed to talk, now that her ear hole is as big as a cavern? What if she squashed you by the simplest and most innocent of mistakes? If you slipped between her absurdly big breasts, at this point, there'd be no retrieving you from that much cleavage—

“Lloyd! Hey, shrimp!”

Rizii's catty tone breaks through, snapping you back to reality, atop Arlei's forever-stretching muzzle bridge. The looming kobold she-hulk goes from a flicker of annoyance to a small hint of pity at the sight of you, however, and the muscle bound female gently THUDS down beside you, all 30-plus feet of her.

“Hey,” she purrs, going easier on you. “Spill it, twerp, what's on your little mind?”

“I'm fine,” you sigh, patting her bulging thigh thankfully. “Just thinking.”

“About Arlei, right? I mean, I am, too, I don't blame you. Isn't she absolutely incredible? She's so tall that her foot is larger than an entire road! A city road, no less! So good-good! I mean, heh, good thing we're headed away from all the normal civilizations, she wouldn't fit anywhere!”

“That's true, we're just going further into ancient ruins and toppled kingdoms,” you agree. “And at least she's on our side, heh.”

“Yeah, you get it! I knew you understood, Lloyd.”

It's a real grin the humongous female kobold is giving, and it...yeah, actually it is pretty sweet, once you see it in earnest.

"Being so tiny, and all."

"Okay, thank you. I get it."

"Hehe! Yeah, anytime, squirt, I've got you."

You choose to take in the last part, because it's the truth. Despite her prickly exterior, there is an ocean of goodwill and kindness hidden away, under all that defensiveness and insecurity. It's true, you *do* understand—all too well.

"Well, then," Mohz rumbles, the bulky kirin thudding over across Arlei's stretched-out scales, your map in his big hands. "There's the frozen wasteland of Kars to the West, just past the mountain range, and there's the lost jungles of Nabaht-Suht, both abandoned, last I heard. I suggest the jungle, as its temples possess the last relics of mass warp-functionality."

"Warp function?" you ask, standing back up. "You and Byrna can warp us wherever we need, right?"

"Haha, close to it, friend," Mohz answers, the towering kirin's robe stretching as he shrugs his bulky shoulders gently. "Before the Archmage removed himself from these ruined lands and built Kogo Varan, he had a previous lair, where he attempted to initially rule from. That would be up in the floating lands of Arast, so high up that none could even hope to fly to reach it. The only way to reach it was with a very specific warp point, fixed in Nabaht-Suht, among his loyal followers. It was fiercely guarded, too, until a power swell from the Archmage wiped them all out in a single outburst of rage."

"Good grief, what can't the Archmage do?" you sigh, rubbing at your partial helmet, ruffling your exposed hair at the top. "We're really supposed to defeat someone that killed a kingdom with a temper tantrum?"

"Oh, no, at least four kingdoms."

"Great!"

"The jungle is probably overrun with other baddies, by this point," Rizii interrupts, her now-open breasts looming over Mohz's perked ears and horn. "But I'd rather heat and battle than getting lost in snow and freezing."

"Agreed," Mohz huffs.

"Yea, thirded. I'm with you," you admit, nodding. "But what if the technology can't be fixed back up for use? Moreover, how do we travel with a 600-foot female, and one nearly half a mile tall!? There's no sneaking, like this, you know."

“You’re definitely right, but we have to move, just the same. At least Arlei’s sheer stride will bring us down the mountainside very fast!”

“Yeah,” Rizii chuckles, beaming, all teeth and perked ears. “Plus, if the warp doesn’t work, then so what-what? We just get Arlei *sooooo* huge that she can lift us right up onto Arast, hehe! I like that better!”

“Then, she would be stuck outside, and we’d be short in the party,” you reply, making Rizii tilt her head thoughtfully atop a massive, stretched-out blue neck.

“She’d be a lookout!”

“ARE YOU ALL DONE FIGURING THINGS OUT, DEARS?”

Byrna’s gigantic, soft, velvety voice cuts in, as the colossal salamental’s head looms up over Arlei’s muzzle, resting her big chin down over it, making the even-bigger giga-maid giggle happily. Byrna must be snuggling up against Arlei, meaning voluminous scaly breasts colliding and rubbing and pressing hot and tight, and—*maybe you had better just answer her*:

“We’re going down the mountain,” Rizii shouts, her thick neck making her voice hugely strong and booming, “and heading into Nabat-Suht, their old temples might be able to warp us up to the Archmage’s old lair, where we think he may have hidden himself!”

“OOOH!” Byrna rumbles, her Inn-sized head resting between Arlei’s flaring nostrils. “ARLEI, WE’RE GOING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN, INTO THE JUNGLE LANDS! WE’RE ALL COUNTING ON YOU, AND LLOYD LOVES YOU VERY MUCH!”

You flush beet-red as Mohz chuckles and rolls the map up, politely handing it to you. Rizii wags frantically, her breasts bouncing as she cackles.

“H-hey,” you begin.

“Don’t you?” Rizii asks, mock-sweetly.

You flare even redder, and turn to put the map away, when—

“Howdy, all!”

You stagger back, crying out, then cursing silently as Goh seems to burst into reality, thumping his rabbit-legs down on a single massive scale. His sac is already opened! How does he even do this!?

“Oh, for crying out loud,” Rizii snorts, turning away, not even deigning to look at him.

“Why, Goh, hello!” Mohz booms, giving a powerful nod on a thick neck. “You must have

had quite a climb up here!”

“Nothing so troublesome, for business,” the scruffy lagomorph chirps, ears perking up. “Now, y’all look awful ready for some awful fights, so! Why not indulge in some special wares of mine, eh?”

At that, to your surprise, Goh removes a large rolled-up canvas, and unfurls it to reveal weapons and trinkets galore! This is surely new!

“Improved my inventory after a stop at...a few special ports of call!” the rabbit laughs, gesturing over it all. “We have a poison sword for a 20% deathblow chance, a rare shield droplet that double defense, a Dragon’s Tooth for summoning an attack dragon, a Monstear, tremendously rare, doubles experience permanently, a fairy’s kiss, temporarily shrinks one, and heh, I managed to keep this lovely thing from Hruthga!”

The sly rabbit gestures at a Sigil from the giants’ realm, and it is far more complex than even the one Byrna used. Rizii’s eyes widen at the sight of it.

“How powerful is that one, Goh?” you ask.

“Maximum-plus,” the rabbit says, with surprising seriousness. “For use in serious emergencies, only.”

There are price tags on each one, and you deflate a little as you realize that even your mighty bounty can’t possibly buy everything. Plus, you need supplies, first and foremost.

“Right,” you hum, thinking hard.

You think upon the upsides and downs of each combination of new items. You could finally be much more helpful in a fight, if you had a deathblow boon. But, really, that’s not the top in importance—you just like that idea of being more useful, surrounded by these burgeoning powerhouses. You take a deep breath, then make your order:

INVENTORY:

HEAL POTION X3

MAGIC POTION X2

POWER ELIXIR

ANTIDOTE

TENT

SHIELD DROPLET

HIGH-GRADE HRUTHGA SIGIL

MONSTEAR

KEY ITEMS:

MAP

MASTER KEY

RED JEWEL (Mohz had been kind enough to return it)

BLUE JEWEL

GREEN JEWEL

You nearly bought the Poison Blade anyway, being mentally tied between it, the Shield Droplet and the Dragon's Tooth...but you went the cheapest, as buying any other one would have made it impossible to buy your full items, and still buy another speciality item after.

You have a little over 400 GOLD left; not enough to afford any other special items.

"Here, for Rizii's tab," you decide, plunking the remainder down on the lapine's stretched-out paws. Rizii blushes, and looks away.

"Why, thank you!" Goh chirps, wagging his ball-tail behind his once-fine finery. "Pleasure, as always! Best of luck to you in your mission, friends!"

"GOH SAYS HI, ARLEI!" Byrna bellows, shaking everything, only for a shaking far worse to respond as the ground beneath you shifts, and Arlei reflexively squeals in happiness.

"HIIIIIIII GOOOOOOOH!"

Towering up atop the entire mountain, Arlei sits, a giant among giants. Her vast, deep eyes dart about for any sign of the hare, though he was less than a speck at best to her. A rump nearly 350 feet wide crushes down over its span, her breasts consuming nearly all of her upper torso (and that's with the assistance of her reformed, healed maid outfit, which still struggles to corral both bulging orbs. Cuffs large enough to make small stadiums snuggle her thick wrists as the mountainous reptile beats her immense tail along the rock face, grinning wide.

That grin is so big that the motion curves up at the end of her mouth, forming vast canyons overhead as her boom-speak continues to rattle her muzzle bridge, and all of you along with it, as Byrna hugs into her great bosom tight.

"So, who gets the goods?" Rizii quickly asks, looking down over your wares with greedy eyes and a bright hope. "You know, Lloyd, Byrna and Arlei are already so big, you should probably hand that sigil over to me, round things out!"

"If we need a supersized tank, Rizii, it's all yours," you offer. She seems content with that...so much so, that you wonder if she didn't just take that as an immediate 'yes'.

"Rizii's defense is monumentally high, at her sheer scale," Mohz begins, "much the same with Byrna and with Arlei. That leaves you and I, for the Shield Droplet. My HP is much higher, I suggest you take it, and bolster your permanent defenses, Lloyd."

It made the most sense.

“You’re sure?”

“Give it to me, if you don’t want it,” the huge kirin rumbles, blinking his glowing eyes down at you kindly. “I didn’t say I would refuse it, heh.”

“Why don’t we hold off on it, a bit, and see what happens?” you offer, at length. “I’m nearly in my thirties now, that’s pretty high for the average adventurer!”

“It is, and well-earned.”

That's tight. You're as leveled up now as a higher-tier Guild member! It's been such a whirlwind, you forgot about it. Against a regular foe, you could probably do great!

All you had to do was nearly die over and over, against insane odds.

“Same for the monster, too?” you ask. “I mean, aside from Arlei, of course, she and Byrna both have increasingly higher levels of ECONO, so if that were to double, as well, it’d get scary really quick.”

“We’ll hold off on that, too, then, yes?” Mohz asks, perking his ears cutely. “Shall we?”

“Wouldn’t it be faster to warp down to the jungle, Mohz?” Rizii asks, looking eager to fight at her blown-up, bulky size. “If I could put a hurt on that stupid High Demon, think what I could do to a regular sucker trying to take me on! Wham! Wham! Haha!”

Even her laugh is strong and thick. She could guffaw at a wooden board, and break it.

“I WOULD WATCH!” Bryna coos, her huge tongue slipping out to bop Rizii in the breasts with, playfully.

“Better this way, to move Arlei along and out of the view of multiple ruined kingdoms. Many eyes are probably already upon her, from this vantage. At least with her moving, we can approach the temples. Warping, she would simply appear and crush them all flat.”

“Ooh. Okay, right-right.”

“ARE WE GOING NOOOOOOW, MASSSTER LLOOOOYD?”

Arlei's voice is like two continents colliding together, and just as jarring. You nod at Byrna, who grins and winks to you, then looks up from the end of Arlei's big muzzle.

“YES, DEAR! HE SAYS THANK YOU!”

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEHHEEE!"

“Anything else you want to take care of, before we depart, Lloyd?” Mohz asks. “If not, we had best find a safe place to hang on, while Arlei is...in transit.”

One last thought hits.

“Byrna!” you shout, drawing the vast salamander’s head’s attention to you.

“YES, LLOYD?”

“Can you lower me down to her cleavage?”

Byrna blinks a moment, blushing slightly. She squeals.

“I SURE CAN!”

The way down is shockingly easy, at Arlei’s staggering size. Holding on to Arlei at her staggering size is surprisingly difficult. Scales shift and tilt as the colossal maid peers down, mid-descent, and ‘inches’ her way below into the unknowable mess of green that is the jungle lands. Trees so ancient and tall that they rise hundreds and hundreds of feet off the floor only manage to reach Arlei’s knees as she steps down, shaking the landscape.

Innumerable birds dot the air as they’re shaken to flight, before Arlei’s immense rump crashes down after, the towering lizard coming to a seat at the side of the mountain.

“HEEEERE!”

“THANK YOU!” Byrna repeats up to her, as you say it at a micro-scale, there on her muzzle. You had to slip in between scales and wedge yourself, but thankfully you didn’t go flying off as she descended the mountain.

“We can’t bring her down into the jungle with us,” Mohz murmurs, “she’d crush everything. Same with Byrna, only on a lesser scale. I don’t see any way around having to leave them behind for the moment.”

Breaking up the party was an inevitable thing, formerly pushed to the back of your mind. Now, however, it’s time. There’s nothing to shrink anyone with—nowhere near small enough, at any rate.

“What do we even do, if we get the warp beam fixed?” you wonder aloud. “How will we be able to warp anyone as big as them, if they can’t get near the temple without crushing it?”

“Can’t you just cast warp for them, once we get there?” Rizii asks, shrugging. “Isn’t it just a matter of being able to warp to where you’ve actually been?”

“Let’s not get bogged down,” Mohz suggests, calmly. “In theory, yes, knowing the

location could allow me to warp them both up later, once we arrive, but we still need to get there first. Second, this is purely recon. If we arrive, and there's no sign that the Archmage is resurrected at his old lair, then there'll be no need to stay, and we move on. So, let's find out if the target is even present first, yes?"

Rizii shrugs, seeming fine with that. Either way, her cleaver is out.

"Let's whack-whack some weeds, gentlemen!"

Everything is explained, and while Byrna seems fine with it, Arlei visibly fidgets, putting a lighter tremor through the shaking canopies beyond. Still...she does agree, slowly.

"I'LL KEEP HER COMPANY, GO, GO," Byrna chirps, the massive female removing you, Rizii and Mohz from Arlei, and lowering you by hand down into the jungle floor.

"Tell her to stay put, no matter what!" you add.

"OOH, RIGHT. STAY RIGHT HERE, ARLEI, MAST...ER, LLOYD SAYS. NO MATTER WHAT, YOU DON'T MOVE FROM HERE."

"OF COURSE! B-BE SAAAAFE, MASTERRRR LLOYYYD!"

You wave, then realize your wave is probably not even reaching Byrna—oh, nevermind, Byrna's mimicking your wave up to her. That, or she made it up for your sake.

As a party of three you have to admit, this is a *lot* quicker: Rizii is enormous in her own right, but at three stories tall and loaded with tight scaly muscle, she shears through undergrowth and brush and fallen trees and vines with no effort. Behind her, you and Mohz are easily able to tread, over mossed stonework and toppled architecture of what once was Nabaht-Suht. Only a few odd, newer-looking pylons stick out, half-hidden among the greenery, yet still inert.

"I'm really rather surprised we've been unmolested, all this time," the hulking kirin mentions, his ears twirling and twisting every-which-way. "After all my mention of armies of evil and whatnot, I suppose it's a bit of a letdown, eh?"

"I'll say," Rizii snorts, stomping along ahead.

"It's fine with me, if it means Byrna and Arlei are left alone," you reply.

"They're strong, twerp, have some faith!" Rizii chides.

"Also, lookout," Mohz offers, one actual second before a rustle in a bush turns into a leaping goblin, mace raised high for an attack!

GOBLIN KNAVES, LV 25

HP: 750
MP: 100

Four other goblins slide out around you, all of them suddenly screaming upon sight of Rizii as she looms overhead, smirking.

“Finally!” she booms, shaking their very bones.

Your sword is out, but Mohz just stands still. One huge, robed arm reaches out to gently gather you back as the five goblins stagger back, then turn to flee—only for Rizii’s enlarged cleaver to slice so hard through the air that it blows a brutal air contrail behind it.

“MULTI-STRIKE 3!”

Despite having some ramshackle armor on, giving the airs of defense or preparedness, all five of the foes are caught in its viscous swath for -1,200 DAMAGE each!

The force of her swing is so powerful that the rocks on the floor launch in unison, the surrounding vegetation shuddering loudly in its displacement. The nearest trees actually wobble from its passing, and you quietly sheath your sword as the knaves are not just beaten, but wholly obliterated to nothing.

+300 GOLD
+2,500 EXP

“Not bad, for so little trouble, hah,” Rizii rumbles, the overgrown kobold soaking up her own satisfaction, right along with the experience. “Let’s hope we see a little more action!”

“It would be pretty easy to farm ahead, like this,” you mutter.

“She’s become titanically strong, for any race, let alone a kobold,” Mohz wonders, grinning. “It’s impressive to say the least. Now, following these ancient roads, one would think the path to the high temple would be easy enough to suss out—”

“Mohz?” you interrupt, curious.

“Hmm?”

“I’ve been wondering,” you start, edging your way in. Not only was the kirin several feet taller than you and loaded with brawn, but his spells alone could have wiped all of you out at any time, regardless of your own special traits. You can’t help broaching the topic carefully. “You seem so intent on being the one to take down the Archmage, and you know all this history I’ve never heard before anywhere else. Why—”

“You want to know why I want to defeat him, yes?”

“Well, yes.”

“Interesting. You’re the first to ask such a simple question, haha!”

Or, you’re the first who’s dared to.

“It’s alright, you know, you can certainly ask. We’re comrades.”

“Alright, then. Why are you so intent on this quest?”

“I can’t really say.”

You pause, as Rizii *thooms* ahead.

“Wait, what? You just said–”

“Well, I said you could ask, Lloyd. When I have my own answer, I’ll hand it right over to you after. Fair? I need to confirm something, and this is the only way it’ll happen.”

“Okay, then. Fair.”

Two more goblin knaves leap out, but Rizii wallops one with a simple thump of her cleaver’s broadside for -500 DAMAGE, knocking him to the ground with a terrible gasp, as you race ahead and slash the other one for -244 DAMAGE, enough to knock it back with a pained growl. Not bad! That was a regular swipe, too!

Mohz lands a hard right hook as it gets up, for a surprisingly high -746 DAMAGE, crushing it instantly! Rizii slays the other one right after, though you’re too busy looking at how enormously thick the kirin’s forearm is, from just the effort of throwing a punch.

“Interesting, to have this be a real option now,” the bulky kirin says, grinning.

“I’ll say,” you do indeed say, backing up. “I don’t know any mages that can brawl for that kind of damage. I don’t even know Guild member monks or fighters that could!”

“You’re awfully kind!”

+120 GOLD

+1,000 EXP

“Right, nice,” you laugh, happy with even your own small contribution. “To the temple!”

A massive flight of steps looms just beyond the brush as Rizii crashes through, and there’s no doubt about it: this is the temple. As you take your first steps closer, something quietly exits from its high double-doors! A dark naga, a male!

“Trespassers!” you hear him hiss, pointing a long pole down at you. “None but the Archmage may set foot in these sacred lands!”

“Is that why you got rid of yours?” Rizii snarls back, beaming wide, her weapon pointing right back up at him. “That’s a level of devotion that’s just sad-sad!”

The naga is far away, but you can see enough. He must be about ten feet tall, minus the portion of his tail set to ground. He’s cast a dark olive-green with light-red chest plating and orange eyes, toned but strong, with what looks like tattered old ceremonial garbs and moth-bothered vestments from bygone times. Likely, a high priest. That’s about how these things usually go.

“The demon clan of Nozala-Kuth will not tolerate your presence,” the naga roars, as the treetops and bushes give way to countless smaller nagas, male and female, all clad in old cloth and bracelets and headdresses alike. Several dead goblins are tossed out among their ranks, like trash to the ground. “These miserable thieves learned the hard way not to trespass, as soon too shall you fools! The Archmage shall rise again, in full power, greater than ever, undisturbed by the likes of you rabble!”

“Oho, good,” Rizii chuckles, her pupils slitting happily as her bulky tail wags all about. “Good-good! Boss fights are the best fights, so do the boss thing!”

“And dirty myself on you?” the snake-man snorts derisively. “I, the high priest Gorj?”

Ah. There it is.

“Lloyd, watch this!” Rizii laughs, tensing her humongous haunches until they swell loudly, readying to jump up and attack—only for ten nagas to whip and unfurl down off of the nearest trees, landing on the steps before her.

DARK NAGAS, LV 30

HP: 1,000

MP: 150

You pull back a bit, wincing. Ten, each level 30? The numbers were suddenly well out of your favor, by a lot. Mohz just watches intently, as another ten female nagas come slithering up behind you, claws bared.

“Dispose of these foul interlopers!” Gorj contemptuously hisses. “Please our Master!”

“Yeah, make a dead guy happy, and join him!” Rizii crows, the far-bigger behemoth of a kobold smashing her cleaver into the group, blowing them all back from the sheer force. Even the high priest lurches back from the force of the blow as that portion of the stairwell cracks apart!

Her size has increased to the point where a clear impact radius per blow is showing, and all ten nagas were foolishly clustered inside its range. She's grown so big and so powerful that one attack now has a multi-strike range!

-929 DAMAGE

All ten nagas smack and flip over and along the stairs, moaning in pained shock, all flashing red, instantly. At the same time, the other ten female nagas lunge at you from behind! You slash one for -309 DAMAGE, but she angrily tail-whips you back for -304!

Against a few, you could maybe hold off, but ten? At this rate?

"SCREEN!" you shout, employing a new skill. The moment you do so, a wall of obscuring smoke blasts out from your hand, enveloping them all!

[BLIND] successful!

A chorus of enraged hisses and curses follow as you stab at the closest *hiss*, dealing another -665 DAMAGE! CRITICAL! You keep back from the blind swipes, bumping into so much furry muscle that you already know it's Mohz, as the kirin laughs at your tactic and simply decks a blinded naga for a whopping -970 DAMAGE!

Rizii towers over the smoke, mock-yawning, showing her huge white teeth gladly, as the surviving male nagas hack and stab and bite below. Yet, so massive is the kobold's muscle, so high her defense, that even ten LV 30 foes only manage a collective -325 DAMAGE!

"This is great!" Rizii purrs, taking her time in swinging down below yet again. The impact is even stronger this time, blowing your smoke screen back as she demolishes all ten baddies, who in their blindness and panic don't realize they've all slithered back into her strike range. Their loss. "More! Bring on more targets! I've been needing a warmup!"

"Oh, hell," Gorj mutters, the larger naga breaking into a retreat within the temple. "Keep them occupied, or face the wrath of the Master!"

A moment's hesitation isn't enough to break a lifetime of fanaticism, and the next wave of nagas leaps onto the stairs, stacking up another dozen; this time, they keep farther apart, making Rizii shake her head.

"Clever snakes, are we? Well, here's my CLEAVER, snakes!"

That was probably the best the kobold would ever do. Given how she instantly deathblows eight out of that twelve with one hard swing, you're willing to let it lay where it is.

As another wave of nagas rears up behind you, Mohz turns to them, his glare set.

"WAVE 4!" A torrential blast of water bursts from nowhere, smashing in a great wave

that sends the screaming snakes off into the jungle, crushed against trees and stone.

“T-thanks!” you huff, your sword still out.

“Oh, of course,” the kirin replies, nodding. “Shall we? I’ll wager near anything that naga is going to either break the warp machinery, to stop us, or use it himself to escape.”

“Intercept, right. Let’s go!”

Rizii guffaws like a big kobold kid as swing after swing decimates the oncoming horde of serpent-folk. As you pass the gigantic female, you turn back to see a hidden cobra-naga in robes leaping behind her, fangs bared and dripping.

“VENOM!” she roars, readying a toxic blow, when you shout:

“CONFUSE 2!”

By the time she lands, the cobra is ensnared in a strange glow, shaking her head, before turning and biting another dumbfounded male snake, reading his health to nothing. She continues attacking the shocked horde, making Rizii lower her weapon, look back, then turn to you with a chuckle.

“Hey, fun!” she laughs. “This is great!”

In all this time, Rizii’s health has only slipped a bit lower, attack after attack. You’re astonished to see she still sits at 1,260/1,990 HP, after handling several dozen 30-up opponents in succession (mostly on her own, at that).

“Come on, let’s go bash that priest, Rizii!”

“OOOH, YEAH! HEY, SAVE ME SOME!”

The worked-up behemoth of a kobold stomps up after you, leaving a storm of bodies in her wake, before they all fade off into EXP embers.

+2,300 GOLD

+8,000 EXP

You feel it as you storm the temple, Rizii easily punching in time with Mohz, blowing the double doors open with one joined strike—you leveled up!

LLOYD, LV 30, ADVENTURER

HP: 1,420/1,420

MP: 330/330

STRENGTH: 300

DEFENSE: 350

DEXTERITY: 330

SPEED: 470

HEIGHT: 5'09"

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: CONFUSE 2, STEAL 2, COVER, SCREEN

"Keep up, tiny!" Rizii pants, the overexcited female thudding into the temple at top speed. You do your best, but her stride is admittedly a bit larger than yours, or Mohz's, and in moments they've disappeared into the hazy dark of the interior.

Only shafts of light overhead allow you to see anything as you puff and wheeze, running at full speed down rectangular stone halls, banking right only because you can still feel the sheer weight of Rizii's footfall.

"Not one step further, y-you freaks!"

You can hear Gorj's smug voice dropping to raw panic, and part of you smiles. Indeed, you round the last hallway and step out into a wide-open courtyard, at the center of which sits a dilapidated, gigantic machine. The naga priest readies his pole as Rizii and Mohz slowly creep nearer; yet, instead of wielding it, he jams it into a small opening in the machine, and pulls it towards him! It's not a weapon, it...it's a handle!

"You idiots really think I'll let you anywhere near my Master's true abode!?" Gorj sneers as the machine rumbles awkwardly, humming to life. "The naga clan of Nozala-Kuth and the demons of both it and Molgrath are already entering these lands, to overwhelm and crush you all! And here is where I shall leave you, to be devoured by their waves of darkness! Farewell!"

A huge beam of energy bursts up from the machine platform, and before Rizii can reach it, before you can reach her, or before Mohz can act, the surprisingly-quick serpent slithers into it, vanishing entirely! The beam cuts out, leaving the three of you there.

"Well, it works," Mohz says, plainly, folding his thick arms as his robe stretches too tight. "Excellent news, all around!"

"He got away," Rizii whines, snorting, her floppy kobold ears flicking back. "Why didn't you clobber him with a spell, Mohz?"

"Would have hit the machine, of course."

"Well," you pant, catching up and catching your breath at the same time, "I suppose we're going in, then? We follow him up to Arast, and take him down?"

"Haha, my kind of human, I agree!" Rizii cheers, already beaming a mouth full of gleaming teeth.

“I don’t see why not. Aside from the armies coming to consume us, and therefore Arlei and Byrna, I don’t mind moving along.”

You wince.

“They’ll be fine, Lloyd, they’re colossal! Haha, what could an army hope to do against them, at their size and power levels?”

“She’s actually quite right, Lloyd, don’t worry about them.”

Something is trying to break through all the information and developments, something clearly obvious, but not clear enough to recall. There’s no time, anyhow, time to move!

“Right, we can’t let Gorj get too far ahead, he might try and break the machine on the other side. Let’s go!”

Mohz easily pulls the pole-handle, one hand being more than enough to do the job. The machine stutters and blinks on and off, before the brilliant warp light flashes on yet again, and the three of you run up and leap directly into it!

You hit the ground hard, and it doesn’t feel like anything from a villain’s lair. There’s no pattern carved into the floor, no cobblestones, no intricacies, no nothing. It just feels hard and dumb and cold. You shake off the impact and glance up.

It’s a holding cell.

No. No, worse.

It’s a Guild cell...and Avros Guild cell!

“What in the...”

You trail off, taking it all in. In the corner of your cell, beside a row of iron bars, is another pylon, like the one back in the jungle.

“Lloyd Garnet,” a light, sharp voice says, making you clench up as someone approaches down the hall, outside. “You’re surprisingly difficult to get a meeting with, for a rookie. I remember handing you your induction scroll, not a year ago. You seemed...nice.”

You already understand, and you’re already kicking yourself. You know the voice.

“Guildmaster Reb,” you sigh, standing before the bars as a slightly taller, slender bull-man steps into view from the other side. He’s maybe just North of six feet, his horns curling forward, shining and black, adding another few inches to his normally lithe frame. He fixes a

thick-rim set of glasses and he watches you coldly, arms behind his back, well-dressed in a thick, expensive tunic and oversized belt. “I apologize. I’ve...been busy, sir.”

“I know!” Reb agrees, cocking his head. “You certainly have! Let’s see: you’ve been busy awakening the Archmage, the great destroyer. You’ve removed a holy entity from its purpose and tainted it with lust, you wiped out the most likely candidate for a hero to stop said evil. Oh, and you wiped out my older sister, too, there’s *that*.”

“She attacked us, sir. There wasn’t a choice, she was using lethal force—”

“She did her job!”

“And...with *respect*, sir,” you force the words out, “my current job is a quest to make up for all those errors, at the behest of the Giant-King of Hruthga, Endid. If you have issues with that, you could always go and talk to him.”

“That overgrown meathead of a gryphon?” Reb mutters, adjusting his glasses. “Why bother? After all, I’m only apprehending a criminal, as is entirely my right. He’s so incredibly big, I doubt he’ll even notice you went missing. Warping with ancient technology that’s so prone to breaking down could be fatal for anyone.”

“So those pylons in the jungle were yours?”

“Orc mercenaries in two kingdoms, and goblins in the others, we cast a massive net for you. If you were to attempt any warp within range of the pylons they planted, this is exactly where you would end up—where you belong!”

“But the quest, sir!”

“Will go on without you, I’m sure, Garnet.”

The young werebull pauses, holding it in, before shaking his head, and going on:

“Heh, I mean, Gods, of all the ego! I have saboteurs and spies everywhere, you really think I haven’t seen that freakshow of yours in action? That once-pure maid that’s now nearly half a mile of barely-contained arousal? That enormous salamental and that punch-drunk, base kobold-*together*, no less? And Mohz, more dangerous than all of those powerhouses put together!? You landed a party with legends in the making, and you...you have the *nerve* to count yourself as part? Incredible!”

You nearly shrink back from the touchless beating. How could you shut it out from him, when it’s been playing in your head this entire time? Your entire life?

“Get good and comfortable, Garnet,” the slender werebull sighs, shaking his head in undisguised contempt. “Your summary execution will be very brief, and very lonely. Enjoy what little time you have, as we prepare the non-public kill chamber. I’ll be your sole witness.”

Several brightly colored rings cover his thick fingers, one for each. He tap-taps them against the bars, tauntingly.

“Feel free to break out with whatever good-luck nonsense you please. *Give* me an excuse to restore the Avros Guild’s honor, and avenge my sister’s. I’d be delighted to kill you, myself.”

He snorts through the polished gold ring on his nose, then turns and walks off.

You stand there, absorbing it all, shaking slightly in your clacking armor. You look to both walls on either side, knocking on one.

“Mohz? Rizii?” you croak, your throat suddenly terribly dry and hot.

Nothing. Same for the other wall. Out beyond the window is Avros, its bustling streets and market shops running just fine. You know the Guild well enough to not bother screaming or pleading for help, they soundproof the jail cells with exterior noise canceling magic, the kind meant to prevent any spells from being invoked for breakout purposes. You lean into the wall, still quaking with fear, before gathering yourself back up, and thinking.

No spells (not that you have any). Skills? Could you skill your way through, somehow? What could you possibly—

You almost snort as the laughter intrudes, breaking everything up.

Of course.

Hah.

OF COURSE.

You were warped right here. Armor, weapons and all. *And your bag.*

Mohz had declined to accept it when you tried to buy his help, back in Hruthga. So, you still have it there, with you. The same thing that got you out of the mining colony jail was going to get you out of this one.

One thing no spy could have known you had: the Master Key!

You retrieve it from the bag, then march right over to the bars and the door—only to find it opens, at your merest touch. A wave of fear overtakes you, at this, because for all your faults, you aren’t stupid. An unlocked door in Avros was a death warrant.

Reb was serious. He wants you to break out. He wants the legal excuse to kill you, himself. This is a setup, plain and simple, and unlucky for you, Reb is nowhere near stupid, either. If you step one foot out in the open, anywhere here, you’re dead.

You can't be seen. Period.

How to do this? You can't just walk out of here.

Warp stones? They surely had some in the back, in lockup, where all Guild-owed spoils and dues end up going. It's how Bre likely found you, in the first place, using warp stones to canvas a certain area at higher speed. If you could just get to one, you could warp to the last place you...

A plan forms, almost too fast for you to keep in order. But it will work. *It has to work!*

You can't use...wait! Wait, you can! You leveled up, your CONFUSE skill is active again! If you get out of the holding dock and confuse everyone—it should work, it's at level 2, and that has an effect range!

You shove all the excitement back down against a slamming heartbeat and force your breathing back to normal as you keep the Master Key in one hand and slowly, agonizingly inch the door open, so as not to creak or rattle anything.

Reb's decision to lock you in a spare hallway works in your favor, no witnesses means no witnesses of your escape; you round the hall, stay low, and ready the key. You know the Avros Guild, you know where to go to pull this off.

"CONFUSE 2," you say, but at a calm, quiet pitch, as several human guards suddenly clutch their heads and groan.

It works! The guards turn, swords out, and charge off into the main atrium, swiping wildly and hollering and screaming various nonsense, leaving you to (quickly) move across the desk from behind, then dart to the adjoining hall, down to the treasury. You know to wait a few moments behind a pillar and let the confusion draw the attention of the treasury guards, who run off to stop all the fuss.

You have the Master Key out, still needing it to unlock the treasury doors, slip in, and shut and lock it after, effectively locking you in with untold riches and quest loot.

You only take a moment to ogle everything as it shines and baffles and amazes: shelf upon towering shelf of gadgets, gizmos, gold sacs, jewels, high-grade weapons, special maps, ominous talismans, each in their own protective case.

There! A small array of warp stones, all clustered together! Yes!

You open the case and collect what you can, stuffing them into your bag of holding, before seeing several other items that you can't resist taking: a handful of fairy kisses (you're careful when grabbing, lest you shrink yourself), a fantastically sharp-looking demon sword—oh, no, no, wait, it's clearly cursed, nevermind—what else? This is a perfect opportunity to grab

stolen loot, and the Guild will kill you if you don't succeed anyhow, so what's the harm?

The shouting of guards as they return to post outside the doors makes you clench up; they're back already? Nevermind, then, best to just warp with what you have!

"Not sticking around," you mutter to yourself as you pull out a warp stone, hold it up high overhead, and activate it!

Nothing happens!

No, still...still, nothing.

...Wait.

No.

You could kick yourself. All this cunning, and you forgot: the Guild protects the treasury with spells galore. Warping in or out is impossible! If not, any idiot could warp in and take what they wanted, unseen. You just happen to *be* that idiot, at the moment.

"Er," you huff, thinking fast. You can't confuse anyone again, but you do...you do have SCREEN! That reset, as well!

This is much riskier, granted. But you don't have any other good options.

You take the cloak of invisibility and wrap it around most of the cursed demon sword, holding it without any effects (that you know of); you hold it out before you, work up your nerve, and then purposefully kick over a stand laden with coins, making it crash loudly to the vault floor.

You wait.

The door clicks open, and swings wide.

"SCREEN!"

Smoke blasts out in a wave the moment the guards enter, and you tear off past. On your way, you butt the exposed portion of the demon sword against both humans, instantly turning them into frogs lost within clattering stacks of armor.

Furious rabbits follow as they try to warn the other Guild members of trouble, but the smoke follows for a few more precious moments, long enough for you to escape out into the atrium, where you ready the warp stone, and—

"GARNET!"

A torrential wind spell tears loose, blowing the smoke away, and knocking the sword out of your hand, along with the cloak. Reb stands at the atrium exit, blocking your way, smoldering with anger...yet, you can see, looking delighted that his excuse to kill you himself has still played out to his favor.

“I hereby sentence you to death, Lloyd Garnet!” the slim bull-man roars, as he holds up one hand, rings on all fingers, grinning wide. “Escapees abandon the privilege of a clean death!”

“Nope,” you shout, baffling the bull a moment—until he sees you crush the warp stone in your hand! The last thing you see before everything rushes into a blur of motion and magic is Reb’s smile warping into a completely enraged bellow:

“*GARN—*”

Then, ***WHUMPH***.

All is darkness and heat as you wriggle in the tent you left, squeezing your way up, up, slowly ascending out of its canvas and up between two mashed walls of scaled girth. You pop up deep inside of cleavage so grand, you can’t see the end of it, in any direction. The only reason you know which way faces Arlei is because of the atmospherically-high wall of the lizard maid’s collarbone, beyond.

Motions rock her scaly breasts as the gargantuan reptile moves about in frantic slow-motion, baffling you further. She wasn’t supposed to be moving around.

“Arlei?” you ask, despite knowing full well she can’t hear your speck-sized self.

Suddenly, you realize it isn’t just the motion from physical movement you’re detecting. It’s much worse than that. There’s a low stretching happening as those infinite breasts groan and reverberate against you, pinching ever-more...she’s growing!?

But how?

You try to reason out why Arlei would be getting even bigger than she already was, but at your vantage there’s just no figuring it out, you have no points of reference to judge anything with—only the booming swell of her warm chest as it surges larger, and larger, and larger!

“What the hell is this!?” you roar, having to pull yourself up, lest her growing cleavage swallow you back down again.

You break into a jog, then a full on run, just to try and outpace the swelling scales underfoot as you race Arlei’s spurt, and slide down onto the vast ridge of a single tight thread of her snapping dress and walk its width, back to her growing breast, until you can see a massive tower-sized nipple bulging down below. You scramble over to it, making ready to leap off, only for the taut thread to tremble its last and snap as her breasts balloon too big for it!

You wail as your gloved hands find the snapping tip, and you sail down, down, swinging from the ripping fabric in a long arc that thankfully terminates at her nipple!

The monstrous dark teat throbs away as you walk its healthy mass, pulsing and tickling under your feet as you reach the growing edge, gulp...and look down.

And down.

And down.

The landscape and jungle below sinks lower and lower as you hear a booming groan blast out of Arlie's muzzle overhead, far, far overhead. A vast, clawed hand helplessly gropes one bloated nipple tight, a shudder tearing through her growing body, over and over, getting worse and worse, yet. Your armor rattles as the bag of holding gets loose, and you scoop it back up.

Down around the outskirts of the jungle you can see Byrna, the gargantuan salamander stomping and punting at ground-level...what? Piles of pepper? Soot?

Countless black things roil and scramble, clearly trying to attack Byrna and Arlei, but the 600-plus foot salamental is easily stomping, smashing and flinging them like nothing. And Arlei? Her clenching toes, each the size of hills, crush innumerable—oh, no. Demons!

The demon armies that Gorj boasted about! They arrived while you were away!

Which meant they were going after the two obvious targets.

Which meant Byrna and Arlei were demolishing untold amounts of...EXP! Oh, no! No wonder she's getting so much bigger! And the more she crushes the attacking hordes...the bigger she'll blow up!

Egads!!

You look down below, closer, and feel your blood drain as countless tiny numbers appear:

+600 EXP
+300 EXP
+850 EXP
+440 EXP
+900 EXP

You can see Byrna's level jumping right up, down below, going from 41 to 42! This has been going on, even with her ECONO 2 boost! But Arlei...she has ECONO 4!! What is that, a...a 20X multiplier!? She's gaining dozens of thousands of EXP, per minute, at least!

The rumbling from the huge reptile increases as her body vibrates with too much power,

blowing up another hundred feet, then another, and another! Her scales scream wider as raw power glows from between them, the female's immense breasts ballooning uncontrollably against a dress that must have reformed with her last level-up, but is already stretching and snapping apart again! Her rumbling huffs aren't even understandable anymore as you look fearfully up, up, up, *up* at her stats.

Oh. You shouldn't have looked.

ARLEI, LV 57, HOLY MAID

HP: 4,900/4,900

MP: 880/880

STRENGTH: 1,300

DEFENSE: 1,100

DEXTERITY: 950

SPEED: 720

HEIGHT: 5,700'08"...5,830'11"...5,960'02"...

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: AURA, ALL-SMASH 5, BRUNT 5, ECONO 5, ALL-COVER

SPELLS: HEAL 4, CURE ALL, DETOX, RAISE 2, HIGH ARMOR, WARP

Fifty-seven!?

S-she's over a mile tall!?

How many demons can make up 'an army', anyhow? Thousands? Millions!?

This can't go on, clearly. Though Arast holds silent and steady up beyond the clouds overhead, higher than even Arlei stands, it's irrelevant. Presumably, Rizii and Mohz made it there, so they can warp you all over anytime. Probably. For now, stopping Arlei from turning into a being as big as that terrifying High Demon Bat is priority one!

"Byrna!" you shout, going hoarse from that high up (and getting higher, as the maid bulges even larger around you). "Byrna, up here!"

No good. The far smaller giantess is all the way down at Arlei's swelling calves, if even that, the lizard's huge bronze feet getting bigger and bigger behind her as the salamander tongue-whips a roaring cloud of demons away, getting even more EXP as her stats climb and climb. You can see groups of -1 DAMAGE gathering all around her big, curvy body, hardly enough to do a thing to her, as her defense and HP surge upward. Still, it gives you an idea:

"COVER!" you shout, vanishing from the spot.

A mechanic meant to shield nearby party numbers doubles as a one-off warp, in this single instance, as you appear before the horde of demons as one attempts to strike Byrna,

slashing you for -200 DAMAGE!

“FLAME!” Byrna booms, her huge, silky voice blasting you with sound as a wall of fire consumes the nearest of the horde, blowing it away to nothing as you stop hovering in place before her, and fall.

A very warm, glowing, titanic palm catches you carefully, the force of her simple raising up to her looming muzzle actually doing more to mess you up.

“LLOYD! HONEY, YOU’RE OKAY!” the 607-foot female purrs, grinning wide, her tongue lashing out at the next wave of dark, toothy shapes. “THANK GOODNESS! WE SAW THAT SHAFT OF LIGHT, THEN NOTHING! WE HAVEN’T WARPED UP TO ARAST AT ALL, AND THEN THESE STUPID ARMIES ONE SECOND—”

Her humongous, soft feet crash down, scattering the waves with a blast of rising EXP numbers all mingling together in a mess of rewards. Even you feel a sudden tingle as the numbers begin to favor you, as well! You’re engaged with the party, that’s right!

“OKAY, SORRY SWEETHEART,” she coos, shuddering deep as she levels up yet again, blowing out a happy huff as power surges unstoppably inside of her huge body. “OOH! HAH, AHM, NO ONE’S SHOWN UP BUT YOU! WHERE’D YOU EVEN COME FROM?”

“Avros!” you shout.

“BWHU—”

Again, the horde surges, a seemingly endless warm of hissing legion rising, only for Byrna to jump up, lift her thick, chubby legs, and let her monstrous rump and heavy tail crush down with an explosive crash of force, shaking the jungle and mountainside, but not Arlei, who continues to blow up bigger behind you both, her feet overtaking your view.

“Long story,” you begin. “We found the machine, it worked, barely, but when we went in, I was pulled out of that warp, and back into the Avros Guild for summary execution!”

“NO!”

“Yes! But I escaped and warped back to the group tent, which I left in Arlei’s cleavage, just in case I needed to jump back to the party!”

“WELL, I HOPE THIS IS ENOUGH OF A PARTY, FOR YOU, DARLING!”

Again, you tingle, leveling up in record time. If Arlei wasn’t swelling into a 7,600-foot behemoth of pure power behind you and Byrna, this would be *great*.

“Does it look like the army’s letting up any?” you shout-ask the massive female.

“SOMEWHAT, YES! THEY CAN’T BE INFINITE! FLAME!”

Again, Byrna decimates the waves in a scorching net of death. Again, both of you level up! At the very least, your addition to the party should be taking some points from Arlei, though she’s still growing bigger at a frightening clip.

“We need to get the hordes away from her, Byrna! I know you’re huge, too, but please, run into the jungle!”

“ARLEI, DEAR, WE’RE GOING TO DRAW THEM AWAY–”

The sound that answers is from Arlei, but her voice is just too big, too huge. Byrna must take it as confirmation, though, because she thunders into the jungle, her enormous bosom and massively wide hips smashing through ancient trees and ripping vine tangles apart like nothing as the fire-lizard bulges through, her tongue stuck out and wiggling about as she huffs and charges forward.

You look behind you, to see the horde charging into the brush, single-mindedly following you in, leaving the massive giga-maid undisturbed at last! As you watch the canopy overhead start to block her looming body out, you can see one bit of information on her stats:

HEIGHT: 10,790’09”

T-two miles tall!

“HU-HOW FAR IN...DO WE GO, LLOYD?” Byrna chirps, not so much urgently, but curiously. She’s broken into a light jog, so to speak, her building-sized feet slamming rocks and old roads and moss and stream and brush into a samey flat nothing as her tremendous weight reforms the land.

“Keep straight! Once we get to the temple, I’ll get back inside and–”

Everything stops, just then, including Byrna. Strangely, there is no slowing, no skidding of all that chubby, scaly mass to an eventual stop. She just...freezes. You go flying off of her hand, bouncing and clinging as you slowly slide down off of her gigantic breast.

When you make it down to her feet and back away, you realize just how right you actually are: she’s frozen in place, the giantess suspended in time, instantly. You look out behind and see the oncoming horde, only it’s every bit as frozen.

You look to the trees, seeing the disturbed lumber caught in mid-sway, leaves suspended in the air. Everything is suspended. *Suspended in time.*

“At least you were dumb enough to warp somewhere easy to find,” an unwanted voice cuts in, pulling you away from Byrna and the demon army, over to Reb.

The young werebull walks toward you, one hand raised, a yellow ring about one finger glowing bright. You step back, getting your sword ready.

“How?”

“Did I make it here so fast?” the steer huffs, adjusting his glasses indifferently. “I didn’t. I just pulled a little trick of mine, is all. What matters is, there’s no one left to help you. Feel free to defeat me, with your own power, if you prefer. If not, then...Lloyd Garnet, prepare to be executed, by my own hand! At long last!”

Reb raises both clenched fists, snorting, his feet sliding into a fighting stance.

In a blink, he’s in front of you, one fist pulled tight-back. A hard right cross slips through your arm as it pulls your sword out, connecting square to your face with brick-force. A light flashes behind your eyelids as pain fills your skull, your feet lift, and you stagger back into Byrna’s suspended foot, opening your eyes in time to see him coming with the left fist! Before -961 DAMAGE can finish appearing, you duck, resulting in a [MISS] as you slash up, quicker than you thought you could, knocking the bull back into his own stagger for -929 DAMAGE!

You slip up against Byrna’s gigantic, soft foot, sliding back against its side as your sword stays out, shaking. Your stats blink back on around you, now that the battle is started:

LLOYD, LV 37, ADVENTURER

HP: 2,150/2,150

MP: 390/390

STRENGTH: 400

DEFENSE: 440

DEXTERITY: 460

SPEED: 490

HEIGHT: 5’09”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: CONFUSE 3, STEAL 3, COVER, SCREEN, REBUKE 2, SLOW 2, READER

You had leveled up that much, from the horde? No wonder you struck the Avros Guildmaster for that much damage! Incredible!

Conversely, you see the werebull scowl as he rights himself and shakes off the strike, a surge of angry surprise just underneath his exterior.

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 14,071/15,000

MP: 9,000/9,000

You’re only a little under his level! His HP isn’t that high, even! But good grief, his MP

is absurd! You look back at the rings on his fingers, and gulp. All of them must be for status effects or spells. There has to be some reason...there must be something to explain why Reb is so feared, so dangerous...

“Fine, then,” Reb growls, the bull coming right back at you with a flying kick planted on your chest, sending you skidding and bouncing off of Byrna’s foot for -864 DAMAGE, dropping your health down to 325/2150! He hits hard for being so much skinnier than Bre!

You spend your turn on a heal potion, quickly, then counter with:

“SLOW 2!”

A yellow flash overtakes Reb, just as the bull charges with both horns out, ready for goring! His charge slows to a laughable crawl as his face slowly changes from one type of anger to another, entirely. You sidestep with ease and shout:

“REBUKE 2!”

The damage he’s inflicted on you returns, for -1,825 DAMAGE! He winces in slow-motion as he crashes head-down, flipping over gradually, until it’s actually comical.

“GGGGGGGRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!”

He’s more hurt than you are. You’re winning. *You’re winning!*

Still, every fear you have warns you to stay alert, including the brand new fear of how you could possibly be beating the Guildmaster, no strings attached. That’s likely wise.

Still in slow-motion, the bull twists around and readies a hard uppercut, but you slash North and interrupt, slicing Reb deep for -741 DAMAGE! Then, for -611, as you spin back around and lash out clean!

Seeing your attack pattern open up, Reb swings back the other way; though slowed down, he’s intentionally set his fist on a path right to the nadir of your swing arc, successfully smashing you down for a nasty -843 DAMAGE!

You bounce away and scramble to recover as Reb starts to move faster again, slowly coming out of the stat effect with red eyes and grit teeth.

“No...you...don’t!” Reb roars, his eyes murderously focused behind his glasses as he deflect your slash and plants a double-fisted strike on your sides for -795 DAMAGE!

You crumple back some, withering as your side aches, even through your armor.

“SCREEN!”

Again the smoke sprays out, covering the jungle around you as Reb snorts and paws at it, looking for you with no luck. You work around the side, and strike, again and again!

-649 DAMAGE

-864 DAMAGE

-683 DAMAGE

“Damn...it...” Reb can be heard, his speech getting quicker. “DAMN...YOU!”

-887 DAMAGE

He swings wild, missing you by a huge margin, and you strike again.

-759 DAMAGE

7,052/15,000 HP

You’ve gotten one of the most feared opponents in the realm down to half his health! If you just stay careful, you might actually do this! Before the smoke clears, you shout:

“READER!”

“NO!” Reb bellows, trying to swing at the sound of your voice; he knows what it is!

STRONG AGAINST RANGED ATTACKS

WEAK POINT: BACK OF NECK

That’s it!

Of course, finding that exact point in your own smoke is somewhat difficult; you can hear his feet shifting as he tries to anticipate where you’ll come from—and unfortunately, he’s good at it. As you swoop in for a slash he twists and jabs high, narrowly missing you through the cloud, and you deal a more expected -813 DAMAGE, pushing his health even lower, still.

“You think I’ll...let you anywhere...near that point, Garnet...then you’re insane!”

-841 DAMAGE, another hit landed!

-907 DAMAGE!

Another fist sails by, again narrowly missing. Despite it all, he’s fast, and too close for comfort; you’re down to 512 HP, yourself, you realize, meaning one good hit would be your end, so you back off a few paces, and take out your second health potion, using it quickly.

The smoke begins to clear again, leaving a very upset Reb at a humbling 5,304/15,000 HP. He looks everywhere, fuming openly, his cool exterior cracking away as he shakes his bull head and stomps the ground.

“Alright, where are you? Where could you possibly hope to—”

“COVER!”

You flash back up over the suspended Byrna, all the way back up at her breasts. By the time Reb can even look up and around, you’re diving down behind him, sword out. You strike precisely at the small of the bull’s exposed neck, making him cough in pain as he falls forward for -4,829 DAMAGE! *CRITICAL!*

Reb wheezes, flashing an ugly red shade as he wobbles upright, turns to face you, and huffs, panting openly, his stance troubled and loose.

“Heh,” the werebull groans, laughing a little bit. “That was...huh.”

You charge in, wasting no initiative, and Reb’s bulky fist and rings slam into you with exact timing, bashing you for -984 DAMAGE—but you’ve slashed him at the same time for -794 DAMAGE, making him erupt into ashes!

You did it.

You turn to see the remnants of the Guildmaster flitter off to nothing, and you stop a moment to catch your breath. It took two out of three potions, but you defeated him. On your own. Just...*you*.

You take a moment longer to savor it, before you open your eyes, and see that everyone and everything still seems to be suspended. You wait, staring, watching for any sign that Byrna is about to come back to time, but she remains. Behind her, the demon legion remains as it was. Finally, a pinprick of concern arises.

“Uh,” you begin, before you’re hit by a wall of ice for -4,687 DAMAGE, wiping you out completely. Your vision falters, then bleeds into nothing as you pass out.

For a time, you just hover in nothingness, so you perhaps think, not quite being anything, but not quite nothing either. Is your soul fading out? What was this?

You had never really died before, your years of caution and cowardice had seen to it.

You think you might be thinking, but there isn’t enough of you to really know.

Light floods back in, hurting the eyes you were starting to forget you had.

That light pulls into shapes, and one of them is yelling at you. Maybe.

“Lloyd!” Mohz shouts, the kirin damn-near yanking you up onto your feet with his huge, powerful arm. “That’s it, up you go, there’s a lad!”

“Mohz.”

You say it like you’re teaching your brain a crash course in *right now*; you look past the hulking kirin mage, at the even-bigger Rizii, who knocks something back with her cleaver, something that skids back and crashes into a tree, toppling it in two at the base.

“Wake up, twerp!” Rizii booms, impatient and relieved at the same time. “We’ve got a boss to beat, come on! Hop to!”

“Beat the boss,” you mumble, shaking your head awake again.

Your vision clears all the way as the smoke clears around the snapped tree. To your horror, Reb steps out of it, his tunic tattered, his glasses intact, and several rings glowing on the fingers of one raised hand.

“What?” you gawk, snapping to attention. “Reb! I...but, I killed him!”

“Seriously?” Rizii gasps. “You took a boss down?”

“He did pretty well, I’ll grant that much,” Reb calmly says, the slender werebull dusting himself off. “I can’t believe he outmaneuvered me, there. I learned a lot about what he can do—and he foolishly blew through most of his best options, thinking it would be enough. You really should keep a few aces up your sleeve, Garnet!”

At that, Reb raises up both hands, revealing all the rings thereon.

“All I lost there was the use of my time ring, for...about five more minutes, I think. The Ice ring should cycle back into use in about ten. All I needed was a single shadow to figure you out. Let’s see how much I can get out of your comrades, Garnet!”

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 10,100/12,000

MP: 8,600/9,000

“No,” you moan, nearly fainting outright. “No! You have that many spell rings, and a shadow ring!? How...”

“Spoils of many old quests, shared by my...shared by Bre,” Red grumbles, wincing at the mention. “The Time ring is what brought up my consideration for leadership, you know. Bre had her chance, as well, but was good enough to allow me to ascend to Guildmaster. And *this* ring...”

A scarlet ring flashes bright, and red light overtakes all three of you, then him last.

“Is a Mimic’s ring.”

At that, Reb's tunic begins to stretch out wide as a series of bulges tent out into definition, gradually swelling larger and thicker. The bull glowers through his glasses as you watch him rumble and expand, his lithe, slender arms gorging on power, growing into swollen mounds of brawn, his pectorals heaving out so big that the top collar strains against them, forcing them to swell dominantly up against his chin as his neck booms wider.

"Oh, great," Rizii snarls, as her size copies and floods into Reb, making the rumbling cow boom bigger, and bigger, his bulk gaining to match her own as his tunic rips at the sleeves, his pants tearing open, a massive shaft tenting in between the apertures as his thighs bloat too large to contain. You feel yourself thump against Byrna's stilled foot again as you watch the steer heave larger, and larger, successive rips singing as his muscles overflow too large, the 20-foot giant letting his clothing split wide open as he pops his swelling neck, trembles, and bursts loudly to 30 feet, matching Rizii's exact bulk! The glow surrounding Mohz lights up next, pushing the bull 7 feet larger, with another surge of tight bulk, outclassing even the mighty kobold warrior!

"If I didn't take precautions in advance," Reb rumbles heavily, his gigantic voice thunder in a body, "I'd have turned into a kobold, outright. Or a kirin. Not a terrible thought, but I prefer to remain myself."

One foot slams forward, shaking the ground. You get your sword back out, despite the sight of the giant advancing on Rizii, cracking his enlarged knuckles calmly.

"Come on, hit me," he dares, coolly goading the almost-as-big kobold. "I know who you are. Your Guild is a bit...lax on its roster requirements. Do you send all your dues back to your family in that mud pit of yours?"

Rizii flushes dark at the muzzle, snarling.

"What's it matter?" she huffs, controlling herself, even as her blue muscles burst thicker with tension and strain. "You got something to say, leather-flap?"

"Funny talk, from a handbag," Reb laughs, and not in a friendly way. "Maybe the Avros Guild could buy your hovel out, and make a set to go with you. Then, you'd be worth something."

Rizii's yellow eyes widen in rage, and you can see things slipping.

"Put him down, Rizii!" you shout, breaking it up. "Clobber him!"

Mohz is already chanting, nearby. Something big, it would have to be.

"GLADLY!" the kobold roars, bringing her cleaver down square onto Reb's head, straight between his thickened, curling black horns. The brown fur flares out from wind passage as it connects for a catastrophic -7,537 DAMAGE, a monster blow!

The ground underfoot cracks and bursts as Reb grunts in pain, but takes the hit. His glasses remain perched in place, having grown to match his muzzle bridge's proportions.

"Good," Reb huffs, flexing so hard that her cleaver bounces back at Rizii, making her blink in shock. "That's not bad at all! Maybe I was too hard on you. Hmm."

An uppercut to Rizii's belly leaves her doubling over, stumbling back with an opened maw and bulging eyes, as her knees shake. She stands her ground, but her breathing is harsh, and at -1,306 DAMAGE, you can see why. Her health plummets to 594/1,990, making her suck in air to recover, her huge breasts bobbling back to form as she straightens out.

"B-big deal," she huffs, readying her cleaver again.

"It is, somewhat," Reb smirks. "Your defense is absolutely remarkable, I'll add that too. Anyone else would have died instantly, having that level of power thrown back at them. I'm rather glad I saved my mimicking for you, kobold. You know, my sister was always the bigger one, hah. It's...very interesting, to be bigger than her—"

"THUNDER 4."

A surge of lightning consumes the huge bull, making him clench up. His teeth grit as smoke rises off of his cooking fur, before he bursts with bolts of golden wrath for -4,718 DAMAGE, annihilating the gigantic werebull to ashes.

"I had him, Mohz," Rizii wheezes, her cocky smile slipping into a pained wince as she wobbles in place. You run up to her, hugging her thigh muscles tight.

"That was incredible, Rizii, Mohz," you sigh, nodding thankfully. "Thanks for bringing me back, there. I thought I was dead forever, after that cheap shot, and you two being warped up to Arast."

"Oh, we didn't warp," Mohz chuckles.

"What?"

"Yeah, you just kind of ran in before us, and the beam shut back down," Rizii admits.

"What?" you balk. "But you were right behind me! I thought we all went in!"

"Where did you get to, then, if you're back here? We went looking for you, then saw Arlei and Byrna fighting, but then Byrna charged in here for some reason, and hey."

"I wound up tricked into warping into Avros," you sigh.

"Then that bull really is Reb?" Mohz hums, impressed. "The Guildmaster of the strongest Guild in the world, and you not only outsmarted him and escaped, but destroyed him!"

“His shadow, anyway,” you mutter, dejected. “Wait.”

You see that Byrna still isn’t moving any.

“Uh-oh.”

“What?” Rizii huffs, still panting.

“Mohz, how many times can a shadow be made by the same creator?”

“It depends. Shadowcast is a very dangerous art for both sides. The creator can make one copy at a time of themselves, and if that copy perishes, since it takes a part of the creator to maintain, then that damage passes back to the creator, somewhat. To keep using shadows, one would lose more and more of their own base HP, per loss. You can’t slip below 1 point, but you become unbelievably vulnerable. The slightest damage would kill.”

“And does each shadow start fresh?” you press, quickly.

“It depends on the level of sophistication. A high-grade talisman like the rings on his fingers would offer great control. One could even reform a new shadow, just like the one before, and while the shadow’s *rings* don’t reset, they do obey the original’s rules, and can be reused after varying spans of time. After all, they are technically extant copies, they are *real*. Now, for someone as advanced as Reb...those charge times could be mere minutes, really. In a long fight, he could cast plenty of spells, plenty of times, so long as he’s given the chance to recharge. And, as long as the original exists in safety, well. I can see why he’s so feared, honestly. It is a challenge.”

“There’s no experience coming,” you mutter, “meaning—”

“FLAME 4!”

A great blast of hellfire envelops you all, save for Mohz; his reflect shell shows itself as you and Rizii burn, returning the fire back to Reb as he reenters the fray for -4,802 DAMAGE, blowing both you and Rizii away in a blink.

The darkness is back again, you don’t even have time to process it.

When you return to life, your armor un-charred, your hair and skin clear and healed, you can see Mohz standing in front of you, taking a direct hit to the stomach from the new Reb shadow, who still looms at a copied 37 feet, covered in bulk, hitting Mohz for -1,118 DAMAGE.

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER
HP: 5,198/10,000
MP: 8,000/9,000

At 1,652 HP, Mohz stands strong, his muscles bursting through his ripping robes from how hard he flexed to diminish the blow. You look about, but don't see Rizii yet.

"Can't reflect that, can you, mage?" Reb chuckles, rolling his humongous shoulder smugly. "I didn't think as much."

Mohz leans in and plants a double-fisted smash into the larger bull's thigh for -926 DAMAGE; it's not as strong as Rizii, but it remains impressive.

"That's not going to do it, little deer," Reb huffs, raising a fist.

As he does, you're already rifling through the bag. You pull out the red transference jewel, and activate it, throwing it so that it thumps Mohz' muscled back. The huge kirin gasps, genuinely surprised, as it covers him with brilliant blood-red light!

"Haaaah!"

Reb grunts as Mohz inflates even stronger, his calm eyes glowing bright as the surge pumps his huge bulk even larger, still! Off far in the distance, Arlei can be heard grunting as well, as you activate the blue and green jewels right after—Rizii doesn't seem to have been raised back yet, so you think fast, and throw them over onto Byrna's foot, letting them cover her towering, suspended body in dual glows.

"Very...cute!" Reb growls, the hulking bull pushing back, as the smaller kirin's muscles swell to easily match his own! Despite the height gap, Mohz pulls out of their brief grapple, winds up, and hits the cow in the stomach, deep, for a hefty -1,433 DAMAGE, then an uppercut for -1,288, the kirin's swollen bicep swelling even tighter and larger, condensing into diamond underneath stretching fur.

Reb wobbles back, pitching against his new weight and size, before rolling his boulder-shoulders and flexing his chest hard, his huge body flashing red once again.

"Another surprise," the steer rumbles, as if granting some small, magnanimous charity. "I'm learning more than I planned! Very useful!"

A lunging rush, a raised elbow, and a Southern blow to Mohz's neck sends even the mighty kirin bouncing back for -1,399, putting the great mage in the red as well.

"PARALYZE!"

The bull's green ring on one hand flashes, and Mohz freezes in place, his eyes darting, his muscles straining in mid-motion as he's halfway to standing. It's not a time spell, you can see Mohz thinking, his eyes twitching as he watches Reb pull back for a final punch.

Behind you, Byrna's entire body is rapidly swelling larger, as blue size pours in from a moaning Arlei, off in the distance, the 600-plus foot reptile swelling higher and higher; her

frozen head and blepping tongue push through the canopy as she loudly groans with power, her amply reptilian curves ballooning even greater, her green-glowing breasts exploding half again as big, until they consume sight of her arms, and begin to match her massively-wide hips!

“Hmm?” Reb hums, stopping to look up, as the weight of Byrna’s overloaded, surging breasts pulls the rest of her forward.

Not knowing if she’s even aware of it or not, in her state, you slash away at the ground around her huge toes with your sword, frantically digging as much of a trench as you can! It proves enough, as in seconds her already-900-foot body starts to dip forth, her still-growing breasts so heavy, so full and swollen, that they send her pitching over, right onto Reb!

You throw yourself into Mohz, barely large enough to even-partially budge the kirin’s overblown physique—but it’s just enough to inch him back as Byrna’s growing body careens down over the jungle floor!

“Oh,” Reb gulps, just as the 1,300-foot tall giantess crashes down, obliterating the bull entirely on impact!

The surging salamander rumbles bigger and bigger, yet, and you realize: you have no idea how much transference is taking place...but you took from a nearly two-mile tall Arlei! More and more flows into Byrna’s warm, suspended bulk as she lays there, breasts down, her head pushing out into the crashing trees, the canopy clearing away as she relentlessly expands, larger, and larger, and larger, and larger!

You and Mohz both go sailing back as the side of her colossal, mashed breast inflates into you, shoving farther and farther away through the splintering jungle. You hold onto Mohz, whose eyes seem even wider all the while, his muzzle mashed by hot side-breast, threatening to rise up and swallow you both up completely with one wrong move!

“What do I have, what,” you mutter, frantically digging through the bag.

You can imagine Byrna crying out in delight as her body expands on and on, cratering down into the smashed jungle ruins, lying down at over 3,000 feet long/tall, and still growing! 3,300 feet...3,700 feet...4,000 feet! She...she isn’t stopping!

“Yes!” you shout, as you pull one single antidote from out your bag. You pour it over Mohz immediately, hoping that it works on paralysis, and seconds later the huge kirin gasps and flails back to life, shaking his head, even as Byrna’s chest keeps pummeling into his muzzle and body as it grows.

“G-good work!” Mohz huffs, protectively shielding you in his monstrous arms and soft fur. “Did that crush him?”

“It did! I think we have a minute to regroup, before he comes back! O-once she stops...getting...bigger!”

“How much size is she taking!?” the kirin asks, over the sheer din of cracking trees and rumbling terrain. “She’s...getting fairly enormous!”

Indeed.

Byrna’s suspended body keeps blasting bigger, in huge, greedy gulps of growth, her hips smashing countless trees away as her rump, tail and backside get too big to conceal! The canopy itself starts to part submissively about her form as it grows to over 4,500 feet long/tall, her plump cheeks many hundreds of feet higher than the jungle as she shudders and booms to 4,800 feet, then 5,400, her hips impossibly wide, her thighs monstrosly laden with supple curves and taut, bulging scales!

“Can you s-start raising Rizii?” you ask, as you administer the last heal potion on Mohz, bringing his health all the way back up.

“Already on it, Lloyd, yes!”

“Let’s get to higher ground first! Warp us to the temple!”

“You aren’t worried you’ll warp back to Avros?”

“I saw the pylons the first time in, there’s no way they’re left standing with Byrna getting this huge! She has to have crushed them, it should be safe! Let’s try!”

“WARP!”

Mercifully enough, you do indeed appear inside the far end courtyard of the temple, the machine in front of you once again. Outside, you feel the vibrations catching up as Byrna’s nonstop growth pushes her reptilian head into the outer stairs, up along it, smashing through everything as she bulldozes bigger and heavier against the front of the entire thing.

At 6,150 feet, exactly, the titanic female *finally* stops, her humongous body resting.

Silence follows the last of the aftershocks as you and Mohz listen, then relax a moment.

“I think that’s it, Mohz,” you sigh. “Rizii, quick, please!”

“Of course, friend!”

You don’t have anything left to heal yourselves with. With Arlei removed, it’s all offense, or nothing at all, and you know it. If you use all your magic potions on Mohz, then you’ll only have whatever Arlei has on hand, MP-wise, to keep alive with, until you can get another tent.

With Byrna’s humongous head blocking the front of the temple, that leaves only the back entrances, if there are any—

THOOM!

Reb crashes down, cracking the stone floor on impact, having dropped in from the skylight itself above. His still-huge body ripples with power before he rises in full, then looks to Mohz first.

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 8,000/8,000

MP: 6,300/9,000

“RAISE 3!” the kirin shouts, just as the werebull raises a giant hand, a light blue ring glowing brightly, covering him in a reflect shell, the same as Mohz.

Rizii rematerializes nearby, but the kobold wastes no time:

“BATTLECRY!”

She barks the skill out as, of all present, Mohz is covered in light.

“Me?” he asks, perking his ears curiously.

“Speedier spells!” she says, grinning wide.

“He has REFLECT, Rizii!” you shout.

“He’s right!” Reb laughs, the slightly-bigger cow lording himself over the huge kobold. “Spell away, all you like, deer! You can’t cure yourself, it’d bounce...and you can’t heal anyone else, otherwise you would have by now. Offensively, your magic is useless. So go on, make your move. In fact, I’ll watch! I’m intrigued!”

A pattern is forming, in your eyes. Reb can’t resist being smarter than everyone else in the room, and you think Rizii’s picked up on it, too. So, what is she planning?

“Lloyd,” the kobold says, turning to you with a firm nod. “Elixir me! Patch me! Both, now! I got an idea!”

You go pale. You get it, but you nearly faint from the suggestion of it. Yet, you’re outmatched entirely, and this is the only thing Reb has no momentary contingency for. You take both out as Reb watches, his brows furrowing the tiniest bit.

“Patch?” he rumbles, as you run over and toss Rizii the elixir, using your other gloved hand to slap the high-grad Hurthga Sigil onto her rear, making the kobold giggle.

“You’re the best, twerp!” she chuckles, the huge kobold making sure to note the shift in

Reb's expression as it slips from smug humoring to shock, then outright fear, as Rizii starts to rumble all over. "BUFF 3!"

"BUFF 4!" Mohz shouts, everyone getting the same insane idea at once.

Rizii pours the elixir over her breasts and gulps the rest down greedily, snorting cutely as it soaks into her 30-foot body, at the same time the sigil activates, at the same time both BUFF spells hit. You saw what strange permanent effect an elixir combined with buffing did for the kobold, it blew her up far larger, and stuck—which is why you're scrambling like mad to get clear of the area, because *damn*.

Reb steps back as the shuddering kobold cackles and huffs, her body trembling and bulging out at strange, insane angles, electric bolts snapping over her stretching scales as she drools and flexes hungrily, blowing up immediately from 30 to 90 feet, in one thick gush of muscle and height!

"YEEEEEESSSS..."

"WARP!"

You and Mohz vanish from sight as Rizii shows teeth, her head and ears and stubby horns blowing up into the cracking courtyard ceiling, forcing her ballooning breasts and fat teats and surging shoulders higher and higher into them as she booms to 400 feet!

"GET READY TO LOSE...AGAIN...TINY!"

Her voice swells deeper as she laughs and roars, bursting even bigger! Reb lows and stumbles back before Rizii's chest explodes out over him, her quivering, growing muscles already flooding the courtyard, crushing into the machine, smothering the stones and cracking pillars as her body has nowhere left to grow!

700 feet...900 feet...1,100 feet!

Rizii moans in utter bliss, the ceiling snapping and popping and splitting apart, allowing mound after shuddering mound of blue muscle to balloon out, as the sigil mixes with the elixir and the buffs altogether...j

You reappear atop Byrna's huge head, up on the backside, her immense body still frozen, face-down. Her upper head crushed part-way into the temple's front, as you imagined.

"Still!?" you huff, knocking on her soft, smooth scales, as if it would help.

"It should wear off soon, I think," Mohz sighs. "We had best reenlist Arlei into the party, Lloyd, if we want to stand a chance against whatever is next!"

"Right. We need to figure out how to find Reb's true body, or else this will keep going on,

and he'll win by attrition. How much of a range is there, to shadowcasting?"

Mohz thinks.

"Not a terribly big one, overall."

"So, he couldn't be casting from, say, all the way back at Avros?"

"No, that's much too far to sustain, even for him. He likely warped near here based off of his intel, and is holed up for safety."

"What happens when a copy dies? I know you mentioned HP loss, but does anything go back to the creator?"

"Certainly, the size and power."

"Meaning, he's briefly grown that big, then put it back into a copy?"

"It's another form of transference, in a way, yes."

"Then, he needs somewhere that he can keep reabsorbing that size, without revealing himself to us. Not that he gets as big as other bosses, but still. If he can stay hidden, even at 37 feet tall, then we're out of luck—"

The entire top of the temple shears away as the landscape rattles and quakes; you both look up from on top of Byrna as Rizii's gargantuan body hatches from it like a brittle old egg! A kobold over 3,000 feet tall blasts up and up through, her hips and bulging blue thighs tearing the walls away like nothing as she bellows into the sky, shakes violently, and erupts even bigger!

"Egads, it really worked!" you balk, watching with Mohz as the once-little kobold female blows up into the air, consuming your view entirely as her feet burst through the last of the walls, her back muscles exploding so large that they overtake the rest of her as she cries in delirious joy and balloons up to 4,000 feet, then 5,000!

The jungle groans as she keeps growing up over it, a looming, musclebound goddess of pure strength! Her biceps are impossible to measure, their evergrowing circumference enough to drive a mortal mad as they flare and tighten, yet burst bigger still! Her thighs erupt in messy, loud bulges, her nipples stone-hard and throbbing as she pants and strains happily, then bursts up to 6,000 feet, then 7,000!

"I...I didn't know the high-grade sigils were enough to put someone on par with King Endid!" you shout over the quaking growth surges.

"So it would seem...only, she was fool enough to throw everything else in with it! I can't imagine what her base size will be left at, after the battle ends! If we survive!"

“You threw in, too!”

“Haha! I did!”

Rizii screams as a thick wave of muscle overflows her form, getting so tremendously full that, even at 8,000 feet in height, she’s having trouble containing it! Her heartbeat is growing so strong that it shakes the jungle far below, the mountains quaking as the meager clenching of clawed toes cracks the firmament. Her strength is getting...out of control! But she’s *still* getting bigger, and bigger!

“BEEEEE...H...H-HAAAAAVE!”

The godly colossus roars, flexing so powerfully that you can see some of it happening down in the closer atmospheric ranges: her billowing muscles tense all the way in, the kobold so horribly strong that she overpowers her own bulk into proper definition, forcing her own muscles to contract to something useable, using...her own muscle!

“BETT-TTERRRR!”

“This is beyond overkill!” you moan, already regretting giving Rizii such immense power-ups in tandem, as you see the stupefying results. No wonder no one was crazy enough to experiment like this!

With a final grunt of pleasure, Rizii burst-burst-bursts rapidly up, up, up, blowing clear past the 10,000-foot range, swelling with a lusty whimper to a whopping, phenomenal 13,600 feet, over two and a half miles tall! So much muscle covers her that no all below, there’s no way to make out her head or trunk-thick neck, though you know she’s smiling bright.

“THAT’S MORE LIKE IT! HAHA!”

You watch as she ponderously lifts a village-sized foot, then lets the warm soles crash back down, shaking everything for miles as you see -39,800 DAMAGE! CRITICAL!! appear where Reb has been very-much crushed to nothing.

“That buys us a minute!” you sigh, as you feel the ‘ground’ beneath you and Mohz shift.

“FLOAT!”

At the kirin’s command, you and he rise up, just as Byrna’s massive body starts to shift and move, returning to time in full.

“ALMOST THERE!” Byrna roars, the tremendously-enlarged female trying to keep running, as she lies face and breast-down on the cratered jungle, tearing everything up as she splutters and rears upright, wide-eyed. “GOODNESS, WHAT–”

She looks down, then cranes her neck, straining to see past her incredibly huge chest and

fat teats. She finally realizes that the jungle is below her, hugging her vast, curvy hips, and squeaks. Yes, *squeaks*.

“Byrna!” you shout, as well as you can, to no avail. She’s the size of an entire town, after all. Rizii looms even higher than her, over twice her monstrous size, and more muscle bound than ever before. She could body slam the mighty gryphon King, at this rate! “Mohz, would you?”

The kirin chuckles, his even-bulkier self nodding gently. With his overgrown neck and throat muscles, to even your surprise, it comes out as a cannon blast of sound:

“BYRNA, MY DEAR! OVER HERE!”

A massive set of light-violet eyes fills your horizon as she cocks her head cutely in your direction, squinting. Her boof of flame-tuft whips behind her head, throwing winds into your path, blowing you back some. Her gorgeous eyes widen.

“LLOYD, MOHZ! OH, GOOD! YOU...OH, I REALLY GREW, DIDN’T I? I THOUGHT I WAS BIG, BEFORE, HEAVENS! IS THAT CARPET DOWN THERE...IS THAT THE JUNGLE!?”

“**YEAH!**” Rizii thunder-booms, up beyond, making even Byrna cry out in shock at the sight of her looming so high up. “**ISN’T IT GREAT, DARLING? LOOKIT!**”

Byrna stares at the raw planetoids of muscle the kobold has blown up into. She blinks. She squeals and leaps to her huge feet, her thighs wobbling on impact with a warping landscape as *that much bulk* hits it.

“RIZII!” she chirps, looking up and down rapidly, her fat, plump tail wiggling all over in delight. “OOOH, LOOK AT YOU! OH, YOU...YOU’RE GLORIOUS! HEEHEE! I COULD EAT YOU UP, DEAR!”

“**PUH, JUST YOU TRY! SERIOUSLY, DO IT! GEHEHEH!**”

The two lizards squeeze in tenderly, Rizii’s boundlessly huge muscles somehow gentle and kind with the chubby, glowing female, though her sheer bust size makes hugging a...memorable proposition.

“Ladies, please,” Mohz bellow-speaks, just powerful enough to be heard. The two look your way, mid-kiss, their sky-consuming muzzles pressing cutely in, tighter, though their eyes are attentive. “Reb is likely already coming back, as we...speak.”

“OH?” Byrna purrs, nuzzling up under Rizii’s vast jawline, easily held up off the terrain by the even-bigger kobold goddess. “WHO’S REB?”

“THUNDER 4!”

A burst of lightning sizzles into Rizii's thick calf muscles for -250 DAMAGE, as another Reb shadow floats its way up to you, two rings flickering out of momentary power.

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 6,000/6,000

MP: 5,500/9,000

"OH," Byrna huffs, resuming a hot kiss with Rizii's much bigger muzzle, nuzzling into it happily, shuddering hard.

"Degenerates," Reb snorts, shaking his head. "All that power, and that's what you fools do with it? Pathetic! Unforgivable!"

"Your sister was no better," Mohz shouts back, folding his huge arms.

"Please," the floating werebull groans, crossing his even-bigger arms back. "Don't even try comparing her to you. Sure, she had power, raw muscle, but she was one of us, her weapon was her intellect, not her size! You think I need this? This is a boon, a tool, and convenience! I never needed to be big, to succeed, unlike you compensators!"

"All of this is runoff from Arlei, is why!" you shout back, floating nearer. "It all spun out of control, I admit it! But this is happening for a reason, there's a reason for this escalation!"

"Spare me, Garnet," Reb sneers, fixing his massive glasses coldly. "Do you know anything at all? The only reason we have giants in this world is because they're distant relations to the Gods themselves, nephilim diluted over and over and over again, until they're just oversized, resource-consuming mortals. Did you know that?"

You pause.

"Did you know that the Archmage wanted to be better than them? Hmm?"

Mohz purses his lip, looking away.

"Arlei's power comes directly from Heaven, from that side of the Gods' power, and the Gods are beings so enormous that it'd break even those two sleazy reptiles' minds, even at their size! Why do you think the Archmage attacked these areas first? The ones closest to giants? Revenge! The only reason size isn't everything to mortals is because they don't know it's the language of higher beings! And that's the thing...the one thing I agree with the Archmage on. It's stupid! We can rely on our own powers! We don't need to be BIGGER!"

With that Reb takes off, blasting at top speed towards you all.

"ICE 4!" he bellows, as another ring glows bright on his finger—

Rizii's 990-foot fist connects, punching Reb so brutally hard that he's blown away, before the -25,900 DAMAGE even shows up.

"NO," the monumentally big-big kobold huffs, dismissively turning back to kiss on Byrna yet again, the huge females carelessly enjoying one another at colossal size.

You relax a bit, but not much.

"I...I supposed they've got us covered, then, yes?" you ask.

"It looks that way, haha," Mohz laughs, wagging his smaller, deer-like tail behind his ripped robe's scraps and heaving muscles. "Let's see to Arlei, then."

You finally think to turn around, and you see her, far off beyond the jungle.

There the giga-maid reptile remains, dutifully, idly smushing the last waves of the remaining demon army, including whatever portion was chasing Byrna earlier. She's dropped down to about 5,000 feet, but her crushings and smashings are racking up EXP again, and she's steadily starting to tremble and bulge back up to 5,500 feet, then 6,000.

You had better get over there quickly, after all!

"Halt, you scum!"

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 4,000/4,000

MP: 4,700/9,000

Another Reb floats up to the air before you, cutting you and Mohz off, His reflect shell remains, as does his copied muscle and giant size, the 37-foot hulk of a bull tensing up for another attack.

"You're outmatched, now," Mohz booms, meaning every word.

"I thought you were smarter than this, deer," Reb sighs, shaking his head. You can't lay one spell on me. I won't go getting hit by that oversized thug of yours again, either!"

Rizii's now-gargantuan cleaver swings, throwing out a gust of gale-force wind as Reb artfully dodges, a SPEED spell glowing amber from another ring. She swings again, but he dodges without much effort, and darts through the skies in a streak, bashing into Mohz for -1,289 DAMAGE, sending the kirin flying back.

"As for you, Garnet," the bull huffs, glaring down at you. "I don't need that much bother to swat you down. But, just the same, hold still. It'll help."

"STEAL 3!" you shout, more as a diversion than anything else.

To your surprise, it works! One ring vanishes from his fingers, making the bull grunt in amazement. He looks the hand over, then laughs.

“That’s it?” he snarls, grinning cruelly. “You stole one from a copy! Well, congratulations, if you can even figure out how to use it!”

Your bag shifts slightly as the item appears, within it. The bull is rearing to attack, but the momentary diversion is time enough!

“REFLECT!”

You hear Mohz bellow the spell, just as a large reflect shell glows blue around your floating body. The werebull moans, annoyed.

“I wasn’t going to use a spell on you. Of all the stupid wastes of–”

“FLAME 4!”

You gasp as a terrible shelf of hellfire engulfs you, of all people! Yet, the spell shudders, then blows off, parried away by the shell, bouncing directly into Reb! An indirect casting! There’s no blocking that, is there!?

“AHHHH–”

The bull roars in agony as the fires consume him for a brutal -5,507 DAMAGE, knocking him back in a smoldering ball of burnt fur and rage that flits away to oblivion.

“We can’t heal each other, and even sped up, my spellcasting can’t keep us all healed and alive,” Mohz pants, rising back up to you. “Matter of fact...I could kindly do with a magic potion, please.”

You gladly throw one over, before you hear:

“HASTE 3!”

A bright flash of violet, and immediately another Reb is before you. This one, though...oh, this one looks good and *mad*.

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER
HP: 2,000/2,000
MP: 3,200/9,000

“Enough of this garbage farce!” he seethes, shaking with anger. “My fault for being cocky, yes? Guess I learned better, didn’t I?”

He raises his hands up, and as time passes faster, you see every single ring flash bright again, each and every one ready to reuse.

“Oh, dear,” Mohz gulps. “We can’t let this copy live! It’s the last one he has before he reaches 1 HP! He’s going to put everything into this! Kill him, now!”

“*Mimic.*”

A pulse overtakes the air over the half-smashed jungle as a red glow covers you, covers Mohz, covers Byrna, Rizii, the entire party!

To your spiking terror, every bit of size and muscle between you all copies over into Reb, and the rumbling bull’s maw opens in a primal roar as far, far too much rushes in, at once, his body stretching and warping as it *detonates* in size.

A kirin’s horn bursts from his growing forehead as scales patch all around his thick, growing fur, which begins to blaze and glow the same manner that Byrna’s tuft does. Smaller kobold knubs push up before his bull horns as his thick muscles explode even larger than Rizii’s, his body surging out of all control as it erupts from 40 feet to 400...then to 1,000...

“G...GHAAAAAAAAAAGH!”

His pectorals overwhelm his entire body, before it too bursts up to match, his horns pushing into tremendous, looping curls, his erection bobbing and stiffening as that much power has to find anywhere it can to flood, making his tip blaze hot as Byrna’s fire swells within his scaled, furred, growing body. His eyes bulge as he explodes, blasting up to 3,000 feet, then 7,000, each burst stronger, each spurt bigger, meaner, heavier!

“He’s taking from everyone, at once,” Mohz gasps. “You fool!”

“W-WHAT D-DO I CARE!?” Reb boom-quakes, his voice spewing flame and power as he b-bursts up to Rizii’s colossal size, his hooves smashing down on the ground as he grows too big to keep off of it anymore. “I-I’LL JUST GO ON AS A GOD-COPY, WON’T IT? IT WON’T AFFECT THE REAL ME, HAHA! I CAN BE SMALL AND GIGANTIC! AND WITH HASTE 3 IN PLAY...I’LL BE ABLE TO MIMIC YOU *AGAIN*, IN A MINUTE!”

“Your body can’t possibly handle this, copy or not!”

“CHALK IT UP TO A L...LUH-LEARNING EXPERIENCE!” the ever-growing titan bellows, his muscles billowing to nearly twice Rizii’s size, to the point of presumed immobility! “IF THIS BODY BLOWS, THEN I SU-SUPPOSE IT’LL SIMPLY...TAKE YOU ALL...WITH ME, WON’T IT!? I WIN, E-EITHER WAAAAAYAAAAAUGH!”

Reb’s throbbing bulk swells even bigger, pulsing up toward the clouds as he laughs, both in victory and in severe pain. Even Rizii takes a shuddering step back as he surges to her size, shudders, then lurches up bigger, finally halting at 17,000 feet in size, over 3 miles tall.

“HAAAAAH...BIGGER...THAN BRE EVER GREW!” he blast-talks, shaking the world over. ***“I...CAN DO BETTER...THAN THAT!”***

The hybrid werebull-beast snarls dominantly, his every labored breath stretching his swollen, blazing-hot chest out before him. He turns to Rizii, his glowing eyes narrowing to nasty slits up above.

“FIRST OFF.”

Though he faces Rizii, he points his fist to Mohz, and the time ring flashes, suspending the kirin mid-spell; his body falls to the jungle, unable to sustain its floatation, leaving you, Byrna and Rizzi before the looming colossus.

“Mohz!” you shout, as you turn to see Rizii pummeling Reb in the face, smashing her vast cleaver into it with a hard, smashing impact, for -719 DAMAGE! His defense is mind-shatteringly overgrown!

“THEN YOU, HANDBAG.”

His even-bigger fist slams into Rizii as she shoves Byrna back, smashing her for -935 DAMAGE! Still, the titanic kobold goddess has 805 HP left, and in her anger she wastes no time in hitting back.

“DEFENSE 5!”

“SMASH 3!”

Another ring sputters out as a wall of orange absorbs the majority of the blow, leaving the massive, landscape-dwarfing werebull down only -367 DAMAGE, leaving just over half his final HP gone! Even outsized, even with his shielding, Rizii’s so strong that—

“BUFF 5!”

Frighteningly, Reb’s already-overpowered, oversized, body-smothering muscles erupt even *BIGGER*, so much power flowing through his girth that even his huge brawn screams from the growth, trying to stay intact as seams of scale and fur stretch too far! Biceps half the size of Rizii’s colossal breasts tighten painfully as he slams the kobold so terribly hard, with such bone-snapping force, that Rizii withers, internally.

-13,623 DAMAGE!

Byrna screams something too big to understand as Rizii’s eyes roll back, empty and spent, her multi-mile body blown down into the ruins with a crash that kicks up debris for a full mile in height.

With no sign of Mohz, she stays there, good and done. *Crushed.*

“BABY,” Byrna sobs, her lips pursing up as the far-bigger hybrid-bull stomps to face her. “Baby, wake up! Rizii!”

“YOU DEGENERATES LIKE THIS, DO YOU?” Reb rumbles, glowering down at the smaller salamander. “YOU ENJOY BEING THIS HUGE, FOR ITS OWN SAKE? WELL, I’M NOT A HARD-HEART. I’LL BE NICE, AND PUT THIS IN A LANGUAGE YOU UNDERSTAND—”

Byrna’s tongue whips around the bull’s tremendously thick beck, constricting.

“FWAME!” she hisses, her violet eyes welling with tears.

A geyser of flame blasts, and the bull is forced to take it as her tongue holds her to him. Even as he pulls back, it simply lifts her up, and she clings to his impossible pectorals as she forces more and more fire out, starting to wheeze.

-100 DAMAGE
-100 DAMAGE
-100 DAMAGE

It’s slow, but it’s enough to scare the god-bull into smashing her in the side with a colossal fist for -1,051 DAMAGE, sending the curvy female flying and rolling into a rough crash that shears the valley floor apart.

Smoke coiling off his burn wounds, Reb feels himself over, watching as they heal quickly. His bull-ears perk up.

“I...I SEE,” he huffs, straightening his huge body up. “I TOOK ENOUGH INHERENT...FLAME RESISTANCE. CUTE.”

“FLAME!”

“ICE 4.”

Another ring glows as a sheet of ice bursts open, covering not only the defiant Byrna, but Rizii, the ruined jungle behind them, and a portion of the adjacent mountains in a thick glacier.

Though winded and damaged, Reb is still at 614/2,000 HP, and it’s just you.

You could float as fast as possible over to Arlei, *but Reb will surely outpace you.*

What if you used cover to jump to her? *No, you used it.*

Smelling salts! You have one portion! Mohz can RAISE 3–

Is he even dead? Where did he land? It's pointless if he's suspended!

You could use it on Rizii, she's still strong enough to take him down! *But she's in the ice, regardless! She'd be alive, but frozen! You've never seen an ice spell that strong, to last!*

That's all you can think of, you've used everything else!

Right?

“C-CONFUSE 3!”

This could go all kinds of wrong,

FAILURE!

Nothing happens. All the attempt does is create enough of a flash to draw the sky-sized muzzle over to your general puniness.

“I CAN'T EVEN TELL WHERE YOU ARE, GARNET,” a voice big enough to shake mountains rumbles, half-laughing. ***“WHERE YOU GOING TO DO SOMETHING, BUG?”***

Instead of attacking you, the bull turns his endlessly big head over to Arlei, who's been watching the entire thing, now over 9,000 feet tall again, as the hordes seem to have finally diminished around her. She's clearly in agony, fretfully waving and whimpering in place.

“MASTER LLOYD, PLEASE!” she begs, her voice only managing to reach you, now that the lack of battle allows some relative quiet. “PLEASE, PLEASE, TELL ME I CAN MOVE! PLEASE! I...I CAN'T HELP YOU!”

You scream for all you're worth, but you're far too small, far too tiny.

“HOW FUNNY!” Reb booms, pushing up glasses big enough to form walls for entire towns. ***“SHE CAN'T EVEN ACT ON HER OWN! BUT IT MAKES SENSE...”***

The bull snorts, swinging wildly through the sky, slicing the air and leaving you flying as the air displacement throws your flight pattern into madness. He's trying to hit you on blind luck!

“SHE'S HEAVEN SENT, AFTER ALL. WHY WOULD THE GODS CREATE ANYTHING THAT POWERFUL, WITH AUTONOMY? ALL THAT POWER SHE HAS WAS MEANT TO KEEP THE ARCHMAGE WEAKENED, UNDERSTAND? WITHOUT PURPOSE, IT BUILDS! REDIRECTING IT TO YOUR RIDICULOUS FRIENDS WILL ONLY GO SO FAR...SOONER OR LATER, SHE'LL BECOME POWERFUL BEYOND ALL MORTAL UNDERSTANDING! YOU MADE THAT HAPPEN, INSECT!”

He swings again, this time too close.

You're sent into a tumble, the mere proximity to Reb's fist so damaging that you see yourself hit for -372 DAMAGE, without even being struck! Careful!!

"AT ANY RATE, NOW THAT THERE'S A FREE MOMENT...HEAL."

The spell bounces off your reflect shell, and hits Reb, replenishing his HP to a full 2,000 again! Your heart sinks as the numbers rise, the enormous hybrid creature huffing contentedly.

"GOOD. I ADMIT, RESORTING TO REFLECT TO SURVIVE MOHZ WAS A RISK, AS I COULDN'T HEAL...THANKFULLY HE WASTED A REFLECT-REFLECT ON MY PREVIOUS COPY. SO. WHY NOT DO THE SAME, FOR MYSELF--"

WHAM!

Reb goes thundering back a few heavy steps, each one rattling the earth below as Arlei's mace cracks his head for -580 DAMAGE! Even smaller than him at 9,600 feet, the lizard maid is easily big enough to thump him one!

"Arlei!" you cry out, overjoyed.

"DON'T YOU TOUCH MY LLOYD!" she screams, winding back with a twist at the hips, her reformed apron and maid dress pulling tight. "CRUSH...3!"

"DEFENSE MAX!"

One of the only rings you haven't seen yet, a peach-colored one, flares to life, and Reb's stats go flying up and up, his defense spiking into the thousands.

-1,203 DAMAGE!! CRITICAL MAX!!

The final copy roars in shock and fury as it's summarily annihilated, blowing out into a sea of embers that consumes the sky in a momentary flare.

Rizii remains crushed and frozen, along with an incapacitated Byrna, before the ice finally dissipates, leaving her flashing red and severely damaged.

Mohz remains unseen, below. He was hit with the same spell that took Byrna many minutes to break out of, so it might be a bit longer, yet.

"LLOYD, HONEY, OVER HERE!" Byrna moans, cradling Rizii close. "BRING HER BACK, PLEASE! HEY! OH, I CAN'T EVEN FIND HIM!"

"LLOYD IS OVER HERE, BYRNA," Arlei smiles, looking right at you, somehow, despite being so ridiculously enormous. "MY DEAR LLOYD! HAHA! I...I'M SO SORRY, I HAD TROUBLE...DISOBEYING YOUR ORDER TO STAY PUT. IT FEELS...STRANGE."

You're screaming for Arlei to listen to you, in her moment. You're surprised, even proud of the giantess, but right now, you know what's coming. Mohz knows, but isn't here. No one can hear you, everyone's either too big or knocked out.

"ONE MOMENT, MASTER LLOYD, LET ME JUST HEAL BYRNA, THEN I'LL RAISE RIZII, AND WE CAN REBUILD--"

"DEATH."

A massive black skull consumes Byrna, choking her out immediately. The skull fades, leaving her slumped back over Rizii's body, the two joined in the worst way. Arlei stumbles back, shocked, as a nearby mountain rumbles, then cracks, splitting and snapping loudly.

"Arlei! RUN!" you holler, your throat beyond raw. Still, you're unheard.

The mountain snaps in two, rubble blowing loose around a vast swelling bulge of muscles, as the true Reb, the one hiding away, explodes with size. Fantastic oceans of power force back into their owner, making the skinny bull blast bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger, his pecs blowing the front of the mountain to powder as his back muscles burst uncontrollably, his neck expanding too big for his growing head as he roars in agony and delight.

"NNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOO--"

Bigger and bigger Reb swells, his shaft pumping and bursting up through the remainder of the rock and ruins, surging skyward in a stiff, pulsing, massive arc of flesh! Bloated sacs overfill his bulging thighs as he explodes with more and more and more muscle, mounds atop mounds, power pulsing off of him in crashing, quaking waves!

"GODDDDDD..."

With a last shudder, the sky-filling god-bull erupts even bigger, blowing all the way up to the previous copy's staggering size of 17,000 feet!

"D-DD-DAAAAAAMMMMMNITTTT!"

Only you and Arlei are left, and you're scrambling for the smelling salts already, as the horizon-sized werebull stares pure death at you both, storming over in a blind rage.

"YOOOOU...ARE NOT...SMARTER...THAN MEEEEEE!"

A foot bigger than a small lake crashes down, splitting the earth below. Overhead, the floating landscape of Arast quietly hovers, uncaring, before Reb's towering bulk blocks it from view, below, an endless expanse of muscles.

His stats are almost too big, too high up to see. But you see what matters:

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 1/1

MP: 1,000/9,000

“YOU DON’T GET TO HAVE THE HONOR...OF TAKING ON THE ARCHMAGE, GARNET! NONE OF..Y-YOU DO! THAT WAS MEANT FOR MY SISTER...AND I! BUT NO...YOU HAD TO BRING ME THIS FAR DOWN! IT’LL TAKE AGES TO REBUILD! BUT AT LEAST, IF MY CURRENT DEFENSE IS EVEN HIGHER...” he rumbles, snorting flame and smoke, ***“THEN YOU WON’T EVEN LAND 1 HP ON ME!”***

The colossal hand goes out. Only one ring is hastened enough to flash back to life.

“MIMIC!”

One final, horrible time, Reb *grows*. With less control than ever, he begins to take on Arlei’s reptilian features, his muzzle stretching, slimming, his scales growing more pronounced as he replicates her size, adding it to his own, pushing his monstrous height up, up, up past 20,000 feet...22,000 feet...24,000 feet...26,000!!

Just shy of 5 miles tall, Reb trembles with power, despite his pitiful HP. He turns to see Arast, just within arm’s reach, his glowing eyes wide...then narrowed.

“I COULD JUST...CRUSH IT. COULDN’T I?” he booms, thinking through his burning rage a moment. ***“DEPRIVE YOU OF YOUR ENTIRE QUEST. SLAY THE TINY LITTLE ARCHMAGE, WHILE I’M AT IT. YOU WOULD GO BACK TO BEING WORTHLESS, AND I WOULD BE A HERO, EVEN IF YOU AND YOUR CLOWNS DIED IN THE PROCESS.”***

His defense keeps climbing, catching up with his size and muscle, until you see it stop at a record-breaking 7,600. There’s hardly a physical attack imaginable that would crawl past [NULL], at that point.

“DIE, FIEND!” Arlei shouts, thundering into a charge, her mace raised. “SMASH 5!”

Again, your screams do nothing.

The massive mace strikes, and [NULL] appears. Reb snorts angrily, and winds a monstrous fist back, bigger than even Arlei’s head. Even with no refreshes on his rings, the bull is so big that when he slams his knuckles into the maid’s jaw, it’s no surprise that it registers for -2,697 DAMAGE, sending her skidding back with a pained wince, and taking out over half of her prodigious health in one blow.

“ARLEI, STOP!”

The massive reptile scowls, and Reb stops a moment as her bulk trembles and erupts larger, the impact swelling her muscles out bigger and bigger, until the puff sleeves and cuffs and

dress all rip and pull and tear away, her bulk detonating even bigger! She heaves with muscle, nearly matching his, then exceeding it as it consumes her frame, her height soaring up past 12,000 feet...18,000 feet...22,000 feet!

“BRUNT 5!”

The ensuing impact is so powerful that even Reb’s gargantuan pillar of a neck snaps back as the now-vast mace crashes down onto him...only to register [NULL].

The bull glowers vengefully up, readying his fist, before grunting, his reddened, glowing eyes lidding to slits.

“GAH, W...WHAT IS...”

[STAGGER]

Frozen for just a moment, the immeasurably big werebull jerks in place, quivering with pure anger, frothing at his muzzle as he forces a hand up toward the golden ring in his nose, trying to speak through his grit teeth:

“RE...SU...R...RRRR!”

“WARP!”

Before you understand what’s happened, you blink away from the fray.

You reappear...right above the massive bull’s exposed neck.

“STRIIIIIIIKE!”

You don’t need anything else in the world.

You ready your sword, and plunge straight down. It sinks into his now massive weak point. It’s impossible for a bug to miss.

-1 DAMAGE.

Reb’s wide eyes go blank, rolling back into his immense cow skull.

“H...HEH.”

He slouches, jerks, then bursts apart into millions of embers, real, finally embers. You lower slowly as the float spell wears off, not a moment too soon, and you find yourself falling in a heap of exhaustion onto Arlei’s colossal palm. The last thing you can manage as Reb’s remains slowly disperse is to kneel down, wobble, and turn to throw the smelling salts down, to whichever giantess is most underneath you. Again, you can’t miss both, at their size.

With that done, you...you just lie there. Just for a minute, while Arlei's post-battle buffs deflate, lowering her back down to 9,000 feet. You need it so badly.

All these massive sizes, these absurd numbers. And here, you survived by a millimeter.

“RAISE 2!”

Arlei's voice booms as the spell lands below, not needing as much time to cast as RAISE 3 does, overall. A brilliant light flares down below. Combined with your smelling salts, you hear both huge female lizards yawn awake. *Lovely. Good-good.*

You hardly even care when the results finally hit, at long, long last:

+5,000 GOLD
+5,000 GOLD
+5,000 GOLD
+5,000 GOLD
+5,000 GOLD
+5,000 GOLD
+5,000 GOLD
+10,000 GOLD

+20,000 EXP
+20,000 EXP
+20,000 EXP
+20,000 EXP
+20,000 EXP
+20,000 EXP
+20,000 EXP
+50,000 EXP

45,000 GOLD!?
190,000 EXP!?

You defeated boss copies, right? You got rewards for each.

Oh, Arlei's going to get so big. After all that leveling against the army, she must be at ECONO...what, 6? 7? Thank goodness you never used the...

The Monstear! The Shield Droplet! You never used them, in all the fuss!

You feel around in your bag, and your stomach flips. They aren't there. It's not possible.

You look up to Arlei as she loom-looks down at you, trying so hard to make out if she has you or not. Her stats pop up, and you groan. There, on the list of traits, are the Monstear, and the Shield Droplet. When you first were jostled about on her breasts, your bag...it fell, didn't it?

They got out and she absorbed them, because where else would either one fall?

That means her damage during the end of the fight...it had been halved.

She would have died from Reb's strike. That would have been that.

But now, her EXP gain is also automatically d...d-doubled.

Arlei tenses up as the results land, her bosom twitching eagerly, her body starting to buzz all over warmly, her breathing quickening rapidly.

On t-top of her ECONO boost...

"H...HHHH..."

Oh. Oh, no.

You hunker down in place, Arlei's colossal hand closing over you as you hear both Rizii and Byrna shriek in panic, as the shuddering lizard maid's entire body billows violently bigger, her breasts exploding through her snapping clothes in an instant this time. Her exposed nipples firm painfully hard, booming too big as pressure forces the tips to wobble, then spray trickling jets of milk, that then rumble and burst into ugly geysers of hot cream as she cries out and boom-boom-BOOM-BOOOOOM-*BWOOOOOOMS*, doubling her size in one moment, then doubling it again as she screams, her ripping bodice and thigh-netting straps snapping away as her scaled bulk inflates through the net patterns, then bursts free!

The 36,000-foot giantess howls in desire as her monstrous growing palms find her burning nipples (with you still between), rubbing faster and harder as she strokes them off, making them blast milk over her own hands and down her swelling forearms, white rivulets tracing between swelling scales as she pushes his growing muzzle in between her overflowing cleavage and bellows into it as her nude body doubles in size, again! 72,000 feet, over 13 miles tall, her breasts alone surge up into the atmosphere, blowing up to meet Arast itself as she hiccups and gasps, then DOUBLES AGAIN!

The landscape quakes fearfully, entire kingdoms shuddering and shaking as the distant horizon fills with ever-bursting thighs and snapping laced underwear, a thick stream of juice cascading in warm, tickling waves down her inner thighs, an unleashed torrent of need over millennia in the building flooding mountains as she whips her head about and bites her own growing shoulder needing to be anchored to something, anything, as she whimpers and pants, quaking with power, surging with untapped, pent-up oceans of lust!

Rizii and Byrna can only hope to hold onto one colossal, territory-sized foot, climbing up swelling, smooth soles and riding atop curling toes as Arlei screams herself hoarse, doubling in size AGAIN!! Her body rumbles over the steady slope of the land as she crashes onto all fours, her pendulous, sagging, overfed breasts bloating bigger, pumping waterfalls of milk as her rear balloons over all of Avros, blotting the skies out as her moans tumble into deep, cataclysmic

doom-bursts! At 288,000 feet tall, over 40,000 feet high, laying flat to her surging breasts, Arlei spans from the edge of Hruthga all the way to Avros, across several small kingdoms and the interstitial mountain ranges. She sucks in deep, ragged breaths, the immense reptile's eyes watering with rabid delight as her mind swims, and her body tenses and swells even bigger, another rude blast of juice jetting between her legs as she feels her breasts groan up, up over your pinched muzzle, her vast, city-sized hands digging into the earth itself.

Her tail trembles and flicks each time she gushes, over and over, spattering her entire torso with burning-hot cream as her fluids cover the ranges, rising in between entire mountains as she bites her lip, opens her maw, and nearly blacks out, doubling in size one final, eruptive time!

Arlei...is 576,000 feet tall/long!

Your journey had taken up perhaps part of a week. Less, maybe. You had to have traversed, what...40, 50 miles, without warping or climbing up?

Well, she was now over 109 miles in size. She blew up 64 times bigger, this round. Sixty. Four. Times. Your entire journey would have crossed her leg, at best. *Maybe*.

When you finally open your eyes, stuck with milk as you are to her endless palm, between lake-sized scales, you see it. You look up, and see:

ARLEI, LV 88, HOLY MAID

HP: 19,400/19,400

MP: 2,780/2,780

STRENGTH: 5,000

DEFENSE: 9,100

DEXTERITY: 3,150

SPEED: 3,900

HEIGHT: 576,000'02"

WEIGHT: ??????????

SKILLS: AURA MAX, ALL-SMASH MAX, BRUNT MAX, ECONO MAX, ALL-COVER, HOLY SONG, CHARM MAX, SEAL

SPELLS: HEAL MAX, CURE ALL, DETOX, RAISE MAX, HIGH ARMOR, WARP, SUB-WARP, HOLY FLARE, HEAVEN'S ANVIL, SPIRAL

You nearly pass out, yourself. Level 88? Arlei? That's demigod territory! Nobody gets to that range, even in a lifetime of battles. It's absurd. It's moronic, even.

What about yours??

LLOYD, LV 52, ADVENTURER

HP: 4,650/4,650

MP: 780/780
STRENGTH: 2,100
DEFENSE: 1,840
DEXTERITY: 1,460
SPEED: 2,500

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

SKILLS: CONFUSE 3, STEAL 3, COVER, SCREEN, REBUKE 2, SLOW 2, READER

NEW SKILLS UNLOCKED: CONFUSE MAX, STEAL MAX, COVER ALL, SCREEN MAX, REBUKE 5, SLOW MAX, READER MAX, STUN 4!

RIZII, LV 60, KOBOLD AMAZON
HP: 7,000/7,000
MP: 690/690
STRENGTH: 10,500 +3,000 BOOST
DEFENSE: 11,850 + 3,000 BOOST
DEXTERITY: 6,900
SPEED: 8,000

HEIGHT: 360'03"
WEIGHT: ?????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY MAX, MULTI-STRIKE MAX, SMASH MAX, CRUSH MAX,
REBUKE ALL, DEFENSE 5, ECONO 4
SPELLS: BUFF MAX, DRAIN 4

NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: ECONO 5!
NEW SPELL UNLOCKED: PERM BUFF, DRAIN 5!

NEXT LEVEL: 61,000/150,000 EXP

BYRNA, LV 66, FLAME SALAMENTAL
HP: 6,280/6,280
MP: 960/960
STRENGTH: 4,000 +5,000 BOOST
DEFENSE: 8,500 +6,000 BOOST
DEXTERITY: 4,930
SPEED: 3,950

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

SKILLS: ECONO 4, COVER 4, LASH 4, EMBER MAX, CRUSH 5

SPELLS: HELLFIRE, BUFF MAX, WARP, SUB-WARP, HEAT SHIELD 4

NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: ECONO 5, COVER 5, CRUSH MAX!

NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: PERM BUFF!

NEXT LEVEL: 110,000/180,000 EXP

MOHZ, LV 77, KIRIN MAGE

HP: 5,000/5/000

MP: 1,810/1,810

STRENGTH: 3,950

DEFENSE: 3,400

DEXTERITY: 2,740

SPEED: 3,220

HEIGHT: 7'00"

WEIGHT: ????

SPELLS: BUFF 4, REMEDY, REFLECT, FLAME 4, ICE 4, WAVE 4, THUNDER 4, CHARM 2, RAISE 2, FLOAT

NEW SPELLS UNLOCKED: BUFF MAX, FLAME MAX, ICE MAX, WAVE MAX, THUNDER MAX, CHARM 4, RAISE ALL, COMET, FLARE, STONE

NEXT LEVEL: 90,000/212,700 EXP

You lay back against that vast, gentle palm, just digesting things. You survived against one of the only unbeatable foes in the entire known world. Reb, himself. Well, *himselves*. And the rewards were beyond spectacular.

You're nearly at legendary level, now, thanks to a handful of exceedingly painful, frequently fatal days. Dumb luck, quick thinking, and overpowered teammates had seen you all the way through to now. This had to be the way. *It had to.*

"LLOYD. YOU HERE, TWERP?"

Rizii's thick, salty voice cuts through, pushy but concerned.

"WELL, HE'S SOMEWHERE," Byrna's much bigger voice blasts, making you wince.

You were less than 6 feet, on tiptoes. Mohz was 7, and bulky. Then, Rizii, 360 feet; over 36 times as big as you. You were less than her eye, several times over, in height. Byrna stands over 17 times as big as Rizii, now. You're a grain of sand to her, at best. Then, Arlei...good grief. She must be...over 9...93 times *her* size. If you were a citizen, she was a *state*.

No wonder their defense stats and power are so massive.

How the Archmage—no, how anyone could hope to stop you now is beyond you. At this moment, it feels like it's the *only* thing that's beyond your party.

Then, it hits: how the hell do any of the girls get onto Arast with you and Mohz? Sure, Arlei can reach up and pull the entire land down, now, that's great. But how do they interact with it as a party?

You feel around in your bag, and find the answer. *Answers*, actually.

A handful of fairy kisses. Those might be enough to shrink Byrna for a little bit, at least long enough to handle the last leg of the journey into Arast, to confront the Archmage at last.

Arlei, though? There likely aren't enough fairy kisses in the world to make it work. And if the effects wore off early, they'd all go crashing to the terra the moment she exploded back up to size, in full. No good. What you do have, however, is what you stole earlier. Only, you slowly realize, you used STEAL 3, an advanced form that takes 2 items. Feeling around, you indeed find one more ring, a familiar one.

You look it over carefully, then your eyes widen. It's that copy's Mimic ring! That version of Reb hadn't noticed it was gone, after using it! It's still dark, though, it must need more time to recharge. But it...it's yours! *The things you could do with it!*

You stow that one away, flushed in the face, before checking the other one on its own.

"Good choice to steal, my dear Lloyd," Mohz laughs, floating up before you. "I FOUND HIM, LADIES! ARLEI, DEAR, YOUR PALM!"

A boom-rumble answers, and you know your dear maid is trying to talk, so high up above. You look at the ring carefully, as it's resized for you accordingly, its new owner.

"What ring is it?" you ask, weakly.

"A Shadowcaster."

"Could I...if I granted this to..."

"Arlei? Yes. Yes, it would. You would have a regular-sized copy, if you used it correctly. The massive true Arlei could stay here, hold the floating island still, lest it try to vanish on us, and her copy can come with us to the final curtain. Giant Arlei would simply enter a harmless fugue state, of sorts, while she operates her shadow form."

"Do you know how to make that happen correctly?"

Moha raises his well-groomed brows, and beams.

"You want to see?"