

The sun is deactivated, leaving normal-sized Mumbo-Jumbo in jail...

With that, the strange sensation resting so dangerously, so precariously within Mumbo-Jumbo sputtered out, collapsing into what felt like a mere tickle to the cyber-bull's stomach.

There was a moment's anticipation, before Stargazer, the SilverHawks and Professor Power realized that the anticlimax was the whole point, and they all relaxed at last.

"That's it, then?" Bluegrass asked, tentatively.

"It is done, indeed," Professor Power said, smiling in his bulb. The sun is still inside of Mumbo-Jumbo, but it is rapidly dying out. It is no longer active, and what remains like but a tiny ember, that will soon burn away altogether. Simply keep him in place, and all will be right again."

"Then we haul the bum-steer off to Penal Planet 10," Steelwill said.

"Exactly," Stargazer concluded, with a little nod. "Sorry about your invention dying out there, Professor. That's rough."

"Yes," Power sighed, nodding sadly. His smile stayed on, though. "But it can be rebuild, and better, too. I believe Quicksilver is right...the risks simply were not worth it. Could you imagine Mumbo-Jumbo, powered by something so dangerous?"

"I bet ol' Mumbo could," Bluegrass joked. Everyone chuckled along with, with the noted exception of Mumbo-Jumbo.

"Let's go, everyone. Best to let sleeping bulls lie."

With that, Quicksilver ushered everyone politely out of the holding cell, and shut the bars behind him. Mumbo remained there, groggy and groaning, wobbling where he sat.

The sun...inside...deacti...deactiva...dying?

The huge bull snorted lazily, trying to move.

Can't let...go out all the...

He tried to move, but just slumped over onto his bulky sides, sighed out in defeat. It was there that Mumbo-Jumbo would remain, up until the Warden of Penal Planet 10 was alerted, and a setup was made to transfer him over.

"H...RRRR...RRR..."

In time, Mumbo would come to know only the four walls of his prison on Penal Planet 10, left to think on all the ways he should have been empowered by the sun, how it should have made him a veritable god...but all the minotaur was—and would remain— a prisoner.

END

Something is wrong...why is the Professor smiling?

For whatever reason, every member of the Silverhawks present braced, the moment that Professor Power pushed the button. For what, no one knew; there was only the vague alertness that came with years of fighting intergalactic crime, over and over.

Yet, there was nothing. Nothing, at all.

"S'at it, then?" Bluegrass asked, adjusting his 10-gallon hat quietly. "Just...nothin', and sons?"

"That's it," the Professor said, his back kept to the SilverHawks, so that he faced closest to Mumbo-Jumbo. The bull rested there, limp and useless in his sedation, as they all watched on.

"I was just expecting more, I suppose," Steelwill sighed, almost disappointed.

"We want disappointment, if the endgame was some overpowered minotaur wreaking havoc through Limbo," Steelheart corrected.

"Fair enough..."

"Thanks, Professor, for all your help here," Quicksilver said. "I know that the miniature sun meant a lot to you, and we know it's a sacrifice on your part..."

Quicksilver made to shake the Professor's hand, when he noticed something terribly odd.

Professor Power was smiling. It wasn't the kind of smile he'd ever seen on the humanoid alien, in their entire acquaintance. It was a sly, cruel smile—a *mad* smile.

"Professor?" Quicksilver asked. "Are you alright—"

A soft, deep rumbling began to rise, from inside Mumbo-Jumbo. The sluggish bull's eyes fluttered back open, his head and muzzle bobbing around on his thick bull-neck. His nostrils flared, in and out, starting to huff and pant as Mumbo's eyes widened, suddenly alert, and the bull started to groan all over.

"Wasn't he supposed to stay knocked out?" Steelwill asked, stepping closer.

"Lock the cell, quick!" Quicksilver suddenly shouted, darting away from the Professor and Mumbo-Jumbo. "Everyone out!"

"But—" Steelheart started.

"OUT!"

They all were crowded out of the cell by Quicksilver, who shut the bars and locked them after.

"But, the Professor is still in there!" Steelwill said.

"It isn't the Professor!"

Professor Power kept his robed back to them, intently watching Mumbo-Jumbo's body start to convulse and tense...then swell bigger. And bigger.

The rumbling bull's muscles creaked out receptively, begging in delight to grow, struggling and

dimpling against the net constricting him, until a few stray loops snapped open, letting more metallic golden bulk bulge free. His body crept larger out along the floor, up against the wall, slowly beginning to fill the holding cell. His bovine head lurched higher and higher, his thick horns lengthening, his feet skidding along the cell floor as his legs grew longer, heavier, thicker with bulk. A fat penis burred out between his swelling thighs, making the minotaur moan deep and shake with pleasure.

"Yes, that's right," Professor Power chuckled. "Grow..."

"Have you gone loco, Prof?" Bluegrass balked, watching from out in the hallway as Mumbo-Jumbo suddenly hiccupped and billowed even larger, flaring his bulk out so rudely, so fast, that the net snapped away, letting his overgrown biceps and triceps and elbows bash out into the walls, as his pectorals lurched out before him, booming bigger and wider and heftier. Mumbo's head thumped the ceiling, then kept on pushing up into it, cracking it, sending drywall clattering down over his overloaded body.

"RRRRRRRRRR," Mumbo grunted, as his body kept ballooning aggressively, swollen and hot.

"Professor, stop this!" Stargazer pleaded. "You're in there with him! You'll be crushed!"

"Oh, shall I?" Professor Power asked, finally turning partly toward them, as Mumbo-Jumbo's thick golden lats ballooned into him, starting to shove him all the way into the cell bars, pressing bigger, fatter, thicker, the bull snorting and gulping and moaning as his body overflowed the holding cell. Pockets of stretching, groaning muscle erupted through the bars, pushing, shoving, forcing them to warp out angrily toward the stunned SilverHawks.

"Grow!" Professor Power moaned, laughing madly, as Mumbo roared into his own pectorals hotly, rippling and rumbling worse and worse, swelling further against the already-taxed bars, which began to bend too far out.

"He's lost it!" Stargazer said. "Run!"

"Everyone, out of the hall!" Quicksilver shouted.

They all scattered down the hallway, just as the bars trembled their noisy last, then blasted loose, pinging off the walls as Mumbo's biceps and thighs and sex swelled out, spilling into the hall, filling it rapidly.

"What's come over him?" Quicksilver wondered, as they exited the hall, and ran back out into the main lobby of Hawk Haven, past the desks and plants and walls. As they passed, Quicksilver saw a flash of something outside, in space.

It was a vehicle, a retro-styled convertible car-ship, and standing in the driver's seat was the nefarious Melodia, another member of Mon*Stars' cruel crew. She stayed put, in her punk skirt outfit, two-toned green hair, and note-shaped shades, smiling a wicked smile, blasting away foul notes on her weaponized synthesizer, the Sound Smasher.

"Melodia!" Quicksilver said, as they kept running by.

"Melodia?" Steelheart shouted. "Where, Quicksilver? Here!?"

"Outside," he started, before Mumbo-Jumbo's huge bulk blasted through a portion of the lobby wall, the huffing, moaning bull's growth escalating. His pectorals heaved bigger, pushing and shoving the desks away, or snapping them flat under bulk. His head tore into the ceiling, growing bigger and

higher, cracking it apart as he snorted and roared and blew up even bigger!

The entire Haven was shaking and rattling as Stargazer lead them all into the gym at the back corner, and locked the door behind them.

"This is bad!" he sighed, panting. "Can't escape doom like I used to!"

"It's Melodia," Quicksilver said. "She's been outside for who knows how long! She's mind-controlling the Professor, she must have been doing so before he even came in..."

"She probably dropped him off, even," Steelwill said, when the building shook harder.

"So, we sneak out the back entrance and stop her," Steelheart added. "Otherwise, Mumbo's going to outgrow the entire place!"

"If that stops it," Stargazer growled. "Whatever she made Professor Power push, it might be a chain reaction..."

Professor Power may have one last way to stop Mumbo...

Hawk Haven had been impressive in its design, but in reality, the entire structure was roughly the size of a medium building, off of any city street. Since Mumbo-Jumbo had just replaced it with himself, that put the towering bull at roughly 600 feet.

Still, that was about 593 more feet than any of the SilverHawks were used to—and that number was still visibly increasing.

Mumbo snorted and bellowed, booming bigger and bigger before the Mirage. His muscles groaned with electric storms, swelling out proudly against his own hugging. His pectorals flared against his swollen gold forearms, dimpling out with metallic creaks as his lats inflated under his growing triceps.

His shaft bobbed and blew out fatter, heavier, wobbling happily in the void of space. His sacs billowed out tremendously over his own thighs, half-floating high, mooshing smooth and warm up under the base of his throbbing erection. His feet vanished from the corners of the ship's viewfinder as he trembled and mooed and boomed twice as big, spurting tight and hot to over 1,200 feet.

"Good grief," Steelheart gasped, looking mostly away. "He sure isn't modest about his victory, is he?"

"It's no victory yet," Quicksilver said, turning to the stunned, breathless Professor Power. "There must be some way to stop Mumbo's growth, right?"

"Er," the Professor sighed, gulping. Even for a face floating in a large bulb-head, he looked tired. "W-well, there may be one last thing we could try...but we would need some way to get onto his body, and I wouldn't chance it, if I were us...which, I suppose, I am..."

Quicksilver put a hand on the alien's shoulder.

"You are, Professor, always. Now, what do we need to do, here?"

"Well...we need someone, anyone, to deliver a power re-router device to the mine that Mo-Lec-U-Lar placed on Mumbo-Jumbo. Once it's attached to the mine, I could remotely re-route the power elsewhere, to a battery or core with a preset destination...that would siphon that energy off of the sun, and Mumbo-Jumbo, meaning he would theoretically shrink back down..."

"I'm on it!" Steelwill said, giving a thumbs up. The Professor stopped him immediately. In the viewfinder, Mumbo-Jumbo began to shake off the pleasure, and glare down, down at the Mirage, snorting angrily. Bluegrass gulped, and began to steer the ship away.

"No! No, that wouldn't be feasible! The currents coursing through Mumbo are from an electricity mine trap, you would be hit with both the amber amplifier's spiking power, and the charges of electricity on top of it, and be overwhelmed!"

"So, we can't get close?" Steelheart asked.

"No," Quicksilver said, thinking. "But I know who can..."

At that, Quicksilver brought up his wrist communicator, and whistled into it, sharply. It was a sound the SilverHawks knew perfectly well. It was a call for his companion.

"Tally-Hawk!"

Then, across space, came the cry back. It pierced through the receiver, clear and strong, an avian comrade hailing his good friend. There was a glint in the darkness outside, before a tiny speck began to grow into sight.

"Lowerin' the bay door, Hoss," Bluegrass said, without needing to be asked in the first place. In flew Tally-Hawk, the cybernetically-enhanced bird, who took up a perch on Quicksilver's outstretched forearm. He cawed and clicked his beak gently, blinking, as Professor Power approached.

"Tally-Hawk?" the Professor asked, curious. "But why would he do any better...wait. Hah, I see! Yes!"

"He was the one pumped up by the amber amplifier, before," Quicksilver said, smiling. "He could manage contact with Mumbo-Jumbo and all that amber-power, I bet!"

"It is worth a shot, at that," Professor Power replied, nodding. "Then, I shall equip him properly, with a re-router device..."

The alien offered Tally-Hawk a small disc with two lights, and the avian calmly took it in his beak.

"There's a trap mine magnetically stuck somewhere on Mumbo-Jumbo's torso, Tally-Hawk," Quicksilver explained, as another booming moo vibrated the Mirage from outside. "I need you to put this device onto it, alright?"

Tally-Hawk flapped his wings and nodded, the device still firmly in his beak.

"That-a-way, Tally-Hawk!" Bluegrass cheered, as he opened the bay, and they let Tally-Hawk flap back out of the cockpit, down the hall, and into the bay. The mighty hawk exited and they closed the bay door, and watched.

Mumbo-Jumbo roared and brought both colossal hands in, trying to catch the Mirage in a death-clap, but Bluegrass veered the ship away, swerving at the last moment. The 1,200-foot behemoth growled and blew fire out of his nostrils, pushing the ship back on impact.

"Gah!" Bluegrass snapped, turning the wheel sharply. "C'mon, Tally-Hawk, get to it, little buddy!"

Tally-Hawk flew in closer and closer, as Mumbo-Jumbo appeared larger and larger to him. The avian spiraled into a roll as he passed the long span of Mumbo's ship-dwarfing penis, arching up and up along the vast plains of the bull's hips. He scoured the bulging muscles and curves of the torso, until he locked in on it: the mine was indeed there, stuck between two humongous, swollen abs, blasting electric currents everywhere.

Mumbo's entire body suddenly trembled and tensed tight, the bull bellowing up into the heavens, as he tingle-spasmed and jerked, then blew up twice as big, yet again!

1,200 feet surged hotly, heavily, the bull's metallic girth booming and gorging and groaning with pure pleased growth. The Mirage pulled back and circled farther away, escaping, as Mumbo-Jumbo was momentarily lost in bliss. The bull whipped his head back, his muzzle high up as he roared and panted and huffed, his body billowing in muscle, too big and full!

Tally-Hawk lost sight of the mine as the cyber-minotaur's torso stretched and bulged higher and wider and bigger all over. The min vanished deeper between those ballooning golden ab muscles, making the bird chirp and fly higher up, to reach it again.

The 2,400-foot monster snorted and sighed, his pectorals twitching happily, his shoulders rolling with raw girth. He glared back down over the now-massive shelf of his own bulging chest, trying to look for the Mirage, and seeing it as it fled away from the scene.

"RRRRRRRRRR!"

Mumbo's gigantic body moved, the huge bull forcing his bulk through the void, swimming with deadly intent toward them, in chase.

Tally-Hawk dove between the two enormous abs, finding the blinking light of the electric mine again, after enough searching. He spread his wings, then dove in for it, and the moment Tally-Hawk's device and beak touched the mine, it happened...

All that the Silverhawks can do is run, as Mumbo grows uncontrollably

Fragments of the asteroid under which Hawk Haven was built drifted like miniature mountains, floating away from Mumbo-Jumbo's now-gigantic form. The big bull had blown up into a veritable monster, looming at over 600 feet in size over the fleeing Mirage. Electric energy coursed through the heaving male, inflating his shaft even longer and stronger, making it bobble and swell with every receptive, giddy pulse.

"Well, that sure takes it, don't it?" Bluegrass sighed, pulling the Mirage into a flight path, away from the quaking bull. "They've sure done it, this time!"

"The important thing is, we're all okay," Quicksilver sighed, as Stargazer silently watched through the cockpit, tight-lipped.

"What's important is stopping Mumbo-Jumbo," Steelwill said, turning to Professor Power. "There must be some play we can make, here, Prof!"

"If you mean, in terms of stopping Mumbo-Jumbo, no, I don't have any to offer, I am afraid," Professor Power muttered, looking down in shame. Those kinds of mines have a fairly long discharge period, it could continue to feed Mumbo for minutes on end..."

"So, we have to stay away and just see how huge it blows him up to," Steelheart said, anxiously. "Don't like the sound of that."

"None of us do, kid," Stargazer grumbled, at length. "but the facts are there. We gotta move, and stay clear of the steer."

"Where do we go?" Steelwill asked. "What's the next move that we *can* make?"

"Dolar or Bedlama makes the most sense," Quicksilver said, thinking. "We need to open a channel with as many neighboring civilizations as we can, and warn them all."

Mumbo-Jumbo glanced this way and that, his horned head twisting atop a massively thick, bulging neck, but the bull had clearly lost sight of the SilverHawks.

Hmph. No matter, he thought, grinning cruelly. *They too tiny now. Can't stop Mumbo. Haha, no one stop Mumbo...*

The very thought made the bull tingle, and that tingle turned into a deep, lovely tremble, making his bulky body tense up and flex tighter, swelling his bulk out in scope as he huffed and began to helplessly caress his own muscles.

His shaft ballooned tighter, pushing out even bigger and firmer, until it hurt in the most wonderful way possible. Suddenly, smashing the SilverHawks was a distant second on the list of to-do's.

Let puny little Hawks fly off. Heh. Mumbo too strong.

His body crackled with lightning, making him moan low and long as his rumbling muscles boomed out again, and his entire quaking, shaking body heaved, twitched, then exploded even bigger. His bulk bloated and billowed and boomed gladly, surging Mumbo up past 700 feet...800 feet...

Meanwhile, the call went out to Bedlama, then to Dolar. The SilverHawks and Professor Power

cautioned everyone that Mumbo-Jumbo was loose, and likely to be colossal by the time he reached any of the nearest planets. Defense forces on both planets were quickly mobilized, news reports all changing to cover the oncoming crisis.

"Can't we do anything more to stop him?" Steelheart pondered, as they hung up their end of the party line, otherwise driving the Mirage on in silence. "What if he reaches a planet? The power sources on Earth alone would make him..."

"Absolutely immense, yes," Professor Power sighed, nodding. "All it would take is one city, frankly, to blow him up into a completely unstoppable force. I shudder to think what an entire populous planet would do to his size..."

"You don't have any gadgets or gizmos that could short him out, or knock him back, keep him at bay from any planets?" Stargazer asked.

"Not a thing that would be of use, sadly," the alien muttered, shaking his bulb-head in dejection. "I would have to build something to shrink him down, and that would take time."

"How much time?" Quicksilver asked, serious.

"Well...I would need to make modifications on a new amber amplifier, since the previous one is—"

"Still here!" Steelheart said, snapping her fingers abruptly. "Quicksilver, we forgot! In all the fracas, we forgot it!"

"Good grief, you're right!" Quicksilver laughed, going wide-eyed. Professor Power perked up, all the way up, standing tall suddenly.

"You...you have it, here?"

"We confiscated it off of Hardware, before he fled the scene, back on the Bedlaman satellite moon. It's in the hallway, in one of the holding cells!"

"Then it won't take quite so long!" Professor Power said, cracking his alien knuckles in preparation. "Excellent news, excellent!"

Yet, it wasn't either planet that Mumbo-Jumbo's growing body lazily drifted toward. As the big bull pleased and teased himself, lost in pleasure, he steadily spun out onto a course straight for the remote planet of Hanging Rock.

It's barren mountains and rocky patches, intimidating as they all were among the storm brewing in the atmosphere, suddenly paled in comparison to the sight of Mumbo-Jumbo's tremendous body. With nothing near enough to measure himself against, the massive bull had lost all sense of how big he had grown.

What Mumbo didn't know was that he had blown up so big that, as he entered Hanging Rock's forbidden ranges, he was now just over...

The Silverhawks arrive, and are trapped!

The elevator dinged quietly as it descended, the four well-built alien guards all crowded into corners by Mumbo-Jumbo's bigger body. One guard sighed, at length, and Mumbo snorted onto his head. The other three grinned crookedly, and before words could exchange mouths, the door whirred open, and they all filed out into the Casino's back storehouse.

"So, the power cells are all located here, in the West corner of the warehouse," an amphibious alien guard said, droning in boredom. "You can take what you want, like the Boss said. Knowing the SilverHawks, they'll be here any minute, anyhow, so maybe don't dig into them just yet..."

The other guards chuckled, but Mumbo wasn't hearing. He hadn't heard anything beyond *power cells*.

There they were, crates and crates of the stuff, sitting in a row of shelves, unprotected. All his. That bizarre hunger that had started gnawing on him after swallowing the miniature sun went haywire, begging for a cell, right then and there, and that strange hunger won out.

"Luckily, we already got loads of booby-traps for trespassers down here, on the grounds," that same guard continued, having turned away from Mumbo-Jumbo to motion around the ceilings. "Boss'll be turning those systems on right...ah, yeah, there goes."

Lights flicked on at certain intervals, meaning the system was armed.

"Right, yeah, so once the SilverHawks barge in, they—are you listening, pal?"

The newt-like creature turned back to see Mumbo-Jumbo stomping mindlessly over to the crates of power cells, taking one full crate in both powerful bulky arms.

"Ho, there, chief! Can't it wait?" the guard said, as the others filed up beside him. "You gotta fulfill your end and make sure they file into the trap, first! Hey, I said!"

The four of them began to crowd around Mumbo, two pulling on the crate, the other two taking hold of Mumbo's huge arms. Big as they were, the bull was still easily bigger, and stronger.

"HRRRRRRUR," Mumbo growled, not listening, obstinately pulling back, and hugging the crate tighter. "RRRRR!"

"No, you stupid bull!"

"Stop right there, Mumbo!"

The voice made everyone pause, and look over to the SilverHawks, who had just stepped into the room. Quicksilver was pointing to the lot of them—but mostly the bull.

"Looks like we met again pretty quick," Bluegrass said. Steelwill and Steelheart took up battle positions beside him.

"RRRRRRRR," Mumbo rumbled, glaring hard at them.

"Butt out, SilverFish!" the amphibious guard sneered, struggling on with Mumbo-Jumbo. "You can't draw weapons out here!"

"We don't need to fight," Quicksilver said. "Just hand Mumbo over."

"Humph! Better to fight with the bull, than with you! Beat it!"

The guards all cautiously eyed the traps, waiting for them to take the bait.

"He's coming with us," Steelwill said, "and we don't need weapons to take you all out!"

At that, Steelwill charged, and the others followed—only to have a large grid of lasers shoot up, crisscrossing from varying angles in the walls and ceiling, until they formed a cage around the four do-gooders, trapping them on the warehouse floor.

"What the?" Steelheart said, looking around with the other three.

"They got us snookered and good!" Bluegrass sighed, shaking his head. "Wouldn't have pegged Mumbo for a trap-setter..."

"That's an easy bet," Poker-Face said, his robotic voice making the SilverHawks turn to face him as he entered the warehouse. "I set the trap, of course. You are now guests of the one-and-only Starship Casino!"

The four guards sniffed, each one letting go of the irritated Mumbo-Jumbo. The bull looked at his hated foes, then snorted, and grabbed the crate back up, burying his muzzle into the cells, devouring one, then another, then another. Sweet, glorious power flooded into his trembling body, hot and sweet and electric, making him tingle and shake, his muscle vibrating with desire, his entire form starting to rumble ominously...

"You won't get away with this, Poker-Face!" Steelheart said, nearing the bars of their cage.

"Ah-ah!" Poker-Face warned, suddenly, wagging a robotic, gloved finger. "Despite my countenance, I assure you, I would panic if you touched those lasers. You would be obliterated, and I would be out by a lot of money! Mon*Star will pay through his ugly nose to get ahold of you all!"

"Poker-Face, you nefarious—" Quicksilver began, only to stop, as they all heard an odd rumbling getting bigger and stronger, behind them. They all turned—SilverHawks, Poker-Face and guards—to see the unexpected sight of Mumbo-Jumbo...

The Silverhawks arrive...but Mumbo is eating...power cells!?

The warehouse elevator dinged, opened, and deposited Mumbo-Jumbo and the four cronies down onto the warehouse floor. The four guards grumbled, smoothing their fine suits back out, after having had to share a cramped space with a bull bigger than all of them. Given that the bull was in fact a full head taller, and they were used to being the bigger types around, there was a slight edge of either envy or resentment in their voices.

"Yeah, okay, so," one bug-like alien began, clearing her throat. "We're gonna set up the traps here, since it probably won't take long for those do-gooder SilverHawks to show up. You just, I dunno, stay out of the way, alright?"

Mumbo wholly ignored her, instead sniffing around the inventory on shelf after shelf.

"Humph, stupid bull. Do whatever, then."

Mumbo-Jumbo kept nosing around, down past the aisles, before he spotted them: an entire row of nothing but power cells, stuffed into full crates, one after another. Whatever strange impulse had taken him over, since his ingesting the artificial mini-sun, it was now *screaming*.

Before he could even think, not that he did much, Mumbo-Jumbo had a whole crate hefted up in both arms, bear-hugging it up, and burying his muzzle into its contents. He swallowed one power cell, having to force it down with greedy gusto, as the unaware cronies worked their trap out...

The back end of the grandest casino in all of the biggest city in all of Starship Casino was surprisingly unguarded; Quicksilver, Steelheart, Bluegrass and Steelwill all stole up the steps to the loading doors of what must have been the property warehouse, close-knit and silent.

"Okay," Quicksilver whispered, thumbing to the door. "I'll work the lock on the shutter door open. We go in together, and sneak up through into the main lobby. Steelwill, you take out the nearest pit boss, and don his uniform—"

"Hey, Quicksilver," Bluegrass said, quietly lifting the shutter up. "S'unlocked."

"...Oh."

The door slid open silently, smoothly, attracting no noise. The four SilverHawks all filed in carefully, lowering the door back down, so as not to invite any suspicion, from outside. They had arrived in through a back corner, with only the wall and a long shelf to guide them.

Quicksilver wordlessly motioned for them to follow close, and they all crept down past the shelf, turned, and saw Mumbo-Jumbo, there, his bulky golden backside to them. He seemed hunched over something, and the strangest sounds were coming from the bull as he focused on it, not seeming to notice much of anything else.

They looked to each other, trying to mask their confusion, before a crony shouted:

"Hey!"

The four all braced to be called out, when instead, there was only:

"You big lummo! What're you doing with those, back there? You can do whatever with those power cells after you help trap those stupid SilverHawks! You hear me, you big, dumb bull?"

Mumbo grunted and kept on swallowing, undisturbed; that was the sound for it—*swallowing*.

Something else was rising in the still air, to join it, something stranger. A rumble, maybe. The more Mumbo-Jumbo crouched and ate, the bigger that rumbling seemed to become, until the SilverHawks realized it was coming from *inside* of him...

Mumbo-Jumbo outgrows the casino, and feeds on whole streets

"Somebody call for backup! Back--"

The guard shouted the words out, just as a cascading wall of warm metallic bull-hide stretched and boomed, bowling him over. Rows of machines *bleeped* and *blooped* their farewells as Mumbo-Jumbo's growing body surged bigger, filling the casino pit, muscles and sex all flowing up the stairs to the first floor machines on both sides.

More and more of the ceiling snapped and warped, bending up in a slow, steady swell of rumbling destruction, as more and more shoulder and shoulder blades and pectorals blew eagerly up through it. Thighs as big as trucks crawled up onto the first floor lobby, pumping and groaning hotly, swelling against tables, nudging them, then shoving them back outright as shocked patrons began to see and scatter back.

As it happened, the backup did arrive; two elevators dinged, then whirled open, letting four other alien guards out in a hurry. Guns and batons were drawn, but in the sudden face of the gigantic mass of bulk growing toward them, they seemed all-too inadequate.

"What in the?" one gasped, clicking its mandibles as he brought up a gun and fired a volley of lasers. Each one soaked into Mumbo's bloated body, making it rumble ominously.

"Get him!" said another, firing freely as well.

The second story, formerly a hilly bulge of ripping carpeting and popping tile, burst open; a humongous, adult-sized head punched up through the opening, which spread wider as more neck bulk boomed in out size against it. Mumbo's gigantic eyes rolled back in a climbing ecstasy as the lasers and taser batons and electrical wires all fed him, forcing his metallic body to roar bigger and stronger. Gleaming muscles boomed in victory, stretching like mad as they relentlessly expanded.

Guests on both floors were shoved aside or grown clear over as Mumbo-Jumbo shook and moaned, feeling his tremendously oversized penis burling out against slot machines and raffle tables, pushing everything aside with ease as little patrons scrambled and struggled against its heft. Some remained caught, trapped under the still-ballooning girth of his swollen sacs, making him tremble with their touching, until another huge gush of power blew him up so big that his head rammed clear up through the entire third floor, up through to the fourth, bursting floor after floor as his pectorals exploded out against those caught in the second floor halls and rooms.

"HHHHRRRRRRRR...RRRRRRRRRR!!"

Mumbo panted openly, licking his muzzle over, before lidding his eyes and roaring as he detonated even bigger, even harder. His 90-foot body inflated angrily, giddily in size, billowing destructively out against warping and breaking walls and beams and pillars, blowing everything out as he swelled unstoppably larger against it all. 210 feet of muscle and nude sex flared and flexed, the entire bottom half of the casino filled with nothing but quaking, hot minotaur bulk, smooth and metallic and tight.

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The shaking finally reached the penthouse of the casino, rattling Poker-Face's overly luxurious desk. That Poker-Face was sitting at it made the realization that something was very wrong a little more expeditious.

"What is going on, down there?" the robotic gangster and proprietor asked no one, unable to glare on account of his robot face. All the trappings of a mafioso were his: a gaudy ring on a robotic finger, an extravagant suit and lapels, cuffs, the whole shebang. All Poker-Face was missing now was answers.

He stood, only to feel the entire building lurch one way, then the other. He picked up a phone, and didn't need to bother dialing the line.

"What in blazes is going on, down there?" he roared, before a vast swell rose up, up at the center of the penthouse floor. The bump ballooned higher, ripping the carpeting away in a sharp, cascading tear, as two thick, dark spires burst up through the marble floor on either side, followed by a fantastic crash, as the hilltop burst open, to reveal...

"M...MUMBO-JUMBO?" Poker-Face gasped, somehow coughing among all the loosed dust.

There, indeed, was the bull's head, utterly gargantuan in scope. A set of nostrils bigger than he loomed over the edge of his desk, nearly touching it, as beyond it were two huge white eyes, a gigantic jewel set all the way back atop the forehead, further up and away. All told, the head filled the penthouse living room, which itself was rather big. The head alone must have been, what...50 feet? What did that make the rest of him?

Big enough to fill your casino, some equally-robotic part of Poker-Face's mind said.

"RRRRR," the bull huffed, his rumbling voice coming out as a thick, basso boom of sound. The entire building shivered, despite being full of bull. Mumbo's swollen biceps crowded and crushed guests back into the cracking windows and bent-out walls of their rooms along the outer sections of the hotel portions, while his thick sex ground up flat against the far side walls, crushed and throbbing up against his huge stomach. His gigantic feet threatened to sink clear through the bottom story, crushing down whole machines and tables and flooring like it was nothing. The big, dumb cyber-bull had effectively devastated the entire place. *His place!*

"You're what?" Poker-Face balked, slamming his hands on the desktop.

"RR."

"Taking over, my foot! You've got some nerve! Just because you got...i-incredibly huge and powerful, it doesn't come close to the power of my money! Who do you think you're bullying, you bullying bull?"

"R."

"I know, me! Obviously!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's eyes closed to happy slits, a thick, hot blast escaping his nostrils, as the entire building began to rumble terribly once again.

"Wha-what...what is this?" Poker-Face asked, jittering in place, vying for balance against his rattling desk. "What are you doing?"

"HHHHH," Mumbo huffed, before mooing out a low, pleased groan, as his trembling muscles ballooned even bigger, crushing larger and heavier and fuller against the entire casino.

"Wait...s-stop!"

It was no use; the bull was growing bigger, and fast. His huffing muzzle punched up into the crumbling ceiling of the penthouse, before the floor cracked wider apart, and Mumbo's smooth, golden pectorals blew up to fill the space, mashing Poker-Face and his desk and practically everything else far, far back.

The exterior of the Casino rumbled and cracked farther and deeper, chunks of the building starting to finally split apart and separate. Those passing by caught sight, as well as the brunt of the fleeing crowd, as the building snapped into thirds, and among the shattering glass and snapping metal, there came three huge bulges of copper bulk swelling out through the apertures.

The rumbling shook the streets, making cars and landing ships all skitter and swerve awkwardly around one another as the chaos swelled, and so too did the building's exterior. With a final ping and snap, the quaking building blew out, out...then exploded into a shower of raining debris and ruin, coins and patrons and chairs and plants and twisted wood and metal all tumbling down onto the panicked streets.

Out from that wreckage stormed Mumbo-Jumbo, a 700-foot tall colossus, nude, hung and deeply aroused with power and size. His pendulous sacs and swollen erection swung out before him, heralding catastrophe, as his enormous foot lifted, passed over the stairwells and sidewalk and fountains, and slammed deep down onto the street, cracking it with a hissing chorus of steam pillars and tumbling cement fragments.

"RRRUUUUUUUUUUUOOOOOOOOOUUUUU!"

Those not quite fully fleeing took up the trend, and ran in the opposing direction, as Mumbo's foot crashed down and made the cars and aliens all heave up into the air, bouncing from the sheer force of impact. Mumbo loom-stepped out into the road, crushing entire busses, just as those inside fled out the windows and scrambled away from the ensuing explosion. Far, far up above, the minotaur glowered and glared, hardly able to see over the shelf of his swollen chest, watching the littles all scamper like ants.

He would have relished the ruination, but the huge bull was already compelled toward something else—the building across the street from what was formerly the casino. Its entire front edifice was a single, gigantic advertisement, a glowing screen showing a bottle of galaxy-cola pouring into a glass.

The bull huffed, shuddered in anticipation, then punched both his hands in through the screen, cracking it. Electricity coursed into the cyber-bull, making his roar and moan and puff in bliss as his muscles swelled even bigger, all over, crowding his tremendous body, before his body too began to grow...and grow...

Poker-Face arrives, and tries to reason with Mumbo-Jumbo...

"And so you're saying, this is becoming *my* problem, then, Hardware?" Poker-Face asked, his robotically unchanging face belying his aggravation. The robot mafioso leaned loudly back in his chair, putting his fancy-shoed feet up on his desk as he watched the diminutive, goblin-like alien glare back.

"It is, now, yes," Hardware said, still panting slightly. He had run all the way up Poker-Face's stupid, gaudy casino, just to warn him, and here was, being lectured. "This whole thing was because those miserable do-gooding SilverHawks! Mumbo-Jumbo swallowed the miniature sun that I...improved upon, with the amber amplifier, and now I'm not sure what he's capable of."

"And you were so kind of as to come all the way up here, on my world, to tell me so."

"I snuck onto the Mirage and sabotaged it, while they were en route, so we ended up landing here. Just dumb luck, Poker-Face. Mumbo-Jumbo got loose on his own, and I figured he would head here at some point."

"So, why shouldn't I tell Mon*Star about this flub on your parts?"

In response, a small tremor shook far down in the building, below the penthouse. They both paused, confused, before Poker-Face turned and switched to a different set of monitors on the wall of screens behind his desk. There, on multiple first floor feeds, was a massive mound of golden muscles and copper nudity, swelling up and up, filling more and more of the view of the relevant cameras.

"Good grief," Poker-Face said, betraying his namesake. "When you said he was capable of anything, I suppose you really meant it."

"I'm...I'm just as surprised as you," Hardware muttered, wide-eyed. "He's...growing..."

"Moreover, he'll wreck the place!" Poker-Face growled, picking up the phone.

"Shut off the power!" Hardware said, blurting it out.

"What?"

"Shut it all off, right now, if you want to save your casino!"

Down on the first floor, Mumbo-Jumbo continued to swell out in a heaving burst of growth, spreading over the entire first floor lobby. Machines pinged and wailed as his bulky sides inflated over them, pushing them either away or down flat to the ground, to be crushed over. His backside bloated out against the ceiling, warping and snapping it apart, cracking lights and snapping signs, as his billowing testicles and huge shaft mowed fleeing guests over.

Just as soon as it had all started, it stopped. The lights flickered once, sputtering away, then dying completely. Mumbo-Jumbo snapped to attention, the bull lowering his huge head back down and out of the ceiling, leaving a huge hole punched into the second story flooring.

"HRRR?" he grunted, spitting out the wires.

The guards that had been helping with evacuations all turned to see him, before flicking on lights on their suit belts.

"He stopped," one reptilian female guard muttered, shocked.

"Yeah, the power's out!" another clicked with his mandibles, his antennae twitching.

"Let's rush him!"

"What?" a third balked. "He's still as big as a whole story!"

The elevator whirred open, and out stepped Poker-Face. They all knew, because they had all trained their lights over onto him. The robot sighed a metallic sigh, and shook his head slowly.

"Mumbo-Jumbo!" he crowed, clapping his gloved hands together. "Good to have you visiting!"

"HRR," Mumbo snorted, having to shift his huge bulk enough to look back over his own trapezius, down at Poker-Face.

"You know, you don't need to rampage here," the robot calmly continued, stepping closer. "I'd have gladly ordered you whatever you needed!"

Mumbo-Jumbo blinked, looking unimpressed. Still, the huge bull deigned to turn his thick bulk around, still crouching low, so that his huge penis whumped and clobbered rows of still-standing slot machines as he did so. He blinked down at the comparatively small Poker-Face, then shorted.

"MMMMUUURUUR."

"Er," poker-Face started, blinking his robotic eyes behind a pair of shades. "Power cells? Yeah, yes, I do suppose we have plenty here...why?"

"RRRR!"

"Well, I figured out that you want them, yes," Poker-Face said, having to correct his own inlaid sarcasm quickly. "I was just asking...you know, nevermind. What do you say to following me back to the property warehouse, and we'll get you what you want? You can just, well...*crawl* your way."

Starship Casino

Species of all types across Limbo frequently turned to Starship Casino to dabble in vices of practically every sort; the small planet played host to a rather large city (or slum, as many would say who lived there), upon which was centered a huge, sprawling series of casinos, congregating into a singular entity of greed.

It was into that planet's very atmosphere that Mumbo-Jumbo gradually tumbled, being pulled in from the ocean of space, into its embrace. The gigantic bull had drifted and grown, drifted and grown, for some time, and by the time that he began his entry into Starship Casino, he had finished digesting the many power cells, and had grown rather immensely.

Being in space, the huge bull had little means to compare himself to other objects, thereby quantifying his new size...but he felt big. Very, very big. And it was bliss.

Mumbo snapped awake as the gravitational field pulled him in, opening his eyes to see a polluted ocean rushing to meet him. He blinked, then snorted, grinning evilly, as he curled into a thick ball of massive copper-gold muscle, and overshot the waters, instead plowing with a great booming impact onto the edge of a large peninsula, itself South of the mighty central city.

There was an enormous spray of turf and rock as Mumbo felt himself blast through the crust, shearing miles out of it as he came to a stop, and uncurled in full. His legs shoved out over the landscape, a monstrosity big penis flopping out, half-erect, thumping down over two tight, bulging sacs.

"HRRRRF," Mumbo snorted, looking this way, then that. He saw mostly the trailing tones of light surrounding the far-off cityscape, and space and stars, beyond.

He looked down, and saw where his hand rested in the cracked soil. There were miniscule dirty bumps all around it, dotting the land between cracks. The bull squinted, then laughed.

They were trees.

He looked up and saw mountain ranges, only coming up to his vertically-extended soles. To the far left were a million speck-lights in the dark, blinking in and out. To the far right, Mumbo could see ocean, on and on, with a few discs of land that he understood were entire islands.

He wasn't just big. Oh, no. He had grown even bigger while drifting than he had thought!

The vast cyber-minotaur rested there, heavy and huge, twitching muscles at random. He must have been over 30 miles tall! At least that! He was so...so, so big! Over 150,000 feet of male superiority, towering over the landscape, itself!

Bigger.

The thought made the remaining yield in his shaft give as it ballooned to full firmness, throbbing greedily between his gigantic legs.

BIGGER!

The very thought of how big he was fueled a nagging certainty that he wasn't anywhere near big enough. Mumbo-Jumbo looked to rectify that idea—by looking directly over at the central city.

--

Poker-Face sat comfortably in his oversized chair, behind and oversized desk, in a huge, elaborately over-decorated penthouse, at the top of Starship Casino, in all possible senses. The gangster-attired robot lowered his shades and newspaper at the sound of his casino security monitors all changing, behind him. Instead of the usual CCTV feeds of card counting and roulette spins, there was a news report, showing a massive and enormous silhouette towering against the planet's horizon, not so far from the city.

"What in all the..." Poker-Face started, his robotic expression unchanged, but his voice clearly concerned. He squinted at the monitors, until something terrible clicked, and wouldn't unclick thereafter. "Why is that thing shaped like...it looks like...no."

The dapper robot grabbed the desk phone, immediately.

"Security! Everyone! Code Red! Secure the vault! Call the Limbo defense forces on Bedlama, even Earth! I don't care! Get anyone you can, we're under attack! I know who that supergiant on the planet's curvature is! It's...Mumbo-Jumbo!"

Automata

Lost in the bliss of his own growing, rumbling, swelling body, in the bulging gushes of growth forcing his own muscles to rub and grind and balloon bigger against one another, Mumbo-Jumbo hardly realized where he had been drifting, until it hit him—or rather, *he* hit *it*.

The impact shook the otherwise-unfazed behemoth out of his stupor, and Mumbo-Jumbo pulled himself up out of his own crater for a look at where he had landed.

By all appearances, it was a factory—and a planet.

Machine planet, Mumbo thought idly, looking the landscape of machine parts and conveyer belts over, far below. *Tiny machines. Automata, looks like.*

Automata, it indeed was; the small factory-planet, devoid of organic life, sprawled along before him like an emptied industrial jungle. Said jungle would have towered imposingly over normal life forms on a visit, but to Mumbo-Jumbo, it was adorably small. The landscape around him only reached chest-level, at best, meaning the big bull must have been, what...400, 500 feet tall?

The realization put a nasty smile on the bull's muzzle. He rose his imposing, overmuscled bulk to a full stand, wobbling from the adjustment to gravity, and relishing the way it made his golden bulk strain and swell out in slight effort.

"HRRRRF."

He dusted himself off, then stomped up out of the crater, when a wave of moving objects appeared over the distant city of metal and bolts. He blinked, squinting down, until he could make out what it was—the Automata army, perhaps.

An armada of wheeled robots zoomed over, back-mounted sirens beeping and blinking alert as they swarmed around Mumbo-Jumbo.

"THIS IS MONOTONE," a single robotic voice boomed, from speakers attached to all of the robot army. "MANAGER OF AUTOMATA. STATE YOUR INTENTIONS IN COMING TO AUTOMATA, AT ONCE."

Mumbo-Jumbo laughed, snorting derisively at the wave of car-sized little ants around his feet.

'RRRR."

"REFUSAL SHALL BE TAKEN AS HOSTILITY. REPEAT. REFUSAL SHALL BE—"

Mumbo-Jumbo rolled his thick copper-red shoulders, brought a massive foot up high, and stepped down into the crowd, crushing several of them into metal pancakes, which then sank into the cracking ground. The other robots whirled and swiveled back defensively, training their mounted cannons up over the back-sirens. They took aim, as Mumbo crouched down, and let his enormous, full erection drop down hard, the tip smashing two more robots into blown-up scrap. The huge bull growled and twisted around, dragging his penis, letting its bulky dark tip swing a destructive arc through the crowd.

Explosions and chaos followed suit as Mumbo-Jumbo knelt onto another robot, then reared back, and sent his huge fist down with a heavy crash onto the army, scattering the meager little robots like flies.

The remaining robots all fired their cannons, shooting out not ammunition, but lengths of high-density steel cords, which rocketed out and looped about Mumbo's arm, his gigantic leg, his erection, his waist, on and on, one after the other.

"HRRR!"

Mumbo grunted in annoyance, which turned at last to concern, as too many cords caught him, the robots all pulling at once, forcing even his mighty bulk gradually lower and lower.

Mumbo snorted in anger and flexed hard, making his biceps and thighs and pectorals flare larger. One giant palm slammed down, then another, and the great minotaur started to push back against them. For a moment, he did indeed lift back up, as his strength was that prodigious—but more and more cords webbed out around him, until the bull had no leverage to work with, rendering his power useless as he slammed down to the ground, and stayed there.

"HRRR," Mumbo roared, gritting his teeth. "RRRHRRRRR!"

"NEGATIVE, CYBORG," Monotone droned, indifferent. "YOUR WILL IS MOOT. YOU WILL BE ADDED TO THE COLLECTIVE OF AUTOMATA. PREPARE FOR ASSIMILATION, AT ONCE."

At that, Mumbo saw a massive series of concentric circles opening further and further up, yawning so wide that even the bull's 500-foot body could easily have fit into it. As for down below it, well...the heat and ominous glow didn't bode fair.

"RRRRRR...HRRRUUUURRR!"

"SILENCE. ACCEPT ASSIMILATION."

The remainder of the smashed robot army proceeded to slowly drag the huge bull toward the aperture, bit by heavy bit. His huge muscles grudgingly dragged over the ground, closer and closer and closer...

Central city launches an all-out attack on Mumbo-Jumbo

Mumbo-Jumbo blinked, canting his mountain-sized head in curiosity as several of the lights in the city began to move. Sure, they all blinked here and there, but these were on the go, and getting steadily closer. From the neighboring islands out on the coastline and ocean, other lights flared and moved closer to him, as well.

Hmmm, Mumbo thought, craning his enormously thick neck as the lights all drew nearer. *Are little tiny lights supposed to—*

One light collided, then another, and another still. Laughably small puffs popped across his huge, golden sides, impacting his billowed-out bovine biceps, smattering along his hulking forearm, slamming pointlessly against his towering outer thighs and rump.

Hah, he snorted, chuckling out a small earthquake of power. *Haha! Party poppers!*

Missile after missile hissed out of the launch bay, shrieking through the air in tandem. Black market arms of all sorts sailed maliciously through the lower atmosphere, arching and winding and twisting as they all kept converging on Mumbo-Jumbo. Bursts that would have obliterated skyscrapers merely registered as fluffy little *boofs* of failure, not even denting the 30-mile giant's sheer muscle.

Still, out of amusement, Mumbo-Jumbo let the onslaught continue, holding back a chuckle or two more. Part of it, certainly, was the way the lack of any pain further inflated Mumbo's staggering ego, and expanded his groaning, overtight shaft. One impacted the flared tip, making Mumbo-Jumbo shudder in poorly-muted delight, further arousing the immense god-bull.

"Tell me if any of the impacts are doing it," Poker-Face ordered, speaking into the phone. So much aggregate dust was covering the news cameras that it was all but impossible for the robot to tell on his own end. "I paid top-dollar for a news station, and they can't tell me if the weapons I paid further-dollar for are even working! What? Yes, keep firing!"

"RRRRHR," Mumbo-Jumbo snorted, tilting his hug head back and groaning aloud. He shifted his massive bulk slowly, imposingly, letting the tiny world down below see as he hugged down on his huge sacs and erection, and moved them over some, so that the bulk of the missiles slammed into his bulbous orbs, tickling them relentlessly.

OOOOHOOOHOOO, Mumbo thought, his huge eyes rolling back happily. *Good...GOOD!*

When the missiles ended, suddenly, Mumbo perked up and blinked, then stared down in disappointment.

Humph, he sighed. blowing entire cloud drifts into nothing. *Was almost there...*

The dejected titan huffed in irritation, then began to lean down over himself. To the city, the sky might as well have been crouching down and glaring it it. Technically, it was.

A muzzle several miles long loomed over the entire city, metallic and glorious and horrible.

"RR."

Starship Casino was generally bathed in twilight, at all hours, yet the shadow that spilled over everything was darker, by far—far enough that Poker-Face noticed it, from the safety of his penthouse.

"What..." the dapper robot muttered, getting up from his opulent desk, and looking outside on his wraparound penthouse balcony. All there was looming over the silhouetted cityscape and glitz and sleaze was a set of bovine lips and a chin. They were of such enormity that nothing else could be comprehended.

Mumbo-Jumbo uttered something, but it was so powerful, so basso and big, that it was difficult to work out what it actually was.

"What?" Poker-Face shouted, before realizing he was simply too small to be heard. Instead, he rushed back inside, found the grid controls for the entire city at his desk, and began to type in a change of coordinated patterns.

Mumbo saw the entire city go dark, before only certain lights flared back on. Being as tremendously huge as he was, still, Mumbo was really only maybe twice the size of the city, itself. This, happily, made reading very easy; and that was what the lights had rearranged themselves to: words.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, MUMBO?

The bull snorted, offended that Poker-Face was even bothering to ask. This was, after all, Starship Casino. Even to Mumbo-Jumbo, Poker-Face *really* should have been smart enough to know.

"RRRRRRRGHRF."

The city shook a moment from his mere word, so-called, before the lights changed:

IF YOU'RE GIVEN THE CITY...YOU'LL SPARE ME?

"RRR!"

...THE PLANET, YES. THE PLANET, I MEANT. WILL YOU SPARE ME?

"RR."

ACCEPTABLE. ONE MOMENT...PLEASE SIT BACK AND WAIT, MUMBO...

Mumbo-Jumbo shrugged his mighty shoulders, snorted, and sat back down with a fantastic crash of destruction. He waited, licking his golden muzzle over smugly, waiting for some sure sign of capitulation.

At that, one single missile shot out toward him. It was slightly bigger, the squinting bull-god supposed.

Ah, sure. Poker-Bot not gonna do it. Figured.

"RRRR, RR," he sighed, not caring as much—until inspiration hit.

He smiled, suddenly, and traced the rough line of fire on the missile with his erection. He reached far out enough, straining to get his hands and fingers on the enormous tip of his penis. He stuck out his tongue in concentration, the minotaur spreading the hole in his tip just a little bit wider, so that the bigger missile sailed right into it...

Poker-Face tries to buy Mumbo-Jumbo's protection

"Do we what?" Poker-Face asked, as he kept the phone to his robotic ear. "What? Are you insane? And risk him flattening us all? I don't know how that bovine blockhead became bigger than a city, but I won't be the one to tick him off...no, no...the only weapon here is the one that we know can always work. Well, yes, usually it *is* money, that's...anyway! Point being, we will have to mollify him, figure out just what it is that he's here for...now, patch me into the city grid...the entire city, you dolt!"

At that, a large console rose up out of the center of Poker-Face's gigantic desk, with a series of buttons and a keyboard on it...

Mumbo-Jumbo was debating whether or not to bother standing, at his already-terrifying size, when all of the lights of Central city itself suddenly blinked off, then flashed back on—only most of them never returned to life.

Instead, Mumbo-Jumbo saw letters flickering on, forming words that spanned a city that was smaller still than he—but it did make reading them easy:

WHAT DO YOU WANT, MUMBO-JUMBO?

Mumbo-Jumbo actually stopped to think on it. It was a fair question. He hadn't come here with any plan, other than to escape the SilverHawks. Plus, he had been much, much, much smaller, back then. Now that he was geographically-big, he would need to readjust his docket.

"RRRRHRRGHN."

From miles away, the bull's booming voice still reached, shaking the city's tallest buildings ominously. Poker-Face rode the quake, fixed his tilted glasses, and set to typing.

YES, NATURALLY. I IMAGINED YOU WOULD BE TAKING OVER. BUT WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU? WHY HERE?

"HRRRN, RRR."

NOW, NOW, MUMBO, PLEASE WAIT. SMASHING US ALL INTO 'BITTY-BITS' WILL NOT SERVE YOU. WHY NOT WORK FOR ME?

"HHHHHHNRRRR!"

This time, the city danced and swayed, all from the sheer decibel power of Mumbo's colossal voice. When the dust settled, Mumbo saw the reply:

...JUST ASKING, MUMBO. JUST ASKING. IF YOU WOULD HELP PROTECT THIS PLANET FROM THE SILVERHAWKS, SAY, OR EVEN MON*STAR, YOU AND I COULD BECOME A FORCE BIG ENOUGH TO OVERWHELM ALL OF LIMBO!

The use of the word *big* made Mumbo-Jumbo shiver with glee, despite his huge, musclebound form. Still...

"RR, MNNNRRRN..."

TELL YOU WHAT, MY BULGING BOVINE; PROTECT US FROM THE SILVERHAWKS, AND THIS PLANET IS YOURS! I WILL WORK FOR YOU, AND YOU ONLY. ANYTHING YOU NEED, I WILL PROVIDE, FOR YOU. SOUND FAIR?

Mumbo opened his huge maw to roar out a *no*, when he instead closed it, and thought...

Mumbo-Jumbo breaks through!

Mumbo's massive fist raised higher, gaining more speed as it slammed back down onto the energy matrix dome, making everything shake harder still within. The lights wobbled in their old fixtures overhead, dust raining down in waves, as Quicksilver steadied himself, then turned to Steelheart and Steelwill.

"It's not going to hold," Steelwill said, grimly. "We need to get moving!"

"He's right, Quicksilver, we need to get away!" Steelheart added, as the pounding on the dome continued, escalating in violence and frequency.

"Okay, then," Quicksilver sighed, looking about frantically. "Grab flares from the emergency boxes, if you can find any! We'll need to re-signal Bluegrass as soon as he can lose sight of Mumbo-Jumbo!"

"Right!"

They tore the box off of its mounting on the walls, and Steelwill carried it under his arm, football-style.

"Easier this way!"

Quicksilver didn't bother to argue, as the colossal bull's roars shook the air inside, rattling the windows. On the next hard impact, they all warped and cracked.

"Go, go!" Quicksilver shouted, as Steelheart went to the exit door, and tried it, only for the knob to rattle, and the door to stubbornly remain shut, as though suddenly fused to the station molding. She elbowed into it, but again, it refused to budge.

"It's...warped shut! The damage to the building's put too much weight on the doorway!"

"Lasers!" Quicksilver said, doing just as quickly as he spoke. He spun about and blasted the windows with his shoulder-mounted lasers, blasting the glass free as the entire rig shook again, then began to bend left, tilting the floor and ceiling. Desks and papers and chairs all skidded back to the tilting corner as they pitched for balance, then wobbled their way toward the opened window frames.

Beyond them were Mumbo-Jumbo's massive, hulking pectorals, shining and tinted through the shuddering dome, which blinked off, then back on, once more.

"What direction?" Steelheart asked, as they climbed out and onto the exterior walkway, leaning onto the bent railing.

"The next time it blinkers out, go Southeast," Quicksilver said, as the bull's fists raised high one more time.

Bluegrass steered the Mirage over a ridge, clearing the valley; as he did so, the valley was kind enough to reveal Mumbo-Jumbo there, in all his nearly 700-foot glory, holding onto a high mesa with one huge arm, the other murderously raised.

"Bluegrass here, I repeat, Bluegrass here!" the blue-armored SilverHawk spoke into the radio, using

his free hand to guide the hip closer. His 10-gallon hat tipped too low, and he nodded his head to force it back up, so that he could better see. "Do y'all read? Quicksilver! Hey! I see Mumbo, he's fixin' to—"

At that, the matrix slipped away, then reappeared just after. Mumbo's hand crashed down, smashing the matrix so hard that it shattered outright, letting the huge fist bash down into the station, smashing it in as it collapsed into a smoldering heap of doom.

"No!" Bluegrass shouted, swerving the Mirage away. "Do you copy! Hello!"

It holds...but will it hold long enough to let the Mirage rescue them?

The defense dome held, blow after powerful blow; Mumbo-Jumbo, naturally, took the resistance of the matrix personally. The nearly 700-foot cybernetic man-beast roared and shook with effort, straining impossible biceps as he brought his fist up again, and crashed down harder. The dome trembled, shaking the entire station angrily, but it all remained standing.

Out through the station's top-tier windows, Quicksilver, Steelwill and Steelheart all watched, seeing the huge bull's chest swell and flex and tighten as blow after blow hammered down.

"So far, so good," Steelwill muttered, gulping.

"Come on, Bluegrass," Quicksilver said, to himself. "We don't have a lot of time, here..."

That was when Mumbo-Jumbo stopped hammering away, and saw the spotlight filtering up through the defense matrix. He snorted, understanding soon enough, and covered the spotlight with his hand, which was easily big enough to do so.

"Crud," Steelheart growled, throwing the switch, and pulling the lever beside it. The spotlight whirled and shifted, alternating over to the side, and Mumbo glared in irritation, covering its new spot with that same hand. "He just keeps covering us! A long as he...wait a minute..."

Quicksilver watched with Steelwill, as she moved the spotlight again.

"RRRRRRR," the gigantic minotaur rumbled, visibly more angered, as the beam moved again. It moved once more, and Mumbo covered it, snorting steam, only for it to move yet again, like a bug he just couldn't catch, despite all his newfound power and size.

"Leave it, Mumbo!" Hardware yelled, stomping on the bull's swollen copper-gold trapezius. "Get to cracking that stupid dome!"

"HHHRHHNNHHHRRR!"

"So what?" Hardware roared back. "Who cares if their ship sees it!? Look at you! You're immense now! Just swat it away! Let it come!"

The light moved again, and Mumbo grudgingly let it do so. He made ready to rear up his fist and strike the matrix again, when Steelheart thought fast, threw the lever, and threw the beam of light directly into the bull's eyes, making Mumbo twist away and roar in shock and anger. Blinded, the gigantic bovine pitched backward and slipped. His grip on the mesa's topside gave, and he went tumbling down the entirety of the much taller wall, slamming down hard on the cracked landscape below. Hardware was thrown clear off, wailing and cursing and flailing his entire way down.

The sheer tonnage of the crash shook the mesa, quaking up into the station, jittering its interior lights and rattling the window panes, until it all died down—along with the dome. The green matrix sputtered out and died, and did not return.

"Great thinking there, sis!" Steelwill crowed, high-fiving Steelheart. "Hah! That's showing 'em!"

"Quick thinking, for sure," Quicksilver said, smiling, "though the only downside is, we're defenseless now, should he climb back up."

"And he sure will, knowing Mumbo," Steelheart agreed, nodding. "So, I guess—"

"We had better split here, and fast."

The low roar of an engine mercifully rose in the distance, getting closer and closer yet. The three SilverHawks ran to the windows and spied the horizon, before Steelwill pointed out toward a small objects zooming nearer to them.

"Now, there's a sight!"

Sure enough, it was the Mirage!

"Supposin' y'all might want a pickup?" a Southern voice drawled coolly over the ship's exterior speaker system.

"We might!" Quicksilver laughed, running outside to wave their pilot down.

As they all piled out, the entire mesa shook, and shook badly. Down below, Hardware had landed, bouncing hard on Mumbo-Jumbo's bloated pectorals, and the amber amplified ray cannon had blasted a thick beam directly into Mumbo-Jumbo's chest, feeding the groaning minotaur, making him rumble and shudder terribly. Hardware laid there, poleaxed, his finger squeezing the trigger on and on, blasting more and more and more and more into him...

"That doesn't sound good at all," Steelheart said, as the Mirage steadily came down to a landing on the mesa. They ran down the stairwells of each tier of the station as the Mirage's bay door opened at the back.

Mumbo moaned and lowed, hot and huge, unable to control himself as raw power gushed and bulged it s burning way into his body. His huge muscles trembled and puffed and swelled, tense and tight and radiating heat, before he licked his muzzle over, whined deeply, and tensed in on himself. His flexed out bigger, bulkier, the rumbling shaking the entire valley worse and worse, the buildup getting unfathomable as more and more just kept pouring into his ragingly big, aching body.

"HRR...R-H-HHHUUU-HHH..."

His panting escalated as he stretched openly, his bulk starting to strain thicker, before he hiccupped and grunted and gulped, shaking and groaning in an almost fearful delight, before he...b-before he...

"HH...H...R...RRRR...RRRRRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUUU--"

"Get to the ship!" Quicksilver yelled, moving the two other SilverHawks along in a sudden panic, as the station shuddered and the mesa quaked, the rocks and boulders starting to rattle and dance in place.

"C'mon, doggies!" Bluegrass shouted over the speakers, as the opened bay door awaited them, ready and beckoning.

Behind them, Mumbo-Jumbo's roars grew bigger and deeper, meaner and hotter. The bloating bull shudder-gulped and spasmed and twitched, his body desperately preparing for the building, throbbing explosion of growth pumping inside it!

Hardware blinked groggily, coming to, just in time to see the beam still pouring out of the ray cannon, into Mumbo's swollen, gilded pectorals.

"Wh...huh?" Hardware mumbled, before his eyes widened. "Oh...oh, NO!"

Mumbo's eyes were aglow with too much power, the bull's shuddering body openly quaking and rattling with too much energy.

"RRRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUH...HRRRRRRHHHN!!"

Hardware let go of the cannon, but it was too late...

Continued

Mumbo-Jumbo huffed and moaned, panting unashamedly down into his overgrown chest, his chin resting on pectorals so big they pinched all the way up against his jawline, bulging out against his overgrown shoulders and biceps and forearms. His massive hands, big enough to crush several skyscrapers together, rested on the topside of the canyon, the bull's humongous body overshadowed by the higher mountains on either side.

Can't run, Mumbo-Jumbo thought, sneering evilly. *Mumbo...big! Bigger than all!*

The self-flattery had multiple purposes; every time he dwelled on his own staggering size and bloated, tight, lovely-huge muscles, it forced his already-aroused shaft to billow even bigger, painfully huge and tight. It ballooned even bigger, yet, making even Mumbo wince cutely as it stretched and pleaded to blow, only to double angrily in size and girth. Its bulging, fat sides crushed in against the canyon walls, grinding them wider as his sex kept rumbling and swelling beyond him, a beast on a snapping leash. And that beast doubled in size again, scarily, the tip straining-tight, screaming, hot and heaving and full with need.

Bigger...

Mumbo licked his muzzle and mooed, tensing and flexing his insane muscles tighter, forcing them even bigger, demanding more and more still. His penis roared bigger, over twice a big as Mumbo was tall, pulsing so powerfully that it rumbled through the crust and over the mountain ranges surrounding the canyon formation...

"Faster!" Quicksilver ordered, as the three of them blasted the long-rusted doors of the ticket office open with their shoulder-lasers, running past the opening. "I think Mumbo's going to t-try and flush us out!"

"With what?" Steelwill said, panting, as they ran through the wide open lobby, toward the exit doors.

"What...do you think?" Steelheart panted, as they crashed through the doors, exiting out into a long, long hallway, seemingly carved out of the mountainside itself. Deactivated autowalks meant to cut down on foot travel extended down as far as any of them could see, and just as Steelheart's words hit home, Steelwill put the equation together. His face paled.

"Faster!" he roared, taking to flight. The tunnels proved wide enough for any masses walking or moving at a calm speed, at floor level; flying, however, was messier. Steelwill nearly hit the ceiling and the emergency lights, fighting to even out in the limited space.

"Seconded," Steelheart sighed, grudgingly following suit, and taking to awkward flight.

Quicksilver groaned, but nodded to himself, and took to flight as well. The three of them constantly threatened to collide into each other, until they worked out a better flight formation, and sped along over the autowalks and wall-mounted benches and restrooms.

"Don't stop!"

DON'T...S-STOP...

Mumbo-Jumbo's self-coaxing was bringing the giddy bull to a shuddering head, his sex swollen beyond all sanity or control. He licked helplessly at his own bulging chest muscles, golden and tight and -metallic-smooth. Each snort and puff blew out in a huge cloud of steam as he trembled and moaned into himself, stroking off harder, faster, against the cracking canyon walls. His tip ballooned too big, spasmed, darkening hotter and tighter, before...

BIGGER...B-BUH-B-BU-BIIIIIGGG...HUUUUUUURRRRRRUUURRR--

Either his sex or his head was going to explode! It was coming! It...IT WAS

**"MMMMWWWWOOOOOOUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAA
AAAAAH!!"**

A thunderclap of seed blew forth, an atomic bomb of thick, white, burning-hot ejaculate blasting loose into the canyon. Waves of fluid battered out against the overtight canyon, filling it like a rocky condom. The little room there was forced the blowing load of seed to fill every crackling crevice, including the one down below, where the monorail station fed into the side of the canyon, and the mountains beyond.

The interior walls of the station warped, cracked, and buckled out, weeping spurts of ivory that shot out, flowed down, and began to flood the flooring, before a full wave of pressurized semen blew forth, crashing through the walls, filling everything. Pillars snapped, bent out, then broke apart as the waves of seed rose higher and higher, rapidly filling the poor station to the brim, and beyond.

Mumbo bellowed hard into his pecs, quaking with need, blasting more and more violent bursts of release. His muscles strained and swelled as his backside flexed hard and his rump squeezed. hips as wide as several dams combined slamming recklessly into the outer canyon, over and over. Sacs as big as his lower body swelled uncontrollably, somehow getting bigger and fatter and heavier against his swollen hot thighs, instead of diminishing, even as he blew loose an escalating gush of fluid.

BIIIIIGGGGGGUUUUURRRRRHRRRHRRRRR!

The rumbling swelled to deafening down below as the SilverHawks kept flying, as fast as their cybernetic rocket attachments allowed. Far, far behind them, the doors to the entrance of the monorail station bent out and bowed, then cracked and snapped off, pinging away off of tired old hinges, as the waves and waves of overflowing seed gushed out into the long tunnel, pouring forth, catching up with the fleeing heroes.

"It's coming!" Steelheart shouted.

"Please, say you mean past-tense!" Steelwill begged, not wanting to look back as the semen began to gush underneath them, spattering and covering the autowalks, burying them under a thin flood of white, which continued to grow higher and higher under them.

Dust coughed down from the ceiling of the tunnel as they kept flying at top speed, having to rise higher toward the ceiling as the river of fluid surged ever-higher, toward them.

"H-how much does that bull have to give!?" Steelheart gasped.

"He's going to blow the whole mountain up into a volcano, at this rate!" Steelwill moaned, as the river filled up over half the height of the tunnel, and kept rising.

"Just focus!" Quicksilver shouted. "We're almost there! Look!"

Up ahead was light, indeed. Faint, but there. The hallways finally ended, at long last, leading up into a series of escalators and stairs. They concentrated, even as the whole mountain shook ominously and the world below quivered. They banked up into a high angle at the foot of the escalators and charged up, up, up, as the sticky river of semen crashed into the base, then started to pile and rise higher and higher, chasing them up the entire way.

"Almost, almost!"

"Prepare for impact! We're gonna hit the doorway and crash through!" Quicksilver shouted, just as the entrance of the escalators evened out for them, and they impacted the glass around the doorway, shattering it, and smashing clear out into the open!

They all shook and wobbled to right themselves; unable to, the three SilverHawks found themselves swirling out into the open valley, hugged around by the mountain ranges, before the ground rushed up to greet them, and they crashed hard.

Behind them, a fantastic geyser of seed blew out of the entryway, gushing and spattering everywhere around them. They shook off the crash and teetered to a collective stand, in time to turn back around and see what was going on, from a new perspective—and that perspective was not flattering. Well, to anyone except Mumbo-Jumbo.

The bull was looming up from the other side of the canyon and mountains, swollen with muscle and blaring out a great, dominating bellow-moo of lewd joy. Semen kept on blasting out of the station entrance on their side, gushing over the ground and parking lot and light poles and abandoned vehicles outside, pouring out wider and wider still. The canyon itself was leaking great gouts of seed, soaking white and thick into the lake beyond it. The huge bull huffed and mooed and moaned, gushing more and more and more and more, impossibly.

"Good grief," Steelheart sighed. blinking.

"Let's not mention this in the mission debrief, later," Quicksilver muttered.

"Agreed," both chimed in, instantly.

Continued

Hardware wobbled and swayed, the miniscule dwarf-alien only holding onto Mumbo-Jumbo's sky-high body by his magnetized boots. The landscape below pitched and swung as Mumbo-Jumbo lowed and snorted, unable to help feeling himself in pleasure.

"What," Hardware stammered, looking out over to the far right, across the wide lake. Mumbo's massively bulging arm lifted up from the disturbed waters and settled on the swollen tip of his erection, making the enormous god-bull tremble in delight.

"RRRRRRR...RUUUUUUUUHURRRURRR..."

"What are...oh, you can't be serious!" Hardware roared, his voice hardly even a whisper of a squeak to the groaning bull. "Get a grip on yours—er, no, wait, don't!"

Mumbo lidded those colossal white eyes to happy slits as he flexed his nostrils and moaned, squeezing tight on his sensitive head, making it bulge receptively as its metallic flesh dimpled and swelled against it.

"Do you even hear me, you big, bullheaded lummox!? Stop that! There's a...a t-time and a place! Compose yourself!"

Mumbo opened his enormous maw, happily letting a long, metallic tongue flump free as he groaned aloud, shaking everything, and parting the clouds. His chest twitched, his rear flexing powerfully, as he felt his way down, down the massive expanse of his bobbing, huge shaft, tickle-touching and groping on it. It bulged even larger in response, as his titanic red copper-hand played with it, down, down to his billowed-out testicles. Each one was a mountain, smooth, bulged and tight, like two metallic, gargantuan water balloons displacing untold volumes of the lake, where they rested.

"HHHHHHHRRRHRRRRRR..."

"D-don't you even care about getting those lousy SilverHawks!? Hey! Hey, darn you!"

Hardware grumbled the rest to himself as he took the amber amplifier and fussed with it, removing the amplifier from the ray cannon's chamber, and switching its polarity to the negative.

"Ignore me, I'll...what's what, and who...around here, you..."

Mumbo boom-mooed as he bit his golden lip and rubbed humongous slow circles over his sacs with both loving hands, his gigantic eyes rolling back as he threw his head up and bellowed, making the entire landscape creak.

Hardware snarled and pointed the ray cannon square at Mumbo's bulbous neck, then fired off a massive and prolonged blast.

Slowly but surely, the colossally huge cyber-minotaur began to rumble, then lurch down, in a thick reverse-spurt, the size sucking out of him as he dwindled a full smile smaller, and quickly.

Yet, such was Mumbo-Jumbo's childish delirium of bliss that the bull didn't stop to notice something was off until he had shrunken all the way down to a meager 10 miles. Sure, it was still over 52,000 feet in size, mind-breakingly large compared to what he had started out at...but after tasting such fruits, it was impossible to go back, and Mumbo boomed out a roar of fury and panic and confusion, all at once.

"RRRRRRRRUUUUUOOOO!? HHHRRR!?"

"Maybe you'll listen to me now, you moron!" Hardware snapped, as Mumbo continued to heave smaller and smaller, to 8 miles, then 4 miles. "Or can you still not pay attention to your obvious superior!? Huh?"

At 1 mile, Mumbo's fretting escalated, to where the huge bull was looking himself over, over and over. His neck still being so big and thick around, it was impossible for the shocked bull to locate Hardware, who remained magnetized there, firing on and on.

At 1,000 feet, Mumbo was submerged halfway down into the lake, and had lost most of his fight. He sagged against his own hulking muscles, sighing in dejection, and it was then Hardware finally seemed able to reach him.

"You feel like listening to me, again? Hmm?"

Mumbo blinked, then sighed deeper, finally understanding.

"...R."

"Alright, then! Now, you listen up! Listen good, Mumbo! There's no point in overpowering you so huge and strong, if you don't go after those stupid SilverHawks! What else you you gigantic for?"

"...RRR. RR."

"Good! Now, get marching to those mountains, because that's where I saw them head, while you were...playing around!"

Finally, Hardware stopped blasting, leaving Mumbo-Jumbo at a meager 500 feet in size. He switched the amber amplifier back to positive as Mumbo-Jumbo trudged sulkily through the lake.

"And don't you whine about it! 500 feet is plenty big, already! I'll pump you bigger once we get nearer to the mountain, then you do your actual job, you hear? Those SilverHawks fled so quick, they probably don't know you're smaller for the moment. We're gonna sneak closer, then get you big enough to crush them, before they can fly off again!"

Mumbo stomped along, nodding grudgingly. All the while, though, his mind was racing as fast as it could.

Get gun, his own brain told him. Get gun, and no more told be small. No more being stopped getting big...

Hardware sneaks Mumbo-Jumbo into Mon*Star's lair, for a hostile takeover!

"Mon*Star's gonna break you in two, you know," Melodia snarked, sing-songy and smug, as the Limbo Limo veered off into the deeper blackness of Limbo. "It's the only way you could possibly get any shorter."

"Har-har," Hardware sneered, rolling his beady eyes. "You just let me worry about Mon*Star."

"Oh, darling, *I will.*"

The car-ship swerved again, leading down, down into the dark jewel that was Brimstar, home of the notorious gang, led by the terrible crime boss, Mon*Star. It nearly glowed with red malice, a crimson eye left permanently open, staring out from space. It was into the star-like opening on its surface that they flew into, sinking down, down into the dread heart of the planet.

"Your funeral awaits, ugly," Melodia chirped, uncaring, as she touched the car down on the landing strip outside of Mon*Star's tower.

"Big deal," he huffed, taking the ray cannon with him, when Melodia pulled it back by the strap.

"Uh-uh. This sucker is going straight to Mon*Star. You just go on in, as is. Have fun."

"Humph."

Hardware felt his pocket once more, making sure that Mumbo-Jumbo was still out cold. He smiled, and headed into the tower.

Let her keep it, he thought. I have contingencies.

Inside were several other cronies of the mob: Mo-Lec-U-Lar, the shapeshifting spy and assassin, Buzz-Saw, a robotic thug with circular saws for hands, Yes-Man, Mon*Star's slithering naga-like toadie, and Windhammer, a cross between an elf and a merman, wielding a large tuning fork. Timestopper was among them, as he had been hoping.

Good. This will work, then.

The five thugs turned to face Hardware as he entered, alone. When Mumbo-Jumbo didn't follow along, there were snickers and murmurs aplenty—they just weren't from Mon*Star.

"Well, Hardware?"

The craggy growl of a voice belonged to none other than the Lord of Limbo, Mon*Star. He sat on a high throne at the back center of the interior, scowling with his one good eye. An ornate eyepatch covered the other, a mane of dark hair surrounding his semi-feline features and sharp teeth. That same foul fur covered his large body as well, making him the kind of intimidating that never diminished.

It was that very intimidation that Hardware, just this once, managed not to cower away from.

"Mumbo-Jumbo has been taken in by the SilverHawks, my Lord," Hardware began. "The sun is with him, I'm afraid."

Mon*Star just kept glowering, unblinking, from his evil throne. The other five kept muttering to themselves, unnerved, ready to catch a slice of whatever hell was possibly headed their way.

"So, you've failed, utterly, then?" Mon*Star rumbled, glaring even harder, somehow. "On all possible fronts, it seems!"

"For the moment, only," Hardware replied, defensive. "The SilverHawks are en route here! Melodia only beat them over due to the route she took, and that the Limbo Limo is a much lighter, faster craft. I come with warnings! We should prepare!"

"DO NOT PRESUME TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO, HARDWARE!"

Mon*Star's voice came out so big and deep that it made all present shrink back in fear. Even hardware still flinched. He told himself he did so as an act, even if that was only a half-truth.

"M-my apologies! I only meant that battle might be our only option!"

Hardware quickly eyed Timestopper, who was yawning, also feigning indifference over on his end of the crowd. The dwarven alien restrained a grin, readying an extremely small device in his other pocket.

"Hmph...yes. Very well, then," Mon*Star mused, growling lowly. "Then prepare, we shall! Yes-Man!"

"Y-yes, boss!" the lowly green-skinned man-naga said, saluting.

"Prepare the transformation beam!"

"Right away, boss!"

Mon*Star leaned back in his throne as Yes-Man snaked his way over to a large console, and began to press buttons. The apex of the tower suddenly parted out, sliding away, to reveal the stars of space up above them.

As it finished, Mon*Star began his chant of power:

Moon Star of Limbo...give me the might...

Hardware turned slightly toward Timestopper, and clicked the button on the device in his pocket. At once, the large mounted digital clock on the teen punk's chest blipped on, blinking a 1:00 readout.

...the muscle...and the menace of...

Timestopper noticed the clock turning itself on, and balked in shock.

"What in the—"

MON...STAAAAARRRRR—

At that, before anyone else could say or do anything, the clock on Timestopper's chest moved down to :59, then :58, counting down its seconds.

"Eheehee! Perfect!" Hardware crowed, removing Mumbo-Jumbo from his pocket. He removed the device with his other hand, pointed it at Mon*Star, up on his throne, and pushed the button. A soft aura enveloped Mon*Star, and with ease, Hardware lifted his entire feline body up off of it, and lowered him down, the gravity around the crime boss nullified entirely. Just as he had exerted force on Timestopper's clock's button, Hardware now exerted on Mon*Star, lowering him down to a seat

on the floor, below the steps to his high throne.

:31....:26...

"Now, your turn, Mumbo-Jumbo," Hardware chuckled, clearly well-pleased with himself. "Go take your seat!"

With that, Hardware used the small device to cover all 5 inches of Mumbo up, and gravitationally lift him up, up to the throne.

:15....:11...

He set Mumbo-Jumbo down, put the device away, and quickly waddled away from the main throne room, all the way down to the entrance hallway.

"We'll see who ends up on top, you louse," Hardware muttered vengefully, as the clock finished its countdown.

:03...

:02...

:01...

Everyone remained as they were when time resumed, with the exception of Timestopper, who finally patted himself over in surprise, and Mon*Star, who fell out of his seating position and tumbled back-flat to the floor. He bellowed in shock as the Moon Star's beam shot down through the opening in the tower, blasting the passed out Mumbo-Jumbo, still tiny, still set upon the throne...

Mini-Mumbo sneaks free into space...but he's still shrinking!

Hardware sat in the passenger's seat, scheming away, as Melodia prattled on about all the trouble she was going to enjoy seeing him get into with Mon*Star.

I've already reversed the poles back to 'grow' on the amber amplifier, Hardware thought, making sure his plans were perfectly aligned and set. I blast Mumbo-Jumbo awake when the time is right and the heat is off of me for failing...then set him loose inside of Brimstar, taking over! Heehee! The alterations I made to his body before Melodia showed up should ensure I remain untouched!

The stocky alien was so enamored of his own cleverness that he failed to notice that Mumbo-Jumbo had already woken up. The 5-inch cybernetic minotaur snapped to, grunting gently, trying to understand what kind of leathery cave he had gotten lost in.

"RR?"

Even his own voice felt...small, to him. Lighter. Less heft. He felt himself over, noting with a sudden and sour disappointment that his bulky muscles had returned to what they had always been before. They were still large, sure...but to taste better and not get it anymore, ever again? That was too cruel!

The mini-bull slipped out, wriggling free from the pocket, which he quickly understood to not be a cave, but part of...clothing!? Clothing of what? What could possibly ever be big enough to...to...

Mumbo gasped and lurched back against the high wall of the Limbo Limo's vinyl seating, looking way, way up at a towering Hardware.

What...what happen? Mumbo-Jumbo panicked, scooting away. Hardware bigger? No. No! Mumbo, Mumbo the bigger one!

He spied around himself, and saw the interior of the Limbo Limo, bigger too than ever before.

Mumbo...not big. Hardware not big, either. Mumbo...small!? NO! MUMBO...SMALL! TINY-LITTLE! HOW!?

He kept scooting back, bit by cautious bit, until he nearly fell off of the edge of the seat, having to instead hug around it and crawl between it and the belt and the inner door, going around to the other side, and hopping over onto the backseat. There, sure enough, was the ray cannon, with the amber amplifier still in, on the plus-position.

Hardware shrink Mumbo!? Stupid Hardware! STUPID HARDWARE!

Fuming, the toy-sized bull started to take a hold o the ray cannon by its huge barrel, only to realize the obvious: it was actually way too big for him to use. How could he compress the trigger and stand in the beam?

Figure out later! Mumbo told himself. Get free! Take gun, and get free, or they take away!

Mumbo-Jumbo, now so-called, hugged the barrel and forced the gun silently across the seat, retraining his anger out of necessity. He moved it slowly over to the door, forcing it with all his tiny might to angle up against it. He climbed the ray cannon, stood on the door rim, and tugged it steadily, cautiously upward, toward him.

When he had it all the way up and out, its greater weight sank down against him, making the little bull grunt and tumble off of the ship, out into space. Nobody even noticed.

He spiraled out through the void of Limbo, holding onto the gun for dear life by its strap.

Think, stupid! Mumbo ordered, summoning all of his smarts.

He held on by the strap, tingling, then feeling himself shrink down another half an inch, suddenly.

Ack! No! Stupid smallness! No! Do good thing, quick!

At that, Mumbo-Jumbo acted. The bull climbed the strap all the way up to where it was closest to the trigger guard. He grabbed its rim with one tiny hand, held the strap with the other, and forced the strap through the loop of the guard. He slipped down another half inch, leaving him a meager 4 inches, making him hustle to thread the strap through further. When finished, Mumbo was 3 inches tall.

When he was sure it was enough, Mumbo crawled past the trigger guard, took the fed-through strap portion, and pulled it along with him to the back of the ray cannon; in effect, he had threaded and looped half of the gun's strap through to the other side, so that when he tied the fed end of the strap around the back handle, and pulled it tight enough, the trigger was caught in the middle, and the pulled strap forced it back, effectively firing the gun in a perpetual blast.

Hurry, hurry, hurry!

Mumbo mooed in an escalating frenzy as he felt himself shudder, then slip another full inch. He watched and felt the strap swell bigger by comparison, again, seeing the finish line push farther away as the ray gun got that much bigger than him.

Still, the panicking bovine crawled hand-over-hand along the molding the gun, along its chamber, toward the tip, all as it kept blasting freely in space, aiming at nothing, since next to nothing was really out there, to hit.

Mumbo reached the end of the spinning, blasting ray cannon, and made ready to leap into it...

A mysterious other SilverHawk intervenes!

"Yes, that's it, Mumbo," Hardware cackled, from up on high, still magnetized to the enormous bull's metallic forehead. "Crush them...crush those puny little SilverHawks into dust! Hehe!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's foot hovered over the unconscious SilverHawks, so big that it could have stepped on an entire modest-sized building.

"RRRRRRR."

Mumbo's monotoned voice rumbled out as the foot lowered, steadily, callously down.

That was when the flash came, just underfoot. Being so high up, Hardware could only make out the sound of it. Mumbo-Jumbo's pectorals and back and shoulders were so overgrown, so thick, that seeing completely down beyond them proved impossible. Still, the stocky dwarf-alien knew something was wrong.

The foot connected with the surface of the moon, and the ensuing boom shook everything for half a mile. When the dust cleared, only Mumbo's foot remained there, cratered deep into the split crust.

"Well?" Hardware roared, impatient.

Mumbo remained silent, unblinking.

"Oh, right...er, yes, move your foot, Mumbo, and let's see the see damage..."

Hardware operated the remote, making Mumbo actually move further back from the stomp print. He would have to remember to pilot his every move, from this point on; this included making the big bull lean over, so that Hardware could see beyond the huge shelf of his pectorals, and better observe an empty impression on the turf.

"What's this?" he growled, squinting down. "Nothing? Did he really flatten them into nothing?"

He operated Mumbo, looking around as the bull looked around, turning heavily, gigantic feet shaking the slammed terrain as he turned this way, then that.

"Hmm..."

"Come on, SilverHawks...wake up!"

Quicksilver's eyes blearily opened to the ghost of a voice. He could almost see who was talking, yet part of him already knew.

"Flash...back?"

His sight returned, to the view of the green-armored SilverHawk, comrade and friend from the future, staring back at him. His owl-like ears crowned the armor on his head, making it impossible that it could have been anyone else.

"Looks like I got here in the nick of time! You were all about to be squashed flat again!"

"Whu...again?"

Quicksilver stood, wobbling, as Steelheart and Steelwill began to groan and awaken. He could see they had all been moved away, behind a large series of cliffs. He could hear Mumbo-Jumbo's huge body, the way the overgrown muscles all shifted and heaved, and knew that the behemoth was still nearby.

"Before I showed up on Stargazer's orders, in the distant future, you had all been crushed by Mumbo-Jumbo. I thought I was going to arrive with a few more seconds to spare."

"So, you came back to save us?" Steelheart asked, getting onto her feet as well.

"More than that," Flashback said, suddenly grim. "I'm here to help you stop Mumbo-Jumbo and Hardware, before things get too out of control."

"Hardware? He...that's right! That little worm stunned us!" Steelwill growled.

"I meant to arrive before he took over Mumbo-Jumbo. See, after he hijacks Mumbo, at his sheer size, he easily takes you all down. Then, he launches an attack on Mon*Star, to eliminate his competition, and take the mob under his own control...only the mob tries to mutiny later, and he eliminates them, too."

"But, surely, the Bedlama defense force, or Stargazer, or the other SilverHawks..." Steelwill started.

"They all fight back, yes. But Mumbo-Jumbo keeps growing, and growing. With every confrontation, the bull ends up not only on top, but much larger and stronger. With Hardware controlling him, there aren't mistakes. It's his brains and Mumbo's brawn, together."

"Well, how big does he end up getting, if he isn't stopped now?" Steelheart asked.

"You don't want to know."

"Try us," Quicksilver said, calmly. Flashback sighed deeply, nodding.

"...He doesn't stop growing. After reaching planetary sizes, Hardware finally makes one fatal mistake, and overloads Mumbo-Jumbo. It ends up being too much, and Mumbo-Jumbo's growth escalates beyond all sanity. Even Hardware hasn't been found for over a year, in my time. We've all been living on Mumbo-Jumbo for a long time, and every minute, we can feel him growing around us. Professor Power believes that, at the time of my going back to help out, Mumbo's grown to the size of at least 55,772,750 light years...several hundred times bigger than all of Limbo..."

All three SilverHawks went dead-silent and wide-eyed, trying to comprehend the numbers.

"Limbo...is smaller than...Mumbo's pinky?"

"Smaller than his pinky-tip, many times over. And time is still passing, in my timeline, too. That means even as I speak with you here, time is moving forward there...meaning he's still growing bigger than even that. If the bull makes one wrong move, we could all be wiped out. It's sheer dumb luck that our galaxy and others haven't been brushed clear through to dust yet, by a false move or twitch."

"Well..." Steelheart gulped, thinking fast. ""W-we can stop it though, if you're here. We'll nip this insanity in the bud, now. Right?"

"That's why I'm here, yes. See, Professor Power has a theory that's much scarier than what's happened, up to my current timeline. He theorized that Mumbo-Jumbo's growth is accelerating faster and faster. If Mumbo's growth isn't stopped, at some point, the bull will outgrow the universe."

"That's crazy," Steelwill mumbled, blinking.

"It gets worse. If he grows beyond the universe, then he would spill over into the multiverse. If he grew so fast that he outpaced everything, he would outgrow time itself."

"Gadzooks," Quicksilver said, quietly. "He would grow through every timeline. Even here."

"In theory, at least," Flashback added. "So, if he's correct, then the future is an even greater enemy to us. We're racing the clock here, and in the future."

"There's no way Mumbo's growth could get that fast, that soon, though, right?" Steelheart asked, nearly pleading for some kind of comfort. "So, we can still stop it now."

"That's the idea."

"Then what're we talking for?" Steelwill asked, shrugging impatiently. "Let's go knock that tin-can bull out from under Hardware's stubby feet!"

"Hmph," Hardware snorted, looking back down to Mumbo's huge head and looming muzzle, beyond. "Forget them, then! We've got bigger things to take care of, you and I! Heh! We're getting off this stupid rock, and heading to Mon*Star, for a little chat about the new chain of command..."

With that, the alien readied the ray cannon, aiming it at Mumbo's forehead...but a thick, hot rumbling swelled up within the minotaur, all on its own, and the controlled bull's erection still flared out fatter, long and heavier, bulging between his legs as they bulked out, and his muscles roared bigger. The rumbling built and built as Mumbo ballooned twice as large, in one huge, sudden, booming burst!

"W-whoa!" Hardware cried, flailing in place, as he helplessly rode Mumbo's growth spurt higher and higher up. "Easy! Easy, Mumbo! Hmm...looks like you're growing, on your own...rather, the sun's blowing you up bigger, the bigger it gets...hmm..."

He looked out from Mumbo's even-larger body, now towering at 7,200 feet, over 1.3 miles tall; the landscape was theirs, at such a monstrous height, and finally, Hardware bothered to look up, to space.

"Heh, right...okay, Mumbo-Jumbo...let's see if you and I can leap up out of his lousy rock..."

The SilverHawks are...doomed!?

The three downed SilverHawks laid there, helpless, upon the surface of the satellite moon, as the shadow of Mumbo-Jumbo's colossal foot hovered overhead, ready to stomp down.

"That's right, Mumbo, do it," Hardware commanded, piloting the enormously massive bull by remote. "Crush those miserable SilverHawks down into the dirt!"

Mumbo, unblinking, grunted out his compliance, and lowered the foot. The digit, easily as wide as several city blocks and as long as a small skyscraper, connected with the surface of the moon, crushing it down into an ever-deepening crater of destruction. Cracks lanced out through the crust, splitting and spreading, furthering out into ugly, gaping cracks.

The foot settled, and stayed there, even as the tremors of the impact rocked out across the valley.

Hardware paused there, letting the vibrations finish rumbling up through Mumbo's towering body and overinflated muscles. He blinked, then cleared his throat, and operated Mumbo's foot up, bringing the huge minotaur back to a stand. There was no way to easily see over the massive swells of Mumbo-Jumbo's pectorals or shoulders, so Hardware piloted Mumbo's gigantic palm up to him, so that he could magnet-walk over onto it, and be lowered safely down to view the damages.

"Well, then, let's just see," Hardware muttered, walking toward the webbing between two titanic red fingers.

He peered out beyond them, and looked into the foot-shaped crater Mumbo had hammered into the landscape. He might have made something of a face, for a moment, before pulling back.

"Oof. That'll do it."

"RRR."

"Right. Well. Can't believe I'm actually able to finally say it, but...HAHA! So long, SilverHawks! Weeheehee! Finally! We did it, Mumbo-Jumbo! And we're going to do so, so much ore, at that! Haha!"

Only the sound of the moon's silence answered.

"...RR."

An unsubtle tingle rippled through Mumbo-Jumbo's massive body, making Hardware stop his little magnetized happy-dance on Mumbo's forehead. It grew steadily worse, deeper, stronger, gathering up into something ugly and huge, within the cyber-bull.

"Hmm?" Hardware started, blinking in confusion. He looked down, and saw how even his magnet boots were starting to buzz, then shake, as Mumbo's tingling swelled up to a full tremble, then a mean rumble. "W...what is this? What's going on?"

"RRRRRRR."

Mumbo's monotone voice answered, as the rumbling 3,600-foot bull's body tensed in, shook, tensed tighter...then boomed bigger, billowing angrily up in size!

"Whaaa!"

Hardware rocked and pitched, stay on Mumbo's forehead as he watched it stretch out wider and wider, pumping up taller and higher into the skies. The huge horns went from pillars to towers,

growing out farther into the atmospheric haze as they spread wider on either side of him. The jewel on Mumbo's forehead swelled from a hill into a mountain, widening and bulging higher, creaking along with his head as Mumbo's body ballooned bigger, muscles raging larger, thicker, bigger! His neck nearly doubled its staggering bulk as his shoulders erupted out bigger, heavier, his biceps bursting out hotly, his triceps and shoulder blades and forearms all heaving out in explosive blasts of growth.

His thighs hulked out as his shaft dangled lower, throbbing out fatter and bulkier atop two inflating sacs, as his feet swelled bigger over the terrain, crushing more and more in their path. His heels bumped hills and boulders and smaller cliff sides, crushing everything under-bulk as they grew and grew and grew.

4,000 feet blew up to 4,300, then 4,700. The lowest of the artificially-made cloud banks began to lower toward Mumbo-Jumbo's rising head, his muzzle pushing out farther and longer beyond the growing ridge of his head, itself a great golden-copper plain of mass. Hardware found himself hunched down in a defensive crouch, riding it out, as the bull's body kept expanding and groaning loudly, thick with too much muscle and power, yet still drinking in more and more!

5,300 feet trembled and boomed up to 5,800, then 6,100 after. At over 1.3 miles, finally, Mumbo-Jumbo stopped growing, and came again to a halt. His musculature had practically doubled in girth, giving him boulder-arms and a massive chest and backside. One cloud brushed the very tip of his dark horn, he stood so high. Compared to him, Hardware was just that much more of a speck. A grain of salt, practically.

"Ho," Hardware gasped, finally breathing again. "I, uh...okay. You're still a growing boy! I see! This is good. Oh, this is very, very good! For me! Heehee! Mumbo-Jumbo...you and I are getting off of this measly rock. We have an appointment with all of Limbo!"

"RR."

Mumbo-Jumbo climaxes, destroying most of Bedlama

Mumbo bellowed out the happiest roar imaginable, a sound so big that it ejected from his 5,280,000-foot tall body like an airborne quake. The moon shook, snapping further apart under Mumbo's body, itself only three times larger now than he as he stroked his bloated sex up and down, cuddling it tight against his overblown, smooth, shining pectorals. Metal creaked metal as the cyber-bull's bulk squeezed, making Mumbo huff and moan out into space, mid-lavishing.

The break in his growth spurt allowed Bluegrass to punch it, and the Mirage finally managed to scream away to relative safety, out in the void of Limbo.

"Made it!" he cheered, sighing right after. "Shoot-fire and heck, was that mighty close!"

"Ah, I think there's still a problem," Steelwill said, pointing out of the cockpit dome. The others stopped celebrating long enough to stare out past it, and come to an unwanted understanding.

The moon, a satellite of Bedlama, was occupied by Mumbo-Jumbo. The bull was facing Bedlama, from that very moon they had all just escaped. Mumbo's stroked erection was flopping back down, too big and heavy to hold up. It's tip was throbbing and groaning, bloating bigger and thicker and hotter—and that tip was facing Bedlama.

"Good gravy, if that bull uh, does this business," Bluegrass started, then stopped, clearing his throat in a bid for modesty, "he'll blast right onto the planet!"

"It gets worse," Quicksilver said, as he noticed Mumbo's body starting to rumble up again. "Look!"

A cyber-bull looming up at over 1,000 miles in size, a size already mind-breaking enough, began to spasm and shake and huff hotter, deeper, licking the air as he tilted his head back and began to boom even *bigger*.

Great volleys of flame and steam shot out of Mumbo's flared nostrils as his pectorals bulged further out ahead, his arms swelling up into huge boulders of muscle, crowding each other, stretching over-tight and aching, wonderfully full. Pleasure cascaded off of him in heated, self-important lust, making Mumbo-Jumbo boom-moo and balloon twice as big, in one terrifying burst, surging up past 2,000 miles.

His erection stuttered out bigger, lurching and quavering and bobbing and bloating, too, too full of girth, too big to control, even for him. His testicles swelled out like oceans, smothering the cracked curvature of the moon as he lurched even larger, and blew up bigger than it, now over 3,000 miles in size!

"He ain't stoppin'!"

"Get us away, Bluegrass! And hail Bedlama, right now! His eruption's going to be way bigger than we just anticipated! They need to know, right now!"

"R-right! Bedlama defense force, channel 65-D, do you read? This is Bluegrass, of the SilverHawks! SilverHawks, hailing Bedlama! For Pete's sake, answer! Do you copy, Bedlama! Y'all need to evacuate!"

Mumbo's panting grew faster, deeper, his rumbling body billowing up even bigger. Muscles exploded forth across his swollen body as he moaned and howled and grunted, dragging his growing fingers across his sex, dimpling against his metallic, throbbing phallus.

"HRRRRRR," he huffed, his backside and shoulders ballooning, crowding against his thickening, bulging neck, as his lats expanded up hotter, bigger, pushing his triceps up even as they bloated

wider, and wider, ad wider. "HHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRGHRRRRHRRR!!"

He trembled and gushed with raw size, growing up past 4,000 miles, his frantic growth climbing to a fever pitch as he pleased himself more and more, becoming more frenzied with need. The poor moon cracked in two under his rump, and those two pieces both cracked and split and broke away, the entire moon shattering off into a spray as Mumbo callously blew up to 7,000 miles, then 9,000!

Biceps so big they blocked all view of space crowded the Mirage's sights as it fled back, more and more. Bedlama was a huge planet, overall, at least 280,000 miles in diameter. Compared to Mumbo-Jumbo's size, the globe was a full-on mansion. But that was a fast-closing gap...

"Bedlama defense forces, copy," a voice finally said, over the line. "We copy you, SilverHawks! We have sightings on multiple feeds nationwide—is that Mumbo-Jumbo, out there!?"

"Darn right, it is!" Bluegrass said, half-busy managing the ship's escape flight. "Listen, that bull's growin' faster than a Spring weed, and he's uh, aimin' to...you know...blow."

"You're kidding," the voice said, momentarily distracted from the obvious panic on Bedlama.

"He's about to blow...uh...at y'all."

"WHAT!?"

"Y'all need to evacuate, pronto, y'hear? Get off-world, right now! The bigger Mumbo grows, the bigger his impact will be! He ain't done by a long sight, either, so git!"

"R-roger! Roger that! We'll use Professor Power's warp grip to relocate! On it! Thank you! Over and out!"

"How long do you think it'll take for them to organize the escape flash on the grid?" Steelheart fretted, turning to Quicksilver.

"No idea, sadly," he sighed, looking back out, as they could see Mumbo's bicep exploding even larger.

Mumbo boomed and bellowed and shook, rattling with growth. His raging body rumbled and surged out, blowing the ever-growing bull's size up to 14,000 miles! Hands the size of small countries and continents slapped his overinflated penis, drumming on it, teasing and touching it, making it swell so big and fat and tight that it nearly hurt.

The tip wobbled as his sacs bloated bigger, spreading his huge thighs apart rapidly as he floated in space. If anything, the big bull was drifting closer and closer toward Bedlama, dragging into its gravitational well. That only brought the trembling, bucking erection nearer, still, its tip burning hot and swollen. Mumbo-Jumbo bit down on his own lip and threw his head back, blowing out clouds of vapor and flame as his chest rumbled and exploded out bigger, and bigger, his arms detonating with mass and size! his thighs heaved too big, crushing cutely in on his expanding orbs, squeezing on them, forcing a sudden, ugly bugle of pressure to knot up into his billowing shaft, making it balloon to double its horrifying size!

"RRRRRRRRHR...HH-HRRRUUUHRRR...RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!"

"Brace yourselves!" Quicksilver shouted. "He's going to b—"

B-BBBB-BUH-BBB-BOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSHHHHH!!

A big bang of semen blew out, a cannon-fire of white cream blasting out from Mumbo's bloated, screaming tip, bursting out in a thick geyser-spray of release! The torrential blast of seed shot forth, crashing directly into the surface of Bedlama, as Mumbo roared, mid-orgasm, and blew up twice as big in size, pumping viciously up to 30,000 miles!

His climax swelled even larger, stronger, battering into and blasting away entire chunks of the planet. Entire districts, states, geographies, lakes, rivers, mountain ranges, all were blown off the map as the spray crashed into the planet, blowing a widening hole in its sundered crust. Entire countries and the tiny cities therein were blown to soggy dust as Mumbo kept roaring and gushing, his thick penis bulging in waves of release, his hand crushing helplessly, adoringly down hard on his overgrown pride.

They could all only watch from as afar as they could keep getting, seeing the larger planet being battered gradually apart. More hunks of crust and landscape splintered and blew away into space as the terrible climax blew on and on, until a much larger, magma-glowing crack birthed out from its sides, spreading over the entire hemisphere. Those cracks grew and multiplied, deepening, before the pressure became too awful, and over half of the globe snapped apart and blew away, revealing a seed-spattered, blazing core.

At last, Mumbo's release stopped, slowing to a thundering, echoing trickle, then nothing at all. Only Mumbo remained, bloated and heaving with satisfaction, looming over everything but the remaining third of Bedlama. He licked his muzzle over, panted hard, and shivered in pleasure, over 150,000,000 feet tall, and still too bulky for his own good. A spent, massively huge penis floated out in front of him, half-resting on the bull's colossal, hefty sacs.

"By Gar, he went and did it," Bluegrass muttered, awestruck with horror.

"Did they...did they make it in time?" Steelwill asked.

Mumbo-Jumbo blows up into his muzzle, pumping himself HUGE

One stupendously thick copper-golden arm wrapped around the topside of Mumbo-Jumbo's erection, itself wider than his hulking leg; the other arm wrapped about the lower middle, and the 1,000-mile tall bull pulled it close, hugging his body-sized shaft hard against himself, feeling it throb and swell, groaning with a puppy-like tremble against his heaving, warm, thick pectorals. The more the enormous bull teased and licked and nuzzled his own heard, the fatter it bulged, stretching painfully, *perfectly* over-tight as its metallic skin strained to contain its girth.

Fingertips wider than small states dug into the hot, thick erection, dimpling in on it as he clutches the lower rim of his huge head and stroked on it, huffing into the tip, bucking into it in big, needful lurches. His testicles swelled and bulged, mashing gently up, up along his thighs, rubbing and rolling like water balloons up against them, as the poor moon struggled to accommodate his sheer size, cracking under-rump.

"Good grief," Steelheart gulped, turning away from her view in the Mirage's cockpit. "I would've said he was enjoying himself enough, a few minutes ago, but this..."

"Just like a villain, for you," Steelwill sighed, looking away in embarrassment. "No moderation at all."

"More like total abandon," Quicksilver said, grimly. "Forget what he's doing, it's why; that big bully's letting go of all concern for anyone else. I don't just mean he's being inconsiderate, I mean, he's about to crush that entire moon! And Bedlama is right there, beside..."

Mumbo-Jumbo interrupted, without even trying to. As far as the monstrosously vast cyber-bull was concerned, the SilverHawks weren't even there anymore. To be fair, we wasn't far off, in any sense. The Mirage wasn't even a speck anymore, in comparison. Instead, he concerned himself with himself, and plate his muzzle flat over the bulbous tip of his head. He welled up, stretching and groaning wider with intake, before...

"Wait," Bluegrass said blinking rapidly. "Is uh, is he fixin' to..."

Mumbo-Jumbo welled as far up with air as he could, held, wiggled against the crumbling moon—and blew into his erection, hard, and deep. The effect was instantaneous: the air rushed through, further flaring up the internal sun's heat, making it burn bigger and bigger. In turn, Mumbo-Jumbo's biceps and thighs and shoulders and backside all suddenly ballooned out, wider, thicker, and bigger, all over.

"GOOD GRIEF!" Steelheart said, fanning herself.

Mumbo kept on blowing, his trembling body inflating up twice as big, in one thick, booming pump. The 2,000-mile tall behemoth flexed his new-grown muscles, bigger than ever, even for his own size, and blew harder into himself, keeping the seal on his inflated tip. Again, Mumbo-Jumbo rippled and tightened, then swelled up and out, lurching twice as big, yet again, surging to a staggering 4,000 miles!

"I uh, think he's stoking his own bellows," Steelwill said, anxiously backing away, despite being in the relative safety of the cockpit. "Shouldn't we attack, or something? Isn't there anything we can do?"

"Heck, if we dropped a warhead on him, it'd be less than a lil' ol' bee sting," Bluegrass said, shaking his head fearfully. "I got no idea how we're supposed to make him quit..."

And quit, Mumbo-Jumbo did not. Another huffing blow, and Mumbo-Jumbo billowed up, and up, and up, loudly stretching and bloating bigger. His pectorals expanded out against his own hugged-in shaft, which itself was bulging too big to hold. Pockets of shaft boomed out around his hugging

arms, throbbing and giddy with want. His chest muscles gorged bigger, straining so big and tight that they contoured further out around his shaft, threatening to push it out so far with them that his huge, growing arms couldn't fully reach anymore; yet still, he grew, blowing himself up twice as big, *again!*

The moon vanished under his swelling cheeks as Mumbo roared bigger, spurting up past 12,000 miles. Other smaller moons and satellites began to drift obediently closer to his growing bulk, drawn to his escalating gravity. Asteroids bounced like large molecules against his swollen, bulging bicep, which bulged even larger as he blew again, and again. His erection bunched out into three massive swells and a tip, which curved awkwardly up, getting too big, too tall to be kept in Mumbo-Jumbo's maw. Still, he stubbornly licked and nosed into it, blowing again, shuddering and booming up to 24,000 miles!

Over 126,000,000 feet of Mumbo burgeoned and groaned all over, spreading bigger and thicker through space, muscle atop muscle. Big enough now to hug Earth to his midsection like a child, Mumbo-Jumbo was beyond colossal; the only body he paled to, in comparison, was Bedlama. The 280,000-mile planet still outsized him by a fair bit, but as Mumbo-Jumbo's muzzle slipped off of his tickled, throbbing, pleadingly full penis, and it whipped back up beyond his maw, it didn't look quite like a good enough gap.

Mumbo sighed, not at all dejected. If anything, the looming god-bull was shaking with happiness and raw, lewd need. His penis was pulsating openly, throbbing out pressure and heat, and Mumbo-Jumbo had zero-point-zero interest in leaving it unattended.

"Oh, now what?" Bluegrass moaned, watching on as the vast golden field of metal muscle shifted and moved away from them—and toward Bedlama.

They fire on Mumbo's penis, to drive him into climax and stop

The readouts on the dash showed angle after surreal angle of Mumbo-Jumbo's various body parts and muscles, all towering up and up into seeming infinity, as the ship rumbled and shook, riding out the bull's terrible, awesome growth. Quicksilver struggled to stay standing, holding on to the back of Bluegrass's chair as they all felt the pressure of riding increase.

"Even sta-stayin still is t-too much!" Bluegrass growled, trying to stay cool. "Sucker's gettin' too big, too fast!"

Quicksilver thought on it, then blushed, and sighed.

"Which way are...w-we facing, Bluegrass?"

"The...the...aw, the you-k-know what!"

"...Fire on it."

"Say what, now?" Bluegrass balked.

"Quicksilver, you can't be serious!" Steelheart shouted, over the rumbling booms of Mumbo's still-growing muscles, beyond the ship. "I mean...no!"

"Do it!" Quicksilver ordered. "Everything we've got! Make him finish him business early! He's cloud-headed and wild, right now! Just do it!"

The Mirage's beam cannons all glowed awake, charging up noisily over the overwhelming din of Mumbo's growth spurts. Beyond them, the bull was still blowing energy beams into his own erection, billowing his musclebound, nude, gold-copper body all the way up to 500 miles, and he showed no signs of stopping, before the Mirage opened full fire on the side of his bulging shaft, from down on his endless thigh.

Mumbo's gigantic white eyes tolled back in peak pleasure as they blasted away at his shaft, tickling it and teasing with terribly, the power soaking in and fueling further growth. They all braced within the undetectably small ship as Mumbo suddenly groaned, then roared into his own penis, which flared twice as big, almost punching into his muzzle from the sheer size and violence of its growth. Even compared to the trembling, enormous, 800-mile tall supergiant, Mumbo's erection was suddenly far bigger, almost impossible to hold anymore. His thick red fingers dug and dragged along its girthy bulk, slipping away as it bulged even bigger, flaring up into space like a throbbing tower of desire.

"RRRRRRRRRRRRHHRRRH!"

Mumbo-Jumbo licked the air around him like a huge dog, unable to fend off the pleasure attacking his senses. His pectorals and lats and shoulders all trembled as he tried to hug its bulging sides, hardly able to reach even that far about the 1,300-mile member. His head threw back as he roared, feeling his testicles bulge up beyond the cage of his thick, golden inner thighs, pumping, pouring and plumping tight and heavy as they rumble-rolled over his own legs, smothering them. They both ballooned into a nearly-single mass, swelling uncontrollably bigger and bigger. They steamrolled beyond his knees, then his ankles and feet, pinning them down to the crackling and breaking surface of the moon as Mumbo bulged up to 900 miles in height, his penis now double his massive size, and still growing faster, as the ship kept firing away.

Mumbo panted and cried and roared and whined, snorting and shaking his head atop an utterly enormous neck. His tongue lolled out cutely as he closed his eyes and furrowed his metallic golden muzzle booming and bellowing, as his towering erection shot forth towards the dark embrace of the

cosmos.

"This's nuts!" Steelwill moaned, as the ship collided against the widening wall of the base of Mumbo's boundless shaft.

"He's almost there!" Quicksilver shouted, over the sheer din of growth.

"How d'you even know?" Bluegrass shouted back. He was genuinely asking.

Mumbo roared, his maw opening wider as the beam shot loose from it, into the heavens. He tilted back, and it struck the stammering, swollen peak of his bloated tip, feeding it even bigger! It heaved and strained and surged angrily higher, three whopping times as long as he was tall, at over 3,000 miles! A penis over 15,000,000 feet long, bobbing and throbbing, fat and bloated and trembling with lust, before his moon-covering sacs billowed twice as big, his entire sex threatening to consume him!

Mumbo shuddered and gulped, then MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOed out a final cry of delight and delirious arousal, striking his penis again, as the Mirage kept firing, and his penis...boomed...and b-boomed...a...a-and...boooooommmmed—

GGGGGUUUUOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSHSSSSHSHHHSHHHSHHH!!

They hang on tight...but Mumbo isn't stopping his growth...

"The ray cannon Mumbo swallowed has got to overheat and burn out, at some point, even temporarily!" Quicksilver reasoned, albeit loudly, as the Mirage rattled with the rising rumble of Mumbo-Jumbo's unstoppable growth. "Then we'll get away! We won't be detectable, at his size, so as soon as it relents, Bluegrass, punch it!"

"We're already on the same ol' page, Quicksilver, worry-you-not!" Bluegrass said, straining to speak as the ship rode out the booming bull's colossally huge growth spurt, outside. Mumbo's thigh muscle alone swelled into a boundless, flat plain, an expansive field of endless heat and shining metal brawn—and if the muscle was the field, the erection's base was the mountain, an it just kept on climbing higher and higher into the skies (which were nothing but triceps and abs).

Mumbo-Jumbo boom-mooed and swelled out everywhere, greedily inflating in size, pouring bigger and bigger across the crumbling valleys and mountain ranges of the moon, smothering everything under warm, firm rear and calves. At 400 miles, the bull's pectorals burst out larger, pushing angrily tight ahead of him, butting cutely against his throbbing penis, making him snort and rumble out happy growls of bliss. On and on he blasted, letting the increased beam of the ray cannon blow into his inflated erection, more and more; its thick metallic skin stretched painfully out as it kept flaring thicker and thicker, the tip booming and bulging hotly against his muzzle as he blew.

Can't stop Mumbo, he thought, shuddering in utter, evil joy. *No one stop...Mumbo...n-never s-stop...*

A small spacecraft modeled after a vintage convertible sailed down into the open-eyed aperture in the foul planet Brimstar, sinking all the way into the core, where a vile, high tower sat among a great valley of ruins and debris. It was at the base of this tower, the lair of the sinister crime lord, Mon*Star, that it touched down, and came to a rest.

Melodia, one of the members of the Mon*Star mob, stepped out and slammed the driver's side door shut behind her, clearly in a hurry. Her punk-pop skirt ensemble shook as she ran, her black-white stockings shifting, her high-heels clicking, her two-tone shock of green hair wavering over her music-note shades as she entered the throne room of the tower, caught her breath, and looked up, up the stairs, to the throne, where he boss sat, waiting.

"Mon...Mon*Star," Melodia panted, gulping. "Bad news!"

"What's the meaning of your barging in here, Melodia?" Mon*Star hissed, the dark-haired titan leaning forward in his throne. The feline features of his face scrunched cruelly as he cut her a glare, which his eyepatch hardly diminished. A mane of dark fur consumed most of his head, the straps of said eyepatch buried within it. "What's so important that you had to return from your rendezvous, without any of what you were sent to get?"

"That's...that's just it, Mon*Star," she wheezed, straightening up, as the other cronies of the mob appeared around her. "I was there! I just came from there, I had to warn you!"

"Warn?" he snorted, scowling. "Me!?"

"It's the mission, the thing about stealing the miniature sun from Professor Power!"

"I know my own assignment to you, Melodia!"

His voice shook the throne room. She winced, and the shades couldn't hide her fear.

"It's M-mumbo-Jumbo, Mon*Star! Something happened! When I got there, that big bull was bigger than ever! Huge! He's growing larger!"

Mon*Star looked ready to bellow again, but stopped, blinking, genuinely surprised.

"...What?"

"Like I said, he's gigantic! He must have been a mile tall, when I cruised around to the pickup point! And...a-and then, he just got bigger... and bigger! And bigger! He w-was still growing, when I escaped te moon and came back to tell you!"

"How big was he, when you left, then?"

She pursed her lips, the gloss of her punk-rock lipstick sticking together a moment.

"...At least 100 miles, 150, tops."

The other cronies all blinked and mumbled, awestruck. A few looked incredulous. Melodia noticed.

"I'm telling the truth!" she snapped, glaring at anyone that wasn't Mon*Star. It was all right outside one of the moons by Bedlama, right? So, check a feed from there! I'm telling you!"

Mon*Star regarded her, narrowing his eye menacingly, before he nodded down to Yes-Man, his half-male, half-naga toadie. Yes-Man gulped, then threw a few switches on a console, and several generators opposite the throne along the far wall lit up a holo-screen. A dire looking newscast was indeed on:

"We repeat, the criminal known as Mumbo-Jumbo has indeed been spotted on the outer moon of Bedlama! For reasons that top scientists are still debating, the cybernetic minotaur and known member of the Mon*Star mob is rapidly growing in size, at a terrifying rate! Readouts estimate his current size at 500 miles, and steadily climbing higher! Bedlama defense forces minister--"

"Incredible!" Mon*Star finally said, his eye wide with interest. "Incredible! What power could possibly have blown that dimwitted tank up to such an unfathomable stature? he could crush cities to dust with a curling finger! He could snap a small planetoid apart! Unbelievable!"

"I saw no sign of Hardware," Melodia continued. "D-do you think it was something to do with him? He did have that amber amplifier with him, so..."

"The amber amplifier never had anything *that* big," Mon*Star hummed, thinking. "But I intend to find out the rest of the equation, hehe! I'll get it front Mumbo-Jumbo, firsthand! Yes-Man!"

"Yes, boss?" the naga nervously said.

"Prepare the transformation beam! Only this time...let it continue to strike me!"

Yes-Man balked openly, lurching back at the idea. Melodia and the other members of the mob all gulped together.

"Y...you're certain, boss?" Yes-Man stammered, afraid to ask, but more afraid not to. "I-isn't it dangerous to take too m-much?"

"OF COURSE! I CAN HANDLE IT! HAHA!" he roared, shaking the pillars around them. "How little you think of me, Yes-Man! Now, pump me up with all of it! I intend to match that stupid bovine, go there, myself, and *make* him tell me!"

He watched on, smirking evilly, watching the holo-screen show Mumbo's body rumbling up even bigger, still, as the ceiling of the tower chamber opened up, and the red glow of the Moon Star shone above him.

Yes-Man threw the proper switch, and it began.

"Moon Star of Limbo," Mon*Star chanted, looking up to it above. *"Give me the might...the muscle...and the menace of...MON...STAAAAAARRRRRRRAHAHAHAAAA!"*

At that, the red glow of the Moon Star blasted down a summoned beam of foul energy that struck Mon*Star, flooding into him...only this time, it kept flooding...and flooding...

"YESSSSSS," Mon*Star huffed, awaiting the usual transformation, where his furred muscles would shed out, and a hard amber armor grew up over him, covering his entire body like a spiked suit of armor. His feline-like face and muzzle would then be covered by a cruel helmet, its metallic teeth locked in a snarl over his mouth, spikes pushing out of his cranium and forehead.

This time, however, that simply didn't happen. The cronies all looked to each other, waiting for it, yet it wouldn't come. Something else was happening, this time.

"MORE," Mon*Star roared, as his furred body began to rumble ominously, all over. "MORE!"

Yes-Man blinked out of his confusion, and pulled the switch down further. The beam amplified tremendously, bursting down onto the shuddering Mon*Star's body, soaking up untold amounts of power.

"Why isn't he changing?" Melodia muttered, stepping back.

"He usually changes because of taking in the right amount, I guess," Windhammer, another nearby crony, mumbled. "It must change when he ups the ante—"

"RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!"

Mon*Star's bellow made everyone jump as they all watched him start to finally change. His fur grew even darker, a bloodied red, as his entire body suddenly surged out, throbbing bigger, in a mean push of billowing muscle. His fur spread hotly as he shook and laughed and boomed up another foot in size, then another. His feet started to spread wider across the throne base atop the stairs, as he trembled, closed his eye, and blew up three more feet, then ten more, leaping up bigger and stronger.

"TO THINK...I NEVER TRIED...THISSSS B-BEFOOOORE..." he boomed, chuckling deep within an expanding furry chest. "MMMMOOOOOORE, YESSSS-MANNN...M-MUH-MOOOOOOOOOORE!!!"

The 20-foot tall leader huffed and moaned, clutching himself with bulging, ever-bigger biceps, his spiked shoulders swelling uncontrollably larger, as he surged up to 25 feet, then 30.

Yes-Man hesitated, genuinely fearful, before closing his eyes and nervously pulling the switch all the way down, with a hard thud. The beam increased dramatically, strobing awful red lights across the interior. They all shielded their eyes as Mon*Star's body rumbled deeper, then exploded in size!

His bulking legs slipped and grew down, down the sides of the throne's high stairwell, as a thick, lewd member pushed out and flumped soft and heavy and full, swelling bigger and longer and hotter as it pulsed down the steps, filling the width of the stairs. His furred back blew up into the ceiling, forcing his maned head up, up against the cracking opening, letting the beam soak into him even faster, the closer he grew toward it...

"YYYYESSSS...Y-Y-YEEEEEEHEEEHEEEESSSSSS!!"

He bloated bigger, rapidly, filling the throne room, shoving his tiny minions aside as he filled it all, 100 feet surging to 130...150...180...