

ROOFTOP, BLACK MARKET

OPERATIVE T, 4:31 PM

“Sir, let me explain—”

“Please do,” Mienai growled over the line, his words cold iron. “That would be why I called you. Again. Glad to know you function well enough to *eventually* grasp the point of my attempts to reach you. Now, talk until I’m satisfied.”

The capybara turned away from Cosmo’s colossal nudity in the distance, putting her free hand up over her ear as the crowds on the street roared in approval.

“Ah, s-sir, it...it wasn’t my fault! I followed the one student that left the school grounds with food items, *our* food items. I-I followed her down to the Black Market, into a hotel, but lost her at the elevator. I went floor by floor to try and catch her, only they blew up too big and I barely made it out alive—”

“They?”

“T-the okapi and the student, a wolf; they ate the food before I could find their room. I was flung clear over to the neighboring building as they broke out, sir, it was insane—”

“Insane!?” Mienai hissed, something that until now she never knew a zebra could do. “You want *insane*, look at the news! We have an epidemic of gigantism going on that’s impossible to control! We have several of them in captivity, but the public already saw them! Who *wouldn’t* see a nude animal as big as an office building—”

“I know, sir, I a-apologize! I just, there was no way to know the effects were this powerful! The sample tray was knocked over, it wasn’t my fault!”

“No, that’s *exactly* what it is, given I have to explain this to Yahya!”

That frigid bit finally set T’s blood to a crawl.

“I...I nearly died, sir!”

“Don’t bother returning to headquarters,” the zebra sighed. “Go straight to Site Omega, immediately. The higher ups have designated it our containment center, for now, due to its

capacity. We're well past damage control, so there's no point in you fumbling around anymore. Thankfully, some more giants have arrived on site; one volunteered to carry the other in with Yahya's convoy. But he'll be back at headquarters shortly, and I'll have to get him up to speed on the big picture. As for you, we sent extraction teams to each sighting for collection and control, *such as it is*...there should be one there now. Get with the TL and report in on arrival."

"Sir," T interrupted, with the last of her floundering courage. "Am I fired?"

"Just get in their van."

The line went dead, along with her hopes. Her stubby arms hung in defeat as Cosmo's thuds shook the whole building, the cheers below no longer penetrating the shell she was in. She bit her lip, sighed for what felt like an hour, and made her way down, leaving the unconscious avian topside as she went.

DOWNTOWN

From his vantage, the streets were so small that they were no longer real.

They had always been such, that much had never been a secret. To Yahya, the world *was* small, and would always be. There was no other explanation for why it was so full of evil that it had no room of its own, and had to crowd into what little good there was in order to thrive.

So, what was the difference, now? There was one, he was sure of it. He just didn't know what it was. Was it the sheer height of the building he was on? Was there a building this big?

There were his feet—wait. Wait, no.

They weren't set on a building. It wasn't some fancy trick of perspective.

They were on the city.

Clouds grazed lazily against impossibly big legs, thick, dark fur wavering in the breeze—in the sky, even. And that was it: he wasn't on the ground, so much as he was *in the sky*.

The world was beneath Yahya, in the most final and literal of senses. His breaths ejected faster, blasting out of two impossibly colossal, flared nostrils, each one a volcano rim at minimum. The sheer intake of air swelled his chest massively, an electric energy rising up as though awakened by his awareness, utterly delighted to see him.

His brain was kind enough to suggest, free of charge, just how heavy his arm was when he raised it, his multi-mile hand blasting cloud banks into ribbons as it rose to his sight, and made a fist that could crush the moon.

Yahya was big. Big-big. Unthinkably, absurdly, *awesomely* big.

The input, the sensation, the *knowing* was of such a magnitude that it bulged throughout his towering body, desperate for more space to fill; that space was found, without his permission or dignity, as a monstrous shaft bobbed up in a mean arc in the sky, wobbled, then throbbed aggressively bigger, and bigger, blasting longer and fatter ahead of him.

A natural reaction, surely. What male wouldn't do the same, right? This wasn't specifically *him*, after all. That would be insane.

Still, that fantastic god-breathing escalated, and Yahya reeled against a lifetime of buried want, all of which piled out of his stuffy self, and right into the ever-swelling member, where the fun times were. He shifted his incalculable thighs, felt the jostle and heat of his overgrown sacs settling against them, and gulped.

His mere gulping rocked the landscape, the city quaking as the vibrations blasted down through his huge feet and out into the turf below.

It was madness, silliness in high form. It was stupid. Impractical. Scary.

But God, it was *right*.

Then, among the whistling wind and the cooling atmosphere, came the car horn. It was far too loud, too close. How could a god like him hear something so small, from so far down on the planet, with its petty problems and injustices?

The horn went off again, louder, braying in his ear until the horse snapped to, waking in the back seat of his limousine as the driver honked a turtle off the front walk of their destination.

“Yahya, sir?” the driver began over the line, clearing her throat. “We’re here.”

SUMMIT HEADQUARTERS

YAHYA, 5:21 PM

It never got familiar, being out on the water with nothing but the small pontoon and the oar—not that Yahya ever wanted to get used to it. The sea was so big, as it was, and the lake-sized pool centering the Summit chamber was close enough to suit him.

Even it was still bigger than him, in his dream.

The slightest shudder caught him by the tail, tunneling up through his body as he rowed out and waited, hoping the shiver wasn't detected. His fine suit concealed many things, as the best kinds were meant to; he'd given himself ten extra seconds before stepping out of his limo, just in case his pants decided to give away the one thing he'd taken from the dream.

Hopefully marine-dwellers couldn't detect that sort of...*personal* thing. After all, the equine had given as much for his position as he had gotten, in his career; fine clothes, power, prestige, his own garden, an entire department at his disposal. He could have had anything, yet had so little left after giving what he could to justice. Not once had he ever had reason to consider being bigger than entire mountains. Nor had he imagined the thought would even stick, once it had landed. But so help him, there it was.

The thought of carrying an erection into a government building made him worry, for one stupid moment, that the metal detector might have gone off when he had entered.

The cookie had returned to his thoughts over and over and over and over, an unshakable phantom, a singular temptation so big that—

“Oh.”

The water stirred below, interrupting. *Thankfully.*

This was it.

A series of whines and clicks echoed up from the lake, followed by a low, powerful moan. Yahya's ears twitched, receptive and ready, and the horse cleared his throat to click and moan back, as loudly as he could (without shouting).

“You've heard the news, then?” the horse marine-spoke, as best he could.

“Troublesome as it is, Yahya, yes.”

The words rumbled up as the whale’s form made itself better known, a wavering, colossal mass hovering just underneath his platform. Farther off, pale white eyes floated, watching, unblinking as the behemoth neared.

“Yes. I’m afraid that an attempt at gauging the efficacy of a compound has gone terribly wrong, here on the land.”

“Giants, the news said,” the Whale answered, briskly, despite his ancient age. *“Giant mammals thudding around on land, making a bother.”*

“...Yes.”

“Getting bigger, even, as time passes. Rapidly bigger.”

“Well—”

“Bigger than I, even. Such an odd thought to have to hold onto.”

The mass in Yahya’s boxers swelled the tiniest bit, hearing it put that way.

“It is...surreal, yes. Entirely agreed. I wanted to ask you about something, relative to this outbreak of gigantism. Any information you may have would be—”

“The meteor.”

Yahya paused, thrown.

“The what?”

“The meteor,” the Whale clicked, more plainly. *“From my experience, nothing else in this world’s history could possibly be responsible for that level of danger.”*

“Y-you know, already?”

*“I’ve **known**. Yahya, you know I respect you—for a land creature. I find you a strong representative of your kind. Yet, I confess, I am again reminded that land-dwellers are immature,*

intrinsically. The necessitation of your position makes this clear. Yet, even I had no idea how stupid they actually be, until now.”

Oh, he wanted to argue. Badly.

“I wish I could rebuke that,” Yahya slowly replied, the horse’s fur bristling slightly against his fine suit. “But that would be even more immature, wouldn’t it.”

“It would.”

“You ended the Herbivore-Carnivore war 100 years prior, with just your size and your presence alone. Your words of peace followed on the carpet your size rolled out. I couldn’t possibly describe the level of respect I have for you—”

“Size?” the Whale huffed, underwater. *“Yes. Yes, I suppose that helped. So, were you as big as I, you would have done similar, my friend?”*

Yahya gulped, refusing to enjoy the idea. That wasn’t him. It was that damned cookie, sitting in his thoughts, that new and terrible temptation.

“I wouldn’t presume to have done it as well as you,” he sighed, honest and open. “But I like to think I’d have tried, yes.”

“Hmm. The only reason anyone knowledgeable in history would bother with the meteor that killed the dinosaurs would be because of the old legends. Yes? The power the ancient life animals said it held?”

“Well, not literally,” Yahya grumbled, trying not to feel chastened. “We only used a fraction of a fraction of just one chunk of it—one that was only *purported* to have been real. That the old records show such vitality and long life spans of the life animals, well. The idea that herbivores might attain that sheer vitality was—”

“Irresistible? Surely.”

“With respect,” Yahya retaliated, “you’re big. You’ve *been* big for so long. I doubt you feel the same fear that smaller beings feel, being so much easier to threaten, to coerce. Even a height difference of a few feet makes for quite a power gap on land, and that’s just between carnivores. That fear increases drastically for herbivores.”

*“And you imagined getting on **equal ground**, as it were.”*

Yahya paused.

“Greater ground, then.”

The horse cleared his throat again, looking away, clutching the oar loudly.

“You can say it, friend. Help me understand.”

“It wasn’t about being physically bigger, to be fair. It was just having enough power to defend ourselves better. I could have made a world that was easier to protect. More just. More *fair*. I know it could be abused, but the reward was worth the risk.”

*“How so? Because you could equalize your world, or because you could be **even stronger** than them, in the end?”*

It was a fair question. Unloved, but fair.

“Only if need be,” Yahya sighed. “I know evil wouldn’t disappear for it. I could have just...smashed it so much easier, reduced it.”

The water settled after a moment, and the horse could only wait.

“That meteor was worshiped before the war was even a thought. The old tribes on the shores found it among the bones of even the mighty dinosaurs of old, thinking that its presence is what made them so big. Giant bones, after all. It’s a reasonable conclusion, for then.”

Yahya leaned over the pontoon railing, listening intently. Here was the talk, at last.

“The life animal tribes...history maintains they were larger, bulkier, yes? They had proximity to the meteor, for years and years. Over time it was moved from tribe to tribe, breaking off here, bumping or cracking there. It was thought lost for ages, even though elders and victorious tribes held it for so long...”

“Until it was believed to be found in the Northern ruins, and broken down further, yes,” Yahya concluded. “The fragment we used was small, purchased at auction during a property selloff last Spring. We weren’t even sure it was the real thing, as I said.”

“It seems it was.”

“Yes. Is there anything else you can tell me about it?” Yahya pressed, nearly tipping the pontoon a bit as he leaned closer yet. “Anything I need to know. Did the ancient tribes ever actually...use it? Consume it?”

“So, they ate from the meteor,” the Whale moaned, stirring in the lake. *“Goodness.”*

“A-again, we didn’t know it would lead to this. Believe me. Now that it’s happening, I just want to know how to stop it, reverse it. Clearly, this is untenable, I am aware.”

“I wish I had better news, then,” the Whale pulsed, slowly. *“I can only speak to old mutterings of its powers, and those mutterings never included any carnivore or herbivore consuming it. That offers no concept of how to reverse the growth, now that it has started.”*

“My best men are scouring the databases as you and I speak,” Yahya insisted. “They’re combing over every registered purchase of every item remotely matching the description of a meteor segment.”

“Oh?”

“I mean to commandeer each and every piece, yes. Seizure notices will go out by dint of law for their return to my headquarters, immediately.”

“Then, you will have it.”

“Correct.”

*“All that **power.**”*

Yahya moved back to the center of the platform, smoothing his mane out.

“Better with me than with the world, yes?”

“Why not destroy it, then, once you have it?”

The horse paused, in a completely different manner.

“A fine idea. Agreed. *After* we study it to find an antidote. In conjunction with immediate studies of the giants we have in confinement, we—”

“You have them?”

“Some. Most of them. Containment efforts are ongoing.”

“But they’re still growing larger?”

The intercom blared to life overhead, filling the chamber.

“Yahya, sir, you’re wanted at the front lobby of the Summit.”

“Ah,” he snorted, twitching an ear. “I apologize for taking up your time, I should go.”

“Not at all,” the Whale moaned below. *“I wish I could have been of more help.”*

“You’re taking this all so well.”

“I can flee to the ocean, friend. Hopefully they will stop swelling bigger before they run out of land, and spill into our home.”

Yahya had already begun to row the platform away when the final words attacked, putting a chill up his backbone. What kind of chill it was chilled him even further.

Again, the horse stopped to briefly check himself, just in case. It was worth a moment of embarrassment now, as opposed to a lifetime of it, had any officials seen the old Beastar walking around with a third leg in public.

Happily, he wasn’t showing, and rightly so. Again and again, he cast thoughts from his dream out, battling as cleanly as he could with the whale’s words:

*or because you could be **even stronger** than them, in the end?*

The last animal Yahya wanted to have involved in matters was standing in the lobby, waiting patiently for the horse to show up. This was clear as the old stag’s ears swiveled over to him, the gentleman watching him with laser focus as he grudgingly approached.

“Ogma,” Yahya grumbled, nodding at the red deer out of mandatory respect.

The stag was younger, technically, but he wore the look and feel of an older male nonetheless—a sharp one, at that. His massive antlers heralded him like a crown, saying all the

things the deer didn't have to. A set of trim glasses rested on his muzzle, narrow, calculating eyes set squarely on yahya as Ogma shook his hand, hard. That the CEO of one of the largest conglomerates in the world might employ such a handshake was no shock.

"Yahya," he said, quietly. "Good that you're here."

"Odd that you are, if you don't mind my saying so," Yahya started, concerned.

"I was intent on finding you quickly, while this portion of the city remained giant-free," the stag replied, clasping his furred hands, a bit of reddish brown interrupting the stark green of his suit as he did so. "I believe you've been petitioning for *my* meteor."

YAHYA'S LIMOUSINE

OGMA, 5:41 PM

"Yours, you said," Yahya spoke, ready to pry. "How much of it belongs to you?"

"Nearly all of it," Ogma flatly said, sitting opposite his own leather chair at the back. "I was unfortunately not present for the auction that your people dominated, in the Spring."

"You're not asking why we're asking, then?"

"No need, time is too precious. I knew why I purchased the fragments over time, whenever there was a possibility they were genuine. The Horns Conglomeration owns much in the way of elder antiquities and, ah, knick-knacks, if you will. The buried legends I had translated were very telling, but I never knew the fragments really could do...what I've seen on TV today. I knew they had power, but to see it in such a fantastic form, gracious. Shame that the giants aren't nearer, so that I might see it myself."

"You can't mean that."

"Oh? To see Louis, my *son*, towering like a great god? To see an herbivore, a deer, so mighty and tall? Why wouldn't I? Who else but he would wield such might, properly?"

"You aren't worried for him?"

“Only for what he might do. The boy is incredibly reckless, after all, despite his control. A fine paradox. It *is* interesting.”

Yahya furrowed his brow just enough in answer. Nevermind that, on so many levels, he absolutely understood. Ogma was already scanning the cityline as they drove along, perhaps trying to spy his boy looming over it all. Didn't matter, if so. He was a businessman, and business was happening.

“You'll hand them over, then?”

“No. They're on a good faith loan. The moment the first requisition was submitted to Horns, I was notified, and filed the paperwork. They're en route to Site Omega as we speak.”

“You *know* Site Omega—”

“And Delta. Yes. The city contracted Claw Hammer Construction to both sites, which is a subsidiary of the Horns Conglomerate. Naturally, I would know. Omega is a wise choice, for containment, I will say.”

“You know they're all still getting bigger.”

“Yes, the news made that clear,” the stag rumbled, looking calmly back at Yahya. “I know I ought to be fearful, that time is against us, should their growth be...ongoing. Don't misunderstand. Perhaps it's the newness of the situation, the very idea...it hasn't sunk in yet, let's say. Too new to know fully. Perhaps, too *big* to know.”

“You're alright with us testing the fragments, still?” Yahya pressed. “With testing the giants in captivity, as well, to find a cure?”

“Of course.”

“Even if that involved your...Louis?”

Ogma gave the oddest little grin, crossing his legs, making the chair groan softly.

“You don't have him. He's too clever to get caught.”

“Too strong now, too. It's a problem.”

Ogma grinned the tiniest bit wider.

“Granted, but...don’t tell me it doesn’t refresh you on *some* base level, Yahya,” the deer replied. “Even the slightest bit. Seeing an herbivore that powerful, at long, long last. I mean, given that it’s all happening, with or without our say so. There’s no harm seeing the upside.”

“Of course. Doesn’t matter, though, ultimately.”

“Of course. Just an idle thought.”

The limousine pulled into a large tunnel at the end of a long turnoff from the city highway, out over the bay. Ogma ran a hand along his furred chin and hummed, seeing how Yahya was now the one staring out the window, out at the great waters.

“Thoughts of your own?”

“Just...thinking of whales,” Yayha muttered, as the driver steered into a secret lane.

SITE OMEGA
FLOOR B15, CELL BLOCK X-3

JACK, 5:43 PM

The warmth of the dormitory was gone, his body knew it. Every canine facility nudged for him to wake up, unhappy with the cold and hardness pushing back at his unthinkable mass.

Eyelids the size of houses fluttered open, Jack’s gentle eyes regaining their intelligence as he snorted and snapped to.

“Gah!” the labrador roared, sitting upright with a start, nearly banging the high ceiling with his head as his ears flopped about. “Wha, what! What.”

Something was intruding upon his periphery, interrupting his view of a huge, clinical cell interior, darkened windows stretching on and on, pale lights humming overhead. Two yellow bulges rose and fell again, breaking his focus, peeking up at him as he licked his huge muzzle and slowed his breathing.

He glanced down.

Oh, goodness.

His chest—it was so massive that it crept out into his own view as he huffed, puffing them out proudly without any intent.

“Oh!”

A tremendous hand felt around, inquisitive, unbelieving, thumping over biceps as big as buildings, his neck a monstrous swell of yellow muscle cradling his head. His thighs consumed the lower section of the cell, twitching receptively, each one caging a mortifyingly vast, throbbing sock, a 90-foot sheath resting over even-larger orbs, swollen and hefty, flooding out to his knees as he sat up and nearly barked from shock.

“What is this!? I...I-I’m huge. I’M HUGE!”

He was, at that; the bulky labrador was of such a scope that standing upright was not remotely feasible. All he could do was stay as much in place as he could as something else moved nearby, pulling his attention over to a huge male sheep.

“Haha,” the smaller being laughed, anxiously, roughly a third of Jack’s 900-foot form, somewhere in the ballpark of 350 feet. It was much easier for him to stand, though he sported a nearly matching mountain of muscle, and an erection that seemed unwilling to shrink, despite his clear nervousness. “I guess you weren’t d-dreaming either, were you, heh? I was maybe hoping I was just in *your* bad dream, and it’d end when you came to. No such luck, eh?”

“Ah! Uh, h-hello,” Jack stammered, leaning back from the smaller sheep as though he were a real threat. “I was dreaming, I...I thought. We’re really here? Wait, where is here?”

“I was hoping you knew, doggy,” the sheep muttered, smoothing his lovely wool out with thick fingers. “Haha. Ah, I was at Cherryton, last I recalled. You and I were cuddling up, and it was honestly really nice—”

“W-WHAT?”

Jack blushed under his fur, shaking his huge head in reflexive denial.

“Well, not like *that*, I mean,” the sheep corrected. “You were just such a warm bed, and I seriously thought we were getting bigger in some fun dream I was having, but no, Bill and I really did grow gigantic. S-somehow. Haha. What luck, right? Good grief, I wonder where he is now...he must have gotten away, hah.”

“Bill? F-from the Drama Club?”

“You know him?” the sheep *baa*-ed gently, cocking his head and huge horns.

“Well, not very well, I just know he’s in the same club as Legoshi. So, we...all grew at Cherryton, then? Is the school safe? W-where’s Bill?”

“Don’t know, and don’t know. I thought I was falling into a deeper sleep on you, then wham, I really must have passed out. I woke up here, in the same cell as you. But yes, I’m in the Drama Club, along with Legoshi! Name’s Pina. Yours?”

“Oh! Oh, J-Jack. Heh. Good to meet you! Considering.”

“Beats having an empty cell, doesn’t it?” Pina hummed, seeming to warm up quickly now that someone was there to bounce off of. “Especially if this craziness is really real.”

“Did you say ‘Legoshi?’”

A very, *very* big voice boomed out, suddenly, from beyond the darkness of their cell window. Jack banged his head in earnest from the jolt it gave him, the immense dog yelping in surprise, more than pain. Given the huge dent it left, the ceiling wasn’t handling it as well.

“Is someone else here, Pina?” Jack softly rumbled, looking around as he hunched.

“I didn’t hear anyone around before—”

“Who’s out there?” Jack barked, wincing at the force of his own voice.

“Is...is that...OH! Oh, Jack!”

The answer quaked out, putting a slight buzz through the cell frame. Jack squinted as Pina watched on, the canine thinking fast. Their quarters seemed to block out smells, meaning it was all up to his ears and auditory memory to—

“Gosha!” Jack whined, perking his ears up. “Gosha! Is that you, s-sir?”

“Who’s Gosha?” Pina grouched, looking at Jack for answers.

“It is you, Jack!” the old reptile rumbled from the near distance, suddenly full of relief. “Oh, but what are you doing in this kind of a place!? How...can I even be hearing you...d-don't tell me you've grown big, too!?”

“I-I have, I have! Yes, sir!”

“Who—”

“It's Legoshi's Grandfather,” Jack chuckled, his powerful tail thumping against the corner. “He's here, too!”

“A giant gray wolf?” Pina asked, perking his ears.

“Well, no—”

“Jack, listen,” Gosha's voice boomed back, firm and concerned. “This is a secured containment area, originally meant to store enemy forces, armaments and waste materials. We're here because we've been...altered by ingesting something we all shouldn't have, without knowing better. An experiment that's gone out of control, basically.”

“But sir,” Jack balked, the entire cell rocking suddenly as he moved a bit. “We—whoa!”

“C-careful, heh,” Pina cautioned, his anxiety spiking again. “I don't t-think we're exactly level, in here...”

“Who's that?” Gosha's voice asked.

“Pina, a Dall sheep! From Cherryton! But, just how do you know all of this, sir?”

“Haha, you can stop calling me 'sir', Jack. You're a friend of my precious grandson! No need to be so formal, especially now. I know what I know, because Yahya explained on my way here. I had to quiet a troublemaker down in the old decommissioned zone, who got too big for his britches.”

“Another giant, then?”

“SHUT UP. ALL OF YOU.”

A female voice bellowed, angry and exhausted. This one was a bit farther off.

“Who is that?” Pina groaned, sighing. “How many giants are there, at this point?”

“I haven’t the foggiest,” Gosha replied.

“Who are you?” Jack asked, the most polite of the bunch. “Could you say, please?”

“...You said you were from Cherryton, right? I heard Pina and Jack. And some older guy. I’m from the academy, too. If you just *have* to know so bad.”

“Okay, is anyone else out there?” Jack added, waiting. Only silence answered. “Anyone at all, any other giants?”

The idea that he was referring to himself as a giant put a little tingle through his soft fur.

“So that’s us four,” Pina murmured, shuddering a little bit, in subtle degrees. “Do they just want us off the city streets?”

“I think it’s more than that,” Gosha answered, as the female voice growled in irritation. “I was told that a meteor was involved in our growth spurts. Well, tiny bits, like a powder pinch of it. Our reaction to it certainly seems to align with the meteor being—”

“THE meteor!?” Jack gasped, nearly banging his head again. “There’s no way. No. The actual dinosaur meteor, from the festival? Bu-but that was all just legend, I heard! I mean, that an old rock from space would...make any kind of physiological change at all...especially on this level, it’s impossible!”

“Yes, but here we all are,” Gosha murmured, sagely. “I believe we’re being held for mutual protection, and for studying. They’ll surely be taking samples and the like to see why we’re growing, and possibly cure it.”

“You think so, s–er, Gosha?”

“I would, if it were me, yes. Can’t let a skyscraper-sized komodo bungle around, after all! Haha, wouldn’t that be a sight! I’d be afraid to show Legoshi, he would have a heart attack!”

“Oh no, sir, he thinks the world of you—”

“SHUT UP!” the female boomed, meaning it this time.

Inside of her cage, Mizuchi went from sulking to fuming, for the hundredth time in the last hour. The massive harlequin rabbit's 220-foot body shifted awkwardly in her own cell, making it wobble on some unseen axis as she huffed.

"Can't even sleep."

Her humongous chest settled and rolled up against her chin as she adjusted for what little comfort she could manage, gargantuan nipples rearing high. She couldn't even fold her arms without resting them atop her swollen bust, her boomed-out rear dimpling against the cell flooring, her feet thumping erratically as she tapped them over and over.

"Stupid little-nnn!"

Her body rumbled, matching her anger, until Mizuchi's entire form began to steadily creep larger, yet, swelling like a furred balloon in her cage.

"*H-aaaah...hah...*"

Her scowl inverted as a deep tremble overtook her, the colossal bunny bulging bigger, and bigger. Her titanic teats bloated over rising areolae, her hips pulling wider as her thighs gorged on size, her toes swelling out across the floor as the cell pitched and rocked.

"*T-that's more...m-li-like it!*"

Jack and Pina listened as the rabbit's voice began to get bigger and deeper, husky *booms* rocking her cell as she grew and grew, faster and faster. The supple creak of growth warmed her shaking curves as she flicked her long ears down and bit her lip, rumbling worse and worse still, pushing hotly past 230 feet...250 feet...290 feet...

"*B...buh-bigger...*"

"Wait, do you that?" Jack gulped.

"I hear something blowing up like a balloon, is what," Pina huffed, starting to rumble worse all over, his thick soft wool fluffing out wider, and wider. "Do you think we're really still getting bi...b-bi...haaaah, huh..."

Jack gulped, again.

"Hey, Pina, are you, uh...are...oh, no, no!"

The sheep's feminine eyes rolled in his skull as he trembled terribly, clenched his overgrown muscles, and throbbed out in one tight, hot burst, groaning aloud as he grew.

"C-crap," Jack growled, looking the interior over uselessly. "Pina, hold on! Stop!"

"Jack?" Gosha started, clearly worried. "Jack, what's happening in there?"

"Huuuh," Pina gasped, trying his best to play it off, and failing miserably.

The sheep billowed larger, his maw hanging open as he gasped in raw shock and pleasure. His erection punched forward, swinging up high and slapping his inflated pectorals, wagging up and down over surging woolen orbs. The mighty sheep spasmed and shook and moaned helplessly as he burst again, rocketing up from 360 feet to 380, his knees shaking from complete sensory overload.

His biceps blew out wider, higher, his triceps pumping into mounds as his lats heaved against them, shoving his growing arms out as he swelled closer to Jack, without really moving at all. 400 feet hiccuped to 430, then 460, the size pling on too quick for the labrador's liking.

"Uh, h-he's growing again," Jack muttered, pulling his overgrown arms back defensively as the throbbing sheep let out a low, messy *baa* and blew up to 500 feet.

Mizuchi trembled again and gushed bigger, and bigger, rolling and rumbling as her surging chest overflowed atop her, pouring down over her growing hips. She curled bus-sized toes in abject lust, not caring to slow down, not wanting to stop, letting her form ripple out to 340 feet, filling up the smaller cell at escalating speeds.

"Desist, at once," a voice echoed, reverberating through a small speaker in the ceiling of each cell, breaking through the rubbery groans of constant, surging growth. *"You will stop, or be stopped! We can't have you outgrowing your cells, it's too...okay, gas them! Now! Higher dose!"*

A wave of green-hued steam blasted out of slats in the cell frame's siding, filling each unit in seconds. Gosha, Jack, Pina and Mizuchi all fought for maybe a few moments (not so much Gosha, who just let it happen), and before the count of ten, all of them were asleep.

Mizuchi and Pina's growth spurts mercifully slowed back down to a crawl, growing only by stray inches, and gradually.

Within a minute, thankfully, it stopped outright.

SITE OMEGA
FLOOR B3, R&D, WEST WING

OPERATIVE T, 5:50 PM

“So, you’re positive, then?” the stag persisted, looming over a researcher in a white lab coat as the doors *whoosed* open, letting the capybara through—along with her new escort.

“Yes, sir, so far the upped dosage is keeping them sedated,” the lab tech affirmed, jotting notes on a tablet with his stylus. “Admittedly, it’s only a stopgap. The bigger they grow, the more gas it would take to knock them out, at least quickly. All we’re doing is buying time, so far.”

“Well, my wallet’s still bigger than any of them,” Ogma muttered, the red deer adjusting his glasses. “Get your teams in, and get the blood and tissue samples, right away. It should be fairly simple.”

“Sir.”

The capybara was led in by two larger lizards, each one clad in tac gear; multiple CCTV screens passed by as they walked, allowing her to steal glimpses of what seemed to be massive cages suspended over infinite darkness by gigantic ship chains.

“Operative T?” a familiar voice rumbled, pulling her attention back as the two lizard team members stopped and saluted the horse. “That would be you, right?”

“S-sir!” T responded, saluting the much taller stallion. “Yahya, sir, let me explain—”

“Are you okay?”

“Huh?” she started, still at full salute.

“Mienai said you nearly died in service to us, and you still reported back. You’re not hurt, then, are you?”

He was really asking.

“Oh! Oh, n-no, I’m alright, sir, thank you,” she fumbled, suddenly flustered. Her hero was before her, in full glory, and he seemed just as glad that she was there to see it.

“Okay, then. Glad you’re here. Can’t go losing the good ones, right?”

“Oho, I uh, I don’t know about—”

“Ah, yes, thank you for your help, indeed,” Ogma interrupted, cutting in and shaking the smaller female’s hand. “As you likely saw coming in, we’ve converted the armament storage units into holding cells, due to their massive size. They all sit in a grid atop one another, over in another end of the compound, but can be operated remotely for disposal of any toxic or harmful elements over an excavated pit. They can be moved by beams over it, many miles deep, where materials and weapons are dumped. As you see, in this case, suspending the cells by uneven chains means the occupants lose leverage on moving, and therefore won’t try breaking free.”

“O-oh.”

“Ogma,” Yahya growled, glowering.

“Indeed! We can move the elevator system to any point and match up with the cargo units as we see fit, along an X/Y axis, between the different levels. Some bays are prepped for new arrivals, while the occupied ones are near the bottom. As a final measure, they *can* be dumped—but I don’t think it will come to that at all. I have every confidence we can revert their sizes, and quickly. I want you to know this, rather than worry and ponder.”

“I...t-thank you, sir,” T murmured, perking her small ears. “I appreciate that.”

“Of course,” Ogma replied, seeming completely sincere. “No point in secrecy now, after all. Waste of time. You go to the cafeteria and get some food, the security barracks are down the right side hall from it. Rest up after. You’ve done your part.”

She looked to Yahya, who eventually nodded in kind, giving her a grin.

“Go on. Good job.”

The capybara was so aglow they could have put her in a radiation unit, too.

“Sir! Sirs!”

As she followed the lizards along, Yahya cut the red deer a look.

“She’s had enough excitement, whatever this is all about,” Yahya huffed.

“Agreed,” Ogma sniffed, nodding calmly. “I’m almost envious. But don’t worry, I gain nothing by harming her. She won’t be bothered in any way, so long as she doesn’t bother us.”

Yahya’s glare softened, if by one measly degree.

“Okay. I mean it. She’s one of mine.”

“Completely fair,” Ogma chuckled, as though he were the only adult present. “Now, to our current specimen—I’m taking a lift down to see him. I trust you’re coming?”

SITE OMEGA
FLOOR B12, CELL BLOCK U-1

MELON, 5:58 PM

“You’re certain he’s under steady sedation?”

The voice penetrated the smoky pitch of the hybrid’s thoughts, accompanied by the *whoosh* of a door. He knew the voice. The voice sure knew him.

The 440-foot titan remained slumped within the massive chamber, another gigantic storage unit having been hastily converted into a lab filled with fold out tables, chairs and techs. Each researcher rolled scanning equipment back and forth, little ants gathering data on an ant mound-sized leopard-gazelle. By the time they had entered, Yahya could tell this one had every single ship chain attached, as everything was mathematically even and stable.

Melon’s eyes were drooped low as he breathed in and out, akimbo and dumb.

He had had trouble catching Melon at normal size; as soon as the giant version’s scale registered, the horse couldn’t repress a pang of fear over confronting him *now*.

“God,” Yahya nickered, eyes flicking all over, taking in that much bulk with his near-panoramic vision. “This maniac, of all animals...that huge...”

“Doesn’t seem fair, does it,” Ogma added, cleaning his glasses with a silk handkerchief. “A carnivore would be bad enough, as it is. An unstable hybrid is even worse.”

“Amen.”

“Not the best word to pull, in front of the new gods.”

Yahya’s dream surged back at him, violently. Thoughts of getting even bigger than Melon insinuated themselves at his doorstep, and he locked the house up tight.

No, damn it. No, I said.

“Ogma, sir,” a lanky rat tech said as he looked up to him, before seeing Yahya as well. “Er, Yahya, sir, Ogma...we’ve got the heat and bio-sensor scans complete. It’s rather astonishing.”

One quick stylus tap on his tiny tablet, and Ogma’s bigger tablet blinked on, feeds and readouts popping up on a new window.

“This isn’t conclusive, but the current data suggests temperature spikes occurring with each convulsion of his muscle tissue. Every tic, every flex. Each time, for just a flicker, his cellular activity goes berserk.”

“So, he’s growing? He seems still right now?”

“No, sir, Ogma, he’s *trying* to grow. It’s like one big muscle flexing, tensing, but without exerting any real force. This other scan, here...”

Tap tap

Ping

“That’s his brain activity. See the spikes at the forebrain, predominantly at the Thalamus to the NAcc, culminating at the VTA? That’s the reward circuit, and it’s going insane. Every hard spike correlates with every...*clench*, let’s say.”

“Pleasure and growth,” Ogma snorted softly, staring up at Melon, with what Yahya felt was, once again, the oddest of looks.

“Beats agonizing pain, I imagine,” the horse mumbled. “All that physical change.”

“Exactly,” the rat replied, nodding his little head. “His body is conditioning to respond with pleasure, every time it attempts to grow larger. It’s a feedback loop, and frankly, enormously dangerous. So much the worse, if he equates pain as pleasure.”

“But he will stop eventually, right?” Yahya urged, hopeful. “There’s no such thing as actual perpetual growth, surely. No physical body could sustain itself after a point.”

“Well, that’s the issue, sir. Until now, there was no such thing as *giants*.”

Ogma kept staring, *hungrily*. That was it. That was the word, Yahya finally had it.

“How do we stop it, then?” the equine asked, aiming the words at Ogma. The deer cleared his throat and looked down to the rat for an answer.

“Our hope is entirely in stages, at the moment. First hope, slowing. Second, stopping. Third, reversing. In theory, we would have to send an opposing chemical input, redirecting the body to revert division during early mitosis.”

“And we’re slowing well enough, at the moment,” Ogma contributed, rubbing his chin. “While we’re theorycrafting, what could enforce a full stop?”

Melon’s eyes very slowly fluttered, almost rising, nearly opening.

“Synthesis of a chemical compound derived from the giants themselves. They’re being ordered to grow one way, one direction. We can counter that by reverse engineering the biological samples, but we’d need time. And honestly, I don’t know how much of it we have.”

A low boom escaped as Melon growled, his body quivering ominously. A slow grin formed as the slumbering titan shook all over, quaking the cell more and more.

“HHHHHHHH,” he snorted, his muscles twitching happily, his leopard spots and tattoos starting to stretch slowly bigger.

“Sedatives!” the rat bellowed, making the larger techs all leap into action. “Sedatives!! Now! Now, dammit, put everything we have in him!”

A massive pink bulge pushed out beneath Melon’s monstrous chest as he lay there, ballooning stubbornly, revealing a vast head as his erection billowed larger and larger, forcing his bulk higher, his testicles expanding against his tensing thighs and swelling feet.

“HHHHHHHHHHUHHHHHHNH~”

Nearly thirty massive needles all penetrated his sides as techs rushed in a panic, jabbing all over, then pushing for all their worth to make the actual injections happen.

Melon’s body had only blown up to 470 feet before the rumbling faded, leaving his eyes so heavy that they finally closed all the way. His tip throbbed hotly, forcing the hybrid’s huge chin up at a tilt.

“Did that get it?” Yahya huffed, breathing nervously.

“It...seems so,” the rat panted, even more frightened.

“Fine, fine. Can we cover that thing up, please?” the horse asked, looking away.

“With *what*, sir?”

“Incredible,” Ogma said, the red deer’s tail swishing a telltale bit. “Just incredible.”

“That’s hardly the word,” Yahya retorted.

“But it is *fascinating*, isn’t it?” Ogma spoke, grinning crookedly, despite his tight composure and poker face. “Considering the status quo of the world, don’t you find it just a bit irresistible? This wild new element?”

“Can we discuss this outside?”

“Of course, of course,” Ogma puffed, smoothing a moment’s excitement back down. “You’ll pardon my zeal. I’m not inclined to outbursts.”

That was an outburst?

No wonder this guy’s interested in wild elements. He’s more starch than shirt.

“*Yahya, sir,*” a team member began, breaking the silence through the horse’s comm unit. “*Multiple deliveries are here, at the front, for Mister Ogma, care of Horns.*”

“Fine, we’ll come see to them in a moment.”

“Ah, very good,” Ogma hummed, nodding, his huge antlers bobbing hypnotically.

“And what’s waiting for us, that’s everything?” Yahya checked, stowing the walkie. “No more meteor, anywhere else?”

Ogma stared at Yahya a beat too long, before opening his suit jacket and reaching into an inner pocket. From out he pulled two golf ball-sized chunks of dark gray rock, almost like brightened briquettes, encased in small plastic shells. Yahya went a bit brighter, himself, the equine dropping a shade of color on sight of them.

“What—you had pieces on your person? This entire time?”

“Hmm,” Ogma grunted, noting his reaction to them. “I delivered them to the site, as requested, unless I’m mistaken. Other than these, yes, the remainder being delivered is, by my instruction, the entirety of the meteor. I should think you’d be happy, Yahya.”

Melon’s vast nose twitched, smelling on pure instinct.

“Should those *really* be in here, right now!?” the horse fussed, throwing his arms out as he gestured to the towering beast.

“They’re protected, please. I thought of that well in advance. I would appreciate a little credit, in that regard. We’re no more or less safe in this moment than we were before you saw.”

“Hand them over, immediately.”

It was not a request. Yet, Ogma did not move.

“No.”

“Excuse me?”

“I have neither reason nor impetus to hand these over. I’ve lived up to my end. If you want to renegotiate terms, such as they seem to be, then we can do as you offered, and go out and discuss it. For now, though, *no*.”

Melon’s enormous eyes fluttered the smallest bit.

“I mean it, Ogma. We’re powerful as a team, and I would like to keep it that way. But I require your cooperation.”

“I agree, we’re a perfectly acceptable duo, for now—”

“I said, hand them over. Please.”

Ogma reached with his other hand into his pocket, clicked something, and let it go just as quickly. The entire site blared its alarms, flashing red, the lighting switching to a dull blue as every single door locked, every cell doing the same.

“What...what did you do!?” Yahya bellowed, storming over and grabbing Ogma by his collar. “What was that?”

“A precautionary measure,” Ogma answered, unemotionally. “A site-wide lockdown. You’re acting erratic, and I won’t have that. I need you calm. The capybara entered willingly, and was calm. I would think you could at least match your underling in restraint.”

Yayha seethed through grit teeth, then let go.

“You’ve trapped her here, too.”

“Right. Exactly. You understand,” Ogma sighed, smoothing his suit over. “I know how this looks, Yahya, I do. But anyone that comes in here needs to be prepared for this sort of thing. Isn’t that sensible?”

“How could you even—”

“I built this place, I thought I told you. Now, seriously, I would like you to calm down. It’s not a threat. I’m not the enemy. But it’s my facility, my money, and my meteor, and I need to know you won’t fly off the handle while we work out the formula.”

“For...you mean, the *cure*.”

“The cure, then the formula, yes. We can’t hope to create a size-changing serum without going through the responsible R&D phases first, that would be psychotic. Come, now.”

“*You’re* psychotic.”

“Haha, well, I’ve been called worse, in my time. It is a crazy idea, that’s fair. But really, Yahya, think a moment. We’re already at an impasse of incredible dimensions. If the compounds we come up with here aren’t capitalized upon, responsibly, then someone else will try to make

them. You tell me: in a world where herbivores are oppressed and carnivores are repressed, do you think either side would just ignore the power to be enormous? To be strong?"

Yahya pursed his lip, flaring his nostrils.

"Right. What happens if this new product is badly introduced? God, could you imagine it coming out of the Black Market in cheap barrels? The chaos it would sow?"

Yahya looked away—and gasped, backing up slowly.

"This is a new era, like it or not," the red deer continued, unaware, as the other techs backed away with Yahya. "We have to seize on the outcome first, otherwise much worse types will, without a doubt. You can dislike it, but you can't tell me I'm wrong."

"Ogma," Yahya whispered, motioning with his eyes up and away to the side.

"Hmm. I won't be dissuaded, though I appreciate your caution. Once it's ready, we can shrink them all down, absolutely—if Louis will let me. Hmm. After, though, we'll move on to the growth formula, *carefully*—

Melon's teeth were open, huge and gleaming in the blue light. A massive pink tongue snaked out, alive with raw nerve input, thrashing blind as the giant's maw snapped forward, electrodes popping off as Yahya slammed into Ogma, hurling the stunned deer off his feet.

The both of them flew back as Melon's pool-sized jawline *snapped* together, catching only empty air—yet he gulped all the same, buffeting the poor screaming techs with air as the colossus thudded forward on his erection and stomach, thunder-growling and wild.

"*UGH, TALK, TALK!*"

A flurry of living lab coats scattered toward the door as the awoken Melon throbbed angrily, his thick fur billowing out in sinister pleasure. As the elevator dinged back down to where the cell block had been affixed, the weight from Melon's movements shifted the structure, chains all rattling as Melon slammed his hands down over invaluable equipment and cheap tables, smashing them all.

"W-WHAT IS THIS, SOME SORT OF FACILITY? TESTING, ARE WE? HOW CLUMSY OF ME, SPOILING THE DATA PARTY—HERE, OBSERVE ALL YOU WANT!"

The hybrid's body rumbled, deeper than ever before, heat beginning to flood off of his pulsing muscles. Ogma stirred, Yahya laying in a tangle atop him, the two males trying to undo the mess as the cell block sagged right, casting them further into the siding as Melon bellowed and *exploded* larger.

A wall of heated bulk blew into them, into everyone, Melon's growing mass filling the interior at frantic speeds. Waves of growth rippled through the already-tight mass, inflating it beyond understanding as his fur mashed the horse and deer into snapping glass, throbbing deeper and louder.

"I DON'T C-CARE FOR P-PRISON," Melon blast-rumbled, his words shaking the cell as it rattled, one chain snapping, then another. "BUT I DO ENJOY... THE FOOD!"

Yahya shouted something, he was pretty sure—but the air was crushed out of his lungs, and the glass wasn't breaking fast enough. Ogma's antlers pushed in overhead, burrowing into Melon's growing bulk, dimpling in as the hybrid erupted twice as big, in one horrendous, overloaded *boom*.

Over 1,000 feet of pure bulk detonated everywhere, feral and mean, blowing the glass out as the cell frame warped and popped. Ton after ton packed into his shaking body as three more chains snapped loose on the far right, casting it down over the pit below.

A series of latticed beams stretched across the gulf at every floor, from U to X and beyond, each one holding cells of varying sizes by chains. Most must have remained on the original storage grid as only a few cells dangled here and there—but farther down on X-3, over to the far left, were four occupied structures, all of which began to rattle as vibrations crawled down and out through the earth.

The shattered siding sent glass, scanners, folding chairs, and two herbivores spiraling free, tumbling out into the open darkness.

Yahya cursed a streak (out of fear and rage) as he hugged Ogma tight, in midair, the horse aiming directly for the nearest cell frame; luckily, an empty unit down on B-11, Block T caught their fall. Unfortunately, their fall also caught it.

"Gah-d-ammit," Yahya wheezed, his lungs too flattened to allow anything in just yet. He lay there a moment, Ogma's antlers having thudded an inch shy of his neck as the deer lay atop him, sloughing off with a series of uncharacteristic coughs.

The entire cell shook under them, not from their puny landing, but from the way the entire dumping pit began to shudder and shake, all over.

“The...fragments,” Ogma huffed, feeling around with one hand, the other remaining clasped around at least one of them. “Where...I had them both!”

Yahya sat up beside him as he searched.

“Forget it! It’s probably...up. There.”

Both parties looked up above, to see Melon. Lots and lots of Melon.

The hybrid’s gazelle horns pushed larger, thicker, bulging into terrible spires as his muscles ballooned painfully, expanding to stupendous proportions. His prior build, well-past that of a champion weightlifter, was blasting out of control, clusters bursting into clusters, steadily warping his frame with sheer mass. Even from down there, it was easy to see every leopard spot widening, his fur surging out into greater detail as he filled their periphery. His growing hands grasped onto entire cell units, the behemoth holding himself upright as the chains all screamed in agony and struggled to maintain his presence.

“DID YOU...R-REALLY THINK...” Melon bellowed, before hissing in delighted agony as his body throbbed to 1,100 feet, then 1,200, in one ugly burst of growth. “THAT YOU...STILL H-HAD CONTR-AAAAAAUGH~”

Yahya was on his feet in seconds, practically dragging Ogma with him as they slid down off the side of their unit, leaping and smashing down onto the next lowest cell—just as Melon rocketed bigger, doubling his awesome size *again*.

His pectorals burst down into the very spot they had been at before, bashing the cell and pinging it loose, sending it tumbling down into the gap, with no crash ever heard. His neck swelled uncontrollably, his lats flooding out against his hulking arms as his nipples burgeoned out longer, thicker. His phallus swung down, down, a vast rod of heat shoving past their new cell, shaking it with the displacement as his pendulous orbs followed, slapping ever-growing thighs in a deep *crash*.

“How wide is this pit!?” Yahya shouted, demanding Ogma’s attention.

“Ah, a-at least...four miles! There are built up arches at intervals, pylons, supports, but spread out! It’s nearly ten miles deep, for the e-event that a dumped nuclear armament was to accidentally go off!”

Yahya looked back up at a 2,400-foot Melon, nearly a half-mile tall now.

And still growing.

“We have to keep moving!”

“B-but the other fragment—”

“He clearly swallowed it, Ogma! Now, move, we don’t have time—”

The entire pit rocked again as Melon bellowed and shook, massive veins snaking his shuddering erection and massive thighs and calves.

“JUST...LET ME...GROOOOOOOOW! WHY FI-FIGHT IT!?! HAHA, IT’S N-NOT LIKE YOU CAN DO ANYTHING AB...AB-B-**BBBBGGGGGGGGRAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!**”

Melone’s chest swelled so big that it began to block sight of his roaring muzzle, pummeling down into the other cell units, growth-lunging violently down towards them.

“Move!”

Ogma only had time to set the remaining fragment in his teeth, the red deer forced to clutch the cell’s outer frame with both hands as Melon’s pectoral hit the other side, tearing it off its chains and sending them both tumbling even farther into the pit.

The vast beast grew onward, pulsating ceaselessly, his muzzle stretching longer, his teeth swelling larger. His back muscles soared up, even as his staggering weight snapped one cell loose, forcing him to sink down through breaking cells and jangling chains.

Even at 3,000’ tall, Melon was nowhere near big enough to grab either wall to the great pit, nor pylon. All he could do was fall into a tangle among the lower cells, smashing and bending the higher beam lattices, getting mixed up in their chains, only to laugh hysterically as he felt himself blowing up against them, stretching the chains and popping the links.

“GAHAHAHAAA!” he blast-roared, his pectorals pouring up over himself, his biceps *boom-booming* larger. “C-CLASSIC...HAAA, D-DENIAL! YOU REALLY T-THINK...THIS WILL HUH-HOLD ME FOR LONNNNG!?! I’LL TUH-TAKE THAT ACTION, SURE! WATCH THIIIISSSS~”

Melon hissed steam as his pulsing body heaved even *bigger* still, pumping tightly, groaning so loudly that it echoed everywhere as he licked his muzzle over and bucked his hips, bashing up at the higher structures with his erection, letting his humongous sacs billow over his knees as he flexed one flawless bicep, blowing the chain blew away to nothing. Even relaxing, that same arm remained every bit as titanic, pumped bigger with no reversal, no retreat.

3,300 feet flourished, greedily lurching to 3,500, sending rumbling doom through every threaded chain, so that even the lowest cell block, B15, wobbled and rocked into a frenzy.

Upon cell block X-3 lay Ogma and Yahya, both of whom groaned from enough pain to overcome their panic, insisting that they rest there one second longer.

“Ugh,” Yahya helpfully said, just to make sure he was still alive enough to say it. “What is this, the last...the last floor! Ogma, get up! Get up, we’re on top of the giants!”

“HEY!” a humongous, gentle voice barked, from within. “W-WHAT’S GOING ON, OUT THERE!? WAS I ASLEEP?”

“YAHYA!?” Gosha roared, from the neighboring unit.

“Gosha, Melon’s coming—ah, he can’t hear me, what am I—Ogma, get your ass up!”

The deer lay there, breathing in shallow huffs. Both his hands remained empty; as Yayha approached, he realized that the deer’s mouth was empty, too.

“Oh, don’t,” the horse whinnied, looking about for any sign that the fragment had just landed elsewhere, already knowing it hadn’t. “Don’t *tell* me you broke the casing!”

Ogma’s eyes batted asymmetrically, before bulging wide.

“A...ah. Ah-ahhhh!”

“You crazy moron, don’t tell me you swallowed it!”

Overhead, Melon’s body throbbed faster, harder, rocking and spasming in pain, before the screaming hybrid *tripled* in size. His neck ballooned so furiously thick that it actually strangled the roar as his tongue lolled out, his erection blowing lower and lower toward them. His rump flexed and trembled as his back arched out, pushing his swelling abs up as his pectorals blew out and distended against his arms, the remaining chains *pop-popping* away pitifully.

His muscles bulked up higher and higher, even as he gradually stuttered lower and deeper into the pitch, only the lights on the cell frames and on faraway pylons granting any clarity as the leviathan ballooned to 7,000 feet...8,000 feet...9,000 feet...10,000 feet!

“Come on, come on, we,” Yahya panted, starting to pull Ogma away—only to stop so hard that his feet slipped out ahead of him, slamming him down as the deer moaned hotly and shook where he rested, already too heavy to move. “Don’t do this!”

“Huuuh...huh-haaaah...HAAAAHAHAHA...”

Ogma’s smart suit couldn’t outthink a wave of muscle as the deer *boomed* bigger, his pectorals blowing up so fast that his undershirt’s buttons all burst loose in an arc, snapping off as the jacket snagged, then tore, then ripped open, allowing huge bulges of brown bulk to yawn out.

“You idiot,” Yahya neighed, thumping uselessly on Ogma’s growing muscles and bursting pants, “we can’t go any lower! This is it! If you outgrow this cell, we’re cooked!”

In sincere reply, Ogma’s zipper blew wide open, a volcano of an erection surging through stretched underwear, pulling it higher as an overgrown head flared against it, throbbing its will as his sacs inflated below, pulling the fabric away and up at once. His pockets snapped apart, his belt struggling as warm, bulging abs swelled and bullied up against it, blasting it in two as the leggings split and shrank to unhappy threads.

“GGGGHHHHGGGG, Uh-hu-huh, I didn’t,” Ogma started, before gritting his teeth as he rumbled deep within, his thick fur boofing and swelling into a forest against Yahya’s knees. “I wasn’t r...reh-ddy—”

His antlers curled bigger, longer, growing into a forest against the shocked horse, making him stumble back as Ogma thrashed in place, roared into the air, and *poured* so much larger that the horse had to leap for a chain as he cascaded over the topside. Muscles upon muscles blasted the remaining scraps of fine cloth away as his sacs thudded down on the frame, his thighs widening as his shoes tented out and popped open, massive feet rising up through ripping socks as his legs flopped over the side.

A deer that, moments ago, stood just over 6 feet was now over 60, then 130, his growth accelerating as Yahya hung on tight to the chain, watching Ogma expand like an oil spill, bigger and wider and heavier. His chest inflated higher, higher, chasing after him as his trembling hips burst wider, his forearms heaving into trunks, his shoulders exploding so big they mashed against his overgrown pillar-neck as he passed 250 feet, and just kept growing.

“ANYONE, HELLO!?” Jack pleaded from within, thudding up powerfully enough that Ogma and Yahya both felt it. “ARE YOU OKAY OUT THERE!?”

“They woke back up,” Yahya huffed, blinking, looking up to see Melon’s huge body growing even larger, surging down toward them all at over 13,000 feet—2.5 miles. Suddenly, his focus slipped back to Melon, and only he.

2.5 miles. With his vision, it was easier for Yahya to process, but only by an iota.

Even if Yayha was on top of Melon, with a car to his name, the horse would have needed over a minute and a half to drive from one end to the other—about 40 city blocks. Hundreds of animals could have *lived* on him. *Comfortably.* The heating would have been free, at least.

A nipple bigger than a roundabout surged lower, still, threatening to collide as Jack pounded against the cell glass, harder and harder. One huge yellow arm blasted out as it finally broke, lurching up into view over the ever-expanding Ogma’s bulk.

“PINA, GO, GO!”

A titanic Dall sheep climbed up, clutching and smothering over the 500-foot deer’s shaking growth, the both of them nearly equal in size. Pina’s ears twitched as he saw what he was climbing on, crying out as Ogma trembled and blew up to 700’, outsizeing the sheep in another billowing burst, forcing Pina up as he looked all over in confusion.

“W-WHERE EVEN ARE WE!?! W-WHO IS—”

“Hey!” Yahya shouted, for all he had left. “HEY! HERE!”

Pina snapped over to the chain the horse was on and scrambled over, traversing more and more of Ogma as the moaning male erupted bigger, starting to swell out over the cell’s topside.

“A...A HORSE?” Pina murmured, only to feel himself rise higher as Ogma grew and grew and grew, heaving past 1,400 feet, then 1,800, getting too big for the cell as his inflating side pinched the chains and stretched them out.

“G-GRAB ME, KID! QUICK!” Yahya bellowed, his throat finally going from bad to hoarse. “CAREFULLY!”

Pina nodded, gathering the miniscule stallion in his vast hand, both of them pushing higher up atop Ogma's growing muscles as Melon's 17,000-foot/3.2-mile body blew bigger, sinking down towards them in slow motion.

"OH, HELL, HE'S EVEN LARGER," Pina moaned, even as Ogma screamed and exploded bigger, beneath them. "GOOD GRAVY, WHAT SORT OF CLOWNHOUSE IS THI--"

"CLIMB UP!"

"HUH? OH! OH, R-RIGHT, HOLD ON!"

Jack's huge body squeezed out of the cell as it sagged down, down, the labrador already smaller than Ogma, forcing him to work through his bafflement as he grabbed growing fistfuls of red deer fur.

"JACK, THIS WAY!"

Pina's bleating reached Jack's ears, making them perk as another cell window smashed open, followed by another one below. In moments Jack, Gosha and Mizuchi were all climbing up on their cells, only to look and see Melon's bulk quiver-swelling ever-nearer, growing ever-larger, his freakish expansion getting worse as the underground itself shook.

"HE'S TOO BIG!" Pina shouted, making Yahya cover his ears with a grimace.

"SWING OUT, NOT UP!" Jack ordered, looking down as Ogma's mile-tall body kept relentlessly ballooning higher. "QUICKLY! WE CAN'T GET CAUGHT IN BETWEEN!"

"WHAT THE HELL IS THIS GARBAGE MESS!?" Mizuchi wailed, as the much-larger Gosha forced her massive curves and bosom forward, making her jump over to Jack's cell, shaking it and snapping another chain off as Ogma roared again, and swelled too big for it.

"I'M SURE WE'LL KNOW LATER!" Gosha roared, the old komodo leaping for Ogma's expanding forearm, and climbing it up his throbbing shoulder, over rising pecs.

"W...WWWAAAAAIT," Ogma boomed, the huge male swelling to 8,500 feet, over 1.6 miles, his muscles swelling up over his chin, his erection flaring up high as it tapped, then rubbed deep against Melon's lowering shaft. "*CAAAAN'TTT S...STOOOOPPPP!*"

"B-BETTER MOVE ASIDE, G-GRAMPS!" Melon quake-spoke, the words reverberating through pumping, overgrown muscles. "THE F-FUTURE IS COMING!"

Gosha caught up, leaping off of Ogma's growing sac, landing on his thigh, following the others down to the calf and leaping to the nearest cell, sending it into a sway as he landed and pulled himself up.

Mizuchi saw the old-timer struggle a moment, yet turned the other way, climbing up over a startled Jack, using his enormous back muscles as steps as she scrambled up past him.

"G-H-HEY!" the colossal labrador groaned, before seeing Gosha come up after.

"JACK!"

The canine immediately slid back down the tiny chain, offered his leg, and let Gosha leap up onto it as the lower unit broke off and sailed into the void.

"UP, S-SIR, HURRY!"

Being ordered by a dog to do *uppies* was no less insane, so Gosha gladly obliged.

Melon's body continued its mad campaign throughout, blowing up even larger as the group climbed out around his expanding sides, traveling up the chains to the neat beam lattice, then leaping for the nearest cells—though there were only a few left to speak of. As they went, the hybrid's body swelled nearer, determined to intercept however possible as Melon *rumble-burst* to a staggering 20,000 feet in size—3.78 miles!

Even Jack, on brief glance, understood that despite being 900' tall, he was only as big as Melon's eye, if even that. Gosha, who had outclassed him hours prior, stood maybe as tall as one colossal fang. Mizuchi was over 300 feet tall, yet was the size of his iris. Yahya? Forget it. He would have been lost on a follicle.

They were no longer fleeing an animal. They were fleeing a *zip code*.

Ogma was the only being that could hope to rival the behemoth; the red deer surged with raw, terrible power, reaching up to grab the only thing he could as the lowest cell snapped away underneath his bulk—the business end of Melon's phallus.

It was a mad plan for mad times as the 10,560-foot deer hung on tight, just over half Melon's size as his spurt ended. Yet, even still, Melon boomed bigger, and *bigger*, passing beyond 4 miles, his bulk stretching his fur as it outpaced even him.

The monstrous member swelled rounder, harder, not hating Ogma's presence so much as pondering what it could do for it. Over 23,000 feet of power-bloated hybrid hovered above the deer, breathing himself larger as the clustering chains he hung from snapped and sank.

"WHERE'RE YOU ALL HEADED?" Melon thundered, smiling wider behind his bulging chest. "I SEE YOU LEAVING, YOU WILY OLD LIZARD! I THOUGHT I WAS UNDER ARREST! SH-SHOULD I JUST...HRRRGH, S-SEE MYSELF OUT, TOO!?"

"OOH, AH...THE CHAINS ARE OUT," Pina roared, hanging from the bent frame of the highest tier of beams. "WE'RE STILL SHORT! I MEAN, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!"

"*USE HIM!*" Yahya shouted, from down on Pina's palm. "*CLIMB MELON!*"

Not needing to ask who that was, Pina instead leapt onto Melon's surging orbs, grasping the fur as he scaled a still-growing sac, tickling his way up as Melon's laughter blasted the underground like all Hell. Mizuchi, Jack and Gosha all followed after, each one having an easier time of it as Melon's sex bulged bigger, nearer.

They worked their way up his rear, Jack getting more and more lost in the vast hybrid's fur, having to hug and hold Pina up while Gosha plucked Mizuchi up in the same manner, holding her fantastic curves high as he struggled on.

"C-careful!" she grouched, wobbling against the huge old lizard as he strained. "Come on, come on, we're gonna get lost in that freak's fur at this rate!"

"I've got you, miss, it's alright," Gosha replied, his scaly bulk squeezing into her comfortingly, to the point where the massive harlequin rabbit found herself pausing, then snuggling in fearfully. "No herbivore's getting hurt, on my time!"

"G-GET UP TO B1!" Yahya sputtered, losing his voice quickly. "BREAK...THE GLASS PARTITION, THERE SHOULD BE ROOM TO SQUEEZE INSIDE!"

"Up his back!" Jack yelled, climbing Melon's ballooning muscles in much the same way Mizuchi had climbed his moments before as he followed Pina. "Almost there!"

Pina rested Yahya in his massive, soft wool, leapt from Melon's horns, and smashed the towering window to B1 with both enormous fists, grabbing and hanging from the ledge it made.

More chains broke in Melon's growing grip, the titanic hybrid lurching down just as Gosha brought up the rear; he passed Mizuchi to Jack, who set her down at the top landing of B1, just big enough to squeeze into it after her with a low enough crouch.

"Gah, w-where do we go, now?" Jack asked, licking his muzzle over in unmasked worry, as the shaking back down in the pit grew worse yet. "Pina? What's he saying?"

"J-JUST...GO AHEAD...AND THEN U-UP...THERE'S A CONVOY TUNNEL UNDERG-GROUND...PAST THE UPPER LOBBY!"

"Keep going straight, follow me!" Pina roared. "Then we punch our way up the non-basement floors! I think!"

Melon grew, his crazed, brilliant mind a storm of growth. His body was a crazed thing, incessant and free, taking ever more power as the fragment fed him much too much. Each rampant pulse, each heartbeat was a bomb detonating, terrible vibrations flooding off of his stretching muscles as he panted openly, his erection doubling its length as Ogma descended along with it into the pit.

4.7 miles...24,816 feet...

"W-WHAT DO YOU SAY DOWN THERE, GRAMPS?" Melon god-spoke, his words parting the air with their sheer might. "WANT TO SEE HOW LONG IT TUH-TAKES...FOR ME TO GET TOO TALL...FOR A BOTTOMLESS PUH-PIT!?"

5.1 miles...26,928 feet...

'S-STOP,' Ogma commanded, his facilities returning steadily, even as he slipped and hugged Melon's dangling length. "THIS ISN'T GOING TO DO ANY GOOD, IS IT?"

"GAHAHAHA, DEFINE 'GOOD'—"

The last of the chains broke away on his left side, the 5.5-mile tall behemoth's weight turning on him as he and Ogma both lost their last lifeline and went hurtling down into the pit, vanishing into the darkness in full.

This time, there was indeed a crash.

SITE OMEGA
MAIN LOBBY FLOOR, ATRIUM

OPERATIVE T, 6:09 PM

A hollow thud broke the silence, making the staff scream as they scattered toward the walls and cement pillars, all clamoring to escape the newest series of bumps, crashes and demonic bellows down below.

Among the technicians and cooks and janitors and administrative staff sat the capybara, staring ahead dead-eyed, the only soul present that had a good idea of just where the evening was headed. The others hunched against each other, sniffing and bemoaning their fate, while she just sighed deep and tucked herself in.

Overtime it is, then, she glibly thought, just as the atrium floor shuddered from a lower impact, cracking the tiles and forcing an upward tent of cracks. On the next impact a yellow fist blasted the center apart, a hulking arm bursting up with it as the knuckles bumped the high ceiling, cratering it slightly.

The tiny screams of panic only grew worse as Jack's vast head rose through the opening, kindly eyes darting around at the fleeing littles a moment. To be fair, it was like a building turning to look at you.

“S-SORRY, OH MY GOODNESS, I’M SORRY! AH, EXCUSE ME! I, UH...(I DON’T KNOW IF I CAN FIT UP THERE...REALLY? WELL, EVERYBODY’S UP HERE, IF I CLIMB UP, I MIGHT...WHAT? A LOCKDOWN? I SEE, NO WONDER THEY’RE ALL—WHICH WALL? THIS? OKAY, I)”

T saw the huge labrador’s eye flick over to where she and others were huddled. She got up, dusted herself off, and shooed everyone away just as Jack glanced her way and blinked, perking his massive ears curiously.

“AH! H-HELLO.”

“Hey, again, kid,” the capybara sighed, walking off dead last.

“HUH?”

“N-nevermind, just punch the stupid wall, and let’s get out.”

“YES, MA’AM!”

Being a 900-foot tall labrador did nothing to stop Jack from being a labrador. Happy to obey and assist, he rose up higher, his thick neck bulging up through the opened wound in the floor, so much so that it warped up with the mass of his trapezius. His shoulder burst up after, then his arm, devastating that side of the atrium floor as he wound back, then pummeled the far wall so hard that his fist obliterated the support column and the wall beyond it, leaving a gigantic hole therein.

“HEH, HEY, THAT WAS EASY,” Jack rumbled, wagging down below against Gosha’s face. “O-OKAY, AH... YES! PLEASE, EVERYONE EXIT CALMLY--”

The masses screamed in terror as they evacuated, crawling over one another, making Jack’s lips tighten as he watched on—along with the capybara, in the far corner.

“GOSH. N-NOT LIKE THAT, WAIT.”

“Just let them go, kid,” T shouted, waving the gigantic dog over to look at her. “I can’t believe how big you’re getting, already. Last I saw you, you were barely big enough to fill a few floors of your dorm.”

“AH,” Jack huffed, thoughtlessly snorting, blowing warm air over her from afar. “DO I KNOW YOU, MA’AM?”

Operative T rubbed her temples, beyond tired. When she looked up, Yahya was squeezing out through the floor, wriggling up Jack’s thick fur to get there, then stumble out onto the remainder of the atrium.

“S-sir!” she gasped, running up to the shaking horse. “My God, are you okay?”

“No.”

“Well, I’m glad you’re alright, Yahya, sir! Here, I signed for these when they arrived, they just sort of handed them over. Well, the first one, at least... then the lockdown happened.”

She gestured over to a single crate, full of other boxes. Yahya perked back up immediately, on site of them.

“T...the meteor?”

“Well, it’s in parts, it looks like...but yes!”

“Hah,” the horse whinnied, still shaking from stress. “It was worth it, then. Barely. O-okay, we’re...we’re taking the fragments with us.”

“Sir?”

“We can’t stay here, there’s a major threat down below. Melon, he’s gotten too big. Ogma, too.”

Operative T narrowed her eyes.

“Mister Ogma is still down there? You mean, he grew bigger, too? And who is Melon?”

“Yes, he is. Melon’s a criminal who was dangerous before he was bigger than a neighborhood. Well, *neighborhoods*.”

“Wait, how big—”

“Come on, we need to get moving. For all we know, they’re both going to keep getting larger and stronger. We really can’t stay. Hey, dog!”

Jack snapped to, still mostly stuck below.

“S-sir!”

“Get yourself and the others up out of there. I’m not leaving you here with that maniac.”

“R-really? We’re free?”

“No. You’re under my custody as animals of interest. You move against me, and I’ll eat that entire meteor, and show you a *real* problem.”

Jack gulped, as Gosha’s head punched up through the other section of the floor.

“OH, THEY WON’T MISBEHAVE, YAHYA, I’LL KEEP THINGS IN ORDER.”

The old horse caught himself grinning, but undid it fast. Gosha still caught it, clearly, given how the looming komodo beamed.

“That’s...fine, Gosha, thanks. Very good. You all let T and us get through the opening, then bash your way up and out. I *mean* it, do damage. I want this place collapsed, until we can find a cure for this. Keep them here as long as possible. Even Ogma.”

“Do you think they survived?” Jack wondered.

“Ogma said it was a ten-mile deep pit, and Melon was pretty much half that. He might as well have fallen out of the window of a one-story house. Our only hope is that he doesn’t get big enough to reach and pull himself up, or *worse*. Hell, honestly...a treat dusted with a *sprinkling* of meteor got him as big as a building. I can’t imagine what a building-sized creature eating a much bigger ball of meteor would *really* become. Hence my not wanting to stick around any longer.”

“About the cure, sir,” Operative T began, guiding the beleaguered horse out through the hole into the outer channel tunnel. “If what data we did get were passed on to the Site Delta staff...that would have to make a major difference, right?”

“Immeasurably major, yes. But Melon trashed the unit they were running scans in—”

The capybara finally smiled, slapping something small into Yahya’s palm.

“Hmm?”

“The lead tech got annoyed when I kept asking questions, when they all ran up here to try and escape, so he shoved this at me and said ‘good luck’.”

It was a flash drive.

“You mean...”

“All the collated scan data, I believe he said.”

“Then, he...when we all saw Melon waking up. He removed it. Good. Good!”

Battered as he was, the horse set a kind hand on her shoulder, giving it a squeeze.

“Heh.”

“You’re damn right, ‘heh’. You’re getting a raise, if the world survives.”

“Fair.”

The outer wall separating the channel tunnel from the atrium cracked apart as Jack’s stupendous bulk shoved through, making a hole so monumental that Gosha and Pina got through with no problem. While it offered some relief, the massive canine kept to a crouch to avoid the lights lining the tunnel ceiling up above.

“THIS THING IS AWFUL HIGH FOR A TUNNEL,” Jack muttered, impressed.

“It should be,” Yahya croaked up at him, still worn out from shouting. “All the equipment to build Delta came from Omega, and that equipment was massive. High ceilings as a result. Lucky you all. Now, let’s move, evening’s coming along, and we have miles to go.”

“THE RABBIT’S GONE,” Pina said, abruptly.

“What?”

“AFTER GRANDPA GOSHA AND I CLIMBED UP, SHE MUTTERED SOMETHING NASTY, THEN BURROWED BACK DOWN. BEING A BUNNY, I THINK SHE SPLIT OFF AND MADE HER OWN TUNNEL, BECAUSE SHE ISN’T HERE ANYMORE.”

“Ugh, damn it...”

“HAHA, IT DOES SEEM AWFUL SILLY, DOESN’T IT!” Pina laughed, his playfulness returning to him along with the fresh(er) air. “HERE’S TO THE CURE, THEN, YES?”

Yahya rubbed his muzzle over, snorted, then nodded silently. He turned, popped his back, then began to long walk down the tunnel, a herd of gigantic males following behind.

Down, far down, at the bottom of the disposal pit, a rumbling grew, worse and worse, a low, cackling laugh booming up as something huge trembled, tensed, groaned, and grew...

And grew...

And grew...

***METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT
FLOOR 57***

MIENAI, 6:12 PM

“This is Mienai again, sir,” the zebra whined as the elevator to Yahya’s penthouse slid open, not bothering with sounding professional. “I’m sure much is happening at the site, but I wish you would pick up. There have been developments topside that you need to be apprised of.”

The equine stepped out, his lack of vision not remotely detrimental as he took the memorized steps into the dwelling, felt the long table by the kitchen, and leaned over it.

“So please, sir, do call me back. Ogma’s people are getting very insistent, saying he was last seen leaving the Summit with you, and I don’t know what to tell them. It’s becoming more urgent by the moment, I fear—and then there’s the matter of Ogma’s adopted son. He...he’s so *big* now, sir. It’s terrifying. I don’t know how much longer that monster can even stay on land, at this rate. A-anyway, call back, *please*.”

He hung up, stowed the cell phone in his pocket, felt for and slid the nearest chair out, then sat down on it with a defeated slump.

“Good grief, what a nightmare.”

He sniffed hard, getting his bearings—before sniffing again. The zebra’s ears perked as he tapped the tabletop over with his fingertips, then stopped cold.

“Oh.”

A cellophane-wrapped cookie rested there, left on the table by his superior a little over an hour ago. He brought it up, sniffed again, then felt the wrapping over.

“Oh, my.”

As he held the cookie, a soft tremor raced through the city, from the bordering mountain ranges, putting the tower and even Yahya’s penthouse at a slight wobble moments later.

It was a sight in the evening light he couldn’t share, but he had kept the TV on downstairs, and he knew what it was, already. Or *whom*, rather.

“Heaven helps us little ants,” he whispered, as something tremendous moved behind the mountains. “Please. Please, make him stop. Make him stop growing...”

It was a deer, so big that he belonged to the haze of the darkening horizon.