

8.

SUBWAY TRAIN, CAR F

GOUHIN, 3:30 PM

“Line 409 approaching South Harmony station D. South Harmony station. Next stop, Downtown District station.”

The hum of the subway train sang praises of the latest in travel technology, soft and secure, a subdued purr to comfort even the most frayed passengers. To Riz, it was a jackhammer convention, with a megaphone set on the floor.

“If it gets any worse, kid, just sneak the medicine now,” Gouhin murmured, the panda leafing through a book he had been allowed to pack. “We aren’t the problem, the *escorts* aren’t looking right now.”

The brown bear nodded miserably, considering it; both his huge hands were cradling his head, leaving a grimacing muzzle between them.

“Th-thanks. I might.”

“Just go ahead, seriously,” Gouhin pressed, already turning the page. “Don’t be stubborn about something this important. If the mandated suppressants aren’t cutting it, then act. I don’t know why you didn’t see a doctor about it sooner.”

“You’re a doctor.”

“Heh. Well, take the damn medicine. Doc’s orders.”

The hum remained steady, but Riz quietly hissed, clenching his temples tighter.

“You weren’t taking them, were you?”

Riz’s silence answered for him. One nearby giraffe’s ear twitched, and he scooted off.

“Why in the hell were you avoiding your supplements? You’re a growing kid, that’s the worst possible phase to cut off. You should know.”

Riz nodded slowly.

“I know I’m right,” Gouhin sighed. “So, seriously, why? Why take *that* dangerous a risk? Bears have a tough enough rap, you wanna end up killing someone?”

The youth’s head shook *no*.

“I thought I didn’t need them anymore.”

Now, Gouhin was silent. Briefly.

“That’s stupid.”

“You don’t understand,” Riz growled, sitting upright, effectively looming over even Gouhin. “I was so happy. I just didn’t feel like I needed them, I really did.”

“Hmm. Who’s the lucky lady?”

“Haha...*agh*. N-no, sir, a friend. A great, incredible friend.”

It wasn’t long before the algebra worked itself out. For Gouhin.

“Someone that made you feel like you didn’t need drugs. A herbivore?”

Riz’s black-bead eyes lowered, but a stupid kind of smile stole over his muzzle. Gouhin saw enough to understand, and shifted things by showing him the book.

“You see this? This is all herbology. I’m searching for something, anything I know of, that might halt whatever the hell it is that made Legoshi building-sized. That moron, of all types, would be the one to have it happen. That kid’s a trouble magnet on the South Pole.”

Riz listened, all that thick bear bulk steady for a moment.

“Reason I bring it up is, I still want to help him. Actually, I want to pretty bad. I don’t care that he’s a carnivore—no, I do care. That makes it even more important.”

“Why are you—”

“I’m telling you this, because I get it. Because he’s a good soul who’s learning what to do with his nature, and I think you are too. You’re maybe a little ahead, or I thought you were.”

“What a mean compliment,” Riz chuckled, wincing just after.

“Point being, if you made a crazy move in the name of caring for an herbivore...then I think that should be protected. Whoever your friend is, they’re lucky to have that kind of a connection.”

Riz’s pain faded a moment, visibly.

“It’s all connections, kid. This train, ley lines, folks...all of them connect. Not always in ways we want. I don’t know what in fire made Legoshi a towering hulk, or how any weapon or chemical or magic voodoo spell could accomplish this, but it’s happening. We can’t stop what starts, we just manage it how we can. So, what *you* can do is take the damn medicine already, get better, and be there for your amigo.”

“Bullshit,” someone close enough muttered.

Both bears glanced up to see a toucan sitting opposite, glowering down at the backpack in his lap. He saw them seeing, and just went for it:

“Yeah, you heard me. Who wants *connections* to getting eaten?”

“It’s a carnivore that’s gotten gigantic, you said so yourself,” another passenger, an antelope, barked sourly. “What do we do when they crush our homes? Hug it out?”

“The news said it was herbivores *and* carnivores getting gigantic,” a younger cat began.

“And I bet the herbivores stayed still!” a buffalo shot back, from farther down.

“If animals are suddenly upsizing, then you know what? I hope it’s a herbivore that gets the biggest! Yeah! At least a herbivore would be in charge, in a true sense! No meat-eater could force their will when the biggest ones are baby-sized in comparison!”

“Any creature at too large a size would be a mutual danger. Use your head.”

“Right! What if they just keep growing bigger? W-what’ll even happen to us?”

“If I was a freaking giant, I tell you what I would—”

“This is why we can’t—”

“Government supposed to even do about—”

It no longer mattered, nor was it possible to discern who said what; in seconds the car had exploded into a forum, and Riz’s pain redoubled, and doubled again.

“Even in a crisis, we can’t wait to rip each other apart,” Gouhin grumbled, hiding behind the book once again. “Don’t listen to them, kid—”

Gouhin caught sight in his periphery as Riz downed nearly the entire jar of medicine.

“Whoa, whoa, hey, no! Kid!”

“I-I’m sorry, sir,” Riz coughed, choking the rest of the mix down. “I can’t...stand it...”

The entire subway tunnel shook, wobbling the train and sputtering the lights.

DING

Right after came the breaks, and the whole mess lurched, throwing the arguing masses forward as the lights went out, the train screeched to a stop, and all was chaos renewed.

The lights blinked back on, leaving everyone looking everywhere, as though answers were floating in the air like krill.

DING

“Folks, we have an issue up ahead; reports topside say a...uh, female wolf is standing downtown...ah, her...w-well, she’s growing even larger, causing her uh, w-weight to increase too far...it seems the subway line ahead has caved in from the pressure of her body weight...this can’t be real, can it? Seriously!? God-f-folks, we’re being told to pull up and connect to the mountain line out of the city, at track H3. P-please be patient, while we adjust our route...”

The angered mutterings resumed, and Riz began to break into an open sweat.

“Hang tough, kid,” Gouhin soothed, patting Riz’s huge shoulder. “Hard part’s over.”

It was probably a lie. It was definitely all he had to give.

About four minutes later the train resumed, moving toward the alternate track with that same undisturbed hum of effort. A few animals cheered in relief, but most were still grouching, and openly.

“This is unreal,” the buffalo snorted, rubbing his temples the same as Riz.

“They can’t just move the train by picking it up,” a duck finally peeped.

“Why don’t they just make the evacuation team gigantic, while we’re all in crazy-land?”

“I don’t want to hear about giants anymore!” a chameleon no one had noticed until now added. “Is this *really* as worked up as we’re going to get? Who cares about the train!? There’re literal gods topside, thudding around like it’s home, and we’re complaining about transit!”

“Of course it’s crazy,” a doe interjected, smoothing out her suit. “But what else can we do about it? We’re the prey, down here. Maybe you’re new to it, being a carnivore, but not us—”

“That’s not fair,” he shot back, getting a darker green.

“We’re all small now,” an old muskrat coughed, nodding very, very slowly.

“This keeps up, I’ll need my own headache cure,” Gouhin grumbled, turning another fruitless page of the book. “How’re you holding up?”

“Folks, we’re back on track, heh,” the intercom crackled, smoothing out with a slight hiss. “Next stop should be the Evermore South station, toward the Southeast Plains. Just hold tight, we’re moving fast. Evac personnel should be prepped to take you into the nearest underground safety bunkers—”

“Kid?”

Even over the drone of the train, Gouhin could suddenly hear it—*feel it*, even. It was something bigger than the machine, a drum beat, something anyone would find soothing if it weren’t so...wrong.

It was like a heartbeat, only too big. Far, far too big.

And it was coming from Riz.

“You alright there? Talk to me.”

“Ah,” Riz puffed, the bear clutching himself as he teetered in his seat. “I don’t, ah.”

Gouhin’s book finally lowered, cautiously. The heartbeat grew.

“You feel sick?”

Riz brought his hands up to his head, and Gouhin looked up to follow. An instant later, he knew what was so wrong with that—he was looking further up than before.

Riz’s hoodie crept North, pulling the bottom along until a thick mat of brown fur spilled out, boofing and swelling wider, filling the gap between his tight shirt and stretching pants. Both hands busied themselves with his head as he groaned, clutched it, and overtly *throbbed* bigger.

“Hey,” Gouhin started, not knowing how to finish.

“My...hah-head, I,” Riz growled, bursting larger by a sudden, violent foot in size. His sleeves tore open as the hoodie he’d squeezed himself back into on the way out of his place ripped away. “God! Ah, g-G-God! It—”

BRMPH

So help him, Gouhin felt the *air* move as Riz’s bulging form blew even larger. In one heartbeat Riz had gone from being 8 feet tall to 10, his head ramming up with a dull bump into the luggage rack, snapping it away like tin foil as his neck swelled wider. The shirt collar popped into a ‘V’ as his furred pectorals blossomed up, his hoodie sleeves traveling down his growing biceps as the shirt within ripped in two.

BWRMPH

By the time Riz’s head hit the ceiling, another growth spurt was bulging up through, blowing his torso so wide that his torn shirt and ruined hoodie splintered completely, pulling to scraps that forced booming muscles to pump forth. In a blink, those scraps devolved to shreds.

“MY H-HEAD”

That was the last thing Gouhin understood from Riz as his brown pectorals flared out, bunching up so big they dammed his vanishing muzzle. The panda scuttled back in his seating, jostling the nearest screaming animals as they tried to do the same.

“Oh, hell,” Gouhin muttered, just as Riz’s pants tore along the crotch, releasing a great curve of sex as the bear’s phallus stretched bigger, heavier, pulling ripping underwear up as his bulge overtook his thighs. “How in the hell—”

A moment’s confusion became pandemonium as the situation illustrated itself; by the time the doors to the next car opened and armed evac officers stepped in, Riz had become less a large bear and more a sheer wall of brown bulk consuming the interior.

Screams of smaller animals on the other side could be heard as Gouhin scrambled across the tram floor, finding and clutching the emptied medicine jar. As he did, the mass swelled yet again, larger and thicker still, ballooning into the grip bars until they bent in submission, followed by cracking windows and warping siding.

“S-stop!” one guard roared, taking aim at whatever his mind was trying to process as a target. “Stop, right now!”

“Get everyone out!” Gouhin bellowed, staggering to his feet just as Riz’s fur blew up against him, pushing him forward in agreement. “He’s growing! Get away!”

“RRRRRRRRHHH”

Already, the bus-sized bear’s voice was so much bigger, so much heavier. Whatever he was trying to say, Gouhin knew it wasn’t happy. It hardly even sounded sane.

“Open fire!”

“No, just run, dammit!”

A volley battered out of the rifle, peppering Riz uselessly, resulting in only an increasingly angered growl as the shaking muscles boomed even *bigger*. In an instant the car was filled entirely, little animals of all types plastered between the snapping walls and bending fixtures and brown-furred biceps, lats, traps, and a monstrous set of bobbling, bulging orbs.

The train lurched as the weight compounded within, until the snap of detaching cables and uncoupling links echoed after. The tail up to their car suddenly slid back and halted in the tunnel, leaving the higher cars free to travel ahead as Riz grew, and grew, and grew, and grew.

“The hell with this,” one guard shouted, turning and shoving his way out the door.

Gouhin helpfully pushed the buffalo and remaining guard out with him, just as Riz's girth rumbled bigger again, filling the opened doorway from the inside, then the windows.

"K-keep moving!" Gouhin ordered, commanding the shaken guards. "Everyone, go! Get them to the nearest exit!"

"W-what about you?" one guard shouted back, while motioning all the escaped citizens down the line.

"I need to—"

The entire car inflated out with a series of terrible metal and plastic screeches as Riz' continually expanded, his body getting too big to contain. Gouhin could only look back in time to see the whole mess blowing apart, unloading a tidal wave of male brawn as over 120 feet of brown bear spilled up, slammed the ceiling, then crashed back down toward him in a spread of pectoral doom.

A muzzle as big as a car bashed the tunnel floor, decimating the track, resting inches from Gouhin. Riz's vast black eyes were lidded, but when they opened, they weren't the same. Not even remotely.

"HHHHHHHNNNGHNNH."

"Oh," Gouhin gulped, starting back nervously. "I...I'm going with you guys, forget this!"

In response, two massive white eyes locked onto him, then the guards. A set of near-red pinpricks were all that remained of those black beads, laser-focused in what was clearly a now-blind rage.

Gouhin stumbled further back as Riz's muzzle swelled even bigger, his neck gorging on mass behind a growing head. His midsection grew back into the darkness as massive arms flexed and tightened and swelled, the bear already 160', then 210'.

"God...g-good luck, kid!"

That was that: Gouhin was ahead of the stunned guards, who mimicked him on a slight delay as everyone broke into a panicked run, leaving Riz behind as he snarled to life, shuddered, then blew up even larger...

And larger...

RAILWAY MAINTENANCE TUNNEL B-5

GOUHIN, 4:03 PM

“How on Earth,” the old bear panted, slumping against the brick wall when he found he just couldn’t run anymore. “How...did this happen?”

“Okay, old timer, talk!”

The panda looked to see an armed guard, pointing a shaking rifle at him, fearful and angry in equal measure.

“Huh?”

“You were with that bear before he grew to giant size...s-so how? What do you know?”

“Oh, God. Look, kid—”

“Just answer!”

The barrel got that much closer. Gouhin slowly reached into his bag, one hand staying up.

“I gain nothing by attacking you, okay? Keep that in mind. This is a book I’m getting.”

It proved true, but the gun stayed where it was.

“I think that my friend there took way, way too much of an old medicine. Something inside of it caused the growth, I think. Okay? With me? Good. Great. So, in this book, I noticed a few elements worth looking into. One is very, very old. It happens to also be...”

He reached for the medicine jar.

“The primary ingredient in this.”

“Well, why the hell would you—”

“I’d never actually used it before, it was a random purchase! I only broke it out for the kid’s headaches, because it was the only thing I had on hand that supposedly had any pain killing

properties. Alright? I didn't know. For all I know, this stuff's never been used, or was discontinued, I don't know. I'm just guessing, at this point."

"W-well, then, how do you stop it?"

Gouhin finally took out a cigarette, no longer caring, and lit it up.

"I truly don't know."

BLACK MARKET HOTEL STRIP

COSMO, 4:35 PM

Even Cosmo had to admit it: it was likely time to leave.

Upon hitting a hefty 310' in height, the story had ended, the book had shut, and the rest of her life as a walking sex billboard was assured. Money had been literally hurled at her by male and female, herbivore and carnivore alike (and was *still* being hurled). She was effectively in charge of the entire block. No, the *entire market*. None of the crime families could have bothered the bulk-laden mountain of soft, furred curves. Who would dare?

Yet, just minutes prior, mid-dance, she had felt it. Her goddess performance was very nearly interrupted by a sweet, warm trembling, deep within. Her muscles had quaked with some unknowable ache as both excitement and terror rose up, filling the voluptuous giantess to her ears. No one down below among the mortals understood as she danced over the street, but at her core Cosmo knew full-well: she was about to *explode*.

"Hmm-hmm, time for a break, everyone," the monstrous okapi rumbled, playing off a gorgeous smile beyond her eclipsing breasts. "Give a girl a path, would you?"

They were all so small, she couldn't even tell them individually apart. It was just a tangle of wide eyes and wagging tails. Happily, that tangle parted for her.

"Thank you all. Feel free to watch me go."

Tiny sheers erupted as Cosmo's colossal feet *thoomed* forward, her hips booming right-left in a loud, echoing sway.

Hold it in, just hold it in. Give them all a minute.

How many nights had been so comically similar? Having to play off stomach pain, tiredness, bills and notices? How many nights had no one even considered that the dancer seducing them on the catwalk was walking out to a broken-down car?

The tingle swelled into a roar inside her, and Cosmo began to openly shake with pressure. She double-timed her luscious lumbering, just making it around the block in a tight squeeze, when it slipped loose. The okapi grunted softly, shuddered tight, and billowed out in all directions.

“HNNGH—”

Her brawn blasted bigger, throbbing hot and huge, stretching her fur patterns to new dimensions as her body burst taller, stronger. Her neck thickened in a swell of growth as her enormous eyes lidded, her shoulders booming wider, her rear pumping so large and wide that its supple bounds bumped buildings on either side. Glass snapped and bricks ground apart as too much female attacked their facades, her thighs exploding out to match her rump, her calves following after as her growing feet sank into cracking cement.

Three hundred and ten feet surged up to 350', then 390, the pulses instantly harder, deeper, more powerful and out of control. Her bosom inflated relentlessly ahead, bulbous teats overgrowing into thick pillars, her areolae puffing into small hills as she bit her soft lip and moaned through her nostrils, shaking worse and worse.

It wasn't stopping. It wasn't stopping—

“HA-HAAAAAAHA!”

She forced another step, feeling the street snap for it, pitching for balance as her growing girth was dragged along the cracking structures. She was filling the road, more and more and more, her tremendous triceps bursting through the building fronts as she expanded wider still.

Her beautiful muzzle tilted to the sky, ejecting soft steam as her head and hulking neck blew up above the rooftops, 420' rocketing to 460. Her hips bashed through the businesses, gouging out entire walls and signs as her lats swelled unstoppably, forcing her bulky arms up, up through the smoldering wreckage around her.

Massive traps clung to her billowed neck, jealous and wild, swelling about its base as her back muscles erupted in scope. Soon her arms blew up through the rooftops, the okapi titan more visible to the market by the second.

Forget a broken down car. At this rate, the *market* was fair game.

Still, all that compounding muscle had a use: step by thundering step, the female bullied her way free, crashing with a wall of smoke out into the open plaza near the front of the market. Bus-sized feet slammed the cobble walk, fissuring cracks and tilting street lights as the telephone wires wavered, homes and bazaar tents all shaking in confused fear as she arrived.

“C-COMING THROUGH!”

Control be damned, at long last; Cosmo broke into an overpowered stride the moment she was able to, debris flung out with her emerging hips and swaying bust. From up there, there was no way to properly tell who was in the way. With a 400-foot wide chest, her guess what was below was as good as anyone’s.

That she stopped mid-stride and blew up again hardly helped.

Her muzzle scrunched in as her eyes rolled back, violent spasms rocking her amazing form as it heaved bigger, and bigger, and bigger. Great mountains of muscle pumped higher and wider across her 500-foot body as it trembled with heat, then billowed to 560’ in one thick, gushing, horrid, wonderful push.

Good grief, am I dominating m-myself? Hah...haha...

“HUH-HAAH HAAAAH–”

Even Cosmo couldn’t escape how Cosmo she was. Just the thought of being so commanding that she had to obey too made her *snerk* aloud, mid-burst, creating the oddest sound as her bulk constantly ballooned.

Heels bigger than houses demolished nearby tents, the side of her thick sole crashing into the old water fountain at the heart of the plaza. Her plump rear blasted so big that it thudded into the side of the nicer hotels, the ones at the front, sending shockwaves down the dwelling that shattered windows the entire way.

Her trunk-legs wobbled, weak on power, her figure detonating larger, higher still. 630’ of herbivorous godhood hiccupped to 670 as she bellowed into the air, shook, and blew up past 750’, rising up so large and proud that the recessed tiers of the Black Market could no longer conceal her from the city beyond.

On the upside, getting out was a snap. That snap just happened to be accompanied by a chorus of smaller ones as everything toppled and broke from her footfall.

In a surreal moment an okapi as big as a skyscraper thudded down over the market walls, up onto the city streets, abandoned cars leaping on touchdown.

“Hnh, w-where do I even go?”

Seeing ruin and wreckage over in the downtown district, Cosmo spied in the other direction, found peaceful looking mountains just beyond the city and river, and made the call.

WESTERN CLIFF RANGE, OUTSKIRTS

LOUIS, 4:44 PM

“How are we supposed to fix this!?”

From any other perspective, the enormous deer might have been talking to the horizon spanning sky-full of wolf fur belonging to the 30-mile high Legoshi, off in the usurped distance. But that would have been entirely wrong.

“Stupid, moronic carnivore dullard!”

A being 2,500 feet tall, a living half-mile of muscle and antler...and Louis was again a speck. A dead leaf on a tilted sapling, over a crevasse. He had been talking to himself, because there was no point in anything else. The wolf was too big to possibly hear him, *even him*, and Louis knew it. And that knowledge was acid.

“I get to my rightful place in this world, at long last, and—”

Louis stomped the earth, and it cracked below, denting down into the rocky plains. He took an impressively long breath, his pectorals creaking higher. He held it. Then:

“Okay.”

Rightful place?

“Hrm.”

Isn't that correct, though? Honest?

Louis refused to answer. If *he* had to be the one to say it aloud, then it wasn't really true.

"What cure could possibly bring him down from that kind of height?" he asked, changing tacks fast. "I wasn't sure what could shrink me back, at my size—"

When you were the biggest

The rumbling that had welled up inside Louis began to return once more, the more the idea boomeranged back at him. In fact, the harder he threw, the harder it hit.

"Mmnf."

Do you want to shrink back down? Be little again? Small?

"Of course. How can I lead at this ridiculous size?"

You know full well how.

His eyes darted up to Legoshi again, to the landmark he had grown into. The rumbling inside him roared up, his brown-furred muscles twitching and straining, his entire body caught in an involuntary flex.

*Consider it a shortcut to the same thing. You get big enough, **everything** is a shortcut. Or is it fine if he ends up ruling? Because one of you will. Think he'll do the job right?*

Louis' immensity shifted as the buck shook, seething and swelling out bit by bloated bit. Helpless against his own power, his biceps burst forth, his triceps and forearms groaning unstopably. His lats flared hungrily, abs pulsing out, pectorals overgrowing up into his chin as he snorted steam and pressure and righteous rage.

Do you!?

"No."

Louis' amazing figure rocketed up in height, abruptly blowing up to an even 3,000' in one mad, aggressive blast of growth.

"NO."

The sight of Legoshi, of just his lower half filling the landscape, vanishing into the clouds was enough to do the trick. Louis pursed his lip and shook as more and more irritation boiled back up into fury, until his whole body overfilled and billowed even larger, and larger.

His feet grew until the outer sides of his soles curved like overhanging ridges, looming dominantly over the thin forests and boulders beneath them. Toes the size of the buildings he and Legoshi had previously matched curled into the terrain as they surged larger, higher yet. Both thighs boomed as too much tonnage packed his rising bulk, his shoulder blades, shoulders and arms exploding in compound bursts, overtaking more and more of his 3,500-foot frame.

A thousand feet had forced itself into Louis in less than ten seconds; by the eleventh, the first explosions hit. Even being a third bigger, he noticed.

It wasn't that Louis forgot Legoshi (how could he lose sight of the entire distance), but he did refocus as three very thin streaks of white tailed the air in front of him, arcing up past his thick antlers and looping back around.

The explosions had missed, astonishingly; in that moment, three violet smoke bursts popped nearby, blowing away to nothing in the higher winds. Just enough of the buck's mind reallocated resources away from Legoshi to comprehend what was next.

“NO!”

From the cockpit of the fighter jet, there was (ironically) only Louis. A forest of growing antlers rose mid-arc, bringing the tangle back up to the fleeing pilot, whose view of the deer twisted as he veered left. In seconds the male's back muscles raced along and receded; the jet corrected, aimed again, and fired.

“That's a hit! Got him!” Plane One crowed over the radio.

The other two jets had dodged right, but were looping back behind the first. By the time one bomb had gone off the other two sailed by, blasting the looming deer clear in the muzzle and neck. That same lavender smoke blasted loose, making Louis splutter and snort it back out.

“GHAH! D-DAMMIT! Y...YOU-OH, THAT IS IT!”

All the hard altitude the pilots had gained disappeared as even more deer bulk filled their sights, until the trio split off and banked farther away. As the smoke cleared, a mile-tall Louis remained, so much muscle ballooning out that it sagged over his colossal frame.

“The hell’s the matter?” Plane Two nearly spat over the line. *“Those were golden! He’s still upright, like it was nothing!”*

“He’s more than twice as big now, is why!”

“The hell do we do, then? We’ve engaged hiOHLOOKOUT–”

Any notion of flies moving too fast for a giant to swat went out the window as Louis applied a street-length arm to Plane Three’s airspace. A hand big enough to carry a ship terminated in a vast set of parting fingers, through which the afterburners saw him—only for the displaced air to send him into a spin.

“DAMNED LITTLE ANTS!”

A voice was youthful, still, yet proved so massive, so *eldritch* that it came out as the sound of two continents hugging or fighting; either way, there was contact. Not that it was their primary concern.

“He’s fast! He’s fast, holy–”

“–ep firing, Godd–”

A midair conga line of bombs dotted the lower skies, buffeting Loui’s huge snout as he followed through.

“WHY...DOES EVERYONE...RESIST!?”

Tremendously big feet twisted the crust into circles as he pivoted, swung an ever-growing arm around, and swatted again.

“How can he be that fast!?”

“That’s my whole payload, I’m out! Disengage!”

“But he’s still–”

Fingers thicker than entire tunnels sliced the air, shockwaves sending One and Two’s instruments into a rabid panic.

“It’ll knock him out or it won’t, but we won’t be here!”

By the time Louis’s feet smashed into their newer, deeper craters, by the time the violet plumes had left, they were gone, or at least had stopped attacking. At his size, who knew.

“Am I in charge, or aren’t I!?”

Onward the buck fumed, pumping up past 1.5 miles, then 2.2, standing over 11,616’ tall; the more he rambled and vented, the more he grew—and the more he grew, the harder it got to vent fast enough.

“Attacking me, really! Of all the idiotic, empty overtures!”

3.4 miles...

The anger kept building, too big for even him, his bulk ballooning terribly as he grew wider than taller, and kept quaking larger.

“If I was in charge, a true Beastar, it wouldn’t be like this! If I was...big enough!”

4 miles...

“If I was...bigger!”

4.5 miles...

The cliff valley in which Louis hid was no longer a hiding place, but a hindrance: great rock faces that would have taken any animal hours to scale with proper gear struggled to come up to Louis’ hips as he grew higher and wider. The valley trembled in his presence, for it. Thick forests barely inched up against his growing soles and bulging heels as they sank into the firmament, shoving rock and tree alike. Monstrous thighs caged portions of an erection that nearly reached his knees, his sacs inflating nonstop behind him, up against his booming rump.

*“Bigger than **you!**”*

This time, Louis was talking to Legoshi, still towering overhead and beyond.

At 4.8 miles, however, the proverbial fumes ran dry, and as angry as he remained, Louis’ body stopped its expansion. Both gargantuan ears pricked up as he finally blinked, then looked himself over.

25,344 feet. Louis might as well have been two or three neighborhoods stacked vertically. With his muscle width, it was all the worse. Biceps peaked as high as mountains, diamond hard, yet somehow soft-tight and warm, imposing and inviting.

He brought an arm up and eyed it over, restraining a grin as it snuck through the ashes and embers, holding back a moment of juvenile delight at the thought of anyone trying to put him back in his old cage now.

See?

Still, one thing helped to smother that joy right back out. He turned toward Legoshi, then gasped as the turf wobbled like a single strip of alarmed sheet metal, making him pitch some.

Legoshi was moving. *Slightly*. The simplest little sitting adjustment had moved the entire countryside, likely well after the fact. The wolf's incidental aftershocks still were enough to bowl the great deer over.

Again, one ember remained, and glowed so bright it blinded Louis to anything else:

BIGGER.

SOUTHERN BARDO MOUNTAIN RANGE

BILL, 5:35 PM

“Outshone by a sheep. A sheep!”

The tiger moaned a little extra as he rested in a ball, propped awkwardly against a massive, rolling hillside. His ears barely managed to peer over its topside, a thin dirt road snaking in between them from the other side.

“H-how big is he, by this point? How much bigger than me is he getting?”

That Bill had chosen to hide after growing yet again spoke volumes to his state; that all he could focus on was Pina spoke a few libraries. It hadn't mattered when he had blown up mid-travel from 300' to 550', became too mortified, and hid. It hadn't changed anything when he'd outgrown the dip in the valley beyond the city, and moved to his current locale. Finishing his spurt at a whopping 650' meant nothing, and still didn't now.

He was bigger than Jack, he was pretty sure. Yet all Bill could occupy himself with was how much bigger Pina must be—and forget Jack. Just forget it.

Seriously, please, forget it

He might as well have not grown at all, if he was...what, third place? A bronze tiger?

“How messed up can this get?” Bill groaned, unable to enjoy the mighty bass of his earthquaking throat, or his boundless striped muscle. “I wasn’t even going to prank him, I swear! I decided I wouldn’t, so there’s no need for punishment!”

Why would God even do this!?

“If I get big as God, I’m boxing their ears,” he grumbled, fussing emptily to himself—right as the rumbling returned. “I’ll—oh, OH NO NO—”

There was nothing for it: Bill’s body was getting bigger, immediately.

“S-STOPPIT!”

Feline ears the size of stadium entrances whipped back flat as the vibrations assaulted his bulk, blowing it up and out as he watched in horror. Pulsations forced his furred chest so large and wide that they devoured the periphery, and all its comforts. He snarled on reflex and tensed, feeling his rumbling girth bulge into the cracking ground, his back swelling uncontrollably up, up the hill, his head shoving up into the open. Then, his thickening neck. Then, his shoulders.

“COME ONNNNNNN—”

There had to be somewhere he could hide, somewhere better.

His eyes opened to the view as it lowered around him, Bill gushing hotly to 690’, then 720. A slight ways beyond the woods and plain lay a large body of water—a lake!

...a lake!?

Getting wet, to hide? The very idea made his fur crawl back, mid-spurt, mixing the sensations into something that made Bill shiver one way, then very-much another.

“OH...AHHH!”

Bill's body grudgingly moved, thundering with uncanny grace, hands and feet slamming the turf as he bolted on all fours. Not thinking matters through, his 100-foot long member battered and bapped and bobbed as it dragged and bounced along the earth, the tip shearing whole segments of forest and rock away as it bumped dumbly about. Oversized testes squeezed and warped and wriggled tight between massive thighs as he blushed crimson and dove for the water, ready for the terrible sensation of wet, cold, awful water all over hi—

“GAH!”

Bill hadn't said it; the tiger's muzzle couldn't have opened to make the sound. It was too wedged into a bosom big enough to accept him at all.

Confusion mounted into warm surprise as the tiger collided with what was absolutely a female, as his hands shot forth and bumped the inflated sides of two ponderous breasts, slipped against silky fur, and lifted two arms up in their passing—two really, really big arms.

A bodybuilder?

With breasts that big?

Then, and only then, the water hit. Both bodies mingled badly in the lake, rolling together into deeper and deeper realms, until they too were more or less submerged. The waters were still for roughly a beat when both giants emerged again, coughing and heaving out waves as a titanic okapi reared up over Bill, her chest consuming his head as her weight bore down on him.

“Guh-hah! Ah, what,” the vast female huffed, shaking her head in shock. “What...oh.”

Bill shoved until his head and muzzle popped free, though in so doing his hands had pushed against her arms, and the tiger instantly realized he was in fourth place, badly. She was not only bigger than him in size, but in bulk, too. In fact, she...she was incredible.

“Huh, hah,” Bill gasped, looking up at the 750' okapi, making her several heads larger. “Holy shit! You're huge!”

“Haha,” she chuckled, suddenly fine, as though she had never left whatever throne she seemed to be glued to. “You're alright, yourself. I came to avoid littles, and hit a biggun instead.”

“I, ah,” Bill gulped, extricating himself a few (relative) feet from her as she smiled, already aware she was bigger than him. “H-hi! Haha! Fuh-fancy that, yeah! I suppose I don’t have to ask, but...did you just randomly grow, too?”

“Hmm,” she puffed, shrugging some, intentionally pressing her arms in enough to bulge her breasts out in a swollen dimple. “Something I ate, I think. Yourself?”

“Hah, er...yeah, actually,” he said, slowly, putting that much together. “Yeah, Pina and I ate, just before we both grew bigger—”

“Pina?” she asked, cocking her gorgeous head just so.

“Yeah, we both took food from...Juno, and...in minutes, we were growing!”

“Oh, the puppy?” she hummed, her ears perking up. “You know that wolf?”

“W-we go to the same Drama Club at our school, she’s a classmate. You know her!?”

Bill sat there, a big cat in big waters, suddenly absorbed in the okapi’s every word.

“Haha, we’ve met.”

“Then it was Juno’s doing, all along!” Bill boomed, his brow furrowing. “But why?”

“Hah!” she laughed, her breasts bouncing as a fit of giggles overtook her. Untold mounds of bulk shifted from it as all that femininity collided with raw, bulging brawn. Bill’s blush redoubled, as against all odds, and his own personal tastes...it was working.

“W-what?”

“I, heh, really don’t think it was her intention, honey,” she snorted, grinning. “I’m sorry. Aha-heh. Mmm. No, she was just surprised when we grew together. We both ate the treats she brought, when she was pumping me for information on winning her man over.”

Thoughts of a gigantic Juno ‘pumping’ her didn’t help Bill one cent.

“Bu-but that proves she had the same food that we all—wait, where is she now?”

“Hmm? She went to find her man, I thought. Impress him. Take control.”

Her thick nipples ballooned a bit tighter, painfully so, twitching openly, and Bill looked away with an even deeper blush. This, in turn, made the okapi grin even wider.

“Oh, now. A shy carnivore? This is a strange day, isn’t it!”

“I just respect women,” Bill sniffed, looking even more away. “You’re a woman.”

“That’s true.”

“Bill.”

“Well, the first guess was right.”

“N-no. Bill. I’m Bill.”

“That’s a cute name,” she added, just to have fun watching the tiger’s huge tail fluff into a nervous adolescent frazzle. “I’m Cosmo, Bill.”

“Were you trying to hide, too?” he asked, maybe too briskly.

“No. I was just making sure I was somewhere safe for everyone else, when I kept growing bigger, and wouldn’t stop. Glad you have a similar helping of sense.”

“T-thanks. I was making to hide here, when you—”

“Yeah, I didn’t see you until the end there. I was going to wash up a bit after the long walk out of town and across the river, when I ran into you, or vice versa. Sorry. I never would have thought a tiger would make for water. You must be desperate.”

“Hmm,” Bill scoffed, trying to rebuild. “I just figured no one would bother me there, is all. Strategy and the like.”

“Ah.”

“Mm-hmm.”

“Guess we’re bathing together, then,” she sighed, grabbing the massive male with her hands, making her larger arms swell with the slightest effort.

Bill’s fur bristled out until he looked like a worn-out loofah, and he jerked back.

“Wait, what—”

“Sure, honey. Turn around, I’ll help clean. Then you rub me.”

“HOLD UP—”

“Just rub me as tight and hot as you can, or I’ll slip and swell and bulge against you.”

Bill’s erection was suddenly all the way up to his pectorals, and he spun about to prevent her from seeing it.

“There we go, good. Good boy.”

“What the hell,” Bill muttered, biting his lip as unbelievably big, soft hands touched his back, just the slightest, silky bit, sending electric quakes down his spine. “Is, ah, t-this really the best time for this?”

“Who’s going to see us, kitten?” Cosmo soothed, beaming wider as she worked her slender okapi muzzle up against his ear, then huffed candied comfort into it.

Bill melted so bad he was nearly water, himself.

“U-uhm.”

Cosmo nuzzled a tickly circle in his ear, pulled back, and added a play-nip at the very end, tugging it back. Bill nearly did the deed right there, the poor male wholly unprepared for an experienced woman with time to kill. Possibly virginity, too.

Not that she could tell. *Could she?*

“We really should hide, Cosmo—”

“The lake gets a bit deeper, sweetie,” she huff-huffed, her huge hands playing cartographer with the landscape of his sides, making him *whoop*. “Bet you’ve never had it done underwater, have you? Big, thick boy like you—”

“W-what’s this *boy* talk?” he grunted, pretty sure she could hear his heartbeat at this point. “You seem to think you’re with a grade schooler, here!”

That he kept trying to Adult just made the whole thing so much better for her.

“I thought you *men* liked to feel younger.”

“You’re thinking of an old man, lady—”

The okapi had Bill spun around like a wet rag doll, her muscles nearly twice his own. For a moment, there was no earthly way for Bill to tell if the look she flashed him over her chest as good or really, really bad.

“Cosmo, kitty.”

Bill gulped, completely exposed.

He was almost relieved when the jets shot past, overhead.

“Did you hear that?” he asked, his ears back. “What were those, jets?”

Cosmo’s ears wavered around, a herbivore tactic. A *prey’s* tactic.

“Yup. I think they found lover’s lane.”

“Well—”

The first explosion was strong enough to shove Cosmo down, her huge chest pushing Bill back underwater as the second burst hit the topside. Bill was still conscious, to be sure, but against a bust of that scale, everything still went black.

It wasn’t until their combined weight hit the lake floor, hard, that the ground cracked, then gave way in a rush of displaced water and loam, pulling even their bulk into it with a sudden rush.

Then, at last, Bill took it upon himself to pass out.

MOUNTAIN RANGE, TOPSIDE

OGMA, 6:10 PM

The ground was a ceiling, and that ceiling stood no chance against Ogma.

The buck ballooned up through shattered sediment and tilting trees as he grew out of control, bulging higher, wider, separating more and more earth in his passage. Partly digging, partly growing, the towering male managed his way topside as a building-sized palm slammed the grass, tensed for leverage, then swelled even bigger.

At 14,000 feet tall, it took some time for the red deer to fully enter the unready world; wave upon wave of thick-furred muscle pumped and strained, bloating larger from every flex, every push. Whole swaths of prime real estate segmented and parted as his mass relentlessly expanded against it, shoving everything away like nothing as Ogma's 1,780' foot landed.

A monstrous calf inflated larger as the huge male grunted, working his endlessly long shaft and sacs up from the sundered soil. The evening skies held no sway over the silhouetted as it rose, and rose, and rose, stretching and swelling hungrily against it.

16,400 feet. No, 17,200'.

"Mmm," Ogma snorted, blowing out hurricanes of loose dust and rock. "Better."

Immense shoulders rolled, and it was like the movement of the world itself. Great fields of soft fur rippled in time with his merest twitch, each throbbing muscle so full of power that for a moment, the rumbling deer might have burst for it.

"To think, I was afraid," he chuckled, calmly dusting himself off, feeling a hand bigger than a city street thumping his impossible bulk. "Still."

He took in cool, clear air, not hating the way it swelled his pectorals even larger, stronger, on and on and on.

"Hmm."

A thought hit; the towering buck glanced around quietly, seeing no signs of life. Melon was nowhere to be found, and all was more or less well. For him, at least.

"Good."

Following the promise of sunset, he quickly got his bearings.

"That way, then. Excellent."

Unbeknownst to him, news choppers the site of gnats took in footage as the enormous cervine stepped forth, ponderous and mighty, gigantic feet crushing down as he strolled through the high mountains.

They mostly obscured his sight of the land itself, but as he shuddered and swelled taller, wider, heavier, there was every assurance that wouldn't remain a problem.

UNDERGROUND

MIZUCHI, 7:07 PM

There had to be a way to get bigger. She had seen it herself.

“What’s the trick to it?” Mizuchi grumbled, as if forcing the knowledge. “How do I get larger than them? Like that hybrid...do we have a special sensitivity to it?”

Naturally, the harlequin rabbit clung to her nature. Given she was stuck burrowing through untold tons of rock and dirt, somewhere deep underground, it was the only thing she had to hold onto.

“All this military crap, science garbage,” she muttered, putting her 390-foot body to work as she tunneled her way to know-even-knows. “Just get me bigger than Haru, so I can punt her across the continent, and I’ll be happy.”

Empty or not, it kept her going, as she clawed through a seeming ocean of dirt, hating how it caked her perfect fur, hating the claustrophobia, hating how there was so much of it that she felt smaller than ever, being lost in it.

It all sucked. Haru, most of all.

Thoughts of Mizuchi covering the entire globe tickled her brain, giving her a smile at long last—it wasn’t a nice smile, but hey.

“Sit on you, for starters, hehe,” she mumbled, scooping out more dirt. “Sit on you and get so big that they planet’s lost in my crack, and you with it, where you...nnggh, belong—”

The endless soil ended, and abruptly, as Mizuchi popped out of a cement wall, breaking through into a large tunnel. It was just big enough for her to partially stand, as a good thump of her head informed her.

“Gah, damnit. Where.”

Her long ears flopped as she scoured the corridor, cement and siding and tracks underfoot. It looked like a subway tunnel, if she didn’t know better.

“Train line. Okay. Okay, good.”

Following either direction would be fine, she could find a larger terminal opening at some point, there had to be one.

“I’ll get back up above, and eat as much as I can, hehe.”

That much was her running hypothesis: the last thing she or Haru had done before getting huge was consume. It beat anything else.

“I’ll stuff myself so big that she’ll be toe-sized in comparison! Hehe! No, no bigger than my tiniest claw tip! We’ll see who’s laughing then! Hahah–AAAAH!”

The far right end of the tunnel blew open as a massive ball of grown fur bashed through, demolishing everything in one terrible go. Smoke battered Mizuchi before her brain could process what was causing it, followed by a thumping wall of warm, throbbing bulk.

A rumble rode the chaos as the tunnel shook, and she understood that one thing perfectly well: *a growl*. An unbelievably big, thick, deep growl.

Tired as she was, Mizuchi was a bullet. She wisely chose the left, pivoted, and booked frantically down the way, screaming a tangle of alien profanity as the quaking bulk pursued.

Whatever it was, it was *still growing*.

UNDERGROUND LAKE

COSMO, 7:10 PM

For all she knew, Cosmo was back in her dressing room, asleep in her chair before work.

Or maybe, she was in space, free-floating, a cosmic entity. Maybe she was a galaxy that dreamt she was a biological entity.

Heh. *Cosmos*.

“Wake up, already, come on,” a little planet muttered, far off and small.

Was she being attacked? Something was moving. It was her, wasn't it?

“I swear, I'll leave you here,” the planet grouched, sounding bigger, closer by. Was it a nebula in a bad mood? Could have been.

Oh. She was asleep. Really, really asleep. That made more sense.

“HEY.”

Like a big bang, she suddenly *was*; Cosmo lurched to a seat, bleary-eyed, her unfair beauty otherwise intact. Despite being drugged by military artillery meant to stop armies, her sheer muscle made the motion seem easy—at least, to Bill.

“Ugh,” she huffed, sniffing hard. “Morning.”

“Yeah, hi,” Bill sighed, looking put-off enough to cover for his plumped out length, which he tried to keep hidden between his hulking thighs. “I think we were too big for the lake bed, it must have collapsed when we fell into the water together.”

“What, we actually fell...underground?” she moaned, shaking the drugs off.

“It's not like it's impossible,” Bill countered. “At least we can hide.”

“Heh, well. Granted. Though, it's not like they can do a whole lot, other than annoy us.”

Cosmo was already up on her feet, popping her bulging neck, then her back.

“E-either way, it's probably for the best,” the tiger concluded, looking away as the okapi's gargantuan bosom surged out, mid-pop. “Need time to think, anyhow.”

“Oh?”

Bill leered at her, making sure she saw him do it.

“*Oh? Oh, what?* Are you really okay with this development? We’re big! Super-big! W-we can’t hope to live normal lives like this. Right? Doesn’t this phase you a bit?”

“Well, sure,” Cosmo purred, stretching her muscles casually. “But if you’re thinking oh-so-very-hard, and all, think about this: we’re not dreaming, meaning giants actually can exist, and do, as of today.”

“R-right.”

“Right. So, if this world suddenly accommodates gigantic beasts, against all logic...and we can’t stop it...then, doesn’t logic dictate that it’s better to be the giant, in that case?”

“What?”

“Would you rather be the small one, I mean. Be honest.”

Bill’s black feline lip pursed, then flattened into a perfectly rigid line.

“Hmm. It looks like our world’s changing, is what I’m saying, kitty. Priorities can and will shift as life comes. That’s normal. I mean, what are you going to do, big strong man and all? Hide in a ball and beg life to go easy on you? Did that ever work when we were small?”

Now Bill was doing everything in his copious power not to blush. Maybe it was working, and maybe it wasn’t at all.

“Okay, then, Captain Cope, you lead on.”

“Hmm? *Us* , you mean? I was just going to go spelunking a bit, see what happens.”

“What? You were just going to go off alone? Why not stick together?”

Cosmo blankly shrugged, turning to thud down the subterranean path.

“Sure, if you want.”

Bill’s blush increased, but he followed along anyhow. She probably just made her idea his, is what happened.

“*Course I do,*” he muttered, ears whipping back.

For some time, it was silent. The cavern itself was surprisingly, *mercifully* open; rock faces had long eroded into curves, making bulged-out walls far off, with stone pillars stretching in all directions. If it wasn't for Bill's eyes, the darkness would have been insurmountable.

"Wait," Bill started, suddenly. "Shouldn't I lead? I have night vision, so—"

"Do I, honey, it's fine," Cosmo giggled. "Probably just as good."

"O-okay."

That giggle felt aimed, like a weapon.

"Otherwise I'd trip or stumble around by now, and you'd faceplant in certain areas."

That was definitely aimed.

"S-shut up."

"*Hmm.*"

The cave system fed into an even larger branch as Cosmo squeezed her thick body through an opening, tumbling out into a vast lake, the path winding out around it like some bizarre beach head.

"Huh, a lake under a lake," Bill murmured, ears perking back up as he entered.

"It's not impossible," Cosmo added.

"Yeah, Yeah. *Lucky you're hot*," Bill practically whispered.

"We have great hearing, too," she rumbled, dripping with satisfaction.

"Yeah, okay, haha," Bill stormed, getting exhausted from having to rebuild his manhood over and over and over. "I just think it's neat, is all."

"It is pretty—oh, what's this?"

She had stopped; Bill wandered around to her side, curious as any cat.

"W-what?"

“That, look.”

At their size, it would have been easy enough to miss, but sure enough, there it was.

“Construction?”

Machinery and cordoning tape, foot-high scaffolding and cracked rock littered the far reaches of the path, farther from the lake. Some had partially broken the lower wall, others looked to have been unloading debris. Tiny insect-trails marked where the treads had been, over and over.

A very small partition had been set up along the wall, peppered with miniscule photos of some sort of odd rock. Had the lights and generators still been running, it would have read clearer. A larger poster-sized image pinned to a whiteboard reinforced their best guesses.

“Pretty old, though, I think,” Cosmo hummed, kneeling heavily as she got a closer look. “Drilling for some sort of rock or mineral, up to a point. Hmm.”

“One of these track lines probably leads to whatever entrance they originally found. Guess they haven’t been here in awhile, though. Wonder if they found what they wanted.”

“Whatever it was, it must have been a pretty big deal,” Cosmo grunted, picking an entire caterpillar lifter machine in one massive hand. “Guess whose equipment this is.”

Bill got in close, squinted, then shrugged.

“The Horns Corporation. So? They handle half of everything.”

“Still, that’s money. Something worthwhile must have been here.”

Something sent a tremor out, just faintly; it was enough to snap them both to attention.

“The hell?” Bill wondered, looking about un-calmly. “What was that?”

“Tremor, feels like,” she replied, setting the toy-machine back down. “We should go.”

“Y-yeah. Uh, agreed, totally.”

As if in on the joke, the path narrowed, then outright ended, culminating in a high rock face that caged the lake in.

“End of the road,” she huffed.

“So, we double-back?”

Another tremor hit, closer, close enough to shake the cavern itself. Bill’s tail bottle-brushed to colossal size behind him as dust and the like cascaded loose.

“Okay, that’s legit at this point,” he fussed, turning back. “I don’t care how mellow you are, that’s not good!”

“Maybe there’s another giant up there,” Cosmo offered.

“They’d have to be insanely huge to make this racket, come on—”

At that, foundations began to shudder, then crack, then split apart in the distance. Rockslides crashed down into the lake, the outer wall—and, regrettably, they way back.

“Crap!” Bill balked. “We’re gonna get buried alive!”

“Well, calm down, let’s just move the debris and backtrack,” she said. “We’re big enough to manage it just fine, we can be out of here in a few minutes.”

“Y-yeah, er, right—”

That was when the wall behind them exploded.

UNDERGROUND LAKE

MIZUCHI, 7:31 PM

The wall shattered as the fur-storm caught up, pressing, then cracking, then smashing the trapped rabbit through the curve of the tunnel, through everything, until she was sent sailing through the smoke and out into an underground lake.

She could glean just that much as her gigantic body impacted the water, followed by countless articles of cast rock and detritus. Chunks of rubble as big as houses splashed down around Mizuchi as she figured out which way was up, then took it.

The terrible growl from before swelled into a bellow as the entire cavern wall broke apart, sliding and flung off of a growing bear muzzle. A titanic snarl was all there was as she turned in the water and saw it, mid-roar.

“G-geez!”

From chin to nose, the muzzle alone must have been her size. It could have swallowed her whole, with minimal trouble.

And it was getting even bigger. *And bigger.*

“No, no, no,” she gasped, paddling in place, hyperventilating frantically. “Where—”

“Hey!” someone shouted, large enough to pull her attention to the shore.

It was a tiger, and something else. A herbivore of some sort, she didn’t–

“HELP!” Mizuchi bellowed, as the bear muzzle pushed bigger, widening the devastation around the crumbling wall, shoving through into the opening behind her. “HELP ME!”

“Is that a bear muzzle!?” Bill gawked, as Cosmo thundered over to the fallen rock pile.

“We need to get out of here, come on! Hey, you! Rabbit! Come help!”

“Wh-what!?” Mizuchi sputtered, splashing angrily. “You help ME!”

The shaking only grew worse, the bigger the muzzle swelled; in seconds, the entirety of a colossal brown bear head crashed forth, an ever-thicker neck bullying through as he hollered in a pained rage. The massive chin fell heavy into the lake, kicking out a wave that hurled Mizuchi toward the land.

“T-thanks for nothing!” the rabbit barked, stumbling away from the bear as he progressively spilled out into the lake.

“Just help out, or we’ll be crushed!” Bill panted, the tiger working feverishly, the huge okapi already putting her massive muscle into tossing boulders away.

They were both nearly twice her size. Priorities be damned, for just an instant, she could only notice the height difference.

“Come on, quick,” Cosmo rumbled, the humongous female’s brawn swelling from the strain of hauling tons of rock. “H-help out!”

Another tremor tore through as the far wall collapsed around the bear’s mass, his sinking body forcing the lake to rise from too much displacement, too fast. In ten seconds’ time the water was up to their huge calves, and still rising.

“He’s too big, it’s flooding us,” Bill wheezed, tossing another rock. “We won’t get out in time! Where else can we go, though?”

“Nuts to this,” Mizuchi whined, turning back and stomping awkwardly into the rising waters. “Later, losers!”

“Wait, what–”

Cosmo and Bill watched, stunned, as the smaller rabbit dove into the water. Even as the bear grew and grew into the lake, they could still see her silhouette descend down.

“Where the hell is she going?” Bill spat. “There’s no...wait!”

At that, he too trundled out into the rising lake, turning to Cosmo briefly.

“I hate this, but I get it, come on!”

“Get what?” Cosmo asked, cocking her huge head. Even then, it was kind of cute.

“Follow!”

The water was up to her bulging thighs as she sighed, stretched a little bit, took up a finer diving stance, and submerged. The far end of the lake was all bear fur at this point, and filling fast, its body temperature warming the cold water rapidly. Farther off was Bill, who was following behind the rabbit, who was angling away from the bear and towards–

A hole!

It wasn't particularly large, but it was an inlet, big enough for all three of them, plus change. Wasting no more time, Cosmo trailed behind, every one of them entering through as the space behind flooded with pulsing bear muscle.

By the time Mizuchi made it to the top of the other lake, the tremors were already there—just much softer. She was already at the rocky shoreline, shaking dry, when Bill emerged, then Cosmo.

“H-how?” Bill asked, the bigger tiger climbing out of the larger lake. “How’d you know that was there?”

“Saw it when I fell into the water,” Mizuchi coughed, shaking off.

“That would have been nice to know, not going to lie,” Cosmo sighed, joining the other two back on land (such as it was).

“I didn’t think it’d be the way out,” Mizuchi groaned, already irritated. “I want to go up, not down any further.”

Bill’s eyes narrowed a moment.

“Don’t I know you?” he began, his tail curling about. “From Cherryton?”

“What, are you a student too?” Mizuchi sneered, as though returning fire. “So what if I am? What the hell does that matter, down here?”

“Let’s not fight,” Cosmo rumbled, calmly walking past them both. “Priorities, right? We don’t know if the big guy back there is done growing. I say we don’t find out.”

“Y-yeah,” Bill seconded. “Any rate, glad you’re okay.”

“I’m *not*,” the rabbit snorted.

“I think we can get around this way,” Cosmo interjected, thumping heavily down a path high and wide enough to accommodate them.

Bill tried several times to clear his nose, then swore softly and took after Cosmo.

“What’s with you, then?” Mizuchi asked. “You’re making annoying sounds.”

“Guh, water in my nose, I think,” he replied, shaking his head.

“Well, it’s annoying.”

Bill moved a bit faster, mostly to get away.

“Funny,” Cosmo started, looking down the path, squeezing her bulk through massive stalagmite formations. “I could swear I smell something. Do you smell it, Bill? You?”

“Mizuchi,” the rabbit answered, more easily passing through at her smaller size. “And I guess something is kind of...familiar, yeah. I do smell it. A little.”

“What is it?” Bill asked, trying to sniff.

“I don’t know,” Cosmo ventured, “but I know I know it, and recently.”

“It’s almost like spice, like for food...” Mizuchi said, slowly, before bolting off ahead.

“H-heh, hold up!” Bill shouted, watching with Cosmo as the bunny took off.

“Where is she going?” Cosmo wondered.

A right, then a left; down, down, right.

There it was: the source of the smell, stronger now than before.

“Huh, huh,” Mizuchi puffed, the rabbit approaching a hunk of rock partially-embedded into the stone where the cave path forked. “Oh, this...this is it! Isn’t it? It’s the same. Haha. It’s the same, it has to be!”

It was the smell of the juice she had *borrowed* from her friend, earlier in the day. Only moreso, much more focused, more intense.

There had been something in the juice, obviously, and this cemented things.

“Oho, yes,” she rumbled, hugging into the immense boulder, itself slightly larger than she. “Yes, yes, yes, yessss—”

She wasn't going to let this get away from her. She still had a moment before those two bigger idiots arrived. Whether they'd put the same numbers together as her in time didn't matter—*they* didn't matter.

Her teeth got to it as Mizuchi bit into the massive rock, pulling, chewing, and finally breaking off a hunk too big for her mouth. She staggered back as it snapped, spat the chunk out into her hands, and quickly ate one much smaller portion. It was surprisingly hard to break down, and in its raw form it fought its way angrily down her bulging throat.

“Hghk!”

“*Where did she get to?*” Bill's voice echoed, nearer.

“*Hnnnhk*,” Mizuchi grunted, swallowing hard.

“Hey!”

Bill was the first one to round the stretch where the cave path forked; after a moment's confusion, he approached.

“What's this? Wh...are you eating?”

Mizuchi chuckled darkly, gulping again, making the small chunk go down.

“So what if I am? Heh.”

“...T-the rock? *This* rock, here? Ugh, why?”

“You'll see,” Mizuchi replied, waiting for it to happen. Her fur bristled out slightly as her stomach began to twitch, then rumble ominously. “That's it...that's it! Haha! Grow!”

“*Grow!?*”

Cosmo managed to work her bulkier body in after him, her confusion just as palpable as Bill's as she watched the rabbit shake and tense. Mizuchi's body gladly explained everything as it suddenly ballooned larger, making the others take a step back.

“YESSSS!”

In a singular puff of expansion Mizuchi was already 450' tall, rising up over the great boulder behind her, closed off by way of her widening hips. Her bosom rose up over her chin as she shuddered and grew further, curling her toes in delight as she passed 500' even.

"Oh, hell," Bill groaned, putting his arms out to shield Cosmo. Big as he was, she was easily thicker, and met the gesture with an arched brow. "That's it, that smell! The food I ate!"

"Goodness, you think it came from...this?" Cosmo pondered. "But how?"

"Does it matter?" Mizuchi laughed, rumble-bulging up to 550', her hips blowing out nearly as wide as she stood tall, bunching her plush rump bigger and tighter against her tail. "What ma-matters is, it's all mine!"

"Oh, no," Bill sighed. "Should we--"

"Yeah, we had really better," Cosmo affirmed, as both of the larger beasts advanced on the growing rabbit. "Before this gets out of hand."

Mizuchi opened her eyes to see the general shapes of both the tiger and okapi approaching, arms out. She snapped out of her revelry and made to shove the other bits into her mouth, when they pounced.

Their chests met hers, pinning her hands and forearms between humongous pectorals and breasts, smashing the remaining handfuls into powder. A large cloud kicked up between the three, making them break into coughing fits as they slammed Mizuchi into the boulder, kicking up even more dust in the process.

"L-let go!" Mizuchi snarled, blowing up even bigger against them. "I didn't get this fuh-far, just to be stopped!"

"Stop thrashing, you moron!" Bill hissed, watching Mizuchi bulge bigger and bigger, surging up towards their own heights. "This isn't the time for this, we're still being chased!"

"That makes it the exact right t-tuh-tiiii--"

Again, the trembling rabbit erupted in size, screaming in pleasure as her body exploded out against them both, shoving them back. At 610', it wasn't quite as easy restraining her. All things being relative, it was hard to remember that they weren't tussling in a regular-sized cave, that skyscrapers would have only been slightly taller than them, on either side.

At 670 feet, Mizuchi was starting to push back, to the point where the 750-foot Cosmo finally leaned in and put her muscle in.

“Enough,” she calmly demanded, just barely tolerating. “This isn’t helping.”

“Y-you won’t say that when we outgrow that monster back there! You’ll t-thank me!”

Bill felt the tingling as he breathed more of the cloud in, that telltale heat rising within.

“Ah, crap.”

“What?” Cosmo asked, not looking away as Mizuchi blew up to 700’.

“I...I’m gonna—”

A paw as big as Bill’s torso smashed through, obliterating the narrow passage they had forced themselves through. It landed beside the tiger, knocking him, Cosmo and Mizuchi back as the stalactites fell from cracking rock ceilings.

The knockback was the one thing that kept them from being consumed as that same monstrous muzzle emerged, building-sized teeth and a massive curled tongue filling their sights.

“He’s even bigger!” Bill shouted, his striped bulk starting to groan as he grew atop the two females. “He’s bigger!”

“T-the rock, quick!” Cosmo roared, gesturing for Bill to help her up fast.

He understood instantly: the bear’s maw was right in the path of the boulder, and was wide open for swallowing.

“Go-got it!” he hollered over the din of the muzzle’s entrance.

“Help us, this time, for real!” the okapi ordered, making the 740-foot rabbit leap up with a start. “Otherwise, he’ll eat it all himself—”

That was everything and the box. In a second Mizuchi was there, covetously lifting the huge stone out of the rock face.

“Carry it together, work backwards!”

Cosmo's words were so big, so *close*; yet in the growing din of the bear's roars, it was almost impossible to hear. Still, as the muzzle snapped shut behind them, and as the smoke billowed around a snuffling black nose, the chaos and fury of it all provided ample instruction.

"Go, go!"

"S-shut up!" Mizuchi growled, working ahead with her back turned, facing them and the carnage just beyond. "You're over-lifting, stupid! Don't crush me!"

Cosmo's brow finally descended in irritation, just a centimeter.

"H-he's sniffing us out!" Bill wheezed, straining as they clumsily shared the load. "You think...you think it's meat sickness!?"

"Wouldn't you know better?" Mizuchi fussed, her long ears lowering down.

"I t-think it is," Bill huffed, nearly tripping. "He's super-sized, and meat-crazy, we're screwed! We've got nowhere else to put this thing, it's a straight shot so far!"

"We're just going to have to keep it and us from being eaten!" Cosmo said.

"Let's just eat it, like I wanted!"

"There's no time, come on!"

"Puh, then I-let *me* eat it!"

"Just keep moving, both of you!"

The ground beneath them split and fissured and snapped, in time with the crumbling of the ceiling overhead.

Cavern walls and ancient mounds all blasted to nothing as the bear's head and paws and monumental claws all bashed through, throwing rock and smoke and panic as they fled—until that very ground gave out.

UNDERGROUND, DEEP GROTTA

BILL, 7:40 PM

The makings of a high slope didn't help as they lost footing, pitched over and fell, rolling down the path with the boulder. Bill felt his muscles, felt how they were bigger and thicker every time they hit the ground, how his body was swelling larger throughout.

Brushing up here and there told him that, surprisingly, Cosmo was getting even bigger than he. One instant her growing rump was in the air, the next her chest, her shoulders booming massively strong as they thumped his sacs for a blink.

When they landed, the ground was already cracking. Bill wobbled to a stand, looked back, and knew why.

They had fallen into an even deeper level, finally wide open and yawning once again; even pushing 900', there was room all around to spare. That only offered so much comfort, as up above the slope disappeared, crushed into a crumbling mess as the bear finally broke through, in full.

Suddenly, Bill desperately missed the muzzle.

It was indeed a brown bear, a complete, hulking mammoth of a male. Two pectorals blew through the slope walls, crushing them away with no bother as he twisted his huge shoulder in, then the other, snapping at the air and forcing his pendulous member and mighty legs in with.

Bill was still only about as tall as the bear's ear to his upper chest, despite his latest spurt—meaning the bear had to have been roughly...6,000 feet tall. Just over a mile in height.

"RUN," Bill shouted, scrambling to recollect the rock.

Mizuchi was, too, but she was clearly trying to gnaw off another piece.

"It's wide open, now, forget the rock!" the okapi shouted as the bear crashed down onto their floor level, sending bigger cracks out past them. "It'll slow us down!"

The flooring drifted into islands as they looked down, seeing brilliant orange pockets of light flaring up between.

"*Oh, come on!*" Bill roared, as magma began to weep up to fill the openings, further forcing the broken slats of rock apart.

"He's too heavy, he's breaking it all apart!" Cosmo shouted back, leaping from one fleeing segment over towards him, as he tried to reach Mizuchi and the rock.

“EM...”

The trio looked back as the huge bear boomed something out, almost crying it.

“What the hell?” Bill gasped, leaping to a closer island, only a few away from Mizuchi.
“Don’t you eat any more, seriously! You’ll grow into the magma, stupid!”

That, of all things, actually did make the rabbit stop and think.

“I-it’s still mine!”

“We’re drifting apart, here, guys!” Cosmo hollered, looking to find another portion she could use to bridge nearer to them.

“EMMMM!”

“Agh, what...”

Bill could almost make it out over everything, as the bear screamed something and thrashed forward, snapping at the air with jaws so big they could hear them shut. The magma spread into a perverse lake all its own, pouring and creeping toward the gigantic bear.

“He’ll get fried, at this rate!” Bill said, motioning to the molten rock.

“We can’t exactly move him!” Cosmo replied, taking a moment to let her island bump into another, the 1,100-foot okapi moving carefully to the next, without letting her weight flip it.
“Just keep drifting away, all we can do is look for some sort of escape passage down the line!”

“WWWHHHHHHYYYYYYY”

Yet again, something terrible pulled at Bill’s mind. Something atop all the pandemonium, all the madness. Something worse.

“What...”

“EMMMMMMMMMM!”

The magma reached the bear at last, sizzling on contact with his feet, sacs, shaft and lowered hands, making the behemoth roar so hard that the cavern shuddered around his bulk, his stunning muscles tensing from pain as smoke rose about him.

Yet, for all the agony he saw, as he drifted back, Bill realized something.

It was burning him, for sure...but there was no real damage. No burn marks, so seared fur, no blackening, no nothing. It was more like he'd been lowered into hot water without being prepared, more than his body suffering any actual wounds.

"What the shit!? G-guys!"

Cosmo and Mizuchi glanced back, and all three of them cried out.

The bear was wading in after them, his displacing mass pushing the magma lake higher as he went into it waist-deep; still, he bore no burns. The pain made his physique tense so tight that it exploded even bigger, and bigger, yet aside from nerve reception, he was fine.

"What..." Cosmo muttered, blinking her huge eyes in the distance.

"That's not possible!" Mizuchi helpfully balked. "That's lava!"

"Magma," Bill numbly corrected, before realizing. "Wait, he's still coming!"

Waves rocked out from his huge torso as he neared, massive biceps flaring, his chest blasting bigger over his muzzle. A monstrous erection bobbed up from the lake, so far out and fat that its head nearly shoved Bill's island off.

A second later, it did.

Bill leapt to the next island with a haggard wail, exhausted and hot, landing on it with enough force to push it towards Mizuchi and the boulder. He crossed over and hugged the rock, making the rabbit do her best attempt at a herbivorous hiss. She ballooned even bigger in reply, the effects of her growth spurt still steadily working.

"Hands off!"

"Hey, over here!" Cosmo yelled, making them both turn to look as she pointed away from the lake. "There's a path up ahead, look! Get over here, before we outgrow these!"

Indeed, they were all still getting larger; Bill hadn't noticed, in all the motion. His feet were swelling larger, both he and Mizuchi's bodies filling more and more of the unwilling island.

"How? I don't have a padd--"

Bill gulped, then looked down at his growing hands.

Would it really... Would they actually...

"Figure a way out, Bill!" Cosmo said, bluntly. "Man up!"

Bill grit his fangs and looked up. He sighed the longest sigh, winced, and knelt down, jamming a huge hand into the magma. Any hopes to play the act off evaporated as white-hot murder attacked, burning his hands into vapor—that was the feeling, at least.

A lifetime of feline flight behavior kicked in as he brought the hand up, steaming and all, and found it to be absolutely fine. Well, no, there was some slight burning on his fingertips...but that too healed back to normal in seconds, leaving Bill stupefied. A slight smile crept one side of his mouth into a dumb curl as he laughed. Then, *really* laughed.

"Holy--"

He knelt back down as Cosmo and Mizuchi watched, plunging both hands in. Again, steam escaped, and again the pain came—but it was almost bearable. The sheer pain kept him from keeping them submerged, but when he brought them back up, they were right as the rain.

Here goes

One motion at a time, Bill plunged his hands in, paddling gradually over towards the remaining portion of shoreline. It was a constant battle, countering every impulse to stop from the pain with the reality, such as it was, that he was ultimately unhurt.

Cosmo gasped, looking her own hands over, then back to Bill, understanding quickly.

"Are we all...that powerful, now?" she murmured, as her island thudded against the shore, and she disembarked with a massive *thud*. "You're almost there! Come on!"

"Gah, y-yup! Argh, on it! Ghad!"

Just as the tiger and rabbit outgrew the wobbling plate, it hit the shore; Mizuchi rolled herself and the boulder over to safety, kicking the island back, and leaving Bill to make a cat's leap free.

Being nearly a thousand feet tall now, Mizuchi finally managed to lift the entire rock herself; before Cosmo could help Bill to his feet, the bunny was already fleeing up the rock path, cackling like a wild hare.

"Damn it," Bill growled, just as the magma splashed up around them from behind.

"Bill!" Cosmo roared, shoving the cat away as the bear's gigantic hand came down.

She caught the hand and forearm, the 1,300-foot tall okapi just large enough to put her muscle to use. Though smaller, her bulk nearly matched the bear's in proportions, giving the female enough power to push back as he drew nearer to the shore.

Bill clutched a smaller island as it sailed by, dipped it into the magma, and pulled up as hard as he could, scooping a volley of molten rock up at the bear's face. He tossed Cosmo the hunk of rock as the bear stumbled backwards through the lake, and Cosmo put a mean spin on her throw, hurling the whole mass like a discus.

The bear caught it mid-stagger, trying to get the burn out of his eyes. It smashed him on the temple, and the ursine twisted back and crashed into the farther wall of the grotto, the entire thing caving in on him as he bellowed in anger and pain.

"She's taking the boulder higher," Cosmo panted, rolling her amazingly huge shoulders, her chest heaving distractingly. We can't let her—"

"Yeah, on it, let's go!"

UNDERGROUND, PIT

RIZ, 7:46 PM

For a time Riz lay there, half-buried under the collapsed cavern wall, residual rock still tumbling down onto the pile that covered him. The colossal bear snapped to as the magma spilled around him, burning and coursing past, spilling down around him into the opening in the cave wall his landing had created.

“RRRRRRRRHRRGH,” he slurred, his mental state a tangle of unevaluated miseries, rising to a stand and marching forth through the churning lake.

As he followed the path of the fleeing meat, as his sickness kept its sway, the lake began to slowly trickle through, falling down, down into the pit on the other side. Denting and torn metal siding bent out into the pitch, among the dangling chains and unoccupied, broken holding cells to which they were attached.

At the bottom of that deep, terrible hole, a monster slumbered. The creature measured over 6 miles tall, toe to horns, seemingly passed out from impact with the bottom, or from the pockets of gas that spewed up from the cracks his landing had made, prior.

Odors that would have poisoned or killed only knocked the beast out as it rested uneasily in the cloud—until the magma finally crept too close, and began to sizzle and burn at the monster’s feet. Somewhere, deep within its dark dreams, a perverse pleasure stirred.

The terrible pain ate at his body as more magma pooled in around him, yet his body wouldn’t melt or burn. The more it hurt, though, the more the creature growled in his sleep, his heartbeat drumming faster, his erection pumping up and up, bloating with horrid ecstasy as his entire body began to rumble madly...

WESTERN CLIFF RANGE

COSMO, 8:00 PM

The rabbit was already rolling the boulder along over entire forests as Cosmo and Bill peered up through the exit hole the rabbit had burrowed.

“Get back here with that, come on!” Cosmo shouted, her 1,600-foot body pushing free, with Bill’s 1,500’ self right behind her. “Stop!”

“Piss off!” Mizuchi yowled, finally stopping to catch her breath at over 1,300’. “I-it’s mine, you hear!? You think I’m going to let this thing go now? T-this is...hah, my ticket...to ultra-size!”

Bill proved faster as he pounced, connecting with a yelping Mizuchi full-force. They landed on the great boulder, blasting up more dust as they all came together and struggled.

“I have every right to it!” Mizuchi growled. “I’m the special one, here! Not you!”

The more dust they kicked up, the larger they grew; Cosmo shook openly as he bust inflated atop Mizuchi's, the rabbit trembling and gushing bigger under her, as Bill quaked and swelled out against both of them. The boulder vanished under surging fields of bunny fur, white and black patched stretching bigger as her body convulsed and boomed far, far larger.

For a moment she overwhelmed both animals, blasting up past 2,100' then half a mile, her ungodly hips and overblown thighs pushing Bill aside as her breasts pushed Cosmo's chest up into a tilt against them.

"All miiiiine!" Mizuchi bellowed, hiccupping to half a mile in size, then 3,000', the growth pumping more fervently into her as she gasped and screamed in pleasure.

A massive hand thudded down beside him, swelling rampantly in size, trapping the tiger between his forearm and hips, pinning in there as both relentlessly grew and grew.

3,500' ripple-boomed violently to 4,000, each spurt increasingly vicious and wild, the rabbit not remotely caring as she shook worse still.

Bill was already 1,900' when he forced Mizuchi's wrist away, seeing Cosmo billow up over Mizuchi in kind. All three expanded in greedy, randomized bursts, the okapi surging past Mizuchi at 4,200', her bulk slipping hotly against the rabbit as they grappled tighter.

"GET...THE ROCK..." Cosmo roared, her muscles erupting to ridiculous sizes, her strength climbing so catastrophically high that even the 4,500-foot Mizuchi could do little else but thump digits against it.

"I-I'm trying! She keeps...moving!:"

The half-mile tiger shook so hard that he had to stop, before blowing up to 3,400 feet, versus the 5,100-foot rabbit and the 5,000-foot okapi. Thankfully, Bill managed at his size to reach far enough under Mizuchi, pulling the boulder free, and rolling it away over the thin landscape below.

Within moments Mizuchi's trembling stopped, and the rabbit was handily scooped up by Cosmo, both immense chests bulging into a firm, soft dimple as the still-growing okapi flung her over onto the firmament. Nearly a whole mile of female connected, detonating the turf into ruin.

Bill grew on, just the same, the tiger pulsing uncontrollably in size, his bulk screaming wider and fuller as he rose. His shaft swung free atop orbs so large that they neared his knees, his huge tail thrashing about to balance it all out as he bulged to 4,100', then 4,700.

It wasn't slowing down. Why wasn't it stopping!?

"Hey, calm down, Bill. Easy," Cosmo soothed, even as the hiking female ballooned bigger than he, inflating to 7,000 feet, then 7,700 after, pumping with overflowing power. "Just try to let it run its course, okay?"

"Gah," he huffed, feeling his trapezius blow up against his swollen neck, throbbing up to a full mile tall, then higher still. His feet bulldozed acre after acre as he trembled, his stripes stretching over cascading mountains of raw muscle. "I...I-I..."

"Bill."

One mile boomed hotly to 6,500'...

"Gah..."

"Calm down, Bill."

7,300 feet...

The weight of his own bulk pulled so much, yet was strong enough to keep upright, even as he roared and exploded *bigger*.

"Hey, kid!"

"WHAT!?" Bill snapped, suddenly stopping his spurt, leaving him at a towering 8,000'.

"Haha," Cosmo chirped, the female stopping her growth at 9,000', decently larger than even he had grown. "That did it, huh?"

Bill's blush back when he was under a thousand feet tall was suddenly nothing, compared to what he was sporting at that moment.

"Looks like we went a bit haywire, doesn't it?"

"Well, thanks to *her*, yeah. I wasn't trying to get bigger."

Bill blast-stepped carefully over a forest, reached down, and cupped the mighty boulder in one hand, holding it like a small ball. As he held it, he caught sight of Mizuchi, standing behind the bigger okapi, looking ready to strike at them; yet, she didn't, which was all the more bizarre.

"Don't even think about it!" Bill hissed, only to notice Cosmo wearing roughly the same expression as the rabbit.

"Bill, don't move," Cosmo began, as a great shadow overtook them all.

All of them, together, at once. Easily.

"BILL."

Despite the fantastic force of the voice, its bassy burst of sound, Bill figured out who it belonged to. After that much time together in the club, there was no mistaking it.

The tiger turned, blinked...then looked up.

Yup.

WESTERN CLIFF RANGE

LOUIS, 8:03 PM

The shockwave couldn't have been a coincidence. No way.

It hadn't been long since a tremendous quake had shaken through the terrain, stopping Louis along his journey down the range. He had looked to the evening skies, everywhere he could, but could only see the higher mountains beyond the cliffs. Something colossal had moved, or fallen, or been thrown, even...but all he could see was Legoshi, staying still, meaning it must have happened on the other side.

Until that dog had outgrown even *him*.

He had seen the canine at school, here and there, he was Legoshi's friend. Why in God's name a labrador had outsized the massive wolf several times over, Louis couldn't gather.

He had opted to move farther away, just to afford himself a better viewing, only to find the atmospheric haze had faded a good deal of them out—not entirely, but close.

And yet, here these clowns were. One of them he knew for sure.

“BILL,” he rumbled, his voice a crack of thunder under too much deer muscle, making his throat boom softly from raw bass. “SHOULD I EVEN BOTHER ASKING?”

“L-Louis!?” the smaller tiger gasped, only a third his own size. “You...you’re so...big!”

The buck did find himself grinning just a little bit.

“YOU WOULD THINK SO, RIGHT?”

“W-well, aren’t you?” Bill huffed, perplexed.

Louis caught sight of the larger okapi, and nodded respectfully. Young or not, this was a *woman*, and he knew that much in life. The rabbit behind her? That was a girl.

“GOOD EVENING,” the deer boomed softly. “YOUR NAME?”

“Cosmo,” she calmly replied, giving a lesser nod back. A pittance, perhaps. It made him like her even more. “Pleasure.”

“HMM. LOUIS. MIGHT I ASK WHAT YOU’RE DOING WITH THIS BOOB?”

“Oh, what!?” Bill seethed, stamping a massive foot. “That’s what you have to say!?”

“PROBLEM?” Louis coldly asked, arching a brow. His bulk outsized Bill’s by a healthy margin, and still would have if they were equally sized.

“Gh...mmmno.”

“WHAT’S IN YOUR HAND, BILL?”

The tiger clenched up in renewed terror.

“Guh, ah, well—”

“HMM. LET’S HAVE IT.”

“Huh? Oh, y-you don’t want this–”

“I SAW THE FIGHT, BILL,” Louis chuckled, cocking his head, tilting his immense antlers and ears. “THAT RABBIT SAID ENOUGH AT TOP VOLUME. HAND IT OVER.”

Bill did not.

“Well...w-what’ll you do with it, Louis?”

“HAVE IT.”

The hole that Mizuchi had left in the earth ruptured without warning as the bear blasted up into the evening air, bellowing in a continued rage:

“EEEEEEEEEMMMMMMMM! AAAAAAAAAAGH!”

Louis cocked his head the other way, snorted, and hummed knowingly.

“RIZ, TOO?” he pondered, his massive arms bulging as he crossed them over his ridiculous chest bulk. “INTERESTING. WHAT IS HE, MEAT-SICK?”

“That’s...Riz!?” Bill finally shouted, stepping back in surprise.

“YOU DIDN’T SEE IT?”

“It was darker! He was bigger!”

“He’s still in a rage,” Cosmo said. “But we’re bigger than him now, more or less! We can take him on, if we all–”

Louis was ahead of them all in one huge stride.

Riz’s teeth found Louis’ hand as the far larger deer held him up off the earth, one-handed. As much as the bear bit, Louis held firm, choking the bear slowly.

“Don’t kill him!” Bill pleaded.

“I THOUGHT HE WAS TRYING TO EAT YOU. DID THAT CHANGE?”

“He was, but...I didn’t know it was him! Stop!”

Louis’ shaft swelled fuller and longer, and he didn’t care. A lifetime of restraint fell away as the idea came through that he could bully a *grown brown bear*. Still.

“HMMH. I WON’T KILL HIM. RELAX. WHAT KIND OF RULER DO YOU THINK I AM, HERE?”

“A...ruler?” Bill mouthed, looking to a confused Cosmo, as Mizuchi hid behind her bulk.

“RIGHT. I’VE HAD ALL DAY TO THINK ABOUT THIS. I’VE DECIDED.”

“B-but we—”

Indifferently, Louis reached up with his free hand, felt around in his chest fur, and brushed it, as though dusting it off. Seconds later, a loosed sleep bomb arced through the air, exploding on Riz’s muzzle. Several others detonated after, covering the thrashing bear’s head.

“What the hell,” Bill began, only for Louis to calmly brush his column-neck, letting other undisturbed bombs fall. Before he could react, he, Cosmo and Mizuchi were all covered in violet explosions.

When it faded off, all four parties were fast asleep.

“RIGHT,” Louis rumbled, letting Riz drop unceremoniously to the shaking ground. “GLAD IT STILL WORKED. I SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE HAPPY THOSE IDIOTS DROPPED SO MANY BOMBS. AND AS FOR THIS...”

Louis’ gigantic fingers forced Bill’s little hand open.

“CONSIDER THIS TRIBUTE, FRIENDS. HMM.”

Wasting no time, Louis opened his huge deer maw, flicked the enormous little meteor boulder onto his vast pink tongue, closed his jaws...

...and swallowed.

Almost instantly, the rumbling swelled within him, and this time, the deer accepted it wholly, without reservation, humility or hesitation.

LUPO VERDE MOUNTAIN RANGE, CENTRAL & WEST

JACK, 8:05 PM

It may well have been a dream, what was happening. Maybe he had just eaten something that didn't agree with him, had laid down, and was dreaming all sorts of insanity.

But at that moment, it didn't matter. Jack was big. Unbelievably big.

Bigger than Legoshi. Bigger than anyone, or anything.

It hadn't occurred to him before—frankly, why would it have? Him, tall? Strong? An actual, honest-to-gosh giant? It was madness. But by God and all, Legoshi was in his arms. *His arms*. At long, long, long last, his best friend was back—and looking up to *him*.

"I'm so happy, haha," Jack boom-boomed, his great voice an eruption of pure size that shook the evening skies and quaked the land far below.

Clouds played at his lower thighs like nothing, like a puddle in the road, meaning the mountains and valleys and forests, the roads and cities alike all were less than that.

"Haha, e-easy!" Legoshi wheezed, the 90-mile wolf being summarily pummelled by muscle and fluff, awash in spiking body heat. "Y-you're gonna crush me!"

"How'd you get so big, Legoshi?" Jack barked, excitedly wagging a tail longer than a river. "You look incredible, wow!"

"M-me?" he laughed, both nervous and overjoyed. "Look at you! You're monumentally huge! I can't even see all of you!"

"You can't?" Jack rumbled, nearly glowing from energy as he beamed. "Really?"

"Could you please tell Jack to ease up?" Haru asked, partially crushed in against Legoshi's tonnage, along with a buried Juno. "A b-bit tight, here!"

"Ah, everyone's getting crushed down against me, eh—"

"Hmm?" Jack hummed, ears perking up. "OH! OHMYGOSH!"

His leviathan-sized arms slackened just a bit as Gosha managed to slide down along Jack's fantastic bicep, the 3.5-mile reptile thumping into his much bigger grandson. It was almost enough to get Legsohi to zero in on the komodo, but being twenty-five times bigger made that tough going.

"Legoshi!" he shouted, drawing Haru and Juno's attention as he ran along and hugged deep into his blood's thick, warm fur. "This is incredible! To think, you were this big—"

Legoshi perked an ear, then twitched it.

"Is...ah, someone t-talking to me? Maybe?"

"Oh, I bet that's your—"

The world shook, cutting Jack short.

Everyone, from Jack to Legoshi to Haru to Gosha to Yahya, Pina and even the under-rumped Ogma stopped and watched the horizon as the shuddering grew, and grew.

"What in the world?" Haru and Jack both started, when the world got its answer.

"L...LOUIS?" Legoshi growled, baffled, at the sight of a deer, growing in the distance, many miles off. "Is that Louis!?"

Haru went slack-jawed as the buck pumped larger and larger, pulsing up...up...up...

"N-no way!"

The deer was growing, but at such a horrendous pace that each throb of his booming muscles sent out shockwaves, rattling the landscape and ruffling even Jack's fur each time the male grew. And grew. And grew. And grew.

And grew.

AND GREW.

Louis had gone from a 5-mile blip on the horizon to a 50 mile hulk, in just one hard, thick push of growth. The next loud pulse blew the cervine up to 160 miles, throwing out a meaner blast of displaced air as his muscles doubled in size, then doubled that, flowing off of his quaking form.

A phallus over 90 miles long and 40 miles around bulged grossly, billow-booming uncontrollably in mass and weight, so big and heavy that it forced his ankle-low sacs to the firmament, mashing them down as he trembled and roared, and blew up to 300 miles.

His profile didn't stop there, even as the clouds and mountains became razor-thin to him. The buck rumbled harder, in fact, energy crackling all around his throbbing bulk as his pectorals swelled to tremendous, frightening scope, his body spasming and shaking and glowing as he bellowed again, and blasted frantically *bigger*.

700 miles—over 3.6 million feet—hardly slowed to pause as the throbbing deer gulped, panted out hard, and trembled so much worse.

Some horrendous power overflowed out from him, surging up in nasty blasts of size as Louis flexed so hard that the skies blew out around him, his bulk swelling too big for itself as everything mashed and ballooned out of all sanity.

“W-what’s...happening to him!?” Jack gasped, his ears flapping back as another concussive burst of air blasted past.

“I don’t know!” Legoshi roared, only to feel the earth shift as Louis blasted hungrily to 1,600 miles, his feet collapsing the entire range as he rumbled taller, wider, bursting into the upper atmospheres, huffing clouds of pure energy as he kept stretching wider and wider and wider, yet.

“H-he isn’t stopping!” Jack screamed, as another burst of size blew them all back, cities shaking, oceans rippling, clouds blowing out as Louis overtook the curve of the continent.

Down far below, underneath Jack’s rump, Ogma smiled, and smiled wide.

“I was right, all along, was I not?” he rumbled, watching in muted delight as his son shook and strained and grunted and *BOOOOMED BIGGGGGERRR*, bellowing like doomsday as he passed 2,000 miles in height, and kept rumbling harder.

“It’s finally happening...he’s ascending! Grow, my boy! Haha! GROW! Become the one fit to rule, even above Beastars! Become...a...GOD!”