

MEGA PILOT

Stations clear. Substation 4-C, cleared. Authorized pilot designation: Ryo Takanaka

The bay doors parted, casting light from the hall onto the upper walkway as he stepped through. The doors *whooshed* shut, and a row of lights raced out towards the silhouette of a towering titan of metal and plexiglass, standing exactly 50 feet tall.

The canine leaned out over the railing, looking down in anticipation, watching the light trail terminate at the silhouette's feet, before the bay lights blinkered on overhead.

There she was. The top of the line, the best of the best, polished and new—and all for him.

The mecha stood proud, its all-white chassis striped with red streaks, bands of crimson lining its mechanical forearms, chest plates and shoulder blade exhaust ports. Its neck guard collared up the the sides of its head, a horn-like extension running from the forehead back, a golden V set where its base met a blue-green visor. One massively upscaled minigun rested under the right forearm brace, a gigantic grenade launcher side-mounted over on the left.

Ryo removed his tinted shades, flicked them closed effortlessly, a sly grin sneaking through his indifference; the Kai Ken ran a gloved hand through his black-brindle coat, ruffling its red stripes as he looked the machine over a moment more, not quite ready to stop.

“Beauty, isn’t she?”

Dr. Salas McCarthy was beside him before he could even tell anyone had been in the bay—given his being a dog, that was something. The Chameleon beamed, near-bursting with pride, his tail curling extra-high behind him as Ryo snorted quietly.

“She’s okay.”

“It’s not like you to gush, kid. That powerhouse there is the A-07 Zunehmender Koloss, Stage III prototype Battle Armor Mobile Mecha Unit. Koloss, for short. Not that anything about her is short.”

“Yeah, there’s talk over the new model, sure,” the Kai Ken yawned, popping his back a bit, stretching his dark olive flight suit. “So, what’s the actual fuss here, Doc? Heightened speed, agility? Aft thruster boost? Polyalloy chassis?”

The chameleon grinned wider, arching his scaly brow coyly.

“That’s what you’re here for, Takanaka.”

“What, the chance to take down a few more Drope hordes?” he chuckled, performatively making to put his shades on. “Not saying it isn’t a draw, but really...that’s the usual spiel, yeah?”

“It’s the chance to win the war.”

The shades stopped cold, mid-flick. Ryo paused, then finally faced the lizard in full. The dog frowned, deigning to at last furrow his brow.

“Don’t kid around.”

“I’m not. They’ll go on and on in the debrief, but what the hell, I’ll give you a spoiler: the specs on the Koloss are pretty much the same as the Zeigler models—”

“That doesn’t put me at ease going up against Drope light brigade Armors. Even the Zeiglers can’t do a lot by their lonesome, I mean hell. It takes a squadron to gun down an enemy five times the size of any of our models, so—”

“That’s just it, Takanaka, that right there.”

Ryo stared, scanning, his cocksure demeanor dropping to an intense sincerity.

“Well, what?”

“She *grows*.”

“What.”

“Reactive poly alloy mesh,” General Zahn growled, his hands flat to a desk as slide after slide rushed by, covered in schematic breakdowns and vague graph readouts. “When exposed to high-wave particle surges beyond 5000 Ghz, their molecular structure multiplies evenly—*expands*. Mighty similar to current prosthetics. Now, I won’t waste time guessing whether it’s gotten out or not over the years, our having possession of a Drope shrinker. We do. It’s equally true that we figured out how to invert the energy so that, instead of Dropes shrinking down small enough to infiltrate our operations, we can enlarge our own to their size, effectively creating a growth beam. That rumor, you can bank on.”

“So, you really did do it?” Ryo began, sitting up. “You can just *make* us bigger? And we *haven’t* won the war yet?”

“Oh, make no mistake, Takanaka. We’ve tried to use stolen Drope tech to create larger soldiers, but the effects are temporary, limited and unstable; more importantly, without the superior firepower of a Mobile Mech Assault Armor to accommodate enlarged pilots, there’s no heavy artillery, no breathing in space. Waste of resources, making a cadet huge, only to have to feed ‘em and care for ‘em, and not be able to put ‘em out in a battle. No sirs or ma’am’s about it.”

The monkey sniffed, letting a few more slides go by as Ryo slouched back down in his chair, Salas and another agent the only ones in the room otherwise. Likely the suit was a shrunken covert operative stealing info, or worse, a government stooge.

“We believe it’s the combination of this advanced alloy and the growth energy *with* a stable reactor unit that can accomplish the impossible,” Salas began, folding his thin arms authoritatively. “The unit that powers the average mecha is shielded from the cockpit, but this unit, retrofitted with Drope growth tech...that shielding is diminished by a thin casing, allowing a steady and *controlled* bombardment of the pilot.”

“So the pilot doesn’t get left sitting in a huge chair, unable to hold the controls,” Ryo figured, nodding slowly.

“Right, the armor would otherwise outgrow the pilot, and again, would be pointless in war—or anything else, let’s be honest. Haha.”

“Okay, okay,” Ryo sighed, still processing. “But, how big can the Koloss actually get?”

“That’s where you come in,” General Zahn interjected, impatient. “We need a body to figure that out. Without a pilot, all we can do is run numbers and guess. On paper? With our output capabilities, we’re looking at upwards of 250 feet, without pushing it.”

“We...we’d be as big as a Drope soldier, Armor and all,” the canine muttered, his ears perking up as far as they could at the thought. “We could fight them *equally*.”

“That’s the meat on the plate, if you’re hungry for it.”

“We’ve run numerous tests on biological agents,” Salas added, stepping over as more slides clicked past. “Plant, produce, etc. We can grow them, but it’s not long before they revert,

the same way a Drope sleeper will inevitably enlarge back to normal size. We'd run more tests with living volunteers, but—"

"Time is short," the General said, quickly. "We've got intel that a massive strike is headed toward the colonies, meaning we're the last line between the Crusher Armada and the colonists. Could be anytime, meaning *no time* for us. We need a pilot skilled enough to handle the Koloss, yet crazy enough to experiment with what it can really do, in the field. There's no one else to consider, frankly. It's you. Don't go getting a big head over it."

"Better that all of me gets big, instead?" Ryo drawled, downplaying.

"It's dangerous as all get-out, Ryo," Salas sighed. Given the way Zahn glared at the reptile, Ryo figured it was a slip that wasn't supposed to have slid. "The sync rate of the energy from the core has to be consistent, to make sure you and the Koloss grow together, even during battle. If anything mucks up—"

"That won't happen," the dog huffed, waving a gloved hand coolly. "I know the real reason for the ask."

Ryo unrolled the sleeve of his flight suit, revealing a cybernetic arm, the forearm to upper bicep a network of sleek cables and silvery metal.

"A machine can speak better with a half-machine, right? Plus, if I have to eject, I won't suffocate because of my life support system, so on, so forth. I mean, I'll be useless, but alive."

"Heh, right you are, about the second half," Salas confessed. "You run the least risk of death in the field, plus your...*enhancements* naturally mean your sync rate with mecha units is sky-high. You should have a greater shot at growing along with her, in the field. That's what we'll be testing first."

"Still, it *is* a very dangerous test, Takanaka," the General grumbled, hands behind him. "Many variables, and a hugely expensive machine to boot. Compliments don't run a ship, understand? We need you A+, plus. Otherwise, the risks—"

"Yeah, sir, I'm in."

Salas said nothing as Ryo brought his hands up, then let them drum down on the desk in front of him, smiling wide.

"You're sure?"

“Sure. Sir. Just strap me in. Now beats later.”

With that, Ryo was already out the conference room door, headed back to the bay. The door whirred shut as Salas turned to the simian, the tiniest look of worry on his face.

“You know why he said yes, sir,” the lizard semi-asked.

“I do. Revenge is a hell of a motivator. Might as well use it to our advantage.”

The chameleon pursed his lip, then let it go, opting to leave instead.

“Make sure he doesn’t cock it all up, Doctor.”

“It won’t leave his pants, sir.”

The door shut and Salas rubbed the back of his head, blushing.

“Revenge, nothing,” he mumbled to himself.

He knew Ryo, knew his profile. It wasn’t about the arm, or the Dropes paying in blood, or the invasion, or any of that hoo-hah. If he was right, Takanaka had probably been rock-hard the moment *getting bigger* had been so much as entertained. He still couldn’t decide if he had done Ryo a favor or condemned him in fast tracking his name to the top of the volunteer list, since he knew the canine would jump at the chance. They needed an enthused nut, after all, and here he was. Anyone sane would have run the other way, and kept going all their days.

I.

The Koloss opened its chest cavity with a motorized whine and a pneumatic hiss, inviting Ryo in as he climbed up to the extending steps on its underside. The average Armor Unit seat was so standard (and had been for so long) that the canine nearly stood back up from shock at how comfortable it was. When he fully settled in, as slight a detail as it was, he wondered if he would ever get back out of it willingly.

“They really did go all-out,” Ryo hummed, wiggling in as the hatch swung up and shut before him. “I’ll be the king of space, if I don’t fall asleep and die. Gotta love a fair deal.”

The cockpit stuttered to life with the flare of two panel lights, casting him in a soft red, nearly pink. A thin sheet of plastic parted at the center overhead, revealing a cylindrical recession, a glowing orange cylinder locked within—the experimental core, no doubt.

“Comms check,” Salas said, the radio crackling to life. “Come back, Koloss, copy.”

“Copy, Delta, systems are green,” the dog barked, popping his neck as a holographic readout of three separate external camera feeds flashed in front of him. “I have cameras Alpha, Beta and Omega online, green as well. We are dangerously close to fine.”

A harness slid down, locking into fixtures at the bottom siding of the seat with a satisfying *click* as the back turbines growled. The entire mecha shuddered, and he shuddered too.

“Oh, you’re ready, are you?” Ryo chuckled, rolling his shoulders against the harness.

The engines actually roared in response, making the cocksure canine laugh.

“Yeah. Lady, you’re alright.”

“Okay, Takanaka, we want the basics before playtime. Satellite orbit puts the West Bay exits in line with the Stohl System, South Quadrant. That’s going to be your playground, copy?”

“Copy. Just open the door, so I don’t break the wall.”

“You bet. Get big, kid.”

Salas couldn’t help it. The deal had already been pretty well-sealed, but hey.

Ryo shuddered, but in a way the Koloss wouldn’t have understood. Probably.

“Hah, you just see how big I get! The Koloss—how big *we* get!”

“I intend to. It’s a size war, like it or not, and we have to step it up. So, step.”

Salas snapped his lizard fingers, and a console tech nodded and opened the Western Bay door with a push of a button. Klaxon blared as yellow warning lights flashed, the remaining mechanics and deck hands scattering on sight. As soon as they did the red light switched on, the door slid open, and a panorama of stars and far flung nebulae revealed themselves.

The mag-locks disengaged from the mecha's feet, reversing polarity and lifting it into an inch-high glide off the floor, negating any chance of drag from its weight.

"Wahoo," Ryo huffed, throttling the thrusters.

The Koloss bolted like a freed bird into the void, turbines spewing white-hot streaks of heat as it rushed through space, leaving the Donner satellite behind in a blink. Ryo slid the joycon back with one hand, set his palm against the stabilizer gauge handle and eased back on the acceleration until the Koloss was gliding around asteroids and looping itself with ease.

"How's she feeling, kid?" Salas buzzed in, a smile on his voice.

"Like the first day of Summer, Doc, we're as green as the treasury."

"Gold *and* green, good. Alright, we want to see 360-fluidity first. Let's see her dance. Cover every angle of approach and retreat, battle stance A34."

It was already done. Ryo was ready to brutalize the busywork, to get to the fun.

"The core's open, overhead, Doc," he coughed, trying to force its mention. "I can't help but notice nothing's happening to us yet, I don't feel anything going on."

"It's warming up, first time firing off and all. It's going to be a minute as you and the Koloss absorb enough Ghz. Any similar energy source would do it, but we want *control*. The chain reaction will kick off from there, expect to start doubling your size in bursts, very soon."

Ryo whooped, sending the mech into a spin that any ballet dancer at peak would have been nodding at. The building joy was palpable, even over the radio.

"Okay, nice. She does indeed move. Armament test-time. Gimme...oh...a round of--"

The missile must have come from somewhere, but hell if Ryo could tell in his mounting anticipation. All the overexcited canine knew was, something blew up—and close.

"Whoa!" Ryo sputtered, shifting position, throwing the receptive Koloss into a dive and reversing past asteroid segments as he scoured space for the attacker. "Live round, Doc, live round! I've been fired at! Repeat, shot fired!"

"What?" Salas balked, over the receiver. "From where?"

“Due East, from—”

“The Mercuria Quadrant.”

Drope territory.

“Ryo, abort, get back to the Donner! It’s an assault!”

Two massive Armors loomed ahead, breaking into immediate chase. To Ryo, two skyscrapers might as well have broken off their foundations and charged at him. Even in a house-sized mecha, they were bigger. Given Drope body sizes, their mechas were just glorified mechanical body-suits, thin technological veneers with unpleasant surprises inside.

With the weightlessness of space, speed wasn’t an issue; despite their unfair sizes, the Scout-Class Armors were closing in *fast*.

Ryo’s eyes caught everything all at once: the radar bleeped and swore in panic as a third triangle popped in behind him, vaulting one concentric neon range ring after another on the display. A pincer attack!

“Dammit to Tuesday,” the Kai Ken snorted, years of experience tattling on which target to fire at first.

The upper torso segment of the Koloss click-whirred East, the grenade launcher belting out a canister to the far left attacker—rather, the oversized asteroid nearest them both. The ensuing explosion decimated a massive chunk, spraying the dual Armors with a mess of confusion as he spun the Unit around, put on the side thrusters and strafed backwards, hammering the closer third target with minigun fire.

The third banked right, then shot up along the vertical axis, trying to get overhead. Either the thrill of battle was coursing through him, or he was enjoying not dying a bit too much, because even among the sudden chaos, some part of Ryo registered a jolt of pleasure. Electric delight tickled his ruffling black fur as his teeth grit and his nostrils flared, culminating in a deep shudder against his tightening chair.

Tightening?

Up above was where the radar pointed next, pulling his attention back as the third party locked on and fired a missile. Ryo squeezed the trigger on the joycon stick so tight he swore it was cracking, adrenaline surging as he fired rounds off into the missile, striking and detonating it

before it could impact. The explosion was too close, however, and sent the Koloss pitching back, slamming with an undignified bounce off a huge asteroid and rolling in zero-G around its span as he vanished from sight.

Scared as he should have been, Ryo could only bother with steadying the Unit a moment, before releasing a huge, long huff—then another, and another.

“Ah.”

The canine’s suit stretched as his tingling muscles swelled out, flexing larger against its fabric. The harness groaned as it hugged in on him, before the mounting pressure relieved, and the astonished dog watched the entire interior swell *bigger*.

No, it wasn’t just the Koloss, or its readouts, or the expanding digital holo-feeds, or the panels or the bulging, soft seat. He was growing, too. The view of the asteroid they hid behind kept shifting, like some camera crew was remote-zooming out as the mecha shuddered and grew, shuddered and grew, shuddered and grew.

The connective port cable running to his false arm thickened as the interior stretched strangely, alive but artificial, metal ligaments and corded muscles swelling as the core glowed brighter and brighter, bathing him in wonderful, thrilling energy.

All the fear was gone. There was no room for it.

Though it was impossible to compare himself to anything else inside, the feed showed otherwise: the asteroid lost more and more definition as the Koloss, moments ago 50 feet tall, pumped larger and stronger, the machine singing in shared delight as they billowed to 80 feet, then 90—which more or less put him at nearly 10 feet!

“H-hah,” Ryo snarled, quaking in his expanding seat, feeling his growing hands clutch the growing stick. “Hah!”

Something between his legs awoke, the off-duty part of him suddenly consigned to participation as a soft, warm bulge buffeted between his thighs, snaking bigger and prouder against the straining crotch of his suit. The Koloss readouts were kind enough to feed the numbers, and as it grew to 110 feet, Ryo was shaking.

“Hey, kid,” Salas cut in, frantic. “Answer me, already, Ryo! Hey!”

“Haaa-hah,” was all Ryo could garble out as the dog shivered, flicked his ears back, and crept bigger, expanding in gushing tics and groans, inching ever-taller, his bulk swelling against his clothes as they fought to keep up. “Gah, huh-hah-I...I’m huh-here...”

The Koloss’ body surged thicker, its own proportions beginning to change: its armored digits blew wider, its chassis taking on a bulkier form. Its collar guard drew wide across as its chest plates boomed out like swollen pecs, its thigh-regions bursting too big as the guns expanded with the forearms, the gigantic mecha roaring as it *boom-boomed* to 150 feet...180 feet...200 feet...

“Must be growing,” the chameleon sighed, over the growing speaker, warping his voice as it passed through. “Listen, tell me the numbers. If you’re safe enough and hiding, then let’s get that data. I assume you aren’t back in the bay, so my telling you to return at this point is moot, you’re surely too big. How big...are you?”

“Tuh-t...two hundred-d...”

“My God, really?”

“Thu-thirty...”

“Two hundred thirty! Haha, Ryo! Ryo, you’re doing it! Oh, are-are you keeping up?”

“Y...y-yuh-yessssss!”

The sheer heft of his voice rumbling out made Ryo’s suit tent painfully at the crotch, the 23-foot giant biting his soft lip as he shook harder and blew up bigger *again*, desperately keeping his hands to the joycon.

“Have you gotten completely away, kid? You’re safe?”

The radar *bleeped* anew, interrupting. Ryo forced his lidded eyes open just enough to see the display flashing as three very angry triangles closed in...

The largest Drope Armor pointed a long, thick arm at the massive asteroid, motioning with silent pneumatic hisses for the other two to circle around the sides and attack. The smaller units nodded, their metal-armored tails wagging in understanding, and did as bidden; the leader took aim with a boat-sized assault rifle, adjusted the sights, and waited for the flush-out.

When he opened fire, it wound up being at his own crew.

Reflexes won out as the trigger was compressed and a hail of fire battered the unit, making it spin out on too many impacts and explode in space. The leader jerked back, shocked, realizing not only what he had done...but that his comrade had been *thrown* up into the line of fire, with ease.

Some odd pulse tremored through space for a moment as the Drope leader reloaded, followed by the sight of his other comrade—being held up over the head of a mecha so big, it well-outclassed even the Drope Armor above.

Ryo seethed with power, his suit straining tighter as he felt his bulk swell unstoppably bigger against it. The earlier impact crack in the core's casing went unnoticed as the growing dog leaned in, flexed his newfound muscle against a struggling harness and tiny seat, and nearly crushed the joycon stick in two.

The 300-foot mecha held the writhing Drope up only a moment longer before hurling its body through space, smashing it into the evermore surprised leader. The massive alien sailed back as the 260-foot subordinate crashed into his 350-foot body, both of them tumbling off as the Koloss continued to grow.

“Yeah,” the huffing hound rumbled, his pectorals booming out against the harness, threatening to disengage its lower locks as his suit pulled tight at the seams, then tighter, and tighter, starting to snap against his 38-foot form. “YEAH!”

By the time the leader shook off the hit the Koloss was there in front of him, at eye level. The alien knew the markings well enough, knew well enough that it was the enemy—but such was his shock that he hesitated, and by the time he brought his huge rifle up, the Koloss's thick arms were swinging to intercept, bashing it out of the Drope's hands with a muted *thwack* of the grenade launcher's barrel.

Off the gun lunged into the void, leaving the bigger Drope to take up a grappling stance as the 320-foot Koloss shuddered, responding by heaving up to 340 feet, just shy of his own mighty size—then, with another hard throb of pressure, up to 370.

For the first time in their shared history, an Earth mech was bigger than a Drope.

“Come in,” a thick, huge voice boomed over the hailing frequency, startling the Drope yet again as it crackled in its armor's earpiece.

“What,” the Drope panted, its guard still up. Its reptilian voice faltered only slightly. “What is this? What are you!?”

“Me? I’m *bigger*.”

Ryo nearly passed out from the pleasure of getting to *say* it, at long last, to feel how big a dreamt-of line was, blasting out of his muscled neck and huge throat. His erection pumped down ripping leggings as he felt his bulk burst again, starting to outpace the interior as more and more energy spilled out of the crack, soaking the cockpit.

The Koloss burst past 400 feet, making the Drope swim back fearfully, its dark visor tilting up, concealing what Ryo hoped were wide, terrified eyes.

“You,” the Drope stammered, breathing heavily as he looked up (and up). “You Earthlings really did it. You...how? How are you this big!?”

Ryo shook harder, his eyes rolling in satisfaction on too many levels to sort. His suit tore at the sleeves, his white shirt stretching unhappily as it and his muscles began to burst free.

“Take me to your warship, and I’ll show you. I know it’s nearby.”

“Huh...hah...never. Just kill me.”

“Or, hear me out—you and I wait here, and I’ll keep getting *bigger*.”

A busy signal beeped gently, annoyingly, as Ryo’s switch to the Drope frequency left Salas hanging on the previous one. He could wait. He would understand. This was too good.

“Come on out of that thing, Earther, and I’ll show you who’s bigger!”

Granted, some of the words managed to penetrate all that heat and pressure and power and lust, smacking the 41-foot canine in the muzzle. It was true enough to smart.

“Another ten minutes here, and I’ll do just that—”

The Drope’s flash bang grenade burst into searing light, making the Koloss drift back as the Drope fired his Armor’s boot rockets and sped off in flight.

“Cute,” Ryo snarled, hardly affected. The visor cut the glare so low that all he saw was a tinted white, then space once more. Far as the Drope had already gotten, Ryo chuckled, feeling his pectorals swell out against the bending, warping harness. “You just run, then!”

He throttled, and the Koloss roared with shared power, her 440-foot body tearing through space with unthinkable force, her bulky armor gleaming and gorgeous as he gave chase. The crack in the casing rocked from the force of the speed as Ryo pushed it harder, the lines webbing out and letting more and more energy spill loose, going more and more into him, instead...

2.

“This is Titan 4, designate.”

A muscled lizard-like alien rumbled into a receiver at a looming console, waiting for a response as other reptilians *thoomed* around the warship’s port bay. She waited one single beat.

“Repeat, this is Titan 4,” she growled impatiently, *“you will designate rank. Copy!”*

“OPEN THE BAY, NOW! THIS IS DAVO, SL-550B! OPEN THE DAMNED BAY!”

The responder’s clawed fingers flew, tapping what needing tapping, then reaching out to lower a magnetic lever; the green-aura shielding submitted, fading out just as the armored giant crashed into a landing within.

Other bay workers scattered, hissing and roaring as the bigger warrior rolled on his side, chunks of his Armor breaking and snapping off as he slammed chin-down to the polished floor.

“Squad Leader Davo, what’s this about?” an even larger, 400-foot behemoth of an officer bellowed, storming over to the rising reptile with a snarl. “And where are your subordinates? Speak up, already!”

“Our advance strike scouts,” Davo panted, his huge pectorals pushing more and more shattered armor off his body, “they...we ran into an Earther, in an Armored Unit...”

“And?”

“Sir, it...I’ve never seen anything like it. Our tech...they must have figured out the size alteration aspect, because this suit, it...it grew bigger! Bigger than all of us! We were outsized!”

“By Earthlings?” the officer spat, flexing dominantly, as though telling the information to go elsewhere with nothing but his muscles. His suit stretched tight, buttons and medals struggling to stay put as raw power coursed through the gigantic lizard’s frame. “Absurd!”

“No s-sir, it—”

This time, the Dropes were interrupted as something hurdled so fast through space that it nearly managed a whistling sound. A single roar became many as the technicians scrambled away from the opened bay portal, through which a monstrous suit of Armor burst, crashing its oversized shoulders and gouging the ceiling with its horn as it bounced down, battered against the floor, then stuck both huge legs forward and caught the surface, shearing it away.

The officer and Davo both turned in unison as Drope workers went flying back, fleeing from an Armored Unit standing nearly 500 feet tall. The hangar, still considerably larger, gave the Koloss more than enough room to right itself as its torso segment and guns turned to face the two of them, dead on.

“Hola, comrades. Catch!”

Ryo’s enlarged voice boomed through external speakers as the towering mecha stormed closer, putting Davo into a run down to a hallway portal, leaving the stunned officer to step back only once as the bigger Unit took aim and opened fire.

Davo thundered down the way just as the grenade rounds blew, shaking the entire hangar. The huge reptile skidded past the security station door, flecks of cracked armor flying off as he halted, ran back to it, and pounded on the door until it rushed open for him.

“Davo, what’s going on out there?” the security chief barked, motioning to busted monitor feeds across a dead console.

“We’re under attack, there’s an intruder! A gigantic super-mech! Release all the extinguishing sealant you have in the hangar bay! Now! While we can still stop it!”

The security head and the feed operators all blinked at him, processing.

“Who could possibly be capable—”

“Just do it!”

Davo raced to an oversized elevator, its doors nearly 700 feet high; he slid in, hammered the floor button display, and caught his breath as it rose to the R&D sector, not caring that his half-broken Armor still hugged his reptilian bulk. Mounting humiliation burned in his green-brown scales at the realization that he was, yet again, fleeing a fight, his stomach knotting.

Ryo was heightened in too many ways to count, and every one of them was electric to him. The 70-foot canine's body trembled and burst again, and again, rush after hot rush of pressure blowing his mass bigger and bigger. The harness detached, snapping off its lower bases as the Kai Ken's chest incessantly swelled out against it, dimpling around the straps and bars, bending them out as he snarled and blew up to 90 feet.

"Hah...huh-haaah...not so fun, w-when you're the duckling, is-GHAH!"

This time, Ryo didn't just grow some, or keep a rough pace with the Koloss. This time, Takanaka *exploded* bigger.

His head rammed up into the case, cracking it open completely as his suit ripped down the center, blowing the zipper apart as his pectorals forced the harness to warp and snap in two. His shoulders boomed against the upper airflow vents and siding, his inflated chest smothering the holographic readouts and dashing them apart as his thighs bulged out bigger, stronger, his 200-foot form suddenly cramped and throbbing against itself, versus the 600-foot Koloss that contained him.

The joycon retreated as his pants snapped and popped open, his suit leggings barely holding the waves of heated fur blowing up within. His now-immense bulge groaned as it bullied against tight underwear, curling and ballooning, mashing the stick as far ahead as it could go as his huge rump flooded the seat. Fat testicles pillowed out against his stretched pants, splitting his boxers as they clung in scraps to his thighs.

As he swelled, the overloaded pilot managed an awareness that alarms were blaring in the bay, unheeded by the unconscious Reptiles littering the floor. As more Drope soldiers piled into the entrances in full Armor and took aim Ryo struggled to steer, given how his swelling sex rubbed and caught against the stick, pitching the Koloss into a sudden charge forward.

"Attack!"

Another Squad Leader shouted the order as the many security Armors brought up hoses and blasted away, streaks of white sealant foam spattering out against the still-growing Koloss.

Even as they unloaded Ryo brought the colossus forth, and the security team found it larger with each quaking step it took.

More and more foam battered the Koloss as it rumbled and surged, creaking meanly to 640 feet, then 670 the next step. Increments that had once been staggering rolled in like tics or quivers, entire *houses* of size piling into the mech as it stomped nearer.

Still, the team fired, even as the increasingly smaller reptiles scooted back, wide-eyed. Artillery Units poured from the opposing bay hall, Armors rigged with exterior turret mounds, effectively making them living tanks—and those tanks opened fire without hesitation.

The foam that was blown away by the explosions regrew instantly, more and more consuming the Koloss' legs and one arm as it swelled to 700 feet in height. The hangar ceiling, nearly half a mile tall to an Earthling, began to tease a few terrified Dropes as reachable as the Armor shook and grew yet again. Its metallic surface groaned as the foam once again was given more to cover, its huge shoulders widening as it started to wheel around to face its attackers. The foam caught and swelled stubbornly, pulling hard, but the towering behemoth proved unmatchable as the minigun found the tank Units and opened fire.

“No...you...don't,” Ryo huffed, his pectorals surging angrily up into his growing muzzle.

The 450-foot canine's blood was lightning, his senses screaming as his furry bulk Davoured the cockpit interior, ballooning bigger and hotter against cold plastics and tubing. The Koloss, marvel though it was, found itself attacked from within and without as its gunfire scattered the tanks, which fired back again and again, in kind.

Orange fireballs detonated, blowing smoke and ruin on both sides as the hangar bay rocked, pockmarked and bruised from the exchange. Through the coal-black plumes stepped the thudding Koloss, all 800 feet of it, a monster among monsters, covered in soot and scattering hot embers as it blasted everything.

“W-we're running out of sealant, sir!” one Drope trooper growled, backing further away from the line of fire. “We can't cover that much surface with just one tank!”

“Everyone, e...evacuate!”

The word fought its way out of a sour mouth as the reptilian giant expelled it. The entire squad tarried, a collective lifetime of war experience screaming for them to stand and fight—even as the Koloss loomed over their 200-foot bodies like an angry adult over cowed children.

“NOW, I said!”

A single massive voice broke through the parting smolder:

“Surrender...a-and we’ll take you as prisoners, hah...”

Ryo’s booming words were so big they shook the Koloss. The 600-foot dog swelled bigger, faster, more energy soaking his bristling black fur as he mashed tighter against the exposed core, feeding him too much power at once.

“I-if you surrender...you...won’t be spanked by a-an Earther!”

The two squadrons were back in the halls already, clearly not fighting...but not *surrendering*, either. Instead, the doors all shut tight, gigantic mechanized locks shifting and snapping into place, echoing through the smoky devastation of the bay.

“No dice for the gambler, eh?” Ryo snorted, licking his muzzle over, feeling how hard it was to get his massive tongue around his even-bigger snoot as his thick pectorals pinched it on both sides. “T-then I’ll ju...juh-just play...my own game!”

The Koloss finally saw fit to complain as Ryo blew up bigger again, his ears parting out wide as his head bumped up larger and larger, pushing into the cockpit ceiling as his bulging neck pressed into the core casing. The 650-foot dog’s enormity was escalating so badly that even his mecha was unable to keep pace, its chassis starting to warp out from internal pressure as he filled it up.

His huge arm burst through the cockpit walls, stuffing the sleeve, filling the unit’s arm with his own, as the other arm suffered the same fate. His legs shook and popped down through snapping floor panels, mashing joints and breaking wires and pneumatic piping as he filled the Koloss the same way a Drope might fill its Armor.

He should have been in a complete panic. A part of him surely was.

It was just that the rest of him was all-in. Quite literally.

His whimpering bliss was cut short as his head blew up through the cockpit ceiling, ramming through wires and snapping metal, blowing up through the neck segment and into the head. His muzzle pushed painfully against the makeshift helmet, making him smell heat and tightness as he blinked and looked through the visor into the bay.

The cockpit's exterior hatch door *thumped* forward, then shut again, resisting the force of Ryo's burgeoning shaft as it burred and bulged, hot and enormous and full. His sacs and pride flooded the compartment, uncaring and demanding, pleading to grow unchecked as the core pressed into his lower back, jolting him with toe-curling stings of electric joy.

The 800-foot mecha had blown up beyond Salas' wildest imaginings, standing over 16 times its original size, and quaking with building, barely-controlled power. The bay shuddered as it stepped again, heavy feet slamming into breaking flooring as Ryo simply moved his own body, forcing the suit of Armor to follow.

"Don't e-everybody leave, already," Ryo huffed, bolts of power lancing his thickening muscles and swollen shaft ominously. "Or I'll huh-have...to see m-myself...out..."

Another booming step. Another, after. The Koloss's shadow spilled over the far bay wall as he raised his huge arms, flexed impossible biceps out against groaning metal sleeves, and gave a wall he really didn't care for a single, highly-communicative punch.

"What's the meaning of this, soldier?" the lead scientist balked, indignant beyond words.

"What are all those impacts down there?" another younger scientist asked, the reptile coming up to the taller Davo with a big tablet and a worried grimace on her muzzle. "What's security even doing?"

"Out of the way," Davo grunted, shoving past, only for the lead to step in; he was much older and thinner, but he had the kind of look that only numerous battles provided.

"What do you need, that you had to come here, when there's clearly a fracas on?"

"The size alteration ray, I need it," Davo rumbled, brusquely.

The lead's eyes narrowed.

"You can't go mobile with it, soldier," he explained. "It's a stationary setup, here in the lab, that's it. If you want to try shrinking whoever's attacking—"

"Not my plan," Davo snorted, barging past.

"Then, what..."

The larger reptile shoved a desk aside, not bothering to go around as he stormed over to a large cylindrical ray cannon mounted on the ceiling and braced against a back wall. He wasted no time in reaching up and sliding a switch lever up, up, all the way opposite its initial setting.

“Hey,” the lead started, gulping fearfully as the logic caught up. “Hey, wait. No!”

“He can’t be serious,” the assistant scientist stammered, backing away in terror.

“Stop that! S-security!”

“They’re busy, old-timer,” Davo muttered, as the ray hummed to life, its red interior lighting output slipping into a bright, strange green. “And I need to settle this *now*.”

Embarrassment burned like agony within as he finished swapping out the settings on the shrink ray, having reversed it to maximum growth. Being humiliated and beaten by one measly, miserable Earth insect was more than he could bear. For perhaps the first time in their recorded history, a Drope felt complete shame—and it was worse than anything that could ever be.

“B-but, at maximum output,” the lead started.

“We don’t need to enlarge, that’s madness,” the female added, trying to reason. “Everyone else is so much smaller naturally, that—”

“Shut it!” Davo roared, a serious nerve pinched tight. “I’ll show you who ends up smaller—show all of you!”

“We’ve never enlarged ourselves, you don’t know what it’ll actually do!”

In response Davo slammed a big fist against the side panel, activating the cannon. A room-filling wave of green swelled to life, and the scientists tore out through the door before the blast soaked into Davo...

And soaked...

And soaked...

“Stupid...little...Earther!”

The Koloss crashed through the hole it had put in the wall between the hangar and the cafeteria, its footfall smashing deepening craters in the floor as Ryo walked it inside. Tables big enough to fit in stadiums snapped like nothing as he bashed through, crushing them and heaving chairs away on his path. The outer chassis plates surged in and out as Ryo simply breathed, throbbing larger against the suit that was growing with him—just not fast enough.

“H-housekeeping!”

His voice swelled mid-speech, getting so big that the external comms became moot. Raw decibels punished the helmet of the Koloss as he swelled again, bursting larger, making the popping seams and warping joint fixtures all cry out as his fur nearly escaped; the Koloss, by all appearances, swelled apart, held, then swelled (somewhat) back into place over him, a tenuous grip maintained for precious seconds.

Quivering legs commanded the mech forth, muscle clusters bunching larger, tighter; again, the cockpit rammed forward on its hinges, a swell of ruddied pink and pulsing veins flashing, before closing back up. His rump ground the poor seat flat as his abs bulged into his erection, his furred orbs snapping more fabric away as they rolled into his bulky thighs. Pleasure attacked, and *attacked*, the 850-foot Kai Ken half-drunk, half-focused as he stomped over to the other end, smashed the wall open, and caught at least nineteen explosions directly to the chest.

They tickled. With how Ryo felt, a twentieth wouldn’t have been so wrong.

A heavily armored squadron hadn’t squandered their time: two rows of Crusher model Armor units unloaded everything but their briefs, hammering the colossus so hard that Ryo actually took a step back. A momentary sea of fire and sparks and shredded metal swallowed the Koloss as reptilian roars and raw aggression broke the line.

The outer shell of its right arm blew apart, pinging away in the hail of gunfire, exposing the tattered mesh and thick cables as Ryo huffed, pressing his massive sacs against the joycon stick, setting an enlarged grenade into the masses.

“No retreat, b-boys! Just surrender!”

The dog howled the words out as he stepped closer, parting the curtain of flame right as his ejected grenade burst, hurtling the smaller Crushers about like ragdolls.

“S-seriously...you better s-submit...the longer this goes...t-the big-bigger I grow...”

His body, hearing its new favorite word in the universe, expanded violently, popping segments of armor apart as they clung instead to only him, hugging inflated muscles wonderfully tight. The Crushers regrouped quickly, skidding back on treads as the 900-foot mecha began to finally moan its last, breaking open here and there, popping loose as its shell snuggled Ryo's even-bigger form. Orange energy crackled and contracted, fed by his every breath, his muzzle busting out of the visor as the remains of the helmet crushed in on his growing head.

"LAST...CH-CHANNNNNCE..."

God, was that his voice?

Every syllable was a reactor explosion, booming and tickling up and down a hulking, throat. His pectorals strained the chest plating of the poor Koloss until one blew off like a projectile, whacking a retreating Crusher in the back as Ryo boomed larger still. The cockpit earned its name as, one last time, the hatch fought against the swell; a salmon-hued mound of warm sex bullied out and out and out, getting further, getting bigger, fatter, harder to combat. Monstrous furred thighs erupted out of alloy bands, hugged by ripping tubes and snapping cables, his rear cracking out the backside like a brittle eggshell.

The tallest Crusher unit stood over 400 feet tall, a fine specimen of Drope tech. Ryo, conversely, stood exactly 1,000.

To any Earthling, to his comrades of all walks, he was beyond big. He was a titan, a monument in flesh and pulsing bulk. No Crusher made it anywhere near to his stomach, though some were visor-level with the surging length of his erection as it blasted through the hatch, knocking it off its hinges as the tip swelled free.

The midsection and hips were nothing more than overpriced underwear as Ryo *wore* the remains of the Koloss like the next wave of fashion. It was definitely a statement.

"An Earther!?" one comm radio crackled, as a Crusher turned back around.

"He's gigantic, how can he be that big?" another gawked, awestruck.

The temptation for Ryo to flex the rest of the Koloss clear off was suddenly impossible to resist. The moment he brought both massive arms up for a double bicep, however, the side wall to the armory cracked, shook, then blew apart, surprising even Ryo as the Crusher Squad turned with him to see the damages.

"HE'S MINE."

The words rattled out like rolling boulders as a supersized reptile stomped out, crackling with green energy and swelling bulk. Davo pushed his growing self through the opening, awkwardly widening its many webbing cracks as his muscles shook and blew up bigger against it, mid-way. The Crushers paused only a moment, before allowing a great cheer of relief and surprise, making the towering Drope snort proudly as he stood.

“I’LL TAKE CARE OF THIS PUNY EARTH—”

Davo looked straight ahead; where he expected the Koloss, there was instead a vast, bobbing erection, attached to swollen thighs and a barely-on alloy chassis around the hips, struggling to contain canine orbs within.

He looked up. And up.

“NO, BIG GUY, PLEASE,” Ryo boomed, the 1,200-foot mammal folding two much, *much* thicker arms over his overgrown chest, snorting back. “TAKE CARE OF THIS.”

At 600 feet, Davo had roughly doubled his size. Yet the sure bet he thought he held seemed somewhat gone at the sight of the even-larger dog.

“YOU GOT...EVEN BIGGER.”

“IT’S TRUE.”

“THAT’S NOT—”

Ryo’s ears canted back, a less playful look etched into his muzzle at certain implications.

“NOT WHAT? FAIR?”

The Crushers’ cheers wilted as Ryo unfolded his gargantuan arms and resumed moving forward, shaking the Armory with each step. The armored reptiles (and nude accessory) finally saw clearly as Ryo extended his cybernetic arm, the same orange power coursing through it in unstable bursts. The underside of one huge foot slammed on the rolling orange core, breaking it.

“YOU FELLAS WANT TO HEAR ABOUT ‘UNFAIR’, I CAN LEARN YOU. IT WAS PRETTY *UNFAIR* WHEN YOUR DESTROYERS PANCAKED SATELLITE 3-RE, CRUSHED THE WHOLE SETTLEMENT. LEFT RUINS IN YOUR WAKE. I WAS LUCKY JUST TO END UP WITH THIS, WHILE MOST OF THE REST JUST *ENDED*.”

Everything reactively swelled as Ryo flexed—including the cybernetic limb plates and stretching plastics of his arm—gluing the widened eyes of the entire squadron on him. Even Davo gulped, distracted enough to miss his own bursts as meter upon meter pumped in.

“B-BUT HEY, UPSIDES, YEAH? RIGHT?” Ryo groaned, starting to rumble deep within as the bolts of power increased. “I CAN BREATHE IN SPACE WITH ARTIFICIAL LUNGS, GOT AN UPGRADED RIGHT LEG, POLYALLOY RIB CAGE. I’M PART MECH! HOW ABOUT YOU ALL? CAN *YOU* MANAGE? SHU-SHOULD...WE FFFF-FUH FINNNND...***OUAAAAAHHH***—”

The unleashed core energy *boomed* within him, and Ryo’s head slammed into the ceiling (the half-mile high one) in less than a second, denting it higher as his back and shoulder muscles bloated out. The sundered remnants of the Koloss screamed away as they erupted, shoving and blasting off of overloaded muscles and poofing fur. The cockpit entry chassis squeezed around his inflating erection as the tip smashed forward, plowing hot and huge into the shocked Crushers, toppling them like expensive dominoes as the dog exploded in size.

There was no relief this time, no rest: Ryo’s 3,000-foot body paused for the briefest of beats as he inhaled from a cataclysm of sensory input. He held it in, grit his massive fangs, shook, trembled, and burst again, *and again*, throbbing out to double in size the next moment, then double that, immediately after. His pectorals swelled uncontrollably, blowing down over his pinched-in member, which shoved deep into the cushion of his thigh-filling testes as his rear plugged the hole he had made, then surged too large and demolished the cafeteria wall entirely. His head shot out on a ballooning neck, shoulder blades shearing the ceiling as he thudded down on his overgrown penis, his uncaring muzzle bulging into the squadron, bowling even the biggest brutes over like toys.

Davo’s 700-foot body pleaded for his brain to give the word to retreat, the towering reptile becoming even more of a joke than ever in the room-Davouring dog’s shadow. A body over 12,000 feet in size quaked and groaned, heat blasting off in thick, scented waves as shaking triceps shoved him back into the hallway he had so proudly emerged from a minute before. Ryo’s fur boofed into a forest as the armory and hallway entrance were immediately filled, his snarling muzzle, nose, teeth and gums thumping the far wall, only bunching bigger and higher and wider as he snorted helplessly. He winced, his ears flattening up against the cracking ceiling, his back and huge neck bursting through piping and vents and compartments, only to blow up into the shuddering floor above with a *bang* as he grew too big to fit.

“GHHH-GHHH”

Before, the words had felt so big, so full and warm and right; now, Ryo's mere growl was an explosion, the sound of buildings crashing and trees falling, a storm of storms. Walls resisted about as well as tin as his muscles boomed and boomed; relentless surges of plush brawn blasted into hallways, filled them, then crashed into adjoining rooms, more and more and more.

12,000 feet had impatiently doubled to 24,000, in no time. The canine, formerly medium-sized at best, even in his chain of duty, was no longer mecha-sized; some deeper instinct understood, even in the chaos and ruin and throbbing and swelling, that he was tremendous, beyond big. At 4.5 miles in height, Ryo could have held a full squadron of mechs in one hand. *Just one 3,000-foot hand.* He could have set a palm to the ground of Universal City's downtown, and his upper palm would have eclipsed the highest skyscraper there. Mechas would have circled his one finger like gnats.

His erection roared in a rage under his swollen abs, pumping too big, until the warping square chassis bent into a submissive "O" around it, a cock ring like no other. And, against a half-mile penis over 500 feet wide, there was suddenly none there at all.

Humongous soft feet pushed the walls out as they grew and grew, heels breaking the cafeteria ceiling as bulging toes filled it, putting the untumbled tables into a genuine topple as they curled around his pads.

His humongous biceps tensed in burning joy, flaring bigger, stronger, ballooning loudly against his stretching lats; his head and muzzle tore through into a vast silvery atrium, blowing smoke and debris into a screaming crowd of gecko-sized reptiles. A monstrous pink tongue unfurled, reflexively licking a growing muzzle as the clouds scattered from his looming black nose. Said muzzle rumbled yet again, doubling its horrific size instantly and sending the civilian Dropes into flight as security teams rolled in and opened fire on it.

Ryo shook in agony and bliss, the overwhelmed canine's 24,000-foot body bloating with power, billowing to 48,000 feet in one hard, devastating push of growth. Two higher floors vanished as the flooring and walls peeled back, a mountain of black-red fur pumping through. His shaking knees smashed down into the basement sector, crushing a dozen boiler units into crumpled cans. His elbows pressed, then crashed into all ten stories of a civilian gym, his pecs growing so tremendous that they finally forced his sacs and shaft to crush down into the machinery division, smashing enough parts to have repaired half the Drope fleet flat. His muzzle rose, crashing up through the blown-out atrium walls, angling elevator shafts and knocking out pillars as Ryo's colossal head blew free, bashing clear up through the high ceiling as he shook and grew endlessly.

Hands well-over a mile tall clenched down below, one catching an entire Mauler class warship, so big and powerful that its 4,000-foot bulk imploded to nothing between vast, impossibly strong, evergrowing cybernetic fingers. His artificial palm butted against the nearest fighter ships, smashing through exploding rows as his body rumbled *even worse*.

Despite the ecstasy and abandon, even the cocky pilot began to feel it rising, that which he was giving having now rebounded back on himself: *fear*. Pangs of worry bubbled up into panic as the reality finally hit that Ryo had never had any actual control of himself, since he began growing.

The core. He couldn't feel it on him...but it was there, the power! Had it...broken?

His rowed abs billowed bigger, dusted with writhing, miniscule Drope Armor units as the alarms roared across Titan 4, surely suggesting a timely escape for all.

Wait. Hold up. Stop.

A sudden swell of worry for even them broke into his thoughts as Ryo groaned out a living earthquake, tensed his toes, and shook even more.

Getting too b-big, no, NO

“GHHHH-HHOOOODDDD–”

The shaking only worsened, deeper and deeper within, growing hotter, heavier, the pressure swelling his huge muscles across his body as it spasmed with electric wrath, something new tickling through his surging, tight, soft, booming bulk. Something enormously strong.

It was getting worse. Good gravy, it was ge-getting worse!

3.

Gigantic as he was, Davo hardly felt any thrill for it—he was too busy moving.

Not enough. Not enough. Clearly, not big enough.

So be it—he could fix that.

The 800-foot alien lizard would have put the best of the Dropegarian blood to shame, easily. The tallest males would have almost reached his belly, the largest females his chest. His

fear-flaccid shaft bounced between pumping thighs as he forced himself out of the elevator, too big to really fit, effectively pressure-popping out of it and warping the doorway and hall as he thundered back to the science lab.

He squeezed through the doorway, shoving the sliding panel away like nothing as alarms wailed everywhere, the entire warship shuddering.

ATTENTION, he finally managed to hear the PA system drone, *PLEASE CONTINUE ALL EVACUATION PROTOCOLS, D THROUGH F, DELTA. WARNING, TITAN 4 PRESSURE CAPACITORS FAILING. ENGINES APPROACHING BURNOUT. ANOMALOUS WEIGHT DISTRIBUTION CRITICAL...*

Davo stumbled as best his oversized bulk could around the lab, finding the scientists already long gone. Didn't matter. He thumped over to a security compartment, forced the door open, and took out an unmanned Crusher Armor unit. It was too small for him, naturally, but he had plans enough to get him through the next five minutes.

"Come on, come on," he growled, the hulking reptile setting the Armor in front of the still-glowing size ray. "Just need to—"

Sure, he had swollen a lot bigger; on a normal day, he would be elated to stand 900 feet tall. But today and today alone, it was a pitiful pace. He couldn't afford to jog, he needed to *run*.

Titan 4 shook again as shockwaves from Ryo's growth finally reached the R&D sector, tickling under his clawed feet; he gulped, then activated the ray yet again, blasting the Armor as long as he could get away with, measuring the seconds. Remarkably, the Crusher rippled eerily, then began to bulge larger, and larger, catching up faster as he bombarded it with growth waves.

"Good! Good, okay—"

He climbed in the moment it was physically doable, suiting up in the white-black unit and letting its entry lines seal up with a rubber groan, the Crusher molding responsively to his vast scaly muscles. His erection bulged out into a curving mound, his thick tail whipping in a mix of elevated fear and stubborn self-approval as he turned to the ray and activated it once more, blasting himself and the Crusher unit over, and over, and over, and over, and over...

Titan 4 canted the tiniest bit, out in the cold depths of space, pitching slowly as countless pods escaped, dotting the darkness. Hundreds and hundreds of Drope soldiers ushered the

mechanics, doctors and cooks out first, everyone hollering and roaring over the placid intercom blather as the ship shook even harder, still.

“That’s everyone we can find, sir!” one guard said, saluting his superior as she loomed overhead. “All non-force classes are accounted for, it’s just security now!”

“Alright,” she huffed, coolheaded and collected. “We set the Alpha designation protocol, the ship’s system will fire every single bit of foam, cement, and loaded sedatives and relaxants at the target. That should slow that monster’s growth spurt down at least a little bit. Get everyone on detail off, use the last pods, get movi–”

RRRRRRRRRRRRHHHHHH

The Earther’s throat boomed from within, reverberating the whole interior as it passed. The sounds of creaking growth blowing entire sectors apart followed as Titan 4 rolled, putting them all into a clawed scrabble to the final pod as the ship wailed in fear.

Undamaged portals and vents along every corridor at every juncture blew sleeping gas, spray foam and sleep darts, thousands peppering his swelling muscles at all angles, so small as to be nearly nonexistent against over 100,000 feet of muscled, tremoring growth.

Ryo didn’t feel a single one of them; the vast canine’s muzzle tucked down into his over-inflated pectorals, feeling them explode bigger and wider and rounder against it on either side, his shaking arms caught against his sides as he groaned and panted hotly into his immense cleavage.

C-can’t stop

A being measuring North of 19 miles dominated everything, merely by *existing*. Beyond that, Ryo Takanaka was a literal ball of tension, blowing aggressively up against itself, muscles competing with muscles, his shaft raging up against the underside of his overloaded chest. He was almost as big as an entire Earth city, now–towering skyscrapers would have been toothpicks snapping under his cheeks and orbs and heels, the balls of his feet the size of lakes. His head was bigger than entire zip codes and still growing, his ears flattened down against his skull as he *huff-huffed* in a kind of deranged, gleeful *dread*.

Ah, God, S-S-ST-OH-OP-P-PPP-P

As his pectorals swelled over his face, blocking his lidded eyes, Ryo actually felt it, at last—reprieve. For a moment he exhaled, and a small fraction of the overabundant size bled out, deflating his immense muscles the tiniest, nicest little bit.

“HUH, HUH,” Ryo panted, his mere puffs stronger than hurricanes. ***“HO, OH, THAT WAS...OH, THAT WAS SO C-CLOSE...”***

The sheer size of his voice was muffled by his own staggering mass, to the point where he might as well have been speaking to himself through a wall. As he panted away he drew in entire atmospheres of sleeping gas, over 1.8 million emergency darts dusting his bulk, all amounting to, perhaps, a modest antihistamine dose.

The entire ship jittered, pulling his attention. There was only so much of it left around him, really, but clearly enough to where some systems were still functioning properly.

ATTENTION. ATTENTION. RECALL IS IN EFFECT. REVERSING COURSE. HOME PLANET RECALL BEGINNING, TITAN-4 IS NOW ANSWERING HOME CALL. PLEASE PREPARE TO RETURN HOME. SHIFTING TO OFFENSE-BASED WAR TRAVEL MODE, DUE TO ENEMY PRESENCE. SHIFTING TO—

Finally, something proved colossal enough to budge Ryo, slightly. Unthinkable megatons of weight grudgingly shifted as what remained of Titan 4 unlocked, whirled and separated. The massive warship’s egg shape twisted as the side sectors disengaged and clicked around one another, a vast robotic hand ejecting from the aperture of clearing walls and sliding casing. Two incredibly big robotic arms rose off the body, two even-thicker legs lowering and separating out of the bottom as the upper core slid back and rose, a head tilting up from an opening atop it all until Titan 4 was, itself, an utterly mammoth mecha.

Once again, Ryo was a pilot. He hadn’t foreseen it, but there he was.

The loosening meant marginal mobility for the gargantuan dog, allowing him to wriggle out of his ball formation just enough, the many smashed and cracked walls of sectors pinning him in place as he blinked, then sighed hugely.

“OF COURSE IT IS.”

He felt the drift as Titan 4 doggedly turned on its axis, its huge back to the fleeing pods, and rocketed out through space at top speed. The 50-mile mecha sped along smoothly as it could considering the 19-mile tall payload stuck within it, the red signal light blipping on and off as it followed a remote course to the Drope’s home turf.

If he lived through this, Salas would never believe it. At the moment, it was about as tall of an order as Ryo was.

Yet, something else was moving, something he thought he at first imagined, before it blew up a little larger against him, then a little larger, again. Like some tiny balloon filling up against his fur, something was indeed pressing and swelling tight, until Ryo's ears flicked, and the dog attempted to look down over his own massive chest.

"You!"

"OH, NO—"

"Y-y-o-o-ou m-i-hi-serable Earther!"

The reptile's words rattled from the power of Ryo's, Davo blowing up again and swelling until his white-armored muzzle climbed beyond his furred pecs.

"This is all your fault!" Davo snapped, struggling against the much larger mammal's enormity. "No Dropegarian has ever, *ever* fled battle!"

"WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THIS WAS A BATTLE?" Ryo boomed, his larger muscles rumbling and buzzing the Crusher Armor unit and the lizard inside. **"YOU PICKED A FIGHT, AND I GOT BIGGER THAN ANY OF YOU. HEY, COME TO THINK...YOU MUST HAVE A SIZE RAY ON BOARD, IF YOU'RE GETTING THIS BIG..."**

"R-right," Davo grumbled, the alien blowing up again, loudly inflating to 4 miles in height. "We do—and that's *exactly* how I'll crush you, in the long run!"

"PUH. GOOD LUCK, EITHER WAY, CHAMP," Ryo rumble-spoke, chuckling with the sole intention of shaking Davo harder for it. **"WE HAVE NO LEVERAGE AT THIS SIZE. WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO EVEN DO T—AH! DAMMIT!"**

Davo's armor-clad legs rose and fell, the massive 21,120-foot reptile stomping vengefully on Ryo's monstrous sacs, his tail and rump resting on the dog's humongous member. Yet, for all the negative attention he gave it, it seemed to be positive enough to his erection, which began to bob and stir under his bulk. Given its size and painful hardness, any attention was taken as a win.

"C-CUT THAT OUT," Ryo growled, shaking the entire ship as it sped along.

“I’ll kill you yet!”

“Y-YOU’RE JUST S-STIMULATING ME, YOU IDIOT! I...HAH...”

Ryo’s erection stiffened again, battering the hot tip against a sector wall that had managed to hold up in the growth spurt. It dented rapidly, however, as each kick and wriggle and warm touch of the Crusher unit just teased it a bit longer, a bit harder, until the tip burst through it—directly into the Titan 4 warp core compartment.

“If I step out of Titan 4 onto our homeland...with your head on a platter...all will be forgiven,” Davo rumbled, more green electricity dancing across the Crusher as it stretched with him, his tight-clad muscles surging even greater. “I’ll be...A HERO!”

“I SAID, CUT IT OUT, ALREADY!” Ryo barked, *loudly*, making the entire super-mecha shudder inside and out, rattling the 5-mile tall reptile all the more.

“Or what, Earther? I’ll catch up to you soon enough! You stopped growing, haven’t you noticed yet? At top flight speed, we’ll be home in mere minutes—but that’s time enough for me!”

The Kai Ken’s tip bulged ever nearer to the core as it glowed a brilliant yellow-gold, a great beam of recirculating energy cased in a vast clear tube at the compartment’s center. The mile-long tube felt raw heat as the 4,000-foot wide tip kissed its casing, then bulged again, cracking it. Then it bulged further, and further, the crack webbing out as its warmth steamed it, throbbing and pumping as Davo teased up above.

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“You’re in for it now, Earther!” Davo cackled through his Crusher unit’s speaker, stomping harder. “When they get their hands on you, even at your size, you’re dead—”

Ryo snorted, tensing all over as his erection punched through the core tube down far below, the tip plunging into the ship’s motherlode.

The orange energy crackling through Ryo’s body returned, wreathing his unfathomable girth in golden light; a second of a second later, all 100,320 feet of Ryo tensed like one horrible singular god-muscle. His eyes rolled as they blazed white, his mouth slipping into a gasping “O”, then a massive oval as the furred leviathan howled, condensed tightly, and ***burst***.

“Wh—”

Davo's query (and figure) was squashed as a vertical ocean of muscle erupted into him, grinding him back through the last few remaining sectors as his abs rushed bigger. The Crusher Armor slammed past subsections and halls, dormitories, bathrooms, offices, workshops, classrooms, demolishing absolutely everything with his own impressive bulk as Ryo's howls flooded the war-mech ship. Arms so wide that ships needed time to circumnavigate them blew up much, much larger, both fists blasting through the Titan 4's arm casings, each leg doing the same. His head battered up and up and up, smashing everything as he ground poor Davo's body flat against the inner exterior wall.

30 miles pumped furiously, painfully, *beautifully* up to 35...40...

Davo screamed and beat against follicles as thick as trees, his growing, 7-mile tall body pathetically outclassed yet again as Ryo bellowed and roared, his bloated orbs growing so absurdly immense that they cracked the outer edges of Titan-4's hip segments, threatening to pop right out into space as the ship started to decelerate.

Ryo's head filled the ultra-mecha's Northern compartment, putting him in a strange helmet a second time, groaning as the growth only grew worse and worse within his raging body. He jerked and shook, puppeting an entire A-Class Drope warship with zero effort, wearing the biggest mecha ever like a suit—and that suit was shrinking as he boomed to 45 miles...50 miles...

4.

Omnus-6, the Dropegarian war planet, hovered in its blood-red nebula like a jewel in God's most terrible crown. Invulnerable, impenetrable, the reptilian tech-world shone with glimmering lights and hummed with the power of an undefeatable lineage. A world of giants, itself massive beyond reckoning; compared to its grandeur, even Titan 4 was an ant, at best.

That very ant was approaching, and fast.

"Titan 4, designate," a monstrous voice demanded over the remaining speakers in the piloting bridge within the helmet—space solely occupied by Ryo's head. "Every single distress signal went off before we recalled you. Explain. Repeat, Titan 4, you will designate."

Ryo managed to overpower his own pleasure and panic as he rumble-swelled, opening his huge eyes enough to see Omnus-6 through the bridge window. Even the monstrously huge mammal was a little *nothing* of a cell, a glorified atom, in its breadth.

Still, this was it. The source of all Drope tyranny, the unknowable yet unmistakable source of all his turmoil, of everything he had pushed below his smug exterior for so, so long.

One might then have understood why Ryo chose to raise Titan 4's attached forearm cannons, take aim, and fire at the planet as many times as he possibly could.

As much as his pulsing mass begged to grow and *grow*, as much as the core's power flooded his surging body and immeasurable muscles, Ryo ordered himself to hold tight a minute longer. He had a fleet of guns on him, a trigger somewhere, and he was *still* a damned pilot.

Davo whined and struggled against him, but Ryo flexed his tremendous abs in response, buffeting the angered lizard and shutting him up with pure bulk.

“MMMMPH!”

Ryo's teeth were bare without him realizing it. Fangs as tall as mountains back home ground together, his vast gums peeking as his lips curled out. Round after round exited the cannons across the suit that was once Titan 4, battering the mechanical shell of Omnus-6 with innumerable artillery fire. Missiles whizzed and collided, blossoms of white-hot death consuming the pock-marked exterior as the 50-mile tall dog fired everything he could, his muscles bloating so big that they bulged up through the neck of the ship and filled his vision, up in the bridge-helmet. The connective plates and vast rubber ligaments began to split and tear as his muscles erupted volcanically, indignant at the thought of being caged one more moment, overloaded with warp core power and dying to really and truly *grow*. They pumped and sang and roared with untapped, building strength, demanding Ryo finish his work so that they could swell into unyielding, glorious madness.

No one replied over the comm frequency. Instead, Omnus-6 did the talking.

A fusillade of missiles, lasers, mines and bullets consumed space as the entire planet retaliated. Ryo shoved all that power and size aside, focused, and banked hard right, narrowly evading as three thousand different explosions impacted behind him, in brutal tandem.

The collective force blew even the great Titan 4 off its flight path, putting Ryo in a zero-G tumble. Davo forcibly squeezed his Crusher unit and himself out of the war-mech, mid-spin, popping out of an opened joint and swimming dizzily through the pandemonium.

By the time Ryo righted himself a tractor beam snagged him, pulling the upside-down dog in rapidly as his bulk throbbed harder, and harder, demanding to not be contained any longer.

The plates of Titan 4 barely held together as the Kai Ken's every huff and snort swelled his muscles bigger, the snaps and pings of a breaking shell unheard by the indifferent planet.

“NGH! NO...NO! NOT...GOD, NOT AFTER ALL THIS. NOT LIKE THIS...”

As he neared the surface, trying to break out of the beam's clutch, Ryo's head swam. It was only just before he was taken into the gaping bay portal on the planet's surface that the frustrated behemoth finally gave in, went limp, and let go. The cool control, the banter, all of it. The reins went off of his rumbling body, the fear finally gone, replaced only with one psychotically bold imperative:

*Get **big**, kid*

The instant Salas's echoes gave him permission, that full-on calamity of pure, shaking, trembling, tickling, tingling, bursting power was taken off the leash, at last, and Ryo grew.

And grew.

And grew.

And grew.

And grew.

And grew.

The beam sputtered out, unable to hold something so massive as the Titan 4 chassis snapped apart, letting a vast bulge of thick black muscle *boom* forth, quivering uncontrollably.

And grew

The crotch plating banged off into space as Ryo's pink erection reddened terribly, lengthening and bulging fatter and fatter, a pair of swollen, furry orbs detonating larger as the leg segments warped and popped away, his over-muscled thighs and calves swelling ceaselessly.

And grew

Orange-yellow circuits of power crackled and snaked through his biceps as the armature plating exploded, his pectorals blowing up so big, so high, that they blocked all sight of the

remaining helmet, rising so tall that his massive arms couldn't hope to reach all the way up to their pulsing peaks.

And grew

City-sized hands *thoomed* down on the tech-planet's surface as Ryo's nude bulk made landfall, his erection stuffing into the opened tractor portal as he shuddered, mashing titanic testicles in a plush dimple over countless Drope stations and canyonlike apertures between plates. Balls over 100 miles wide each rumbled and swelled against his monstrous thighs as his rear bulged higher, his tail whipping powerfully out through space.

Pectorals that even he couldn't hug around descended, meteoric and horrible, booming down onto the dented surface as Ryo bellowed and tripled in size, blowing up from 900 shuddering miles to 2,700—over 14,000,000 feet tall, and nearly as wide with heaving muscle.

Ryo had been big. He had been bigger than big, even.

This was something else, a picture numbers couldn't fully paint.

Ryo was as big as a moon.

And still, he grew. And grew. And grew. And grew. And grew. And grew.

Thick fingers impacted the planet's sides, digging in slowly as more and more missiles hammered his impossible muscles. Nuclear explosions were perhaps the size of quarters against his growing mass, making the Kai Ken grunt in light annoyance as he dug in, clenched his vast hands, and ripped an entire plate off. The force backfired out, swelling his muscles so monstrously that they consumed his frame and mashed together, his neck bulging up as the rest of the helmet-bridge was summarily obliterated.

“KNOCK...K-KNOCK.”

Ryo's voice put the 700,000-mile planet into a light tremor as he rumbled worse, closed his eyes, leaned in against its cold plates, and *grew*. His cybernetic hand dug inside the wound he had made on the globe, letting it wreak havoc by simply growing in place. The dog snarled in pain and joy as he rocketed larger, blowing up to 7,000 miles, then 13,000, then 20,000, the spurts growing more brutally strong as his eyes glowed brighter still.

By this point, the larger planet was throwing everything imaginable at Ryo, a mounting worry expressed through firepower—yet millions of tiny pinprick detonations proved more and

more puny as the colossus swelled, exploding to 60,000 miles. Good old Earth would have fit nicely...in Ryo's hand. *One single hand.*

“G-GREETINGS...FR-FROM EARTH!”

Davo pinwheeled in the outer atmosphere until he got the thrusters working again, all the constriction and pressure having messed the Crusher unit up some.

“There!”

The 20-mile reptile blasted off around to the other side of the planet, *his* home planet, watching in fear and, just maybe, some awed respect as Ryo ballooned larger and stronger on the other hemisphere. He had one last card to play—one that would have seen him executed as an act of sabotage, before all this. Now, it was that or the surety of defeat. If the Crusher armor had reacted to the growth ray before, it would surely, to this. It had to.

He augered the unit down near a series of reactors—the largest on Omnus-6. No longer sandwiched against the looming mammal, Davo remembered just how extraordinarily *vast* he had actually grown. The Crusher's immense feet landed hard on the Southern plate, sending out shockwaves as his 105,600-foot body settled, the tips of his boot taller than the highest reactor towers. The enlarged readout over the unit visor told him what he needed, however, and with a hefty grunt, he reached down.

“WHO'S RUNNING AWAY, NOW?” he boomed, pressing a single monstrous armored fingertip flat, crushing the reactors under it, and releasing immeasurable power into his rumbling, swelling suit. “I’LL TEACH YOU WHO THE REAAAAAAAAAAAAUGH—”

The reptile thunder-bellowed as his bulk *octupled* in size, the Crusher absorbing enough to grow with him as his bulk detonated in all directions, his erection bulging out against the plating and alloy-skin as it throb-throbbled under blasting pectorals and heaving abdominals. His shoulder blades gorged so big that they overshadowed his quaking lats, before he rattle-shook and snapped his jaws in delight, *sh-shu-shaking* up bigger, bigger, bigger, bigger, **bigger**, burst-surgin all the way up to 1,280 miles.

The Crusher swelled unstoppably around him, his mech-suit groaning bigger and louder as his muscles overfilled it, taxing it even as it grew so huge. His booted feet cracked deeper and deeper into the surface of Omnus-6, digging warped trenches in the metal as they spread wider and larger in sloppy unison.

10,240 miles...

Colossal knees wobbled as his thighs blew even wider, his suit pulling forward as his pectorals exploded, growing so terribly big that they forced his swollen biceps and forearms out wider around them. Beneath the planet's shell, great cities all cowered in newfound terror as their own kind's feet kept on growing and growing overhead, just beyond—for now.

47,300 miles...66,290 miles...81,920 miles...

Davo's mind throbbed with power and light and lust, burning everything else away as he snorted, then broke into a mad cackle, letting it all wash over him in full...

Ryo howled again as his thick body inflated onward, expanding at an alarming clip to 190,000 miles, a size so great that a moment's consideration on it made his erection double in size, plunging deeper within the planet, the borders of the portal unable to close as his flesh bulged much too big to allow it. His testes rumbled up bigger, and bigger, warm and plump and boundless as they matted flat to the planet's humiliated contours, waves of thick heat and warm musk pouring through.

The power was still building within him, he could feel it. A mere pilot, now a god, overflowing with more power than he knew what to do with—yet only knowing that more was absolutely critical. It was question and answer with no end, and no desire otherwise, a cacophony of stretching bulges and swelling muscle and grit teeth and erect throbs.

“LET’S S-SEE YOU ALL RUN, FOR ONCE,” Ryo god-spoke, blasting the planet in vibrations from a rumbling, over-massive chest. ***“M...MAYBE YOU’LL ALL BEHAVE AND A-APOLOGIZE AND LEAVE, WHEN YOU’VE BEEN EMBARRASSED BAD ENOUGH—”***

One last time an attack came without warning, able to slip through the dog's orgasmic haze of victory and strength and find him.

At first, he thought perhaps something huge had pounced, in a full-body tackle. As he lifted up off of the planet's tortured surface, he instead realized the truth: it was all one hand.

Davo held Ryo—Ryo, *of all creatures*—like a stuffed toy, another hand clasping around his midsection with a wrathful squeeze. Both mech hands clutched all the harder as the Crusher suit loomed up over the planet's curve, revealing a 655,360-mile planetoid of a lizard. The alien's muscle outclassed even the astonishing dog's bulk, leaving Ryo agape as he looked up at an Armor unit nearly four times his own size.

“I TOLD YOU, RUNT,” the Crusher-lizard roared, his overloaded shoulders and pecs quaking from the aftershocks of his speech, so tight and thick that they seemed ready to explode. ***“I TOLD YOU I’D KILL YOU!”***

This time, Ryo struggled, and struggled hard. The vast reptile had stopped growing, but still had the advantage by way more than a hair; it was practically an entire wig.

“Crusher Unit, designation Davo Storn,” the planet called, that same cold voice crackling through the super-giant’s comms, making Davo start. “We don’t know how you did it...but well done! You’ve grown into a champion, our champion—a Dropegarian titan among titans!”

“AH! T-THANK YOU,” Davo huffed, flexing happily, without even meaning to.

“Is this specimen—”

“AN EARTHER, IF YOU CAN BELIEVE IT,” he growled back, giving Ryo a demonstrative squeeze, reminding him at long, long last of his real place. ***“HE WAS PILOTING AN EXPERIMENTAL MECHA, CAPABLE OF SYNC-GROWTH, AND...WELL, HE OVERTOOK TITAN 4, AS YOU SAW—”***

“Interesting. Do not kill him.”

“S...SIR?”

“Deposit him inside for study, at once. Then, you will lead the way to the Earth federation colonies, immediately! Omnus-6 cannot tolerate size alterations on that scale, we will be prone to defeat in short order if we don’t crush them all now. We will waste no time! Hand the specimen over, and we’ll go smash the colonies, before they have any other chances to harm!”

Davo blinked a few times, processing. Then, grudgingly:

“SIR, I THINK THAT PERHAPS I SHOULD—”

“You should do as ordered, soldier! Stop wasting time, and deposit him!”

Ryo squirmed in the bigger brute’s grip, but to no avail. The lizard, nearly as big as his entire home planet, shook his head slightly, then let it go and stuffed the massive Kai Ken into an opening that had been mechanically spreading and spreading and spreading to accommodate his ridiculously massive size.

“Excellent, Davo, good work. Now, lead us on to yet another glorious victory! Be our towering champion of dominance as we snuff out all of Earth and its pathetic colonies!”

Davo’s erection roared bigger against himself, hearing that, filling the Crusher’s interior. It was, as Earthers called it, very much a Hard Sell.

Deep within the planet, concentric plated rings moved, parting and whirring as Ryo’s titanic body was gravitationally lowered in, the tractor beam adjustments properly tuned. He was nearly a quarter the size of the entire globe, so they were duly cautious, more cautious than the massive dog knew them to be capable of. It had been a night of firsts, for sure.

Whole mounted continents, thousands of glowing little cities watched from their shifting ring plates as Ryo’s enormity passed by. Billions upon billions of Dropes marveled at the very idea of a puny little Earther being that overwhelmingly immense and strong, making them feel so microscopically small, in kind. Ryo huffed angrily, unaware he was making those many billions scream in fear as his snort tore through the nearest rings like great storm fronts.

The gravity well held firm; even with all his muscle and size, he was unable to break out of its grip—entirely helpless, once again.

“Welcome, Earthling,” a deep voice droned, seemingly from everywhere. “This truly is something to behold. We had thought your kind so weak as to be a...joke. A side job, while we conquered bigger and better realms. But this...this is impressive! You’re impressive!”

“YEAH, HEY, THANKS,” Ryo rumbled sourly, floating there at the planet’s core. **“BIG HONOR, FOR SURE.”**

“Indeed! You will have the honor everlasting of being studied for all your years, until you wither away from age or strain! We can learn much, yes, long after your colonies are dust!

That did it. Ryo’s 180,000-miles of pure muscle raged and tensed as he strained yet again, so much power loosed that the many parted rings rumbled and rattled in place.

“NO! YOU LEAVE THEM BE, THEY...THEY AREN’T WORTH IT!”

“...No.”

Ryo's erection bobbed, swinging up and thumping his overly swollen pectorals as he thrashed in place, his plump sacs overflowing his colossal thighs as they floated. The upswing of his tip tickled from a whiff of energy as it rose to its apex, drawing the titan's attention up...

...to the blessed sight of an *entire network* of hanging power cores.

5.

Dr. Salas tried the same frequency yet again, having been stuck to the radio system for the past hour-plus, with no luck to speak of. In fact, there was no speaking going on at all.

"What could have happened?" he muttered, the chameleon rubbing the back of his head in a poorly-hidden wash of worry.

"What happened was, we took a risk, and it went tits-up," General Zahn sighed, stepping up and placing a simian hand on the lizard's shoulder, followed by a single pat. "It happens."

"I was so sure Takanaka could pull this off," Salas grumbled, folding his arms. "It was hard enough repurposing that Drope tech, and now it's gone—along with its most compatible subject, and one of our best pilots. I can't believe it didn't at least go *better*."

"Yes. Well, we—"

The alarms went berserk, screaming to life all across the Donner satellite's command.

"What in the worlds—" Salas began, when the door slid open and a panicked monitor tech stepped in, looking white as the ghost of a sheet.

"It's a planet, sir! A mobile mech-planet is approaching, along with a Drope emissary!"

"A planet?" the General gasped.

"Omnius-6!" Salas wailed, gulping. "It can m-move? All that might, and the war-planet brought...*one* emissary with it? Why?"

"It's one hell of an emissary, sir!"

The satellite feeds all spelled absolute doom.

“T-that’s a *living* thing?” Salas mumbled, unblinking.

The readout showed a mech-suited Drope so utterly immense that the cameras couldn’t see all of him, even from space. Cosmically huge pectorals heaved as Davo bulged with pride, hovering well over the crescent of connected planetoids, all traffic along its span stopped at the sight of the mind-bendingly big reptile in his tight, towering unit.

“COLONIST INSECTS!” Davo boomed, ratling the twelve state-planets on the crescent as his voice hit the hailing frequencies with such tonnage that all there was was static. **“WE’VE BESTED YOUR HERO! HE WAS NO MATCH FOR MY...FOR OUR DROPEGARIAN MUSCLE! SURRENDER NOW, OR DIE!”**

“Our...hero?” the General repeated, as the telecom readout managed the subtitles.

“Oh, no,” Salas whimpered. “Ryo! We...we have to do something!”

“Mount the nukes,” the General said, the monkey gravely talking into his headpiece. “We won’t likely put a dent in their ride, but we’re going out either way, so let’s get that great shining finger extended one last time—”

“Wait, look,” Salas interrupted, the chameleon suddenly squinting at the screen.

Behind Davo, the silent globe of Omnus-6 shuddered. Then, silence again. Davo kept talking onscreen (flexing happily) as it suddenly shuddered harder, some unseen disturbance rocking it from within. Unaware, the 3.4-billion foot reptile prattled on, cocksure and bold:

“WELL, BUGS? DO YOU SUBMIT? OR SHOULD I CRUSH YOU NOW?”

One bright golden flash went off inside the planet, lighting up the vein-like openings between its external plates. Then, another flash went off, and another, and another. The shuddering worsened, until even Davo stopped and turned slowly around.

“HMM?”

A pink spire shot out from within Omnus-6, bashing the side of joining plates wide open as it throbbed free. Veins thicker than the colony rings boomed along its growing girth as, to all present, the planet seemingly became flagrantly, hugely erect.

Another flash. Then another, still. The shuddering increased dramatically.

Two bloated sacs hatched, blimping out beneath the shaft, parting plates big enough to wrap around a more normal-sized planet, and they weren't done inflating.

“What in the name of names—”

The General's exclamations fell off as two vast pectorals plowed up, up, bullying away the upper hemisphere's plates as Ryo's canine head burst up after, then his boulder-shoulders and huge, heaving legs, each digit blowing more and more of the shaking planet apart as he emerged.

Even the towering lizard finally had to notice, as a tectonic-scale plate thumped his head from behind, drawing his attention. Even hiding with the Crusher Armor, his expression was plenty-clear.

“**NO!**” Davo bellowed, quaking with a complete and devastating anger as Ryo boomed to 800,000 miles, golden energy from the planetary core network covering his muscles as the dog opened his maw in a toothy grin, letting the reptile see every single core for one instructive, teasing little moment. “**WAIT!**”

Ryo let his massive silky tongue curl up as he tilted his vast head back, huffed lewdly, and happily swallowed them all. His throat swelled out as hundreds of enormous power cores pushed down into his quaking body.

“Takanaka!” Salas cheered, punching the air pointlessly. “He's okay! The kid did it, I told you! I told he cou—oh boy, he's huge. Oh, he...”

The entire command center went silent as they watched Ryo explode, the dog bursting so absurdly gargantuan that Omnus-6 warped and snapped and blew apart around his surging muscles, bits flying everywhere in a spray. The satellite station they were on rattled as a far bigger plate segment sailed narrowly past.

“...he's...big. *Real* big.”

But even that wasn't quite correct.

Ryo wasn't done growing. Not even remotely.

The howling colossus mushroomed larger, rocketing everywhere in ugly, amazing, blasting spurts; his fur bristled as he rolled his glowing eyes and flexed so hard that the shockwave shoved the colonies back a whole foot. Tight peaks swelled to double their size as he snarled and posed, the 900,000-mile canine outgrowing the Sun as he frantically ballooned, his

sides ramming into Davo as he passed 3,000,000 miles, the colonies and satellite all meager specks dotting a vast, furry plain of heat. The speed of Ryo's spurt was so terrible and great that Davo, for all his girth, was left stranded in a surging field of warm, soft fur.

A 600,000-mile, 3-billion foot member flared as it pumped higher and higher, tickling and trembling with golden lightning, making Ryo clutch Davo off his booming hips and moving him over, depositing him on his fat shaft as it swelled and rose, pressing the suited reptile against it tight.

At 10,000,000 miles tall, Ryo's every artificially-assisted breath shook space, the canine so big he could have held the Sun in his jaws like a vast tennis ball. His erection nearly tapped his chin, pushed away only by the sheer wall of his overloaded chest and stretching abs. Biceps big enough to hold multiple planets inside roared bigger, *bigger*, endlessly hungry, panicking with pleasure. His cybernetic arm kept pace with it, its woven alloys pulling and straining, the plating on the bicep just as ballooned as his other arm as he howled to the heavens, spasmed, and BURST again. A-and again. And again!

"That's our boy, haha!" Salas whooped, a hint of hysteria slipping through. "That's why he was the mecha pilot for the job, I told you!"

"Mecha? More like a *Mega*—"

"Incoming abs!" the one tech screamed, bracing a guardrail blindly.

The satellite and colonies held on at the last second as the wall of fur enveloped them too, the moaning Ryo exploding in giddy, escalating *booms* to 40,000,000 miles...70,000,000 miles...90,000,000...

"THAT'S...G-GUH-GAAAAAAAME," Ryo

thundered, his voice much too huge to understand anymore. Vibrations from his rumbling throat shook every planet and moon for an entire parsec as he trembled and bit his lip, shaking even more, his bulk swelling, all in preparation of how much bigger they were *really* about to burst.

"W-well," Salas stammered, riding out the growth surges from the unharmed satellite station as the general and the techs all hung tight. "At least we c-can get a new colony g-going, on T-Taka-ka-n-naka's body! No r-retaliation! I mean, you c-can't beat that kind of security, r-really! Heh!"

“Maybe, w-when that idiot stops getting b-bigger, you mean!” the General hollered, as Ryo’s body erupted again and again and again, blasting up millions upon millions of miles larger, bloating with warm, furry muscle all across space.

160,000,000 miles...225,000,000 miles...

“I-if he stops! This could well-be a c-ch-chain reaction!”

Ryo closed his glowing eyes and roared into his burgeoning, hot pectorals, moan-booming cosmic huffs into himself, daring his bulk to continue. After all, pilots liked to push things. A lot.

370,000,000 miles...500,000,000 miles...

Ryo’s erection dwarfed neighboring colonies, rendering them slight pinpricks against a growing wall of hot, pink bliss. He flexed, unwisely, and his already-ludicrous bulk dectupled, swelling around him completely, a self-applied god-hug of quaking, warm, soft, *tight* brawn.

“What?” General Zahn growled. “If he stops? Stop with the n-nonsense! H-he *has* to cease at s-some point, right?”

1,000,000,000 miles...25,000,000,000 miles...

Salas sighed, shaking his head in weary, half-amused resignation.

The General still didn’t understand Ryo at all. Even without looking at the readouts, even without seeing the 50,000,000,000-mile, 264-trillion foot tall male pulsing and gushing and shivering bigger and bigger...he knew.

He *knew* Ryo Takanaka was hard as a rock, and might be for all time.