

## **Mumbo-Jumbo absorbed the explosion...he's...IMMENSE!!!**

The devastation of the explosion smoldered on, consuming most of the valley the Silverhawks surveyed. From the side of the mountain, they were afforded a solid view of the ruins of the Mirage's sudden explosion.

"Can you see anything inside the smoke?" Steelwill asked, squinting.

"Smoke's all there is," Bluegrass said, plainly. "Wait..."

The coiling mists faded off slowly, parting and thinning into clarity. What the revealed was less clear than the smoke.

"What is..." Quicksilver started, before going wide-eyed.

The valley below was dark. Very dark. Something like a vast mountain of...something rested over the moonscape, for as far out and as wide across as they could see, or understand. They all stared down at it, from the implications of a cracked and crushed-down landscape, all the way up to its sloping upper curve, which towered even above their own mountain, into the lower atmosphere. That very thing shifted--no, wait. It *throbbed*.

"Oh," Steelheart said, looking as high up as she could manage. The others all followed.

It wasn't just the realization, as to what that massive thing towering over them was. It wasn't that it was the head of a penis so big, it took up a continental hunk of the moon's surface. It wasn't the moon-shaking throbs of bulk that quaked from its huge, lengthy girth. It wasn't even the suggestion of dark, bloated-out sacs filling the horizon, even.

It was the great wall of golden abs, surging all the way up into space, and the pectorals that boomed out over it, half-gone in the haze of the moon's higher atmospheres. That, and the monstrous, sky-sized muzzle, looming up beyond the chest.

"Holy smokes!" Bluegrass said, lurching back, as though it might help.

"Mu...Mumbo-Jumbo!?" Steelwill gasped, nearly falling over. "Look at him!"

"What else is there to even see?" Steelheart said, agog. "He...he's immense!"

"Bigger than that," Quicksilver replied.

If the tip of the bull's shaft alone reached from the firmament to the atmosphere...it had to have been at least, what...2, 3 miles? The tip alone...was over 11,000 feet tall! They may as well hike it like a mountain. That meant...Mumbo-Jumbo's erection had to have been easily over 10 miles long! 10!! His metallic, fleshy sex was stiffened and fat, resting flat over more than 50,000 feet of terrain! It could have run through over half a regular-sized city, meaning whole skyscrapers would hardly make it up the lower sides of his bulging sex!

Good grief, that would make...that would make the actual bull...

70 miles...at least. Probably more. Nearly 400,000 feet high. The numbers paraded themselves through Quicksilver's thoughts, interrupting, as his mind fought to both rationalize and relate to the sheer size Mumbo-Jumbo had just grown to.

"Everyone, scramble!"

Those words were, thankfully, the first to come out of their leader, as so, so high above, those milk-white eyes had settled on the mountain range they all happened to occupy; those eyes narrowed meanly. Then, came the hand.

"Quickly!"

The opened palm descended in slow motion, creating a whistle of doom as massive fingers sliced through the atmosphere, his hand blocking the sky for them as they fled. Abandoned buildings and homesteads all whizzed by as the ran, scouring the passing periphery for anything, anything at all, that might somehow save them.

"Y'all, look, over there!"

Bluegrass pointed to the opening of a mine shaft leading down into the mountainside, just outside of the border of the mining town.

"Go! Go!" Quicksilver barked, as they beat feet faster, harder.

Those extended fingers began to glow overhead as the friction of a hand reentering the moon's artificial atmosphere ignited it with its heat. To Mumbo-Jumbo, it was a quick swat of a hand, almost casual. That the bull was big enough to straddle an entire section of the moon didn't matter (though his erection begged otherwise, bulging big and plump against its contours); all that mattered was crushing his microscopically small enemies.

The entire town grew terribly dark and quiet as the shadow of Mumbo-Jumbo's 8-mile palm came nearer and nearer, that whistle swelling to an all-consuming scream of rushing air.

Quicksilver made sure that the other Silverhawks dove into the mine shaft, before he too entered, pushing them all further and further in.

The entrance alone wouldn't be enough; they would need to be deep down, so that the impact wouldn't still crush them--

**WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM**

The tremendous palm impacted the mountain, covering the obliterated town and its mechanically-planted trees and parks and billboards and stations and houses and roads and vehicles, all of it, and then some. All told, the flattened town only took up perhaps a third of Mumbo-Jumbo's unbelievably big hand, which cracked the mountainside deep on impact.

A great geyser of smoke and grit blew into the shaft as it crumbled, chasing down the Silverhawks as they ran through confusion and darkness, until it blasted them all off their feet, and into the pitch...

### **His pushing hand crushes the ray cannon, and it explodes against him...**

The enormous bull's full force went into combating his own staggering weight, meaning Mumbo-Jumbo was pushing unbearably hard against the poor moon's surface as he rose up to a stand. As he did so, though, one thick finger slid over and crushed the discarded ray cannon flat. A spark ignited inside the reactor-proxy in the attached backpack; a chain reaction happened, and instantly the tiny thing blew up, detonating its payload in a relatively small explosion of energy.

That very energy amounted to only an odd little spark, akin to a slight static shock, which tickled the gigantic bull's finger, then his hand, as the energy seemed to tingle up and down his thick muscles, over and over. Yet, it didn't fade off or dissipate, even as Mumbo-Jumbo grunted it off, and came to a full stand at 460 feet.

He regarded his tingly hand, and shook it off, as though it were nothing. Yet, the tingling kept building...

"This is Quicksilver, of the Silverhawks," Quicksilver started, talking into a communication radio piece. "We have already contacted Professor Power, who is en route...yes, he should have explained the situation to the Bedlama defense forces...You know? Good. General, this is an absolute emergency. We request whatever of your garrison you can spare! Send forces to...M-78E, it's an abandoned mining satellite...yes, sir, quadrant A-13, South! Good! Thank you, General."

Quicksilver set the piece down, and sighed his relief.

"Do we have help on the way?" Steelwill asked, peering into the cockpit. Quicksilver turned to him and nodded, smiling.

"We sure do."

The rumble that answered them both was deep, and horrifying.

"What's that?" Steelheart asked, crowding the doorway to the cockpit. "Did Mumbo-Jumbo get back up?"

Mumbo-Jumbo's entire body crackled with thin bands of electricity, enough to where the massive bull bothered to observe his own raised forearm. The simple motion inherent made his bicep bulge out receptively, before his entire body followed suit. With a single, shuddering huff, the enormous bull quaked and tensed inward, as though nearing some collapse, before he flung his muzzle up high, bellowed, and *burst* bigger!

480 feet blew up in one rude, thick explosion of growth, heaving his muscle-bloated body up to double his size. The creaking of his billowing, metallic muscles rang out over the horizon as he gripped his own body, shocked, and huffed again, already starting to quiver ominously all over. More and more currents snaked and danced across his enlarged body, creeping and tickling over his swollen bulk as he tensed in yet again, and exploded to *triple* that size.

Mumbo-Jumbo had spiked up from about 960 feet, leaving him a living skyscraper of a bull, to a staggering 2,880 feet, again in one thick eruption of size. His feet lurched larger so fast that the heels and toes tore across greater and wider swaths of terrain, crushing whole boulders, flattering the soil down to match craters as his growing red soles surged over them, bigger and bigger. His thighs boomed with his shining calves as his erection plowed out before him, bobbing so high up that its dark tip nearly tap-tapped up on his own stomach.

His ankles alone were as thick around as small ships, his bulbous sacs swollen and bobbling up high against his humongous thigh muscles. His chest rested in a massive curve out ahead of his gigantic muzzle, heaving with his startled breaths and bovine snorts. By the time Mumbo-Jumbo could flex an grossly overinflated bicep properly, the electricity was covering more and more of him, and he grunted and licked his muzzle over, narrowing his white eyes to giddy slits as he started to shake again, worse than ever...

"RRHHHRHHHRRRRGRRRH!"

The titanic cow tucked his muzzle into the deep cleft of his swollen pectorals, huffing and nosing in happily, as he felt himself tense and tingle and pulse inward on himself, then explode, quadrupling his awesome size instantly!

The immediate landscape sank deep as his feet grew from impossible to utterly overwhelming. Mumbo-Jumbo's weight surged even wilder than his height, and as he lurched awkwardly and hotly up past 11,500 feet in size, the ground whined and buckled, then sank outright into a mean, widening crater. Huge fissures of steam blasted loose from deepening cracks as Mumbo-Jumbo roared his pleasure, feeling the excess pressure bloat and fill his pulsating erection, pushing it as long ahead as his own musclebound arm.

Over 2 miles tall, now, the bull stood equal to several neighboring mountain ranges. Heels as big as skyscrapers dug horrible trenches into the moon's surface, by dint of existing, casting out ever-growing webs of destructed turf.

By the time Mumbo-Jumbo loosed a long, low bull-moan, shaking the terrain underfoot, he had ready hands, gigantic and red, stroking out experimentally against his throbbing erection, babying it, hugging it up against his own belly and chest as it groaned and soaked in the attention.

Then, the tingling grew much, much...*much* worse.

"How?" Quicksilver wondered, rather aloud, as he and the attending Silverhawks watched the monitor on the dashboard of the cockpit. "How is that possible?"

"He isn't just growing bigger," Steelheart gulped, trying to avert her eyes, at the sight onscreen of the bull's lewd, torso-sized penis swelled and bulged in his huge arms, cuddled like a happy pet. "He's growing bigger, in faster gulfs!"

"Somehow, his growth spurts are escalating, and fast," Quicksilver added, thinking as quick as he could. "This all started with the ray cannon and that miniature sun, right? Okay...then..."

"The ray cannon!" Steelwill suddenly said, snapping his fingers. "Did anyone bring it up with us?"

They all looked at one another. In the monitor, and outside the cockpit dome, in the distance, Mumbo-Jumbo tensed and shuddered out a snort of delight, before he b...

...b...

...*B-B-BBBB-BBBB*OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO*MED bigger!*

The skies shook this time, as Mumbo-Jumbo blew up and up, his size quintupling on the spot!

**"RRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUURUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!"**

His muscles boomed across his throbbing metallic body, lurching out to absurd proportions, as his feet swelled and swallowed the landscape below; toes bigger than city blocks demolished the once-proud, mutually-high mountains, creeping up their bases, before continuing bigger, and crushing the mighty things down to dust, driving everything down, down into the crumbling plates of the poor, struggling moon. Hands over a mile in size groped dumbly at bulging pectorals, squeezing them in on either side of his still-rising penis, milking on it in total, bullish abandon.

His head and thickening horns pushed up through the moon satellite's artificial atmosphere, his bicep groaning with such pressure and size that it seemed ready to explode. Far away (yet woefully nowhere near far enough), the speck-sized Mirage swerved and began to blast its reverse thrusters, trying to inch anxiously away from the ever-surgingly wall of gold-and-copper-bulk that was Mumbo-Jumbo.

"There's no way we can combat this!" Steelwill said, as Bluegrass steered the ship, deep in concentration. "Where's all that help we called for, when we need--"

"There!" Quicksilver said, pointing at the other direction, out at the dark of space. There, indeed, came dozens and dozens of warships and defense artillery, all bearing the Bedlama insignia. "The cavalry's arrived!"

As they came zooming over, someone hailed the Silverhawks' line, and Quicksilver answered happily.

"Calling the Silverhawks! I repeat, this is General Mantz of the Bedlama defense garrison! I would ask what the problem is, but ah...I think we can all see it clearly!"

Even as they arrived, little notes that they were, the ships were all interrupted by a single, awful, doom-like noise. Every monitor on every ship showed the massive, nearly 11-mile tall Mumbo-Jumbo lidding his eyes and gritting his teeth, as the electricity went from crackles to a storm, consuming his massive muscles, getting worse and worse. Mumbo-Jumbo roared into his pecs, shaking more than ever, more and more, and more...and moore...

### **Mon\*Star's baddies arrive, having come to pick up Hardware and Mumbo-Jumbo...**

"This can't be right," Mo-Lec-U-Lar grumbled, as the Limbo Limo scoured the area of the satellite moon. "Mon\*Star said we were supposed to make the pickup here, so where are those two idiots?"

The metallic humanoid looked everywhere from his seat on the passenger's side of the car-styled space cruiser, as the villainous Melodia drove. Her rock-pop ensemble belied her nasty nature, her two-toned green hair almost covering the music-note shades that obscured her eyes.

"Well, keep looking--unless you think Mon\*Star got the coordinates wrong," she snarked, pulling the car to the hard left, and zooming over the landscape.

"N-no, of course not. But, where are they?"

"If you looked around as well as you asked questions, you'd know!"

"Why don't you do some looking, too?"

"Why don't you shapeshift into someone with better observational skills?"

As they bickered, the Limo crested a high hill of the moon's surface, and something astonishing loomed up into view. It had massive dark horns and a huge gold-copper muzzle, rising above a thick, humongous chest and bulging red shoulders. It rose over the hill as they cleared it, standing up to a towering 500 feet in size, all gleaming, swollen, tight muscle and...and, uh...

"Whoa," Melodia said, looking over the rim of her shades, at the sight of a road-filling penis.

"Good grief, is that...Mumbo-Jumbo!?" Mo-Lec-U-Lar gasped, looking away. "What is this? How did he g-get so big? And where's Hardware?"

"Bet you he did this, that fool," Melodia chuckled nastily, as the Limbo Limo swerved and pulled higher into the air. It rumbled up to Mumbo-Jumbo's huge muzzle, making the angered bull stop what he was doing, and look down at them in confusion.

"UUURGHRUR?"

"Of course, it's us, you boob!" Melodia sighed, crossly. "What're you doing? Where's Hardware? Did he blow you up to size?"

Mumbo-Jumbo stared at them, blinking his gigantic white eyes, before snorting out his indifference. He stomp-turned around, scanning the peripheral mountains, his anger rising right back up when he realized the Silverhawks had gotten away from him. Melodia sat there in the idling car-ship, before glowering through her shades.

"Hey," she started, snapping her fingers loudly at the bull, who remained looking away. "Hey! Mumbo-Jumbo! You giant moron, pay attention!"

The colossal bull tingled all over strangely, his thick muscles shaking all over.

"What's he doing?" Mo-Lec-U-Lar pondered, before the bull's trembling grew worse.

Suddenly, in an abrupt, violent bulge, Mumbo-Jumbo *{i}grew{/i}*. Biceps as big as small buildings shook and boomed thicker, stronger, pulsing out with power. His forearms swelled, his shoulders ballooning up bigger against his trapezius, as his neck bulged wider. His sex blew up, heaving hotly,

stubbornly longer, bobbing high in the air as it rose higher, and his testes expanded fatter and lower along his swelling thighs. Where the metallic minotaur's muzzle had stood as high up as the Limbo Limo, Melodia and Mo-Lec-U-Lar now found their ride only going up to his groaning shoulder blades, as the growth spurt paused; the even-bigger, 530-foot behemoth of a bull grunted and stepped a massive foot forward. As the gaping baddies watched on through their windshield, Mumbo-Jumbo was, indeed, callously walking away from them, shaking the terrain as he moved.

"Why...why, that, no-good," Melodia began, winding up her own anger. "He can't ignore me!"

"I think he already did," Mo-Lec-U-Lar joked flatly.

In response, she hit the gas, and steered the roaring Limo out and around, veering quickly past the storming bull; she stopped it up higher, so that it once again screeched to a halt in front of Mumbo-Jumbo's even-bigger muzzle.

"Don't you walk away from me, you stupid--"

Mumbo's enormous hand simply sailed by, nearly backhanding the vehicle, forcing Melodia to cry out and swerve away as he swatted them. On the massive bull stomped, uncaring.

"Ooooh!" Melodia snarled, gripping the steering wheel tight. "That tears it! That stupid bull needs to learn some manners!"

"Who's going to teach him, exactly?" Mo-Lec-U-Lar asked.

"You are!" she snapped.

"What, me? How? Look at the size of him!"

"Exactly! You get down there and mimic him! Do your shapeshifting thing! C'mon!"

Mo-Lec-U-Lar opened his mouth to balk, but stopped, and thought on it.

"Hmm."

"Yeah! Hop to it, already! Go put him in his place!"

"I've never tried to copy something that big..."

"Well, get to it! Or should we go back empty-handed, and tell Mon\*Star you didn't *feel* like trying it?"

Mo-Lec-U-Lar's mouth went from closed to pursed.

"...F-fine! Fine! Set me down, then!"

Somehow, Melodia managed to touch down on the surface as smugly as possible, and Mo-Lec-U-Lar hopped out onto it. He waved her off, clearly irritated and embarrassed, then looked up, up at the mobile minotaur, all of him, as though studying him over more carefully.

"Okay..."

Melodia watched from above as Mo-Lec-U-Lar's body began to distort and billow out, rounding his angular self as it changed into a Mumbo-Jumbo like shape, then clarified, becoming more

musclebound, more glossy and metallic. Then, with some visible strain, he tried to copy the actual *size*. His entire form ballooned out, gaining a few straining feet, before the fake-bull boomed taller, thicker, bigger. He started to shrink back down, deflating, then snorted, like Mumbo-Jumbo would, and angrily forced himself to blow up a full magnitude...

Mumbo-Jumbo kept storming forward heavily, crushing the moonscape underfoot, fuming over how the Silverhawks had humiliated him over and over and over, working himself up to bloodthirsty, when a mutually heavy, enormous footfall tremored behind him, interrupting.

"RRRRR?"

Mumbo turned his prodigiously thick body back around, to the surreal sight of another, equally-monstrous bull, just like him, a towering mirror-image of muscle and might. Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo had stomped so close to him that their pendulous members nearly tip-tapped their heads together. Mo-Lec-U-Lar shuddered slightly, trying not to focus on it. Truth be told, it was...kind of, sort of...incredible...

"RRRRRRRRBRRR," Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo growled, warning.

Mumbo-Jumbo's white eyes widened, then narrowed to dagger-slits.

"RRRR? HRRRPH. RRRUUURUURRRR!"

At that, Mumbo-Jumbo rolled his enormous shoulders, and stepped right back up to him, intimidating, not caring how it forced their titanic erections to touch and slide and press tight. Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo nearly blushed through his fake metallic cheeks.

"RRR-HR-R-RRR!" the fake bull stammered, as the real one stared him down, hard. Melodia watched on, circling slowly around the two enormous bodies, drinking them in quietly.

Mumbo shook his huge head, disagreeing, as his entire body started to tremble all over again, tingling his huge penis against the imposter's, tickling it, as Mumbo-Jumbo tensed and snorted, preparing to grow...

### **Mumbo-Jumbo grows big enough to escape quickly**

With a thick gulp the battery slid down his throat, and the cybernetic bull's entire body began to shiver, then rumble, then swell bigger. Biceps and triceps flared like metal balloons, creaking and bloating bigger and tighter.

His lats erupted below and behind his arms, billowing out against the net, which pleaded and pulled, then snapped apart. His pectorals burst out ahead of his, thick and swollen and warm, as his thighs heaved wider, his back surging rapidly up, up into the ceiling, flattening tight, holding, trembling, then billowing up destructively into it.

"RRR," he hiccuped, letting a little *mrp* of satisfaction loose, before huffing and groaning and bulging twice as big, bloating so massively that his bulk smashed up against the walls of his overfull cell. The bars bent out, pockets of metallic girth pumping out bigger, between them. "H...HRR..."

His pectorals and muzzle shoved awkwardly out larger, larger, larger against the bars, which warped too far out; one pinged loose, then another, letting bigger bulges boom free, until--

**CRAAAASSH!!**

The entire cell and hallway were suddenly flooded with copper-and-gold muscle as Mumbo-Jumbo grew to fill everything. The hallway walls on his side cracked, warped, and blew apart in a shattering spray as Mumbo-Jumbo stopped, having grown big enough to occupy the entire right side of the Mirage, in a big, bulky ball of size. As Bluegrass stopped his playing and spun the chair around, that ball decided to unfurl to a stand.

"What in all tarnation--"

Bluegrass hadn't the time to wonder aloud, as Mumbo-Jumbo's gigantic body tore up through the interior, bursting out of the hull like it was nothing. By simply standing, the 23-foot giant erupted free, his emergence disconnecting the right wing from the body of the ship. One chair-sized foot slammed out onto the tarmac they had landed onto, the big bull tearing violently free from the opened-up ship.

He snorted smugly, brushing the scraps of metal off of himself, before looking out to the horizon of the sprawling, neon-dappled crime-topia of Starship Casino.

By the time Bluegrass had managed to find his way out of the half-wrecked Mirage, Mumbo-Jumbo was already gone. The cowboy Silverhawk sighed, looked back at the ruins of his beloved ship and sighed louder. He collected himself and pressed the com-link device on his cybernetic wrist.

"This's Bluegrass," he started. "I figure I maybe got some bad ol' news for y'all..."

## **Mumbo-Jumbo grows, and gets revenge...by attacking Bluegrass!**

Already, it was happening: Mumbo-Jumbo's golden body trembled, then began to grow. His metallic bulk surged hungrily, swelling and ballooning against the poor net, which struggled to contain his expanding mass, before snapping apart. His half-snagged pectorals boomed out free, in front of him, as his shoulders erupted larger, stronger, on either side of his swollen neck.

He panted and gulped, shuddering, before booming even bigger; his thighs and rump and heels bumped the walls around and behind him as he began to fill the entire cell...

Bluegrass stopped playing his guitar long enough to lean back in the pilot seat, and listen back behind the cockpit. Something was going on, whatever it may have been.

"Now, what in the fire..."

He creaked out of his chair, Hot Licks still in tow, and opened the hallway door, to the rather startling sight of a 15-foot bull forcing his way into the hall, despite already being too big for it. His bovine head and large horns scraped and dug against the ceiling, bashing a light fixture, before turning to face the much-smaller Silverhawk.

"Whoa, Nelly!" Bluegrass gasped, as the giant bull sneered down at him, and narrowed his giant eyes to murderous slits. "You went n' got too big for your britches, didn't you?"

"RRRUUUUUUUUUUUU!"

"Use yer indoor voice, there, Mumbo!" Bluegrass commanded, as he brought Hot Licks forward, took the guitar up in both hands, and strummed out a few radical notes. Right away, the Hot Licks went into offense mode, and a thick bolt of blue energy blasted out of the tip of the handle head, hitting Mumbo-Jumbo head on as he tried to charge nearer down the hall.

"Ho there, big fella! Slow down!"

The beam poured into Mumbo-Jumbo, who began to shudder and shake all over, in a sort of ominous way that Bluegrass noted, with some confusion. The more Hot Licks blasted him, the more the huffing, snorting bull seemed to vibrate, as though something was being soaked up and piling, compounding within him...until...

*BOOOOOOOM!*

The gigantic minotaur boomed bigger, explosively rippling and rumbling, ballooning so big that his bulky muscles bashed and warped the hall, his pectorals bulging down into the floor; and still, throughout, Mumbo-Jumbo kept pushing closer, furiously fighting to reach and attack Bluegrass.

"Wuh-oh," Bluegrass gulped, as Mumbo's muzzle nearly touched him, forcing the Silverhawk to stop firing and fall back (literally) into the cockpit. He stumbled back over himself along the cockpit floor, as Mumbo-Jumbo's now arm-sized muzzle pushed and shoved into the doorway, snorting and roaring, crushing the sides of the door molding wider apart. "Gotta vamoose!"

With that, Bluegrass climbed himself up along the chair, and danced his fingers across a keypad on the console. The ship whirred awake, then began to lift into the air on auto-pilot. He turned Hot Licks around and blasted the cockpit dome away, shattering it, so that he could climb up onto the console, then the dashboard, and slip out. As he slid free of the cockpit, he could see Mumbo-Jumbo's head crashing violently in, having bashed the doorway space wide enough.

"Happy trails, bigger fella!" Bluegrass said, before sliding off the nose of the ship, and falling the dozen or so feet down to the tarmac, as the Mirage continued its automated liftoff.

"RRRRRRRR!"

"They *all* say that," he huffed, hobbling his way off of the tarmac, as the ship kept rising higher. "We'll see how you do, stuck up in space, until you calm down!"

Higher and higher it rose, until indeed, the atmosphere was clear, and Mumbo-Jumbo was left floating in space. His body was big enough now to where it remained wedged there, in the ship corridor, effectively trapping him in place.

Down below, Bluegrass had left the tarmac, abandoned in a rather broke-down old spaceport on the outskirts of Starship Casino's major city. He sighed, dusted himself off, then tried to hail the other Silverhawks.

Back up in space, stuck inside of the Mirage, Mumbo-Jumbo snorted and huffed, his face filling a portion of the cockpit. He couldn't get leverage enough to reach the other power cells, regrettably...but that steering-thingie on the ship's control console wasn't far away...

Thinking, the stuck minotaur stuck out his cow tongue, which proved so long that its metallic tip just managed to reach the wheel...

## **Mumbo-Jumbo doesn't stop growing...he's not stopping, at all!!**

"She's not gonna hold!" Bluegrass repeated, this time more emphatically. "We gotta abandon ship!"

"This can't be happening," Steelheart said, as the cargo bay door swung slowly open, revealing a vast plain of gold beyond the Mirage. Thighs muscles loomed like far off mountains, quivering and tensing with every twinge and flex. Each one shook the poor ship, which groaned and rattled, its wing caught between the great mound of Mumbo-Jumbo's swollen dark testicle, and the vast, curvy base of a shaft a dozen mile long. That very wing was threatening to either snap right off, or pull the rest of the ship into the growing bulk between shaft and sac. "This can't be real! He can't have gotten this...this big!"

"It's real," Quicksilver said, stepping quickly out of the bay door, out onto the metallic bulge of Mumbo's testes. Just the one they were stuck on loomed out before them like a small village's worth of girth, throbbing and tightening, as another tingle of growth rocked it. "And we need to move, before it gets even worse."

That, as fate would have it, was exactly when it did get worse. *So very-much worse.*

265 miles of nude, glimmering bull-muscle screamed and spasmed as Mumbo-Jumbo's huffing and grunting escalated. The engorged male shook and trembled and groped himself gladly, stroking long and full against his shaking penis, before he rumble-roared, twitched, and blew up to double his size...then doubled that size, again.

530 miles rocketed up with a messy, bloated heave, as Mumbo-Jumbo boomed all the way up to over 1,000 miles in size! The bull had blown up to the size of a country! 5,596,800 feet of bovine dominance squealed and groaned with bulging, thick, heated growth, making the quaking titan MOOOOOOO with raw delight as the entire moon began to crackle and warp outward.

*Puny little ants! Hah! What could anybody do to him, now?*

The god-tiered minotaur brought up a hand big enough to dig a state up out of the soil and hold it--crush it. He clenched it, and watched as his bicep roared bigger, peaking higher, yet never diminishing, never going down.

His phallus and orbs rested out over the curve of the moon itself; hell, the moon itself was practically a high chair that he was aggressively outgrowing. He was more-or-less wearing it now, a small planetoid, barely able to contain his glorious body!

It was beyond intoxicating, the rush of power and size...and, as Mumbo-Jumbo puffed and preened over himself, he felt it only getting better and better...

Various instruments and readouts across Bedlama poured in data, all of it distressing in the maximum: images of a long-defunct mining moon satellite on the planet's outskirts, with a cybernetic bull-man, nearly as big as it...no...*bigger!*

Small delays in the feed delivery didn't help the mounting confusion at the idea of a cyber-bull so big he was literally wearing one of their moons like boxers, but there it was. Mumbo-Jumbo, onscreen, mouth open in a great roar of triumph, as his throbbing erection heaved all the way out past his own grip; the moon cracking and bulging around his rump and lower hips, before segments of rock shoved violently out, breaking open at random. The moon itself struggled and whined, creaked its last...then blew apart, as Mumbo grew again.

The bellowing minotaur clutched at the midpoint of his bulging shaft, metal streaking over metal. His body had blown up to 3,000 miles, too big to hold with mere geography, leaving the shattered satellite floating around his bulk in sundered chunks. A moon only four times his size floated nearby, just beyond the lower orbit of the vast planet Bedlama, and that landmass was the first thing Mumbo-Jumbo turned his titanic body toward.

Naturally, the order was given. Naturally, an entire armada of fighter ships and cruisers roared out into space, to meet the massive menace. Cruisers the size of small cities were hardly even gnats to Mumbo-Jumbo, who took no notice of them as they swarmed his nude, muscled body, and began to bomb and blast away at it. Every body in every even-smaller ship fired at will, over and over...only to watch through their viewfinders, in total horror, as Mumbo-Jumbo groaned and hugged his thick shaft tight to himself, his body shaking more...and more...and more...

The nearest wave of ships were decimated with a minute army of bursts as Mumbo's heaving chest ballooned bigger, crashing into and mowing through them all in a millisecond's worth of his growth spurt. His muscles overloaded with mass as the snorting god-bull boomed up to 10,500 miles--over 55,000,000 feet of bovine superiority--bashing clear through fleeing ships as they cried out and tried to turn away. Mumbo-Jumbo grit his vast teeth and trembled furiously, before tripling even that size, in one thick, ugly, gushing, hot burst of growth.

A hand big enough to hold the moon they were now trying to defend crashed through line after line of ships, connecting with a fleeing cruiser, and plowing it all angrily back flat against the surface of the moon. His thick red fingers dug in, crushing down on the whole mass, until it shattered apart in a surreal burst of destruction.

A minotaur 31,500 miles tall then turned to Bedlama, itself, smirking cruelly. The planet was bigger, for certain, being over 200,000 miles in diameter...but that was no comfort, as Mumbo-Jumbo let himself drift into the planet's gravity well. He spread his monstrously huge arms, overwhelmed with throbbing golden muscles, and bore his enormous chest, letting the shiny pectorals descend first onto the poor planet's surface, blotting out their skies.

An entire continent's defense systems panicked, blasting away from the curve of their home world...only for Mumbo-Jumbo's thick pectorals to boom down and impact, smashing everything not merely flat, but down into twin craters of deep, heated pressure.

Fingers as wide around as whole islands dug into the ocean, displacing untold volumes of water, as Mumbo-Jumbo hugged himself into that hemisphere of Bedlama. His thick phallus drove in like a plunging spike of flesh, battering clear through the cracking crust, penetrating deep within.

Sacs as big as small planets smacked and dimpled against the planet's surface, plump and smooth between his colossal thighs. The bull snorted wildly, puffing and moaning, as he began to pull slightly out, then thrust back into the entire world, rocking it. His body trembled and tingled and shook and rumbled, deeper and deeper, as he closed his eyes and clenched, and GREW...

### **The aim is true, and the bomb detonates...**

Much like with the miniature sun, just a short time ago, Mumbo-Jumbo's mouth opened massively wide, and the warhead tumbled down, down into it, no bigger than a comparative little pill.

The landscape-consuming bull gulped it down, not realizing at his size that he had even done so.

"Move!" Quicksilver ordered. Right away, Bluegrass hit the thrusters, and the Mirage tore off in a panic past the moon's artificial atmosphere, out into space.

"How much time do you think we--"

Steelwill's question was cut off by the dull, rumbling (*BMMM*) that emanated from inside of Mumbo-Jumbo. The effect was instantaneous, and unbelievably wild.

"H...HHHHRRRRRRRRN!?"

Mumbo-Jumbo's entire body, as built-up, musclebound and thick as it already was, exploded in mass. His white eyes widened to bulbs as his torso erupted out in all directions, the metal bulk of his body and muscles screaming with strain. His trapezius billowed wider, bulging up against his bloating, widening neck, his ballooning shoulders pushing further apart as his midsection inflated too big. His biceps swelled frantically on either side of him, his arms expanding too big, too fast. His chest muscles roared out before him, too wide and full, spreading his arms further apart, even as they too blew up too large.

The moon cracked and webbed out against the bull's singular explosion of growth, snapping apart laterally as his overinflated penis bulged out farther than the length of his own groaning body! His testicles forced his thick legs apart as they pumped and bulged, muscles tightly inflated in every possible path.

"HHHHRRRRRRRRRRRR!"

The roaring did no good, there was no release of pressure fast enough to help, as Mumbo's body, in that one quick second, had raged out massively, snapping, then breaking the whole moon apart as his hide stretched too tight, forcing horrible squeals at his joints and cruxes, as the explosion blew him out of proportion, everywhere. A planet of gold, stretching muscles filled the ship's periphery and beyond as the pressure of the detonation mounted, fast, heaving Mumbo-Jumbo's body out into a 1,000-mile wad of bulk, which kept pumping out larger, and larger.

"Bluegrass," Steelheart started, staring in morbid fear through the cockpit dome, seeing Mumbo continue to blow up toward them.

"I know, I know!" he growled, pulling on the wheel. "She'll make it!"

Mumbo's eyes bulged further out as his body did the same. In the five bizarre seconds since the explosion, Mumbo-Jumbo's form seemed to be trying stubbornly to hold together--but as beams of pure energy began to burst out through fixtures and joints, between muscles, it looked less and less likely he would manage it.

A pillar of light blasted out from the tip of his throbbing, gigantic penis, almost lost in a sea of groaning, overloaded muscle. An even larger beam blew loose out of the bull's enormous open mouth, and his pleadingly full body ballooned out even bigger, and *bigger!*

"He'll overload, at this rate!" Steelheart cried, looking away.

"That was the idea!" Hardware snarled, closing his eyes as he cowered in the cockpit's back corner.

"Brace yourselves!" Quicksilver shouted, as the monstrosity of overgrown muscle and sex that was Mumbo-Jumbo cried out into space, shaking and swelling and splitting open.

**"HRRRRR...RRR...RRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!"**

The 5,000-mile clump of golden-copper bulk shook, bloated out, and--

**BBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO  
OMMM!!!**

The first one to awake was Quicksilver.

The Silverhawk stirred, then stood up, having been passed out draped over Bluegrass's pilot seat. The pilot was planted onto the ship's console, out cold.

"Everyone okay?" Quicksilver groggily asked, looking around. "Talk to me, if you're here."

"Oh...h-here," Steelheart sighed, wobbling to a stand in the cockpit.

"Ditto," Steelwill said, shaking his head as he stood back up. Hardware had hit his stubby alien head on the back end of the console wraparound, and was still unconscious.

"Ugh, Lordy," Bluegrass mumbled, pushing himself to a seat off of the console and wheel. "What hit us?"

"That," Quicksilver nimbly replied, pointing out toward the far right of the cockpit dome. Out, out beyond, where Mumbo-Jumbo had been, was a new sun, blazing and brilliant in the distance. It was smaller than the artificial sun, granted, but it was certainly much larger now than it had been just a handful of minutes before.

Steelwill whistled.

"Guess Mumbo found his limit, poor, big dope."

Hardware might have actually agreed, were he conscious.

"That's that, then, I suppose," Steelheart said. "Shame, though. He shouldn't have gotten so greedy, else he'd still be here."

"Let's move, team," Quicksilver said, quickly, damming up the sudden sympathy. "Right now, we have a new sun to deliver to Professor Power. It's just a bit...bigger than he originally made it."

The Mirage, still functional enough, sputtered off through the cosmos, leaving no sign left of the mighty Mumbo-Jumbo. There was only the silent burning of the newborn sun, brilliant and bright in the dark.

**END**

## **Penis! Mumbo-Jumbo is half a mile tall...but he's stopped!**

That which stared back at the Silverhawks, so high up in the air, should never have been. Not at such a height, and certainly not ever at such a size.

Mumbo-Jumbo's erection bobbed in the sky, in huge, bouncing arcs, wobbling a fat pair of tight, billow-out testes. Each and every movement on the part of the thundering cyber-bull made the dangling set sway and bulge, rubber-like squeals of metal on metal rising and falling like crashing trees.

"Holy-moly!" Steelwill said, turning right back around to concentrate on flying. "No, thank you!"

On the topic, Steelheart was deathly silent. She remained turned around a suspicious amount of time. The other elected not to comment, on any aspect of the event.

"S-steer that way," Quicksilver coughed, as the group veered off toward a large canyon, and landed on the opposing side. This left a huge gap between the section of land they had fled from, and where they had landed.

"H-hah," Bluegrass panted, having been carried along the way. "Steer!"

"Steelwill, the--" Quicksilver started, before cutting a delayed glare at Bluegrass, then grinning anyway. "Steelwill, let's reverse the poles on that amplifier, and shrink that big bully down to size!"

"You got it!" Steelwill said, setting the ray cannon down.

As they did so, a great, *thooming* quake shook the canyon, even over on their end of things. The Silverhawks looked back out across the gorge, and saw Mumbo-Jumbo's mile-tall self, stomping callously over toward them, step by booming step. Feet as big as buildings crashed heavily onto the moon's surface, cracking it apart on impact. Enormous calves higher than skyscrapers bulged from the sheer weight they carried, as his thighs cradled his thick shaft, swinging it into a hypnotic sway up, up above.

"Put some fast into it, wouldya?" Bluegrass started, getting his breath back. "The big guys a-gainin'!"

"He's been gaining, throughout," Steelheart muttered, as Steelwill held the ray cannon in place with both hands, and let her detach the amber amplifier. She switched the poles, so that the negative side faced the rest of the cannon barrel, and hoisted the ray cannon up on completion. "Who's doing the honors?"

Quicksilver motioned for her to take the open shot, as the bull was still storming closer to the gap. She smiled, knelt, and took up a firing position.

"How much should she fire?" Steelwill asked, as the looming minotaur came to the edge, then started to reach over and set a massive hand on one end of their side, shaking it. He then snorted and put his other hand on the opposite end of that same side, then knelt on his side, and let his pendulous, huge shaft thud down where they were. The tip was big enough and long across enough to where it not only reached across the massive gap, but would have bashed them all in, had they not moved away.

"Fire away, Steelheart!" Quicksilver shouted, as the dust cleared around the massive, crack-webbed edge of their side of the gorge. "Big target!"

"Fire in the hole!" she cried, having leapt back to avoid the tip of that towering phallus. With it landed and beached on their side of the gap, she had a clear view of the bull's tip, and blasted the ray on shrink-setting directly into the gaping slit of the head. The beam soaked into the tip, instantly, and it began to happen.

"It...it's workin'!" Bluegrass cheered, whooping, as Mumbo-Jumbo's colossally huge body started to tremble, then shrink back down, slowly creeping and diminishing smaller and smaller. The confused bull blinked, then saw what was happening, and roared with rage. When he tried to move back and pull his penis away with him, the edges on both sides crumbled, then cracked, then crashed loose under his still-mighty weight, and the huge bull tumbled into the gap.

"RRRRRUUUUURRRRURRR!"

Being shrunken down to nearly half his size, already, Mumbo-Jumbo was small enough to still plummet down a good deal, crashing and bumping into the high canyon walls, before the crash came, and shook the entire valley and hills.

The impact tremored the cliffside, making the Silverhawks wobble and fall over, before it finally faded off.

"You think he's still shrinking down, down there?" Steelheart asked, at length.

"Shoot, I dunno that he even survived that big a fall," Bluegrass said, lowly.

"Either way, we need to get clear of this place, and fast," Quicksilver said, looking the area over."

**"Figure something out, then, to get us clear!"**

"Figure something out, then, to get us clear of the spurts!" Quicksilver said, as the mooing god far, far above them and to the sides of them loomed. His thighs caged the fleeing ship in on either side of the crumbling moonscape, which rapidly caved lower and lower as Mumbo-Jumbo's weight climbed higher and higher atop it. The only way forward was just that--forward!

"I'll put on all the speed she can take," Bluegrass said grimacing with the strain as he pushed in harder on the wheel, forcing the Mirage to jet faster away from the swelling, semi-trapped testicles, which boomed closer and closer toward them, all as the great shadow of the bull's ballooning penis roared out overhead, bigger and bigger, longer and longer, threatening to come crashing down and crush them all between the sacs and shaft.

The vast Mumbo-Jumbo pumped bigger, still, heaving up to 200 miles, in one thick, messy burst of heat. Metal muscles roared and boomed uncontrollably, the bull huffing and nearly whimpering in echoing moans of bliss, as he trembled and blew up to 300 miles...400!

"He's gettin' too golderned big, too fast!" Bluegrass growled, pushing the Mirage faster yet. The ship creaked and whined, shaking from exertion and friction, but the further half and tip of the penis kept lurching out to reclaim them, never letting them out entirely, lurching and swelling bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger!

"We can't get out," Steelheart said, looking the console over. "It's not possible...the spurts are exponential! It's a miracle he hasn't overtaken us already!"

"He won't!" Bluegrass said, even as the ship shuddered, nearly stammering into failure.

Mumbo-Jumbo suddenly hiccupped, trembled, and hugged his thick penis all the way up against his bulging pectorals, heatedly huffing over the swollen tip, lost in a crashing eruption of pleasure and need. Amazingly, this opened the skies to them, and they all saw at once.

"Quick!" Quicksilver said, pointing up. "Get us out of here--"

With that, Mumbo-Jumbo's 700-mile body quiver-quaked, tensed, tensed...and *boomed* so big that he rushed up in a leap of size, growing to over half the size of the entire moon, itself! His sacs blew out over everything, bumping the Mirage and pulling it under the slopping curve of his huge, rumbling orbs.

And still the huffing, bulk-bloated bull roared, bellowing into his trembling, body-sized erection, squeezing it needfully, stroking himself off as he sat, over 1,000 miles in size, teasing himself into a heated frenzy of self-loving lust. His muscles groaned against each other as he fluttered his huge white eyes and began to nuzzle and groom his trembling tip over and over and over...

**"Turn all defense systems on, now! Don't let Mumbo-Jumbo get in!"**

There was no time to waste, even a few minutes ago. Now, it was desperate.

"Turn all defense systems on, now!" Quicksilver answered into his wrist communicator, as he exited the power station and ran back up the rig stairwell, toward the top. "Don't let Mumbo-Jumbo get in! Use everything this station has, that you can find! I'm on my way up, don't wait!"

Steelheart must have thrown the appropriate breaker or switch, because a great green dome of energy suddenly loomed up into a defense matrix that covered the entire rig. For all intents and purposes, it seemed like the green dome covered nearly all of the cliff's edge, along the mesa.

"That's square one!" he heard Steelwill say. "Starting anti-craft artillery!"

As he made his way up to the second tier of the station, Quicksilver saw multiple laser turrets rise up out of mechanized portals on the ground; all of them whirred, turning in unison, to face the oncoming colossus. As they did so, two mighty horns crested the rim of the mesa, and a massive golden bull's head reared up into sight.

"Fire at the ground, where he shows up! We can break it, and make him fall!" Quicksilver shouted, leaning over the railing of the stairwell between the second and third tiers.

Mumbo-Jumbo's head rose to the sight of not only a dark-green dome of energy about the little rig, but of several tiny gun turrets, which clicked and whirred to face him. Before he could blink, they all opened fire, blasting and peppering the huge minotaur's looming face.

"HRRRRRR!?"

Mumbo-Jumbo jerked back, nearly flinging Hardware off of his shoulder in the process. The alien dwarf clutched a smooth metallic bulge of muscle, trying to hold on.

"Gah! Hold steady, you idiot!" Hardware snarled, only to observe as Mumbo's body began to quiver and quake all over, tingling under his little feet. "You stupid...hmm?"

The more the lasers blasted him, the more Mumbo-Jumbo began to moan and shudder, almost happily.

"The lasers are hitting Mumbo!" Quicksilver said, as he pushed in through the top tier station door. "We want to shoot out the ground around his fingers, not feed him!"

"I know," Steelheart said, clacking keys and turning dials. "It's automated! I didn't know! I can't control their aim, it's based on the target's movement!"

"Can we shut it off, then?" Steelwill asked.

"Not without losing the defense grid dome!"

Outside, the groaning bull's body trembled, then billowed bigger, and bigger. The more the lasers blasted him, the more he huffed and nuzzled into the blasts, resting his growing chin on the mesa. He even lashed out his massive metallic tongue and licked the beams up as they blasted away, making his 480-foot body ripple and heave out to 500 feet...520 feet...550 feet...

His growing soles slipped as his size and weight increased, making the massive minotaur hang onto the edge of the mesa, and let his dangling feet surge lower and lower down the wall.

"Hah...hahahaha!" Hardware cackled. "Perfect! Feed on, Mumbo! Get so big, you can crush that stupid dome with your bare hands!"

Like the bull needed to be told.

Mumbo-Jumbo opened his maw and glommed down over a turret, suckling away happily, letting it blow him up bigger still. His pectorals heaved bigger and stronger, grinding and swelling into the wall of the mesa, as he surged past 580 feet, then 630, his body taking up an eighth of what had moments ago been 12 times his size.

"Hang on," Quicksilver said, thinking fast. He darted back outside and ran along the railed walkway surrounding the top tier. He stopped at one corner, aimed down at the turret, and shouted, "Turn the systems off!"

Steelheart did the math, and understood, because there was a whirr, then the dome fell away. In that second, Quicksilver aimed his cybernetic, shoulder-mounted lasers down, and blasted one turret, then two, then three, making them all sputter out and die.

"Back on! Back on!"

As soon as he had hollered it, Steelheart threw a switch, and the matrix reformed around them, bringing the green defense dome back to life. That left one turret, but it was farther away and out of his aim. Better one than four.

Mumbo-Jumbo finally stopped sucking, and blinked his eyes open again, realizing the sweet flow of power had died down to a trickle. At a whopping 670 feet, he was still considerably bigger than before, and the emboldened bull snorted and reached one massively muscled arm up. It slammed down on the edge of the mesa, and the minotaur began to force himself up over it, his muzzle rising up over the entire rig, his chest filling the Silverhawks' view from the top of the station.

"Hang on, everyone, he's on the offensive!" Quicksilver shouted, as one arm stayed to the top side of the mesa, and another rose high, high above. The hand atop it made a fist, and that fist crashed down, hard, onto the defense matrix. It impacted, and the entire rig shook like thunder. Tremors bounced and rumbled down and around through the green dome, but it held.

"She's holding," Steelwill said, looking out at the flexing pectorals beyond the green dome. "For now!"

"Do we just stay here, and let him keep attacking?" Steelheart asked.

"He might burn himself out," Quicksilver mused, watching intently, as Mumbo's gigantic fist raised again, and bashed down harder. Again, the rig shook.

"Even so, do we all just stand here and pose, in the meantime?" Steelwill asked. "What's the long-term plan to get out of this lousy moon?"

"I know!" Steelheart said, looking around on the console. She must have found what she wanted,

because she was already stepping over to another panel, and pushing several buttons. "We can't hail the Mirage by radio...but we can still get Bluegrass's attention, other ways!"

She pulled a large, handled lever, and a massive spot light flooded on outside, near a disused tarmac on the site. She turned a dial, and the floodlight began to turn side-to-side, its beam strong enough to penetrate the dome, and cast an odd, green-tinted beam out into the skies.

"Good thinking, sis!" Steelwill sighed, grinning, even as another huge impact shook the rig. "He'll see this, for sure!"

Another impact hit the dome, even harder. This time, the energy matrix fluttered in and out, and a cold wave of fear came rushing in.

"Uh-oh," Steelwill added.

"Let's hope he sees it fast, then," Quicksilver muttered...

**"Wait...let him come closer...we'll trap him IN the defense net, and escape!"**

A small trap door at the back of the power station shed caught Quicksilver's eye, on his way out, and he stopped to read the sign stenciled to the floor, in front of it:

### **ESCAPE HATCH**

"Change of plans," Quicksilver said.

"What?" Steelwill yelled, over the wrist communicator line. "Are you saying we--"

"Wait...let him come closer...we'll trap him IN the defense net, and escape!"

"But..."

"I found an escape hatch, down below! I'm coming back up, fast, and as soon as Mumbo-Jumbo tries to attack the station, we'll turn on the defense matrix, and escape down the hatch! He'll be too big to follow!"

"How do you know this place's defense system--" Steelwill began, only to have Steelheart interrupt, on his end.

"It has a standard-grade energy shield! Dome style! It could work!"

"That's that, then! I'm coming up, be ready!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's long climb was over; the 480-foot bull swung his heavy bulk up over the lip of the mesa, and pulled himself topside with a deep huff. He stood to full height, still managing to tower over the entire rig, which made it only up to about his chest.

"HRRRRHRRRRHR," Mumbo-Jumbo puffed, cracking his huge knuckles.

"That's exactly right, you colossal cow!" Hardware cheered, triumphant. "Smash those ridiculous do-gooders into pancakes!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's huge fists raised up to strike from above, when everything around them went dark green. His fists bumped up against something sloping overhead, slightly higher than he stood, and when Mumbo looked back, he saw the interior curves of a massive, rig-covering energy matrix; he was in the dome, with the station, and his confusion was palpable.

"HRRRN?"

"What the...the defense dome?" Hardware pondered. "Why would those fools activate it now? We're already..."

Hardware's smug face sagged under the weight of the facts.

"...Oh."

"The matrix is up," Steelheart said, turning to face Steelwill and Quicksilver.

"Out we go, then, fast! Follow me, while they're still confused!"

The trio shot out the exit door of the top tier, and flew straight down onto the base level. There was only a moment's flight before they heard the roar.

"There, Mumbo! There they are!" Hardware yelled, pointing out from atop the giant bovine's trapezius. "They're on the move!"

Mumbo-Jumbo bellowed and sent a hugely muscled forearm sailing out, crashing through the top tier of the entire rig, smashing it away into a wave of ruin. Glass shattered, steel squealed, and pipes clattered and bounced down around the Silverhawks in a rain as they landed, turned, and scrambled into the power station shack.

Undeterred, Mumbo brought both hands up, and smashed down hard on the mid tier of the rig, demolishing it as his bulging biceps and shoulders flexed bigger.

The impact tore down into the power shed, trembling the machinery and generator, but it didn't stop the Silverhawks from heaving the door to the floor hatch up, and climbing down, down, down into the rocky tunnel below.

"That's two, I felt," Steelheart said, trying to climb down faster. "That only leaves the base level above us!"

"Yeah," Steelwill said, as they descended. "We better clear this tunnel fast, before the next impact, otherwise we--"

There was indeed a third impact, much harder and deeper. A wave of dust and debris coughed down through the rim of the hatch door, which they had thought to shut on the way through. Untold tons of destroyed construction fell into a pile over it, sealing them in. Even still, the three clutched and swayed on the rung of the escape hatch ladder, before their grips failed, and they all tumbled down into the pitch.

Back up on the mesa, Mumbo-Jumbo was in a complete rage. He snorted and bellowed and continued to bash down on the debris, flattening it deeper and deeper into the cracked ground.

"Enough, you imbecile!" Hardware roared. "They must have already had a way out of here. They caged us in!"

"HRRRRRRRR!"

"Relax, you dolt! There's a way out..."

## **Hardware shrinks Mumbo-Jumbo down to pocket-size...with the sun still in him**

Hardware hastily swapped out the poles on the amber amplifier, inserting the negative end forward, instead of the positive. He clicked it into place, then activated the ray cannon once more.

"This should do the job, now that he's out," the alien said, finding it awfully easy to take aim at Mumbo-Jumbo. Anywhere he pointed, there was bull; Mumbo's golden muzzle alone stretched out far on either side of Hardware, who pulled the cannon's trigger, and blasted a long, long burst of inverted energy into the gaping minotaur's mouth.

As it turns out, it didn't take all that long for the effects to kick in: Mumbo-Jumbo's colossally big body, well-over half a mile tall, began to quiver, then sigh down in size, lurching a few hundred feet smaller...then twice as small, down to a 'mere' 1,600 feet. Hardware peeked back at the Silverhawks, who were still passed out on the soil, then kept at his task, blasting away.

Mumbo-Jumbo laid there, dwindling down rapidly in the ruins of the crater his own body had created, seconds before. 1,000 feet trembled and slipped down, down to 700 feet...400 feet...

"Getting there," Hardware murmured, as Mumbo-Jumbo shrank down past 100 feet, then 50...40...30...20...

Once he reached his normal size, Hardware paused. He stopped firing, but didn't put the ray cannon away, or turn it off. He seemed locked in a fit of sudden inspiration, and was listening to it intently.

"Hmm."

He grinned that wide, alien grin, and resumed blasting. Mumbo- Jumbo shrank down even further, now smaller than ever before, deflating down to 5 feet...4 feet...3 feet...2 feet...

He was no bigger than some street mutt, and still getting smaller. It was the first time Hardware had ever, *ever* seen Mumbo smaller than him. 10 inches...8 inches...5 inches...

"There," Hardware said, stopping. He walked over to the toy-sized bull, still passed out, able to easily fit into Hardware's hand--which is just what happened. "Got you all to myself, now!"

With that, he stowed the unconscious mini-taur in his coat pocket, and checked the Silverhawks one last time, before walking off casually to the rendezvous point.

As the Limbo Limo touched down, Hardware stood alone, the story already worked out in his head. He walked over to the vintage car-styled spaceship, and hopped into the backseat, as the driver, Melodia, turned back to look him over.

Even in her punk-pop-rock ensemble and skirt, even with her musical-note shades over her glasses, under that shock of two-tone green hair, Hardware could tell. He knew she was glaring.

"Where's the new sun at?" she asked, briskly.

"Mumbo-Jumbo's got it."

"And where's Mumbo-Jumbo at?" she said, growling slightly.

"The Silverhawks got him. They took off a minute ago. If you'd gotten here on time, we maybe could have fought them off!"

"Don't lecture me, you stocky little troll!" Melodia snapped, taking the Limbo Limo up into the atmosphere. "You're the ones that failed Mon\*Star!"

As they drove, Hardware grinned a crooked little grin. In his pocket, the miniscule Mumbo-Jumbo rested, still wiped-out, still silent.

*Oh, Hardware thought gleefully, have I got plans for you...*

## Hardware decides to climb aboard, and hijack Mumbo-Jumbo, himself!

Hardware wasted no time in switching the poles on the amber amplifier, readjusting the negative to the front. Behind him lay the wiped-out Silverhawks, still unconscious, and before him lay the poleaxed, landscape-filling Mumbo-Jumbo. The big bull was over half a mile in size, meaning that no matter where he aimed, he would hit the mark.

"Now, to shrink you down to something more manageable," Hardware muttered, pulling the trigger. The ray cannon whirred to life, then sputtered, shook, and winded right back down. "What in the...what is this?"

He fidgeted with the thing a moment, before huffing, and putting it away.

"Must've fried it. Hmm."

He looked the enormous bull over, thinking. Even Mumbo-Jumbo's muzzle was like a small stadium, resting there agape before him. Beyond it was an ocean of downed metallic muscle and girth, silent and still at last.

"...Okay, then."

With that, Hardware took it upon himself, somewhat grudgingly, to walk up to Mumbo-Jumbo's chin, grab on, and scale up his lower jaw, up the sides of his nostrils, all the way up to the bull's enormous muzzle bridge. He caught his breath, looked down below to check that the Silverhawks were still indeed out, then hiked up the bridge, toward the forehead. The normally-small, jewel-like orb set into Mumbo's forehead might as well have been an entire ship.

That was it; that was the right place to take control.

"Heheh, brilliant," Hardware smugly said to himself, as he took out of his backpack, and fished a medium-sized metal disc out. He set it onto the jewel-orb, adjusted it, and fixed it there, stepping back to observe his handiwork. He then dusted his hands off, then dug around for and retrieved a two-handed remote, which he activated with a few presses and a loud *beep*. "If I can't have that accidental size, myself...then I'll just have yours, *for* myself!"

He pressed another button, and Mumbo-Jumbo's eyes fluttered open, then stayed open-wide.

"HHHHR."

Even by Mumbo's cybernetic standards, he sounded robotic. The wakened bull rose stiffly, like some massive, mechanized zombie, rising all the way up to his full height of 3,600 feet. Far, far below his looming muscles and sex was the moon's surface, upon which lay the miniscule Silverhawks, now less than motes of dust.

Hardware remained in place, up on high, secured to the bull's forehead by a few cables and suction cups running from his backpack, which he still had on.

"Weeheehee! Excellent, Mumbo, excellent! Now, as for those pathetic do-gooding Silverhawks, down there...finish them! Now! While we have them where we want them! Then, you're going to make me the new ruler--of all of Limbo!"

"RRRRRRRRR."

Mumbo-Jumbo thoughtlessly nodded, making Hardware tense a little as he acclimated to keeping

up with the giant's movements. A gargantuan foot rose up off of crumbling, cratered firmament, and hovered menacingly over the Silverhawks, who could only lay there, asleep, unaware of the towering doom just overhead!

## **Mumbo-Jumbo absorbs energy in the city, and starts taking over!**

The city streets of Starship Casino's capitol (of the same name, of course) passed by as the cabbie veered a hard left, the momentum shoving Mumbo-Jumbo's bulk against the trapped client, who ground against his side door window and whimpered.

"You uh, must know Poker-Face, then, if you're that c-cocky about meeting him," the driver said, gulping, as the buildings rose higher on either side, the city replacing the slums with glitz and flashing neon. "Must be that. Y-yeah."

Mumbo-Jumbo loosed one thick, uncaring snort, in reply. The cabbie slid lower in his seat, and hung a right, then finally pulled to a stop.

"Y...uh, your stop, Mac."

Mumbo practically tore the taxi cab open at the back as he stood up and forced his bulky body out of the passenger's door on his side, stepping into traffic. Cars honked and swerved as the bull shook the last of the grogginess out of his head, and stepped across the street toward Poker Face's favorite casino. Back in the cab, the other customer sighed, shaking, and stayed put.

"Buddy, wasn't this your stop, too? I mean, it was just coincidence that that other guy--"

"Don't care," the client said, shuddering. "Just, take me somewhere else."

The cab started, lurching a few feet, then scraped along the road as it pulled back into traffic, busted half-open and all.

Mumbo-Jumbo stormed his way up the front stairs, shoving smaller patrons and cronies aside as he entered. The front guards and pit boss immediately saw as the huge bull stomped into the front lobby of the casino, his horns nearly brushing a low-hanging chandelier as he passed along. The boss nodded over to them, and they reluctantly approached the gold-copper minotaur, knowing who he was, and knowing he was a total tank.

"Uh, one sec there, Mr. Jumbo," one alien guard said, putting up both hands. "Are you here to do a few rounds of Cosmo Roulette, maybe? A little blackjack?"

"HRRRR," Mumbo-Jumbo rumbled.

"I see," said the other guard. "Well, thing is, we're supposed to only let folks with appointments in to see Mr. Poker-Face, and..."

"RR."

"Now?" the first repeated, openly nervous. "We..."

"Mr. Jumbo," the pit boss began, approaching. "Mr. Poker-Face is busy at the moment, I'm afraid. If you happen to be here on behalf of...you-know-how, we can absolutely slot you in for a meeting, in, say...two hours?"

Mumbo-Jumbo was already stepping through the trio, parting them with little regard. The parted, looked at each other, then snapped to. The pit boss motioned for it, and the two guards grabbed their stun batons, approaching the big bull once more as he stepped into the casino floor, nearing the rows of electronic booths and slots machines.

"Stop!" they both said, making Mumbo-Jumbo turn around, just as their batons struck his muscled, golden back, jolting it with energy. The towering minotaur roared and stumbled forward, crashing into a slot machine, as his head and horns bashed into a hanging neon sign, cracking it.

Bolts of power crackled around from the sign and machines, electricity bleeding out into the open, and connecting instantly with Mumbo's body as it kept contact. The roaring bull twitched and spasmed as the guards stepped back, stunned.

"We...got him?" the first asked the other.

"Yeah...hey, yeah! We took down Mumbo-Jumbo! Hah, wasn't even that...difficult to..."

They both turned back to see the bull writhing and tensing tight as the bolts of energy tickled and teased his musclebound body, before seeming to sponge right into it. The more he soaked up, the more the two guards could swear that the already-big bull was starting to look...*bigger*.

Other patrons scattered and huddled back as the pit boss stumbled over turned chairs and dropped coins, to join the two guards. From the look on the alien's face, he was seeing the same exact thing.

"What in Limbo..."

Jumbo's body ballooned even larger, in a thick, heated swell. His muscles lurched larger, stronger, flooding with power and size. His sides expanded and heaved bigger, shoving into the machines he had crashed into, pushing them further back off their perches, onto the floor. No one bothered to rush in and grab the coins that burst loose onto the carpet. All eyes were stuck on the swelling minotaur, who was already a full head taller, and several inches bigger, all around, muscle-wise. His biceps lurched bigger, his triceps bulging and creaking up against his swelling shoulders, as his neck boomed thicker, his abs swelling out bigger over his torso. His thighs pumped and heaved, heavy with oncoming muscles.

"Is he getting..." the pit boss started. Both guards nodded.

"*Bigger...*" they answered, in unison.

Mumbo-Jumbo shook the shock off, standing over 4 feet taller now, making his head nearly brush the ceiling of the casino's first floor. Residual threads of electricity crackled in and out of his bulk as the bull shook and huffed, happily. Oh, it was unmistakably so.

He looked down at the entire crowd, over the newly-bulged curves of his metal chest, two thick pectorals pressing tighter together, between enormous biceps.

"You, uh," the pit boss started, clearing his throat. Stepping forward, he found himself only standing all the way up to Mumbo's midsection. A fattened, bulk, dark-tinted member flared out lewdly between the bull's huge legs, the brunt of his shaft bulging out, so that it brush-tapped the pit boss's stomach, as two hefty, galaxy-ball sized testicles boomed down under it, mashed it between his thick thighs. "You'll be comped, for the accidental brush there, eheh--"

Mumbo's huge hand shot out and grabbed the pit boss by the lapel of his suit. It was nearly effortless for Mumbo-Jumbo to lift him by it as he brought him all the way up off his feet, and into view of the bull's golden muzzle.

"We'll get you a room! Y-yeah! How about that, M-mister Jum--"

Mumbo-Jumbo simply shoved the pit boss up with his one arm, making the smaller alien crash into the ceiling. Panels dented up with a cloud of tumbling dust, as Mumbo dragged him around a moment, here and there, destroying more and more, until a panel dropped out, and a few wires tumbled loose. Mumbo snorted dismissively, and tossed the boss into the screaming crowd, then grabbed the wire and sucked on it with his oversized muzzle.

Instantly, it happened: Mumbo ballooned larger, again, creaking and groaning with growth. His muscles boomed everywhere as he rose up into the ceiling, sucking more and more power into himself. He surged hotly, heavily, pumping and bulging up past 12 feet, then 15, until his brawny back muscles mashed flat against the ceiling, then heaved bigger, shoving up angrily into it.

"W-we need backup!" the remaining guard wailed into his walkie (the other had already bolted to the exit, tendering immediate resignation).

Still, Mumbo kept expanding, bloating with power and strength, until he spat the wires out, looming at 20 feet tall over the scattering, crying crowd below. He roared out a great bellow of delight before turning around and stomping down into the casino pit, smashing tables and kicking over chairs. His horns and head smashed entire chandeliers to shards as he dragged his bulk against the ceiling, further wrecking it. "Someone get Poker-Face, now! We have a major situation, down here!"

Mumbo-Jumbo grinned cruelly as he found a humongous display for a game of chance, based on a giant glowing wheel. The huge bull took one of the hundred prongs lining the outer wheel, and gave it a powerful spin. The wheel spun too fast, and the prongs smacked and tickled his burgeoning penis as he began to absorb its energy. Each paddling of his erection swelled it bigger, faster than the rest of him, even as the quaking, moaning bull blew up to 30 feet on the spot!

His bulk began to spill over other machines, which all sparked and fed his bloated muscles, making Mumbo-Jumbo roar out as he swelled even bigger, faster, flooding the first story of the casino with his trembling, booming, hot bulk...

## **Mon\*Star is delighted, and turns gigantic Mumbo-Jumbo loose on the Silverhawks**

The four Silverhawks watched on as Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous, 600-foot body steadily rose up via drones, his thick bulk vanishing into the undercarriage of the massive red ship, which closed its door, then sped off with its sub-ships into space.

"There goes the way off," Bluegrass sighed, tilting his 10-gallon hat, like he was saying goodbye. "Guess that means we're just good and stuck here."

"For the moment," Quicksilver said, turning away from the skies, to look the town over. "Let's see what we can find, on our own end. There may be a radio somewhere here."

"I imagine so," Steelheart replied, scanning the unlit homes and buildings over. "But this place has been abandoned for who-knows-how-long that the real question is, can we get ahold of one that still works?"

—

The planet Brimstar sat in the darker reaches of Limbo, a red sore on the face of space. The vast red craft from earlier augured itself down into the planet's only entrance, a large star-shaped aperture in the crust, leading down into the villainous Mon\*Star's home base. A great junkyard of ruin lay strewn around the gangster's headquarters, a world of barren reds and scarlet darkness.

It was to that very hideout that Mumbo-Jumbo was delivered.

"So," Mon\*Star, the fiend himself, started, drawing the word out like he was unsheathing a rusty blade. With his dark fur and grizzled, eye-patch clad face and sharp teeth, it wasn't so far a reach to say. "You bungled a simple heist, then lost the item inside my henchman...and now my henchman is an enormous giant? Does that summarize things?"

"Y-yes, but," Hardware stammered, nervously fidgeting down at the foot of the stairwell leading up to Mon\*Star's throne. "There was interference, you see, from the Silverhawks—"

"When isn't there!?" Mon\*Star roared, making the entire room shudder. Hardware and Windhammer both lurched back, suddenly together in their fear. Yes-Man coiled next to Mon\*Star and his vile throne, the pale naga-humanoid ready to whisper whatever sycophantic musing he had available to his master. "Always, the Silverhawks! Bah!"

"Yes, we-well," Hardware continued, clearing his wide throat. "T-the one plus is, Mumbo-Jumbo became so large and so p-powerful...that he crushed the Silverhawks' ship, like it was a tin can..."

Mon\*Star furrowed one brow, and arched the other.

"Say that again."

"Uh...Mumbo-Jumbo crushed the Mirage into a ball of metal?"

"On the satellite moon of Bedlama? At the rendezvous?"

"Ye-yes."

"...Where are the Silverhawks, now?"

"Still there, so far as I know..."

The cruel crimelord sat there a moment, Yes-Man and his other cronies all watching in guarded silence. Suddenly, Mon\*Star smiled; somehow, it was just as terrible as his scowl.

"Haaaahahaha! I see! Excellent!"

He stood tall, and stepped down from his throne, smiling that awful, toothy smile.

"It is?" Windhammer said, balking.

"Yes, you idiot," their master retorted, as he stepped onto the main hall floor, and crossed past them, toward their landing strip. "Take me to Mumbo-Jumbo, *right now.*"

As it happened, the landing strip was the only peripheral landmass large enough to accommodate Mumbo-Jumbo. The gigantic bull lay there, still knocked out, in a mound of gleaming muscle and body heat, and it was that very mound Mon\*Star regarded for some time. The villainous leader stood there, sizing the cybernetic minotaur up, before grinning wider.

"Yes...yes...this will do!"

"I...it will?" Hardware asked, having been 'escorted' outside as well.

"Of course! Our strongman is now so strong, no one would dare oppose him...or, by extension, us! Haha! Wake this bulging bovine up, already—he has a lot of work ahead of him!"

### **Mon\*Star demands Mumbo's power for himself, and tries to take it by force...**

"Well, there goes the welcome wagon," Bluegrass sighed, watching with the other Silverhawks as the caravan finished loading up Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous body, then lift off into the heavens in flight.

"Looks like our only possible ride is gone, too," Steelwill added. "Not that we'd be so welcome."

"Oh, heck, I'm sure they'd be happy to take us," Bluegrass started, when Quicksilver stepped in between them.

"Alright, alright, we've got work to do," he said, looking the abandoned town over. "Steelheart, there's got to be a radio setup somewhere, here, right?"

"Sure, I would think so," she said, thinking, "but these old colonies have been sitting desolate for so long...I'm really not sure we're going to find anything functional, or that hasn't already been hit by looters and scrappers."

"Well, we'll just have to try, won't we?" Quicksilver replied, turning and walking down the unlit houses and homes along the street.

---

The sole point of entry to the foul Planet Brimstar was a large, star-shaped portal, cut from the very crust; to any that dared to venture so deep into the black heart of Limbo, it may well have looked like a vast red eye, unblinking, watching oncoming victims from the dark. The caravan and its mother ship flew directly down into the very portal, landing on the strip just beyond the towering headquarters of the reviled and feared crimelord, Mon\*Star.

The terrifying boss stood, waiting, at the end of the tarmac, his dark-furred arms crossed. Though one black patch obscured his eye, the other was glaring at the ship as it descended, followed by the others.

Windhammer and Hardware strode out to meet him, doing their best not to appear as intimidated as they were on the inside.

"So," Mon\*Star growled, somehow glaring even harder at them. "Let's just see what your incompetence has lead us! Show me Mumbo-Jumbo, at once!"

A high door opened on the containment area, and drone after drone laboriously pulled and pushed, until the unconscious giant of a bull slowly revealed itself to them. Mon\*Star's brow arched slightly, at the sight of 600 feet of bulging copper-gold brawn filling his landing strip. Biceps and shoulders and back muscles bigger than small buildings twitched errantly, so much power loaded into the minotaur that, even asleep, he seemed overflowing with strength.

"Er," Hardware grumbled apologetically, approaching Mon\*Star with all the contrition a scumbag like he could muster. "M-my apologies, Mon\*Star...see, the Silverhawks interfered, and ah, as a result, the miniature sun 2.0 was swallowed..."

"By Mumbo-Jumbo, yes," Mon\*Star rumbled, still looking the huge bull over with something nearing envy. "Clearly. Hardware, your idiocy has proven...eye-opening..."

No one there was stupid enough to laugh, because Mon\*Star wasn't trying to be funny.

"Er, y-yes..."

"I've decided," Mon\*Star said, abruptly. "I want it."

"Hrm? You ah, want it?" Hardware repeated, blinking. Windhammer stayed silent, as did the other nearby cronies, who all knew better than to talk. "W...want what?"

"That," Mon\*Star said, pointing helpfully at Mumbo-Jumbo. "That power. All of it."

"You...want his power?"

"Did I stutter?" Mon\*Star bellowed, making everyone leap back. "Yes, you fool! Whatever you've mistakenly tapped into, untap it, and give it to me. The moonstar of Limbo is nothing compared to *this!*"

"Well, uh, it happened in concert with two things..." Hardware anxiously grumbled. "One was his swallowing the mini-sun...t-the sun was overloaded with energy from Professor Power's a...a-amber amplifier..."

"Fine, fine, yes," Mon\*Star said, waving a clawed hand dismissively. "So take it from him, and put it in me, instead! I'll become immense! Unstoppable! That stupid bull can't manage a good thought in a year, but in my hands, that power will really go places! Haha!"

"I'm, well...I'm not sure I can remove it...and the sun itself is likely a lot bigger now, inside of Mumbo-Jumbo, so if we tried to just up and lift it out on our own..."

"Then siphon it into me!"

Hardware gulped, then thought on it.

"Well...your chamber...where you take the power of the moonstar...I could retrofit it to absorb Mumbo-Jumbo's power flow, and beam it directly into you, instead..."

"Make it happen, then, and right away. Don't you fail me again, Hardware," the grizzled tyrant snarled, storming back into his high stronghold.

Hardware bit his goblin-like lip, then sighed, and sulked inside, after him, as the other cronies all watched in mocking silence.

The device took surprisingly little time to build; Hardware simply repurposed several tubes and wires and a spare console, and in short order, the makeshift device was ready. Wires upon wires ran all the way out of the main hallway of the headquarters, down along the landing strip, and far out to Mumbo's gigantic body.

In even shorter order, after its completion, Mon\*Star was in the device. Where he often sat on his throne to absorb the moonstar's power, he instead stood in the large chamber, built up onto the main hall floor. He folded his thick arms together, glowering impatiently at Hardware, as the other cronies all gathered around.

"Come on, come on," Mon\*Star growled. "Get on with it, already!"

Hardware gulped, checked things over on the wiring, and then reluctantly, nervously, threw the switch...

## "We'll lose him in the Spire Canyon!"

"We'll lose him in the Spire Canyon!" Quicksilver said, pointing to the readout. "There're countless rock spires and outcroppings between both sides of the canyon—plus, see here? It narrows to a choke point. It makes the most sense to thread the needle there, and lose him if he chases through all the structures."

"That's a certifiable plan!" Bluegrass said, turning in the direction of the nearing canyons.

"Of course it's a plan," Steelheart replied, holding on.

"I meant, it's the kind of plan *certifiable* folks tend to make!"

"Just lose the bull!" Steelwill said, rather aggressively, as the *thooming* of increasingly huge feet slammed the terrain behind them, getting progressively closer as they sputtered along in midair.

"Come on, girl, hold it together, now" Bluegrass muttered, as they headed into the canyon, beginning to hook right, then left, swaying precariously between towering rocky pillars. "That's it...nice n' steady-like..."

The first snap and crack of rock signaled the obvious: Mumbo-Jumbo was following them in. For a 375-foot bull, the high towers meant nothing, and the first one to collide with his bulging golden muscles resisted only a second, before break and smashing apart against the force of his shoving into the canyon. The vast bull's bulk smashed through spire after spire, obliterating some against the sheer wall of his stomach and chest, while his biceps toppled others onto neighboring spires, wrecking them. A storm of dust and smoke blew out around the bull's erection and thighs, consuming his calves and swaying sacs as he heaved through.

The tip of his penis swung hard right, smacking a spire, which bounced the thick appendage back to the left as his hips caught it seconds later, vengefully plowing through and shattering it.

"He ain't slowin' down so much as we'd like!" Bluegrass said, trying to push the poor Mirage a little faster, swinging wild and tight around columns of rock as they whizzed by. Even those monumental spires met Mumbo-Jumbo's bulging muscles and were dashed apart, as the bull only seemed to get closer, faster—bigger!

"Is there any way at all that we can pick up some speed?" Quicksilver asked, as the sounds of thundering stomps and cracking rock filled the canyon, echoing around inside it.

"I'm sure open to suggestions, boss!"

"Swing close to one of those thinner spires, over there," Steelheart said, pointing out to the left of the cockpit dome. Blast the farthest one!"

"Why not," Bluegrass said, veering around another spire, then another, edging rapidly to the left. As Mumbo-Jumbo's footfall grew devastatingly heavy and loud, just behind them, Bluegrass locked onto the far-left spire, and blasted it at the base.

They sailed past, as that particular spire broke, snapped apart, and tumbled toward another spire, which caught another spire, and another. They tumbled and fell into a domino pile of ruin, so large and dense that Mumbo-Jumbo, despite having swollen up to over 400 feet in his charging, tripped over it. The massive bull mooed out his shock and fury as his musclebound body pitched forth; his shaft stabbed into the ground like a pole, forcing his torso to flip over it and plant the gigantic bull's

head and horns clear into the terrain, with a monster-sized *CRASH*.

"Whooh! Thank you, Madam Physics!" Bluegrass hollered, as Steelwill and Steelheart high-fived.

"Good thinking, Steelheart," Quicksilver said. "We're almost to the choke point; this ought to give us that extra gap of space we needed to make it there!"

"Good thing, too," Steelwill added, "because after that, and earlier, I bet Mumbo-Jumbo's temper's got to be clear up into space—

**"MMWWWWWWWWRRUUUUUAAAAAAAUUURRRR!!"**

"That'd be an affirmative," Steelheart gulped, as they all watched Bluegrass steer (ahah) around the remaining spires, before zooming toward a bottleneck in the canyon formation, where the two sides nearly converged.

"Almost there," Bluegrass growled, trying to keep the poor ship steady as it stuttered and shook here and there, enough to worry them. "Almost!"

A hand the size of a house burst up through the smoldering cloud of grit Mumbo's landing had caused, as the enraged bull stormed upright, got onto two feet, then thundered toward them, fast!

"Go, go!" Steelwill said.

In seconds, Mumbo-Jumbo had closed the gap he had created, his enormous red fingers clutching out into the air for them, only for the 440-foot minotaur to crash into the bottleneck formation, battering the cracked sides of the canyon walls with his bulk as he connected. The Mirage had made it in, just far enough to where the reaching fingers curled into a fist, which missed their ship by mere yards.

Again and again, Mumbo-Jumbo bashed and crashed his muscles into the canyon, but the bottleneck held.

"Fine flying, there, Bluegrass," Quicksilver sighed, patting his shoulder thankfully.

"It was, at that," the blue Silverhawk said, trying to joke off the way he was clearly shaking. "Where to now, boss?"

**"There's a big underground reservoir coming up--we'll hide in there!"**

"There's a big underground reservoir coming up," Quicksilver said, hurriedly pointing to the readout. "We'll hide in there!"

"You got it, boss," Bluegrass said, trying to keep a proper hold of the ship's steering. "Just point the way!"

"Thataway."

The ship steered wide, shaking in places, in a big arc that hardly fooled Mumbo-Jumbo. The rampaging giant stormed over the landscape, nearly 400 feet of muscle and weight slamming enormous craters down into the turf as he kept chase. His immense golden thighs swelled and pumped as one foot crushed down, then another ahead, over and over. If anything, despite his colossal size and heft, Mumbo-Jumbo actually appeared to be *gaining* on them.

"There!" Quicksilver said, as they cleared a tall ridge in the canyon system, revealing a large cavern at the base of a mountain, large enough to fit their passage—presumably.

"That's gonna be a tight one," Bluegrass said, grunting from the effort of steering accurately with no stabilizers. "Hang on!"

"Will it make it through?" Steelwill asked, or pleaded.

"We'll find out!"

The entirety of the Mirage screamed lower and lower through the air as Mumbo-Jumbo pursued, the bull trying to spot where in the world it was they were hoping to escape to. The massive bovine caught it, suddenly, and roared in anger at the sight of the cavern mouth. He swatted a vast red-copper hand through the air, narrowly clipping the ship's tail, putting it into a spin.

"Gah!" Bluegrass hissed, righting the spin with a corrective counter-turn. It almost worked.

The mouth of the cave spun this way and that, wagging in the background, as the wavering ship careened into it, narrowly making it inside! A wing snapped off as the side clipped it, throwing it out into a twirl, as the body bumped and crashed and skidded down, down the shaft of the cavern itself, into darker and darker depths.

The interior bounced and shook and ground, bashing over and over against the unknowable, rocky edifices of the tunnel. All any of the Silverhawks could do was keep bracing, as the ship bounced again, then freefell into the black.

Bluegrass hollered and reached over the console, reigniting the thrusters, so that the ship suddenly bobbed to a slow in the air, then lost the thrust, and fell again, then reignited, over and over, until their descent slowed.

By the time the ship hit solid ground, it was a wreck—but a whole one, sans one wing. Darkness surrounded the ship, casting everything beyond the dome of the cockpit in total black.

"Whew...everyone alive, back there?" Bluegrass asked. Sincerely.

"Present and accounted for," Quicksilver sighed, shaking off the landing, along with Steelheart and Steelwill. "Any landing you can walk away from."

"You say that now, boss, but we don't even know what's out there, in here."

## **Bedlama! Time for a MEGA-SIZED rampage!**

When something was 770 feet tall, it would prove to be easy to spot. When that same thing was 770 *miles* tall, it would be impossible not to spot it...yet impossible to see all of it. Except from space.

As it happened, that was exactly where the Silverhawks were, and Mumbo-Jumbo could be seen afar, floating in the outer orbit of Bedlama; the bull was so big, so absolutely gargantuan in size, that he seemed partially-hatched out of one of the planet's smaller moons. The only slight benefit of their perspective was that it made Mumbo-Jumbo look smaller, more manageable. Up close, he had been *endless*.

"Where can he go?" Steewill asked, as they watched the huge bull's head turn this way, then that. "He looks raring to go somewhere."

Quicksilver's expression changed, and his lips pursed.

"...Bedlama. Quick, Bluegrass, hail the capitol's defense department! See if Professor Power is still there! We need his help, right away!"

---

Mumbo-Jumbo narrowed his eyes on sight of Bedlama; there were bigger moons than his own orbiting the planet, but the planet was easily the biggest of the lot. It was an upper-mid tier planet, in terms of size, at over 200,000 miles in diameter, meaning even Mumbo-Jumbo was small, in comparison.

But that wouldn't last long, and the humongously gigantic bull knew it.

He smirked and finally bothered with the exertion needed to stand up. In doing so, the remaining plain of the moon's surface crashed open, miles and miles of rocky terrain blowing up to bits as his muscled legs surged up through. His feet kicked out into space as he put two mammoth hands on the moon's sides, and simply pushed himself clear out of the planetoid. A massive crater was left, gouged deep into the broken moon, as Mumbo-Jumbo drifted off of it, dusted his huge metal muscles clean, then turned to face Bedlama.

With a few basic flexes and thrusts, the bull worked up momentum enough to propel his bulk closer to the planet, entering its gravity well. His monstrously big body burned hot on entry, heating and glowing bright, before all 770 miles of minotaur perfection crashed hard into the ocean.

The waves cascaded out as he landed, palms and soles out, finding the ocean only took up his hands and wrists and ankles and feet, at the deepest. The entire planet shook as the waters washed out over the nearest islands, flooding them.

"HRRR," he grunted, rising to an immense, sky-high stand, and beyond. Big as Bedlama was, the atmospheric levels still had trouble rising to match his height. Bedlama's equivalent of the mesosphere reached his horns, alone, while only the bottoms of his huge red copper feet managed to stay below the ocean waters, at their deepest. It all may as well have been a puddle on the sidewalk, to him.

Mumbo-Jumbo snorted out a thick blast of frost into the mesosphere, before licking his muzzle over eagerly, and looking down, down, far-down below. Through the drifting clouds about his ankles he

could see a few faraway land masses—continents, most likely. They were as thin as paper, with only little ridged mountain ranges scattered about, to spice things up. It was cute.

The god-bull huffed, then lifted one colossal foot up out of the ocean. It sailed through entire cloud banks, casting a night's shadow over the waters, over whole half-drowned islands, before the heel rolled and crushed back down into the surface, smashing a crater into the bottom of the ocean, so that water flooded down into the cracked crust after its impact. The hemisphere trembled for it, shaking thousands of buildings along the coastline of the nearest continent.

That was one step. He took another, then another.

His gait was so enormous at his size, that crossing that portion of an ocean proved laughably easy. By the time the Silverhawks' message reached, and the planet enacted its near-instant evacuation procedures, Mumbo-Jumbo was already making landfall—*literally*.

A foot ninety miles long cracked down over an entire portion of a coastal state, obliterating three cities and eight towns as its weight collided with a crumbling terrain. One half of a mountain range was flattened under the wide of his sole, cratering down, leaving an imprint over 11 miles deep. The shockwaves alone snapped entire skyscrapers, crashing down over untold city blocks in a wave of smoldering grit and smoky debris.

Another step, and Mumbo-Jumbo was already well-into the Western continent, effortlessly pancaking their civilization flat. His thick member bulged and swelled, aching and heavy, as it swung side-to-side through the haze of the thermosphere, his huge, pendulous sacs cutting through entire high cloud banks as he doom-stepped closer and closer to the capitol nation, up North.

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"Yes, Quicksilver, that's correct," Professor Power replied, over the com line. The professor, a robed, humanoid alien sporting a lit bulb for a head (with the impression of a bearded man's face inside) checked the charts, then nodded. "Yes, the evacuations are moving quickly! My organic teleportation grid has relocated over a third of the target-path populace onto the opposing hemisphere...once that's done, we'll recalibrate, should we need to relocate them to the moons, for further safety."

"Okay, Professor, great work," Quicksilver sighed in relief, on the other end of the line. "Steelheart says this was all caused by Hardware's blasting the miniature sun with a bombardment from the amber amplifier...do you have any way to reverse the effect? Mumbo-Jumbo could have another growth spurt at any moment!"

"Oh, my...yes, I think I may have something that could work," the Professor began leafing through papers inside the Bedlama defense force office, up in a high tower on the Northern continent's capitol city. "We have a mounted laser cannon here...I might retrofit its capacitors with a copy of the amber amplifier I've been tinkering with...on the negative polarity, a cannon that massive could manage an enormous payload of shrink ray..."

"Perfect! How long would it take?"

"Minutes, really..."

"Good, then get on it, please," Quicksilver said. "We're in orbit now...I'm afraid we just don't have anything big enough to throw at Mumbo-Jumbo, to distract him and buy you all some time..."

"We will just have to work fast, then!"

---

Mumbo-Jumbo laughed cruelly, as he ground his massive heel into the planet's surface, feeling it practically melt to rocky clay. He squeezed himself tight, pressing his huge biceps in on his overgrown pectorals, just to feel them bulge out receptively. His massively long shaft rumbled warmly as he fondled down on its metallic, fleshy girth, reveling in his sheer power, his unbelievable size.

*Grow*, the big bull thought, pleading and commanding, all at once. *More. Bigger. Bigger!*

As he coaxed his body on, flexing and towering over the entirety of Bedlama's capitol nation and its countless shaken cities below, the capitol city readied its cannon. The few brave remaining defense force workers all hustled hard to fix the refitted capacitors and reroute the wiring to a wheeled in console, while Professor Power worked to plug it all in and activate it.

All their normally-beautiful horizon was clogged, choked out, by crater-rimmed feet the size of states, looming in the decreasing distance.

"How's it looking, Professor?" Quicksilver asked.

"We are...active! And now...we are ready!"

The machinery whirred loudly, and the gigantic mounted turret at the base of the headquarter tower arced higher. Energy crackled at the tip of the barrel, glowing brighter, and brighter.

Mumbo-Jumbo stopped pleasing himself long enough to blink, then look down over the curve of his bloated chest. He grunted, and squinted his huge eyes, to see something bright, far down below, up North. It blinkered and glowed brighter, and brighter...

## **A bigger, colonized moon, with machinery...and power cells!!**

As the Mirage fled the moon, Mumbo-Jumbo glanced back, looking eagerly for something, anything, that might be the next best target to hit. After all, when 770 miles tall, it made new possibilities tantalizingly clear. He puffed through nostrils big enough to cover mountains, and locked his sights onto the next best thing around.

"HNNNH," he snorted, darkly.

---

"Can we even do anything about this-here mess?" Bluegrass asked no one, and everyone. "That sucker's gone and grown too big for any britches, anywhere."

Quicksilver had his cybernetic fingers up to his chin, thinking fast.

"Contact Bedlama," he said, slowly. "Professor Power is still down there, on-planet, hopefully. We need to know if he can shrink Mumbo-Jumbo down, maybe undo the amber amplifier's effects on the miniature sun inside of him. At the least, maybe he was slow or stop that big bull's growth spurts..."

"You got it, boss," Bluegrass said, opening a frequency.

"Is there anything we can do, in the meantime?" Steelheart asked.

"Yeah," Steelwill added, looking grave. "Feels wrong to just stand idle here."

"We're outmatched, much as I hate to say it," Quicksilver sighed. "Let's just tail the bull, and keep the lines open to warn as many as we can. We'll just have to see where he goes, and hope he's done growing any bigger."

---

Mumbo-Jumbo placed palms as big as small islands onto the curves of the moon, and simply *pushed*. The surface of the moon bowed out in a webbing army of cracks, before leg muscles as big as hilltops crashed up through, obliterating that section of the moon's surface. The monstrously huge bull extricated himself as though he had been buried in dry sand on some beach, and had decided to stop playing and go. The poor moon rocked back out of its orbit slightly, starting into a slow spin as Mumbo-Jumbo aimed his sights on a larger moon; he pushed off of the smaller satellite, and heaved his powerful leg muscles, propelling the massive minotaur forward.

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"Shoot-fire, he's headed for that bigger moon, there," Bluegrass groaned, watching through the cockpit dome. "What could that dimwitted demigod be thinkin'?"

Quicksilver's eyes widened, before he turned back to face Steelheart.

"How many of these moon satellites are abandoned?"

Steelheart blinked; then, she went wide-eyed, too.

"Good Lord..."

She punched up a readout on a monitor at the console.

"70 percent of them. That one over there, LV-427...is *not* one of them."

"Bluegrass, hail Bedlama, right now!" Quicksilver ordered. "We need to see if the capitol defense force can use that relocation transport grid that Professor Power created! Fast! Get those coordinates ready to relay, Steelheart!"

"Right!" both of them said.

---

Being as massive as he was, Mumbo-Jumbo was only so much smaller than the larger moon. The bull quivered with desire, sensing the power flowing off of that particular planetoid, drawn to something thereon.

*Power...POWER!*

In mere minutes, Mumbo's vast, musclebound body collided with the moon, shaking it hard on impact. Whole cities and colonial outposts all shuddered for it, rattling buildings and quaking the surface ominously. To those inside the occupied territories, there was suddenly an immeasurable bull-head, where once had been stars in the skies. Nostrils so large a plane couldn't reach halfway up them flared, blasting the barren moonscape, blowing back huge clouds as Mumbo-Jumbo pressed his thick body tight to the curve of the moon, and snuffled for the power source that had called to him.

*Where...where is it!?*

He bull nuzzled hard into the surface, his golden chin crushing down into the cratered landscape as he sniffed around, then stopped. It was there, coming from a large little dot of an outpost, big enough to actually be sort of slightly visible to the towering god-bull. Something was in there...something absolutely *delicious!*

The colony power generator and power cell distribution plant was what he smelled. And it was filled, warehouse upon warehouse, with power cells, stacked row upon row upon row. The generator itself was a kind of advanced nuclear reactor. There were hundreds of minute flashes around it, around the area, and for a blink Mumbo-Jumbo almost noticed them. *Almost.*

Mumbo-Jumbo's vast tongue rolled out, and the great behemoth almost-cutely licked up the entire landmass, scooping the outpost facility, the bedrock, the surrounding towns and cities with it, before pulling it all back into a sky-sized maw, and gulping it all down.

---

"Okay, that was the Professor," Bluegrass sighed, relieved. "Looks like his mass teleporter thingie worked out! They're all on Bedlama as we speak. Nick of time, it looks like."

"I'm just glad we could still do something good," Steelwill said, smiling, before looking out the dome

at Mumbo-Jumbo, off in the distance.

"What is it?" Quicksilver asked, peering over Steelwill's bulkier frame.

"Mumbo-Jumbo...he's shaking..." Steelwill said, gulping nervously. "He's shaking, really bad! Look at him! Oh, no..."

### **...Nothing happens!?**

The realization hit, after the swallow. Rather than feel any embarrassment at himself, Mumbo-Jumbo just grinned, and let the anticipation build. And build. And build.

And build.

And then...nothing.

"Hrmph?" the 25-foot bull grunted, rightly baffled. He floated there, looking himself over, patting here and there on his thick body, feeling no tingle, feeling no bigger or stronger at all. Surely, this wasn't the full extent of his new abilities...not already...

"HNNNNH," Mumbo snorted, flexing his tremendously strong muscles, making them bulge out receptively...only for the to fall back to normal once he was done exerting himself. It wasn't working. Why wasn't he getting bigger again?

The cruise ship was getting away from him, as he pondered; at length, Mumbo-Jumbo looked back up and saw it shrinking in the distance (and not for the reason he hoped). He growled, and stubbornly started to swim after it. In his mounting surprise and frustration, the cyber-bull found the side of the cruiser, and angrily clutched at it, climbing up its 100-foot exterior hull.

One big hand and forearm slammed down over the rail, smacking the side of the aft deck. Some dancing aliens and humans alike saw the thing happen, and tumbled back, hollering in fear. The tropical music overwhelmed them, however, leaving the other guests unaware as the giant minotaur scaled the side rail, and thudded down onto the deck, glowering darkly. The crowd began to catch on, despite the music, as Mumbo-Jumbo callously stormed through, shoving smaller folk aside like rag dolls. Some hauled themselves rather willingly overboard as Mumbo tore into the masses, flinging tables and smashing through the main cabin's back wall, crashing clear into the lower floors of the bridge.

Armed security guards piled out from the upper floors, but Mumbo sent them flying through smashing windows, or exploding out through doors and walls. When the largest alien guard managed to duck a blow and elbowed him hard in the stomach. Mumbo-Jumbo made to roar in anger, but instead hiccupped. Something snapped inside of his belly, and all of a sudden, that old familiar tingle came rushing in, several times over!

"HRRRRRR...RRRRR!!"

The bellowing bull swelled out hungrily, shoving the guards that remained back against he stairs and walls with nothing but his own growing body. Biceps flared against struggling little hands, booted feet kicking harmlessly at his inflating golden thighs. His penis alone bulged as big as one guard, thumping heavy onto his backside as he tried to stand upright. One guard straining to put a stranglehold on Mumbo from behind paid the price, as the growing bull's body bloated with power and size, forcing his neck and back up, up into the ceiling, pressing and crushing the trapped guard tight against it.

30 feet...33 feet...38 feet...

Mumbo huffed in pure pleasure, pinning another guard between the underside of his huge tricep, and the inflated mass of his lat, squeezing her tighter and tighter, the bigger he grew against himself. The walls began to crackle and bow, billowing out, as the 45-foot giant kept expanding bigger, overflowing the small exit room, crushing the side of the stairs into the wall as he panted and shook and blew up bigger. Hi head heaved up into the ceiling, cracking it open, forcing his own

body to balloon up through the spreading crack in the second floor.

That was when it hit him: the crate. *The cells were still IN the crate, cut off from contact. The blow broke the crate, just then! Haha! HAHAAAA!*

"HHRHHHRHHHRHRHRRRRR!!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's laughter grew and grew, as his swelling body pumped and trembled and blew, hot and thick, up into the second floor, starting to overflow it as the confused bridge attendants and officers all scattered in terror.

"Alert! Alert!" one crewman cried, speaking frantically into a radio. "We need help! This is Galaxeria Cruises, ship C-class, the Whalon! We're under attack! Repeat! We are under attack! Send the defense force! Send the Navy! Get the Silverhawks, even! Just..hel--"

At that, Mumbo-Jumbo burst even bigger, filling the entirety of the crew building and bridge, at the back of the ship...

## **Mumbo-Jumbo grows big enough to hug the entire cruiser up**

The tingling was immediate and deep, and wonderful. There, in the ocean waters, it took on a strange, welcomed trembling, almost a tickle, trickling up and down the huge bull's metallic muscles. Raw energy from the ingested power cells fueled the buoyant minotaur's expansion, his biceps and triceps, traps and lats, thighs and rear and calves all quaking and straining, before booming bigger, displacing the water subtly.

25 feet blew up to 35 feet, in one giant, 10-foot spurt; yet, the huffing bull's body was quaking worse than before, and his pectorals were surging hotly, tightly out before him, bigger and bigger and bigger!

*H-how many cells...were in that crate!?*

Mumbo-Jumbo delighted in his pondering, letting the pleasure overtake him as his muscles gorged and grew, pumping and swelling so big, so fast, that a small chorus of rubbery squeals and shifting metal sang for him as he billowed up past 50 feet.

The heavier his growing body became, the further down into the waters Mumbo sank; his bulk bobbed, then trembled, then exploded to 100 feet, his throbbing erection pulsing and bobbling cutely in the cool waters, lifted up ahead, his testicles rising gently up off of his swollen, growing thighs. He mooed out his wicked glee under the waves, trembling, hugging, stroking himself, feeling his bulk bunch and swell hotly, before he trembled deep, tensed, and—

*(BBBWWWWWWWWWMMMMMMMPH)*

Muffled as it was underwater, the explosion of growth still reverberated out as Mumbo-Jumbo ballooned aggressively to 200 feet. His shaft pushed painfully forward, the tip swelling uncontrollably bigger and tighter out ahead of him, now exceeding his own gigantic reach as it throbbed harder.

The tingling was getting worse...and worse...Mumbo cried out in self-indulgent malice and joy as his muscles stretched and strained, over-bulging and huge, electric energy cascading and playing through his quaking body, which trembled...and trembled...and trembled...

*(B-BBB-BBBBBBBWWWWHHMMMMMMMMMMMMMPH!)*

400 feet spasmed and groaned and tremble-shook, bursting with a bellow up to 500 feet, in one thick boom of growth, before he twitched and shut his eyes and gasped underwater, booming again...and again...and again...and again...

Up above, the cruise ship went on its pleasant way, the evening sun from afar casting cool hues atop the blazing orange horizon. Music played and alien guests of all specie danced away under it, lost in reverie and cheer. Out beyond the ship's many deck levels and buildings, near the aft deck, the bridge sat, wherein the officers all worked at keeping the liner on its plotted course.

Nearly 1,300 feet from fore to aft, the mighty cruiser chugged along, in no particular hurry.

Had any of them been aware of the monstrous shadow growing and growing underneath them, some sort of alarm would likely have been sounded. Instead, the waters parted in a pillar of spray, rocking the entire cruise ship to its side, as a massive copper-gold thing shot up through the surface of the ocean, itself. Tiny patrons cried and gasped and wailed, hanging onto the cabins and rafts and rails as the ship pitched to the side, almost too far.

All the while, a vast muzzle of gold rose up beyond them, snorting out a burst of ocean spray and steam, before a gigantic chin passed, then a thick, bulging neck, then a monstrously wide, overinflated pair of pectorals, shimmering and slick with water, still booming even bigger toward them!

Mumbo-Jumbo snorted out his smug pride, upon seeing the ship. It was still almost as long as he was tall, bobbing heavy and huge in the waves...but he was a bit bigger, yet. Oh, yes, he was.

The 1,600-foot colossus wasted no time in licking his muzzle over, then wrapping one immense, over-muscled arm around the long side of the entire ship. The other arm did the same, on its end, and in a few surreal seconds, Mumbo-Jumbo was pulling them both in, hugging the massive cruise ship in against himself. Thick pectorals, endlessly wide to those tiny things trapped below, crushed hot and smooth against that side of the ship, warping the hull slowly, as Mumbo-Jumbo let his muzzle loom right over the air above, caging them all in.

That was when the first impact hit, connecting with the towering god-bull's wide back muscles in a sudden explosion...

## **Mumbo-Jumbo grows big enough to swallow the entire cruiser**

The telltale tingle to which Mumbo-Jumbo was becoming accustomed tore up and down his golden body, filling him. Anticipation married some sort of savage delight as his thick, gilded muscles flexed, pumped, and boomed bigger, all over him. His biceps crowded his pectorals, which burst out beyond him, on and on, billowing and booming larger in the water.

His milky-white eyes fluttered as he trembled, feeling himself grow with his own growing hands, his weight climbing, in turn dragging him lower down. Yet, every moment that the 100-foot bull sank lower, he blew up bigger, surging higher up to compensate. His bulging erection bobbed in the ocean, stirring, lengthening, throbbing hot against the cool water, as his rumbling, swelling sacs tightened and ballooned out against his huge thighs.

*Yes. Yes! Just...like...this! This...good!*

150 feet shudder-bulged and blew up, up to 200 feet, in one hard, rude spurt of rumbling, warm growth. Power flooded his pumping muscles, making the shaking bull's head throw back as he bellowed and burst to double his size!

The shaking was getting worse. And worse.

*Ohhh...h-how many power cells...had he eaten!?*

Mumbo-Jumbo's backside swelled in a giddy, fervent rage, blowing up into a mound of muscles so big that it overtook the rest of him, before his pectorals blew out even bigger than it, followed by his inflating arms. 450 feet exploded up to 530...

He wasn't stopping. This time, Mumbo's growth spurt wasn't stopping!

*More...*

The thick bull huffed, licking his growing muzzle over hungrily.

**MORE!**

His erection boomed several magnitudes larger, suddenly, overgrown and bloated with need. Its bursting tip shook and tightened painfully, before Mumbo-Jumbo's 600-foot body rumbled ominously, quiver-quaked, and boomed even bigger...and bigger...and bigger...

**MOOOOOOORE!!**

And bigger...and bigger...and bigger...

The cruise liner pattered lazily over the surface of the ocean, a festive dot along the evening horizon of Bedlama; aliens of all calls and varieties danced their time away, lost in reverie. The music swelled to the beat of drums, no one yet aware of the bigger drumbeat of a great, sinister heart, rising steadily under them, even as it deepened and deepened below the ship itself.

Mumbo couldn't stop shaking, couldn't stop growing. He didn't mind. His every blazing nerve quivered and cried for more, and more the 1,000-foot bull got. He spasmed hard, grit his teeth, and

exploded three times larger, on the spot, his musclebound form detonating bigger. A vast underwater bomb might as well have gone off, as the boat finally rocked side-to-side, just slightly, then settled back down immediately.

3,000 feet of cybernetic minotaur kept twitching, kept rumbling, worse and worse. Mumbo-Jumbo roared under the ocean, feeling full-grown whales getting bumped away by the growing passage of his huge penis. An enormous dark spot of mass started to creep out like a spill under the luxury ship, and that spot only boomed bigger.

4,000 feet...4,700 feet...5,500 feet...

Over a mile tall, and still growing, Mumbo-Jumbo has blown himself up well over a hundred times, and his body was only swelling bigger, faster, approaching some sort of head as his muscles kept rumble-booming and gorging on too much power, getting too big, even for him. He snorted and gulped and huffed and billowed bigger, still, growth compounding messily atop growth, spurt on top of spurt. 6,300 feet tensed and trembled, held...then boomed to 8,000! 9,000!

The dark stain under the ocean liner swelled so remarkably massive and huge that no one up above could even have understood where it started or ended, even if they had been paying attention.

What did catch their attention, however, as the rumbling of the entire ocean around them, before something utterly immense shot up through the spray, looming high up on one side, while an even larger mass shot up on the other end. What might have been enormous, hill-sized teeth towered overhead, water pouring off of a great golden jawline on one side, two huge nostrils and a muzzle on the other.

Between the two vast masses rested the cruise ship, no longer on water at all, but rather on a massive, smooth, metallic tongue, which coiled around it like a huge tentacle. The sky-high jaws slowly, surreally came together, cutting off the light for the stunned ship and crew, as Mumbo-Jumbo's head and horns fully emerged. The incredibly-big bull tilted his head some, then closed his enormous mouth and muzzle once again.

The ship itself was moderately-sized, by fleet standards, at 1,300 feet long, end-to-end. Given that he had fit it in his maw with ease, that left Mumbo-Jumbo considerably bigger than it. As he growth finally petered out, the formerly house-sized minotaur had expanded, in only a minute, to over 20,800 feet—nearly 4 whopping miles in size.

He snorted out a great spray of retained water, bobbing halfway-buried in the ocean. The surface couldn't hope to reach past his copper-gold abs, leaving his huge knees rising out on either side, like mountains, and an ever-longer, higher, firmer shaft, which peered up out of the water like a curious dinosaur's neck. His vast orbs rested heavy and full on the ocean floor, nestled in a small valley, crushing down on wrecked ships and uncountable lifeforms alike. Whales that could have swallowed him whole on landing now were less than tadpoles to the colossal, over-muscled bull. And all of those little things came together to give Mumbo-Jumbo a delighted shiver of pleasure.

"HRRRHRRRNHRRRRHR," the god-bull rumbled, laughing it up through his closed mouth.

That, right then, was when the first missile hit...