

POSSESSED

When she had placed the call an hour ago, Melissa's hands were shaking so badly that she nearly misdialed twice. The apartment groaned like some alien pit, alive and unfriendly, and it was a wonder she could hang up the phone at all.

The moment she did, however-- calm.

The ferns stopped shaking, the dishes set themselves back down on the counter top, and the windows stopped slamming. So too did the heater.

And the television.

And the traffic.

The entire world went still, afraid, as whatever entity had crawled into her home watched, knowing, accusing--angry. The duck lowered herself into the couch and held her breath, a mouse dared to move by a gigantic cat. Her home, no longer her friend, stared in the silence, and the part of her that held onto every old nightmare screamed.

The moment she exhaled, it came, howling wild and gaping, and Melissa's world spiraled into cold black.

"This i'th it," Daffy murmured, the duck giving the brim of his brown hat an authoritative twist. He gripped a large suitcase of matching color, his free hand jabbing the ringer. "Time to clean hou'th!"

The new business wasn't exactly booming, had anyone cared enough to ask; truth be told, the newly minted Buster of Ghosts was one rent short of busted, and any call at HQ was more than welcome.

That the call came packaged with a pretty voice sealed the deal, and here he was, ready for anything, any lunatic horror from beyond. Any paycheck.

Yet, what answered the high-rise door was calm, quiet and absolutely beautiful.

"Yes?" a female duck asked, batting unfairly massive, deep-blue eyes.

Though she looked at Daffy like a stranger, she was dressed for a date: ruby red silk clung to a shapely, cream-feathered figure, black shoes counterpointing a mane of long, golden-blond hair. Those eyes left Daffy as haunted as her pad as she cocked her head and let those immaculate lashes sweep him up in a soft blink.

"Hah, er, erherm," Daffy grumbled, composing himself at light speed. "Yes! Daffy Duck here, Miss Ma'am--"

"Just Melissa," she seemed to offer and correct at the same time. "I'm sorry, who--"

"Ghost exth'terminator," the duck replied, perhaps too quick. "You did call about getting unth'pooked, yes?"

"Oh, I did, of course," Melissa hummed, wide-eyed yet calm. "Funny. Funny. Won't you come in?"

"Don't mind if I do!"

In he stepped, and instantly came the silence. Daffy had made more than one bad joke in his day, left a room quiet, but he had never been assaulted by it, either.

"Good grief," he muttered, readjusting his hat like it would help. "I knew we were high up, but I didn't know we were in th'pace."

"Just my own slice of it," Melissa cooed, practically gliding past him into the living room. "You can really hear the peace."

"The kind th'ome folk'th reth't in," Daffy gulped, setting his suitcase on a large chair beside the couch, and clicking it open. "I thought it'd be pandemonium in here."

Melissa--somehow on the other side of him--grinned strangely, unblinking.

"I don't hear a thing."

The oddest tremble stole her svelte frame, culminating North in a slight twitch of the eye. Her body seemed to breathe a bit larger, expanding without inhaling, before retreating back to normal, her grin swelling wider as she stared.

"Er...right," Daffy whispered, suddenly terribly off against her gaze. "Well, fret not! We'll get to the bottom of your, eh, overth'tated tranquility."

Again, Melissa...swelled. Again, it pulled back, just as her gorgeous feathers started fluffing out, still waters settling, but sinister.

Daffy blinked, maybe several times, before going into her kitchen with a large bottle and a cross, opening cupboards, waiting for them to close themselves, only to find the calm ongoing.

"Th'o," he started, looking back over his shoulder, and restraining a gasp as she stood inches away. "Ah, how long hath, uh, your pla'th been th'ubject to atypical activity?"

"For as long as I can remember."

"That being?"

"I don't remember."

Melissa slid along as Daffy walked, moving into the bedroom, finding nothing therein of the paranormal persuasion.

"One bedroom," Daffy hummed, shifting his focus slowly. "Not th'o much to haunt, if you're a lath'y ghost."

"It's just me, Mr. Duck."

"Plea'th, juth't Daffy. Now, the activity is still enough to dissuade your beau? You'd think a real man would th'tay--"

"I'm not seeing anyone, Daffy," she said, plainly.

Daffy's hat twisted a bit to the side, presumably on its own.

"Ooh, I--er, oh. I th'ee, yes. Good to know."

They were in the living room before Daffy knew it. Melissa was right against him, feathers to feathers.

"Well, I'm not th'enth'ing anything here," he sighed, picking a poor time to be honest.

Melissa pressed in closer, huffing on his neck cutely.

"I am."

Yet again, he could swear she was just a bit...inflated, for just one instant. Just one.

Another of one.

Eyes batted, purple tints glistening in the unease of the overhead light--but Daffy only saw them, and them alone.

"I th'ee..."

Daffy, able to catch that big of a flag wave, sat on the living room sofa and crossed a leg as seductively as he knew how--which, to him, was considerably.

"Well, then, I th'uppose I'll have to pull out the big gun'th..."

Melissa glided down, descending with an eerie grace onto the couch beside him. Those eyes pulled him in, despite his attempts to attract, and Daffy was shoulder-to-shoulder with her, nearly beak-to-beak.

"Th'o," he began, adjusting his hat, " the fir'tht thing we need to do is locate the'th th'ini'thter th'pirith!"

"Look closer, Daffy," Melissa murmured, nearly kissing-close, her body pulsing softly. "I'm sure a big, strong, handsome--DUCK--"

Her voice swelled and strained as a terrible tremble raced through her; as Daffy turned away to tilt his leaning hat, he happened to miss the moment.

"Ca-can find them..."

"Th'ertainly," Daffy said, still looking the other way as Melissa spasmed worse, then swelled openly over the couch.

Her soft yellow feathers tumbled into a darkened lavender pitch as her arms ballooned with bulk, stretching with a taut rubber stutter.

Her long hair frazzled out into a dark green poof, some hellish perm, her beak slipping into a ghastly pale blue as two colossal fangs pushed out.

Her neck bulged powerfully, the red dress struggling as her lats boomed against them, her hips swelling, her thighs catching the bottom rim fabric as both calves groaned thicker.

All of the fantastic metamorphosis elapsed in one single shudder, one bloated swell--only for Melissa to shrink back to normal, slinking from 7 feet to a svelte five just as Daffy turned back, his eyes set from professional to bedroom.

"We had better th-tart here, with a th'eance! Handy thing'th, the'th th'eanceth..."

In an instant, Daffy was against her, pressed in sweetly, warmly; the kiss happened instantly, and went deep. Suddenly, the ghosts and spirits could do whatever.

It was fine. This was all he needed. This, and the money--after this, of course.

The kiss broke and Daffy leaned back, head spinning with warmth and promise.

Melissa's head spun--literally.

Before Daffy could really react, she was off the couch, as well as the floor. Foot by foot, Melissa lifted, dress again loose enough to trail down after as her eyes glazed.

"Boy," Daffy muttered, impressed, "I dunno my own th'rength."

Daffy's ego swelled, and so, too, did Melissa.

"OOH-YAY OOPID-STAY ERK-JAY"

Melissa twitched and shook, her color dipping into that same sinister purple as her her arms bulged, puffing with threatening throbs of muscle.

"Hmm," he snorted, rubbing his beak thoughtfully. "Found th' th'pirit'th! I'm on a roll here!"

Melissa was kind enough to roll in the air, surely agreeing. The gesture was enough to pull his attention, and Daffy finally saw the rather pronounced change.

"Brother! I've heard of a date gone Th'outh before, but North ithn't much better."

The female's body lost its lithe structure, but not its curves; rather, her inflation only furthered her rumbling shape as it blew even larger up overhead.

Again at 7', the demonic Melissa was a sight and a half; a purple bodybuilder with shape to spare, she could have folded Daffy like a dollar store chair. The thought haunted him, a ghost all its own--a strange thought, yet one impossible to fully ignore as he got to his webbed feet and walked about her.

"Heaven'th, look'th like I'll need to break out th' th'eriou'th mea'thureth!"

Daffy's trusty bag clicked open, and out came the most trusted of all his arsenal: a massive tome of spirits.

The bulky female levitated, twitching away as Daffy leafed through it, then jabbed a feathered finger on the right page.

"Exth'orthithm, here'th th' trick! Let'h get tho'th ghoth'th out of you--to ex'thpell entities, tell...joketh?"

Daffy paused.

"Welp, when in Rome."

Melissa bulged out, some horrid pressure swelling within her muscled form, aching to erupt as Daffy cleared his throat and reached for the A-material:

"Okay, okay...why doethn't anyone in th' jungle play poker? Too many cheetah'th!"

At first, only an appropriate dead silence returned, only for a small, humanoid spirit to drift in from the bedroom wall, as though curious. Daffy blinked, watching studiously as it slipped through the air, and entered Melissa, compelled into her, instead of the other way around.

Daffy made to speak, when the possessed duck shook worse, lowered back onto the bed, then spasmed and rumbled and billowed even bigger.

"HRNH," she huffed, her thick physique groaning as it surged even thicker, muscles pumping angrily as her body swelled up to 8 feet, then 9, then 10!

A kind of pained grin stole her blue muzzle as it grew larger, her forest hair rising in volume as her dress pulled in against too much lavender muscle.

"Hmm," Daffy hummed, cocking a black brow high. "Not funny enough, methink'th."

Punctuating the sentiment, Melissa growled like some caged monster, shaking and rubber-bulging to 12 feet, then fifteen, her head rising towards the ceiling.

"Not a problem, not a problem," Daffy chuckled, gulping his fears as he and the tome took a seat beside her, feeling the giant demoness swell out with every evil breath. "Eathily remedied! Ah, heh, w-why can't you truth th'tairth? Because they're alwayth up to th'ome-thing!"

Hoping for the best, Daffy instead watched as another spirit appeared, then another, flittering in through the living room walls and entering the gargantuan Melissa.

"HAAAH," Melissa huffed, the monstress quaking as she rolled her yellow eyes back, snorted steam, and began to shudder so hard the apartment rocked. "Y...YESSSS...SSS-SSS..."

Daffy remained, stubbornly wedged against Melissa's expanding form as she again burst bigger, and bigger.

Fifteen feet ballooned to 17, then 20, her head rumbling up toward the ceiling as her triceps exploded bigger, inflating down over Daffy's head and knocking the hat clear off.

"HURRRAGGH, HUAAAHGH," the growing colossus huffed, grinning wider as another ghost pushed into her booming lats, blowing her up to 25 feet, her head thudding the ceiling so hard that the apartment chandelier rattled for it, no longer needing the haunting to act up.

"Alright, picky audien'th," he muttered, leaning away as her humongous rump swelled into his plumage, her dress threatening to rip as her bulk roared out.

"Ahem...what do you call a cow with one leg? Lean beef!"

The already-overwhelmed Melissa bellowed as ghost after ghost streamed out from all angles, cramming and squiggling as they packed into her bulk.

"H...HELLLP...MEEEE..."

There was enough *Melissa* in the heavy utterance to pull Daffy's sympathy up out of the fear.

TO...G-GET..."

Ghost after ghost pumped into her trembling bulk, her bill swinging wide open as her bust swelled massively, her neck inflating as her back muscles burst up into the crackling walls, her spine arching out.

"BIGGER..."

30 feet exploded to 35, raw heat and supernatural energies pouring off as she expanded everywhere; Daffy crawled along the floor, book in hand, feathers ruffling out as Melissa grew, and grew.

"Brother, th'ith ith a bigger job than I thought! Talk about a tough crowd!"

As it turned out, a 50-foot female duck hardly fit a living room, even the previously-oversized one. From out the tidal surge of a red dress and lavender calves popped Daffy, the tinier male

scrambling into the kitchen as the walls warped and snapped outward.

"Think, think," he spluttered, smoothing out his feathers as Melissa's bulging brawn boomed into the opening. "Need a truly climactic gag! Something to knock em' d--"

The kitchen cabinets groaned, glass casings cracking and crashing as the walls bulged bigger still.

"BIIIIIGGGGG..."

The entire apartment thundered as Melissa's demonic beak roared into her expanding bosom, her dress screaming as her muscles blew through the side walls, bursting into the outer residence hall on one end, the other into the bedroom.

The tiles along the kitchen floor snapped apart as the entire space bowed lower and lower. The fridge and oven tilted in after as Daffy edged away to what little free space he had left.

"MOOOOOORE...JOOOOOKES..."

60 feet exploded to 70 as more and more ghosts spilled into her booming muscles. Daffy could only hang on as a door-sized blue bill crashed through, gargantuan fangs bared.

"Maybe we th'ould renegotiate our payment t-termth--"

"BIIIIIG-GH-HURRRRR!!!"

The more ghosts that poured in, the bigger the bulging she-demon billowed; 80 feet shudder-boomed, spurting violently through blowing walls, dozens of spirits undulating as her body swelled in waves to 100 feet!

Negotiations broke down at roughly the same time as the walls, and Daffy saw himself out of the apartment. Finding the foyer and exit door blocked by truck-sized shoulders, he saw fit to ride Melissa's billowing bust as it plumped forth.

Even he had no means to joke as her chest mashed flatter, tighter, roaring bigger still as he head blew up into the next floor, her huge thighs and taut-dressed rump bashing down into the space below, flattening furniture and breaking its floor apart as a cascading torrent of hot female poured in.

115 feet...130 feet...150 feet!

The sixth, fifth and forth floors caved in quick succession as Daffy stumbled through the ruins of the neighboring 9th floor apartment, crawling over a king-sized bed as its back board tilted under an evergrowing bust, which chased after.

"Thit'th ith getting out of hand! I-I'll need to triple the pr-price, ma'am--"

"MMMMOOOOOOORE JOOOOOKES!!!"

The entire middle of the building bulged as wave upon wave of Melissa grew through it. Daffy

managed to reach the back window of the last apartment as Melissa's house-sized beak mowed through the overhead ceiling, her breasts bulging to fill the remaining interior.

"Aha, I really can't th'tay!" Daffy yelped, wall-eyed, fumbling against the window lock as her rumbling shook the building. "Plea'th keep Quackbuth'ter'th in mind for--"

The entire floor vanished as the colossal female boomed bigger, the remining floor falling out; Daffy tumbled into a partial freefall, grasping the overtaxed dress, slipping and falling further, down, down along her swelling mass as she bellowed and erupted to 160 feet...180 feet...

"Thith'th deth...picable!"

Daffy impacted the few tight folds where her inflated torso met her full hips, then rolled down with crushed furniture into the lobby. Fragments of wall littered down, missing narrowly as the rose to a stand (wobbling though it was).

"I'll t-th'ee my'thelf out--"

The top floors lost their grip on Melissa's massive neck, her 210-foot body crashing down and tearing the libby floor apart. One last time, the panicked duck tumbled down, sailing, thumping and rolling off her bulging thighs, landing down into the old basement with a feathery crash.

Demonic bleating and moaning rattled down as raw body heat flowed over hi., washing Daffy over as he shook his head, rushed to his feet, then shakily bumped into a tall stone slab.

"W-what'th thi'th?" the duck hummed, rubbing dust out of his eyes as Melissa's feet and calves relentlessly grew behind him. "Oh, Margaret, it couldn't be--"

He struck a match as quickly as possible, lighting up enough of the basement as he passed by to see a few carved markers, then crosses. A long-withheld gulp took the initiative, making him slow down his frantic escape a moment.

"You're kidding," Daffy groaned, seeing a fully-illuminated grave marker. He looked up at the smashed wood planking above, see Melissa grow and grow up above. "A th'ub bath'ement!? No wonder the'th ghot'th are th'o plentiful!"

The magnificently huge demoness boomed in dark delight as her body billowed uncontrollably, the dress ripping at more and more vital seams as Daffy backed into a bricked up wall.

With nowhere left to run, seeing her swollen lavender muscles pulse towards him, Daffy had one final thought:

"W-what do you call a bear with no teeth? A g-gummy bear!"

From every nearby grave, a small spirit rose. More and more of them popped up, grinning eerily at the duck.

"Ah," Daffy huffed, his heart thumping faster. "W-why did the golfer change hi'th pan'th? B-becau'th it had a hole-in-one!"

At once, they rushed in on him, spilling into Daffy's quaking body.

Right away, it began: his feathery body ballooned out, the sensation of his hide straining tight against a surge of growth. His eyes widened to saucers as his own chest blasted bigger, surging before him as his shoulders blew into beach balls, his lats detonating too big on the right, then even bigger on the left. His arms flooded with girth, black biceps exploding too big, his feathery forearms blowing out as his orange thighs pumped wider, thicker!

Even as Melissa grew and grew, filling the entire building at a mighty 350 feet, Daffy was already catching up--and fast.

"H-heaven'th!!" Daffy boomed, the word getting bigger as it ejected a swelling black neck. The white ring surged about it as the duck inflated to 30 feet in one hard, gushing burst of pure size!

His thighs exploded twice as huge, then three times that, his arms bloating as big around as his entire body had just been.

By the time Melissa boomed to 400 feet, Daffy was 90. The apartment cracked and snapped, webs of destruction lancing its ballooning borders as all of downtown stopped--the traffic, the walking, the bustle, everything.

As the 430-foot Melissa's violet bulk burst through a top corner, blowing out mortar and stretching rebar, Daffy was surging against her, the overmuscled duck screaming from 170 feet to 250 in one thick burst.

"MAKE...ME...GRROOOOW..."

Melissa's demonic demands echoed out from within as the gutted shell of the building broke in two at the center. Her 460' body mashed tighter inside, her beak stuck between her billowing bust as it rolled into her overgrown biceps.

Yet, as she trembled so, Daffy's bulk exploded bigger, faster, 330 feet against 500.

He closed his eyes as they turned a fierce, ghastly yellow, his beak turning rust red, his hulking legs doing the same as hundreds of ghosts tickled and pumped and wriggled into his stretching muscles, blowing him up to 400 feet...450 feet...

The building, now watched by all of downtown, crackled out its last, before finally shattering into dust and smoke, heaving debris everywhere, throwing cars, stands, signs and people back as the 600-foot demoness emerged into the mortal world!

Biceps bigger than houses twitched, relishing freedom and power as her chest bobbed out far, far ahead. She huffed out a thick stream of hellish soot over the tops of skyscrapers, flexing with terrible force as the tiny masses fled outright.

"FREE..." she boom-growled, wriggling tree-sized fingers and heaving her shoulders up. "I'M FREEEEE! SO MUCH SPACE TO FILL! SO MUCH BULK TO FILL UP! THANKS, DAFFY, YOU LITTLE FOOL--"

The ground suddenly shook so hard that even the rumbling from Melissa was overtaken entirely, making the humongous ghoul stop and pause.

"HRM?"

The road on either side split apart, a vicious gouge tearing open as titanic black waves of feathers surged up into the open. The pavement parted wider, and wider still, fantastic bulk geysering up and up as the whole block blew apart--revealing one single, titanic bicep.

Melissa hissed in shock as even her 700-foot body rose--and not from ghostly levitation.

More accurately, it was Daffy.

All 2,000 feet of him.

A vast orange bill parted entire business offices as his head tore up through the street behind them, followed by a colossal pillar-neck.

Thick, overgrown pectorals boomed higher underneath the apartment complex ruins, under Melissa, under the neighboring plaza and parking garage as his 800-foot wide chest swelled bigger still.

By the time the 900-foot demoness got her bearings, such as they were, Daffy was already 3,500 feet, and still growing larger, thicker, stronger.

"W-WHAT!?" the she-monster thundered, as Daffy's muzzle towered higher, casting a fell shadow over even her bulk as he outclassed her more and more. "S...SSSTOPPP!"

"D-DOE'TH ANYONE NEED AN ARK!? I N-NOAH G-GUUUUY!!"

From nearby cemeteries around the city, more ghosts emerged, flying and spiraling into Daffy, peppering his massive bulk as he shuddered too big, too huge, too powerful.

"ST-STOOOOP!"

4,000 feet rumbled to 4,300...4,500...4,700...

Melissa's 1,200-foot body trembled, a demon finally knowing terror as Daffy pumped past a full mile in size; in her fear and awe, as the entire city shuddered and shoom under its new god, the massive female could only hear one, all-important thing:

"LET'TH TALK...PAYMENT...INCREA'TH!"