

Mumbo-Jumbo goes too far, too fast!

All of Bedlama was in chaos, trying to keep the whole of their society together as Mumbo-Jumbo kept relentlessly expanding, out beyond them...and under them...and over them...

Indeed, the bloated cyber-bull kept blowing more and more power from the swallowed ray cannon down into his thickening penis, letting it balloon out of control between his cuddling, massive arms. Golden-copper muscles swelled hungrily, tight and full and bloated with energy, and Mumbo flexed every straining bit of them to better hug and stroke and play with his titanic erection, itself as high up as the bull's muzzle, which blew and blew, blowing him up to 600,000 miles, then 700,000.

The glans flared and stretched, inflating up so big that Mumbo-Jumbo's muzzle dimpled down into its center, at the slit, while the rest of the head puffed higher against his jawline. His sides and chest billowed eagerly out, mashing and rubbing and metallically groaning bigger, heavier, groups colliding and swelling against one another as he surged up to 850,000 miles.

More, Mumbo-Jumbo greedily thought, drunk on his own growth. *More! Moo-more! MOOOOORE!*

His backside billowed out angrily-huge behind him, oversized and swollen with pulsing muscle. His testicles blew up and up, mashing tighter, dimpling between his inner thighs (on which the teeny Mirage still rested) and the base of his swollen shaft. His huge hands trailed up and down, tickling it gleefully, aggressively, yet tenderly.

No stop. No stop, not never ever. Mumbo...grow...FOREVER...

Mumbo nuzzled hard into his overgrown erection, bloating it out so huge that bulges of metallic flesh swelled out with rubber squeaks and squeals beyond his struggling grip, out past even his own gigantic muscles. His huge fingers swelled and slipped, tickling the skin as he tried to reestablish a grip, stroking on it too much, making the bull dli his eyes to glowing white slits as he chuckled and blew on and on groaning openly as he pumped noisily, stretchily over 1,000,000 miles tall.

More and more of the nearby planets and moons drifted toward his bulk, as Mumbo shook and jittered with the onslaught of energy and power, soaking up too much of it to handle properly. His raging muscles boomed out, suddenly, too big, too full, consuming the majority of his actual body in a sudden bloat of mass. He kept on blowing, just the same, undaunted; if anything, the crushing pressure of his own bulk swelling over itself just made him shiver in unmasked delight.

BIIIIIII...GGG...GGGGGURRRR...

He snorted, hiccupped, and blew harder, making his 1,320,000-mile body explode violently larger, surging out with a rushing bulge of growth to 1,480,000 miles, in one thick push, then 1,790,000! His red-copper shoulders boomed up over his head, riding the tidal growth of his trapezius and overgrowing back, before his thighs erupted even bigger, shoving his body up higher as his feet and rear cracked and sank deeper and deeper through space. The once-imposing planet of Bedlama was now only slightly larger than Mumbo's huge head, and his growth was only increasing to panic-inducing sizes!

Still, he kept blowing, on and on and on, stroking and teasing his trembling, white-hot erection, making it spasm and buck cutely in his slipping grip. He squeezed in on it, unwisely, making the excess pressure blow his arms and sides and shoulders and neck, which ballooned impossibly wide under his jawline. Bedlama's panicked citizenry rang every possible alarm, floods of crowds jostling in the tiny streets, all as a looming chin towered far, far overhead, completely displacing their once-friendly skies.

And still...*still*, he kept blowing!

MMMMMOOOOOO...M-MUH-M-MUHH-MMMM-MMMOOOOOOOOOOO!!

A far worse tremor shook through as his body stretched out too tight, rippled and wavered, then boomed twice as big, exploding his bulky growing body all the way up to a stunning and terrible 2,500,000 miles! Mumbo-Jumbo's body shook and tremored even deeper, energy starting to fissure out of the seams in his huge muscle clusters, beams of energy that sot forth like spotlights from his quaking body as it strained, groaning all over, and blew up twice as big, again!

MOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMORE

Mumbo-Jumbo's frantic pleading with himself increased as his 3,400,000-mile tall body eclipsed more and more of the quadrant of Limbo, his bulk crushing and bulging out against countless gravitating planets and civilizations, all at once. More light fissured out as Mumbo uncaringly welled up, and blew the biggest, thickest blast of energy he could manage into himself.

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

His erection billowed out wider than his own torso, bloating and stretching and screaming with growth, too big, too fast, too full! The metallic hide of his shaft pulled over-tight as his penis inflated even wider, even bigger, light shooting out of its throbbing sides. His body rumbled and rippled and wobbled before expanding further out to 4,900,000 miles, before the huffing, moaning, uncaring bovine blew and blew, shooting light out everywhere. His body creaked one bit too much, then something vital finally split open, and the bull closed his eyes and swelled and swelled and swelled and—

BBBBBBBOO MMMM!!

The explosion sent everything hurling back, regardless of size or density or mass. When it all finally cleared, there was only the fragmented remains of over a dozen planets, still survived, but broken up and splintered, scattered by unbelievably huge, cosmic-sized bulk.

Yet, for all that size and might, Mumbo-Jumbo was nowhere to be found, destroyed by the power he so wantonly craved.

Mumbo-Jumbo can contain it...he'll grow forever!! BIGGER!!

The vast shining man-bull's body, already so tremendous, so titanic in scope and bulk, exploded so much bigger, so quickly, that it was beyond surreal. Over half a million miles' worth of nude, aroused bovine stretched and ballooned out, in all possible directions, naked and golden muscles expanding in heated bursts of growth. In the one blow, Mumbo-Jumbo swelled up from 560,000 miles to 1,980,000, nearly quadrupling in size!

His biceps crashed against his outer chest, grinding and swelling, bigger and bigger, rubbing and groaning against each other as his shoulders erupted bigger than they! His phallus surged angrily bigger, and longer, and fatter, plumping hotly and tightly between his parting hands and spreading fingers, which dug into the rubber-metal flesh in delight, dragging in and stroking hard.

He shuddered openly, letting it happen, letting his rear bulge out as he curved his musclebound back and mooed hungrily into his tip, flaring his nostrils so big that smaller moons drew in and vanished into them, before blowing harder into himself!

M...MMMoooooooooooo...MU...MUHH-MU-MOOooooooooooooooooooooore...

Every foiled plot, every smack of punishment from another crony of the mob. Every curse from Mon*Star over his defeat by the SilverHawks. Every missed attack, every insult from the do-gooders, and his own cohorts. Every single thing wrong floated in the bull's mind, teasing him relentlessly. So, he teased his erection even more aggressively, pushing back against years of abuse and embarrassment.

Bigger, Mumbo huffed, gulping and growling, blowing himself up all the way to a terrifying 5,150,000 miles in size. *BIGGER! Mumbo BIGGER than them! BIGGER THAN ALL THEM!*

The formerly-massive planet of Bedlama had dwindled throughout, slipping down from a planet to a house, to a balloon, to a medicine ball, to a humbled little bouncing ball, small enough to fit in the small of just one of Mumbo-Jumbo's looming palms (which thankfully seemed diverted with pleasing Jumbo's massive erection).

With all signals from the Mirage gone and radio silence persisting, the Bedlama defense forces skipped with the bother of retaliating, and instead set to frantic work trying to get Professor Power's emergency transportation-warp grid up and running at full power. New alerts and city-wide sirens blared warnings about preparing to abandon the planet shortly, grabbing only what was needed. Citizens across the hemisphere all fled their homes and hustled along to the designated warp sites, some looking up foolishly and seeing nothing but a gaping set of nostrils where the skies used to be. Even they alone were too wide to see the edges of, both vanishing off into the peripheries of the horizon as the planet shook, making everyone duck and scream.

Mumbo huffed through his nostrils, blowing the planet back slightly, before he inhaled, pulling it even closer back than ever toward himself. Bedlama's entire axis tilted forward as it began to roll in ominous slow motion, nearing those inhaling nostrils, as Mumbo-Jumbo's pectorals bulged bigger and tighter, swelling warmly against his own shaft.

Then Mumbo blew yet again, letting the beam within blast and blast and blast, and those caught on the rolling ball of rock could only watch as the shifting skies swelled fuller of Mumbo's body as the bull rumble-boomed even bigger, and bigger, quintupling in size!

Over 25,000,000 miles tall, nearly 136,000,000,000 feet in size, Mumbo-Jumbo towered over the now-speck-sized Bedlama, his muzzle alone dozens on dozens of times larger than it. Those at the

designated warp spots could only look on as the golden sky shone, mirroring their tilting planet back at them, before the planetwide transport countdown began, blaring the numbers...

10...9...8...

Mumbo blew yet again, and his creaking penis screamed bigger, fatter, bloating out against his thick, humongous arms, crowding his thick biceps and forearms, as his testicles boom-boom-boomed unstoppably, outgrowing even his own form. His mighty golden thighs spread wide, dimpling down against the sacs as they bulged into a mass so tight and full that it almost became one single bulge, then boomed twice as big!

7...6...5...4...

Mumbo howled and mooed and panted into his own erection, squeezing on it as he bulged up past 90,000,000 miles, with sacs over 140,500,000 miles wide groaning below him! His sacs nearly swelled to fill the gap between Bedlama and Automata, big enough to bridge the distance of the two planets! Still, they swelled out, even larger, fuller and heavier, floating in space as they swelled tighter, and shoved both marble-sized planets further apart. Mumbo's fingertips, each big enough to crush a whole planet flat like a grape, dug eagerly into his flared penis, Mumbo whining in total, heated, rumbling bliss.

The machines cross Bedlama rattled with effort as a glowing network of green energy flickered awake, covering entire cities simultaneously.

3...2...1...

There was a fantastic flash as the entire population of Bedlama was teleported off to its farthest destination, appearing with a collective cheer in safety, all the way over on Earth and it's satellites, which proved enough to contain the overflow of that many refugees. Bedlama, left to spin on as a comparative grain of sand to Mumbo-Jumbo, simply vanished, pulled fully into the snorting beast's infinitely larger muzzle.

And still, Mumbo grew. The moaning bovine blasted into his own pride, on and on and on, not slowing, not stopping for a moment. His muscles soared out everywhere, entire tiny planets rolling up against them as his sheer gravitational well grew and grew. Over 230,000,000 miles tall now, Mumbo's shaking, quaking body began to appear to more and more colonies and worlds, across Limbo, popping up in a wave of Limbo-wide panic as they all saw what was happening, not-so-far away.

Mon*Star and his cronies, waiting for word back on the foul planet Brimstar, all noticed some pressure and force shake out through space, making the entire planet rumble. The foul tyrant and his mob could only register the shaking a moment before some cosmic oddity loomed up into view, and all of Limbo seemed, to them, suddenly gone. Instead, there was only a great throbbing darkness, before a vast slit opened up, itself bigger than all of the red planet! The mob fell into a terror as that slit gaped wide, glowing within with wild, crackling energy, and the tip of a penis over 143,500,000 miles wide swelled up to claim them.

"RRRRRRRRRRR..."

Mumbo's voice boomed so big that it didn't even register to the tiny little planet, as it sank gradually, ominously down into the glowing, growing slit. The mob couldn't understand as a vast golden mass of bulk lowered back down, not able to see far enough out to comprehend that Mumbo-Jumbo was intentionally leaving his erection open, just so that he could let all of Brimstar hover in the opened slit, and so that he could place his looming, opened maw right back down over it, sealing the planet

in, in so doing.

The mob and Mon*Star all went into a blind panic as Mumbo wiggled his impossibly big muscles in preparation, then inhaled yet again, swelling out all the thicker with inflating muscle and bulk.

Consider this...Mumbo resignation! the bull happily thought, as he let the ray blast burst loose, tunneling down into his erection. The mighty beam washed down on the planet, making everyone therein tremble and shake...then grow...and grow...and GROW...AND GROW...

Their confusion melted into pleasure as their swelling bodies all collided, biggest of all Mon*Star. They all groaned and blushed and ballooned, bigger and stronger, all fed so much energy and power that they filled the tower at Brimstar's core, bursting and blasting through pillars and the throne room, cracking the tower, blowing it apart, making them all rub and grind bigger and heavier and stronger.

They swelled so massive that they all flooded the interior of Brimstar; the planet itself shuddered, then bulged bigger, swelling massively as the growing, huffing, panting cronies and boss within grew, too. Each of them were bigger than entire planets, overflowing with power, more than they had ever conceived of, in their lives.

At 5,650,100,000 miles in size, over 29,800,000,000,000 feet, Mumbo was still easily able to get both hands around his erection, in time to feel all of Brimstar balloon bigger, swelling to the size of a ball, stretching and bulging out against the outside of he bull's massive erection. Both hands clasped on it from outside, feeling it all bulge, feeling the rumbling growth feeding his former partners bigger and bigger and bigger...

"RRRRRRRRRRHR."

With that, the bull simple squeezed in on his own member, and the newly-grown, almighty Brimstar sank down, down, forcing the wonderfully tight bulge lower, and lower, and lower, then back up, then down, letting them all grow and grow and grow, stretching his sex nicely. He huffed and blew again, and again, masturbating with the entire planet as an internal toy, until his trembling, overwhelmed erection bucked and strained and swelled, then blew out a messy, cataclysmic eruption of bursting semen, in a spray that shot out like a torrent across Limbo!

Continued

The planetoid of Automata lay still in the darkness of Limbo, a mechanized factory of gleaming metal, screws, joints and wheels, all moving in uniformity. Like the ticking of a colossal clock, its time kept on smooth and sleek, running on in its desired perpetuity.

Then, the Mirage arrived.

"Hold on to your hands!" Bluegrass whooped, as the spiraling ship careened through the atmosphere, its reentry sloppy and sudden, before the ship's nose sloped up, and the bottom of the Mirage caught the impact of their landing. The ship spun out and snapped a wing, then crashed sideways into a high pillar of moving parts, finally coming to an unsubtle stop.

"Everybody out, and assume battle positions!" Quicksilver said, forcing himself up against the pilot seat of the cockpit. "They'll be on us in a moment, for sure!"

For sure, as the back bay door opened, several blasts came straight at them, only missing narrowly. The SilverHawks all ducked away to the sides, inside the bay, trapped there by Melodia and Windhammer's combined fire, from the Limbo Limo.

"Release Mumbo-Jumbo and hardware, you SilverSnots!" Melodia shrieked, hitting a devastating note on her synthesizer-styled blaster, the Sound Smasher. She stood up behind the steering wheel of the spacecraft, firing wild. Beside her stood Waindhammer, who pointed his giant uning fork more carefully, and blasted at them again.

"No chance, Melodia!" Steelheart shouted back, firing at the Limbo Limo with her shoulder mounted lasers. Melodia ducked as the blast sailed by, adjusting her musical-note shades with a growl.

"There's no escape," Windhammer yelled, blasting again and again. "Your ship is down! Give up!"

"Quite the speaker, him," Bluegrass joked, before firing at the Limo with his laser-tipped guitar, Hot Licks.

"How do we get out of this, though?" Steelwill asked. "Any game plan, here, Quicksilver?"

As he thought, Quicksilver noticed a noise outside, beyond their firing and blasting. It was getting closer, slowly but surely. Steelheart stopped as well a moment later, making the same curious face he was.

"Do you hear that?" she asked, blinking. The others stopped to listen, ceasing their fire.

"Hah, they actually gave up the ghost!" Melodia cackled, grinning wide. "Guess they listened to reason!"

Windhammer's long ears twitched, and the merman looked away in confusion.

"I think that's what they heard," he muttered, pointing out into the relative cold light and steel structures of the factory planet.

A vast army of small, wheeled robots were droning over toward them, lasers raised on mounted arm turrets. The collective whirr of their many wheels made such a fuss that all firing between both parties stopped, as the small armada circled around them, poised for attack.

"What the..." Melodia began, before a huge, robotic voice cut everyone off:

"SILENCE, ORGANICS...I AM MONOTONE, OVERSEER OF AUTOMATA," it boomed, cold and impassive, yet somehow put-off. "SURRENDER, OR BE FORCED INTO SUBMISSION!"

"Oh, right, Monotone's domain," Steelwill said. "I didn't even realize we landed in Automata..."

"Didn't the Copper Kidd save Monotone before?" Bluegrass asked. "Why's Monotone sound so *guldarned* unfriendly?"

"Does he not know it's us?" Steelheart supposed, before a new series of blasts shot loose, outside. They all turned to see Windhammer and Melodia attacking the drones, blasting several away.

"*You* submit!" Melodia hissed, blasting away with her Sound Smasher.

The robots all returned fire, making Melodia and Windhammer dive back down into the Limbo Limo in a panic.

"SHOTS FIRED. RECIPROCATION, COMMENCING."

"Best stay put," Steelwill sighed, as the exchange of blasts escalated, outside.

"ADDITIONAL LIFE FORMS DETECTED," Monotone addended, as the bevy of remaining drones advanced upon the Limbo Limo, and hoisted the entire thing up in a tractor beam split between six or eight of them. "PREPARE FOR INTAKE."

"H-hey! Stoppit!" Melodia snarled, as the drones carried the carship overhead.

The SilverHawks suddenly felt their own ship shake, then float up several yards, before it too was carried along. The bent wing snapped off in the air, its weight forcing it to fall to a nasty crash on the factory floor of the planet.

"Oh, my poor baby," Bluegrass sighed, shaking his head. That just ain't no way to treat a lady, at all."

"Guess we'll have to ask Monotone what all this is about, when we arrive," Quicksilver said.

Meanwhile, in the holding cell, Mumbo-Jumbo and Hardware slept on, still encased in ice. Even still, Mumbo's body began to twitch ominously, swelling slowly bigger against the frigid cocoon...

"Take the Mirage into that asteroid field, and knock him off!"

Up ahead, loitering around the region of outer Bedlama, was a large cluster of asteroids. It was to that cluster that Quicksilver pointed, wasting no time, as the scream of the sirens continued around them.

"Bluegrass!" he shouted, getting close enough to be better heard over the din. "Take the Mirage into that asteroid field, and knock him off!"

"That's crazy," Steelheart started. "We'd have to navigate that field, even if the plan worked!"

"No," Bluegrass corrected, grinning nervously. "Y'all don't have to do that kind of fancy flyin', at all. / *do.*"

With that, and without further invitation to council, Bluegrass yanked the steering column, and the Mirage veered off toward the waiting field.

"Oh, boy," Steelwill sighed, taking up a crash position, just in case. "Here goes!"

"Yee-HAAAAW!"

The Mirage dipped under one large hunk of rock, lifted, corrected, then spun around two others, threading through the center. Everyone else held on as he intentionally pulled up, bringing the ship higher, nearer to the underside of a particularly huge asteroid. It bashed into Mumbo-Jumbo, making the huge bull snort and roar in frustration and anger, and even a little unadmitted pain. But, at 310 feet in size, and laden with thick bulges of tight golden muscle, it wasn't enough to give the bovine the brush.

"So, it's a challenge, then, ain't it!" Bluegrass growled, twisting the wheel. He peered out through the partings between Mumbo's gigantic fingers, still able to see enough of what was coming. "Fine n' dandy!"

The Mirage spun upside-down, scraping Mumbo-Jumbo hard against the topside of another big asteroid, before one Bluegrass saw coming down the way smacked into his head, bashing to bits against Mumbo's stubborn forehead and horns.

"RRRRRRRUUHURRRRRR!" Mumbo snarled, nearly pulsing with anger now, as another crashed against him, making him lose his grip on one huge hand.

"Steady, Mumbo!" Hardware bellowed, his tiny voice hardly registering among the cacophony of pings and scrapes and crashes of more asteroids pummeling the big bull. Mumbo took one to the face, shook it off, then looked back, just as Bluegrass lurched the Mirage low, dragging him as he hung on through the field.

"Ooh, lookee-there!" Bluegrass crowed, steering with escalating speed toward an enormous asteroid.

He spun the nose down, hard, flinging Mumbo up into a swing, so that the huge bull thudded back-flat against the much larger rock, smashing into it with a full, cracking dent. The upside-down bull roared and wheezed, the air crushed out, as the Mirage detached from his remaining grip, and sped along through the field.

"That'll do it!" Quicksilver said, sighing in relief.

"What now, though?" Steelwill asked. "Do we still swing wide and bring Mumbo in, somehow? I mean, if we leave him, he'll just keep growing, from the looks of it."

As they looked back in the viewfinder readout, the monitor betrayed a new development...

"Pick up speed and fling him off!"

"We don't have time to get fancy, here," Quicksilver mused, thinking fast. "Blue grass, can we shake Mumbo-Jumbo? Is there any way to do it, that we're currently capable of?"

"Pure force, Boss," Bluegrass answered, flatly. "That's just about all we got."

The alarms screeched as the hull of the Mirage groaned, and began crumpling further in on itself, the pressure from the gigantic bull increasing from outside. Quicksilver wasted no time in giving Bluegrass the go-ahead in a form of a firm nod.

"Do it. Pick up speed and fling him off!"

"Roger that! Heh!"

"Oh, boy," Steelheart sighed, knowing roughly what they were in for—mostly, something done roughly.

Bluegrass forced the steering column forward, rapidly, but not so much as to blow the Mirage's gaskets. The ship picked up speed, the passing stars and asteroids starting to bleed past in streaks around Mumbo-Jumbo, who hung on and growled in agitation.

"RRRRRR!"

"Just...hang on, Mumbo," Hardware shouted, not that he was much-heard in the fuss. "Hang on!"

Bluegrass let the ship rumble as the engines warmed up, steadily. The steering wheel rattled, then buzzed calmly, despite the pickup.

"You've gone faster before, Bluegrass," Steelwill said, holding tight. "What's the holdup?"

"We got cargo, buddy," he joked, easing the steering forth a little more. The ship kept climbing in speed, zipping away from Bedlama, until it shrank out of sight entirely. "This-here ain't about acceleration, it's about top-speed! Gotta handle her different, like this!"

Mumbo-Jumbo blinkered his eyes as the force increased, starting to push back against even his 310-foot body. The pressure made him drag along the topside of the ship, until his gigantic red fingers began to slip, inching apart as they slid off of the cockpit exterior. Then, the speed increased, and Mumbo's vision began to blur.

Hardware fumbled against Mumbo-Jumbo, too crushed in between the huge bull and the ship's hull to move proper. When he tried to open his mouth and shout something else, Mumbo's pectorals flexed down harder, the bull crushing down on him as he tried to keep a hold on the ship. With a further grunt and a thicker bulge of bulk, Mumbo's muscles tightened even further. Huge golden biceps crushed in against the sides, pushing against the backs of the wings, threatening to snap them off.

"Top-speed!" Bluegrass shouted, as the scream of the ship spiked higher, shriller still. "Y'all hang on!"

At that, Bluegrass dipped the wheel, and the Mirage zoomed down, angling sharp, generating so much of a cutoff that Mumbo bucked and slipped off, effectively flung far, far ahead, cast out with Hardware into the yawning breadth of space.

"Evenin' out!" Bluegrass finished, as he twirled the speed off, slowed, and eased the column back toward himself. The Mirage calmed, and the normalcy of the stars returned as they went into cruise mode.

On the monitor, and even through the cockpit dome, they could all see Mumbo's form flying off, dwindling smaller and smaller in their perspective.

"Okay," Steelwill said, clapping Bluegrass on the shoulder. "That's one step! What now?"

"Right," Steelheart added. "We can't just let Mumbo roam free, at that kind of size, with that kind of power. He would terrorize anywhere he landed. Do we try and capture him, proper?"

Mumbo-Jumbo gives chase, following Timestopper

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go

The chant ping-ponged around inside Timestopper's head, crashing through any coherent thoughts his mind tried to assemble. To be fair, it was about all of what little imperative he needed to operate under, at the moment. And that moment would only stay frozen for so much longer.

The jetpack blasted for all it was worth, propelling the terrified teenager through an unplotted course across Limbo. This had all gone South in a bad stretch of the quadrant; there was nothing but nothing for ages, no planets, no satellites or stations. Not a thing at all to help. Not a thing to hide behind, assuming that even would work out for him.

The jetpack wheezed, starting to stutter and overheat. Timestopper felt it jerk, then heard the ten-second countdown beeping, on his giant watch attachment.

GOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOGOOOOGOOOGOGO!

"Come oooooohooooon," he cried, begging for a greater distance between himself and Mumbo-Jumbo. He had lost sight of the bull, but at that moment, he could have been a full parsec away, and not felt safe.

Mumbo-Jumbo blinked, returning to time's sway, and his angered bulk responded for him. The 500-foot colossus spasmed and tensed, starting to bulge out bigger and thicker with muscle. His body lurched up another 10 feet, then another yet, his back muscles bloating bigger and bigger behind him, as his pectorals heaved out tighter, fuller.

"RRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUOOOOORRRRRRH," he huffed, biting his own lip, as his body exploded up even larger; his shaft bulged out longer ahead, now as large as his entire golden forearm, throbbing and fat with girth. "HRRRRURRRRRRRRRURRRR!"

His body trembled and erupted bigger, again, heaving and bursting up to an even 600 feet, his biceps, triceps and shoulders bigger than ever before, even in current comparison. He shuddered and snorted hard, before glaring out into space, in the direction he had seen that little flash of jetpack afterburn trail off.

Stupid Timestopper, he thought, licking his muzzle over, as his thick neck twitched, a pillar of gilded brawn under his jawline. *STUPID LITTLE TIMESTOPPER! STOP TIME FOR HIM!*

With that, he tensed tight, gathering up all the charge he could (which, at his huge size, turns out was a lot). Hardware, already smothered to the point of passing out between Mumbo's huge pectorals, could offer no complaint, as Mumbo-Jumbo flexed deep, leaned in, and bolted like lightning through space, by the simple act of releasing his own flex forward. The whole time, the bullet-bull mooed in a deep rage, blasting forward through Limbo, effortlessly fast.

"Come on, come on, come on," Timestopper pleaded, seeing nowhere new to go, or to hide. If he stayed in a straight line, Mumbo would probably catch up and nab him. If he zigzagged around, he'd lose overall speed. He looked left, then right...then gulped, decided, and bolted directly down,

choosing a sort of Z-axis plunge. He built speed, then turned the jetpack off, and let the bright light of its flare die with it.

If I just float down through darkness, there's no way he should see me easily, he thought, reassuring himself of his desperate plan. He even went so far as to turn himself around, voluntarily losing sight of Mumbo's path, so that the modest-sized jetpack covered his bright clothing and shock of orange hair.

Just stay calm, and stay quiet, he repeated, over and over again, going with a new mantra.

He waited, and waited, before something shot along, overhead. The slightest vibration reached him, making Timestopper wince and hold still, letting it pass along without movement or objection.

Then, as soon as it had come, it was gone. Mumbo-Jumbo had passed along, leaving the miniscule Timestopper there, alone, floating in relief through Limbo.

"Hah," he sighed, shaking with residual fear. "Haha! That's r-right, you s...st-tupid bull! Heh, outsmarted you. Now, uh...just gotta figure out where I am..."

As he flicked on the jetpack and took to flight, Timestopper looked around, to get his bearings. When he finally bothered to look forward, he found not space, but a looming copper-gold chest and abs, which he swerved with a last-second scream to avoid colliding into.

"GAH!"

Timestopper fumbled for the button on his clock, as he finally heard it beep out a full recharge. The whole time, he could feel Mumbo-Jumbo charging after him through space. He worked to the left, narrowly missing Mumbo's clutching grasp, with a fist as big as a house.

"L-leave me alone!" Timestopper wailed, darting to the right, all as he kept wildly trying to find and press the button again. "Go away!"

As he reached the button proper, Mumbo's hands caught him, caging him in tight. By the time the watch was frantically set, then reset to 1:00, and Timestopper pressed it, and time froze...he found himself already shoved into the head of Mumbo's enormous penis, the cybernetic pillar of metallic flesh swallowing him whole.

The bull's hand even covered the slit, damming him inside, and Timestopper spent the longest minute of his young life right there, waiting, beating frantically around inside, and teasing Mumbo's suspended erection foolishly, tickling and tormenting its sensitive span.

The more he struggled, the more arousal built inside the otherwise-unmoving erection, until the countdown ended, and Mumbo-Jumbo's huge eyes widened. Pent-p, terrible bliss had suddenly stockpiled too high, and the mooing bovine was unable to stop it, as his humongous sacs tensed and contracted, and his thick, rumbling shaft trembled and swelled, then immediately blew up in a thick geyser of roaring semen.

Timestopper went flying back out, ejecting like buckshot among the wave of seed as it blew loose into Limbo, on and on, making the huge bull throw his head back and roar in ecstasy. Wave after ropey wave floated loose, until the tingling stopped up along the undercarriage of his member, and Mumbo sighed his way back down from elation's grip.

When he blinked, Timestopper was gone, blown to the far-flung realms of wherever. At any rate, it

didn't matter. Mumbo-Jumbo's raw afterglow cooled his anger, leaving him snorting and licking his muzzle over happily.

Humph. Stupid little bug, he thought, chuckling to himself idly. *Now...where head to?*

Mumbo-Jumbo is stopped by the SilverHawks

By the time Timestopper's trusty watch ran its full Limb minute, he had gained a considerable amount of ground...er, *space-ground*. Some nagging fear at the back of his mind still told him it wasn't close to enough to save him.

"Aw, come on, faster," he pleaded, as though the jetpack could hear him and obey. "faster, faster..."

The boom of a humongous, roaring *MOO* answered him, from less far away than he would have liked or hoped. Considerably so.

"No!" he wailed, trying to fumble about for his clock, only for it to beep in the negative as he pushed its button over and over again. *It hadn't fully recharged yet! No!*

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRR!"

Timestopper flailed his way out along space, swimming and jet-blasting at once, for all the good it ultimately did him. In heartbeat, all 500 feet of Mumbo-Jumbo was indeed upon him, two gigantic hands scooping out on either side, then caging in together, rushing toward him. All went black as Timestopper was gathered easily up in both palms, gigantic red fingers curling in to close the gaps.

"Let...let me go!" Timestopper panted, zooming one way, then another, the trail of his jetpack illuminating patches of shining copper palm. The bull's huge fingers linked like teeth, his enormous cage rattling suddenly, from the raw vibration of Mumbo's laughter, outside. "I'm sorry! Okay? S-sorry about all that, Mumbo! Just I-lemme go, and there'll be no hard feelings! Okay? Come on, stop playing around!"

Mumbo-Jumbo boom-growled for him to shut up, and he did so with a deep flinch.

"RRRRRRRRRR..."

Stupid little speck, Mumbo-Jumbo thought, snorting contemptuously. *Even before got bigger, Timestopper stupid little speck. Hmph. No matter. Can't do thing to Mumbo, anyhow. Heh. Mumbo...mmm, too biiiiig...*

At that, the aroused bull began to tremble all over, snorting and huffing in pleasure. His massive erection bobbed up high, nodding in lustful agreement. His thick, bulging muscles began to tingle, then rumble, preparing for another heavy growth spurt, making the gigantic bull lid his eyes and moan in readiness, before—

FFFFFFFFFFFFWSSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHH!

Suddenly, everything froze, and not because of anything Timestopper did. In fact, his watch had only just managed to beep out its recharge chirp.

"Huh?"

He pushed and pushed against the cage of Mumbo-Jumbo's hands, finding that they were surprisingly cold. There was some lingering internal heat, there, inside his hands, but the teenaged baddie found even that was rapidly fading off.

"What is this?" he muttered, looking up, then down, feeling the floor of Mumbo's palm growing colder, still.

"That ought do 'er," Bluegrass sighed in relief, tilting back in the pilot's chair.

"Looks like we had enough agent to do the job, thankfully," Quicksilver said, over the comm-unit in Bluegrass's wrist. "We can see him now, from the bay door...he's frozen stiff!"

"Please, don't say it like that," Steelwill could be heard moaning, nearby.

"But for how long, I wonder?" Steelheart muttered, as well.

From the opened bay door at the back of the Mirage, the three SilverHawks watched on, their momentary relief enough to afford them some good humor. Indeed, Mumbo-Jumbo was frozen solid, floating freely in Limbo like an icy statue of some long-unknown bull-god of legend.

"Long enough for us to haul him to jail, let's hope," Quicksilver said. "We missed him the first time, back on the moon...but this time, we got him cold!"

"Once he's behind some very big bars, we can have Professor Power figure out what to do with him," Steelwill sighed, nodding. "Maybe he can even shrink they big bully down to size, again..."

Mumbo-Jumbo lets Hardware try removing the sun

Mumbo snorted slowly, eyeing Hardware over from atop the ridge of his gigantic muzzle. After a moment, the huge bull grudgingly opened his maw wide, itself easily big enough for the stock alien to get into. Hardware showed just as much hesitation (possibly even more), before he braced himself, readied several tools, and stepped onto Mumbo's smooth, metallic tongue.

"Alright, alright, let's just get this over wi—"

Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous mouth closed, and the bull gulped, making his thick golden neck bulge out wide. Hardware roared as the muscle motion propelled him forward, tumbling him out over the back of the bull's huge tongue, over its side, and down the constricting metal throat.

Mon*Star crossed his furred arms and kept glowering up at the straining container.

"Hurry it up, you fools!" Mon*Star bellowed, making the other cronies all back timidly away. "Make it snappy, or I'll beat Hardware right back out of you!"

Deep inside of the giant minotaur, Hardware thumped down past cybernetic parts, each grown massive and huge. He shook his head, then looked down at a glowing hunk of material, itself the size of a house, and thrumming aloud with power.

"Guess that's it, then," Hardware muttered, sourly readying his tools.

Mumbo-Jumbo hiccupped, uncomfortable. All the moving around inside hardly felt great.

"HRRRN."

"Shut it, you big pain!" Mon*Star snarled, pointing up at him. "You screwed up, so you take the punishment! Next time, do it right, and it won't be a problem!"

Suddenly, a flash of light burst out of Mumbo-Jumbo, blinding and brief, blasting out of his eyes and mouth, before flickering back down to nothing. The huge bull held a hiccup in with a giant fist, looking even less comfortable now.

"What was that?" Melodia pondered.

"It had *better* be the sun coming up out of Mumbo-Jumbo," Mon*Star thundered, tensing. "Otherwise, I'll—"

A noisy creak interrupted them, swelling louder and stranger within the containment unit, and they both stared on. After the rising noise grew deeper and nastier, the other cronies all began to stare, as well. While backing away.

"What's *that*?" Melodia further asked.

"SHUT UP!" Mon*Star boomed, making everyone else jump, even as the containment unit began to shake all over, trembling and stretching wider. "I ASK THE QUESTIONS, HERE! WHAT IS THAT

INFERNAL NOISE, MUMBO—"

The containment unit was stretching out wider, before them, visibly inflating in mass. Inside, Mumbo Jumbo roared and flashed bright with light yet again his body ballooning out bigger. His entire midsection bulged disproportionately wide, expanding like an actual metallic balloon, so that the walls struggled and surged out even wider to contain him.

His bellowing muzzle hit the ceiling, denting it, warping it up, up, up, higher and higher still, as his bloated pectorals blew up under his chin, heaving up atop his still-inflating stomach. Another flash burst loose, and those outside began to watch in shock and confusion as pockets of stretching metallic bulk began to boom free between the bars, warping them out along with the walls.

"H-he's getting bigger!" Timestopper muttered, scrambling away. 'He's growing more!"

"NONSENSE!" Mon*Star bellowed, waving a powerful arm in a rebuke of the very notion.

The containment unit swelled into an actual sphere, and that cracking sphere rumble-boomed up bigger, past 200 feet...220 feet...250 feet...its sides cracked further and wider, webbing out a series of snaps and pops as the inflating bull kept ballooning out. The bigger he grew, the more lopsidedly his midsection burst. His sides had flared out hard into the crumbling walls, shoving and pressing and swelling hotly, filling with more and more pressure as the once-little prototype sun continued to grow bigger and bigger, within him, stretching out out!

"HRRRRRRRRRRNNNNGHHHR!"

The throbbing orb swelled loudly, puffing and billowing higher and wider, in heavy, engorged bursts of growth. 300 feet, and the mass began to overtly split along one side, like an egg about to finally, violently hatch apart. Its apex rose higher, nearer and nearer to the peak of Mon*Star's tower, the pressure forcing everything to jumble and shake about as his growth quaked out in waves from the orb.

"Run!" Melodia finally said, despairing. She turned and fled the same way as Timestopper, while the other cronies simply edged further back, nervous and near-paralyzed at what was looming up over them.

"WHAT DID THAT IDIOT HARDWARE DO!?" Mon*Star roared, asking no one and everyone, as the egg burst even bigger than the tower itself, and kept straining larger.

Terrible, lowing moans of delight and fear kept rumbling loose as Mumbo felt his body blow up against itself, against the stretching and snapping and breaking contours of the prison-egg he now wore, and wore poorly. Fleck of material popped off, shedding loose, until the crack along one side split open, and a huge pocket of swollen metallic inflation boomed out through it, swelling out of proportion to the cracking, 350-foot egg.

The other cronies all fled as the very landscape and tower all shook. The egg groaned, then tremble-boomed twice its size, in one horribly strong burst, before another pocket of copper-gold bulk broke out on the other side. Two thick horns broke up through the sides of the apex as a massive, ballooned-out penis burst through the front bottom, swelling uncontrollably bigger across the landing strip.

"STOP THAT!" Mon*Star snapped, shouting uselessly at the impertinent erection growing and inflating beside him stretching out farther and fatter, pumping and throbbing in tortured bliss. "IF YOU DON'T STOP THAT, RIGHT THIS MINUTE, I SWEAR I'M GOING TO EXPLODE ON YOU!"

Mumbo bellow-roared, mooing in desperation, as the light shot out of everything—his eyes, his mouth, his fingers, even his penis and rump; he bloated too far out, straining his hide to even hold together, but the sun kept relentlessly inflating, within him.

"HHH...RHHHHHRHHHUUUUUURRRHHHHH! RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAA—"

The towering, 800-foot tall egg split completely apart as Mumbo-Jumbo's ballooned-out girth drew snapping-tight, tensed, then

B00MMM!

Just like that, the entirety of Brimstar's interior flashed, before a ball of light blew up and up within it, swelling almost instantly bigger, to fill its foul insides. Only then, it kept on expanding, outgrowing the cracking, shining globe, before it too was obliterated in a blinding, Limbo-wide blast of light!

When all was done, there was a new sun, floating freely, happily shining away in the dark of space, throwing warmth and light where there, for so very long, had only been evil.

When the SilverHawks arrived, at length, all the found was that new sun there, glowing quietly. There wasn't a single trace of evil to be found, anywhere.

Mumbo-Jumbo remains defiant!

The bull shook his head angrily, billowing out plumes of steam as Hardware tried to make his way into Mumbo's maw. The bull did open it eventually, after Hardware started quietly pleading with him to do so—however, as soon as he did, he clamped his gigantic teeth over the nape of Hardware's jacket, flinging him out of the container like a ragdoll.

It was only by virtue of his landing on Windhammer, another of the mon*Star mob, that Hardware didn't fall into a heap on the ground outside.

"HRRRRRRHRRRRR!" Mumbo bellowed and boomed, starting to tremble and rumble worse within his cage. "RRRRRGH, HRRRNPHRN!"

"Enough of your backtalk, Mumbo-Jumbo! You give up that sun, right now, or I swear, I'll—"

The entire containment unit suddenly swelled out, in a gush of heated pressure, as Mumbo interrupted with a rattling, booming growth spurt. His eyes narrowed to angry daggers as he huffed into his swelling pectorals and began to will himself furiously bigger...and bigger...and *BIGGER*...

200 feet swelled straight up to 150, in a mean, thick, bulging push, heaving his trapped muscles even larger and stronger and thicker against the warping walls.

NO, Mumbo thought, at his boiling point. *NO TELL MUMBO TO SMALL! NO SMALLER-DOWN, EVER AGAIN! BIGGER! MUMBO SHOW STUPID BOSS! MUM-MUMMMBO...S-SHHHHHHOOOOOOOW YOOOOU UH-UH-UUUAAAAAAAALL!!*

The containment unit danced in place as cracks crept and spread, webbing out dangerously across the unit's bulged-out edges. Mumbo snorted and lowed and mooed out his frustration and rage as he tremble-wobbled and tensed, tingled...and BOOMED bigger!

"What—" Mon*Star started, only to be blown back with the rest of the attending mob as Mumbo-Jumbo swelled too big, wobbled, and exploded clear out of the shattering walls, the containment unit blasting away to rubble in the air! Over 330 feet tall and throbbing with overloaded, bloating muscles and a firm, spiking erection, Mumbo blew out a huge streak of fire and immediately slammed his huge hand back, it and the forearm connecting with the front of Mon*Star's tower. The entire thing snapped in a great cloud of exploding dust, the upper half rocking, then toppling over, only for Mumbo to catch it midway and clutch it tight to himself.

"RRRRUUUUUUUUUUUU!!!"

Mon*Star and the others all rose, coughing and clearing the dust, in time to see Mumbo Jumbo hugging the top of the tower against his bulky pecs, flexing harder and stronger, until his huge muscles erupted out even bigger, bulging out with thick, eruptive basso booms of sound. He took the emptied top of the tower and fit it over his throbbing erection, sliding it all the way down to the hilt, so that its bottom edges dimpled firm against his swelling testicles. If anything, the oversized bull was now wearing it like a condom, his hands clasped on both sides of the structure-cum-fashion.

"MY TOWER!" Mon*Star roared, enraged. "YOU BIG, STUPID LUMMOX!"

SHUT UP! Mumbo roared, inside his head. *STUPID LITTLE BOSS! SHOW YOU HOW GOOD TOWER IS...*

With that, Mumbo started to swell up even more, his body pulsating larger, his muscles engorging rapidly, bigger and thicker all over. With a rumble moo of anger Mumbo rippled visibly, tingled hard, closed his eyes, then blew up twice as big, doubling his whopping size! His feet swelled clear across the cracking landing platform, spilling out into the heaps of piled rubble and knocking them over as he kept on growing out.

ALL OF YOU, STUPID!

Mumbo sneered and bellowed, his 700-foot body bigger than the tower had stood, even when whole. His feet were bigger than a full row of the cronies' individual space-cruisers, and his hands could have held Mumbo-Jumbo, back at his arrival size. His rear flexed out in the air as he crouched down noisily, creaking and groaning with hot bulk, looming fully over Mon*Star, so that the comparatively tiny crimelord was less than a toy figure to him, a trembling leaf in a breeze made by Mumbo's flaring nostrils.

Indeed, Mon*Star shook like a leaf—but it wasn't out of fear.

"YOU INSOLENT MORON!" he wailed, pointing up angrily at a muzzle so big he couldn't see past it anymore. "I'LL DESTROY YOU!!"

Mumbo closed his eyes and growled, forcing his whole bloated body to rumble and swell yet again. The other minions all scattered, crying out, as Mumbo's feet and calves billowed out to get them, chasing them with his sheer growing muscles as he tremble-boomed twice as big, again! His bulk grew like the tide, lashing out and toppling, bashing and crushing spires of trash and debris as he swelled over everything. His sides inflated against the remainder of the tower, snapping and smashing clear through it as he grew relentlessly larger, surging up past 1,500 feet, then 2,300!

His penis blew up furiously in girth, cracking the outer walls of the tower, straining against them so big and fat and full that the tower exterior finally began to warp out, coughing dust and whimpering in submission, before Mumbo roared and doubled his size, again! His erection boomed too big to contain, blasting Mon*Star's once-proud tower into ruin and grit.

"NOOOOO!" Mon*Star bellowed, before Mumbo simply bend low over his own thick pectorals, lashed his long, long tongue out, and licked him right up into his maw. One gulp was all that was needed.

"He's still growing!" Melodia screamed, willing her precious Limbo Limo to fly faster, trying to rumble away from Mumbo's still-expanding body. "Come on, move!"

"Help, Melodia! Come on!" Windhammer and Hardware pleaded, all clambering up piles of wobbling junk, trying to reach for her. She fled, letting Mumbo-Jumbo's expanding metal hide crash into them, as Mumbo roared and huffed and moaned and exploded even b-bigger! And b-b-bigger! 1 mile surged up to 4...trembled...then blew up painfully huge, tight and full, swelling past 11 miles...

More and more of the landscape of Brimstar was lost, consumed by the growing bull's body as he raged on, lost in lust and fury and hate...

Mumbo-Jumbo wriggles his way into the planet's core...

With practically all of their technology abandoned on Bedlama, there were no readouts, no holo-charts, no newsfeeds left to inform the refugees. They could only watch as their suffering home world wept magma and devastation from the gaping wound Mumbo-Jumbo's penetration had made. A phallus too big to comprehend bobbed forth in space, twitching and glimmering, the tip unharmed by the rapidly-cooling molten rock and the microscopically-small skyscrapers and roads stuck to it.

"HRRRRHN," Mumbo snorted, somehow impossibly smug. Looking down from the sheer cliff of his own chest, the huge god-bull saw bits of his own shaft bobbing up and down, in and out of sight, as if waving hello to its superior.

Heh, planet big, Mumbo thought, idly. But not big enough. Puny big planet!

He nuzzled about in space a moment, licking his muzzle over, drawn still to something he was having trouble placing.

Where power? Power close, so close...

The glowing gouge in the surface of Bedlama beckoned, and the cyber-bull finally understood what was calling to him, *compelling* him so. It was the planet itself. Or, rather, it was the blazing core, within it. A thousand reactors couldn't have amounted to a fraction of its sheer power output! And it was right there, waiting, hot and fresh...

Wasting no further time, and with a brazenness unheard of, the 10,000-mile bull floated to the puncture in the planet, thrust his hands down into it, and began to flex harder. His bulk swelled out angrily as he snorted and roared, palms and fingers as big as cities as they forced the gap to widen apart. He stretched and pulled, digging the opening wider, deeper, shearing away whole islands and peninsulas as ocean waters spilled in against the rim of up-curved, cratering rock.

Faster, Mumbo thundered, internally. FASTER!

Impatient hands tore out larger chunks of the planet, violating the wound, spreading it even wider still. Mumbo-Jumbo was only as big as a guest breaking into a large house, compared to Bedlama, but there was nothing that planet could do to stop the entry.

In, bit by bit, Mumbo forced himself, dragging his fantastic bulk into the aperture with muscles as big as countries. Even with all the digging and spreading alike, the hole still only proved just large enough to allow him to squeeze into it, then vanish.

"And that's our concern, here, Professor Power," Quicksilver said, as he and the other SilverHawks stood in the Professor's lab. "If we don't do something fast to stop him, Mumbo-Jumbo could grow as big as a moon, or worse!"

The Professor, a tall, robed alien with a large orange-glowing bulb for a head, listened intently; the impression of an older man's bearded face floated inside the bulb, and that face looked grim.

"I see," he said, thinking. "That is most problematic! The amber amplifier charging my poor little miniature sun...and now it's growing bigger, and forcing Mumbo-Jumbo up in size with it. Oh, dear."

"Well, ain't there a way to reverse it, or at least put the kibosh on his growth spurts?" Bluegrass asked. "Heck, Doc, you gotta have somethin' knockin' around here."

"Well, actually, yes," Professor Power said, making them all perk to attention as he went across the lab, over to a table, and grabbed a small syringe. "This compound is a hyper-coolant I've been working on. I hate to risk it, but in theory, it could stunt the sun's development, or even stop it outright."

"Well, there you go, then!" Steelwill said, clapping his hands together. "Let us at that stuff, and we'll give Mumbo such a dose, he'll dwindle down to fit in a dog kennel!"

"Er, there's the problem," Professor Power sighed. "This is all that there is, currently."

There was a pause, when the monitor on Professor Power's lab desk flashed with an urgent new feed, from Bedlama.

"This just in! Catastrophic news, from South...no, a-all of Bedlama!"

Those many millions and millions of refugees watched on in a state of compounded shock, some silent, others turning away to shuffle off to a rescue depot, when they all stopped and saw—no, *felt*—Bedlama shake. All of it.

Mutters of confusion and fear gave way to a multitudinous symphony of cries as a huge, burning crack snapped over a continent, webbing out hideously as another impact thudded up against the splitting crust, from within.

The Northern hemisphere cracked, spewing out the shattered remains of city after city, all the way up through the atmosphere. The Southern end trembled and gouged outward, a thick mound of bulk swelling back out of the entry hole. They stared from afar off and gasped in unison at the sight of Mumbo's tip pushing free, plumping and swelling too-big out of the now-tight hole, out from the entry wound it had made.

A muffled *moo* rumbled out, shaking Bedlama, as more and more thick cracks grew and spread, interconnecting, branching, deepening. That gargantuan penis, itself bigger than Mumbo-Jumbo had been, squeezing in, squeezed out, blimping even bigger, even fatter, spreading the hole wider and wider as more and more of it pushed out, wobbling and throbbing angrily.

POWER.

The planet shook even harder, starting to openly tremble and shake. A massive golden muzzle blew up through the shattering Northern hemisphere, Mumbo's 30,000-mile head emerging, bigger than life, and still growing!

P-PUH-P-PPPOWERRRRR!

Huge tracts of land and ocean split and pushed out, magma and water and steam spilling out into zero gravity as A monstrous, musclebound arm blasted free, flinging civilizations off into Limbo. Another followed, and a vast segment of the South pole split open and burst, letting Mumbo's bovine sacs bulged free, swelling and stretching fat and huge underneath his titanic member.

P...PUH...PPP...P-P-PPPPOOOOOO-OWWWWW...HRRRRRRURRRRR!!

Like a 280,000-mile tall egg, Bedlama strained and snapped away, bit by awkward bit, allowing more pockets of shuddering bull-muscle to blow out, until the remains of the poor struggling planet, once so mighty, begged and whined and crackled apart, slowly, yet too fast to stop. With a last huff and a thick, throaty bellow, the 300,000-mile tall Mumbo-Jumbo flexed hard, swelled out in bulk, and blew the entirety of planet Bedlama apart!

"BRRRRRRRRUUUUUOOOOOOOOHOOOAAARRRR!!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's 4,382,400,000-foot tall body pulsated with power, shining and glorious and terrible, all at once. Muscles impossibly huge swelled even bigger along his endless body, swelling against one another in heated competition as the bull trembled and licked himself over, then doubled in size, again!

Mumbo-Jumbo senses a great prize...the Moonstar of Limbo!

The foul planet Brimstar sat in the void of Limbo like a red wound in reality, it's single star-shaped aperture an unblinking eye. Within the odious insides of an already odious world was the tower and home of Mon*Star, the intergalactic tyrant and crimelord-supreme.

Those who knew of it wished they didn't, and those that knew nothing were unprepared. At the heart of it all, the rubble and ruin and red-black terrain, upon a foul throne, sat the beast himself—and the beast was upset.

"Why haven't those doddering dolts returned?" Mon*Star thundered, glowering evilly down at the poor cronies below, there solely to absorb his overspilling wrath. One eye was covered by a star-emblemmed eyepatch, putting all focus on the terrible remainder. About his feline features was a mane of dark fur, which covered the rest of his tall, built body. "The pickup should have happened already!"

"I...I'm sure I don't know, boss," Yes-Man, a humanoid naga, said, wringing his hands. "Perhaps the SilverHawks—"

"GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!"

The entire throne room shook, from the pillars to the stairs leading to his throne. Yes-Man and the other goons all winced, shrinking back fearfully from Mon*Star's bellow.

"Don't talk to me about those vile SilerHawks!" the tyrant roared, incensed. "They ruin everything, time and again! I swear, those do-gooding fools will be the end of us—"

Something sounded off, beyond the planet, an impact of sound so powerful that it trembled through the globe, and shook the core. The entire tower creaked from its force, making everyone present look about in startled confusion and dawning dread.

It almost sounded like some huge thing's voice, or an explosion come to life, out in space. It sounded like a *moo*.

"What in the..." one crony muttered absently, looking around, as the tower stopped vibrating, and went still again.

"What was that?" Yes-Man added, as though it helped.

"Is it an attack?" another one supposed, looking around faster. "Do...do you think the SilverHawks are attacking?"

"I SAID NOT TO MENTION THEM—"

Another thick boom burst out through space, rattling the entire planet once again, interrupting the angered Mon*Star as it rumbled out. It seemed closer...*bigger*, even. Much bigger.

"Open up the holo-screen, already, Yes-Man!" Mon*Star huffed, growling the words out slowly and darkly. "Let's see just whatever it is that keeps interrupting me—"

The screen flashed on, huge and looming, across from the throne, so that all could see; what appeared on the screen more than interrupted, once more. It shocked and even terrified them all. Even Mon*Star cocked one brow in raw surprise.

It was a bull. A cybernetic minotaur of metallic muscle and girth. The stupendously oversized pole of a shaft bulging out between his overgrown thighs betrayed his gender, complimented by two overly-ballooned, bulging, humongous, leg-spreadingly big sacs, which bobbed tight as the bovine approached the planet.

"Mumbo-Jumbo?" Yes-Man gasped, blinking erratically. "What is doing, out there? How did he get that bulky?"

"Nevermind that," another crony gasped, realizing. "Look w-what's next to him..."

The all glanced over toward a small white ball, nearby, floating overlapped across his massive pectoral. It was a neighboring moon.

"Is he...is he really that big?" another crony gulped, backing away. "No way...that's a goof, right? Some speck got on the satellite lens! I-if that's our moon, that would m-make him..."

"Thousands of miles in size," Yes-Man whimpered. "At least 20,000!"

"WHAT!?" Mon*Star boomed, standing up before his throne. "IMPOSSIBLE!"

Another holo-feed screen appeared, beside the larger one, reading out a news channel report from Bedlama. It showed a puncture hole big enough to appear on the surface, from space.

"Did Mumbo-Jumbo...do t-that?" another crony groaned, terrified. "By himself?"

"WHERE'S HARDWARE!?" Mon*Star bellowed, putting things together faster than the others. "He had the amber amplifier, didn't he? How could he have...even with the amplifier...NOTHING gets this big!"

"H...he sure looks like he's coming for us," Yes-Man said, slithering away quickly. "And fast! What do we do, boss?"

"What is he here for?" Mon*Star wondered, snarling angrily, as he watched Mumbo-umbo grow nearer and nearer, showing more and more bulky details. Before his gargantuan muzzle and chest could further consume the screen, the huge bull roared and swam up, narrowly missing the entire planet with the brush of his passing erection.

"He...isn't here for Brimstar?" another crony mumbled. "What could he want, then?"

Mon*Star thought, looking up through the opening in the ceiling of the tower, over his throne. A massive shadow blocked the light source up beyond, in space, and Mon*Star's glare slipped into a look of utter panic.

"The Moon Star..." he mumbled, gawking openly, revealing his sharp teeth. "HE'S AFTER THE MOON STAR OF LIMBO! MY MOON STAR!"

Out beyond, Mumbo-Jumbo loomed, his pectorals bulging proudly under his chin as he opened his maw, brought it closer to the shimmering red star, and began to inhale. His bulk surged out with intake as he started breathing in contrails of energy from the huge star.

It remained bigger than the bull, by a serious margin, and Brimstar was still slightly bigger than he as well...but, as the rumbling bovine drew more and more energy into himself, gulping down waves

of dark energy, it was clear that it wouldn't stay that way for long.

"What d-do we do, boss?" Yes-Man whined.

Mumbo-Jumbo is imprisoned on Bedlama

The Mirage veered away from the asteroid belt it had hidden behind, once there had been no further sighting of Mumbo-Jumbo around the satellite moon. Within the cockpit, the four SilverHawks stood, quiet and grim, while Quicksilver brought the ship's radio receiver back up to his mouth, and tried again:

"Hailing Professor Power, come in," he repeated, for the umpteenth time. "Professor Power, this is Quicksilver, come in...we have urgent news about Mumbo-Jumbo, and your stolen miniature sun and the amber amplifier. It's urgent, repeat, urgent! We have reason to believe that Mumbo-Jumbo is growing to massive sizes, and the threat he may pose to the nearby planets is—"

"Quicksilver, look at this," Steelheart said, cutting him off. She pointed to a cockpit monitor, which showed a current newsfeed from Bedlama. There were images of ships in formation outside the upper atmosphere of the mighty planet...then, more importantly, a shot of Mumbo-Jumbo in chains, being lead through the streets of the planet's Northern capitol.

"Nevermind, Professor...I think..."

The crowds all cheered the captors and booed the captive, in the same collective breath, Bedlama natives and immigrated alien species all jeering at the shrunken bull as he was jostled and pushed toward the end of the road, in all possible meanings, where the Bedlama defense force headquarters loomed, overhead.

No, no, no, Mumbo-Jumbo thought, struggling uselessly in his bonds. His muscles were thinned and humbled, the once-towering bull looking like he had never lifted so much as a pencil in his days. *Not fair. Not fair! Mumbo was big! So big! Stupid ray gun! Got to escape! Get away!*

"Move it along, tiny," one guard laughed, shoving the smaller minotaur forward. Mumbo roared and spun about, only for two guards to taser him in his sides wrathfully. The moment they did so, Mumbo's eyes widened, and he shuddered a familiar, wonderful, precious shudder of delight. The electricity soaked into his body, and his muscles bloated out, throbbing bigger, to where he lurched up a foot in size, and stretched his chain out nicely, making him huff and snort...then headbutt one guard off of his feet.

"RRRRRH!"

The other guards raised their tasers, but the larger guard who had been headbutted threw his hand out and shouted for them to stop.

"Wait! No!"

The others halted, as the big guard wisely swapped his stun baton out for a gas canister, and blasted Mumbo-Jumbo with it, before he could storm off into the crowd. It was only by effort of three guards tackling the slightly-enlarged bull that he didn't get away into the masses; instead, the canister impacted, and knocked mumbo and two of the guards out cold.

"Right this way, SilverHawks," the Mayor of the Northern Capitol said, leading Quicksilver,

Steelheart, Steelwill, Bluegrass, Hotwing and the Copper Kidd all down into the detainment hall, to row after row of holding cells. "He's down at the end of the hall to 5-D."

"I just wish we could have brought him in, ourselves," Quicksilver sighed, leading the lineup as they all filed into the long, pristine hallway.

"No one without an emergency-rerouted energy cannon could have stopped Mumbo-Jumbo, at such a staggering size," the Mayor comforted, earnestly. "Please, don't beat yourselves up over it. You all have done so much for Limbo, so many times, that this hardly evens the tally."

The Copper Kidd, a child-sized SilverHawk in copper armor and a white face resembling a mime's, whistled and nodded, in his native language, clearly agreeing. Beside him, Hotwing, a golden-armored SilverHawk with pointed ears, nodded much the same.

"We're all here now, is what matters," Hotwing added, to which Quicksilver nodded and smiled.

"So, y'all probably guessed why we're all here, now, as well," Bluegrass added. The Mayor paused, then turned and gave them all a tight-lipped, formal grin.

"Well, yes," he said, slowly. "We can only presume you are all here to escort him to Penal Planet 10."

"We are, yes," Steelheart said. "We figured it was best for as many of us to attend to it as possible, even with Mumbo-Jumbo so weakened."

"As to that," the Mayor said, leading them all down to the end of the hall, where a massive plexiglass cage rested, with no bars, and only a line of drill air holes disturbing the otherwise unbroken expanse of glass. "There he is."

Indeed, Mumbo-Jumbo sat, glaring with his white eyes out at the lot of them. At the sight of Steelwill and company, he snorted and lowed, mooing out an angry tirade of grunts and rumbles. In his hatred and humiliation, Mumbo's smaller body twitched and rumbled, vibrating deep within.

"Wow, I've never seen the big bull this little!" laughed Steelwill, stepping up to the glass. "Not so mighty now, are you, Mumbo? Guess crime still doesn't pay!"

Mumbo bellowed hotly, throbbing in anger, before his body began to ripple and blow up again; his muscles burst out heavily, huge and hard, his throbbing bulk swelling out against his restraints, until they bulged out in pockets of metallic brawn, as the bull lurched awkwardly bigger, surging up from 5 feet to 7, then 10.

"Golly!" Bluegrass said, stepping away. "That sure don't look like he's fixed!"

"Exactly," the Mayor said, shaking his head. "This is why we cannot allow any transfers currently. Three times already, we have had to haul him out under heavy sedation and vigorously reapply the shrink settings on our cannon, just to keep him manageable. Unfortunately, we have deduced that the sun you say he swallowed is still constantly trying to burn and expand, which makes him continually grow larger. We cannot leave him be long enough for a transportation to happen."

"Hmm," Quicksilver thought, as Mumbo bellowed, and strained against his chains, pumping himself up to 12 feet, until his head and horns began to approach the glass ceiling. "That is a problem, isn't it?"

The Copper Kidd whistled lowly.

"What's the alternative, then?" Steelheart asked, approaching the Mayor. "You just keep him here and constantly shrink him, on and on?"

"Until Professor Power can figure something out, they may have no choice," Hotwing added, correctly. "Until that time, I imagine there's not much any of us could do, either."

They all went momentarily silent, even as guards appeared, motioning for them all to please step aside, and let them over to Mumbo's cell. The SilverHawks all watched as the lead guard pressed several buttons, and gas began to flood into Mumbo's cell rapidly. It chased the growing bovine up to the ceiling, filling it all just as Mumbo-Jumbo boom-bulged up angrily into the ceiling, at 20 massive feet. There was a cough, then a snort and anger...and finally a hard, shaking thump on the floor. The gas steadily cleared to reveal Mumbo there, huge and musclebound once more, but passed out completely.

"Boy, ain't he ever not a handful?" Bluegrass sighed, as the guards went in to re-restrain him.

"Do you want some help?" Quicksilver asked.

"I think we have it in hand, thank you, Quicksilver," the Mayor said appreciatively, as the many guards forced a large transportation panel under Mumbo, pressed some buttons, and got it levitating, hefting the huge bull up a few inches, then guiding him out of the cell and into the hallway. Everyone had to move aside to the walls just to allow them passage.

"Well, I guess we could at least go and watch," Steelwill said, shrugging.

Mumbo-Jumbo is sentenced in the harshest way possible...

"Thank you for allowing us to come here, Mayor," Quicksilver said as he, Steelheart, Bluegrass and Steelwill all took a seat at the front of the Bedlama defense forces special committee meeting. Behind them, other high-ranking officials and members of the force sat, shuffling into attendance with low chatter. "I sure do wish we could have been the ones to bring him in, to begin with. Had we done our jobs, it wouldn't have come to this, in the first place."

"You really shouldn't be too hard on yourself, Quicksilver," the Mayor sighed, waving the whole sentiment away with a polite wave of her hand. "You've all done so much, so often. What could you or anyone have done, on your own? The bull was gargantuan, practically a living landmass. We couldn't expect you or anyone to just cuff him!"

Someone prepped the podium at the back wall, tapping the microphone a few testing times. There was light feedback.

"He's right, Hoss, go easy on yourself," Bluegrass said, comfortingly. "Calling a retreat in those kinda conditions ain't easy, but you put the safety of the crew first."

"Exactly," Steelwill and Steelheart both said, in twin-style unison.

Quicksilver smiled faintly, as the Mayor offered him her hand, and he shook it. She nodded to the others, and turned to approach the podium, as reporters both humanoid and alien crowded behind the gathering. The Mayor cleared her throat and took to the podium, leaning onto it some. The entire circular chamber around them went still.

"Fellow countrymen," she started, motioning over to a large double-door, which swung open to reveal several guards leading a miniscule Mumbo-Jumbo forth. "We all know why this meeting has been called, and in fast order. To get to the point, this new menace, Mumbo-Jumbo, has recently undergone a change, empowering him with such strength and size that it's, frankly, rather terrifying. Not one of us didn't see him at 10,000 miles tall, ready to crush countless cities under his huge bulk."

Mumbo, heavily sedated, wobbled in place. At a meager 5 feet in size, he was almost comical. Steelwill, a longtime rival in size and strength, almost felt a twinge of pity, deep down. It was restrained even tighter than the bull.

"So, obviously, we are all down to what to do about him, now that our technology thankfully rendered him small. We could imprison him until time of transport, but that would cost time and resources. Worst still, we have not established an actual cure to his condition, meaning if we make one single mistake at any point, and allow him to grow any larger, we could all be eradicated in short order."

Mumblings arose from the crowd as the hour SilverHawks listened on. Mumbo-Jumbo wobbled, growling faintly. His body trembled, and the bull twitched and spasmed, before starting to moan in muted pleasure, as his body started to angrily swell bigger in size. The murmuring crowd gasped and pointed as they watched Mumbo-Jumbo billow up in size, stretching and straining his chains as he moaned aloud and trembled, then blew up a solid foot bigger.

"R...RRRRRR..."

The two guards stepped back a moment in surprise as Mumbo surged up to their imposing heights, tremble-shook, then blew up another foot, and another. His muscles bulged out through the restraints, mashing and bumping and rubbing bigger and tighter and hotter against them, forcing them to stagger back a moment.

"Uh-oh, speak of th' devil!" Bluegrass muttered, as the crowd started to shift away in fear.

"Ready the cannon!" the Mayor ordered, snapping her fingers fast. Two more guards ran off and pressed buttons on the wall console, and a large portion of the ceiling whirled to life and slid away, revealing the tip of the defense cannon, which was clearly much too large to fit inside. Instead, the tip hovered over Mumbo, who ballooned even bigger and stronger as it slowly adjusted.

The bull's head pushed up past the ceiling, or where it would have been, had it not moved away, meaning only the ray gun was above, to meet him. The bull's thick penis burred out toward the audience, making several duck away as the tip throbbed and swelled under a chair, inflating and pulsing hot and huge between its legs, trapping it there for the moment.

"Get it working, please," the Mayor calmly growled, leaning over the side of the podium, as the ray gun began to rumble and stutter to life.

Mumbo-Jumbo roared, letting the chains ping and snap away as his overgrowing muscles expanded too big, too fast. Links pinged off like bullets as his trembling metal muscles blew up beyond the chains, pushing them, heaving bigger, slipping the chains up and down as he awkwardly ballooned bigger, and bigger, clearing 20 feet, then 30!

"Fire!"

Just as the bull's body swelled into the crowd, the beam of energy slammed down on the groaning bull, rapidly sucking more and more and more size away. Just like that, the huge bull huffed, then blinked, and bleated out a miserable wail of anger.

No...NO! Mumbo thought, bellowing in protest as he shrank steadily back down to size. *Not again! Stupid ray! Nooo! NOOOOO!*

Mumbo deflated, slipping pathetically down, down to 10 feet, then 9...8...7...

The SilverHawks watched on in stunned silence as Mumbo-Jumbo glared over at them, huffed, then trembled and heaved down smaller, and smaller, watching everyone and everything around him lurch larger in comparative size.

6 feet...5...4...

NNNOOOOOOOOO!

3...2...1...

"He's still shrinking!" Steelheart said.

"Mayor he's done, you can stop," Quicksilver suggested, as the ray poured onto Mumbo, just the same, blasting away mercilessly. Mumbo min-roared, rumbled, and slipped down to 6 inches...

"Turn it off, then, please," the Mayor said, nodding to the guards. Yet, for all their button-pressing, nothing changed. The ray continued to blast, and Mumbo shrank down, withering into a thin, trembling toy of a bull, 4 inches...3...2...1...

"That's enough!" Quicksilver said, standing up.

"We can't stop it," the guard said, motioning to the ray gun looming overhead.

Mumbo wailed his last, shrinking down to a few centimeters, then only 1 total, before he looked around, trembled, closed his eyes, and shrank away into a vanishing mote, which kept being pummeled by the blast, until there was simply nothing left anymore.

The beam finally died off, winding down with a droning sigh, leaving only the stunned conference there in silence. The Mayor pursed her lips, then cleared her throat and collected herself before leaning into the microphone.

"Everyone, please excuse us. This meeting is uh, is over."

The others all hesitated, before being shuffled off by the guards.

"Maybe he's still around!" Steelwill said, standing up with Quicksilver. "Shouldn't we at least check?"

"Unfortunately, no, he will not return," the Mayor said, quickly. "That beam's effect was magnified since it was used to stop Mumbo-Jumbo, it will keep shrinking him for some time. I fear the criminal has shrank right out of existence."

The crowd went wild as they were escorted forcibly off the floor, leaving only the stunned SilverHawks. Quicksilver just stared at the floor where Mumbo had been, before looking back to the Mayor.

"I suppose that takes care of him, then."

"I suppose it does," the Mayor answered, coldly, flatly. "Accidents happen. At least it happened to someone who needed putting away, anyhow."

Bluegrass made to accuse her outright, but Quicksilver stopped him and turned him around, guiding them all away.

"Not like this," he muttered to Bluegrass. "Let's just leave, for now. There's nothing we can prove, and nothing we can do. Not now, anyway."

Steelwill was the last to go. He just stared at the Mayor, who stared right back, before she left the room under guarded escort.

He nodded grimly, then turned, and left too.

("I'm in charge, now! Submit, or I'll crush your worlds to dust! MOO!")

The screens of thousands of civilizations all ran a ticker-tape translation in countless languages, all saying the same thing:

"I'M IN CHARGE, NOW! SUBMIT, OR I'LL CRUSH YOUR WORLDS TO DUST!"

At the end of the rumbling declaration, the 55,000-mile god-bull let out a shattering, space-quaking *mo* of force, dotting the exclamation point that had been sent to all of Limbo. The satellites whirled and shifted, gliding via thrusters further back, to try and eventually reveal all of Mumbo-Jumbo. He was so big now that it proved difficult to manage quickly. Mile after mile of twitching gold-copper pectorals and a monstrosity oversized, dark shaft were all they could mostly capture. Some focused on feet the size of countries, which ground heavy and firm against the ruined landscape of Bedlama, and slightly lower down into its puddle-thin oceans. Those that captured the bull's face couldn't get the edges of his neck, it was so vastly swollen and thick with metal muscle.

"RRRRRRRHGHRRRRHRRRR. NNNNGH. HRRR!"

The ticker-tape kept running, below, overlapping the feed:

"YOU HAVE UNTIL I UNLOAD TO SEND SIGNS OF YOUR CAPIT...CAP...THAT YOU GIVE UP! YOU RESIST, AND I'LL DESTROY YOU ALL!"

At that, the bull unabashedly clutched at his erection as it bobbed up high enough to reach. Both moon-sized hands grabbed its smooth, slipper, hot bulk, and brought it closer, stroking, pumping slowly up and down on the throbbing thing, further firming it into a hard, pulsing pillar of raw sex.

"Ready to try again?" Quicksilver asked, as the other SilverHawks all wobbled to a stand, lost on a vast, boundless plain of gold muscle. The bulky terrain simply went on and on and on and on, without end. They had started flying free earlier, and twice been impacted by Mumbo-Jumbo's raging growth spurts. Flying didn't mean much, when the ground kept leaping up higher to reclaim them. Mumbo had grown so fantastically huge that they were pinned in by his body's growing gravitational pull, meaning no matter where they walked, even if they had only traveled from one testicle to the inner thigh, and that that thigh was partly-vertical, they stayed on it as though they were strolling on a planet's surface.

"Not really," Steelheart sighed. "We've been trying and trying, and each time, Mumbo-Jumbo outgrows our own escape attempts! It's madness!"

"It is a problem," Quicksilver agreed, walking in a circle over Mumbo's metallic ground-bulk. "I never thought we'd be trapped against him, from sheer size. Frankly, I have no idea how in the world we're going to even stop him."

"I don't really think we can, this time, Hoss," Bluegrass added, checking his own reflection in Mumbo's warm metal bulk. "I think the cow ain't goin' back in the barn, on this one."

Mumbo's hands were astonishingly gentle, despite being big enough to crush small planetoids to powder. The monstrous minotaur licked his muzzle over, happily huffing and grunting, working all the way up, up his tremendous member, cuddling it, nosing on the swollen, creaking tip, teasing it deeply.

His sacs flared out against his own thighs, booming and creeping bigger and fatter, swelling clear toward the atom-sized SilverHawks, who took off in tired and desperate flight once again, trying to get away as they inflated eagerly bigger.

Hope they don't submit, almost, Mumbo thought, laughing on the inside, as his entire body trembled with power and delight. *Hope they resist. Make Mumbo...BIGGER...*

The thought alone made the bovine's huge penis burl thicker, longer, making even the towering god-bull work his oversized muscles, just to keep a hold of it. The tip pushed painfully higher into space, pleading to grow as it groaned and stretched and swelled, radiating heat.

BIGGER...

His muscles groaned and tightened as he clenched his gigantic rump against his throne, which struggled against his swollen, bunching muscles as he moaned and bit his lip and stroked harder, faster, curling his toes into the gouged landscape, so far down below. Entire forests and mountains all were scraped apart, tucked under his huge soles, as the entire planet rumbled with the surging of his sacs.

An entire armada of warships deployed from multiple worlds, intersecting rapidly in space, joining and allying quickly, until a vast wave of ships gathered and approached Mumbo's immense body. A thousand reticles took aim, focusing on the gigantic god as he pleased himself, squeezing his overinflated, throbbing erection tight to his huge muscles, and panting against its swollen sides hungrily.

The order went out, and in a blink, thousands of cannons all fired...

("Bedlama is now my hostage! Bring me Mon*Star, AND the SilverHawks! MOO!!")

Upon his vast throne, the vast god-bull Mumbo-Jumbo had grown into bellowed out his decree, and every operable satellite put the news up, on millions upon millions of screen and projections, all across the galaxy and beyond. On every one of them, some angle or portion of the swollen muscle-bull's body loomed, larger than life, nude and hung and throbbing with his own excitement. A ticker-tape stream of translations crawled at the bottom of every screen, reading in varying alien languages:

"BEDLAMA IS NOW MY HOSTAGE! BRING ME MON*STAR AND THE SILVERHAWKS!"

The edict was capped with a deafening boom of a *moo*, shaking all of surrounding space with its force. With that, he grunted and stomped one colossal foot down onto poor Bedlama, cracking the oceans at the bedrock, entire forests and valleys and rivers and cities all collapsing below into a wash of devastation.

"HRRRBRRRRGHR HRRRN! NNNMGHRRRRHRRR! HHR!?"

"IF I DON'T SEE EITHER OF THEM SOON, BEDLAMA WILL BE NO MORE! I'LL GROW SO BIG, I'LL OBLITERATE THE ENTIRE QUADRANT, AND FINISH EVERYONE MYSELF! UNDERSTAND!?"

The words were so big that it shook the planet and enormous throne, all at once.

The SilverHawks in question had long-since been forced to abandon the Mirage, which had been crushed to nothing between the bulging curve of Mumbo's continent-sized sac and the small (so-called) of his golden inner thigh muscle. Now, the four were in desperate flight, just trying to outpace as a landscape that had, several times, violently outgrown their attempts to even flee it.

"Please, don't grow yet," Steelheart chanted, over and over, as the all flew at top speed. Steelwill and Steelheart towed Bluegrass along by his arms, so the cowboy SilverHawk had resorted to frantically tying his red bandana around his 10-gallon hat, just to keep it from blowing off in passage. "Just let us get all the way clear, this time!"

"I swear, time after time, we would fly off, just to have him crash bigger against us!" Steelwill huffed. "It's like his body wants to keep a hold of us!"

"Just keep trying!" Quicksilver ordered, as they kept going at full blast. Even as the moments ticked by, they hardly saw any less of Mumbo-Jumbo's looming body. They might as well have been watching the landscape slowly pass, under them. And around them. And above them.

A series of miniscule satellites all gathered in space, far enough away that they could spread far, far out, and blast out a light-grid, which wove tighter, and tighter, until it formed a holo-screen so big and ridiculous that an entire planet could watch it—which made it a humble viewing size for Mumbo-Jumbo.

The feed fizzled in and out, before smoothing into a large alien bird species, which shook so nervously that its long beak kept clacking lightly.

"Oh g-great Mumbo-Jumbo," the avian creature stammered. "We of the Eastern quadrant planetary coalition have agreed to s-submit to your demands. We have already put a summons out across the region for the SilverHawks' immediate capture and complacency in del-s-delivery to uh, y-you..."

Mumbo's eyes narrowed, though there was a cruel grin forming on his huge muzzle.

"Al-also, and, uh...we have put out a massive bounty on Mon*Star, with the help of co-countless donations...we anticipate his swift delivery to you, as well!"

Mumbo-Jumbo is sent to attack Hotwing, on Planet Dolar

"I think we'll be alright, Hotwing," Lord Cash said, strolling out of the main vault at the center of Planet Dolar. "This new security system seems, at last, to be undefeatable. Retinal scans, body heat sensor imaging, telemetric imaging and data comparison programming, all the front gate! Professor Power has really outdone himself!"

The tall alien clapped his hands together in relief and pride, clad in a long robe and a fair amount of glitz. Behind him trailed Hotwing, the illusionist SilverHawk, pointy-eared and clad in golden armor. He looked cautiously optimistic about what he was hearing, at best.

"I am certainly glad to hear it, Lord Cash," the SilverHawk replied, clearing his throat. "Though I must say, once word gets out about this new fool-proof system, Hardware will be dying to take the challenge it poses. All of Mon*Star's mob will probably be jumping at the chance for a go at breaking through it."

The tall alien nodded, grudgingly, turning back to Hotwing as they left the vault gate, walking past row after row after row of countless tellers and bars and booths, on and on.

"True...I suppose that is the rub. Well, we have it, and either way, we'll just see how well it works."

"If you would like any additional security detail, I am here," Hotwing added. "I imagine Stargazer wanted to make sure the galaxy's money was extra-safe."

"Well, I would never turn down such an offer!" Lord Cash laughed, nodding slowly. "I can only wonder at what sort of harebrained scheme the mob might come up with to—"

A single thundering boom of impact pealed through the entire branch of the bank, shaking every booth, rattling uncountable quantities of coin. Lord Cash stopped cold, looked up, then braced as another huge impact shuddered out underfoot. This time, the entire building rocked—and it was a big, big building.

"A quake, perhaps?" Cash offered, cocking a brow curiously. A hint of worry was understandably there, beneath the question.

"Or the mob, already on duty," Hotwing sighed, stepping forward, down the huge lobby, toward the entrance. "Let's see what sort of crazy invention they had, this time..."

Hotwing approached the tall doors, able to allow many species of alien life in for deposits. He opened one, looked out, then slammed it shut. He had his back to the door, staring wide-eyed at Lord Cash, who shrugged and motioned for more.

"Well?"

"It's no quake," Hotwing said, before a much bigger, heavier impact shook everything. "It's...Mumbo-Jumbo?"

"Does he have some sort of crushing machine, or drill machine?"

"He IS the machine!"

At that, the vast ceiling of the bank cracked, as something hit it from high up above. Dust coughed down in sheets as the cracks danced out along the outer edges of the walls, before a pause settled,

and then—

SMASSSSSSH!

Four huge masses punched in through the cracks, slipping in on one side, then exactly the same, on the other. Lord Cash's great confusion melted off into utter fear and shock: they were fingers. Huge, gigantic copper fingers.

"G-get tot he vault, everyone!" Lord Cash shouted, as an alarm was pressed at more than one booth. "Open up!"

Those same enormous fingers dug further in, scooping up under the breaking ceiling, before the entire thing snapped and was sheared up, ripped off like a pop-top, revealing the towering bulk of Mumbo-Jumbo's looming upper-body. The bull was so big he couldn't be fully seen; it was mostly the vertical span of his heaved-out chest and muzzle as he roared his triumph, then glared down into the chaos below.

"How did he get so big!?" Hotwing balked, feeling the entire bank shake to one side as Mumbo-Jumbo clutched the opened box that was the bank wing, cracked it off its foundations, and twisted it slowly. Impossibly big shoulders and golden biceps surged bigger from the strain, as even the 600-foot behemoth still had to exert the necessary force.

"Hotwing, get in!" Lord Cash shouted, as the many, many workers all fled down into the vault, which wasn't attached to the structure, so much as to the ground itself. "Quickly!"

"Lock the gate, Lord Cash," Hotwing ordered, solemnly, trying to put the insanity of seeing Mumbo that huge aside. "I'll handle this!"

"You can't be serious!"

"Whatever happens, you all stay put!" Hotwing said, before putting his fingers up to his temple, and concentrating. As he did so, or tried to, Mumbo-Jumbo glowered down at him, finally spotting his foe.

"HRRRRRRRHUHHRRNR!"

"Uh-oh," Hotwing gulped, suddenly breaking his efforts so that he could leap aside as Mumbo-Jumbo's house-sized fist crashed down, slamming the lobby into a cratering web of cracks. He bounced off the lobby floor, scrabbled back up, and bolted past a row of pillars, as Mumbo's huge fist rose again, opened wide, and sent the fingers sailing through the pillars, crashing through, sending Hotwing flying into a messy tumble and spill.

He grunted as a shower of concrete and dust blew out overhead, using the confusion of the dust cloud to duck behind a teller booth and renew his concentration.

Mumbo growled and squinted down into the cloud as he lifted his hand up. He saw Hotwing break suddenly, running out of the smoke, toward the other side of the main lobby. Mumbo roared and hammered down ahead of him, his fist connecting right over Hotwing as it intersected his path.

Again, there was an explosion of dust as the lobby cracked apart deeper—yet when Mumbo pulled back, there was no SilverHawk mooshed flat; only busted marble.

"HRRRN?"

Suddenly, another Hotwing rushed out...then, another. And another. By the time the confused bovine giant could blink, there were over ten of them, all running every-which-way, like ants from a kicked mound.

The huge bull shook his head, unable to clear his thoughts. When he opened his eyes back up, he saw something even crazier...

Mumbo-Jumbo is sent to attack the Copper Kid, on Planet Fence

Fence was a place so small that, in the grander scheme of all Limbo, it might have been flattered to have been called a planet at all. It was more like a glorified planetoid, without the glory. The nicest thing about the place was the single bar, at which almost nothing but criminals gathered to drown their sorrows (and sometimes enemies).

It was at that very bar that a decidedly underage figure appeared: the Copper Kidd. One of the most visually recognizable SilverHawks, he stood only as tall as a child, clad in copper armor, with a pointed tip to his helmet, tall ears, and a face naturally tinted white as a mime's paint.

Even his language was in mime, as whistling was his only form of verbal communication. It was that lack of speaking that made the Kidd the best for the job; what was needed on this recon mission was a closed mouth, and opened eyes.

He spied the cantina over with a set of binoculars, positioned by a low ridge in the planet's surface.

"Alright Kidd," an older man's gruff voice crackled over the com link in the SilverHawk's armor, "word is that Rhino's gone and pulled a small-time heist on an important item, something way bigger than he thinks it is. When professor Power got knocked off earlier, we got word that some parasites came in and thieved up a few other items off the poor Prof. Bad day for him, getting his transport knocked off like that. So now there's a sell going on in the bar, when he arrives, so you'll get us confirmation. After that, we act. Stay frosty, Kidd! Stargazer, out."

The Copper Kidd nodded, even though Commander Stargazer couldn't see or hear it. He cranked the zoom feature, and the sight focused in on the bar doorway. He waited there, hearing the rowdy crashes of bar-fighting and hollering within, before at last a small spacecraft descended, then settled outside, on the lot. Out stepped Rhino, a tall, bulky, partly-armored tan rhinoceros-man, all muscle and little brains (like someone else the Kidd knew).

Rhino popped his thick neck and reached into the craft, looking around in mild caution, before he took out a leather satchel. He opened the top flap and withdrew what looked like a small grenade, dark-amber in color.

The top hemisphere looked like it would twist two ways, and the bottom half had a large plus and a minus symbol etched into its face. Rhino smiled and put it back, sealing the satchel up, hoisting it over his huge shoulder, and stomping off into the bar.

The door slammed behind him, and everyone inside roared or cheered, before the sounds of fighting returned, and all was normal.

The Kidd popped his neck, too, having seen it done. He got up to his feet, just as a vast darkness overtook him, overtook the area itself. It was as if nighttime had come early, wiping out the dusky dark of the moments before. He blinked, looked himself and the ground over...before turning around, and looking straight up.

Something enormous was descending down onto the face of Fence, and if Fence's face had always been a little ugly, it was about to get that much worse. It was like an entire skyscraper had been dropped from space, and was falling toward him—only the closer that building got, the more it looked like a living thing, with a lot of muscles, and...something that only males sported...

The Kidd whistled, then flew off in a panic, as Mumbo-Jumbo crashed down on the surface of

Fence, shaking the nearby landscape with a deep and cracking quake.

The copper Kidd flew back in slow-motion, realizing that, indeed, the thing that had crashed down was Mumbo-Jumbo, it had to have been. But...

He was enormous. Huge!

The 600-foot titan's full weight caught up to the ground, making it crack deeper, then crater into a bowl of split ruin and smashed turf. The Copper Kidd looked up, scanning up his huge swollen copper thighs and dark-tinged erection and tall torso and massive pectorals and arms and shoulders, all the way up to the bull's looming muzzle. Two huge white eyes caught sight of the Kidd...and lidded to smoldering daggers of recognition and hate.

"HRRRRRRRR!"

A massive hand rose high up, then sailed down, swatting hard through the air. The Kidd dodged narrowly, sent into a small spin by the current of its passage. He corrected awkwardly, struggling to right himself as Mumbo-Jumbo's erection swung up like a bat, an connected, slamming into the Kidd at an angle that sent him flying over the bar, and crashing into a nearby hillside.

How exactly Mumbo got so overly-jumbo eluded the Kidd, who was too busy wishing he had mutually-eluded the bull's shaft. He squirmed up into a seat on the hill, dizzy from the blow, trying to get his bearings, as Mumbo's gigantic form stood all the way up in the distance, and took a tremoring, massive step closer.

The bar shook for a second time, which seemed enough to finally break through to the harder drinkers inside, as the door finally opened, and several thugs and alien criminals piled out.

"What's the racket?" One large armadillo-like alien growled, looking around. The other two, more squid-like, turned to go back inside, when Rhino jostled out past them, looking as well.

"I'm tryin' to make a sell, in here!" the big lummoX boomed, puffing his armored chest out in a show of force. "Keep it down!"

He saw out where his ride had been, and noticed, eventually, that something gigantic had replaced it—or, more accurately, squashed it down into a tin pancake.

"H-hey!!"

He looked further up, and realized there was more to the massive copper-red digit. There was what looked like a huge, huge pillar, with an ankle bone on the side. Then, finally, he realized it was an ankle, which meant what had crushed his ride was a foot. A really, really, *really* big foot. That meant a leg was towering up far above, heavy with thick, bulging muscle, attached to a just-as-thick body.

"Is that..." the armadillo muttered, before going wide-eyed and squealing in shock. "Mu-Mumbo J-umbo!? That's Mumbo!"

"WHAT?" Rhino bellowed, looking further up, until he understood, and the satchel in his hand slacked, lowering limply toward the ground. "THAT'S Mumbo-Jumbo? He's...he's not as big as a building!"

Up high above, the indifferent minotaur had stopped. It was hardly to allow the little crooks below time to react, not at all. Mumbo hardly even noticed they were there. What he was doing was sniffing the air.

Good, he thought, happily, his bloated shaft stirring tighter, fuller, getting firmer. *Good!*
Smell...power...same as amber...ampluh-am...ampli...the thing Hardware had! Is close...but where!?

The Copper Kidd got enough to his bearings back to see Mumbo-Jumbo looming his way, having approached him, yet stopped midway. Why?

He saw Mumbo sniff the air, then go wide-eyed, and glance down over the shelf of his huge chest, to see Rhino down below, as well as the bar and its panicking patrons. Rhino was less than a speck to Mumbo, at his size, but he could smell the brute...and the lovely-smelling items he was carrying...

"HRRRRR," Mumbo boom-grunted, kneeling unceremoniously down on a huge, land-cracking knee. He practically pinned Rhino down with his muzzle, blasting the mutant with his flaring nostrils as the snuffled into him, then down on Rhino's bulky arm, at the satchel. "RRRRRR...RRR!"

"H-hands off, Mumbo!" Rhino roared, forcing himself free, and backing into the bar. "These ain't for you! I got a sell to make, you overgrown goon!"

The Copper Kidd felt the urge to flee outright, when he heard what Rhino was saying, and stopped...

Mon*Star absorbs Mumbo's size, growing gigantic

The small engine and bundles of long wiring all shook and rattled as the power flow coughed to life, then rumbled along steadily.

It's just a basic circuit, Hardware thought to himself, trying not to panic. *There's no logical reason it shouldn't work, it's just A to B, and p-power is power. Right?*

Mumbo slept on outside over the landing strip, before twitching a few erratic times. Bright light suddenly filled the wiring and tubes, making them glow with a diffused brilliance as that very energy coursed, wove, then slammed right into Mon*Star, pumping into his waiting body in huge waves.

Mon*Star's fur bristled across his large body, sensing it, before the crimelord's eye widened, and it truly began.

"Y...YESSSSSSSSSS," Mon*Star hissed, twitching, then throbbing openly his body rumbling heavily, before tensing in, flexing, and starting to gush bigger. His bulk form spilled larger over his own throne, his rear filling it as his arms expanded thicker, bigger, heavier, fuller! "S-S-SUUUCH PUH-POOOOWEEEEER..."

His furred pectoral boomed out eagerly, throbbing out farther and wider in mean, ugly bursts, as his back muscles bulged out against the backrest of the seat, all as Mon*Star's maned head pushed higher up over it, the bestial tyrant growing rapidly bigger, and bigger. His elbows slid out over the armrests, his seat filling the seat too quickly, wedging against its sides as he moaned and grit his sharp teeth, shuddered deep, and blew up ten times larger!

"RRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAUGH!"

His head shot up higher, his fur spreading thicker and longer over clearly-swelling muscles. His backside arched in, pushing his bulging abs out ahead of him as he outgrew the snapping, breaking throne. His growing legs hulked wider and heavier as his feet slipped out, his heels swinging away as his lower body surged down the stairs to the throne, then flopped out on either side. As they did so, happily, his emerging penis burred bigger and longer, a fat, tube-like bulged of maleness that bounced and trembled and swelled its hot way down each step, getting longer and longer, the tip bobbling nearer down to the stunned ensemble of cronies at the ground level.

"Look out!" Windhammer yelled, jumping back, as Mon*Star's foot crashed down all the way at their floor, nearly hitting the goon. His soles and clawed toes trembled, then boomed even bigger, as the huffing, heaving mob boss billowed up even bigger, stretching and groaning and bulging and panting, up past 90 feet, then 100!

"MOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRE," Mon*Star boomed, as his shaking muscles expanded even larger, stronger, his physique beginning to resemble and match Mumbo-Jumbo's. His spiked shoulders swelled uncontrollably, slamming into and cracking the support pillars around the stairs and throne space, which his rear completely overtook, as his head bumped the ceiling and the pillars began to snap apart, then blow away against his still-growing arms.

Those below all scrambled to avoid the falling debris and crumbling dust and grit as Mon*Star's huge feet and ankles and knees and sex all flooded the lower section of the floor, his heels pushing against Hardware, you struggled to keep to the controls of the machine. His huge boss's command went heeded, and the gulping little alien fearfully pulled the lever further down.

The machine roared, as if a creature prodded unwisely, and the power flow increased. Outside,

Mumbo-Jumbo shook and began to dwindle slightly, just a little bit, even as Mon*Star swelled faster than ever. His head crushed up into the crumbling ceiling as his huge penis and sacs swelled out against the entry wall and doors. His throbbing tip burst clear through, smashing the tall doors off of their hinges, all while pulsing too big for the doorway itself.

Over 150 feet tall, Mon*Star found himself bunching in against his own hot bulk, tensing and flexing impossibly oversized muscles, feeling his roaring biceps bugle and balloon against his pulsing chest and bursting lats and rolling shoulders and thickening neck.

Still, he grew, and grew, and grew. The henchmen were all wedged in tight against the snapping, cracking walls, mortar and steel all warping and breaking as the entire tower began to crackle into segments, and those segments warped out, inflating like an overfull eggshell, before cracking further and bulging out even wider, and bigger, and bigger, and wider.

"MMMooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooRRRRE!!"

His voice shook the planet Brimstar as Mon*Star's huge maned head erupted up through the ceiling, and his penis burst fat and huge out the front of the tower. It all trembled its sad last, before Mon*Star's rumbling girth finally won out, and it all exploded away into a frenzy of flung construction and tiny cronies, all at once.

When the dust and chaos settled, only the rumbling, bulging growth of Mon*Star's expansion dared to claim the silence. Those who had been flung off onto the ground found little time to get their bearings, as a reverberating boom-groan swelled up out of his mon*Star's muzzle, as his towering shaft and stretching orbs blew up over several of them, quaking with power and size and cruel, foul bliss.

"M...MMMM...MMMMoooooooooooo-oooo-ooooooooooooRRRRRE!!"

Mumbo-Jumbo awakens and rebels, attacking the stronghold!

Mon*Star sat deep into his own throne, expectant and glaring, as Hardware felt the console and wiring all shake to life, and begin to rumble and buzz.

"Here goes," he muttered sourly, as the wires began to glow bright with power, tracing from Mumbo-Jumbo's poleaxed body all the way into the throne room.

Mumbo-Jumbo felt the tingling pull of energy as it began to unhappily slip off of him, like a trickling water leak. Somewhere, deep-down in his sleep-addled mind, the bovine began to resist.

No, some part of him thought, grudgingly. No. No. Power going...power going to leave! Mumbo wake up! Wake up!

"I...I can *feel* it," Mon*Star growled, grinning a cruel, toothy grin, as the power began to tickle into him, making his thick dark fur bristle in preparatory glee. "I can feel it starting! Haha, excellent! It's starting!"

Mumbo twitched, trying to move his massive bulk, only to rock back to stillness, as the machine kept warming up, higher and higher in pitch.

Wake up! Stupid Mumbo wake! he pleaded with his body. No wake...then...Mumbo...then Mumbo...become puny! Small little baby Mumbo!

At that, the bull's eyes shot open, wide and utterly furious. His entire bulk swelled with pure pressurized anger, his biceps and shoulders and sides and thighs flaring thicker as a primal growl built up behind his shut muzzle.

EVERYONE LAUGH AT LITTLE MUMBO—NEVER BE BIG AGAIN!

"BRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUUUUUGGGGH!!"

The entire tower shook, snapping Mon*Star out of his stupor. He had only swollen slightly in bulk, and blinked back to the reality that not only was everything quaking, but it wasn't quaking because of him growing at all.

"W-what s this?" he bellowed, just before a massive red-copper fist bashed through the tower wall, smashing clear into the throne room's space, overhead.

"Oh, no!" Hardware cried, quickly running away out the tower doors. "No, no, no!"

"MMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOO!!"

That hand withdrew, then a sweeping forearm crashed through the front half of the upper tower, smashing the wall apart, blowing vast swaths of the headquarters away to the reaches of inner-Brimstar. A humongously thick set of golden pectorals surged into view, those tiny cronies below (and Mon*Star) shadowed over by the bull's 630-foot body. He snorted fire and rage above, before twisting his hips, and letting his pendulous erection batter-ram through the lower portion of the wall, smashing inside just as easily.

Everyone cowered as debris rained down, save for the wide-eyed Mon*Star, who shook with anger atop his puny throne, shaking his furred clawed fists up at the towering bull.

"You metallic moron!" Mon*Star cursed, standing up out of his throne amidst the falling destruction. "How dare you! You will do as I say! Now, let me steal your size and power, or else!"

"HRRR R HRRRN?" Mumbo-boomed, glaring hard down below at the bug he used to call a leader. His huge hands went to his wide, golden hips, so that only his erection bothered to point at Mon*Star, looming down from sheer heft to bob in front of the tyrant and his throne.

"What do you mean, *or else what?*" the foul crimelord balked, even angrier now. "Or else, I'll destroy you entirely!"

Mumbo licked his muzzle over, looking bored.

Stupid boss. Stupid tiny thing. Mumbo bigger!

The huge bull simply bucked his hips, and his titanic erection bore forth, shoving the tip into Mon*Star in a show of casual dominance. The contact alone pushed Mon*Star through his own shattering throne, heaving his back to the wall behind it, so that his heavy, gigantic tip rested on the throne spot and stairwell, instead.

"RRRRRGHR!"

"N...never!" Mon*Star coughed, wobbling back up to a stand, as his cronies all crowded fearfully back against their half-destroyed walls. "I'd never succumb to a massive meathead like you, you blustering bull!"

That same huge tip pressed slowly in, pushing hot and sleek and metallic, forcing Mon*Star tighter and tighter against the back wall. The once-feared despot was now almost able to fit right into the gaping slit of Mumbo-Jumbo's tip.

"HRRRRRGHRRRRR!"

It didn't matter what Mon*Star said, at that point. He was so buried against the tip of the bull's throbbing erection that no utterance could be made, let alone heard correctly. More importantly, still, he had been witnessed as bested and humiliated by his underlings, and the spell of his rule was immediately broken in two.

Mumbo left his tip back, letting his forearm-length erection bobble in the air as he stepped destructively into the opened tower, turned around, step-by-thundering-step, nearly crushing Windhammer and Hardware as he stuck out his giant rear and took a seat. The sheer weight of the bull made the throne stairs crack and bend and shudder, then snap and explode into ruins, as his seat sank all the way down through it and crashed with a thundering crater onto the main floor. Everyone bounced for its impact, trying not to fall over as the tower's broken-apart foundations kept shaking.

Mumbo loomed well beyond the tower's original height, even sitting. He let his huge sacs rest fat and tight and hot against the floor, between enormous thigh muscles, letting his erection bob over them all as they looked up at it. There, high up and nearly indiscernible, was Mon*Star, his head barely poking out of the slit of Mumbo's tip.

"Don't just stand down there, you imbeciles!" the cruel ruler roared, struggling, which seemed to only make Mumbo shudder with pleasure, all over. "Stop him! Do something!"

"RRRRR."

Mumbo-Jumbo's thundering voice filled everything, so big and powerful that it seemed to tremble the air itself.

Simple as Mumbo-Jumbo was, he knew force. And that's all this really was. To those below, it was clear what Mumbo had said, and nothing else was really needed:

GO AHEAD AND TRY IT

Naturally, no one did. No one could even move.

Continued

The way up toward the peak had been difficult, but the way down wasn't as bad: all they SilverHawks had to do was take to flight once more (the twins both carrying Bluegrass) as high up as they dared, angle down to the reactor in the valley below, and tuck in. All of them shot like bullets from the lower atmosphere, barreling down at high speeds, lower and lower, faster and faster, until Quicksilver shouted:

"Now!"

And both he and the twins opened their arms, extending wings of steel. The current caught, and they lowed to a glide through the air as the reactor rushed up to meet them. The touchdown was a little rough, but all four of them stood up afterward, and that was always the measure of real success.

"Almost worth the bother of climbin'!" Bluegrass said, dusting himself off as the others retracted the wings, then looked the enormous building complex over.

"Lots of housing here," Steelwill muttered. "Where should we go to do the most damage?"

"And how do we rig it up so we can get away before it goes kaboom?" Bluegrass added.

Quicksilver looked to Steelheart, who thought a moment.

"Right. Well, the main unit here is for the primary core, for sure, so we want to impact this big fella, to get a serious reaction. We don't want to blow up the whole moon, of course, just enough to make someone monitoring at Bedlama take notice."

She kept pondering as they unlocked the front entry with their lasers, then walked inside the compound's main lobby.

"I'd say we need an improvised explosive of some kind that we can rig to the core, since there's no way the power will still be running at an abandoned station like this..."

"Leave it to me," Bluegrass said, calmly removing his 10-gallon hat. He turned it over, and dumped out three grenades, one flash bang canister, a small, palm-sized flashlight, and a harmonica. "My emergency kit."

"No wonder you keep that hat handy," Steelwill said, slapping Bluegrass on the shoulder.

"How did you have time to stow all that away, before ejecting from the cockpit?" Steelheart rightly asked. Bluegrass just gave her a look.

"I didn't."

"You mean, you just always have that up there?"

"Not on Sundays."

"Alright, everyone," Quicksilver sighed, despite his smile. "Steelheart, can you work with these?"

She looked the three grenades over, pursing her lips in thought.

Steelwill had been looking around as his twin sister spoke, before heading off down a poorly-lit hallway. He shuffled back, lugging a canister of cleaning agent. That the canister sloshed spoke well.

"HRRRRRRR..."

As he neared the smattering of big buildings below, the minotaur noticed something glinting in the faint light. A few flickering specks shot out of the main building like sparkly gnats, making Mumbo cock his head in confusion. His brow furrowed angrily, as the sniffed their way, and became certain that it was the SilverHawks, still trying to run, run away from him.

Still, given Mumbo's unfathomable size and tonnage, it came as little surprise when he tried to alter course, but kept sliding faster down the slope of the mountain, into the valley. The buildings rushed to greet the bull, who bellowed in embarrassment as he pitched over headlong, and crashed his horns hard into the main building, just as something inside exploded, burned...then

The fleeing SilverHawks all reeled from the force of the detonation as the reactor blew, flinging them further out into the skies as they tried to outrun the explosion safely. The ringing stopped at length, leaving only the great rolling echo and rumble of collapsing buildings and landscape, buried under a thick mushroom cloud.

"I think...ah," Bluegrass said, popping his jaw. "I think that went n' sure done it!"