

Mumbo-Jumbo thinks he got them, and moves on to bigger things...

"Let's move, quick," Quicksilver said, already starting to step back across the far end of the overflowing parking lot, filling with runoff of the steer's seed. "While Mumbo's still, er, *enjoying* himself. Better escape while he's distracted!"

"Right!" both Steelwill and Steelheart echoed, at once.

The three of them broke off into a run, hoping their comparative tininess left them impossible to see, for the 6-mile tall bull. A large crop of trees bordered the property, and they were all-too happy to hide within it as they ran.

"I know it's unfamiliar turf," Steelwill panted as they darted around trees and bushes, "but isn't there still somewhere we should aim to go?"

"Did you see the edge of the lake, on the other side of the lot?" Quicksilver began, keeping the lead. "On the other side of the rim, by the base of the mountains...I saw tourist traps. Hotels. If we have any chance of spotting a radio, it's going to be there...maybe they have a functioning spaceport still standing, who knows..."

Mumbo-Jumbo finally felt the torrent dying down, down, steadily, slipping from a river to a stream, then a tickling trickle...then, finally, a still. An exhalation so big it could have stripped an entire forest blew loose as Mumbo fluttered his huge eyes and let his chin sink pleasantly into his inflated chest, almost shivering with how nice it felt just to be that wantonly thick. Tight. Warm. Smooth.

"RRRRRRHRRRRFHL, HRRR," he lowed, basking in a nearly-unfathomable afterglow. His lingering rage and frustration were far, far away, buried under an ocean of satisfaction and ego.

Gooooood, Mumbo thought, sighing internally, deep down. *Better good-good. Haha. Showed them! Showed them all! Mumbo biggest. So biggest and tight...*

"RRRR."

*But...what now? Mumbo got SilverHawks. Mon*Star praise Mumbo, for sure.*

"HRRRHRRR..."

*Eh. Forget Mon*Star.*

..."RR?"

Forget Boss. Boss all tiny, now. Everyone tiny, now. Mumbo big, remember? Really really REALLY big!

Already, the bull's spent shaft was twitching, rapidly losing its flaccid, sluggish bulk.

Wait, no...others come. Already here, maybe. Come to collect Mumbo and Hardware.

Where Hardware?

Mumbo-Jumbo finally blinked, then craned his massively thick pillar of a neck, looking around dumbly.

What about him? Let them find Hardware. Hardware stupid, anyway. Yell at Mumbo a lot. Lots of lots.

A mad little snort jetted out of his huge nostrils, Mumbo licking his own muzzle over, as though a dog licking old wounds. Odd as the little slip of hurt was, for such a stupendously big god of a minotaur, it nonetheless lingered.

Hmph. Yeah. Let them show up. So what? What they possible do to Mumbo?

Smiling, the enormous bovine finally huffed and nodded, pushing off on the topsides of the canyon, forcing his monstrous bulk slowly up, up into a stand. His already-towering body rose to tremendous heights, as nearly 32,000 feet of naked male bulk stood. He dusted himself off, flexed his massive arms, and watched with a greater smile as the peak of his golden bicep stretched out, pushing high up, and staying there as he relaxed it.

...Right.

He turned around, his colossal feet slamming the moon's surface so hard that the terrain quaked out aftershocks on top of aftershocks, as he walked. Step by crashing step, feet as big as skyscrapers rose up, littering off acres of crushed rock, before smashing down into a deep, ugly crater, farther ahead. Tectonic whining answered as vast cracks and columns of smoke blasted up into the air, hissing and coiling like furious snakes, unheeded by the immense bull as he passed.

Despite his relishing each powerful, booming step, despite the way that miles and miles of terrain splayed out before him like a blanket, something started to gnaw on his thoughts, until the dimwitted colossus finally put it together:

Hmm. Moon boring.

The bull grunted out a thick sigh, then blinked...and looked up to space.

Hmm...but if Mumbo leave...Mumbo go anywhere he like...

Sure, but how leave? Moon still bigger. Way bigger. Maybe...if Mumbo jump? No...no, not work...

The SilverHawks try to use a nearby radio station, but it alerts Mumbo-Jumbo

The rhythmic crashing of Mumbo's hips against the far end of the canyon rumbled all the way through, coursing underfoot as the fleeing SilverHawks felt tremor upon tremor. The unsavory flood of the bull's climax kept pumping out through the entrance of the station, gushing out through the small vein beyond the rock face of the formation, on and on.

"We really should leave," Steelwill sighed, looking away.

"Seconded," Quicksilver said, briskly, as he scanned the periphery beyond the station lot. "Looks like there's an artificial lake separating us from...a hotel...buildings...it's a tourism spot, over there, look!"

Sure enough, across the far waters were a cluster of buildings and attractions, all gathering to interrupt the dark base of the mountains behind them.

"That means a spaceport wouldn't be very far from where the money would have been," Steelheart added, suddenly close to hopeful. "What are we waiting for?"

In answer, the other two SilverHawks had already spread their metallic cyber-wings, their arms up to allow it. The rockets in their feet ignited, and the trio blasted off across the lake, at top speed.

They checked throughout their passage up over the canyon, where the looming specter of Mumbo-Jumbo remained, far off, but not so far, given his 6-mile height.

"I don't think he sees us, at his size," Steelwill said, as they sped along, just over the surface of the water.

"Let's hope not," Quicksilver said.

The lake yawned ahead for only so long, and in roughly a minute's time, they had alighted at an intersection of a large boardwalk, leading toward the streets and buildings beyond.

"There," Steelheart said, pointing out. "See the insignia? That's Bedlama's space travel logo, I'd recognize it anywhere. Come on!"

On the inside of the spaceport, there were pillars and rows and desks for checking out and buying tickets and bags, etc. They pushed on past the low-lit, silent lobby, searching for anything looking even remotely like a radio.

"Do you think any of them will still be operable?" Steelwill asked.

"If not, there're bound to be parts nearby, in storage," Steelheart replied, unfazed. "I can *get* one working, no sweat."

Mumbo-Jumbo had never known anything was capable of being sustained for so long at time—especially an orgasm. His enormously huge, heavy sacs had tightened and clenched, somehow bigger now than before his release. The bull huffed in deep, rolling waves of bliss, feeling himself hotly press to the entire canyon, so big that his burling penis stuffed its interior tight. He blasted and blasted rope upon rope of seed, grooming his own heaving chest over, as though it were his own

ego he was stroking. It might as well have been, because Mumbo was certain of his own godhood.

Even as the bursting rivers of fluid kept blasting loose, hot and tickling against his flared tip, even as the raging torrent finally, finally died down to a happy stream, then a tingling trickle, his satisfaction with himself remained wholly undiminished.

"RRRRRRR...RHR..."

He let loose a sigh that rattled the entire terrain, licking his muzzle over smoothly.

Heh, good. Good! he thought, smugly preening, flexing his bulk idly, and feeling it surge out bigger in response to his lusts. *Mumbo show stupid little SilverHawks! Nobody bigger than Mumbo, now...no one!*

At that, as he snorted a huge burst of air in delight, something alerted him to the far periphery, out beyond the canyon he had filled. The bull blinked, then squinted, seeing something...beeping? It was beeping. A light, over in a little city-town, all the way over by a lake on the other side of the canyon. It was blipping on and off, over and over.

Place empty, though, Mumbo thought, before he slowly began to furrow his brow, then glare daggers.

"GH...HRRRRRRR...RRRRRRRR!!"

With impossible force and strength, Mumbo-Jumbo managed to plant his enormous palms on the canyon topside, push, and lift up off his knees, to a towering stand.

"Yes, Bedlama, I read you! This is Steelheart, of the SilverHawks! Do you copy?"

The trio of SilverHawks gathered around the radio, rapt. A hiss of static persisted.

"...This is Bedlama defense forces, tower V-4, copy."

Steelwill restrained a cry, but slapped his twin sister thankfully on the shoulder, making her shush him anyway with a waved hand.

"We are currently stranded on one of your satellite moons, mining ops, we ae occupying a radio at the Inter-Space Flight Spaceport, by the lake. Requesting evac from coordinates!"

"Roger that, SilverHawks, we're more than happy to! Requesting coordinates..."

At that, the entire building shook once...then twice. Three of them went dead-still, eyes wide in dawning panic.

"...Do you copy, Steelheart?" the voice over the line asked, crackling anxiously.

Mumbo-Jumbo goes for the gun right away

"This is ridiculous," Hardware grouched, trying to crack his nearly-nonexistent neck. "I shouldn't be having to babysit you, at any size, Mumbo-Jumbo!"

The 500-foot bull restrained a low growl as his irritation spiked, trudging sourly-along through the lake. To have been blown up so big...so gloriously, ridiculously big, then have all that size and might taken away, right after...it was too cruel.

"No moping, I said!" Hardware bellowed, making the bull's titanic brow furrow lower as Mumbo glared. "You should be thanking me!"

Taken down as many proverbial pegs as he was, Mumbo-Jumbo was still gargantuan; it shouldn't have been such a surprise to Hardware when the ambient light of the moon faded, quickly, and the skies themselves grew dark.

With an unfair speed, two monstrous, looming fingertips descended, metallic and round. In just as little time, they pinched on either side of just the tip of Hardware's jacket and backpack, effortlessly hoisting the tiny alien up and off of his hide.

"Buh-bwuh, hey! Wait! S-stop!"

Hardware's minuscule cries went unheeded as the landscape zoomed and curved around, throwing the stocky dwarf into a spin as he twirled between the massive digits, only to look up at the boundless geography of Mumbo-Jumbo's golden snout.

"W-what's the idea, here, Mumbo?" Hardware bellowed, or tried to, given how much his jacket collar choked him, with his body weight pulling against it. "P-put...me down..."

"RR."

The unsubtle grunt blasted out, shaking his world, rattling him in his bones. He gulped, blinking rapidly, trying to look like he hadn't winced in terror at the force of the bull's smallest utterance.

"Absolutely n-not!" he growled, kicking uselessly in the air. If anything, it just twisted him around more between those gigantic fingertips. "I said when we get to the mountain, and no sooner, you understand me!?"

"RRRRRRHR!"

Suddenly, Hardware's overall awareness of loud, and how loud loud could be, was violently amended. His eardrums wailed as the blast of percussive sound blew past, sending him further into vertigo as he dangled and spun the other way.

"Guh! I...ooh, I'll...shu-show you what's...oogh!"

He sputtered, spitefully adjusting the ray cannon, raising it blindly as he kept spinning all the way left, paused, then started to twist to the right, in just the same fashion.

"I-I'll...shrink you down...to a dot!"

Mumbo's eyes widened as the ray cannon blasted freely, the beam shooting out in a drunken line through the air, this way and that. It grazed Mumbo's muzzle only incidentally, making the

humongous bull lurch back in fear...only for him to momentarily ripple all over, tense up, then bulge a few hundred feet *larger*.

"RRRRRNHN?"

Mumbo's momentary flash of fear melted into delight as he realized it: Hardware had switched the amber amplifier all wrong, mid-spin.

"Ta-take this, you lously, n-no good, ugh...w-when I get you small enough, I'll-guh-I'll stomp you to bits! I'll b-blame it on the S-s...Silverhawks...no one will care, either! Don't bother b-begging! I swear you'll pa-pay for--"

Mumbo-Jumbo huffed, smirking cruelly, before opening his bovine maw wide, and simply dropping both Hardware and the still-firing ray cannon into it. He shut his muzzle, licked it over, and snorted out a malicious burst of air.

Stupid Hardware, he thought, dusting his massive hands dismissively. *Now, for real bigging t...to...b...*

Mumbo's eyes widened as wide as they could go, then somehow that much wider, after. An ugly, deep rumbling began to swell up within him, cascading in surreal waves across his gigantic, musclebound body.

"R...RRRRRRH...RRRHR..."

Thick cables of electricity webbed and danced along Mumbo-Jumbo's metal bulk, tickling his body as it started to shake ominously. Forks of lightning crackled off of his dangling erection as it barely skimmed the surface of the lake, traveling out over the waters, before Mumbo watched the vast digit balloon aggressively out, expanding in one sudden bulge to twice its size.

"HHHH...HNNNNHHN..."

The huge bull's shoulders and neck boomed bigger, swelling like waves over himself, before his biceps erupted bigger, stronger, bursting out like exploding mounds of gold as his lats blew up and out, mashing into his growing back muscles. His pectorals billowed so massively that it rocked him backward, his hips swelling wider as his thighs ballooned bigger in the water below.

His globes blew up and up, parting the lake, sending ripples out in rings as they kept expanding. They bobbed like growing islands in the water, half-buoyed and smooth-tight, their lift-up pushing his heaving erection higher up as well.

His entire body caught up to his muscles and sex as Mumbo lurched up, up, to 1,100 feet, the bovine shaking with pleasure, too much power and growth, too fast. He quaked and gulped and m-m-moored out lewdly, feeling his erection boom three times larger, as his muscles exploded everywhere, and his trembling body blasted up to triple its size!

Yet, the shuddering was getting worse...and the lightning was gathering all over his nude, gleaming muscles...

"HHHHHHNMNNNH...RRRRR...HHHHRRRRRRRR..."

3,300 feet rumble-boomed angrily up to 12,000 feet...the electricity was getting worse and worse, and the entire lake was stirring with the sheer vibration of his buildup...

"I don't think we're being followed," Steelwill panted, as the three SilverHawks touched down on the artificial forestry hugging to the side of the mountain. "Or if we are, they're doing a lousy job."

"Either way, we keep moving," Quicksilver said, as they ditched the two remaining skis, and took to moving through the woods. "We ought to find some place soon, maybe one of the old mining towns..."

"You just get me near a radio, and I'll take it from there," Steelheart said, as they ran along.

"Remember, Mumbo-Jumbo's still enormous, so if we make too much fuss anywhere, even at his size, he could spot us, so we go quiet--"

The land under their feet shuddered, making all three of them slow to an unwanted, pregnant pause. The shuddering continued, then somehow managed to get even worse.

"You don't suppose..." Steelheart began, when something happened to the horizon; what happened was, it vanished. Or moved higher. Something of such an enormity was swelling up over the terrain that it momentarily registered as only some blob or mass, too big to be taken directly in.

In the same way one might observe the grand canyon, the three stopped and gawked, watching, as the body of Mumbo-Jumbo boomed up higher and higher into view. They had flown practically half a state away, going at high speeds, and even from such a distance, they came to understand not only who it was, but who it was, in great and terrible detail.

"Holy smokes," Steelwill slowly, dumbly said.

The bull must have stood over 50 miles tall, well over a quarter of a million feet tall, easily dwarfing his enormity from earlier. His bulk had swollen so monstrously that each muscle seemed fit to explode, throbbing and heaving bigger and bigger against every other one, as he brought up fists as big as small towns and flexed, making his chest muscles boom under his chin, his shoulders bursting out just before his biceps overwhelmed them out of sight.

"MWRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUUAAAAAA--"

The moon itself shook as they felt the tremors catch up to the mountain, shaking the forests around the SilverHawks, who could only cry out in shock as Mumbo's body trembled and shook and hiccuped, billowing angrily as he doubled his size...shook...and doubled again, and again! The roaring bull's body surged up high into the haze of the artificial atmosphere, before his bloated pectorals and gargantuan palms slammed catastrophically down to the turf on either side of the mountain ranges. They all shook, flinging countless rocks and boulders and townships off of their foundations--the SilverHawks included.

The 400-mile behemoth groaned all over as he rumbled, looming on his palms over the entire landscape. Pectorals big enough to build a whole state on heaved as Mumbo panted and huffed and moaned, wracked by agonizing glee, only to shake even worse overhead.

"Wh-what do we do!?" Steelheart balked, cast in the same looming shadow as Steelwill and Quicksilver. "He's right over us! His chest could...could crush...us..."

Quicksilver made to tell her to run for all they were worth. He certainly had the thought, at the

moment.

That was until he and the other two saw Mumbo's shaft, ramming out along the terrain toward them. A tip bigger than reality burled over the crackling landscape, smashing everything apart as the bull's bloated erection ballooned bigger, and bigger, crashing their way.

Before any of them could react, that great, pendulous member crashed up against the base of the entire mountain range, easily 80 miles long and 15 wide, crushing the thin sheet of forestry flat as even the rock and moon shattered under its weight. Its speed of growth was such that the girth was already up the mountainside and arcing over the peak, before the entire mountain crushed down in a blasting burst of smoke and debris...

Yet Mumbo-Jumbo seemed to take no notice, as he groaned his way into a booming MOO, and trembled, and quaked, and tensed, and doubled in size again, to 800 miles...2,400 miles...

Mumbo-Jumbo waits until they reach the mountain to make a moo-ve

Much as he hated it, a small but insistent part of Mumbo-Jumbo sounded off the loudest-surprising even him:

Hardware worked up, mad. Wait him calm again. Wait. Let him think Mumbo dumb and comp...compli...on his side. Then, do it. Take ray blast gun and make bigger...and bigger...and bigger...

The 500-foot bovine's erection nearly swelled back up to full mast, but as with his head, his sex showed just enough restraint to work things out as peaceful.

"...RR."

"Good," Hardware growled, nodding authoritatively. "Now, get to the getting, while it's gettable! March!"

The enormous cyber-bull caught a growl in his throat, one that would have blown Hardware's away. He snorted it out, and obediently took a massive step forward, thudding down into the lake, toward the mountain range ahead.

Can't mess up, Mumbo thought, increasingly focused. Got do right, right away, or Hardware know. If Hardware know, Hardware get real mad, shrink Mumbo more...

"Whew, I don't see any bulls swallowing the horizon," Steelwill huffed as the three SilverHawks touched down on the forested slopes of the mountainside, buried in a swath of man-made trees and bushes. "Not that I love that I have to even say that sentence, aloud..."

"There's got to be somewhere better we can hide," Steelheart said, looking the forest over. "At his size, hiding down here won't mean much. He could just smash the whole area flat, if he wanted to."

"What we need is a radio, to hail someone, anyone," Quicksilver said, already pushing forward through the brush. "That means we need a town, or a mining quarter, or spaceport...though the spaceport, honestly, was probably back there, by the rim of the lake."

"Right," Steelwill sighed. "So, we need somewhere that works, but isn't under Mumbo-Jumbo's shadow."

"What say we just pick a direction, at this rate?" Steelheart suggested, shrugging her cybernetic shoulders. "It's more important to move, if we can't figure someone in committee."

A singular impact shivered through their feet, interrupting. The trees overhead swayed once, scattering a few leaves, and their gazes went from above to below, following the leaves down to the view of the moonscape. Something big was cresting over the upper ridge along the mountainside, clearing the valley below...and, big as it still was, it was, to their surprise, considerably less big than they were all expecting. When fleeing something as big as an entire city, something as big as a building no longer carried the same scale of terror.

Still.

"He's smaller," Steelheart muttered, visibly taken aback. "Way, way smaller...how?"

Quicksilver squinted, then pursed his lips, as another impact tremored up through the mountain.

"Hardware."

"If he's still with Mumbo, then he must have shrunk him down," Steelwill added. "Which means he still has that ray cannon on him."

"Which means he can blow Mumbo-Jumbo back up to size, when he wants to," Steelheart gasped, understanding. "We're not even remotely safe here!"

"True," Quicksilver said, "but it also means we can easily flee, if Mumbo gets bigger again. We're still hidden. What if we rush them before they can catch us?"

"And do what, charge the bull?" Steelwill balked. "That's a crazy play! We'd still bounce off of him like peas from a peashooter!"

"Not Mumbo," Quicksilver corrected, turning to the twins. "Hardware."

"The ray cannon!" Steelheart said, her eyes widening. "We can turn the whole thing around if we could just get a hold of it!"

"Exactly. No need to run, if we can blast them down to size."

Another tremor reached, then another. Down below, the massive bull was storming closer and closer, nostrils flaring, chest heaving, muscles gleaming in the pale light. Quicksilver's metallic wings extended back down along his arms. He rolled his shoulders, and took a breath.

"We can't miss this," he spoke, quietly. It was more like an order than a warning. "Understood?"

The twins both looked at each other, then nodded to Quicksilver, suddenly and entirely resolved.

"Say when," Steelwill will replied.

Mumbo-Jumbo rumbled as he stomped along the valley, having stepped out of the lake earlier. Water dappled out a telltale trail from it to him as he shook, out of nowhere, and began to rumble even deeper, suddenly lost in some odd pleasure.

"RRRR..."

Hardware blinked, then looked the quaking bull up and down.

"What is...oh...oh! You're growing again, are you, Mumbo? Well, you had better keep your wits about you, you hear!?"

Just as Mumbo-Jumbo began to rattle and shake all over, his muscles bulging in anticipatory joy, something less-expected happened...

It...doesn't work!?

"Weeheehee," Hardware chortled, having absconded to the safety of the entry hall, behind a tall pillar. "Come on, Mumbo...soak it all up, and clobber those morons for me! That obedience module I placed in you should get you doing exactly what I want..."

On the Moon Star's beam poured, blasting down in bright bloody-red over the tiny Mumbo-Jumbo, who remained slumped and asleep, a toy limply sagging in the corner of Mon*Star's mighty throne. Hardware seemed the only one paying real attention, as the other cronies had all taken to rushing over by Mon*Star. The humanoid feline growled angrily, rising back up to an undignified stand.

"WHAT IS THIS NONSENSE!?" the tyrant roared, looking in confusion around the floor of the throne room. The others all gulped and backed away, having realized their mistake in approaching their Boss when in a rage. "WHO DID THIS!?"

When no one answered, Mon*Star finally did the same as Hardware, and looked back up the stairs to the throne, where the beam poured away, unattended.

"Come on, already," Hardware muttered, his cocky grin slipping away gradually. "Come on!"

The stocky alien backed away slowly, as to avoid detection, when he felt himself bump into someone behind him, at the mouth of the tower entrance.

"Where're you going, in all that commotion?" Melodia asked, confused in the moment. She looked over the dwarf's head, saw the raging Mon*Star wobbling to his feet and rubbing his rear sourly, then glared down at Hardware. Still, there was a smile there, too.

"What'd you do, this time?"

"N-nothing!" Hardware stammered defensively. "Not a..."

"Not a what?"

There it was—the ray cannon! Melodia hadn't put it away, it was still on her!

"Ragh!"

"H-hey!"

In a blink, and with undue speed, Hardware put everything he had into lunging on Melodia, and yanking the ray cannon off. The strap slipped out, lifting her arm up, and with a final pull the little alien tumbled back, cannon in tow, and snarled happily.

"There! Haha!"

With that, and with no hesitation, Hardware turned the gun on himself, cranked the setting, and fired away. The beam poured into him, making his eyes narrow to slits as wild energy filled his body, tingling and hot, making it all throb and rumble, before Hardware began to grow larger, before her. His bulky body swelled wider, then higher, his pointed ears twitching happily as he ballooned bigger, stretching his beat old jacket tighter and tighter, pulling the buttons and warping the seams until they began to split against his groaning shoulders.

"W...whoa..." Melodia gasped, stumbling back, not bothering to get up. She scattered back hastily as Hardware surged up to her height, then higher, snorting and laughing as he felt his backpack

straps pull tighter and wider, before the fabric ripped and popped away. The backpack tumbled down behind his growing feet as his pants began to rip and shred away, the leggings tearing up the vertices of bulging thighs, leading up to a pulsing, massive bulge bursting out against the taut contours of his pants. She saw the lewd girth of his sex as it bulged even bigger, and bigger, heaving in a hot bulge that caught in the middle, shook, then blew up even bigger, until a massive, stubby penis tore loose and swung high among a wave of tatters.

"HAH!" Hardware finally boomed, his head pushing up, up against the arches of the hallway's vaulted ceiling. The trembling jackets popped one button like a ricocheting bullet, then another, before the sleeves erupted open, and the back ripped down the center, revealing a nude, 30-foot giant that was formerly Hardware.

Melodia was already tearing off down the stacks of junk and black debris around the courtyard of the tower, out into Brimstar's unhappy plains. With a rattling series of cracks and breaks, Hardware forced his gigantic nude body angrily around, smashing and snapping and battering the pillars and walls and ceiling with his own bulky mass as he faced a very hocked crowd of both cronies and a leader.

"HARDWARE!?" Mon*Star bellowed, his confusion instantly melting into fury. "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS!?"

The Moon Star faded off again, and the column of dark energy faded with it, leaving Mumbo-Jumbo alone on the throne, tiny and spent. Hardware glared up at it as he tore his way destructively into the main throne room, blasting the walls and molding out with him as he stomped nearer.

"HUMPH," the now-massive dwarf alien snorted, irritated. "I CAN'T BELIEVE IT DIDN'T WORK. NO MATTER. PLAN B, IT IS!"

The smaller cronies all backed nervously away, and the sight of them doing so, them being the small ones now, made Hardware's wares hard. His plum shaft bobbed high up in a pleased nod of affirmation as he shuddered, snarled, and purposefully loomed over them, over 50 feet tall now. The ray cannon stopped firing, staying firmly hidden and safe in Hardware's semi-clenched fist.

"THIS WAS YOUR PLAN?" Mon*Star growled, dusting himself off. He remained put, shoving an accusing finger up at Hardware. "YOU THINK MAKING YOURSELF LARGER WILL INTIMIDATE ME, YOU OVERGROWN GOON?"

"IF IT DOESN'T, MON*STAR, I CAN ALWAYS GET BIGGER, AND BIGGER, UNTIL WE SEE WHAT DOES INTIMIDATE YOU! HAHA!"

A massive foot slammed down, just shy of Mon*Star, shaking the entire throne room. Pillars wobbled and dust blew loose as the tremors faded off, leaving only himself and Mon*Star. Cracks danced out along the flooring, ominous and legion.

"WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, HARDWARE, I'LL—"

A massive foot crushed down, hurling Mon*Star painfully-flat to the floor. More cracks split out underneath, the entire room shaking once again, as Hardware loomed over him, seeing the tyrant's head and mane sticking out from between two gigantic toes.

"OH, YOU'LL DO *WHAT*?" Hardware bellowed, laughing. "JUST WHAT WILL YOU DO TO ME? HMM?"

The other cronies had fled, along with Melodia, but Yes-Man remained. The green naga gulped,

hiding behind the power console near the throne stairwell, and it was to that console he quietly slipped, unseen. He looked back anxiously, then slithered to the trap buttons, and mashed down on one in particular.

A huge trap door slipped open, but to his horror, it wasn't quite wide enough. All that happened was Hardware roared in shock as he felt one foot slip down into it, the other still wide and large enough to have missed it entirely. All it did was force Hardware down into an awkward slip, partially lost in the opened death trap.

"W...REALLY!?" he snapped, glaring daggers down at Yes-Man, at the console. "YOU SNIVELING WORM, YES-MAN! WE COULD BE RID OF THIS WRETCHED RULER!"

"I, uh," Yes-Man fumbled, snaking his way back to the wall as Hardware brought the ray gun back up to himself.

"YOU, UH, NOTHING! IF THAT'S HOW IT IS..."

Again, he blasted himself, and again, his rumbling body shook and trembled, tensing in, then blowing up even bigger...and bigger...and bigger...

"YES-MAN, YOU INEFFECTUAL IDIO—" Mon*Star boomed, as Hardware's remaining foot swelled up over him, smothering the last words as they alien's leathery soles surged up and out over him.

"SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU!" Hardware roared, as he ballooned larger, his growing shoulders basing into crackling pillars, his head pushing higher and higher up toward the tall ceiling. 60 feet burst hotly to 70 feet, shaking and panting, the aroused giant's growth speeding up as he growled and swelled with power and size. "I'VE HAD IT! THAT'S IT! THIS WHOLE LOUSY PLACE IS GOING BYE-BYE!"

At that, the floor cracked and moaned, then started to buckle lower. The cracks deepened darkly as Hardware's 80-foot body grew heavier and heavier, bigger and wider, before the entirety of the floor itself suddenly heaved lower, making Mon*Star, Yes-Man and even Hardware all go wide-eyed. It all sank lower as Hardware's rumbling body blew up loudly, stretching and bulging, to a full 100 feet, when—

CRAAAAAAAASSSSSSSH!

The gigantic Hardware, Mon*Star, and Yes-Man all tumbled, screaming and flailing, down, down, down into the abyssal dark, falling far down into the pits of Brimstar. Only the half-crumbling remains of the tower still stood, a gutted shell, with only a few cracked columns and the stairwell and throne left.

Among the silence, at long last, the cronies all came back, nervously surveying the gaping hole that was once the floor.

"He sank," Windhammer muttered, in shock. "The place looks one good impact away from collapsing in..."

"It wasn't just Hardware that sank, though," Melodia said, looking around. "Yes-Man...and Mon*Star, too...they're all gone..."

"Meaning...the throne is *mine!*"

Mo-Lec-U-Lar had said the last words, just as he morphed into a large beetle, which flew over the

gaping hole, toward the throne. As the other henchmen and woman shouted their anger and disagreement, a terrible rumbling arose—but it wasn't from the hole.

Something suddenly swelled up into view, from high up on the throne itself. Just as Mo-Lec-U-Lar had landed, its growing bulk swelled up over him, flattening the shocked shapeshifter against the throne as it billowed bigger and bigger, getting easier to recognize.

"Mumbo...J-Jumbo!?" Melodia hollered, pointing, as the bull's dozing body bulldozed bigger and bigger, bulging from toy-sized to ship-sized, growing out over the stairs, crushing them. His huge feet and dangling legs swelled out over the hole, heel slamming the far walls of the tower's shell, getting bigger, and bigger. His head pushing up the back side, his nude body shaking and growing and filling everything, until the entire tower, cronies, and Mumbo all tumbled down into the same hole, leaving only a blasting pillar of smoke and rubble...then nothing more, at all.

Mumbo-Jumbo grows incredibly powerful and huge...why is Hardware happy?

Hardware stayed as well-put behind the hallway column as he possibly could, given his wide dimensions; a wily grin snaked all over his alien face, barely restraining a nasty snicker at the sight of his leader on his rear. It was where he belonged.

"Right...now, Mumbo, do your thing...absorb it all," he whispered, secretly willing the miniaturized bull slumped over on Mon*Star's throne to balloon with power. As it turned out, he was more right than he ever would have dared guess.

"WHAT WAS THAT NONSENSE, JUST NOW!?" Mon*Star bellowed, wobbling fairly unceremoniously to a stand. "WHAT HAPPENED!?"

"I, uh," Yes-Man warbled, slithering nearer, all as the Moon Star's beam continued cascading down onto the throne overhead. "I don't ah, k-know, Boss..."

"Y-you just crashed down here, all of a sudden," Buzz-Saw droned, shrugging his robotic shoulders.

"I KNOW THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, YOU METAL MORON! WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS HOW, AND RIGHT NOW!"

Among the chaos and chatter, the beam continued pouring away, on and on, until it finally died down, and only Hardware saw its fruits come aggressively to bear.

"That's right," he murmured, glaring, yet smiling wickedly at the same time, as two metallic red heels suddenly began to peek out over the edge of the throne, surging out bigger, longer. "Grow..."

A singular fleshy digit snuffled up over the edge, as the feet and calves sank toward the bottom, two swelling metallic mounds bulging bigger and tighter under it. Beyond the flaring head of his firming penis, Mumbo-Jumbo's horned bull-head began to creep up into view, as the cybernetic minotaur slept-grew his way up against its backrest, suddenly half as big as Mon*Star; with another thick, hot tremble, the bull lurched violently larger, swelling up to double that, making him fill the entire throne snugly.

"R..."

Mumbo-Jumbo's eyes fluttered, then blinked, closed...and opened wide, as untold power rumbled within him, making the bull snort awake with a low growl of pleasure. He boomed bigger, overflowing in size, so that his stretching metal muscles burst out over the arm rests and sides, as his head lurched higher and higher up over the back, until the entire throne, easily big enough for the mighty Mon*Star, was only as big as a child's booster seat.

The bull rattled and twitched, and boomed twice as big, still, ballooning so big that the throne warped out, quaked, then blew apart, allowing his huge metal rump to thud down and swell over the top of the stairwell.

"Weeheeheel!" Hardware laughed, openly dancing in a little sloppy circle, as the 30-foot Mumbo grunted and hugged himself, feeling his muscles all bulge receptively against one another, groaning and creaking tight. His heels thumped down, down along the sides of the stairwell, bumping and swelling against them as he rumbled and blew up twice as big, again, pouring like molten gold over the entire stairs and throne spot, so that he was sitting on the entire thing like it chair.

High pillars of foul, red rock met his growing thighs as he passed 60 feet, shuddering and moaning

happily. The cracks formed within only a second of resistance, then grew much worse.

"HR...RRRH-HRRR-R..."

One massive foot crashed down beside the cronies and Mon*Star, shaking them, making them all turn and stop their chatter, at the sight of Mumbo-Jumbo, looming up high over them all...gigantic...and getting...bigger!

"WHAT," Mon*Star gulped, stepping back, mowing through his own underlings in his shock. "IS THAT...MUMBO-JUMBO!?"

"It is, indeed!" Hardware bellowed, stepping out from behind a column by the entrance. The crowd of baddies turned to him, wide-eyed, before Mon*Star wheeled on him.

"YOU DON'T LOOK AT ALL SURPRISED BY THIS INSANITY, HARDWARE...IS THIS YOUR DOING!?"

As he did so, and so spoke Mumbo-Jumbo's shaking feet swelled even bigger, spreading over the cracking floor of the tower chamber, making the other cronies all stumble away in fear. Mumbo blew a thick happy snort, shaking and quaking, then booming up even bigger! He cleared 120 feet, and kept blowing up thicker, muscles all pumping disproportionately massive and full, creaking with power and smooth, heated girth.

His toes curled along the floor as his erection boomed even larger, bobbing firm and high over the stairs, only to let the prodigious member slap back down over them, partially thumping down on his bloated metal globes.

The stairwell cracked as he moaned and groped heedlessly on his own pectorals, feeling them grow, feeling himself swell with hot pressure and delighted growth!

"So what if it is, Mon*Star?" Hardware crowed, puffing smugly. "So what if I made sure to give everything the Moon Star has to Mumbo, while you were unawares?"

"WHY, YOU FILTHY LITTLE TROLL!" Mon*Star hissed, rearing back in a blind rage. His dark mane fluttered with overflowing malice as he tensed up, bulging his still-impressive bulk as it flexed out against his thick fur. "I'LL TEAR YOU APART!"

"Mumbo!" Hardware shouted, clapping once, and only once. When the mountainous minotaur blinked, then instantly rose from his crumbling seat and *thoom-thoomed* over to Mon*Star, a gargantuan hand outstretched, Mon*Star finally understood the situation as much as he needed to.

In a second, the 160-foot behemoth had Mon*Star completely within his red-handed grasp. Fingers as big as small trees swelled on and on around the tyrant, making him thrash and snarl, though to no avail.

"LET...M-ME GOOOO!"

"Mmm...no," Hardware said, plainly. "No, I don't think that I will! All you louses, surrender! Otherwise, Mumbo eats Mon*Star whole!"

The other underlings all grumbled, unsure of what to do, looking to each other sullenly.

"WHAT ARE YOU IDIOTS WAITING FOR, AN INVITATION!?" Mon*Star roared, incensed. In

response, Mumbo-Jumbo's hand swelled even bigger over him, smothering out his words as he vanished in the bull's palm.

"See?" Hardware continued, waving a dismissive hand. "To my point! Does anyone here approve of his leadership? Be honest."

Mo-Lec-U-Lar and Buzz-Saw looked to each other, then shrugged.

"And you, Yes-Man?" He treats you worst of all!"

The green naga sighed, then slowly nodded.

"Okay, then. I'm taking over this-here operation! Any complaints?"

He cut as mean a glare as he could to the others, who all looked to him, then up at Mumbo-Jumbo. The 200-foot bull glared back at them, nodding his allegiance to Hardware, and though he had finally stopped growing bigger, the threat hadn't diminished one single bit.

"He won't help you," Hardware sneered, thumbing up at the huge bull. "He answers to me! I already modified the big brute earlier, when it mattered! Hehe, he's loyal to the core! Right, Mumbo-Jumbo?"

Mumbo bellowed out a huge, lowing moo of approval, his back muscles bulging gladly against the ceiling of the tower, itself, nearly too big to be contained therein.

"And I'll make you bigger, Mumbo...much bigger! Heehee! You'll crush everyone in our way, won't you, my big friend?"

Mumbo shuddered at the words, and his thick erection boomed out loudly, stretching bigger, filling heavier and thicker as it wobble-nodded its lustful agreement...

Mumbo-Jumbo changes into an unstoppable growing beast...he's too strong!

Deep within a cold sleep, something began to filter into Mumbo-Jumbo's body and thoughts, slowly and surely, filling it with heat. The miniaturized cyber-bull twitched, at long last, as the Moon Star's beam continually blasted away, covering him and Mon*Star's throne in ruby-red light. The passed-out bovine groaned all over as his metallic body fed freely, soaking up untold energies, until his toy-sized frame began to finally shudder and convulse, spurring a stray inch larger...then another inch...and another...

His heels dragged along the seat of the throne as he steadily filled more and more of it, his eyes starting to flutter open absently as he grew. The back of his horned head charted an awkward path up along the backrest as it pushed higher, the bull swelling from a doll to a large animal, until his elbows bunched against the throne seat's corner, his swelling sacs rolling out along its flat surface as his heels started to dip over the edge, out onto the air.

"R...RRR..."

In seconds, Mumbo-Jumbo was half as big as he had once been, nearly four feet in total, leaving him as big as a child; with a deep, pleasant shudder, the bull grunted and bulged twice as big, suddenly as large and proud and muscled as he had ever been. The throne was a perfect fit as he rumbled happily, coming out of his seep, borne from one stupor to the next as he blinked drunkenly, shook all over...and doubled in size, again!

"RRRRHR!"

What...happening...

Mumbo's thoughts were a soup, words and concepts sloshing around in a black pot, but it hardly mattered. One constant was clearly well-pronounced:

Good. GOOD.

On and on the quaking cow rumbled, his moans slipping out as his nostrils flared, and his 16-foot body ballooned up over and around the throne, feeling its armrests catch and pinch against his expanding metal hips, as his legs and throbbing erection and globes all burgeoned free, pouring out everywhere in scope.

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS FARCE!?" Mon*Star roared, as the sour tyrant hobbled his way to a stand, scraping as subtly as possible for dignity. He rubbed at his rear, glowering around at his shocked cronies, who all stared in blank shock, mute with confusion and fear. "WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!? I DIDN'T JUST MAGICALLY TELEPORT OFF OF MY THRONE, DOWN ONTO MY..."

To punctuate his point, Mon*Star turned and pointed up at the throne. The others obediently looked up with him, and everyone's jaw went mutually slack at the sight that awaited them, up atop the high stairwell.

"Is that..." Buzz-Saw started, cocking his robotic head, before stepping back in fear.

"It is!" Mo-Lec-U-Lar added, stumbling away in a less-ceremonious manner.

"Mumbo-Jumbo!" Timsestopper gasped.

Indeed, the huge bull was there, residing with progressing severity atop Mon*Star's cracking throne. The 30-foot bull huffed and mooed out in dark glee as his pulsing metallic muscles bulged bigger, stretching and booming wider and heavier and huger as he hugged against himself, feeling every bloated bit of him grow and grow and grow.

"WHAT!?" Mon*Star bellowed, stomping his own throne room floor in a sudden rage. "WHAT NONSENSICAL INANITY IS THIS!?"

In response, Mumbo-Jumbo groaned to himself, hugging tight, as he rumble-boomed bigger, blowing the struggling throne apart in a spray of ruined debris and smoke as he burst up to 60 feet. His feet kicked far out on either side, heels bulging over the heads of the crowd below, before they both swung low, the toes scraping the floor, then tapping down, just before another growth spurt trembled out through the nude, musclebound male. It grew worse and worse, making Mumbo's enormous girth shake openly, lewdly, tingling down his long, pendulous, stair-covering shaft.

"HRRRR...R...H-RRRRHR..."

"STOP THIS AT ONCE, YOU MOANING MORON" Mon*Star roared, incoherent with anger. Hardware watched throughout from behind the entrance hall pillar, stifling the biggest, most satisfying laugh in his alien life. "I ORDER YOU TO STOP GROWING!"

"That's not going to happen," Hardware finally saw fit to say, stepping back out. Mon*Star wheeled on him in a lash, glaring all-death and fire. "Mumbo's nowhere near done growing bigger—are you, Mumbo-Jumbo?"

"RRRRRRRRRR!!"

In response, the bulging bull boomed twice as big, suddenly, angrily, exploding larger in all directions. His throbbing erection burst out along the crumbling stairs, its metallic, darkening tip shooting forth, narrowly missing the crowd and Mon*Star. Mumbo's head bashed clear up into the opening in the ceiling, ramming it, bashing it wider apart, so that more and more of the Moon Star's beam poured onto him, making him soak up more and more power, too rapidly.

Over 120 feet of swollen, naked arousal and might quaked and huffed and heaved, filling the throne room. His bovine knees and hulking thighs battered up against cracking support pillars, snapping them in seconds, coughing drywall and dust everywhere as his billowed-out testes rumbled and blew up and up along the floor, pushing and shoving cronies left and right as they cried out and panicked, struggling against their swelling, smooth, reflective mass.

"STOP THIS, MUMBO! I COMMAND YOU!" Mon*Star gasped, pushing ineffectually against Mumbo-Jumbo's cascading sacs and looming penis, which burred hungrily against the hallway entrance, stuffing it full, just as Hardware stepped out of the tower, avoiding it all.

"Not likely!" Hardware laughed, shouting back into the rumbling, cracking tower from outside. "He's under my control, you see! I say when he stops! Hah!"

Then, to even Hardware's surprise, the entire tower shook openly. Then, it shook worse. And worse. *And worse.*

"HHHHHRRRRRRRN..."

The voice within as so big, so overloaded with power, that even the ground of Brimstar rumbled under Hardware's feet. He looked down, then back up, just in time to go flying back as the entire tower bulged out, cracked, then blew apart!

"Bwah!"

Hardware tumbled and rolled a few times, thumping to a stop. He scrambled up to his feet, wide-eyed and coughing, and turned to see something he instantly knew he was wrong about, and had been. There was no controlling what he saw.

Mumbo-Jumbo wasn't Mumbo-Jumbo anymore. Not exactly, at least.

The bovine colossus had blown up from 120 feet to over 600, in one bulging burst, and the effects of the Moon Star were escalating. His minotaur body shifted and groaned as Mumbo's muzzle rose, spewing a thick blast of fire into the air above, just as his legs shook and wobbled, then a second set of legs sprouted out behind them, pushing the rear out as it steadily elongated into a full set of feral, over-muscled thighs and calves. Four legs stood over the ruins of the crumbled tower, making the minotaur part centaur!

"What the..." Hardware gulped, scattering back and away from the heaving, hulking giant, seeing the monstrous girth of Mumbo's bloated-out sacs and humongous erection bobbing and swelling between all four digits. Up beyond them remained Mumbo's torso and enormous arms and neck and head. His muzzle loomed so high up that it was almost imperceptible over the mass of his billowing pectorals. "Mumbo, what's happening to..."

Then, it clicked. Hardware looked up, up, even higher than the rumbling behemoth, to the beam of the Moon Star, itself, out in space.

"Oh, no," he cried, slapping his own forehead. "No! It's not stopping...why isn't the beam stopping? T...that should have been a brief power-up...Mumbo, you have to stop feeding! I...I order you to stop!"

"RRRRRR."

Mumbo's voice erupted like a volcano, overflowing with some primordial, terrible power. The bull-taur shook all over happily, smiling a cruel smile; his eyes grew a deep, violent red as he trembled more and more, clutching up on his thick chest, snorting out fire. His quartet of gigantic copper-red feet all shuddered worse and worse as the power kept pumping into him, forcing him to wobble and spasm and quake, tense up tight, and...and...

BMMMMMMMMMMMMMBMMMMPHHH

In a heartbeat, Mumbo's trembling body exploded bigger; the 600-foot gargantua blew up four whopping times in size, erupting in a messy, hot, thick burst to 2,400 feet. His feet spread out cratering gouges along the turf, toppling piles of junk and blackened scrap as they mowed through everything.

His penis bobbed low, bashing increasingly huge holes into the terrain as it *thump-thump-thump-thumped* along, bigger and bigger and bigger. All four heels paused only long enough to sink unceremoniously deeper into the cracking ground and settling dust, giving Hardware time enough to break out of his defensive huddle and look up under Mumbo's looming taur-belly...before the shaking increased!

He huddled in deeper, shouting in terror, as the quaking bull-taur's entire body tensed deeper, throbbing out his fat erection, before Mumbo *b...b-b-b-BOOOOOOMED* bigger, again, bursting with a wave of phallic heat to over 2 miles in size...7 miles...44 miles!

"STOP!" Hardware screamed, as the ever-growing beast huffed and mooed and roared, his muscles booming bigger, his rear pushing out wider. His horns darkened deeper and began to curve out into ram-like coils of doom, all of Brimstar quaking as the god-bull panted, snorted, gulped, shuddered, and **B-BBB-BB-BBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMED!**

Mumbo-Jumbo misses, and the ray hits something else...

Just as he leapt, to Mumbo-Jumbo's instant dismay, a passing hunk of meteorite bumped the handle of the ray cannon from behind, making the entire thing suddenly tilt up. The beam sliced by overhead as the passing hunk of rock thumped dumbly against the now 2-inch tall Mumbo, and at his dwindling size, it may as well have been a boulder.

NOOOO!

Even the mini-bull's roar was adorable (if difficult to hear) as he drifted away from the ray cannon slightly, still able to slow the meteorite, then push back, so that it drifted indifferently down and away.

"Rrrrr...r-rrrrr," Mumbo sputtered, panicking, as he trembled and slipped down to 1 measly, laughable inch in size. He started to swim his way through space, only to look ahead and see as the ray cannon continued to spin backward in place. The beam kept sailing back, then under, so that it caught—of all things—the very rock he had pushed away.

Immediately, the humble hunk of meteor rumbled, then blew up, and up, ballooning so large that it suddenly was ten times as large, an actual boulder, big enough to match the size of the Limbo Limo. A second later, and it had swollen another ten times larger! Its growth stretched its craters wider and deeper, and one caught the spinning ray cannon, practically gulping it down as it kept expanding.

"Rooooorooooogh!"

Mumbo wailed, not only over his mistake, but over the fact that a rock that had been softball-sized seconds ago was now as big as a building, and growth-drifting his way! Over 300 feet of meteor slammed forward into the tiny bull, crushing his metallic body flat to its rocky surface, which trembled and swelled even bigger and wider under him.

Mumbo bigger, not s-stupid rock!

Mumbo-Jumbo gasped and pushed up, just as he felt himself tremble-shrink down to a mere half and inch. The steady tilt of the growing, spiraling rock continued, and in a fit of inspiration and fear, Mumbo pushed off, letting the growing meteor tilt along without him. In effect, once the bulging rock caught back p to him, through simply swelling up to 3,000 feet, Mumbo found himself being swallowed up by the same massive crater that had taken in the gun.

"Hrrr!"

Sure enough, there it was, far, far down below, caught in a growing crevice in the center of the crater. Mumbo roared and scrambled down, down along it, feeling the crater's curve swell even wider under him, teasing him, laughing at his efforts to get successfully closer to the gun.

COME ON! Mumbo pleaded with himself, panting and frantic. *COMEONCOMEONCOMEON*

Through sheer determination, Mumbo did manage to fall down into a tumble at such speed that he momentarily outpaced the crater's growth, and felt himself crash-thud into the gun. This, in turn, dislodged it just slightly, the tiny impact enough to make it fall down into the ever-growing gap of the crack it was embedded in. Mumbo clutched the strap, now mere centimeters tall, bellowing a little squeak of terror as it and he slipped down, down into the network of rock and holes that was the

meteorite's insides.

The meteorite itself was now easily classifiable as a meteor, and then some. The blasting beam kept forcing the petite rock bigger and bigger and bigger; by the time Mumbo had reached the ray cannon, it had swollen to a groaning, massive 5 miles in size. By the time Mumbo and the gun had fallen through the crack, it had billowed up to 60 miles, bigger than several cities, combined—and it was still growing.

COMEONCOMEONCOMEONCOME OOOOONNNN

Mumbo's trembling grew worse as he whined and moaned, slipping down into a meager millimeter in size. The ray cannon thumped against another tangle of rock, and kept on stubbornly blasting away, the core of the amber amplifier getting hotter and hotter, the longer it operated. The color of the beam itself grew darker, more intense, and as Mumbo desperately leapt into it, the core began to shake all over, and what slammed into the nearly-nonexistent Mumbo sent the bull into a mindbreaking stupor of raw, terrible, primal *power*.

At first, unsurprisingly, the cry was imperceptible.

"-rrrrrrRRRRRRRRRRRRHRRRRR—"

In a blink, Mumbo's rumbling body spasmed and shook, then erupted bigger. His head and horns smashed into the rocky interior of the meteor as his metallic pectorals blew out before him, bursting larger, stronger, fuller. His shoulders bulged angrily against the curves and craters as his erection boomed out happy and huge, full and long and throbbing as it jammed itself carelessly down another hole, and rapidly overfilled it, bigger and bigger.

YYYYESSSSSSSSSSSS...

The meteor itself was gaining some notoriety as it zoomed along in space, its sheer mass suddenly forcing the attention of the nearest planets. Those worried messages and calls spiked into terror as sensors across the quadrant saw it suddenly rumble-boom bigger, spurting up from 400 miles in size to 4,500! Bigger than an average moon, now, it kept on lumbering across Limbo, stretching with swollen rocky girth, trembling on and on as it narrowly passed planet Dolar, then burst to a terrifyingly enormous 70,000 miles!

Mumbo moaned and moaned away lustfully as he felt the rocky interior snap and crackle, breaking even mid-growth against Mumbo-Jumbo's more fervent, overpowered spurts. The bull had no gauge for how big he was getting, but he felt it. He felt **HUGE! SO HUGE!**

In actuality, over 100 miles of Mumbo resided deep within the growing egg of the meteor, which was now half the size of several passing planets, all of which went into a frenzied panic as they watched it sail past, then tremble and boom so big that either of its sides could have nearly scraped their own, at over 400,000 miles in size!

Slowly but surely, the still-growing monstrosity of a rock kept tilting, as Mumbo-Jumbo panted and hiccupped, then exploded vastly larger, crushing and snapping the rocky insides flat as his muscles gorged and groaned and grew, his 3,000-mile body raging and aroused, throbbing bigger and stronger against more and more of the interior, before he licked his own swollen metal pectorals over and snorted, then burst hotly up to 10,000 miles!

SO BIG...S-SO BIIIIIIIG! BUHB-BU-BBBBBIIIIIIIIIIIGGGG!!

Ahead, floating out in the darker depths of Limbo, rested the foul, red planet, Brimstar, home of

none other than Mon*Star and his evil posse of do-badders. The cruel tyrant and his ilk had been waiting impatiently for word back on the heist of Professor Power's goods, and despite the calm of space, things inside were far louder, and less-calm. Every fuming word from Mon*Star within the center of Brimstar built toward a head, even as something far, far bigger than the entire planet hurtled on, closer and closer.

Mumbo-Jumbo's entrapped penis burred and bulged, swelling and bunching out into growing pockets of girth as more and more holes and arches of rock caught and caged it, only for one after another to crackle and blow apart, as Mumbo's growth rocketed freakishly faster, within.

MMMMOOOOOOOOORRRRE, Mumbo-Jumbo rumbled to himself, seething with power and nude, metallic muscle. *MORE! MMMMMM...H-MMMM...MMMooooooooooooooooo—*

At the height of the 30,000-mile bovine's roar, the still-tilting meteor trembled and boomed out to a whopping, absurd size of over 1,000,000 miles, so big that, as it bore onto the tinier planet of Brimstar, it passed into one massively gaping crater, going inside it.

The normally-impressive 11,000-mile diameter of Brimstar proved cute, compared to the monster-sized meteor, but it was big enough still to crash directly into Mumbo-Jumbo's head, clocking the 50,000-mile titan square in the face, and knocking the bovine out cold. As it happened, the infinitely-smaller ray cannon was crushed flat, instantly, leaving both Mumbo and the meteor at their massive respective sizes.

On and on the concussed bull went, unconscious, stuck inside of the oversized meteor as it kept drifting farther and farther out and away from Limbo, to who-knows-what stretch of infinite space and silence.

In all the time it would take Mumbo to overcome his concussion, if ever it would happen, all of Brimstar and its terrible cargo kept drifting away with him, lost in confusion and fear, too small to understand that they were pressed up against a jawline of their own Mumbo-Jumbo, grown impossibly big, rendered impossibly useless and limp as they kept on drifting, on and on and on, leaving the SilverHawks and the rest of Limbo to wonder where, exactly, the worst of the galaxy had bothered to go...

Mumbo-Jumbo makes it, and lets the gun blast him bigger...and bigger...

What Mumbo-Jumbo lacked in brains, he made up for elsewhere; after all, every other muscle in his metallic body, he knew, and knew well. He had no way of knowing the brain wasn't a muscle, because his brain was *almost* as dumb as the rest of him.

Like the ray cannon itself, it was close enough.

Mumbo felt out the speed of the gun's drift through Limbo, understood when he had to jump...and did so. The miniaturized bull sailed up into the arc of the blast, still ongoing, and let it do what it did. As it contacted, the bull's trembling slippage slowed, stopped...and violently reversed.

The cybernetic bull's roar was drowned out by the sheer force of his own growth, almost crammed back down his bulging throat as his body exploded out in size. The pillar that had, to the miniscule minotaur, been a massive pillar suddenly slipped down to a tickling thread battering his muscles, as he burst up to his normal size, in one thick, shuddering *boom*, then shuddered worse.

GOOD, Mumbo thought, summoning a lifetime of accumulated vernacularity. *GOOD!*

His biceps boomed out with basso eruptions, swelling wild and huge against the sides of his burgeoning golden pectorals. His abs walled out in a thick, creaking bulge, trailing a hot and pulsing vertices down toward his erection, which filled and throbbed out into a painfully humongous, arm-length pillar of virility. His testicles bobbed down, a fattened mound of tight, bloated sex that groaned and stretched out over his hulking inner thighs. His back bulk blew out in a wide, draping mass of muscle, under a bulging neck, above a swollen metal rump.

In a single beat's time, Mumbo-Jumbo leapt from his standard height up to 580 feet, as though he had surged up exactly as big as he had, going from a stray inch to 7 feet. As he roared out into space, hands slamming down on either side of his overfull erection with smooth, solid *slaps*, he felt his tip thrust out and ram the blasting ray cannon squarely into a passing meteor, smashing it apart.

Just as sudden as the pleasure had come, it faded, leaving the over-aroused bull in a huffing, panting confusion. Clarity attacked his joy, until he shook off part of the bursting lust and heat, and snorted some more of it out in a cloud of steam.

"RRRRHR...R?"

Mumbo-Jumbo licked his muzzle over, still huffing out a few blasts of happy heat, before slipping his humongous red copper hands off of his throbbing mast, and looking around space a moment.

No more bigging?

No. No more.

Done?

Mumbo done.

A moment of deflation hit, but not the kind that shrank his sheer, glimmering bulk.

Big though! Mumbo big!

"HRRRHRRF," the hug bull giggled, wriggling in place a moment, nodding his powerful, gigantic, house-sized head. It was true.

...What now?

Mumbo-Jumbo blinked, slowly, then brought a colossally huge arm up, his bicep screaming bigger and tighter as he scratched the back of his head...then down on his huge rear, rumbling thoughtfully in his overgrown throat.

It was a good question.

Hardware and Melodia gone, he thought, snorting. Find them? Was in Hardware pocket...why?

Who care? They GONE. Gone away, stupid. Let them be go. Mumbo free!

*Mumbo...mmm...Mumbo BIG! Do whatever Mumbo want! No have to be bad, because Mon*Star scary-say you have to!*

So, what Mumbo do, still?

...Be bad.

The bull sneered out a nasty grin, wiggling worse. Incalculably big muscles creaked and groaned, rubbing across each other, as Mumbo-Jumbo started to swim through space, looking this way and that, spying out for whatever interested him, whatever looked fun.

As he soon surmised, correctly, even at nearly 600 feet in height...space really was a lot bigger.

...Mumbo bored.

Mumbo know.

When find place to stomp?

Dunno.

Space boring.

Mumbo know.

Just then, something passed the bull by; even being as big now, it was easy enough to detect the smaller thing's movement, across the darkness of Limbo, itself. The bull squinted, then went wide-eyed...

Continued

The towering monstrosity of metal and muscle and sex that Mumbo-Jumbo had grown into was beyond imposing. The bull had blown up in short notice to a veritable living mountain, albeit a smaller one, making him as viewable from across the moonscape as any other landmass. Copper-gold muscles the size of stadiums bulged out glimmering-smooth as Mumbo slowly, mechanically shifted, lowering down into a great, shadow-casting crouch.

His humongous red feet crushed down into the already-battered turf as he creaked, thighs and calves bloated bigger. He tensed, eyes milky-white and unblinking, unthinking, awaiting the next phase of his task. Which Hardware, it turned out, was happy to issue:

"UP WE GO!" he crowed, triumphantly pressing a button on the remote in his hands.

Silently, the bull heaved an unthinkable amount of bulk, ton upon ton of bulging male girth, and he leapt clear off of the planetoid's surface, toward the heavens. Boulders as big as buildings crashed down off of his heels as he departed the firmament, to the bull being less than specks of incidental dirt. They hardly landed like tiny pebbles, though, making the turf quake out on impact, sending vibrations far out underneath the SilverHawks' feet.

"Whoa!" Steelwill gasped, his voice rattling, as they all looked up beyond the cliff to see Mumbo's massive form sailing up through the atmospheres. "Is he..."

"He's trying to abandon the moon, the old fashioned way," Steelheart said, glaring with worry.

"We can't let him leave!" Flashback ordered, a stab of terror parting through his stoicism.

"Right," Quicksilver offered, "we need a real plan, here. What can we do?"

That was when something big landed, nearby, pulling their attention away from the vaulting colossus.

"Y'all have been harder to find than a vegetarian in a barbeque!" a familiar Southern voice drawled, echoing out of the PA system of their ship as it finished settling from its descent, a wave of dust clouding out. "How about I give you fellas a ride?"

"Bluegrass!" Steelwill shouted, grinning wide. "Boy, are we glad to see you guys!"

"Nothing's more welcome than a Mirage," Steelheart joked, already heading toward the ship as its back bay door slid open.

"Come on, Flashback," Quicksilver said. "We have work to do."

Finally, Flashback smiled, if weakly.

"Right! To Mumbo-Jumbo!"

"I've got a better idea," Quicksilver replied, winking. "We need Bluegrass to get us somewhere specific, and fast..."

"That's the way, Mumbo-Jumbo," Hardware sneered, in gleeful defiance of the moon's artificial gravity. "Just a little further, and we're out into space!"

"RRRRR."

Close as they came to the slow and steady drift of space and the freedom beyond, it was unmistakable when the bull and Hardware slowed, stopped, then began to sink back down toward the moon.

"Gah, almost," Hardware snorted, going wide-eyed after. "Uh-oh..."

How many tons did Mumbo-Jumbo weigh, at this point? 4,000,000? 5,000,000?

Something over a mile in size, slamming back down, with that much weight...

Hardware gulped, and scrunched himself down defensively, preparing for the magnitude of the impact. Just as he did, Mumbo dumbly crashed back down with both feet, crushing down on the moon, cratering down, down into a widening pock-mark that crumbled past shifting, sliding hills, crumbling mountains and valleys, everything nearby sinking down as he sank.

A concussive burst of displaced air blew up through the devastation, flinging everything crushed down away, blowing a thick ring of ruin out of the rim as the vibrations tremored up, up along his bulging metal muscles, all the way up, up, up to Hardware.

Astonishingly, all the alien really felt was a loose tingle. The rest of the shock had been absorbed by Mumbo-Jumbo's sheer bulk.

"Er...huh. Wasn't so bad," he muttered, before looking around. He went pale.

"...Huh."

Mumbo only rose halfway up out of the massive crater his landing had created. The monstrous bovine's nostrils flared, snorting away the rising cloud, his impossibly big chest swelling out powerfully with the slightest of breath. His immense erection wobbled with the aftershock, swaying almost comically out ahead of him, still diamond-hard and fat. The bull hardly even noticed his own crash.

"Heh," Hardware suddenly laughed, thinking it over. "Hehe! HAHA! You crushed them flat! That landing...there was no way those puny SilverHawks could have gotten far enough away, that fast. Not without a major ship engine at high output! Well, that's serendipity for you, isn't it, Mumbo?"

"...R."

"Well?" Hardware growled, glowering. "You did it, you nimrod! We crushed them together! It's a happy mistake, so...you know...be happy!"

Hardware fiddled with the remote, and Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous cow-muzzle grew a broad, proud smile.

"There."

The smoke cleared finally, and again Hardware looked up to the heavens of Limbo. Such as they were.

"Right. Okay...once more! Put everything you have into this one!"

"RRRRRR," Mumbo rumbled, still wooden, even with his forced smile on.

The huge bull crouched again, his muscles ballooning even bigger as he tensed tighter, painfully tight and thick and primed, like a gargantuan copper coil.

That was when it hit—that was when Mumbo wobbled, blinked, then collapsed in place. More accurately, Mumbo-Jumbo *slammed* down, and slammed down hard. The crater received him as his massive muscles crushed down onto the crushed turf, grinding down, down against it. It wasn't that the bull had fallen, by some mistake. Hardware immediately understood that much, since a fall would have simply left them there, normally. This...this was pressure. Massive, distorting pressure.

Gravity.

GRAVITY

"T-Those...m-meddling..." the stubby alien yowled, trying to get his jaw to work against the increasing force barreling down on them both.

The artificial gravity, he thought, raging in his paralysis atop Mumbo's head. *They got to the artificial gravity generators! No! No, no, no!*

"Okay, that puts the bull in the pen," Steelwill said, giving the thumbs up, as he and Steelheart stepped away from the generators in the large, abandoned factory on the outskirts of a nearby mining town. "Gravity's up as far as it can go, for two sectors—miles of landscape, more than enough to keep him down."

"And we hold him there until Professor Power arrives, to put a stop to it," Quicksilver added, giving a thumb's up to both the twins.

"And all done while Mumbo's still small enough to be held back by gravity, too," Flashback sighed, nodding thankfully. "That's sure some fast thinking!"

"So, you'll be heading back to the future, after this, right?" Steelheart asked.

"Yeah," Bluegrass drawled, the blue-armored cowboy SilverHawk adjusting his 10-gallon hat. "No more threat to have to stop, right?"

"Well, that's the thing," Flashback started...

Hotwing and the Copper Kidd arrive, to deal out justice!

"And I ain't heard nothin' since," a Southern voice spoke over the radio, half-static, half worry. "Ain't seen hide-nor-hair, since they disembarked the Mirage!"

A golden cybernetic hand took the receiver from its host, a smaller, child-sized hand, equally metallic, only copper-hued.

"Well, how long have they been gone?" the owner of the golden hand asked, bringing the receiver up to his human face. The rest of him was gilded in armor much like the other SilverHawks; only his pointed ears made him really stand out beside them. Well, besides the pointy-eared pilot beside *him*, the Copper Kidd.

"Maybe a half-n' hour, tops," the Southern voice spoke back. "Heck, Hotwing, I'm gettin' halfway-to-nervous. And outta all of Limbo, that's the place I don't much-wanna be."

"I hear that, Bluegrass," Hotwing answered, his brow knitting in contagious concern. The Copper Kidd looked up, his somewhat elongate, alien face resembling that of a young mime, with a pointed crown for the tip of his armored head. Hotwing saw the Kidd see his concern, and tried to mask it. That the illusionist SilverHawk would have to try that hard was telling.

"That's why I figured I'll put out the feelers, buddy," Bluegrass continued, over the line. "How close are you and the Kidd to these coordinates? We're talkin' outer Bedlama."

"If there's trouble, we'll be there pronto," Hotwing added, nodding firmly. "You tell them that, if you see them before you see us, partner."

Back the receiver went to the Copper Kidd, who put it away without looking—his eyes were on Hotwing.

"You know where to head, Kidd," Hotwing said.

The Kidd whistled in his native sonic language, fired the thrusters, and punched the drive to maximum.

"Now, how to escape the artificial gravity well," Hardware hummed, musing out loud, since it was always more fun to be heard talking tech. "We could rummage around and stomp everything, until we catch whatever sector houses the anti-gravity generators, and just float off like nothing..."

Mumbo-Jumbo just stood in place, eyes wide and dead, unresponsive.

"Hmm...at this size...perhaps you could simply work up enough force to leap off...with time to think, I imagine you could do best...oh...up there! Yes, that mountain range would add a bit of height to your leap, where the atmosphere would be weaker..."

Something whistled by, swerving fast and tight past the backside of Mumbo-Jumbo's absolutely gargantuan neck. Hardware felt enough wind blast by the top of Mumbo's spacious forehead to make him perk up.

"What the...what was that?"

He looked about, confounded, before something big enough (to him) whizzed by the bull's looming muzzle, circling back around. A sudden barrage of blasts burst out of it as it went, narrowly sailing by Hardware, who cried out and ducked low, letting the beams cast off into the skies.

"Who...w-who could possibly even be here, to...GAH!"

He focused, and at last saw the Mirage, the hated ship of the SilverHawks, circling back around once more, to resume firing.

"I dunno what sort of voodoo nonsense y'all have got goin' on here, making that dadblamed steer as big as a mountain," Bluegrass's voice blared, from the PA system of the passing ship, "but it better not have a thing to do with my friends not pickin' up on the party line!"

"Oh, buzz off, Bluegrass!" Hardware snarled, his anger reignited as recognition settled in, unwanted. "Smack that buzzing little mosquito out of the sky, Mumbo!"

The remote flicked one way, then another, sent into a tangle of motions in sequence. In response, the dormant cow-god jerked to life, those unblinking eyes training suddenly on the Mirage.

"RRRRRRRRR."

A fist as big as an entire office building swung hard through the air, slicing it as it shot narrowly by, almost grazing the Mirage's wing. Bluegrass cursed and put the ship in a spin, ejecting several gas canisters in a spiraling, spreading smokescreen.

He adjusted in his seat a moment as he righted, the blue-armored cowboy SilverHawk fixing his nearly-detached 10-gallon hat and red bandana around his neck.

"That's the way y'wanna dance? Time fer a hoe-down!"

He throttled the engine and spun the nose over, twirling in the air, before punching back through the cloud, dive-bombing the indifferent minotaur, who turned last-second and elbowed the Mirage so hard that it nearly broke in tow, in mid-air. Bluegrass, certain he could have spooked the dull-witted behemoth, only had that relative instant to note how Mumbo-Jumbo hardly seemed to care, and reacted like a full-on robot, before the pilot seat unclicked from the floor fasteners and polygrip molding, then ejected with him in it. He soared upside-down through a maelstrom of spinning landscape and flashing bits of gold and copper brawn, the cowboy bracing stubbornly throughout for impact—

When he felt the backrest of the pilot seat slam, then *thump-thump-thump* its way messily down the length of a shaft so large, it could have been a carrier runway...for *carriers*.

He rolled to a stop, nearly toppled on his side, only for the chair to thud back down normally, albeit atop the span of a swollen, monstrous erection, easily half a mile long, and maybe 900 feet thick around. He blinked, understandably, then started to try and undo his seatbelt as the metallic flesh under him throbbed eagerly, on and on, despite Mumbo's overall-cold reactions, so far up above.

"Any landing you can walk away from," he joked, or tried to, even though the SilverHawk was openly shaking as he tried to undo the straps to his seat. As he fumbled, however, the massive bull and his bulging shaft all suddenly stopped, and returned to an impassive, rigid stand. That it was, and nothing more.

Bluegrass paused there, confused, as the towering giant made no other moves against him. That confusion, as well as the hesitation that followed, plagued Bluegrass, making him stay put in suspicious disbelief that things were actually over.

"Is...is that all, then?" he balked, fussing with the strap, only to feel as the bulging erection underneath shrank a little inward, growing a little less full as the scene calmed...so much so that his seat, still on the farther reach of the shaft, began to lower down with it as it bobbed. It skidded farther out still, making the cowboy panic anew.

Just as he felt the shaft dip low enough and bow slightly, the chair and he himself both pitched back, bumping against the high, huge rim of the bull's tip. It caught him, but only for a moment, and before he could joke further, he felt the chair slide to one side, then felt nothing but wind as, to his horror, he pitched clear off, and fell toward the firmament far below.

At what he figured must have truly been the actual last second, his screaming fall stopped, and abruptly at that. He hovered in midair, suspended, before being turned around, and let down gently to the moon's surface, unharmed.

"What in the name of..." he stammered, looking around wildly, until he saw a ship land, a smaller one, one he knew. His relief was tenfold as the doorway opened, and out stepped both Hotwing and the Copper Kidd. The Kidd was waving hello, and Bluegrass surely did wave right back, but Hotwing was less focused on them. He kept looking up at Mumbo-Jumbo, concentrating hard.

"You alright, Bluegrass?" Hotwing asked, not looking away from the sky-filling titan. Even his immense, skyscraper-sized feet were a bit too close, still though they remained. Maybe that was why the golden SilverHawk was so intense with his business.

"Y-yeah, thanks to you fellas," he sighed, nodding. "Y'all sure are a welcome sight!"

"I had to let you down quickly, so that I could keep my focus on Mumbo, here," Hotwing explained, and the Copper Kidd wandered the few extra meters toward Mumbo's foot, knocking curiously on the towering copper toes. "I was watching you take Mumbo-Jumbo and Hardware on, and realized Hardware was up top, taking control."

"Yeah, I saw that little booger, up there. Didn't know he was controlling Mumbo, though."

"Well, I have them both under my power, for now. They've been hypnotized into paralysis, until I give the explicit order for them to return to activity. Until then, they should stay put."

"How long can you hold them like that? Long enough for us to find the others? I'm sure that Quicksilver, Steelheart and Steelwill are around somewhere..."

"Until I give the word? I mean, they'll stay this way, probably. I'm just being sure. Plus, I can only do this for so long...I just want to make sure they're as under as I can get--"

The rumbling was quick, and it was terrible. The frozen bovine's massive body began to quake all over, worse and worse, until the forestry and hills and boulders and pebbles all around his huge feet began to vibrate, then jitter and dance, as the terrain shook violently.

"What the," Bluegrass said, just as he and Hotwing and the Kidd all looked up—in time for Mumbo-Jumbo's paralyzed body to tremble-tense in on itself, rumble, then BOOOOOOOOM bigger! His shaft plunged out farther and higher, his sacs expanding loudly over his swelling thighs, as his unmoving head and neck and shoulders grew and grew into the heavens.

His enormous feet swelled out in an explosive burst of growth, plowing clear over everything in their path—including the three SilverHawks who had landed there moments before. Everything was wiped out as the frozen Mumbo-Jumbo stayed standing, growing bigger, and bigger, and bigger, until only he remained visible on the moon, even as he pushed 5 miles...then 10...then 50...200...

Mumbo can't manage a leap-off, so Hardware sets out to make him even bigger...

Unthinkable tons upon tons of metallic bull-muscle clenched as Hardware piloted Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous body. The bovine robotically squatted down, his movement precise, his feet crunching further into the moon's topside as his calves and thighs ballooned even thicker, tense with untold power.

"Up we go!"

Hardware pressed a button on the remote, and Mumbo vaulted straight up, like a copper bullet, piercing the veil of the atmosphere apart as he soared. Up and up they both flew, the iron grip of artificial gravity slipping as he streaked higher, closer and closer to the haven of cold space.

The thick chips and plates of the crust that had shorn away in the liftoff sprayed out in the air, clattering down loudly in big, heavy impacts, as gravity reclaimed them. It was only a second later that Mumbo rejoined them, too.

Red-copper feet the size of skyscrapers blasted back down as nearly 1,000,000,000 lbs. of bull-bulk slammed into the moon, cratering out a huge, ugly rim of expanding destruction over the landscape. A pillar of smoke as big as Mumbo-Jumbo's whole leap blew up into the atmosphere, mimicking his ascension.

The impact threaded the terrain like a pack of snakes, rumbling out in an angry, disruptive wail of creaking plates and cracking rock, until it all finally died off into an eerie silence.

There, half-knelt in the center of the crater, remained Mumbo-Jumbo. The cyber-bull snorted deeply, his expression every-bit as mechanical, as unchanged as before the attempt. For all the cow knew, he hadn't jumped over any moon, at all.

Hardware knew, however, and the irate goblin did the reacting for him.

"Bah!" he coughed, waving away the lingering dust with a stubby arm. "No good...the big dummy weighs too much...stupid square-cube law. Figures, there's still a law we can't easily break."

"RR."

"How do actually leave this stupid rock, then?" he pondered, tapping the scaly fold in his chin. "How? Self-powered liftoff should be doable...it's just a matter of how powered that self is..."

At that, he brought the ray cannon back up, and pondered a little better, a little clearer. Measures, risks, and countermeasures to his own measures trailed by, until he took a deep breath, and nodded.

"Yup, that's the best option," he muttered, fumbling with the amber amplifier. "Enjoy, Mumbo, because we're stepping up your bulking routine, and then some!"

He aimed the barrel down at the unblinking bovine, then blasted a huge payload of growth beam down squarely into Mumbo's forehead. It was mere moments before the bull's metallic body began to react, and even without Mumbo's senses, the body itself took the news just fine.

Rumbling tics and twitches began to cover the bull, all 6,100 feet of him, making massive biceps and triceps tingle deep. His hips creaked and his knees shook, his enormous toes digging into the crater, before he again began to violently explode bigger, and bigger.

"That's the way," Hardware growled, grinning crookedly, as he felt his magnetic boots slide wider atop Mumbo's growing, stretching hide. "Grow...grow!"

Mumbo's gold-copper body greedily obeyed, swelling, bulging and billowing up larger, in a single, thrusting burst of growth. His back muscles erupted larger, smothering up against his bloating neck and booming red shoulders.

His arms, already immense, surged tight and loud, groaning and creaking as they blew up disproportionately larger, and stronger. His bulked-out pectorals screamed as they inflated wildly in size, ballooning out before him, further and wider and heavier, heaving angrily with raw growth.

His thighs burst wider as his trembling shaft punched forth, booming, bulging and burgeoning to absurd, even frightening lengths. The tip pulled drum-tight, ruddy and swollen in dark joy, wobbling in the air over his expanding testicles, which sagged and surged and bobbed down lower and lower, creeping over his knees.

His muzzle pushed longer and longer, higher and bigger and broader, until it was all that Hardware could see. Out in the horizon, the stocky little alien could see one towering horn, obscured in the haze of the distant atmosphere. By the time he turned to observe the other one, it was even bigger, even farther out. The sheer sound of Mumbo's growth rattled up into him, making the increasingly-tiny dwarf quake uncontrollably.

Still, the beam poured on, as Mumbo-Jumbo billowed up from 6,100 to 8,400 feet...9,600 feet...11,000 feet!

Where should I stop? Hardware wondered, through his own distracting shaking. *How much force would he need to generate to escape the gravity field? Let's see...his weight increases more than anything, so...*

"I think so...we had better check, and see to the survivors..."

Quicksilver watched as long as he could, so that he could think. Still, it was a time for much, and thinking was only the half. He swallowed, took a breath, and turned from the cockpit dome to his comrades. The looks on their faces matched his, but that was no reason to waver.

"I think so...we had better check, and see to the survivors..."

The three of them nodded, not turning around. It was best that way, as Quicksilver alone saw the distance-spanning Mumbo-Jumbo behind them, roaring out his triumph and smug pleasure, a shining god of muscle and impossible sex.

"W-where is the nearest relocation point supposed to be?" Steelwill asked, clearing his throat as he went to a readout on the cockpit console.

"Over in the dark nebula quadrant, it's not far at all."

"This-here's Bluegrass, again," Bluegrass sighed, holding the radio receiver close. "If, ah, any of y'all are still on site, on Bedlama, come back and let us know, would ya? Otherwise, we'll be pushing on to confirm successful extraction of all y'all Bedlamian amigos..."

Only static answered, as Bluegrass and Quicksilver anxiously watched the blown-open, wounded Bedlama floating there in Limbo, beyond Mumbo's 30,000-mile body.

"...Repeat, this-here's Bluegrass, hailing Bedlama...any-ol' body, hello..."

"Are we close enough to run a scan on the remainder?" Quicksilver asked Steelheart, who bit her lip, and shook her head.

"We'd need to fly over the surface for a proper inventory, I'm afraid..."

"I see...let's make it fast, then. Bluegrass, switch over to the radio coordinates when Steelheart gets a lock on them, then get a tally of the survivors."

"Roger that, Hoss!"

Mumbo-Jumbo gushed out a huge, godly sigh, trembling all over in momentarily-stalled lust as he floated in space. The ray cannon continually blasted away inside of him, however, and his reverie hardly lasted.

As the Mirage passed him by at top-speed, less than a silent gnat in comparison to the bull, the SilverHawks continually skimmed the surface of the planet, scouring it over for any leftover life forms. Mumbo was not only too big to possibly take notice, but he was much too big to ever come close to caring anymore.

"HRRRRRRRN," he huffed, lowing and licking himself over as his member began to rapidly balloon back to firm, full, angry, delighted fullness.

Untold pleasures cascaded through him as he caught his powerful breath, twitched, and already began to quake again. The rumbling intensified fast as he fluttered his enormous white eyes and clutched needfully against his swollen pectorals, blowing out a huge burst of giddy air as he started

growing, again.

His biceps blew out beyond his shuddering chest as the bull mooed out into Limbo, exploding out in size, in all directions. His feet sank lower as his calves, thighs, rump and hips all billowed uncontrollably bigger, and bigger. His shaft pushed painfully out ahead, suddenly every bit as long and mighty as his entire height as Mumbo surged to 40,000 miles, quaked, huffed, snorted, moaned, rumbled...and *boomed* to 50,000...65,000...80,000...100,000...

His back bulged out over the rest of him, his thick golden neck bursting impossibly bigger, wider, longer, pushing his roaring head and sleek bovine muzzle and horns higher, and higher.

125,000...

"GGHHHN..."

150,000...

"HRRRRRRHNNGHNNN!"

175,000...

His colossally bloated, shaking penis began to rumble and rattle, quaking violently, as a thick wad of translucent fluid jetted out, ejecting in a thick, hot, snaking gush of pre-seed, the bull's arousal instantly hammering back on him as he cried out and squeezed his beast of an erection.

210,000...

250,000...

"Anything, this time?" Quicksilver pressed, looking over the surface of what sad little mass remained of Bedlama, in the distance. Everything standing registered as a series of puny dots scattered over a cracked and crumbled civilization. Rivers of upset magma wept over the cities and mountains that still stood, covering them, as small tectonic disruptions continued on through the landscape.

"Nothing, at all," Steelheart said, sighing. "But in the good way, I think. We can't linger here, Quicksilver."

"I know," he said, putting his hands up. "Just had to be sure as we could possibly be. Bluegrass, you have a lock on those coordinates?"

"Yup."

"Have you hailed anyone yet, at the evacuation points?"

"They're all accounted for, so far, but the count's gonna take a hot minute. Bedlama had a thing fer having a population."

"Okay, let's move, then."

"What about Mumbo-Jumbo?" Steelwill said, at last. "We can't just leave him to do as he pleases!"

What if he keeps grow..."

A terrible rumble somehow found them, rattling through the Mirage like a storm. Somehow. *In space*. They all went cold and looked out through the cockpit windshield at the remainder of poor, blasted Bedlama, saw what was quickly rising up over the other side of it, and they all lurched back in total fear.

"No!" Steelheart gasped. "You can't be serious!"

Even on the other side of the planet, or the surviving third of it, Mumbo-Jumbo could now be seen—easily.

The groaning, roaring bull's body was exploding bigger, furiously growing, uncaring, unstoppable. Beyond the cracked frays and edges of Bedlama and its cooling core and caking swaths of semen, Mumbo's muzzle loomed, high, high up, nearly lost behind the rising, bloating bulges of his pectorals, which stretched ever-higher, boomed ever-wider.

Biceps bigger than a whole planet rumbled and boomed out even bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger, flaring tight and full as their golden bulges swelled out on either side of him, nearly caging the growing bull in between.

A penis bigger than his entire overgrown arm pushed up beyond Bedlama, as well, spasming and hot and pleading for relief, already. What remained of Bedlama caught the brunt of his growing shaft's under-bulge, pinching its sad remains between the under-base of his penis and the upper-curves of his ballooning metallic sacs.

"Go, go!" Quicksilver commanded. "Punch it, Bluegrass!"

"R-roger that!"

The Mirage spun around and blasted at full throttle, streaking away in a terror as the remainder of Bedlama, its full 90,000 miles, cracked further apart, bunching in against the rising weight of Mumbo's penis and testicles. His orbs alone were bigger, each one the size of Bedlama, at its former glory.

That each sac had swollen down over the bull's knees meant that Mumbo-Jumbo was just over 1,100,000 miles tall, and *still growing*.

"H-he's not stopping!" Steelheart shouted, over the roar of the ship's stressed engines. "He just keeps growing!"

The remainder of Bedlama wheezed out a cough of dust, microscopic cities and buildings and forests and ships and everything, in a cloud of barely-recognizable nothing, before the cooling core exploded, and a wave of sticky red spattered against Mumbo's endless sex, just before the base of his tremendous shaft kissed down on his overgrown orbs, bobbling a member over 1,300,000 miles long, and a staggering 200,000 miles wide. Bedlama would have made one fine bulge going down its length, had it ever had the chance to go out with even that much dignity.

"HHHHHHHH...HRUUHHHHUHHRRHHH..."

With a final, horrible rumble, Mumbo-Jumbo tensed in against himself, burying his muzzle and chin deep in the pectoral cleavage of his throbbing, over-swollen chest, huffing against the shiny gold as it bulged up against his entire snout and head, competing against his bulging neck, shoulders and

biceps, pouring out over his huge forearms, until...until...

"HHHHHHHHHHH--"

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMPH!

In a singular burst of release, Mumbo's growth spurt capped, doubling the monstrous god-bull's size, blowing him up to a moaning, mooing, climaxing 2,250,000 miles! His quaking penis swelled dark and deep, straining out, bloating twice as thick around, veins screaming along his pulsing metal girth, before spewing out a messy, titanic, blasting load. Mumbo wailed into his own trembling pectorals as he flexed his immense rear and bucked in surreal slow-motion, blasting an even bigger and wilder eruption of volcanic seed into space...

When the Mirage finally had to force a slowdown (or explode from engine overheating), the SilverHawks found themselves in the middle of an entire armada of ships. Different clusters bore different planetary insignias, a precious few of which included Bedlama.

"They rallied," Quicksilver said, relieved. "Looks like our Bedlamian friend wasted no time setting up a counter-strike for Mumbo..."

"Good," Steelwill said, finally grinning a little bit. "Let's get in touch with the alliance warships, and throw in!"

"Everyone?"

The voice was familiar, over their channel, and the SilverHawks all looked to the radio the moment they heard it.

"Everyone, please, jump onto channel Beta-17, please! This is Professor Power speaking, from the Bedlamian refuge! I've just arrived! I've been apprised of this terrible situation, and I think I know how to help put a stop to Mumbo-Jumbo's growth!"

"We'll have to hope they did. Right now, we NEED Professor Power to stop Mumbo!"

The musclebound, mooing titan filled the horizon of space, and from the cockpit of the Mirage, Quicksilver knew the numbers weren't in their favor at all. Them, versus a 30,000-mile, cybernetic minotaur-god? Not likely.

"I don't like the idea much," Quicksilver sighed, turning away from the afterglow-addled behemoth. "But...we'll have to hope they did. Right now, we *need* Professor Power to stop Mumbo!"

"But, we don't know if they all made it..." Steelheart started, only for Quicksilver to give her a look, and a shake of his head.

"I know. But, look out there. Mumbo is turning into a cosmic force. He's unstoppable, and he could blow up even bigger and stronger in a second. The priority is finding some way to take him down, before he gets even harder to tackle. Time is crucial, understand?"

The three of them bit their lips, and nodded quietly.

"Okay. Thank you. Now, we need to get the Professor on the horn, right this minute! He needs to know everything!"

"Already on it, Jefe," Bluegrass said, handing the receiver over to Quicksilver.

"Professor Power, this is Quicksilver speaking! We SilverHawks have a terribly important matter for you, and it can't wait..."

Mumbo-Jumbo's mind was a fog, a different one than the usual. An infinitely better one, for one. His once-impressive physique had been annihilated in a wave of rampant growth, leaving him a nude, overpowered colossus, swollen with bulging mounds of gold, gleaming muscle and copper. Biceps as big as entire moons twitched on his sides, his arms unable to fully rest flat against the overgrown curves of his lats, his triceps fat and tight and enormous behind the biceps. Fantastically huge shoulders of red copper rolled atop them on either side, jostling the tidal bulk of his trapezius and monstrous neck.

He snorted out his pleasure, then finally saw fit to look down, down over the vast slope of his chest, at the ruined chunk of what remained of Bedlama.

"HRRRRN," he laughed, only to shudder as the vibrato bass of his own utterance tickled and teased up and down his body, tingling his bloated bulk with a thrilling jolt.

His spent penis, still over 7,000 miles long, soft, rapidly began to rumble, jerking into a happy bob or two, before it and his entire body started to rumble again, worse...and worse...

"NNNN...HNNNNNNRRRRHNNNGH...NNNN!"

"Gracious!" Professor Power gasped, over the line. "Swallowed, you say?"

"That's right, Professor, the ray cannon and the amber amplifier, whole. It was still firing, according

to Hardware, the trigger jammed."

"And my prototype sun was inside him, already, as well?"

"That's right."

"GRACIOUS, NO...the chain reaction caused would be...geometric...n-no, exponential!"

"Which one's worse?" Bluegrass asked, from the pilot seat, as the Mirage sped along through Limbo.

"The second," sighed Steelheart. "A *lot* worse."

"What can we do about this, Professor?" Quicksilver asked, turning away from their talk. "There must be some way to stop his growth, maybe even shrink him back down! When we escaped him, he was over 30,000 miles in size, and—"

"W-what!?" Professor Power gasped, over the receiver. "How large was he?"

"30,000 miles..."

"And you said he had only swallowed the ray what...five, ten minutes before that?"

"Yes, that's right. Maybe ten."

There was a moment of silence.

"...H-here's what I want you to d-do, SilverHawks," he said, crackling back over the line with a terrified, croaking voice. "Ah, er, yes...p-please, intercept with me at this coordinate, I am in transport. We can meet up on board the Mirage, and yes, uh...oh, gracious, he...Mumbo would be...no, that wouldn't work, would it? He would already be..."

"Be what, Professor?"

"T-too big...Mumbo will be...you see, the rate of growth...with the measurements and time span you provided...his growth rate is far, far, far worse than I was about to conclude, moments ago. So much worse! This...I...I have a way to stop his growth, then shrink him, yet...if he had only been as big as a planet, by the time we collaborated and could act..."

"But, he was nowhere near as big as Bedlama, when we—"

"You don't understand, my friend. You don't...Mumbo is likely already bigger than a planet. Considerably. *Vastly*."

This time, the cold silence was on their end.

"H...how much bigger is he, you think?"

"How long has it been since you escaped his sights?"

"About...6 minutes..."

"Mumbo-Jumbo is now likely...h...half a million miles in size...and growing bigger, faster..."

"That can't be right!" Steelwill said, nearly falling back. "No way!"

"That's a conservative guess...see, it will take another ten minutes for you and I to intercept, even at top safe speeds...then that makes 16 minutes back...even if we intercepted, in those ten minutes, Mumbo might be so big that Limbo will be doomed, even if we halt his growth. I have only so many of the energy-routing discs to even use...if Mumbo had been maybe 1,000 miles, maximum, we could have made coverage enough to make a real difference...but at half a million miles...gracious, no, he'll be much bigger by the time we meet...I'm afraid everything we throw at him would hardly stem the tide of his exponential growth spurts..."

"So...there's just nothing we can do?" Quicksilver asked, grimly.

"I...I have no idea what could be big enough to deliver that much siphoning on Mumbo-Jumbo's body, even at his earlier scope...that was all that I had..."

"What about going to the source of the problem?" Steelheart asked, perking up. "What if we stopped the sun, instead of worrying about Mumbo's actual body?"

"The same dilemma, I fear," Professor Power answered back. "I have no idea what could sap that much power out of the sun, at the sizes it has surely swollen to..."

Mumbo-Jumbo starts to frot away on the entire planet, working himself to climax

The frail remnants of the crushed-in moon drifted back submissively as Mumbo-Jumbo put some slight effort into moving up and off of it, out into space. A slim tail of terrain trailed after his rump as he coasted steadily nearer to Bedlama, those few bits of moon pulled along by what was quickly becoming a gravitational well. Given that there wasn't so much distance between Bedlama's South ocean and the former-moon, the SilverHawks had little time to really react.

"He's heading right for the planet!" Steelwill said, wide-eyed. "We have to warn them, right now!"

"Bluegrass, get the radio—" Quicksilver said, only to see Bluegrass with the receiver already (literally) well in-hand.

"This-here's Bluegrass, of the SilverHawks, hailin' the Bedlama Defense Force! Hey, fellers! Get me Brigadier Brightlight, pronto! Y'all got a heap of trouble headin' your way!"

Right away, a familiar alien voice crackled to life, over the receiver:

"Greetings, SilverHawks, this is Brigadier Brightlight, here. What seems to be the...what? What is what? What readings?"

"Brigadier, y'all got trouble, I said!" Bluegrass repeated, as the other three SilverHawks gathered in, looking out the cockpit to see Mumbo's fantastically big body barreling on a path of impact. The bull opened his enormous, bulging arms, muscles flared and ready, his huge erection wagging out in front of him as his sacs overfilled his thighs.

"Something is indeed on the approach, yes," Brigadier Brightlight muttered, clicking his squid-like beak on his end in sudden anxiety. "But what could...zoom further out! GOOD GRIEF! Bluegrass...is...am I looking at...something living!? But it's so big! Is that...MUMBO-JUMBO!?"

"Yes, sir, it sure is! Listen, y'all gotta evacuate, and quick! It may look like Mumbo's fixin' to belly-flop on y'all's ocean, but the tides alone...you ain't safe, even over on land!"

"Everyone!" Brigadier Brightlight could be heard shouting. "Everyone, listen! Inform Governor Xander that we are initiating escape protocol X12! Ready Professor power's teleportation grid network, full power, that's full power! We want full coverage! Immediately!"

"Let them know he's almost there," Quicksilver ordered, leaning in over the pilot seat.

"Y'all don't have long." Bluegrass said, quickly. "Whatever preparations y'got to make, make 'em, and fast!"

"Don't worry, SilverHawks! We're on it now! We have countermeasures, in case there're any delays, upon im—"

In their periphery, the SilverHawks all looked up, in time to see, as Mumbo-Jumbo's gargantuan body slammed into Bedlama, blunt and huge and flat. Shockwaves did indeed flare out over the ocean, rocking back a series of massive concentric rings, which crashed out into the gulfs of multiple continents at once, flooding over the coastlines.

"Holy mackerel!" Steelwill groaned, unable to turn away.

"I don't see any flashes from the escape grid yet," Steelheart said, looking here and there from the dome. "They must still not have it ready!"

They watched as Mumbo's body, having landed larger, at just over 30,000 miles, unfurled and luxuriated lewdly on top of Bedlama's mighty curves. His rear bulged high as he bobbed in the ocean on his erection and sacs, which were still of such tremendous size and mass that they all easily rose out of the entire body of water, even as his thick phallus and sex and muscles all settled heavily on the cracking ocean floor.

The bull pulled back at length with his rump in the atmosphere, parting it as he arched up, then thrust down, bucking and grinding his massive penis slowly, happily, destructively along the ocean floor, shearing away the crust in angry waves. Through the silence of space, they saw his muzzle swing open as a series of mounting puffs and groans escaped his maw, the bull quaking with overflowing need.

"I thought he was bad before," Steelheart whispered.

"Every time you say that, I think the bull's gonna do worse, at this rate," Bluegrass said, clearing his throat.

"Come on, everyone, get out of there," Quicksilver muttered, glaring down at the poor, violated planet.

Mumbo-Jumbo snorted, blasting up huge pillars of water, casting cruise-liners and naval brigades and tourists all away in a wash as the 33,000-mile, ever-growing colossus stroked himself off. Mumbo's absurd frottage brought him closer and closer to total joy, his white eyes rolling back happily as he bit his lip and trembled, then burst another 1,000 miles larger, then another.

Faster and faster Mumbo ground and moaned, his enormous orbs dragging back and forth, gouging out a deepening crater along the crust. Coastal cities all wobbled and crashed in on themselves as entire skyscrapers snapped and collapsed, crashing and sliding down each other or over entire blocks, smashing to bits in tiny clouds of dust.

The mountains rattled and broke, vast segments of ancient rock splitting and separating as the crust began to buckle under the thrusting male's motions.

His sacs swelled, and swelled, and swelled, disproportionately inflating against his thighs and rear, widening the bedraggled stretch of destruction as he clenched everything, every state-sized muscle, groaning and mooing out into the skies as he shuddered all over, and felt the massive knot bloat in his erection, pumping its way up his sensitive, arm-length erection, when...

Mumbo-Jumbo gets transported away by Bedlama's technology...but to where!?

"Bluegrass, fast as you can," Quicksilver stared, turning from the sight of the bulging golden-copper planetoid of a bull. "Get a line open with Bedlama, and hail Brigadier Brightlight! They need to know what's heading their way!"

"Roger-dodger!" Bluegrass replied, snatching the receiver up. "This is Bluegrass of the SilverHawks, hailing the Bedlama Defense Forces! Pick up, pronto, y'all!"

"Come back, SilverHawks, this is Brigadier Brightlight," a stern alien voice answered, crisply. "I imagine you're hailing us to warn of an impending crash, by what appears to be...Mumbo-Jumbo, big as a country?"

"You bet the barn I am!" Bluegrass said nodding to himself. "The sucker's closin' in on y'all like a hog on slop!"

"Indeed, he is! We see him now, Bluegrass, thank you and your friends for the warning!"

Bluegrass looked up to Quicksilver, who blinked in muted surprise.

"So, y'all ain't a mite worried, down there?"

"Oh, it is a shocking sight! It is, indeed. But, we have countermeasures, despite the insanity of what's approaching. We will definitely be asking for more information on how that criminal grew to such a stupendously large stature, once we've dealt with him."

"Dealt?" Quicksilver asked, leaning in close enough to reply.

"Professor Power has worked with us on several occasions, perfecting certain tech," the Brigadier responded, coolly. "I think you'll find it impressively sufficient to even this sort of task! By all means, watch..."

That, they did, silent and waiting, as Mumbo-Jumbo's body trembled and burst out, swelling even bigger through the drift of space. His muscles roared out in mass, bulging up in angry pockets of throbbing girth and golden, stretching bull-hide.

"He's getting even bigger, again," Steelwill muttered, glowering. "Whatever they have handy that can take someone that big out of the game, it must be good."

"I guess we'll just have to trust our allies, on this one," Quicksilver said, cocking a brow.

They saw Mumbo-Jumbo rumbling and booming, growing and groaning and gushing up larger, stronger, on and on. The mooing god shuddered and burst out again, and again, lurching messily to twice his size, nearly 50,000-miles, making him almost a fifth the size of the entire planet, when, out of nowhere, it happened.

"What in the heck is that?" Steelheart asked, pointing out.

Between Mumbo-Jumbo's hulking girth and the planet, there was a violent flash of green, glowing light, a burst that went from a singular point to a branching, spreading web of energy. It cascaded out at top-speed, splintering and weaving an intricate network of threads, forming a massive, ever-expanding grid of power—a net.

"He's going right into it," Quicksilver said, starting to grin. "They're going to ensnare him!"

"But...Mumbo's been feeding off of energy," Steelheart said, worriedly. "Do they know? What if contact just makes him even bigger?"

"She's right, Quicksilver, they wouldn't know that part!" Steelwill added, nodding.

"Bluegrass," Quicksilver started, only to find the cowboy was already picking the receiver back up.

Yet, before anyone could talk with anyone, of any species, Mumbo collided with the net. They all twisted away on reflex, shielding their eyes with a unified wince as the net and Mumbo-Jumbo exploded into a green, neon flash that filled everything.

When the light finally faded off to normalcy, all the SilverHawks saw was Bedlama, space, and nothing else. Nothing out of place, nothing in danger of imminent impact. No net of glowing energy—and, most of all, no Mumbo-Jumbo.

"What...happened?" Steelheart balked, scouring the horizon with wide eyes. "Where did Mumbo-Jumbo go to?"

"Bluegrass—"

"On it! Hey there, Bedlama, ol' pal...Bluegrass, again. Listen, fellas, we just saw something that we don't even know how to describe. Shoot, I can't muster the right words to save m life, here..."

"Haha, that's understandable!" Brigadier Brightlight laughed, over the line. "What you just witnessed was Professor Power's mass transportation energy grid. It was a quick means to evacuate the planet, in an emergency. At maximum power, it could have covered all of Bedlama, and rerouted the populace to predesignated safety zones, near and far."

"Incredible," Steelheart said, approaching the pilot seat. "That would require an insane energy output!"

"Quite right," the Brigadier echoed, clearly restraining pride. "Hence the Professor's coming to us with the idea. Our generators were fully up to the massive task!"

"Wait a minute, though," Steelwill interrupted, from behind them all. "So, if that means you transported Mumbo-Jumbo, instead of evacuating yourselves to those predesignated zones, then...well..."

"Where is Mumbo-Jumbo?" Brightlight finished. "Smart question, my friend! Yes, we had to think rather quickly on that problem. Frankly, it doesn't fully leave the matter resolved, as Mumbo-Jumbo was clearly increasing to even greater size..."

"Tell us you didn't send him somewhere populated, at least," Steelheart pleaded, suddenly struck with the idea of it.

"Oh, no, never," the alien said, over the line. "No, we cast that bull as far into the depths of Limbo as we were capable of. We set the coordinates for an uninhabited quadrant, outside of even Limbo. Mumbo-Jumbo should find himself quite alone, and marooned."

Quicksilver thought a moment, his relief slipping away.

"Brigadier Brightlight, I have to echo one thing you just said...though I'm loathe to do so."

"...You worry he will grow and grow, as well, yes?"

"Yes, exactly. If left unchecked...he might get so big that he winds up able to reach back here again."

"Yes, that is a likelihood...which is why we're sending something else to those same coordinates, right this moment..."

Mumbo-Jumbo finally comes down to his senses, at 1,300 miles in size

A great, spattering pillar of white geysered up into space, blasting frantically high and wide from Mumbo-Jumbo's erupting, trembling tip. The bull winced and buried his muzzle against its throbbing bulk, nuzzling in hot and deep as he moaned into it.

In response, the colossal penis rumbled and blew harder, the great streak of semen spiking higher as the volume increased. Testicles big enough to smother small countries swelled tighter, and tighter, as though the relief of the orgasm invited further opportunities for them to misbehave and grow.

"RRRRRRRRRRGGGHNNNNNNNNNNHRNNNN!!"

Mumbo's roars of tortured joy shook the moon over badly, quaking the mining colonies and transportation hubs and artificial forests and lakes and mountains and valleys, as the bull shuddered and surged one last time, ballooning up to 1,100 miles, then 1,200, stopping at 1,300! White fluid snaked up in ropes through Limbo, lost to the lack of gravity, while thick hunks of lower runoff spattered down in a heavy rain across the moonscape, painting more and more in ivory.

"Good grief!"

The words might have come from Quicksilver, Steelheart or Steelwill, at the same time. In the fracas, it was impossible to tell.

"Good thing the fella wasn't out to stud," Bluegrass joked, though even he gulped nervously after.

The Mirage held fast as a few large blots of cream sailed down past, colliding messily with the bull's monstrous muscles around them. By the time the raw pressure of Mumbo's growth slowed down, the climax was still spraying loose, on and on and on, with only Mumbo's slightly-diminishing orbs proved any progress was being made at all. They insistently remained drum-tight and swollen, even as they gradually reduced, shuddering a little smaller every few seconds.

"Y'all feel that?" Bluegrass finally asked. "The force exerted on the Mirage, it's slippin' away..."

"Punch it, Bluegrass," Quicksilver immediately ordered. "Everyone hold on! We're escaping, while we have a shot!"

No one needed to be told anything more, as Bluegrass fired up the engines, and kicked on the thrusters. Up, up the speck-sized ship climbed, higher and higher. Even at maximum output, the going appeared slow: Mumbo's bloated sacs seemed to take forever to rise past, allowing their field of vision a chance to take on more—namely, the immense bull's bulging shaft, belly and elbow.

"This still isn't really helping to make Mumbo less intimidating," Steelheart sighed, as it took half a minute just to lift up to the bovine's forearm. "It's like lifting off next to a mountain atop a mountain, atop a mountain..."

"Good enough," Bluegrass said, abruptly. "That's enough up for now! Forward-time!"

The Mirage's aft thrusters blazed hot, and the ship blasted away at top-speed. The one virtue of Mumbo's vice, the upside to his lust, was that the bull was so busy squeezing on his massively oversized member that he had no sense that his prey was getting away. Likely, he wouldn't have cared, had he even known.

The bull huffed and nosed tenderly, yet forcefully, against the topside of his rumbling penis, grooming and kissing away at it, feeling it tremble back like a giddy lover. Thick pockets of shaft boomed out between his embracing arms, dragging them deeper in as they spread wider apart. Biceps the size of states cuddled in against the surging walls of his pride as it bucked up, spurting out pillar after pillar of semen up above.

His humongous, landscape-crushing thighs pressed in tight against his sacs, rolling their firm, smooth upper-curves back and forth, massaging the heavy beasts in thanks, as he huffed and moaned sweetly, dominating everything, shuddering in poorly-hidden delight as his own erection dominated him.

The undetectably small Mirage kept pushing on, getting mile after mile between it and Mumbo-Jumbo's horizon-filling body, before it angled and streaked up into the bounds of Limbo, into the freedom of space.

"Okay, that's gotta be a safe distance," Bluegrass said, easing off on the controls some. "Looks like stayin' cool and sittin' tight saved our hides, after all, Hoss!"

Quicksilver nodded, grinning slightly.

"It worked, up to now, thank goodness."

"What now, though?" Steelwill asked, rightly. "Just look at him, down there. Mumbo-Jumbo's a juggernaut! How do we stop a minotaur as big as an entire continent?"

"On our own? I don't think we have prayer," Quicksilver sighed, shrugging. "That's why we need all the help we can get. That bull is going to become all of Limbo's problem, if he's allowed to get much larger than he already is."

"Suggestions, then?" Steelheart replied.

When the volumes of release eventually stopped—and they *did* stop—the moon was nearly covered in seed. Entire swaths of countryside, mountains and parks, houses and roadways, lakes and tunnels, on and on; everything was painted white. Sections of towns and railways that old commuters would have spent an hour traversed to work were buried, humbled by nothing more than Mumbo-Jumbo's splattered payload.

The only reason it wasn't worse down below was because the rest had all painted Mumbo-Jumbo.

"GGGGH...HHHHHHGH..."

Mumbo huffed his last, before letting the girthy heft of his spent penis slump forward, pulling his massively muscles golden arms out a bit in their efforts to catch it. Just holding it up proved tough, as even flaccid, the bull's penis remained bigger than he himself. Over 2,000 miles of metallic meat sagged out, making his hands and digging fingers slip here and there, struggling to contain a bulge so wide and fat and hot that he couldn't fully hug around it, even soft.

Having come to enough to remember himself, Mumbo-Jumbo blinked, then shook some of the pleasure off and looked around. From his seat, he could see the slope of the moon on every available side, having grown so large that his vantage was the same, no matter where he twisted

his fantastically-thick, huge neck.

He was a third the size of the entire moon. A sly grin spread over his gleaming copper-gold muzzle, the bull smiling stupidly, gleefully at the realization that he was simply that colossal, that *BIG*.

A thought followed the last one, in a hurry. Normally, it would have killed Mumbo's smile on the spot. Instead, the bull smiled even wider, his milky-white eyes widening with inspiration.

Mumbo still not big enough, had been the former. *Stuck on dumb little moon..*

The latter, however, had a simple and delightful solution:

Mumbo swallow pew-pew thingie, gonna grow again...but not want wait for growth...Mumbo mouth go pew-pew earlier...so...

Experimentally, Mumbo-Jumbo opened his mouth, to find nothing ejected. He was right, it had been blasting out power, like a growth ray magnified to his proportions. He hummed, cocking his enormous head on his thick and powerful neck, before snorting impatiently.

Make work!

Mumbo started to feel around himself, fingers bigger than cities tapping around on his swollen abs and metallic hips. His patience slipped further away, and he growled, balled a colossal red fist, and punched himself in the stomach.

MAKE PEW!

Mumbo-Jumbo keeps on gushing, more and more...and he's still GROWING...

The monstrosity that was Mumbo-Jumbo's erection nearly howled as it blew loose, casting off a thick, terrible column of rumbling, blasting seed. Some demonic, overwhelming pressure bloated the sides of the shaft out, bigger, fatter, heavier, the nearly-uncontainable payload forcing Mumbo's pride to burst even more disproportionately massive around his hugging arms. Vast pockets of metallic sex swelled out with rubber groans and creaks, forcing even those gargantuan arms to spread further apart. In response, Mumbo gulped and panted, pleadingly licking his muzzle over, snorting in and out as his huffs grew deeper and deeper.

"GUH...G-GGG-GGGHHHHRRRUHHHGHHH..."

Fingers big enough to dig canyons had trouble keeping a grip, slipping, streaking and tickling futilely around the billowing pillar of male godhood as his blew an even bigger, messier load into space. The topside of his own sex bullied up against his chin, catching it, pushing Mumbo's entire head up and away, so that it pushed bigger and bigger against his chest, neck, and fully-lifted jawline, so that all Mumbo could see was space up above, and the increasingly huge waves of semen bursting up, higher and higher.

"NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNRRRRRRRGH!"

Helpless despite his power and size, overborn by his own erection's demanding, endless growth, Mumbo whined and whimpered, feeling his fingers streak out stress lines as they slipped away, the bull losing purchase of a penis too wide for his own embrace. His golden testes boomed out ahead, overtaking his legs in a weighty ocean of tight, stretching, groaning sacs, which burst even bigger and bigger, overtaking his feet, swelling and dimpling out over them, out onto the cracking landscape of the moon below.

The Mirage, still trapped by the sheer, interrupting vibrations of Mumbo's growth, could only stay in place, stuck, as the curves of Mumbo-Jumbo's orbs billowed out closer, and closer, and closer, surging like the tide against his shaking, massive thigh muscles, getting too close for their comfort (such as it even was).

"H-he ain't gettin' better about this," Bluegrass said, plainly, as the shaking overtook the entire ship and cockpit. "I'm gonna stop firin'!"

"I didn't think...t-the force of it...w-would be this..." Quicksilver stammered, trying to stay upright by grabbing the pilot seat's backrest. "I did-didn't know—"

Mumbo cried out into the heavens, blowing out a thick burst of fire and energy, as he suddenly rumbled all over, shook terribly, tensed in tighter, flexing every enormous muscle, then DOUBLED in size, completely.

1,000 miles of growing cybernetic minotaur muscle bulged up to 2,000; muscle clusters mashed and collided, grinding bigger against each other, as his titanic sacs boomed out even larger, crashing, creeping, and crushing their way down, finally smothering even the small pockets of space that had remained between muscle ridges.

That included exactly the spaces that had kept the Mirage safe. Mumbo didn't even notice. He was occupied with the cataclysm of his climax, which alarmingly grew worse...and worse...and worse...

"RRROOOOOOOOOAAAAAAGH!!!"

His bovine bellow was nearly drowned out by the rumble of his spurting erection, which uncaringly expanded even wider, even larger and longer and harder, growing so diamond-firm that its throbs began to hurt, each bucking pulse blowing a dizzyingly larger geyser of thick, burning cream. Mumbo-Jumbo's arms finally slipped away, letting the stubbornly-swollen penis boom up and up and up and up, rising, trembling, spraying, rising, trembling, booming, spraying, more and more!

The nearly-panicked bull crashed down, his colossal back muscles casting a doom-shadow over the moonscape, before slamming down hard, millions of tons of organic, nude metal bashing a crater into the moon, which was only slightly-larger than him now. The impact cracked the entire planetoid, a thick gouge lancing down the center, until the moon, after a brief shudder, cracked entirely in two underneath.

In response, the roaring cow shook worse, closed his eyes tight, and boom-roared, as his entire body tingle-spurred and blew up to 3,000 miles...then 4,000, overtaking the cracked remains of the poor satellite moon. All Mumbo could do was slap one growing red copper-hand up against the burgeoning sides of the base of his shaft, then the other on the other side. The quaking erection roared back, dominant and callous, meanly swelling out even BIGGER against them.

Mumbo-Jumbo's panting intensified so hard, so far, that the 5,000-mile tall god nearly passed out from pleasure, pressure and puffing. His huge eyes rolled back as he trembled and winced, grinding his teeth and snorting out as his 7,000-mile long, 500-mile wide penis bellowed and rumble-blew an even larger, stronger geyser of burning-hot seed into space, casting wave on wave of white up into the pitch.

"H...H-HNNNNNRRRRNNNNNNHNNNNHNNNN!"

Patches of thick white fluid splattered over Mumbo's perfect golden-copper body, painting his smooth acres and miles of muscle over in ivory. One coating became two as he roared again, blasting off another thick, ever-growing pillar-beam of energy, the same as before. It flew out into space, as though casting off excess pressure and power, lest the bull explode outright. And still, *still*, he grew, and GREW.

His testicles rumbled and boomed, swelling like vast drum-tight globes out into Limbo, nearly as large as he was. His toes and copper soles dragged and dug against the growing balloons, tickling and teasing them, making his output increase even more as his sore, metallic tip swelled even fatter, tighter, blasting out vast oceans of semen as Mumbo cried openly, then foolishly looked over to his towering pride. His mouth opened still, the enormous beam blasted the already-screaming tip, and his erection burst twice as big, instantly...then twice as big as that...

Mumbo's vast feet clenched, toes curling painfully against the undersides of his titanic sacs as his erection flared agonizingly larger, pushing up into space past 14,000 miles...30,000 miles...70,000 miles! The 10,000-mile bull's body grew steadily lost against the totality of his titanic member as it just kept bursting out greater and hotter volleys of fluid, messily blowing monstrously huge ropes of spattering white into the void!

One neighboring moon, even as big as Mumbo, suddenly found itself wildly overmatched as a cannon-blast of hot seed smashed into it, blasting away its crust like a firehose impacting brittle clay, blowing bigger and greater chunks of it into nothing as the groaning, growing, climaxing bull swelled larger, still.

"HNNNN...H-H-H-HHNNNNH! GH...G-GH-GGGGGHH..."

The bull was far from the master, despite his own power. His demanding erection blew even greater volumes of cascading semen out into space, caking and then obliterating the entire moon to messy bits, as his trembling metal body blew up to 30,000 miles, muscles all straining out full and tight, and his erection exploded to a staggering 100,000 miles in length, and 11,000 in width.

Bedlama's planetary defense forces quickly mobilized, blasting out into space with several portions of an armada. Though it looked like a swarm of gnats to Mumbo, or less still than even that, the alien craft daringly pressed on.

Somewhere in the vast plains of Mumbo's back swollen, shaking shoulder blades, the fleet took up attack positions. Warships and motherships and bombers all spread out, focused their attacks, and opened fire, hurling out thousands upon thousands of bombs, lasers, electrical cannon discharges, disruptor waves, everything they had.

The bliss-battered bull mooooooooooed out, almost pitifully, as the attacks peppered his body, tiny and tickling, only serving to further the bovine's climax. His erection quaked, wobbling painfully in space, before tightly swelling out, madder and mightier than before! Its metallic, fleshy-girth *boom-boom-BOOM-BOOOOOMED* out, bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger, 200,000 miles, 350,000 miles, 500,000 miles! Even Bedlama itself began to panic, its alien people all going into a frenzy as they watched the groaning, moaning minotaur blow up and up, bigger still, his penis nearly twice as long across as Bedlama's diameter.

Mumbo's backside detonated in size, as well, his body heaving out furiously to 100,000 miles in size, obliterating the entire fleet to flashing little blips as he outgrew their zones. The bull, already swallowed up in raw pleasure, felt his mind starting to snap as the raging, rumbling ripple and tickle of his scorching orgasm somehow increased ten-fold, making his roar shake space itself as he billowed up even bigger, blasting up to 500,000 miles, his 1,800,000-mile erection blowing even more seed loose into Limbo, as Bedlama was suddenly pushed out of orbit, its surface smashed away to pulp against Mumbo's ballooning sides.

The howling bull-god thrashed against himself, lost among his own spraying sex as it trembled against him, groaned its demands, and tremble-BOOMED even bigger...and bigger...

The planets nearest could only flee in droves of ships, a mass migration starting everywhere as Mumbo swelled and boomed and roared, his vision finally giving out as his other senses became overwhelmed, his 5,000,000-mile erection so long it spanned multiple planets, from hilt to throbbing tip. It blew more and more seed as the mindless, pleasure-numbed bull kept growing, and growing, and growing, filling the quadrant with seed...

Then the galaxy...

Then beyond...

Mon*Star outgrows his tower...but it isn't anywhere near enough to take on Mumbo

The outer shell of Mon*Star's tower began to tremble ominously, cracks starting to cough out along the edges and curves. Various protrusions snapped and tumbled loose as something enormous continually bulged out, out against the interior, until the tower itself began to burst out, bloating in crackling, webbing segments.

Chunks of debris slammed down to the ground as some of the fleeing minions managed to escape proper; Melodia, Buzz-Saw, and Yes-Man emerged from the crumbling tower, turning back just long enough to hear a throaty, lewd rumble of bliss rattle out, getting bigger and bigger by the second:

"MMMMMM...MMMooooooooooooRRRRRRRE..."

Inside, Mo-Lec-U-Lar, a shapeshifting humanoid made of yellow spheres, found himself struggling against a monumentally huge penis, its tip burling bigger and hotter and fatter against his stomach, grinding him against the far wall as he thumped his tiny fists against it—something that merely served to drive the lust-fueled Mon*Star wilder. The huffing tyrant swelled harder, thicker, bursting and bursting and bursting up into the cracking ceiling and walls, snapping pillars, pushing the remaining ones flat tot he splitting walls.

Timestopper, a young human, found himself overtaken by a humongous set of furred, dark, swelling testicles, which ballooned greedily over him, over the floor, between his shaking, swelling thighs and growing feet, which pushed harder into the front walls as the entire tower shook, heaved, split, snapped, bulged, and—

B-DOooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooMMM!

Everyone and everything went flying back from the force of the explosion as the entire tower blew apart, sending debris and villains flying off across the plains and trash mounds of Brimstar's interior valley. Hard landings met curses as cronies rolled and thumped to many stops, left coughing and wobbling upright in the passing heaps of cast-off dust.

When Melodia stood and dusted herself off, the cloud parted fully, and when she looked up—well, she suddenly wished she hadn't.

Mon*Star was there, now, where the tower had once stood—all 600 feet of him. He stretched his overgrown muscles, his soft shaft pushing out harder, thicker, bloating gladly as it swelled to firmness between his furred thighs. His heels alone were bigger than any of them, together, any of the trash mounds that rose around them in the periphery.

Mon*Star's bare feet, dark and huge and warm, loomed overhead, and beyond that, towering knees and bulging calves and a vast wall of furry abs followed. Beyond them, as they all gawked higher and higher up, rested a now-colossal, oversized set of heaving pectorals, as their leader's massive maned head reared into view, beyond the shelf they formed.

"EXCELLENT!"

The single word rattled the ground, trembling out through the valley, as Mon*Star raised a massive clawed hand and dusted his inflated bulk off, smirking evilly. He sneered down, down at the terrified underlings, and his smile grew.

"THAT'S A GOOD START, GEHEHEH!" he boomed, standing surreally, slowly up to a full stand. His erection slapped down in a heavy, slow-motion swing, pendulous and full, the tip tapping down

near his knees. He took in a huge gulf of air, swelling his chest out even larger. It did not lower, when he exhaled.

"Y-you are certainly impressive, B-Boss!" yes-Man squeaked, down far below, making the humongous mod boss blink. He looked down at the naga, who cowered back on reflex. "B-but ah, what...what do we do, to get you to Mumbo-Jumbo?"

"HUMPH! LITTLE FOOL! YOU EXPECT ME TO CONFRONT THAT BLUSTERING BULL, WHEN I'M THIS SMALL!? NONSENSE! IF MUMBO-JUMBO IS 500 MILES TALL, THEN IT WON'T DO TO BE SMALLER THAN HIM...OR EVEN THE SAME SIZE! NO..."

His fat erection bobbed up, throbbing bigger, tighter.

"NO...NO, I'LL BE BIGGER...BIGGER THAN HIM! IT'S ONLY FITTING! IS HE THE LEADER? HAH! NO!"

The others all winced from the sheer size and sound of Mon*Star's rambling, covering their ears without thinking about it. Uncaring, their towering leader huffed, then looked around the valley, thinking.

"B-but the console for the transformation chamber..." Yes-Man started, only to lurch back as Mon*Star brought both his hulking arms up, his palms open in a plea above.

"MOON STAR OF LIMBO..."

The others far down below all collectively gulped, stepping back in sudden, escalating fear.

"GIVE ME THE MIGHT...THE MUSCLE...AND THE MENACE OF..."

Again, the vile moon so high in space started to glow.

H...he's summoning it, anyway?" Yes-Man gasped, snaking farther away, faster than the others could run. "Oh, n-no! Nonono!"

"MONNNNN...STAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAAHAAHAAAAR!"

Mon*Star gets too big...he isn't stopping...is the Moon Star next!?

A foot the size of Melodia's Limbo Limo slammed down, sending the throne room floor of the tower into a quake, narrowly missing Melodia herself upon landing. Nothing clattered down to the floor, however, given the way Mon*Star's growing backside and furred shoulder bulged up against the ceiling above, mashing everything up in a series of bursting, cracking breaks and splits.

"MOOOOO-OOOOOOORRRE..."

His feline face steadily vanished against the booming cliff of his pectorals as they ballooned broader, fluffing out against his chin, his huge back arching as his 210-foot body trembled and billowed even bigger, passing 220 feet, 240. His spiked shoulders shoved against the interior walls, snapping out massive webbing cracks, as his humongous rear sank down bigger, bigger over the throne and stairwell, his mane thickening and bristling out wider and fuller.

"We gotta get out of here!" Mo-Lec-U-Lar, a shapeshifting humanoid comprised of spheres shouted, scrambling backward over a still-swelling foot. "Abandon tower!"

"He's lost it!" cried Buzz-Saw a fully-robotic thug with circular saws for arms.

"Forget this!" Melodia groaned, creeping on all fours along the cracking floor as Mon*Star's growing boy cast everything and everyone in deepening shadows.

As she reached the exit hallway, something huge bumped against her back, nearly propelling her either helpfully or maliciously to the tower's entrance doorway. She cried out and felt a gaping slit swelling against her backside, her knocked-back arms spreading out against the growing curves of a monstrous, flared tip, attached to an erection that was bloating so big it overfilled the hallway.

With an undignified leap Melodia thrust herself out of the tower, staggering out into a fall on the rust-red turf. She got to a stand and vaulted forward, running like mad as the entire tower started to rumble and quake and snap and split, behind her.

"MMMM...M-MMM-MUH-M-MOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRE..."

The voice was so much bigger and deeper now that Melodia and the other fleeing cronies had to remind themselves that it belonged to their boss. The tower rattled and snapped in two, a massive blast of smoke hissing out into the open as a huge bulge of fur spread out. Another tuft burst out of another explosion, before the entire tower bulged out, warping and crumbling pitifully, as a monstrous dark shaft swelled uncontrollably through the front, bigger...and bigger...and bigger...and...AND—

DOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!

Melodia felt the turf slip out under her as all of Brimstar seemed to scream. A great rush of air blew out, hurling shattered chunks of what had been the tower, seconds earlier, leaving only a rising, terrible shadow that kept spilling longer and wider over everything.

"MMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRE!!"

Mon*Star's voice alone was a storm, blasting across the hollowed inside of Brimstar, rumbling everything and toppling mounds of heaped junk and unhappy aggregate scraps. The diverted cronies all went down to their knees, covering themselves in total abandon and fear, as they felt the rumbling quake of Mon*Star's growth getting worse and worse.

The beam kept pouring down, and Mon*Star took, and took, and took. His already-increased muscles burst hungrily larger, swelling disproportionately as he panted openly, feeling his pectorals b-b-boom bigger, his bicep and shoulders surging with too much wonderful power, his growing, building-sized feet smashing heavier and wider and deeper into the crumbling soil below. His maned head rose higher, and higher, as the quivering giant blew up past 800 staggering feet, then rumbled and burst to 1,100!

"Boss!" Yes-Man wailed, the now-miniscule naga dangling from Mon*Star's flared, ruddy, massive tip, where he had been hanging on from since the tower's destruction. "Boss, p-please! Stop!"

But Mon*Star wouldn't stop. He huffed out and shuddered, groaning huskily, before shaking all over and raging up even larger, swelling with a teetering burst of growth to 1500 feet, then 1,800. His shoulders rolled out bigger and broader, his erection forcibly groaning as it pushed down past his growing knees, bobbling over a inflating pair of tight, furred sacs. The mighty tower would only have made it up to his shins, leaving the supergigantic tyrant a towering titan of bulk, looming lewdly over the landscape.

His rear flexed as his massive penis bobbed higher and higher, getting fuller and heavier, yet firmer and longer ahead of him. His hands twitched and trembled, before he slapped both enormous palms over his pectorals, squeezing viciously tight on them, to feel them swell back into them, spreading his clawed fingers as his bulk expanded out even more massively.

He had always been thick and strong, to be sure, but now...now, he was looking more and more like Mumbo-Jumbo, more like a bodybuilding colossus. His lats boomed angrily, crowding up into his triceps, which counter-bulged spitefully bigger against them. His hips widened as he rumbled and moaned, closing his eye, and heaving up twice as big, doubling his already-massive size!

Those below who hadn't fled far enough felt his feet swell so big, so fast, that they bashed down deeper into the breaking terrain, as Mon*Star's weight surged and surged and surged. Unfathomable tons of muscle blew up around his body, spreading his thickening hide tighter as he grunted and shivered and stroked his chest and stomach over, snarling in delight.

"NOT...ENOUGH..."

The words echoed and crashed over the land as Mon*Star hissed and trembled all over, his humongous knees knocking loudly, as something tremendous kept building and building inside. The ray kept pouring down, on and on, until Mon*Star clutched his head and roared, and his spasming, shaking, 4,000-foot behemoth *exploded* bigger.

In one tick's time, Mon*Star erupted violently, his body tripling in size, in one ugly, heated spurt of growth. He fell with a monumentally huge, deafening crash to both growing knees, slamming his shaking palms on the firmament as his 12,000-foot, 2.2-mile tall body ballooned even bigger, blowing up four times bigger, on the spot!

His roaring, spreading body crashed through heaps, small hills and mountains, pushing everything back in a rumbling wave of devastation as he boom-bulged and billowed at high-speed, swelling with a mind-ripping rush of pleasure to over 48,000 feet—over 9 whopping miles in size!

"MMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO..."

Mon*Star's body interrupted his rumbling boom-speech, as it tensed in and quivered and tingled

and shook and boomed furiously out, quintupling in size! His muscles burst everywhere, crowding out against each other, as the feline titan groaned and blasted up to 45 miles in size! The trembling only grew worse and worse as his erection pummeled down heavily into the ground, itself nearly 3 miles in length! The tip blew out a thick smattering streak of clear fluid as he panted and gulped, then started up a deep, booming, ragged laugh.

"BIGGER...TH-THAN...MUMBO...BIGGER!!"

His body obeyed, wracked with torturous delight, and rumble-boomed so much bigger, so fast, that Mon*Star's sight went blurry. His knees spread out growing gouges as he expanded up to over 300 miles in size, his 1,584,000-foot body moments ago a meager 10, as his elbows bashed through the valley, shattering whole mountains, and his penis cracked down into the turf as he huffed hotly, moaned for more, and got it.

With a joy that made his erection jet forth more crystalline pre, Mon*Star felt himself rumble deep, and boom, boom, BOOM bigger! 300 miles swelled out of control, none sought, as the fiend erupted to 600 miles...3,200 miles...7,000 miles! 10,000 miles!!

The inner borders of the hollowed planet finally caught his bulging, endlessly muscular back, matting the forests of growing fur flat to it as he grunted, then laughed with enough power to shake the planet...which, he realized, he was filling up.

The thought made him blast fluids out in gushing, messy waves, caking his hulking thighs as he curled in tighter, crushing untold muscles in on themselves, and shook worse, knowing he was about to grow...

"GGGHRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAA..."

Brimstar's insides, already full, started to crack and strain, making the blood-red exterior of the globe start to crack outward, then bulge in ugly pockets of ruin. There was a perceptible pause, a sliver of a beat, before Mon*Star's bloated bulk trembled too much, shook too deep, and the tensed-in mass of furred muscle and spikes exploded bigger, again...and again...and again...

10,000 miles swelled unstopably bigger, bursting to 30,000 miles...

80,000 miles...

130,000 miles...

His reddened member flared all the way up, up to his now-immense, oversized pectorals, blowing streaks of seed over himself as Mon*Star roared a cosmos-shaking roar and hugged himself tight, just to feel it as he rumbled and boomed even bigger!

250,000 miles...

"MMMMMMMMMOOOOOORRRRRE!!!"

He chest and back muscles grew to such magnitude that even his godly-huge arms could not longer fully reach them. Just as he moaned out his heated lust, the sensation finally stopped, leaving Mon*Star as big as a whole planet.

No...BIGGER. Only a few planets could have matched his size, now! The power rush caught up to

his after glow as he laughed cruelly, letting his throbbing shaft blast out ugly oceans of seed into space.

"BUT HOW MUCH HAS MUMBO GROWN?" he wondered, looking with a sneer to the bright object blazing over in the distance...the Moon Star, itself!

Mumbo-Jumbo's spurts only get faster, as Limbo struggles to stop his growth

Not ten minutes earlier, at Hawk Haven, Commander Stargazer's hadn't been having the best day. Then, again, it wasn't the worst. That honor was withheld until about minute eight.

The headquarters of the mighty SilverHawks was every bit their fit: the structure registered as an enormous hawk carved out of metal, resting with wings spread atop a massive meteor, so that the bird may as well have been nesting into it. Its wingtips glinted and gleamed, its breast polished and flared out proudly into space, its gaze firm, its totality utterly, awesomely *just*.

Then, came the shadow. In the expansive dark of space, that was a difficult thing to accomplish, but there it was. Stargazer didn't know *what* it was, as he started out through his lobby-floor office, but he knew it was *there*.

"Now, what in all-blazes..." the old veteran grumbled as he left his police-stationesque office, wandered over to the front of the lobby, and, well, gazed out of a window.

His bald head and furrowed brow complimented the gold-plated eyepiece about the left side of his head, his cybernetic arm raising in confusion. Despite the tech inherent, the old man wore a white button-up with rolled sleeves, a set of suspenders as tough as he was holding things together. His brow did not furrow any less as space itself seemed to darken, and some humming mass, some *thing* was approaching.

"You feel it too, Commander?" Hotwing asked, entering the lobby from the other hall. The gold-plated SilverHawk looked just as concerned, his tall ears pointing out on either side of his head.

"I'll level with you, Hotwing," Stargazer muttered, not looking away. "I was really, really hoping this was just one of your illusions, gone wrong."

"D'you think it has anything to do with our comrades, out there?" Hotwing asked, stepping closer. "I mean, they aren't returning any of the Copper Kidd's hails..."

At that, the entire station rumbled, then began to rock to one side, then the other. In that direction it leaned, and stayed leaning, as the slight sensation of movement overtook Hawk Haven, and it began to drift through space on its own.

"What the," Commander Stargazer said, jerking back in shock. "What's happening!?"

That was when he saw it better, and started to understand.

"Good gravy!" he shouted, lurching away, then leaning into the window, wide-eyed. Even his cybernetic left eye-scope seemed to whirl wider apart. "It's...it's Mumbo-Jumbo!"

"What? What is he doing? Is he really coming at us alone, out in space?"

"No," Stargazer gasped, at length, as the Haven rumbled worse. "He *is* space!"

Even then, at the worst of times, Stargazer's gift for understatement thrived. Mumbo was *bigger* than that. Considerably.

At minute nine, when things had really registered, Mumbo-Jumbo had been roughly 400,000 miles in height, and nearly as much in sheer brawny width. His enormous erection had already passed

underneath Hawk Haven, so big and lengthy that the tip was well-past them, by the time Stargazer saw. Just as minute eight hit, he watched Mumbo-Jumbo roar and shudder and hotly, screamingly boom bigger, growing and swelling like a rushing tide of hot, impatient, bursting growth.

"Oh, boy," Stargazer gulped, stumbling away from the window, now suddenly his worst enemy. "We need to get moving, Hotwing, pronto! Grab the Kidd! We gotta vamoose!"

"But, you said—"

"That stupid bull's getting b...bigger! Even bigger! Go!"

Mumbo's roar finally caught up, throwing the Haven into a rattling quake, before the moaning, pleasure-addled colossus reached out over the miniscule, undetected Hawk Haven, grabbed his bobbing, swollen erection back up, and brought it all the way back to him. Over 770,000 miles tall, now, Mumbo was so big that the Hawk Haven might as well have been a grain of rice on planet Earth, with the bull being the latter.

With the oncoming bulk of Mumbo's hugged-in shaft, Hawk Haven drifted dumbly in between, until it was caught entirely, and smashed to silvery nothing against Mumbo-Jumbo's burgeoning, growing, swollen belly, gold obliterating silver.

Mutually undetected were Stargazer, Hotwing and the Copper Kidd, who all flew away at top-speed in a smaller secondary scouting ship. Even having exited from the Haven's bay, within under a minute's time, it still only proved enough to forestall outright death. Instead, Mumbo's body simply drew them into it, nowhere near as violently. The sheer gravitation pull of the overwhelmingly huge, growing bovine simply proved too much to escape from.

"Decrease the gravitational velocity with counter thrusters!" Stargazer ordered, as the Kidd, a child-sized, copper-plated alien from the Mime Planet, piloted the craft accordingly.

"H-how can this be happening?" Hotwing balked, strapped in tight to his seat. "If he was smaller—and I mean, way smaller, I could have maybe used some sort of illusion to stop him, or stall him...but..."

"We get it, Hotwing," the Commander gruffly sighed. "He's just too big. Heaven knows how this nonsense even started!"

All they could do was watch as entire moons and planetoids zoomed by, in the periphery, countless celestial bodies all drawing helplessly closer to Mumbo-Jumbo's expanding bulk. The bull bellowed and blew another overgrown blast of energy into his rumbling, overinflated erection, making his sacs boom out through Limbo far, far, far below their ship, his towering chest bulging far, far, far, far, far, far, *far* up above.

There was no way to tell when or how Mumbo-Jumbo dealt with the tiny planet Brimstar, by the time he had grown close enough to it. Stargazer couldn't even fathom where on Mumbo any of them even were, now.

He had ordered the Kidd to fly to one of the smaller planetoids nearby as they were drawing in close, one of the only ones that had remained fairly intact. There they had landed, seeing other refugees already there, panicked and afraid, not understanding what was going on, or why the entirety of one side of space itself was golden.

They understood even less when all of spec seemed to contract, shudder pleasurably, then burst

out bigger, rumbling and roaring and hot, throwing off fantastic body heat as a penis many, many astronomical units away flared too big, too full, too teased, and finally gushed a torrential big bang of semen.

Mumbo roared into Limbo as his 7,000,000,000-mile body bucked and swelled, impossibly, the bull's already-staggering muscles jumping out bigger, clustering and bulging in larger, thicker groups as they throbbed in time with his bloated penis.

The fattened, ruddy digit sprayed out devastating geysers of seed, teased into madness, and therefore gushing like mad. Vast waves of white blew loose in horizontal pillars, blasting the ruins of Brimstar and its soaked, uselessly-enormitized inhabitants out into space in sticky masses.

Yet, the bull wasn't stopping. His output increased as his gasping huffs and lewd, quaking moans escalated, getting bigger, deeper, stronger. His chest billowed out before him as his neck expanded wider, bumping out against his huge, rolling shoulders. His monstrous testes flared all the bigger, spreading his heaving thighs, calves and feet out, out, out, wider and wider still.

Any races or planets still far-enough away to see stared in one awestruck horror as Mumbo-Jumbo ballooned frighteningly larger, blowing up and booming out blasting more and more spraying fluids into the heavens as he moaned.

He doubled in size, in one thick, agonizingly lovely burst, pushing past 14,000,000,000 miles, then snorted and buried his muzzle in between his thick, golden pectorals, moo-huffing and whining into the vast cleft, feeling his pectorals boom up over his jawline and chin as he cried, blew another humongous rope of seed, then tripled in size...shuddered, quivered and closed his eyes...sprayed out two more bucking blasts of cream, shook worse, tensed up...and moo-BOOMED to quintuple his size! Then sextuple that!

The blast of energy swelled to horrifying width as Mumbo mooed into himself, blasting his over-inflated, rumbling chest, making it explode out so wide that he suddenly couldn't find the end of them, or feel the end of his bloated shoulder blades, behind him. Still, he climaxed, harder, messier, billowing through the poor, confused galaxy, planets drawing into his 1,260,000,000,000-mile tall body...

The many planets that steadily began to drift off their axes all tried evacuating, tried launching counter-offensive missiles, lasers, fleets. Armadas that could have blown half a planet to dust were less than the dust they would have made, compared to Mumbo-Jumbo, and the bull was getting bigger, faster. And faster.

Another 1,000,000,000,000 miles forced itself angrily into Mumbo's bloated-out body, pushing his biceps to such magnitudes that each one was nearly a fourth of his entire body, with his thighs and shoulders all competing fervently for superiority. None could match his chest as it kept heaving out, stretching and swelling beyond even the boundaries of his golden, swollen biceps, as he kept rampantly climaxing, spraying out bigger, longer loads of semen everywhere, battering planets and moons alike.

N-NNNEVER S-SMUH-SMALL...AGAAAAAAAAINNNN, Mumbo thought, reeling with pleasure and power, suffused with such godhood that even his slightest twitches shook the galaxy, before he groaned and blew up *ten* staggering times bigger...

After those ten unhappy minutes, Stargazer had tried to hail anyone he could over their getaway ship's radio, with no luck—until someone *finally* answered back.

A strange new SilverHawk appears, with a last-ditch effort to stop Mumbo...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11122322

Mumbo-Jumbo sleep-grows! The sun's burning hotter, again!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11211111

Monotone wants Mumbo-Jumbo...for his body!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11211112

Mumbo-Jumbo's asteroid has been knocked out to space, towards Hanging Rock

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11211211

Mumbo-Jumbo is chasing them...asteroid by asteroid!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11211212

"We go to see Professor Power; he can stop this mess..."

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11211221

"Right...stay on Mumbo-Jumbo! Don't lose sight of him!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11211222

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https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11212111

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https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11212121

Mumbo-Jumbo grows so huge that he fills up Brimstar itself...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11212221

Mumbo-Jumbo's rage boils over, with explosive results!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11212222

Mumbo-Jumbo starts going after entire planets to fuel his growth—like Brimstar!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11221111

Mumbo-Jumbo's growth isn't stopping, this time...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11221112

"Abandon Brimstar! Everyone for themselves!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11221121

"No one steals MY power! Activate the Moon Star, and fill me with it, first!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11221122

Mumbo-Jumbo gets shrunken down...too far?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11221211

Something goes very, very wrong...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11221212

Mumbo-Jumbo is battered by an attack from hundreds of planets!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11222111

Mumbo-Jumbo climaxes, shooting first (and possibly last)

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11222112

Continued

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/11222121

Mumbo-Jumbo's beginning to grow...smaller!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12111111

Each Hotwing becomes...a giant Mumbo-Jumbo!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12111112

The amber grenades go off, blasting Mumbo-Jumbo

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12111121

The amber grenades go off, blasting Rhino...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12111122

Mon*Star outgrows even Mumbo-Jumbo!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12111211

Mon*Star reaches Mumbo's size, but wants it faster than the bull can give...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12111212

Continued

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12111221

Mumbo-Jumbo's been...blown away? Is there anything left of him!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12112111

Mumbo-Jumbo emerges from the explosion, and he's getting bigger...WAY BIGGER!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12112112

There's light up ahead...they're going to make it!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12112211

Mumbo-Jumbo's growth skyrockets, outside, collapsing the mountain

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12112212

A ray blast shoots out, and Mumbo-Jumbo...shrinks!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12112221

Someone new steps out onto his palm...it's...the Bounty Hunter!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12112222

Continued

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12113111

Mumbo-Jumbo mutates further, becoming a superbeast

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12113121

Mumbo-Jumbo rejects the idea, and tries to force another growth spurt...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12113122

It's a bunker, with a backup generator and...a working radio!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12113221

It's a launch site! If they can get one of the rockets or crafts working...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/1211322

Mumbo-Jumbo gets into a fake growth-war with...a giraffe!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12121111

A holographic shark is set on Mumbo, chasing him in the lake

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12121112

The sound of a ship nearby draws Mumbo away...wait, there's a ship!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12121121

Mumbo's own growth spurt interrupts him

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12121122

Mumbo-Jumbo sees them on takeoff, and won't let them go easily

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12121211

Mumbo's enraged growth spurt isn't stopping...it's getting worse...and WORSE...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12121212

The radio is a little beat-up, but it works!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12122111

The SilverHawks are locked in...but why? Is it a trap?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12122112

Mumbo-Jumbo grows uncontrollably, and listens to the robots' demands

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12122121

Mumbo-Jumbo is getting too big! He won't even listen to them! He's too BIG!!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12122122

Continued

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12122211

It works! Mumbo shuts down, before he can climax

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12122221

What...why...why is Mumbo getting even BIGGER!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12122222

Mumbo makes a break for the nearest mineshaft, as soon as he's small enough

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12211111

Mumbo sees a major reactor complex in the distance...BINGO!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12211112

Continued

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12211121

The SilverHawks turn around, and go INTO Mumbo to shut the sun down

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12211211

Before they can find out, Mumbo-Jumbo...vanishes!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12211212

Continued

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12211221

THE END?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12211222

Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo stops growing at over a mile in size, dwarfing Mumbo!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12212111

Mumbo-Jumbo figures out what's happening, and moves into the amplifier beam!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12212112

Mumbo-Jumbo...starts to enjoy it...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12212113

The Bounty Hunter catches the Limbo Limo, and steals both Mumbos

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12212121

The SilverHawks intervene, having waited to follow them!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12212122

The two Mumbo's swell slowly bigger, lost in passion, and Melodia bails

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12212211

Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo steals Melodia's Sound Smasher, and things...escalate

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12212212

Someone unexpected suddenly intrudes—but can they help!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12212221

Mumbo-Jumbo's growth skyrockets! Melodia tries to flee in terror!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12212222

Mumbo-Jumbo grows back up to size

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12221111

Mumbo-Jumbo grows ENORMOUSLY

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12221112

Continued

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12221121

THE END?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12221122

A small city...of robots?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12221211

A missile silo!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12221212

The bunker holds tight...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12221221

The entire mountain begins to shake, under the SilverHawks

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12221222

Professor Power has an idea to save Mumbo from shrinking away...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12222111

The Professor can't get to the line in time...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12222112

"It must have been Bedlama..."

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/1222211

"That wasn't any grid we were capable of making..."

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/1222212

Mumbo-Jumbo digs down to hide—all the way to Bedlama's core...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12311111

The SilverHawks intervene, in the Mirage, stopping his escape!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12311112

"No...but we can try and go inside, and dismantle the sun!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12311121

"I...I don't know...we need to regroup!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12311122

There's a flash, and Mumbo is interrupted by...MUMBO-JUMBO!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12311211

There's no stopping him...no matter what they try!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12311212

Continued

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/12311221

The entire navy ups their game, firing on Mumbo with everything

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13111111

The navy sees what's happening, and calls out for the SilverHawks

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13111112

Mumbo-Jumbo outgrows the cable...and the ship!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13111121

Mumbo-Jumbo grows and grows...but the cables are holding? How!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13111122

Mumbo-Jumbo doubles his size!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13111211

Mumbo-Jumbo grows so big, he starts to climax, underwater

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13111212

The SilverHawks use Professor Power's advice to rig a 'special' bomb...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13111221

The swing connects! Are the SilverHawks doomed!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13111222

"ARE WE MAKING MUMBO...BIGGER!? EVERYONE, STOP!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13111311

"EVERYONE...ATTACK! FIRE WITH EVERYTHING WE HAVE!!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13111312

Mumbo-Jumbo breaks loose, and attacks

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13111321

Mumbo-Jumbo grows...and grows...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13111322

Mumbo climaxes, demolishing everything

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13112111

The drones try a different approach to halting Mumbo's rampage

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13112112

"Shoot out the buildings! Create a barricade, and pin him in it!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13112211

"Didn't Professor Power give us that teleportation grid-thingie?"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13112212

The power is shut down, leaving Mumbo-Jumbo massively big

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13112221

The power gets siphoned anyway! The bull's still feeding and GROWING!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13112222

Mumbo-Jumbo is tricked into jailing himself

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13121111

Mumbo-Jumbo starts forcing himself to grow, on his own, the plan backfiring

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13121112

Bigger Mumbo's found him...and he's still getting bigger!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13121121

Mumbo-Jumbo tries to fight back

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13121122

Mumbo is stuck between floors—he can't get free...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13121211

Mumbo helps himself to the nearest electrical machines...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13121212

"We'll call the SilverHawks!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13121221

"Call Mon*star, already! Better to face his wrath, than this!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13121222

Mumbo-Jumbo stops growing, but he's miles tall...and trying to get in!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13122111

Mumbo-Jumbo's growth won't stop...and neither will his arousal...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13122112

Mon*Star tries to evacuate the planet

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13122121

Mon*Star, ever-proud, tries to call on the Moonstar to power him up

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13122122

Mumbo finds the bazooka, and swallows it...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/1312211

Mumbo stops growing...uh-oh...is he stuck in there!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/1312212

Mumbo starts to grow, and Stargazer's having none of it!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13122221

Mumbo's growth is too fast!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13122222

Professor Power may know how to stop Mumbo-Jumbo...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13122311

Mumbo-Jumbo threatens all of Limbo: he'll eat more stars, if they resist him!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13122312

The entire planet is set to detonate! Can Mumbo handle it?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13131111

The entire planet is set to detonate! Mumbo has to stop the reaction!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13131112

Mumbo-Jumbo finds his way to Planet Dolar

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13131121

Mumbo-Jumbo decides to abuse the planet a little more...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13131122

Mumbo-Jumbo grows massive, but keeps his end of the deal

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13131211

Mumbo goes out of control, growing and growing, wanting MORE

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13131212

Mumbo-Jumbo forces the planet off axis, riding it like a bull

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13131221

Mumbo hears the inside of the planet...beeping??

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13131222

Continued

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13132111

Mon*Star has Hardware build a rocket system, while Mumbo fights temptation

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13132121

Mon*Star has Hardware build a device to power him AND Mumbo-Jumbo up...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13132122

Auto-Mumbo catches them! How can they get off of a growing planet!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13132211

The SilverHawks manage to get away, by taking a shortcut...to Brimstar!?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13132212

Continue

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13211111

Continue

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13211121

"No time! We're going with plan A!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13211211

"Professor Power wants to...what? Bomb the sun inside Mumbo!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13211212

The Professor wants to try something, at his home planet

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13211221

The Warden hails them...he has a plan, to blow up Mumbo, AND the planet!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13211222

Continued

https://writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13212111

The EMP works! Mumbo's growth stops...but he's still titanic...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13212121

The EMP takes too long to get working...come on, already!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13212122

Open fire on Mumbo, from the trolley

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13212211

Try and outpace him

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13212212

Abandon ship!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13212213

Quicksilver gets out the only way he can...climbing Mumbo-Jumbo!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13221211

Mumbo-Jumbo's growth spurt explodes...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13221212

Mumbo-Jumbo grabs the Limbo-Limo in a huge hand...but why?

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13221221

Mumbo-Jumbo attacks the Mirage! But Steelheart remembers something...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13221222

The arrest goes perfectly!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13222111

Mumbo-Jumbo keeps shrinking...and shrinking...

https://writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13222112

Professor Power hurries to deactivate the device, before Tally-Hawk gets BIGGER

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13222121

Mumbo-Jumbo tries to force his growth spurts, with terrifying results...

https://writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13222122

Mo-Lec-U-Lar and Hardware see Tally-Hawk, and turn around...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13222123

The Bounty Hunter absorbs and grows...but Mumbo sees him too soon!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/1322211

The Bounty Hunter grows, getting bigger...and bigger...and bigger...and bigger...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13222212

Continued

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/1322221

Poker-Face concedes, and lets the SilverHawks help

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13231111

Poker-Face stubbornly tries one last resort...

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13231112

"We activate all the booby traps we can—maybe one will help us!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13231121

"Fire lasers on Mumbo-Jumbo, with everything you have! Smash the cells!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13231122

Hardware fires wild, determined to shrink Mumbo down

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13231211

Someone in the group just heard what that beam can do, and makes a move!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13231212

Continued

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13232111

"The spaceport!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13232121

"The power station!"

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13232122

Poker-Face wants Hardware to reprogram Mumbo...as an attraction!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13232211

Poker-Face wants to reprogram Mumbo...to demolish the slums, on the cheap

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13232212

The SilverHawks interrupt

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13232221

The four guards intervene, even at tiny size!

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/map/13232222

https://www.writing.com/main/interactive-story/item_id/2246923-JUMBO-MUMBO-JUMBO/action/outline