

9.

The thought of running away ran right by, leaving a stunned Figment and Cynder behind, as Ludmilla came to them without the bother of moving. All of Moscow relocated by dint of chaos, as the split portions of the capitol slid and fractured, again and again, now mere motes lost upon Ludmilla's ever-growing mass. Over 400 miles in size, well over two million feet tall, she loosed a cataclysmic growl, pressing her expanding breasts down into the cracking earth. Each voluminous globe stretched and bulged, mowing out over the meager bumps and threads that were hills and roads, as her hands continued to swell bigger on either side, now wider than cities, themselves.

She seemed rather heatedly sweeping the dwindling landscape, focusing a world of rage down into a laser's point as she searched for Bartok.

This, naturally, put the other dragons in her way. Given that everything was in her way, *well*. Time enough didn't even exist to dodge, as one vast pink bicep crashed into the plateau and forests upon which Figment, Cynder and Toothless waited. The collision was quick and brutal, and the tiny party could only cry out and hang on as whatever scales they clung to to avoid being smothered spread further and further apart.

"WATCH—"

Was all Spyro managed, as the 30-mile dragon's vast musculature met Ludmilla's, and Ludmilla won. A shoulder so monstrous and dense with muscle that each sinew loomed like a canyon buffeted him, shoving him back acre upon acre. His hands slapped onto her as Spyro hugged tight, only to shout, then bellow, as the sheer power flow nearly knocked him out.

Words were crushed in his throat as it swelled massively; Spyro's wings trembled and jutted further and further out, his back muscles exploding into vast fields of scale and brawn as he tried to contain the power flow he was absorbing. Ludmilla didn't even notice as her expansion slowed, and slowed, too worked up to comprehend Spyro's presence, even as he panted and strained and wobbled and boomed up past 60 miles to her 600...then 90 miles to her 700...then 150 to her 600...

"HOOOOLLLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEYYY C-COOOOOOOOWWWW!!"

All he got for his trouble was a sky-splitting blast of wrath, as Ludmilla roared to heaven and hell, then began to grunt and strain, another massive growth spurt booming its way through her shaking body. The 180-mile tall Spyro grit his teeth and braced, as the vile dragoness started to cry out and burst even larger, yet again, spurting hotly to 800 miles, which funneled into Spyro's body so powerfully that he felt ready to burst. His purple arms tensed tighter, flexing impossibly hard as he buried his muzzle helplessly in between surging pectorals, moaning and trembling. He blew up and up, his muscles punching upwards in a heated surge, as he billowed past 220 miles, shook, whined, then blasted up bigger, passing 260 miles, then 290!

Not this fast, he pleaded, to whatever force could listen to thoughts. *Just...gimme a sec!*

A second time, Ludmilla began to slow back down, then dwindle smaller, her 900-miles tall body lurching and deflating back to 800, as Spyro cried into his bulbous plated chest muscles, and

boom tighter, bigger, stronger, thicker, blooming up to 350 miles.

"We can't just hang around here!" Cynder shouted, watching as the scale to which she clung expanded larger than her, seeing Figment carried away faster off as Ludmilla grew. "I don't think Spyro can handle *this* much size, this fast!"

"Agreed!" Figment shouted, less than a flea in comparison to Ludmilla's muscled body. He scoured down below, seeing the increasingly vague sheet of snowy forests sinking lower and lower below. "If we just had some sort of..."

"What!?" Cynder shouted, even further away now.

But, Figment didn't answer. The dragon was too concerned with a tiny, thin line, cutting through the woodlands, parting little treetops the faintest bit.

"Toothless!" he shouted, making the half-asleep colossus nearby full awaken. "Toothless, see down there, in the trees?"

The nine-hundred foot Toothless yawned, all gums, unlidded sleepy green eyes, as he rested on the higher slope of Ludmilla's bicep. He perked his fins, looked to Figment with a grin, then looked to where his friend was pointing.

"See that?" Figment repeated, intently. "Go grab that, would you? Bring it here! Quick!"

Toothless' tongue poked out, then slipped back in, as a wide, toothy grin appeared in its stead. Flexing vast black muscles and scales, he arched his thick back, planted his huge feet and claws, extended far-larger wings than either of the other two had, and vaulted off, careening down into the landscape below.

"What're you doing?" Cynder hollered, clawing her way from the edges of entire scales, to reach him. "Where is Toothless—"

"Watch and see!" Figment replied, smiling, as Ludmilla's growth slowed down yet again, and the groans and panting huffs of Spyro filled the skies, over on the other side of Ludmilla.

When Toothless' larger self shot up through the air and landed between them, he had exactly what he was supposed to. Within both huge hands, he held a small house. Its bird-legs kicked unhappily, scrabbling in the air, as Toothless offered it to Figment, beaming wide.

"Perfect! Great work!"

"Baba Yaga's home!?" Cynder balked, looking it over, as a clawed bird's foot nearly scratched her. "I don't understand, Fig, what's that going to do?"

"Thanks," Figment said, grinning, as the much-bigger Toothless handed him the house. To Figment, it was a decent armful, and its blind struggling didn't help much. Toothless nodded once, puffing his thick chest proudly. "This, here, is going to buy us some time! We...just might be in for an earful, after, is all!"

At that, Figment opened the door, turned the house over, and placed the side with the opening flat to Ludmilla's gargantuan bicep. It only took a moment, before the shift began: the open plain of pink scales stretched over all that muscle suddenly pinched against the house, before it was sucked clear in, and fast. In moments, the entirety of Ludmilla's vast arm vanished within, followed by a shoulder, before her breasts and neck and belly followed, immediately. More and more of the startled giantess slipped inside, her wide eyes and bellowing muzzle the last things to vanish, before the door slammed shut.

This, of course, replaced the mass that they were upon with...nothing, so there was a momentary tumble of sorts, then a hard crash onto devastated terrain, then plenty of smoke and general confusion.

"Oh," Cynder coughed, waving the airborne ruin away, grimacing into a stand. "I get it...oh, is she going to be mad at us, I bet."

Figment slid off of Toothless, having landed safely on the bigger dragon's thick bulk.

"Well, I think she'll let us know, pretty quickly."

"OH, THANK GOODNESS," an incredibly huge, thick, powerful voice boomed, as a vast shadow engulfed them all. **"I THOUGHT I WAS GONNA BLOW..."**

Spyro, while not having reached the apocalyptic size of Ludmilla, still remained a mind-breaking 500 miles tall, bigger than he had ever been before, by a healthy margin. His head was lost to the clouds, even as he stayed low, his stupendous pectorals pressing the country-sized crater Ludmilla had created even further down.

"You did great!" Cynder cheered, making Spyro wait a moment for the sound to reach. After a moment he blushed, and grinned lopsidedly in the heavens, restraining a laugh.

"You're getting good at this, Spyro!" Figment offered, as he set the little house down, then stepped back as it circled angrily in place, then squatted on both legs.

"HEHE, THANKS! SO, HOW'D YOU BANISH HER?"

"Well, the house—"

That same little door flew open, and the pull beckoned all four dragons in. There was a now-familiar rush of air, then a stretching and a howl of motion, before the entire party rolled to a stop upon Baba Yaga's living room floor.

"You fools!"

Figment winced, then opened his eyes to an indeed quite-unhappy Baba Yaga. There was some shock, however, given how she loomed over them all; they each stood only about knee high to the witch, despite their intact bulk. She fumed, pacing back and forth, holding a bird cage up in one hand. Within it was Ludmilla, her body swelling and surging violently, bloating to fill it. The cage sparkled

brightly at her contact, then forced her to whittle smaller again, until she was about the size of a sparrow. By the time Baba Yaga finished one cycle of pacing, Ludmilla roared, shook, and bulged even larger again, straining out even bigger against the cage, before it shrank her once again. As this happened, she continued:

"Which one of you did it? Which of you tampered with my potion!? It was already an incredibly powerful mixture, without whatever you did to it after! What *idiot* would ever need that much overwhelming power?"

"Tampered?" Figment asked, cocking his head. "Miss Yaga, we didn't do anything of the sort!"

"Right," Cynder added, nodding, as Toothless and Spyro shrugged at each other. "We were already massive, remember? We didn't need more power. The only one here that really needed the potion to begin with was—"

"Bartok," Baba Yaga groaned, shaking her head. Again, Ludmilla exploded in size, booming so big that the magical cage started to stretch too far, struggling more and more to shrink her back down. "That little sneaking dolt! Pah! Had he simply trusted my power...well, where is he? I've a piece of my mind to share!"

The four dragons looked one another over, then back up at her, smiling weakly.

"Well, we don't think he's with us..." Figment explained, as the entirety of Baba Yaga's house grew dark inside. A massive shadow fell over it, over the section of vast crater the house was busy traversing.

"That's probably him" Spyro ventured, going to the window near the fireplace to check.

Far, far, far above, a monumentally big, pink, clawed foot thudded, shaking the countryside. The entire house hardly seemed big enough to compete with the very tip of one toe-claw, which dug into the cratered soil before quaking loudly, then growing even *bigger*.

"Yup," Spyro finished, huffing out smoke. "He was growing like crazy, before I started absorbing size off of him, a moment earlier. If he had anything similar to what that other crazy dragoness had—I mean, *I can't think of how else this would happen*—and I'm not there to help..."

"He'll grow absolutely *immense*," Figment deduced, gulping.

"HAH, C'MON, HERE, THEN, STOPPIT," Bartok begged, snorting, as the bat-dragon grit his teeth and boomed even bigger, and bigger, and *bigger*. One moment, Spyro had been helping him (which, yeah, had been a bit of a surprise), and his growth seemed to be letting up...then wham, some huge *monster* blew up into their business, and in seconds his body had started screaming larger again!

By the time that pink dragon had vanished, he loomed so big that, even slamming back down onto all fours, he was approaching the clouds, all on his own. One mile had detonated up to 5 miles, then 10, then 20; only a minute had maybe passed, since, and already Bartok was as big as a small

country. The 50-mile tall behemoth groaned and trembled in tight, flexing ridiculously big muscles underneath waves of stretching scale and white, soft fur. His wings remained bat-like, surging out longer and wider behind his hulking arms as he wrinkled his adorable pink snout, held his breath, and quiver-boomed up to a full 100 miles.

"GAH, AH, THAT DIDN'T DO ANYTHING, SHOOT...TOO BIG, TOO BIG, GOSH..."

A hand big enough to scoop mountains into sank ever-deeper into the cracked ground as his tail lengthened out, his neck pushing a bit longer, his horns swelling even thicker and heavier atop his handsome head. Massive ears pricked and swiveled, only for a whole cloud bank to drift into one, and make him yelp.

"WHOO, AH, COLD! GOOD GRAVY, HOW BIG AM I GONNA GET!? HOW...THICK...AND MIGHTY...AM I..."

Bartok gulped, finally stopping to take stock of himself properly. His body lurched out even larger, even stronger, raw power overloading his senses. He raised one monstrous arm and flexed, and his vast pink eyes widened in awe as an ivory bicep peaked higher, and higher, and higher, and higher.

"GEEZ, THAT...OKAY, Y'KNOW, DAT AIN'T BAD..."

Still, Bartok grew, the sounds of his body blowing up in scale filling the air. 150 miles of godlike brawn snuggled him lovingly, throbbing tighter and hotter, his pumped chest swelling out and out with every massive breath. His teeth swelled larger, his jawline thickening pleasantly, as his horns curled even larger and wider, his body growing more and more draconic.

He saw below, where the deep imprint of his hand rested, moments ago. It could have made a small lake, had rainfall been able to fill it. Docile as he normally was...when Bartok let his hand thump back down, and when he realized it completely dwarfed the print from earlier, he shuddered.

"HEY...HEH...I AIN'T TOO BAD LOOKIN', I TELL YA! OH, NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE A BIG GUY, LIKE THIS, HECK..."

As though in response, Bartok's body eagerly boomed up past 200 miles, then 300, forcing his bulk to stretch across the entire realm like a storm-cloud. He hardly even noticed the speck-sized house scrambling around below as he arched his powerful, state-sized back muscles, snorted, and dumbly sat down, directly on it.

The dim light within the house dropped to total blackness as Bartok's oceanic rump contacted the center of Ludmilla's crater, shaking the land for miles upon miles. Bartok's long pink tongue hung out of a huffing muzzle as he rolled his eyes back, shuddered deeply, and grew...and grew...and grew...and grew...and GREW...

"He sat on us!" Cynder balked, having to peer up over the bottom rim of the house window. "He really sat on us!"

"I'm more surprised we survived, at all," Spyro mumbled, sounding more jealous than harmed.

"Bah, the weight of the world could not scratch my home," Baba Yaga dismissively grunted, as a magically-animated candle lit itself, then floated obediently around behind her and the cage. Toothless was already chasing after it, like an activated kitten. "Not even the weight of his stupidity can manage that—as staggering as it is!"

"Is...that cage...going to fare as well as the house?" Figment asked.

"No."

"Can you open the door, and suck Bartok back in?" Cynder asked. "Shrink him like you did to us? Then, we could figure out how to cure him, and...uh, whoever this monster is—"

"Ludmilla!" the pink dragoness roared, just as she growled and swelled uncontrollably larger, pushing the poor cage's bars farther and farther apart, until she shrank back down again. "Mmmph—guh! I am...Ludmilla...the Regent of...rrrrgh!"

She shook her muzzle, snarling, her eyes flickering between mindless rage and a scorned woman's wrath.

"Whatever was inside of her, that the potion brought out, is getting stronger and stronger, yet," Baba Yaga muttered. "The potion on its own would have made her quite the sight, but now, at this level of power..."

"It was the candies from my bag, it had to be," Figment said, sighing. "Bartok undid the strap to it, the last time we were here, so logically...he surely threw them into the potion."

Even the great witch's face paled, in the low light of the candle.

"Then, she is not done, yet...and neither is that foolish bat, out there."

"But...Bartok is a good guy, at heart," Cynder said, though carefully. "He turned into a dragon, even! A...pretty beautiful dragon, actually..."

Spyro snorted a darker plume of smoke, though even he was nodding.

"His nature is good, yes," Baba Yaga sighed. "But the potion brings out what is inside. What is *also* inside of Bartok is a ceaseless glory-chasing blowhard..."

"Heh, she gets it," Spyro snarked, grinning lopsidedly. "Not that I really blame the guy..."

"Well, either way, why not suck him into the house, quickly?" Cynder insisted.

"I would...but the door," the old witch muttered, pointing helpfully towards it. "Can you not tell? He sat on us...with the door *facing the ground*."

What sounded, and felt, like thunder filled the cold silence that followed; it only took a moment for the lot of dragons to understand what the sensation was, in reality—it was the rumbling of Bartok's worsening growth, outside.

"Well, what are our options, then?" Figment pondered, his tail thumping erratically. "Even if he's aware and steady, or lost to growth, it doesn't quite matter if we can't get to him..."

"Let...me...loose..." Ludmilla snarled, offering a demand. "I'll...rip that...pompous little...sn-sneak apart, myself..."

Yet again, she blew up bigger; this time, she swelled so large that even Baba Yaga's arm lowered from the weight, as Ludmilla ballooned big enough to snap off one of the cage's strips. She had nearly swollen to half the witch's size, before the cage forced her back down.

"Can we open a window, then?" Cynder asked, as the rumbling outside grew stronger and stronger, still. "Maybe suck him in here through it?"

"Only the door opens," Baba Yaga replied, flatly.

"Maybe he's almost done growing," Spyro mused, shrugging his huge shoulders.

"There's no way to tell," Figment fretted, pacing in time with Baba Yaga, and nearly tripping over an indifferent Toothless. "On their own, I doubt he would have blown up this big, nor would she...but mixed with that potion, there, it's all anyone's guess!"

At that, Ludmilla glanced over at the hearth, seeing the cauldron within it, filled with the remaining motion.

"Even if we got free," Cynder began, slowly, "Bartok's almost surely outclassing us by a landslide...even Spyro might not be able to bring him down enough to stop him."

"Well, I'm game for trying," Spyro huffed, folding his bulky arms. "But how do we get back out of here, then? Take a portal?"

Figment lit up, stopping mid-stride, and Toothless bumped into him.

"That's worth trying!" he said, stroking his chin over.

"Hopping to another world, now?" Cynder groaned. "We'd be abandoning—"

"No, no, a portal, *within* this world!" Figment answered, wagging fast. "Why not? I'll imagine

where we were earlier, and..."

Baba Yaga watched, genuinely interested, as Figment closed his eyes and concentrated. Within a few seconds, a small blue portal spread into being, big enough for any of the four dragons to easily fit through. She leaned in behind him, and saw the snowy mountains and woods beyond—then gasped, at the sight of Bartok, looming higher and higher over them all.

"Oro," she gasped, leaning away as abruptly as she had leaned in.

Bartok was beyond big, now. *Big* was no longer big enough to do the job. Mile upon mile of white, swollen muscles poured out, throbbing with unfettered power. The lower clouds circled anxiously about the dragon's vast, pulsing abs, his thighs consuming whole mountain ranges, rivers, valleys, forests, lakes—everything. Mountain peaks that tapped the clouds hardly passed the midpoint of Bartok's surging rump, as his pink heels crashed clear through them, obliterating ancient stone into powder.

Figment's eyes darted back and forth, calculating frantically. Bartok had to be past 700 miles tall, at minimum, given the perceived width of his rear, which spanned roughly 80 miles in diameter—no, 100 miles!

"He isn't stopping," Cynder murmured, transfixed, yet horrified. "Are we really going to be able to stop this?"

"RELEASE M-ME!" Ludmilla ordered, as she again burst bigger, splitting two more strips of metal from a clearly-unhappy cage. Even Baba Yaga began to pitch over, trying to hold it upright.

"What happens if *she* gets out, anyhow?" Spyro correctly asked, being the first to consider it. "She was bigger than Bartok, even, and if she gets out, won't her size come right back?"

"No," Figment gasped, gulping dryly. "Worse...she's been hitting spurts over and over, and having them restrained, while inside of here...who knows how much suppressed growth is building up, inside of her? I...if she *ever* got free again..."

"Good grief," Cynder gasped, "she'd be even worse, by far..."

"You must have some way to contain her, permanently," Figment pleaded, turning hopefully to the witch. "Bartok growing is already dangerous enough, we can't possibly let her out, too..."

Baba Yaga looked away, and shook her head dismally.

"Then, a cure, there must be an antidote!"

"It would need to be beyond powerful, to counteract this potion, is the problem," she muttered.

"But, you could make it? What if...what if I put more candies into the antidote?"

"Fight power with *more* power? No, dragon, absurd! It does not work that way!"

"Then, just do what you can! We can't discuss any further, time is ticking!"

That much was no surprise to anyone; what was a shock, however, was Figment undoing the bag, and digging for a handful of candies.

"What are you doing, Fig?" Cynder asked, as Toothless and Spyro both lit up bright behind her.

"Cynder, this one...is yours!"

He thrust out a candy swirling with black and red, and she took it cautiously.

"But..."

"We need more absorption! You and Spyro halt Bartok's growth! Take all that you can!"

Figment already saw Spyro grinning, and tossed his comrade a blue and gold candy, which he snatched up. He lobbed a green and gold one at Toothless, and the dragon shined his gums with a small wiggling dance.

"What about you, Fig?" Cynder asked. "I thought we weren't--"

"Right, we weren't, but this is an extreme emergency; I'm taking one too, so the three of us will be absorbing as a team! Toothless, you take yours and guard this house, for all you're worth!"

Toothless nodded frantically, as everyone readied their candy.

"We'll tax as much size back out of us as possible, after this, but for now...oh, boy, we're about to explode in size! Just...be ready!"

Everyone swallowed their piece, and gulped it down, as Ludmilla shrank down yet again, and carefully stopped to observe it all, from her cage.

"Ready?" Figment asked, working the crew up. All three other dragons nodded firmly, then leapt into the portal. Lastly, Figment turned back to Baba Yaga. "Please, do everything you can to make *as much* antidote as you can!"

"Yes, yes, go then, quickly!"

Figment managed his more reassuring smile, then vanished, the portal closing after. No sooner than he did so, Ludmilla stretched her long neck out from the newly-widened openings in the cage, and bit hard on the witch's arm. She yowled and reflexively threw the cage and its contents away.

Said cage landed directly into the cauldron, still filled with the remainder of the potion.

Portal or door, the effect had proven the same: the withheld size roared back into all four dragons as they tumbled together onto a huge pile, over the far mountain reaches. Spyro had landed first, then Toothless atop him, Cynder on his pectorals, and finally Figment, bouncing onto Toothless' huge thighs.

The moment they hit the cold air, it began; there was no time for formalities, as Spyro was already outgrowing them all, his muscles shoving the other up, even as they grew bigger and heavier, over him. Cynder's bust mashed and rubbed against Figment's muzzle as he shook and blew up against her sides, as Toothless exploded larger, beneath them both. Wings brushed and mingled awkwardly, slipping, swelling and poking, pushed and moved by grasping clawed hands as they grew and grew. Spyro blasted up so much bigger that he became their landscape, all 500 miles returning rather aggressively to his stretching bulk.

The preexisting confusion any dog-pile would have caused only increased, as the four reptiles ballooned uncontrollably in scope, unable to untangle.

The effects of the candies was immediate and severe, as Cynder felt three growing bulges between three sets of legs, pressing and stroking and sliding hotly against her scales, making her tremble and blush, before she shrieked and erupted larger, heaving so big that her now-5 mile tall body smothered into them all at once. A set of monstrous breasts crushed down on them, ballooning teats hammering into Spyro's growing muscles; when Spyro grappled with one huge nipple, he naturally fed on her size, and began to blow up larger than her, only for Figment to grope and push at Spyro's newfound mass.

The bafflement worsened, as Cynder slipped down to 4 miles, and Spyro boomed up to 550 miles, then 600, the candy's effects compounding with his absorption abilities. Even still, Cynder's growth resumed, unfazed, and she billowed up with a heavy cry to 50 miles, shuddering and moaning, then bursting up to 100 after. It was all but impossible to ascertain whether all of the gains were from the candy, her absorption, or a strange marriage of both, but she was nearing a fifth of the titanic Spyro's size. Her huge thighs seated unintentionally against the bulk of Spyro's bloated sheath, as a massive set of scaly orbs ballooned up between his vast thighs.

Figment's legs parted rapidly, alarming the confounded dragon, as he felt his sheath push forward, now quite visible, a red-hot blush dappling his adorable violet muzzle. He yelped and tried to hide it as he surged up to 90 miles, then 200, touching and feeding off of Spyro, who slipped only momentarily back down to 500 miles.

Toothless shoved off of the three of them, his huge feet slamming the paper-thin stretch of forests below, as he huffed and flexed tight, feeling his muscles burst out twice as massive, twice as thick, around. The candies did their job as he snorted and smiled, lidding his big green eyes as his trapezius exploded out in size, his neck swelling twice as thick, his biceps booming out into vast mounds, in time with his pulsing pectorals. He trembled and pumped higher, higher, swelling up past half a mile, then a full mile, his bulk exploding out even larger in sympathetic waves of delight.

At 5 miles in height, Toothless flexed his thighs and calves to ludicrous size, dug in, and launched himself at Cynder, knocking her 150-mile body just hard enough to make her rear up and shout, then push off of both Figment and Spyro. She thudded to the ground with a great, shattering quake of an impact, then scooted her huge body back as she watched Figment feed and grow; Spyro slipped down to 400 miles, as Figment reached his own size, then surpassed it, only for Spyro to counter-feed, and blow up to 800 miles, as Figment slipped to 300, back and forth, back and forth.

"PUSH OFF, FIG!" Cynder panted, getting her lungs full again.

Figment managed to shove off and crash so powerfully to the ground that both the 10-mile tall Toothless and the 150-mile tall Cynder both wobbled. They had landed just outside of the crater Ludmilla's first growth spurt had created, and just beyond that...was Bartok. As the 700-mile Spyro and the 700-mile Figment separated and moved away from each other, all of them breathing heavily, their mission remained clear. In fact, it looked clearer than ever.

Bartok sat, so massive and monstrous a being now that his rear alone *was* the country. One cheek rested at over 100 miles in width, his full rump over 200, all told. Big as the two had grown, both Spyro and Figment would have needed to grab both cheeks at once, to even think of lifting Bartok off of the cracking, sinking terrain. The bat-dragon loomed so large that even they had to still look up to see the rest of him. Even with the clouds up to their lower legs, Spyro and Figment lost sight of the upper half of Bartok, who towered into the highest reaches of the atmosphere, at a magnificent 1,800 miles—nearly *ten million feet*. Moscow itself could have been rebuild nearly sixty times in tandem, and still just barely reach up to Bartok's vast muzzle. Feet as big as entire islands loomed over the land as they grew further out, crashing through snowbound tundras and displacing entire lakes as they pushed along, bigger and wider and taller.

"WHOA," Spyro boomed, impressed. ***"I SHOULDN'T HAVE POKED FUN. HE'S...PRETTY AWESOME."***

"HEH, DON'T LET HIM HEAR YOU SAY SO," Figment chuckled, surprised at the sheer power his voice generated as it rumbled through his muscles and thick neck. ***"LET'S MAKE THIS HAPPEN, SHALL WE?"***

"OH, LET'S," Spyro growled, openly thrilled at the proposal.

"EVEN WITH ALL THREE OF US, THIS WILL TAKE SOME SERIOUS WORK, YOU TWO!" Cynder hollered, pulling the much bigger males' attention back to her. She was still hundreds of thousands of feet tall, standing as big as several cities, joined together; her feet could have bridged continents, and her breasts were so massive they could have flattened mountains—yet, compared to them, she was toddler-sized. Toothless himself was toddler-sized, to her, even. The super-giants turned back to her, nodding, and Cynder finally saw what she had been fairly sure she'd felt, earlier. Two massive sheaths whipped about, thumping back down on vast, overfilled orbs, and she immediately looked away, her lovely muzzle tumbling into near-pitch black with raw blush. ***"I, UH, H...I HAVE AN IDEA...I'M THE ONLY ONE HERE WHO CAN ABSORB SIZE AND ELEMENTS, NOW...SO WHEN WE START FEEDING OFF BARTOK...I WANT ALL OF YOU THREE BOYS TO ATTACK ME. ALL THE FIREBLASTS YOU CAN MANAGE. ALRIGHT?"***

"DONE AND DONE," both Spyro and Figment bellowed, grinning wide. Toothless' mighty tail whipped all over, as Cynder turned to nod thankfully at him, then noticed the immense, oversized set between Toothless' thick thighs. Her blush did not decrease.

"HAAAH...NEVER BEEN...S-SO BIIIG..."

Bartok's voice alone shook down through his bulk, making the entire hemisphere shudder ominously. His chest bulged out far beyond his pink-tipped muzzle as he grinned, low-eyed and drunk on power. He snorted and shut his pink eyes as the trembling returned, and the 2,000-mile tall behemoth gasped and blew up even larger, *still*.

***"Y'SEE ME N-NOW...RASPUTIN?
HEHE, OUTDID YA, THERE, DIDN'T I?"***

The god-dragon bit his lip and snarled happily, unable to help it, as he felt his horns boom even longer, fatter and heavier, crowning more of his precious sail-ears and their pink insides. Hands as big as entire countries explored his body, squeezing in tight on pectorals so massive that even he couldn't believe they fit on him. His shoulders rolled, waves of thick, snowy fur bristling beautifully across stretching, scaled muscles. He brought up both massive arms, thrilled with how hard it was to lift their weight, and made sure to get both biceps right up against his cheeks and jawline, just so he could feel them boom against his head as he flexed again, and again, feeling them swell larger and larger each time.

***"YEAH, HEH! THAT'S THE WAY,
I TELL YA! T'THINK, DIS IS WHAT
WAS IN ME, ALL ALONG!"***

Bartok was utterly lost in himself, though that much was understandable. Having gone from a pipsqueak bat to a dragon so big he was sitting on Russia...was a difficult scenario to distance his better self from, entirely. Or, at all. Why not embrace it?

He opened his eyes again, and even he was in awe. The curve of the world was his to see, and his alone. *The entire planet*. At 3,000 miles, nearly sixteen million feet, Bartok was...beyond enormous. Beyond powerful. Beyond everything. And it was beyond lovely. He was the size of the moon. *The moon!*

As he opened his vast maw to boast a bit more, Bartok felt it. Everything, the power, the rushing build of ever-increasing might and growth, it...slowed. Then stopped, outright. His ears perked out a moment ahead of him, before he blinked, then looked himself over. Then, the power seemed to leave, instead of merely loitering within, and he felt himself lurch smaller, with one unhappy slip, then another, and another.

"WHOA, HEY, NOW, THE HECK?"

Yet again, Bartok lurched, hiccuping lower, dwindling down to 2,500 miles...2,400 miles...2,200 miles...he looked around, seeing only the obscuring veil of entire cloud systems swirling across the globe beneath him. As he shook and slipped down again, lowering to an even 2,000 miles, the cause finally became large enough that the giga-sized giant could make sense of anything.

Spyro, Figment and Cynder, those dragons from before—they were all touching on him. As he watched, Spyro and Figment grew, at the same time that he dwindled down to 1,800 miles, and the two males both blew up to 900, each. They were taking, but the prime taker was the female!

Every few seconds, both Spyro and Figment would turn their heads on massive, bulky necks, and blow fire out onto Cynder, who remained between them, hugging into Bartok's lower belly. She seemed to be quickly outpacing both of them, bulging up to a whopping 1,100 miles, to Bartok's 1,600! Of course, he was sitting, and they weren't, but it was painfully clear that they were all catching up with alarming speed.

"OH! AH, HEY, YOU GUYS! EH, LOOKS L-LIKE YOU GOT THIS UNDER...CONTROL, DON'CHA? HEY THANKS A SUPER-BUNCH, I...I'M GOOD NOW, THAT'LL DO 'ER!"

Still, they all took, and Bartok gulped as he deflated down again, sinking grudgingly to 1,500 miles. The temptation to brush them all off was suddenly unbearable.

"DON'T WORRY, BARTOK, WE'VE GOT YOU," Cynder called, as Spyro and Figment blew fire into her sides again, making her tremble and explode far bigger. Her huge breasts dragged hotly up along the bigger dragon's stomach, making Bartok blush terribly at the realization, just as she stood up to his 1,300-mile size, with him still sitting.

"OH, YEAH, Y...YOU SURE DO, THERE...WELL, I-I'M ALL GOOD, THEN, YOU CAN ALL LET GO..."

"NO WAY, PAL," Spyro called, growing along with Figment to an even 1,100 miles each, as Toothless kept the comparatively tiny house in his hands. ***"THERE'S NO WAY THAT LEVEL OF POWER DIDN'T WIND YOU UP FOR MORE. TRUST ME, I KNOW IT WHEN I SEE IT!"***

Bartok looked them all over as they reached his size, then finally let go. The party stood over the world itself, able to see across entire continents, clouds playing about their massive, state-spanning toes and immense, curving claws. Even the tips of each could have outsized a city. Despite the calls for calm and order, all five dragons were stealing glances of the world beneath them, clearly in muted awe.

"WE'RE NOT HERE TO KILL THE FUN, BARTOK," Cynder soothed, the huge

dragoness' bosom mashing into the white dragon's huge, furred chest. ***"IT'S JUST FOR THE BEST TO GET THINGS UNDER CONTROL."***

"YEAH, I GUESS," Bartok sighed, nodding. ***"BUT BOY, YOU WEREN'T KIDDING, THERE, SPYRO, IT WAS JUST...AH, IT WAS..."***

"THE BEST," Spyro and Figment finished, grinning.

"WELL, SURE," Cynder agreed, ruffling Bartok's lovely head fur comfortingly. ***"WHO WOULDN'T GET A BIT TAKEN WITH THAT MUCH POWER AND SIZE? COME ON, LET'S GET YOU BACK INTO BABA YAGA'S HOUSE. SHE'S WHIPPING UP A CURE FOR ALL OF US, INCLUDING THAT NASTY PIECE OF WORK—"***

"L-LUDMILLA!" Bartok gasped, finally remembering. ***"AH, GEEZ, SHE TOOK THE POTION THAT I HAD, WHEN I FOUND OUT SHE KIDNAPPED PRINCE IVAN! HECK, THE ONLY REASON I GOT FREE FROM HER PRISON WAS ON ACCOUNT OF I STOLE AN...AN EXTRA BIT OF POTION, SEE..."***

"WE FIGURED," Spyro huffed. ***"WELL, BABA'S GOT HER. OUR SMARTY FIG HERE WAS ABLE TO TRAP HER IN THE WITCH'S HOUSE. SO, THIS ALL WORKED OUT—THOSE CANDIES REALLY UPPED OUR ABSORPTION GAME! I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE WAY HARDER TO GET THIS DONE. WHAT DO YOU GUYS SAY? SHOULD WE ALL GET BACK INDOORS, BEFORE BARTOK GETS TO GROWING EVEN BIGGER, AGAIN?"***

The moment they all nodded (even Bartok, hesitantly), Toothless growled, pulling their attention down to him. The house, being microscopic compared to him, was less than a mote upon his colossal palm—but he offered it up, just the same, proud to have done his duty.

"RIGHT, THEN, HERE WE GO," Figment thundered, the towering titan of a dragon slapping his mitts together, his vast biceps surging with the motions. He closed his eyes and lowered his muzzle in preparation, and the moment the portal opened, the instant it snapped all the way up to their staggering size, floating there over the globe—all hell broke loose.

A new confusion took the throne, as a great, bulging mass of pink blimped out through the other side, suddenly there, then suddenly blasting further out, like a high-pressure hose. One mammoth-sized breast popped free, a vast tower of a nipple surging out over the planet; the other breast followed after, before a mounding bulge behind it shot out into a monstrous, scaly arm. A hand as big as an entire continent crashed down into the ocean, displacing waves onto the cracking landscape. A huge muzzle pushed out, snorted, then punched up into space, a long, thick, bulky neck pushing free of the portal's stretched rims. The accompanying shadow spilled over the hemisphere, over even the mighty quintet of dragons, as Ludmilla's scaled belly ballooned bigger and bigger, its width booming out more and more as more of it got loose. Both massive hands gripped the Earth—the very planet—and she pulled herself out, growling and snarling, all teeth and brimstone and wrath.

"F-FUH-FIG," Spyro stammered, scooting his immense musculature back, in time with Cynder. **"FIG, BUDDY, S-STOP! STOP!"**

"I'VE ALMOST GOT IT," Figment assured, only to cry out as Ludmilla's far larger belly and freed thighs slammed into the planet, smothering its curves with pink muscle and girth. Her thick tail whipped away as the portal closed, Figment's concentration thrown by the impact of a 5,000-mile tall leviathan female.

Bartok was already on the move. Feet the size of peninsulas *slam-slam-slammed*, shaking the neighboring civilizations into a frenzy of bafflement as he fled to the other hemisphere. There was nowhere else to really go.

"OUT...OF...M-MY...WAY," Ludmilla boomed, putting the planet into a dance of terror below, as sound waves too big to comprehend coursed through the world. Even the other dragons had to get through the raw bass of her rumbling, to understand the demand beneath.

"SCATTER!"

Someone had surely said it, but as Ludmilla's massive claws sailed over the atmosphere, the entire group had already begun doing just that. For all their collective muscle, Spyro, Toothless, Cynder and Figment all moved with *adequate* agility, narrowly moving their mass enough to not be obliterated as her hand swiped across the world.

Spyro was back up on his massive feet first, replying with a streaming blast of fire. The column smashed into Ludmilla's bosom, making the dragoness hiss and twist herself about, putting a tremendously thick pink bicep between herself and the attack. Her elbow now extended, Ludmilla merely had to push it forward, smashing into Spyro. Being nearly five times bigger, she sent him flying back over the ocean, colliding with the trenches, which only deepened under his arriving weight.

**"ANNOYANCES...E-
EVERY...WHERE I TURN..."**

Her hand rose up into the stars, balled into a tight fist, then rocketed down to the firmament, right over Cynder. Toothless and Figment both managed to reach her, Toothless shoving her bigger bulk away, just as Figment brought both powerful arms up, caught Ludmilla's fist, sank lower with a startled yelp, and held it up long enough for Toothless to leap onto her huge arm. He scaled it with staggering speed, unleashing a volley of bright fireballs, which peppered her breast, neck and jawline with miniature explosions.

Cynder brushed off her landing, then rose, spread her massive feet over the ocean in an attack stance, and welled up. Her dark muscles tensed tighter, bulging out, before she blew out a wave of shadow-flame, which impacted up hard under Ludmilla's chin, effectively punching her in her throat.

The massive beast staggered back, shaking her head, her vast muzzle a field of wrinkles and tension and rage, unhappily married. As she opened her maw, and as a terrible furnace of ire rose into a glow within it, Toothless roared down from where he was, hugging her bust, and Figment saw.

"TOOTHLESS!" he shouted, motioning. ***"ALLEY-OOP!"***

Maybe Toothless knew what that meant, maybe he didn't. Figment had snuck into enough circus acts with Blair to know, so he knew what the body language was. It proved enough, as Toothless wriggled, tensed, then vaulted down off of Ludmilla, small enough to easily land on Figment's opened palms. Figment grinned, then flexed hard, putting all that violet muscle to work as he launched Toothless so high up that the dragon quickly evened out with Ludmilla's muzzle.

The timing worked, as by the time the huge dragoness finished rearing back to attack, Toothless blasted several fireballs directly into her mouth, igniting the fire within. Ludmilla's bellow was pure shock, then absolute fury, as the ensuing explosion overfilled her mouth, throwing her head back with a great cloud of smoldering steam and smoke.

Toothless was caught in a thankful hug by Figment as he landed, Toothless hugging him back with an over-enthused squeeze.

"KEEP ON HER, CYNDER!" Spyro roared, thundering past her. ***"WHEN I MAKE AN OPENING, YOU FEED ON HER, TOO! FIG!"***

"RIGHT!" Figment boomed, setting Toothless down, then charging to one side of Ludmilla's vast form, flanking the right as Spyro banked to the left.

Cynder took just enough time to get her breath back, then blasted out another, bigger streak of flame, hammering the incensed Ludmilla, to the point where even the larger dragoness started to inch back across the planet's surface. From out the smoke, her gigantic head emerged, pockmarked with singes and soot. It was no longer a matter of teeth: Ludmilla had grown so enraged, so utterly furious, that she was all gums.

"YOU...WRETCHES! I..."

A violent shudder tore through Ludmilla, interrupting, making her huff and tremble all over. She tried again to speak, but the trembling only grew more and more terrible, more powerful and deep. Right away, the other dragons all reared back, jaws slack, eyes bulging.

"OH, NO, NO," Cynder panted, as Spyro planted his hands onto Ludmilla's vast side,

Figment doing the same on the other. ***"SHE...SHE ISN'T DONE GROWING! HOLD ON, GUYS, I'M COMING TO HELP--"***

Before she got one huge foot ahead of her, Cynder was slammed with a sheer wall of scaly growth. She was shoved back as Ludmilla grew with such ugly force that she nearly blacked out from the speed of it, as Ludmilla *exploded* in size.

Her immense hands clutched the Earth, only to bulge so big that they each covered a side of the whole. Her belly and haunches slipped away, growing feet kicking about as the planet vanished under her ballooning breasts and torso. 5,000 miles blew clear up to 12,000 miles, the stretching scales and raging body heat overtaking the shadowed realm below. Her muzzle opened wide into a pained roar as Ludmilla shook and hiccuped and blew even bigger, her hide pulling intensely tight as she screamed and surged to 20,000 miles, in one hard, tight gush of expansion.

The humble moon connected with her swelling neck, bumping off its course as Ludmilla's bust poured out over Earth, fully consuming it, more and more of the dwindling globe shoving tight between her massive breasts. At 30,000 miles, she finally stopped, huffing out a thick, snaking burst of steam and magic glitter, shaking with power and lust.

Spyro, Figment and Cynder had all been hugging tight, desperately holding onto her sides and arm; all of them had been absorbing, and still were—but even then, Ludmilla's size hardly lowered down, at all. The three dragons were exploding in size, yet they all were mere ticks in comparison.

Spyro's teeth were as grit as they could be as he trembled and inflated up to 2,000 miles, then 2,500, seconds later, having to take size in awkward, lurching gulps of growth. Figment billowed up to 2,200 miles, Cynder a whopping 4,000...yet, as Ludmilla panted, then growled and shook even worse, blowing up to a terrifying 40,000 miles, their gains seemed more laughable, yet.

***"WHY...BOTHER...WITH
THE WORLD..."*** Ludmilla huffed, licking her muzzle over

as she trembled on and on. ***"WHEN I COULD
AIM...B-BIIIIIIIGGGER!?"***

"SHE'S LOSING IT!" Spyro moaned, blowing up to 4,000 miles in size. ***"I'VE
NEVER BEEN T-THIS....POWER-MAD...SHE'S REALLY T-TAKING THE
CAKE, HERE!"***

"J-JUST...KEEP AT IT..." Cynder roared, from over on Ludmilla's massive forearm,

having surged up to 5,000 miles, every bit as big as Ludmilla had been. ***"I'LL TRY AND DO SOMETHING ELSE..."***

Once more, Cynder shot a torrent of even-darker fire, battering Ludmilla's muzzle, just big and strong enough to make the titanic dragoness roar and shake her head in anger. She locked eyes with a defiant Cynder, who welled up for another attack—only to have Ludmilla blast her with a far thicker streak of fire.

Figment and Spyro hung on as Ludmilla's vast body floated in space, entire asteroid belts and tiny moons steadily pulling into her expanding gravity well. As they both fed their way up to 6,000 miles, the flames soaked into Cynder, and within seconds, she burst up and up, swelling with bulk and curves alike, to over 12,000 miles, then 18,000!

"GO, CYNDER!" both Figment and Spyro cheered, as Cynder reached out and openly throttled Ludmilla's thick neck with both arms. At 20,000 miles in size, she was only a third of Ludmilla's—but it was bearing progressive fruit, as at last, the growing villain shook, then started to steadily creep smaller in size. Cynder took in more and more, her chest swelling and rubbing and dragging against her opponent's, as she burst up to 26,000 miles, versus Ludmilla's 50,000.

"FIG!" Cynder bellowed, shaking them all from the force of her utterances.
"SHE'S...SHRINKING DOWN...DO YOUR T-THING!"

With the unfathomable amount of power Figment was absorbing, the 7,000-mile dragon felt more than confident, and nodded sharply. He was practically the size of the Earth, of course he could manage a big enough portal—or portals!

As he focused, an incredibly vast portal began to yawn into being, out in space, growing wider and wider still. Another portal appeared, right where Ludmilla's tail was growing, and in seconds it swallowed the tip, then the midsection, as she grew back towards 60,000 miles, then again was drained smaller.

"LET...GOOOO!" Ludmilla bellowed, thrashing her massive bulk, putting every oversized pink muscle to work (forcing Spyro and Figment to cling tighter).

"...I WAS MEANT...TO RULE! I WILL NOT BE HELD BACK...BY YOU PEONS! DON'T THINK...I WON'T...CRUSH YOU TO POWDER!"

Her massive fist raised again, and she pummeled Cynder dead-on. Even being nearly 30,000 miles tall, big enough to hold the Earth like a ball, Cynder went flying. Her grip lost, she went into a mean tumble, spiraling back through space—only for another portal to flash open and catch her, sending her right back, opening up behind Ludmilla, and allowing Cynder to spiral right into her, bashing the bigger dragon in retribution.

Coming from behind, Cynder found it easy to bear-hug Ludmilla's backside, clasping tight. No amount of thrown fists of any size could reach her now, and Ludmilla sourly resumed shrinking, as Spyro, Cynder and Figment continued to sap her size down to 40,000 miles.

Increasingly frustrated, Ludmilla whipped her tail about, whacking Cynder's bulky sides like a spiked whip. Cynder roared and groaned, but dug deep and kept her grip, despite the pain. Knowing she couldn't take the abuse forever, Figment bit his lip, thought, then simply bit Ludmilla, instead. His teeth sank in enough to do service, as he heard a bloodcurdling screech of hate up above. One glance up, and Ludmilla's maw was opening, a white-hot blast of fire bursting towards him.

"ACK!" Figment hollered, opening up a portal, last-second. The fire blew into it, instead of at him, and with another grunt of focus, Figment opened another portal behind Cynder, so that the fires blasted her even *bigger*.

Cynder shook and rumbled, with sudden delight, the pain replaced with pleasure, as both males watched her blast up even larger, swelling clear up over Ludmilla, her breasts rolling and smothering over her rival's head with startling speed as she ballooned up to 70,000 miles. Both massive dark arms hugged around Ludmilla, holding her back tight, the 30,000-mile dragoness now well-past caught in Cynder's muscled grasp.

"FIGMENT, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!" she laughed, swishing a monstrous tail around.

"I'VE GOT HER, YOU TWO GET CLEAR! AND KEEP GROWING THE PORTAL!"

Spyro was already drifting off, his 10,000-mile body pure muscle and girth, his smile wider than his shoulders. He stared up and up at Cynder, in rapt attention, as a 9,000-miles tall Figment joined him.

"WOULD YOU JUST LOOK AT HER, FIG," Spyro sighed, beaming.
"WHAT A WOMAN!"

"WE AREN'T DONE, JUST YET," Figment replied, concentrating harder.
The portal swelled up with a roar of energy, creeping up to 30,000 miles in diameter, then 40,000.
"ALMOST... ENOUGH..."

Unfortunately, that was when Ludmilla began to rumble, once more; this time, however, the rumble was so deep, so awful and dark, that space itself began to shudder. Planets hovering nearby, only so much larger than the dragons, began to wobble ominously, as Ludmilla's pink skin darkened into a muddier, nastier shade. Her horns lengthened out, her entire body pulsing out angrily as she snarled and roared, her speech leaving her faculties as raw, demonic rage bubbled forth.

"FIGMENT, QUICK!"

Cynder's huge voice was cut short, as Ludmilla grew, and grew *fast*.

The terrible dragoness' 30,000-mile tall body bulged out, doubling in size, in one horrible blast of growth. Cynder stayed the larger dragon for only a precious second, a beat, as once more the rumbling returned, and the throbbing Ludmilla bellowed and billowed and swelled out, doubling in size again. 120,000 miles, over six-hundred million feet of muscle and rage, blew up in front of Cynder, forcing her mighty arms further, and further, and further apart.

Just like that, in seconds, the portal was no longer adequate at all. Still, Figment pushed, forcing it to stretch out to 90,000 miles, bigger than entire planets, trying to quickly outpace Ludmilla.

Spyro was already back onto the villain, his hands and feet, his entire front pressing tight to her breasts, drawing in all that he could to help. Ludmilla dwindled for one moment of relief, slipping down to 100,000 miles, only to laugh a terrible, godly boom of a laugh, as she exploded even larger, effortlessly, doubling her size *again*.

Cynder screamed from the effort of trying to hold onto that much back muscle, her claws dragging away as Ludmilla outclassed her by a greater and greater degree.

Figment concentrated even harder, forcing multiple portals to pop up and consume Ludmilla's feet, her huge hands, her horns, all of them taxing size out of her—yet, astonishingly, Ludmilla simply snorted and shook all over, and blew up again, doubling in size once more, booming uncontrollably to 400,000 miles in size! Her eyes alone were bigger than the entirety of Earth, the sun only twice her size, as entire smaller planets, moons, planetoids and asteroids all swirled obediently about her growing muscles and hips. Biceps big enough to fit multiple worlds swelled even bigger, tighter, overflowing with power, as Ludmilla laughed and growled, great torrents of building magic spilling out of her muzzle. Her eyes flared bright as she trembled and moaned, then doubled in size again, inflating

terribly, bursting up to 800,000 miles!

Even with everything sapping her, taxing her size, she was growing. Even with everything thrown at her, Ludmilla was expanding bigger, *faster. There had to be an end to it, there had to!*

Figment's limits had grown so, so much, and yet, he was finding them back again. His vision blurred here and there, as he forced more portals open, trying to drain from Ludmilla's vast toes, her fingers, anything he could manage to get hold of...but it wasn't enough.

A 50,000-mile tall Spyro fed as best he could, but even his limits were showing, as he panted and wobbled, starting to slip off of her chest gradually. Cynder clawed at the tera-giant's back, but nothing was stopping her now. All their efforts merely slowed her, somewhat.

In a last-ditch move, Figment forced every portal to move, merging them all with the master portal, increasing its size. It pushed North of 300,000 miles, an absurd measurement by all previous metrics, but as Ludmilla cackled mindlessly and shook all the worse, all over, all seemed well-and-truly lost.

Naturally, this made it all the more surprising, when Ludmilla not only stopped laughing, out of nowhere, but also finally stopped her growth. The violent rumbling died off, leaving the behemoth floating in space, confused. Her bestial nature maintained, all Ludmilla could manage was a baffled grunt as she looked herself over...then slipped smaller. Then, smaller, still. Further and further, she shrank, her confusion melting into renewed anger, as she trembled and lurched down to 500,000 miles, then 400,000 after that.

Before Figment could fully shake his tiredness off, he heard it:

"Portal! Inside Ludmilla! Back to here! Now!"

"WHAT," Figment balked, looking around in shock. The voice was unfamiliar, tiny, barely even perceptible, at his vast size.

"Portal inside her! Lead back here! Quick, Figment!"

The instructions were clear, yet insane: open a portal, *inside* of her?

Figment breathed hard, already run ragged, before giving in, and trusting the voice. He focused on Ludmilla, watching her roar and thrash as she shrank down to 300,000 miles. Spyro seemed unable to pull much more size, so gluttoned and overwhelmed by the sheer amount of power he had absorbed, leaving him a stunning 60,000-miles, to her still-bigger self. He finally relented, floating away, eyes rolled back in an odd confluence of absolute pleasure and defeat. Still, Figment focused, imagining harder, until he felt it happen.

A look of extreme discomfort hit Ludmilla as she growled and shook, before another portal nearer to Figment opened; nothing seemed to visibly pass through, until a familiar suction hit, pulling and pulling—an irresistible force, even out in space.

THUMP

The door slammed shut, and for a third time, there they all were, safely inside of the same living room. Granted, things were in severe disarray, this time, indicative of one thorough struggle.

"Oh, good grief,' Spyro huffed, rubbing his head, once more about the size of a child, as were the other dragons. "A little warning, would be great, next time!"

"What happened?" Cynder gasped, looking around in a fugue. "We...we can't be back...how'd that happen, way out here?"

"Ah, yeah, I took care of all dat, there," Bartok smugly replied, coming up from behind the both of them. Though he'd been reduced in the same manner, he was still as full of bulk and girth as the others—and at the moment, he wore it well. "Baba Yaga, she filled me in on things, an' we hatched us a pretty nice master plan, I tell you."

"Bartok!" Figment gasped, still wobbling in place, before he went over to hug the dragon-bat. Bartok faltered, blushing, before tacitly half-hugging back, blinking cautiously. "Haha, I bet I know...w-what happened...you got hold of the antidote!"

"Well, s'a little bit more dan that, actually," he laughed, still blushing, as the others crowded around. "Yeah, see, I maybe beat a bit of a retreat, at first, sure...but yer buddy there, he chased me down, an' he had Baba's house with him...so, the door opens, since it was free by then—sorry fer sittin on ya, by the by—well, Baba Yaga gave me the finished antidote, to take to Ludmilla...only when I left with Toothless, boy, y'all had grown so huge, I couldn't even...I was like a little speck! So, I figured I had to get the antidote to Ludmilla, myself, while you guys kept her all tied up-like and busy..."

"Then, you took the antidote in one hand, since you got your size back after leaving...and you flew it all the way up through space, and tossed it into Ludmilla's mouth," Figment guessed.

"Ah, well, I tried to...but she was thrashin' all around, real bad, an' I couldn't make the shot...so I uh, I flew right into her mouth, to make sure it went in. Only, she snapped me up with it. Real nasty business, I wont go into it."

"But...you *talked* to me," Figment said, having to lean into Cynder, who absorbed on contact, and swelled up a bit bigger; she helped sit Figment down on the floor, rather than feed off of him.

"Eh? Dat wasn't me, Figment, I dunno what yer talkin' about there," Bartok huffed, cocking his draconic head. "I made right fer Ludmilla, since she was gettin' too big, too fast."

"Heh, that was me, actually!"

Everyone turned to face Toothless, who beamed wide, his thick tail beating the floor. No one spoke, from the surreality of the moment. He watched them back, before nodding and folding his thick, bulky arms.

"Well, it *was*," he continued, shrugging. "I saw Bartok doing something selfless, and figured I had best tell Figment to get him back out. Didn't seem right, leaving him to get digested. Besides, I had Baba's house with me, so the moment he got free, I could let her door open, and we'd all get back safe inside."

"Huh," Figment mumbled, thinking. "I can believe you swallowed the seed earlier...but really? Bartok was willing to sacrifice himself?"

"Yeah, don't be so shocked, there," Bartok snorted, embarrassed. "I mostly just wanted to get back at that pompous Regent—she fell into the remaining potion, after you all left, hence why she get so all-fired super-colossal, there! And hey, more than just revenge, I did swear I'd save...Ivan! Oh shoot, the prince! All this time, I don't...where was he?"

"Back safely on Earth, as we all are now," Baba said, the sly old crone suddenly there, in the living room. She held a glass orb in one hand, within which Ludmilla was now trapped. She stood only the size of a small toy or doll, snarling and bashing herself against its insides, uselessly. "You can close your portals, Figment."

"Consider it done," he wheezed, exhausted. "Well, then...go, team dragon, eh?"

Spyro was the first to chime in:

"Heck, yeah, team dragon wins! Heh! That was a serious rush!"

"You were passing out from overload, yourself," Cynder joked, nudging him gently.

"Best practice I ever had. I've never been big enough to hold entire planets!"

"Eh, it was nice, bein' the biggest, fer a short bit, there," Bartok admitted, grinning.

"Trust me, buddy, if you hang around us long enough, you'll get *way* bigger," Spyro offered.

"Really!"

"Hehe, yeah! See? You're a real dragon, now! Look how excited you got!"

"Alright, alright, you lot," Baba Yaga sighed, waving her free hand. "Enough chatter! The world has been through a tremendous shock! It will take some time to rebuild what you all flattened."

"Oh, good Lord," Cynder said, finally stopping to think on it. "The people!"

"Oh no, no, don't worry about them," Figment said, thumping onto his back, upon the floor. "They're all fine, I promise. No one was harmed, I saw to it earlier..."

Cynder and Spyro looked to each other, while Toothless nodded knowingly.

"Yup," the black dragon said, completely confident. "I saw it while you were all battling. As I chased down Bartok, I noticed it. Sections of the world were sliding back into place, and rebuilding on their own."

Figment laughed, wagging faster, still flat on the floor.

"What?" Baba Yaga said, slowly. Even she went silent, before stepping back in fear and awe.

"You...fixed it? All of...the entire world?"

"Well, the top half. I kept imagining things were fine down here, as we fought," Figment chirped. "It was on my mind so much, while all the devastation was going on...I kept thinking, *everyone was alright*, just...disrupted and jostled about, some, at the most."

"That level of power," the old witch muttered, lost in thought. "That would make you...much...*stronger* than...I ever imagined..."

"Thanks," Figment chuckled, sincerely flattered. "I do try."

"You've grown into a pretty amazing creature, Fig, don't be modest," Cynder added.

"Long as you're on our side, it's all good," Spyro further added, getting a poke to massively thick ribs by Cynder.

"So, then, all's well again, and fixed, yeah?" Bartok asked. "I mean, the world is safe and all that, Ludmilla...well, she's still a dragon, an' so am I...but otherwise, we're good, yeah?"

Bartok headed for the door, casually, satisfied with things.

"Well, not entirely," Figment said, stopping him. "Bartok, did you take any antidote, yourself?"

"Well, no, gosh...I was kinda focused on getting it Ludmilla..."

"Were you still growing, after you left with the antidote?"

"Yeah..."

"Then, the moment you leave here...you may keep getting bigger, on your own. For all I saw, that potion is unbelievably powerful. You could outgrow us all in short order, unless you get a dose of antidote, yourself."

"Oh, no, not *dat*," Bartok mock-agreed. "I was kinda hopin' we were done talking..."

"Worry not, I'll see to the cure," Baba Yaga replied, setting Ludmilla's crystal cage down on a dresser shelf. "Also, I don't want this *anywhere* near me, or this Ludmilla character, so you take it..."

Figment looked up, propping on his elbows, as Baba Yaga handed him a large, brilliantly colorful ball. A candy.

"Wait. Is this..."

"Yes, yes. A small sliver of potion remained, after that cursed dragoness fell into the pot. It cooled and hardened, so I don't want anything this devastatingly powerful around. Take the blasted thing with you. I tried to break it on my own, and failed. An immense energy made all attempts to destroy it impossible, so you might as well look after it."

"Amazing," Figment muttered, looking it over. "A new candy?"

"I'll try it," Toothless said, stepping in ahead of Spyro, whose mouth was already opening to say the same thing. "I tried the seed, I might as well broaden my horizons!"

"Or broaden, to horizon-size," Spyro muttered.

"I'll hold onto it, just the same. Though you do sound great, by the way, I like the voice," Figment said, putting the candy away in his bag.

Toothless nearly swelled larger, from the praise.

"So, feel free to rest here, while I create the antidote," Baba Yaga interjected. "But after that, you should depart. You've done much to help, yet a certain chaos follows you closely, a chaos I do not wish any prolonged proximity to."

"Yes, ma'am," Figment agreed, before letting himself thud back to the floor. "I think I can manage a portal inside of here, just fine. We should go, anyhow, once you explain how to break from the path we're on..."

"Of course, yes," she backpedaled, nodding quickly. "I did agree. Then, as I create the potion, listen well. The path you are set upon is intricate and invisible, a force. The will binding you to it is impossibly strong. Your only means to detach from it is to open a *counter*-portal."

Figment thought on it, furrowing his brow.

"A counter...portal? As in, backwards? How would going back...wouldn't we just wind up in the previous world?"

"Not quite. The line you are on is a stream, not a landscape, which is static. Returning backwards to a spot on land will get you somewhere you've been, but not with water. The water you would return to wouldn't be the water you were in, earlier, that's moved on. Each world is a drop of water, in one current. That current reflects what this greater intelligence wishes. If you move out of that current, into a world not on its path, you would effectively be moving, on your own. Free of that will."

Figment's mind boggled.

"How would I know where to leap, then? Rather...how do I open a counter-portal?"

"You would have to reverse a portal, or re-imagine its flow."

"Well...hmm."

Bartok fidgeted some, as Figment was given the time to sit up and process things.

"Imagining...backwards? Or would it be like turning the hands of a clock, maybe?"

"Give yourself time to practice, if need be," Baba Yaga offered, somewhat grudgingly. "Just, don't take up too much time."

"Sorry, I know we're taking up your time," Figment soothed. "I...I think I know what to do, one moment!"

Even Ludmilla had calmed down enough to sourly stare daggers through her unbreakable prison, watching on with the others as Figment closed his eyes.

"I need to move the portal differently, and put in enough power to break from the current's momentum in space and time," Figment mumbled, concentrating. "That's what Blair would say, I think..."

Toothless made a confused face.

"We'll explain later," Cynder whispered to him, as the entirety of the living room dropped darker, and darker. "Er, Fig..."

"I've almost got it," Figment replied, as a spark snapped through the air, near the ceiling. "My mind is my hand...and that hand...is dipping into the stream, stirring against it..."

The portal flickered angrily to life, overhead, glowing bright red, instead of blue.

"That...looks like a kind of mean portal, Fig," Spyro muttered, trying to sound okay with it.

"It's just the opposite color, on the spectrum, it's alright," Figment explained, as the portal expanded abruptly, pushing out through the very walls, as if partially exiting it as it grew. "I just need to give it enough power to—"

A thunder-crack burst, before the portal twitched on its own accord, then lurched down, falling lower. Before anyone could even shout, the entire house drew inward, dimensional space pinching into its center, then vanishing completely into it.

Lastly, the solitary portal shuddered, then flickered, then vanished, as well, leaving only the cold reaches of the motherland's mountains and sweeping forests below. Winds tumbled and brushed the snow along an undisturbed, mended world, leaving no trace of the dragons that had partially destroyed, then saved it.