

## ***OUTER SPACE, ROCK PLANET***

***JUNO, 9:41 PM***

At last. At long, glorious, *aching* last, Juno had what she had always really and truly wanted, her entire life:

*All of it.*

The female wolf touched down with all the grace of a kid who knew they were getting what they wanted, a wide beaming grin struggling to fit on her muzzle as she looked it all over.

“Mine,” she sighed, her tail frantically wagging behind her immense rear. “All mine! Haha, I can’t believe it! I’ll come help them all out, for sure—just, this way, I’ll wrap all our problems right up in one ever-growing hand, and be the heroine no one saw coming!”

She thought, then smirked.

“After that, everyone will see me, no matter whether I come or g...g-g...GGH...”

Her own thrill proved enough to trigger her spurt, as Juno howled and let her body erupt in size, pouring everywhere as her 3,900-mile body shot up to 9,300 instantaneously. Hot, stretching creaks and rumbling groans stole every swelling inch of her body as she closed her eyes, hugged herself tight, and let it happen.

*“HHH...HH-YUH-Y-YEESSSSSS...P-PUH-PERRF-FFFF-FFFFFECC-CTT-T!”*

Juno’s happiness spilled out over her 22,100-mile body as it bulged out, curves exploding into lewd, furry mounds of promise and heat as her rump boomed wider, her thighs heaving twice the width of her shoulders. Her bosom bullied her torso, overtaking it as her inflamed nipples sagged and pulsed and grew, milk dribbling out in tickling streams. Her tail fluffed into a forest as she caught her own howl in her growing neck, shuddered, and *blasted* to 57,000 miles, then 80,000!

Millions of feet stuffed into her trembling frame as Juno grabbed her own muzzle and held it closed, whimpering in complete abandon, as it letting the roar of joy out would stop the buildup within her body.

*Go on, explode. Do it. Do it! I want it! Haha! I WANT IT!*

The desperation of the scene, the threat of Melon, the madness of a world overruled by the whims of giants...

That she was about to eclipse all of it so, so badly made her jerk up tight as her sex trembled, puckered in, and blew up between her legs, burning with need, needing *more need* still, delighted in just how insatiable she was becoming.

110,000 miles. She was so big, she could have held even Legoshi like nothing at all. A baby. Less than that, even. At over half a billion feet tall, she should have already been queen of the system, of entire worlds. She could have held Earth itself in her palm, no problem at all. She could have eaten it like a snacky little apple—

*Eaten! Right! I need to get started here!*

The 140,000-mile Juno stopped, blowing a jubilant plume of colored steam out as her spurt concluded, leaving her looking herself over happily...before pouting.

“Hum...I just ate a chunk of that rock before...you would think I’d be much bigger, still. Yet again, trying to keep me from my full glory, it seems. But look where I am! I can still fix that right up! It’s just easier to eat at this new size!”

Juno wriggled her now-absurd rear as she thudded down on both knees, arched lower against herself, then growled in frustration.

“Wait.”

She tried again. And again. Yet, there was no getting around it. Or rather...around *them*.

“C...crap!”

Her breasts were in the way. Utterly. Being nearly half her entire size now, the wolf’s bust only dimpled cutely against her full weight, a pair of overloaded mounds that happily wobbled as she struggled to get in closer and use her teeth properly. They seemed to think she was playing.

“Okay,” Juno grumbled, resting her chin deep in her cleavage as she restructured things. “Okay, not a problem...”

She slid back up onto her rump, ears twitching, before calmly going back to a towering stand, sliding her legs a bit...and stomped for all she was worth, cracking the rock below a tiny bit. Then, with a harder stomp, a little bit more.

Anywhere else, each slam of her massive soles and toes would have been enough to destroy worlds; it wasn't that she wanted to, in a populous area, of course, that would have taken away worshippers. Here, in this desolate nothing, however...

"Come on," she huffed, stomping over and over in place, until more fragments began to break open. "There we go! Haha, good!"

"Juno, stop!"

"Oh, no," the wolf moaned, gingerly turning to see a far, far tinier Haru landing near to her, thumping over briskly. She wasn't even toe-sized to her, now, it was actually adorable.

"J-Juno, please," Haru panted, popping her musclebound back. "I know what you want to do, I understand, but let's think about this first. You must see how much rock there is here! Tell me you're just going to have a little bit, at the most!"

"Haru," Juno said, surprisingly gently, thudding around to face her. "Honey, let's not fight about this, okay? Hmm? We get along, right? Why don't you have a little, even? I can just have the rest, and that way you won't be totally lost on my growing mass! You and Legoshi can just enjoy each other, on me! Don't worry, haha, I will absolutely keep you both safe, I would never let him be harmed. O-or you!"

Haru broke into a stunted laugh, but recovered quick.

"Ah, th-that's kind of you, but really, let's hold off a moment, okay? If we keep outclassing one another too violently, it's just going to lead to way more chaos—"

"Oh no, no, sweetie, I figured that out," Juno rumbled, wagging again. "If I completely overwhelm the situation, that's it. It ends. I'll just swallow that Melon creep whole, and we're all good. I mean, Louis, he'll fuss, of course he will—"

**"HAH."**

Both females lurched back, momentarily prey-like, as a shadow spilled out over them from farther away. That shadow belonged to a view-blocking mountain of rabbit, white on one side, black on the other. Haru leapt back, whereas Juno just cocked a brow in quiet disbelief.

"M-Mizuchi!?" Haru bellowed, though to Mizuchi, it was a peep.

“Who?” Juno huffed, looking the 190,000-mile harlequin rabbit over.

**“YOU’VE SEEN ME AROUND CHERRYTON, DOG,”** Mizuchi rumbled, the overloaded lapine smirking coldly; all told, she was a wall of new-grown, swollen muscle, more than a match for even Haru’s amazing build. **“THERE’S ONLY ONE HARLEQUIN RABBIT THERE, AFTER ALL. UNLIKE SOME COMMON WOLF.”**

“You know this joke?” Juno asked Haru, looking away from the glowering giantess.

“Ugh,” Haru replied, sagging, having to shout to be heard. “Unfortunately.”

**“WHAT IS THAT...IS THAT...HARU? BAHAAAAHA!”**

The rock beneath them shook for it as Mizuchi sneered down over her bosom, flexing one ivory bicep tight, then the ebony after.

**“OH, THIS IS PERFECT! LOOK AT YOU, DOWN THERE, WHERE YOU BELONG! HELL, I CAN HARDLY MANAGE IT, FROM UP HERE! LET’S SEE YOU LOOK DOWN ON ALL THIS, NOW!”**

“Look, Jester,” Juno japed, “could you go off and be the best joker somewhere else? My friend and I were talking.”

Mizuchi’s face went from Sunshine to storm front.

**...“HARLEQUIN. WHY DON’T YOU TWO MITES CLEAR OFF OF MY ROCK? GO ON, SHOO. GIT. I WENT THROUGH HELL TO LEAP ONTO HERE.”**

To Haru’s surprise, Juno’s monumentally big foot slid the broken rock pile over towards her, offering it wordlessly.

“It’s hardly *yours*, bunny,” Juno retorted, hands to her vast, soft hips. “And pro-tip, one girl to...hmm, another? If you’re really special, you don’t have to say how special you are. It’s really classless, isn’t it?”

**“SHUT. UP.”**

“Haha, I mean, really, you’re this big, and your ego is still that weak? What, do you need attention every minute, just to get out of your special, endangered bed every afternoon?”

*Sure.* Sure, some part of Juno knew that all came back on her, a little. But a little hypocrisy didn't look that bad, when there was that much of her to weigh against it.

Mizuchi answered by raising a handful of broken rock, and cramming it all into her scowling muzzle, swallowing it down loudly.

**“I’VE REACHED MY FILL ON INSULTS,”** Mizuchi boomed, stomping threateningly nearer, shaking even Juno a bit as she did.

“Haha, you had an allowable limit?” the wolf cackled, playing it up more, refusing to step back even once. “So, you do take garbage from others?”

Juno was still up to about chest-height, almost, at the eartips, compared to her. Maybe she could hold her own long enough, if it really came to blows. Truth be told, Mizuchi was a hulk.

**“THAT KIND OF TALK WAS POSSIBLE, YESTERDAY, PUPPY,”** the harlequin rabbit snorted, grinning lop-sidedly. **“NOT TODAY. MAYBE *YOU* SHOULD TRY EATING A LITTLE GARBAGE, CARNIVORE.”**

Juno remained unimpressed, on the outside. The acting practice was suddenly worth its considerable weight. The wolf could already feel the rumble behind her, and redoubled her attitude as sounds of pulling hide and ballooning muscle rose to prominence.

*Pfft. Of course, she gets her spurt right away.*

*Wait, she ate rock along with me, back on the big lizard. Won't that make Haru—*

The realization was more brought to Juno, rather than her arriving at it, as Haru's body *boomed* to insanity behind her. The terrain cracked and split as a sheer wall of white-furred bunny muscle crashed down, finally managing to stagger Juno as Haru grew and grew.

Mizuchi thumped back as Haru matched her size with no bother, rumbled massively, grit her incisors, then blew up beyond even her.

Boulder-shoulders and inflated breasts framed a monstrous fluffy neck, Haru's head stranded in the center as her traps detonated bigger above her, her biceps pleading for relief as they burst tighter and tighter over her swollen forearms. Her thighs *boom-boomed* strange percussive rhythms as they heaved to impossible width, just barely supporting her size as she billowed to 230,000 miles tall, then stopped, just slightly larger than even Gosha.

**“AGH,”** Mizuchi choked, her frustration damming everything up as her long ears flopped back flat to her huge neck. **“NO WAY...NOT AGAIN! NOT AFTER I GOT HERE!”**

Juno yipped as a very big hand scooped her off to safety, astonishingly careful, and unbearably soft. The same way Haru doted on her plants, she had carefully moved her new friend over, planting her elsewhere as she grinned, then cut one hell of a glare at Mizuchi.

**“ALWAYS WITH THE BAD ATTITUDE,”** Haru bellowed, storming over, then barrelling right into Mizuchi, shouldering into the stunned harlequin with enough power to send her skidding onto her bulky back. **“DO YOU EVEN UNDERSTAND HOW ELEVATED YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN, IF YOU HAD JUST STARTED ON THE SAME LEVEL AS ANYONE ELSE?”**

Mizuchi groaned, shaking the hit off as she rose to both massive rabbit’s feet. From the look, she did not understand one bit. Something else was surely on her mind.

**“YOU’RE THE ONE THAT DOESN’T UNDERSTAND! YOU WERE NEVER ALONE LIKE I WAS! THERE’S THOUSANDS OF YOU IN A HOUSE! I NEVER GOT ANYTHING LIKE THAT, EVER!”**

Juno watched in awe as two bunnies, of all creatures, clashed in a titanic grapple, muscles bulging so large that the wolf was momentarily spellbound by the sheer power on display.

**“AND YOU NEVER WILL, AT THIS RATE,”** Haru retaliated, bringing one bulky leg up and smashing Mizuchi’s breasts, battering them up into the rabbit’s muzzle.

Juno cleared her own throat, more to snap out of her trance than to call attention. This one time, she was content to sneak off unseen. When she felt far enough away for comfort, the wolf whooped in delight, wagging faster as she thundered farther off.

*Perfect! Haha, Haru, you’re wonderful! You keep that jester occupied, while I go and make myself into the new, ever-growing goddess I deserve to be!*

## ***OUTER SPACE***

***GOSHA, 9:46 PM***

It wasn’t like the last time, back on Earth, in the city. Not entirely.

The more Gosha hurt him, the larger Melon became; the hybrid caught the reptile's headbutt dead-on the second time, and that time it threw Gosha back instead. The force of the feedback rippled through Melon as he winced, then trembled and stretched even larger, all as Gosha watched. He had still been big enough to work his entire tail around Melon's immense neck, choking the 440,000-mile hybrid as he twisted his body around and spat Venom directly in Melon's face. Yet, that neck only bulged wider, thicker, the fur frizzing out as Melon groaned from pain, then billowed to 470,000 miles, his muscles gorging on energy as they groaned.

Louis, no long beggar or chooser, devoted himself to pure offense. Only two-thirds Melon's growing size, the deer put everything into each blow, bashing his bigger hand away as he flew up to Melon's neck and tried to help Gosha's tail finish the job.

**“H-HUH,”** Melon rumbled, his tongue slipping out as he shook and ballooned to 500,000 miles in size, literally half a million miles of throbbing, burning bulk.  
**“H...HHHHHHAAAAAARDDDDUHHHRRRRR...”**

A phallus half as big as he stood tall bobbed in the void, pulsing so hard that they could hear it, his furred orbs overtaking his spreading legs as he rolled his glowing eyes and billowed gold energy from his opened maw.

Gosha, less than half Melon's stupendous size, put his body to work by hugging Melon's right arm, weighing it down as his tail obliged the hybrid, and squeezed tighter, along with Louis. Melon's eyes nearly were bright white as his irises ducked past the lids, the great male shaking openly, lewdly, his erection pushing higher and higher as he curled planet-dwarfing toes.

530,000 miles. Melon had ascended to a point where the Horns rockets would have burned out their collective fuel supplies, just to go from his nose to the tip of his shaft. Nearly 2.8 billion feet of anything in motion would fail to terrify any regular being, by virtue of being too big to comprehend in any meaningful way.

At their sizes, however, it was plenty scary for Louis and Gosha, who struggled back, even though struggling was exactly what made Melon larger.

And larger.

*And larger.*

Melon's pectorals burst into his jawline, tilting his muzzle as he easily pulled Louis off, turned, and pulled Gosha along as he threw the deer off yet again. Louis smashed back-first into some unlucky planet, cracking its surface as he and it both spun out of orbit.

Unable to properly taunt him, Melon instead forced his head towards Gosha, smiling ferally as he slowly, firmly began to flex. More and more size seemed to burst across the hybrid's bicep and tricep, bloating the muscles to mammoth scope. Tattoos of melon leaves swelled out of proportion across his booming girth as Gosha grunted and held fast, defiantly squeezing back at the expansion. Bulges of brawn and ruffled fur began to pump out between the lizard's arms, shoving his head back as Melon simply, somehow, added *more*.

His neck boooooomed slowly, uncurling Gosha's tail bit by bit as the hybrid didn't grow any taller, but wider instead. Much, much wider.

"GHHHHGH," the colossal komodo growled, blowing another burst of venom all over Melon's arm, then up in an arc that spattered his face. "COME...O-ONNNN..."

Another burst of venom, and another still.

Melon had slumped or lowered his lids a few times during the battle, but the god kept pushing through it, recovering after each billowing growth spurt. With no recourse left, Gosha welled up, held, aimed—and sprayed. Continuously. On and on.

More and more fluid coated Melon's muzzle, dripping down past his chin and soaking into his inflated pectorals; yet Gosha shot more, still, his body shaking as, for the first time in his storied life, the lizard found himself demanding the entire stock.

"NNNNNNGH," Melon slurred, flexing even bigger...before suddenly relenting a little.

Then, a little more.

"NNNN."

Melon's free hand crashed down, pummeling the reptile directly in the face, making Gosha splutter and cough as his head snapped back in pain.

The hand raised, the fist covered in venom; it shook, weakened, then sank down.

Gosha's vision reeled out behind him as everything spun. His grip loosened as he slipped back into space, shaking it off, willing his old eyes to get back to work as he wafted back from the supergiant.

*Get back up get back up get back up get back up*

*Not dead not dead get up*

A brain bigger than a planet threw everything at Gosha, the battered dragon coughing hard as he got his own air back. However this whole invincibility thing really worked, he still had an atmosphere of his own, and he was definitely still kicking.

*Good enough!*

Melon's eyes had been coated with venom, rendering them a burning pink-purple for the moment. Gosha saw well enough to act; he hurtled up towards Melon's larger head, grabbed the lower and upper jaws, and pried them open, clouds of god-power flowing out like smokestacks as a vast tongue presented itself.

Gosha wound up again, and blew a streak of venom directly in. Again, and again.

His titanic body was finally quaking from exertion, the old-timer having never made or spent this much at any one time, ever. The hand that caught his arm was almost a relief, as the komodo was ready to pass out. That didn't last.

Another gigantic hand snagged his other arm as the blinded behemoth held Gosha by both arms, before starting to viciously pull in opposing directions. Gosha hissed through clenched teeth as he tried to pull in and resist; he kicked and scratched and kneed back, making the drugged colossus growl and huff as he grew more and more sluggish—yet Melon held.

The socket began to worry, and so did he, as more and more force was applied, through the effects of the venom, spiting Gosha's efforts as Melon wobbled, sagged, then snapped back awake enough, pulling even worse.

*“MELONNNNN—”*

A huge fist crashed into Melon's jaw, making the staggered giant twist and release, one hand slipping off of Gosha's arm. The other swung the lizard away on reflex, only for him to *thump* safely into a huge shelf of furry, familiar brawn.

“Grandpa! Grandpa, are you okay? Hey!”

“Uh. Lego...shi?”

His grandson held him, equally enormous now, cradling the beaten elder close. He nearly matched the dragon in raw physique, floating at a whopping 200,000 miles tall, a soft rumble still cascading through him as he held him tight.

“It’s okay, it’s me, Grandpa! You were amazing! He’s nearly out!”

“So’m I, ahaha,” the lizard cough-laughed, nodding. “Are you oka-okay?”

“M-me? I’m fine, don’t even ask,” the wolf warmly said, moving Gosha gently back and away as a 320,000-mile Yahya brought both fists down on Melon’s head, knocking the stupefied giant into a spin as Bill pounced from the other side, over 205,000 miles tall. “You just hang back a few minutes, okay? Get your sights straight again, shake it off?”

“Uh, uh-huh,” Gosha huffed, nodding again, already smiling through the pain. “I’ll be right with you, y...go have f-fun.”

Legoshi nodded back firmly, wagging so hard he shook.

“Right!”

The wolf took off towards the fracas as Bill took hold of Melon’s left arm, Legoshi taking the right as Yahya put Melon into a mean headlock, his thick horse muscles booming angrily against his bulging neck.

“I lo...I l-love you too,” Gosha wheezed, before slumping in on his own bulk.

## ***OGMA’S HANDS, SITE OMEGA***

### ***OPERATIVE T, 9:48 PM***

“Just let me...pack it proper,” the owl shouted, having to do so to remain audible over the bowing walls and snapping windows and warping beams. “We can’t drop these on the way out!”

There was no time to rejoice or shake hands or flip when the last few working monitors cracked and died out, right as the final mixture slid out of a small pneumatic tube next to the main console. There was no chance to cheer as three beautiful bottles of pink fluid were collected by the scientist, or when he found a fitting carrying case that wasn’t already broken.

The thing was, the building was going sideways. All of it.

“–the hell is–out there–”

Mienai’s hollers hardly survived as the ground they were on tilted, breaking the site’s foundation one cracking thread at a time, but in rapid succession.

“Got to–now!” T shouted back, her already-hoarse voice dying out as she hurried the owl up the floor, finding a long power cable that didn’t break away when she pulled.

The carry case was in a satchel with a band, meaning T could throw it around her torso like luggage and shoo the fowl up the vertical plane, as though they were on belay. Mienai felt for it last, found it, and quickly climbed after them as they moved from the cable to the side of an embedded counter, going from that to the exit door just overhead.

“Which way!?” T roared, as shattering glass rose in the distance.

“Slide down! To–of the h–way! Go!”

The chopper was already in the air as they escaped into darkness and confusion. T waved her flashlight as the last of the lights inside the tilting site sputtered out, the generator presumably smashed by the destruction inside, hoping her light would attract the one spotlight up above them.

*“Here! We–here!”*

Just as the siding of the rooftop cracked open, as smoke and glass and drywall blew out on either side of the sinking exterior, that spotlight snapped to them, and found them all.

The pilot shook his tired head as they all climbed in and pulled the chain ladder back up into the seats, motioning impatiently for them to strap in and put on their headsets.

*“Cut it a touch close in there, yeah?”*

“But we got cigars, haha!” the owl shouted, no longer needing to.

“Haha, damn straight!” T laughed, the owl slapping her approvingly on her shoulder over and over. Being feathered and all, it was rather nice. “We got ‘em! We got ‘em, can you believe it! We can do this!”

“Hot damn,” the pilot replied, as Mienai slumped into his passenger’s seat, visibly sick. “How much of that stuff did you make?”

“W...well, three vials,” T stammered, suddenly losing a bit of wind. “That was all we could make...b-but we can stop Melon! That’s the key!”

“Well, it’s something,” the pilot sighed, nodding sympathetically. “Now, ah...how do we get the *big boy* here to open up and let us do the curing? We got fuel, but I...don’t want to hover forever...”

They went quiet.

“Right, I just thought it was space...dark...”

“You mean, this is Ogma’s hand?” the owl hummed, silently impressed. “Safekeeping, I suppose it makes sense. Only, with all the motion—”

“Right, something is clearly up, out there, if he’s so teetery with us,” Mienai added, dabbing his forehead with his shirt. “But for the moment, how do we get out? He’s not going to see a flare go off with his hands closed around us.”

“Well, that’s the rub,” the owl muttered, shrugging in his seat. “I figured this was a possibility. We need to cure him, first, in order to get free. Whether it’s his intent or a simple inability to know that we’re done, being as small as we are to him...it doesn’t really matter, in the long run. We inject him. Land where you can, please, I’ll handle this.”

After all they had survived, the counsel had nothing to say in protest.

## ***MELON’S UPPER RIB CAGE***

### ***OGMA, 9:50 PM***

The more the fighting went on, the harder it became for Ogma to stay still; the world was Melon, and Melon was in a tussle. An ongoing, ever-growing one, no less.

The ‘ground’ swelled out, and out, details in the hybrid’s patterned fur getting too big to understand as follicles rose, thickening from tall grass to high trees around the stag. Enormous masses of scaled or furred girth slammed and thudded and pressed to Melon’s body as features in

Ogma's landscape jerked back, mashed in or pulled out. Every blow landed shook his terrain, the deer finally having to dive away, lest a glinting planetoid of scales crush him flat.

"Not now," Ogma grouched, having to get back to his huge feet without the use of his hands. "Not when we're so close! Why are they intervening now, whoever they are!?"

Maybe he had already been injected, maybe not—all that mattered now was to keep his hands closed until there was a reaction within a reasonable time.

The fur had eventually stopped its growth, leaving Ogma completely lost in it. With no idea where to go or what was coming, he relied only on his motion sensing...which meant nothing, when a series of heavy, trundling *thumps* became close enough to hear.

The old stag winced, going as still as he knew how. The sounds were the same sickly, mindless snuffles from before, in between the thudding of colossal bear feet.

*Damn. It.*

His eyes moved back and forth, the CEO of practically half the world's industries suddenly vulnerable. If anything, money and power-wise, he was more unsurpassed than ever before, in history. Yet, he was seconds away from an attack even *he* might not weather. Had the bear grown bigger? He sounded so much heavier now. Was it a trick of the ears?

Something massive thundered closer, something so big it rose over the fur that eclipsed Ogma's massive form. Despite all the sense and caution he possessed, at last, Ogma relented, and looked up. It had been a poor choice.

The bear was *monstrous*, now. If Ogma had been regular height, and all normal, then the bear still would have been a house. *His kind of house.*

Ogma tried to look back down, but it just wasn't happening. Again, the great bear sniffed away, trying to suss his scent out of all that leopard-gazelle fur. Loathe as he was to admit it, the overgrowth was actually saving—

***"RRRRHN."***

There, up above, leered the bear, leaning in for one last sniff to confirm. A storm-growl escaped as the bear's jaws opened, and kept opening wider over him, and Ogma froze.

Only for the stag to gawk as the bear burst even bigger—wait. Wait, wait. The fur was growing, too.

*Am I...am—I am. I am! I'm shrinking!*

*...Perfect!*

Down, down the mega-deer shrank, dwindling in strange, slipping fits, sinking lower and lower as his muscles deflated by subtle degrees. The bear seemed bigger and bigger as he lurched down to 4,000 miles, then 3,670...3,440...2,900...

*It worked, after all! And once I rebound...*

The bear reared back overhead, sniffing again in bafflement as his scent shrank with him.

*I'll overpower you, up there...and Melon, himself!*

1,700 miles, just a little over half the size of the moon...

1,000 miles, just a portion of the country, lengthwise...

At 500 miles he stopped, waited, then nodded, inching away through the fur without disturbing any of it enough to draw the bear's attention. Still, feet many times bigger than he crashed clumsily around him, the bear outpacing him to such a degree that Ogma thought better of it and just held still, letting the bear *thud-thud* past.

Finding no further need of it, he divorced one hand of the other, a wave of heat released.

"They really did it, hah," Ogma whispered, ever-cautious. "Splendid. Now, to wait."

## ***SITE OMEGA HELICOPTER***

### ***OPERATIVE T, 9:52 PM***

The helicopter kept low over the carpet of Melon's fur, both relieved and nervous at once. Even reduced as he was, Ogma remained far bigger than most states, yet with him buried in the forestry, it was already out-of-sight, out-of-mind.

“I wonder how Ogma will react, when he realizes what’s in that cure,” the owl chuckled, both anxious and amused. “I’m pretty sure at this point, he was expecting it to benefit him, as you suggested.

“Why?” T ventured, the capybara narrowing her eyes. “What changed about it?”

“You’ll recall back when Ogma rebounded, post-injection? How his next spurt resumed anyway, despite the cure, and it came back wildly more powerful? I mean, he had to have ballooned to...thousands of times in size, really.”

“You figured that out, before?”

“You didn’t? He was so enthused about our cure.”

“Well, I mean, I didn’t trust his enthusiasm, like I had said—”

“Haha, right. He likely held us there until we were forced to inject him, knowing he would only suffer a temporary reduction, then a massive, massive increase.”

T ran the computations, and didn’t seem thrilled.

“S-so...we’ve just guaranteed he’ll become...insanely super-huge!? Why!?”

“The old cure would have, yes. I didn’t speak about it much before, because I didn’t know if we could even make it or not. Once the lab equipment was proven capable, I went ahead and changed the formula a little bit. There wasn’t time to figure out how to shrink them, since they clearly keep having spurts that wipe out the previous reductions...heh. But what I could do, quickly enough, was alter the potency—drastically.”

“So...he’ll get...less huge, this time?”

“Hopefully it won’t take long, and he won’t end up becoming *that* much larger, but...if my math was correct, his next growth spurt should come on too fast, overtaxing his system and shutting the growth process down on a biological level. The pauses and bursts of growth indicate a cooldown period between spurts, for all the giants we’ve observed thus far. This orders the cycle to continue, faster and faster, wrecking whatever functions the cooldown enables. He’ll overheat, then burn out, killing the cycle. Headaches might follow, but he’ll be done growing. H-hopefully.”

“Then, he’ll shrink!”

“...No.”

“What.”

Mienai sat ahead of them, listening in grim silence.

“We still need time and facilities, to even *hope* to cultivate a reversal agent. All of this was on the fly, you’ll remember. Even the burnout effect is hypothetical, since the evidence so far supports my approach...but it’s only evidence based on the last several *hours*.”

“Then, even if you’re right...if we cure Melon with this...”

“That’s right. It has to get worse, before it gets better. He’ll grow unfathomably enormous, yes...but he will burn out. Long-term, it’s better than him infinitely growing at an accelerating rate. Scary as that makes the short-term. We just need to observe Ogma from a safe distance, to make sure I’m right, before we even think of trying it on Melon. The effects should be very prompt, on the plus side. Then we go from there.”

“Mienai, sir,” T whined, “this can’t actually be our game plan. That’s insane!”

“Yes, it is,” the zebra sighed. “We’re proceeding.”

“But—”

“Would you rather we dither and inject Melon, when his base size is even bigger?”

T went dead silent, and stayed that way.

“Once Ogma confirms my theory, we’ll need somewhere safe enough to land, to get this done right,” the owl continued, looking out from his seat over the horizon of Melon’s abs. “If Melon is moving too much, this could prove tricky, and we can’t afford even one broken syringe. The case only came with several adjustable needle caps, after all.”

“Suggestions on where we should scout to land, then?” Mienai began, before Melon’s body lurched up to greet them. “Better to have a destination ready, right away—”

“*Whoa!*”

The pilot only got that much said as he yanked hard right, rising at an awkward angle as the ground followed—chased, even.

“He’s moving!”

*“I know!”*

“What the hell is happening with him, out there?” T asked, when the periphery of the land vanished in the distance, buried against an opposing vista of thick ebony fur.

“Left, left!” the owl hollered, as that very same vista rushed over to greet them.

## ***OUTER SPACE***

***PINA, 9:52 PM***

***“HOW...LONG...CANYH...HOLD...ME...”***

The question was fair, if initially difficult to understand. Melon’s body hardly grew at all, even as he was restrained, further proving the efficacy of sleep on the body’s abilities to expand.

Really, it was the only thing that they could think of.

“He’s almost out!” Yahya boomed, pressing his 420,000-mile body into the hybrid’s, squeezing monstrous biceps in on Melon’s neck as his head boomed, then swiveled back up. “Gosha! Gosha, get over here, we need more venom!”

“H-he’s passed out, I think!” Legoshi answered, the 300,000-mile tall wolf having stopped shy of the towering horse, putting all his mutual enormity to work holding Melon’s right arm down against his swollen lats. “Grandpa! Can you hear us?”

Farther out, the old lizard remained still, his chest rising and falling steadily.

“Someone go wake him!” Bill grumbled, having slightly more trouble with Melon’s left arm at 275,000 miles. “Jack, go! Get him, boy!”

“Excuse me!?” the 400,000-mile labrador rumbled, just big enough to hold in both of Melon’s massive legs. “You didn’t *really* just put it that way!”

“Well, who’s still...Pina!” the giga-horse spoke, straining to keep his hold. “Pina, where are you? Go wake Gosha back up!”

A small dall sheep floundered through space towards the reptile, waving back that he understood the mission. Being only a fourth the size of Gosha, however, made forcing the elder awake a bit of a rough proposition, as Pina shook and prodded and shoved to no avail.

“Good grief, wake up already,” he bleated, succeeding only in bumping the bigger lizard here and there, jostling his scaly bulk a bit. “How am I supposed to even do this?”

He looked back to the others as they struggled, as though answers would be inbound, then muttered absently as he stroked his wool and fretted, until several small clouds of dust came loose, making him wheeze as he snorted some bits in.

His ears perked up.

“That smell, hey...is that...”

He looked down on his own massive bulk, combing deeper, finding more bits and dusty granules of the rock.

“Did I just...naturally catch that drifting rock from before...in my wool? Hehe! Okay, okay, I can wake you, alright! Get ready, old-timer!”

His huge little body began to rumble deliciously as he pressed his wool to Gosha’s muzzle and shook hard, dusting the dragon’s face with all the powdered rock he could, until Gosha too began to slowly quake and tense and bulge tighter...

## ***MELON’S LEFT LATERAL, HELICOPTER***

### ***OPERATIVE T, 9:54 PM***

“It’s him,” Mienai said quietly, out of nowhere, mostly to himself. He sniffed again, perked his ears, and choked the rest out, suddenly snared in raw emotion. “It’s him!”

“What, Melon, Ogma?” the pilot queried, looking about as the helicopter stabilized, just shy of the enormous walls of pressed fur. “What?”

“We just avoided another giant making contact with Melon, is that what happened?”

“Y-yeah, a huge wall of fur just came down and hit his belly—”

“What color is the fur?”

“B-black, shiny black—”

“Hah,” the zebra exhaled, beaming. “Haha! It’s him, it-it’s Yahya! Is he really...that humongous now? It’s really him!?”

“I-I guess it is, there must be only so many giants matching that description.”

“I can smell him! That’s how I—you can’t smell his scent? It’s extremely distinct, and at this size, it’s just, it’s unmissable! Master Yayhya, he’s...he’s a god, practically!”

Operative T just watched. Quicker than she could have imagined, she started to understand her superior just a little more.

“He is something, isn’t he?” she offered, as the zebra sniffled back, rather out of character in the moment. Rather, maybe his character was *finally* showing.

Something bulged to prominence outside, booming bigger and thicker between the two colliding walls of muscle and fur, a third mass that was furiously expanding—a red-brown mass, no less.

“It’s happening,” the owl cut in, thumping on his window. “It’s starting, Ogma’s growing! Look, over there!”

A deep, heavy groan broke through, only partially muffled, as the stag’s overflowing muscles burst loose, shoving and grinding and billowing everywhere as pure size rocketed through his rumbling form.

“That...doesn’t sound good, for us, does it?” T asked, as the chopper began to flee the scene at top speed.

“It won’t, at first,” the owl reminded, though he too sounded unsure. “Remember, it’s about burnout, he’ll have to naturally start strong—very strong—”

In a shuddering instant, that brown mass nearly hit them anyway, regardless of their advanced retreat. If anything, Ogma's growth was so brutally colossal that they would surely have been dashed to nothing, had they remained in place to watch. A gigantic deer muzzle began to push forth between the parting walls as Ogma huffed, grit his teeth, shook, and inflated *massively*, a quaking groan of joy erupting as more of him grew free...

## ***OUTER SPACE***

### ***LEGOSHI, 9:56 PM***

This was it. Melon was slowing down to a crawl now, the gargantua finally running out of power as he slowly thrashed again, trembled, then sagged lower, the tension slipping from his prodigious muscles, his head sinking unwillingly into his oversized pectorals, nestling into the cleft as he grunted.

"We have him, we have him!" Yahya huffed, clearly worn from the struggle of containing him so long. "O-okay, everyone, good work...just hold on a little longer, until we're sure he's out for real!"

"T-then what, sir?" Jack asked, from below.

"Yeah," Legoshi seconded, clutching Melon's immense arm. "I mean, w-we don't really have a prison to just stuff him into, do we?"

"Let's just, you know...take care of him," Bill offered, from the other arm.

"Like, kill him?" Jack whimpered. "Isn't that a bit much?"

"He's a killer, kid," Yahya replied, plainly. "That's the problem. Soon as he wakes up, we're back in serious trouble. As long as he's the biggest, or even half our size, he's a threat."

"Well, a threat to what, other than our well-being?" Cosmo asked, having taken a bear-hug around Melon's waist from behind, her thick thighs caging his tail. "There's not really any functional world order that can apply to this. We're too big for that to matter anymore."

Yahya snorted, long and loud.

"Ah, I know. I know, you're right. This is all moving faster than we can keep ahead of. But we aren't free from the obligation to act."

“But killing him,” Legoshi said, “whatever order rises out of this, is that the foundation we really want to build on? B-besides, uh...who’s going to do it? And how? Melon’s a tank, look at him. Can we even kill each other, at this point? We’re so powerful...”

“Well, anything small enough doesn’t really harm us, it seems,” Jack began, tilting his head the way any dog would. “But anything comparable or bigger can still cause at least a little damage. We heal quickly, that’s for certain. And really, if any of us get big enough, that could all keep increasing, until we really are just...y-you know...straight-up, actual...gods.”

“And do you want Melon to be that?” Yahya asked.

“So, that takes us back to the current problem,” Cosmo concluded. “We can beat each other up if we’re the same size or bigger...but we just don’t know how to actually kill one another, as we are. Melon might be unstoppable, in the long run, same as us. Either we get so big that we can outpace and restrain him forever...or he gets big enough to actually succeed in crushing us, and he grows unchecked.”

Something incredibly small happened, right in an opening on Melon’s enormous sacs. Yahya’s amazing size still wasn’t enough to fully cover Melon’s body, and that far down, a miniscule burst hit its sloping underside, causing a minute, tickling impact.

Then, another hit, and another, and another, and another, and *another*.

“What if we all put everything we have into snapping his neck?” Bill asked.

“Wait,” Legoshi said, looking far and away into space. “The rock! That whole rock planet! Isn’t that what we noticed, Jack? Oh, Haru! Haru and Juno went to it! We can go join them and bring it here!”

“Oh my gosh, right!” Jack barked, wagging. “He’s right! In all the fighting, I stopped thinking about it—we can massively outpace Melon if we all eat it...or if just one of us elects to eat the...the whole t-thing...”

No one bothered to point out how every erection and nipple on site tightened at the idea. There was a time and place, after all.

“Ah, that one animal would get...beyond colossal, though,” Legoshi huffed, trying to keep his composure in front of the group. “M-maybe that’s not a good idea. Right?”

“And what, we let go of Melon, in order to do it?” Yahya grumbled, despite his own shaft swelling harder against the bigger hybrid. “We have to keep containment up, until we know our plan for real.”

“You can afford to lose me,” Cosmo offered. “I can go and get the rock, bring it over.”

“Or we wait for Haru and Juno to bring it back,” Legoshi added.

“Haru would, I imagine,” Jack said. “B-but what about Juno? You know her better.”

Legoshi and Bill both grimaced.

**“RRRRRNH...”**

Everyone tensed as Melon’s huge body rumbled anew, more and more, until they all began to shake along with his muscled bulk. It wasn’t a singular, warning-like tic. It wasn’t a spasm. It felt world-ending, this time, serious. Mean.

“W-what,” Yahya started, before glaring and squeezing in even tighter. “No! Damn it!”

“Oh, crap,” Bill hissed, struggling as Melon’s bicep began to aggressively swell, inflating too big for his huge arms, forcing the tiger to kick up and wrap his legs around it as well.

“HOLD HIM!” Yahya ordered, as Melon shook harder still, his erection plunging ahead like a burning-hot demon, rattling and bulging fatter as his pectorals boom-shoved the horse back, and back, and back.

“I-I can’t!” Jack whined, as Melon’s thighs erupted so big they poured out around his arms, bulging into shivering mounds of stretching growth. “I can’t, he’s getting t-too big!”

**“I DON’T CARE, MAKE IT WORK!”**

“Haru, come on,” Legoshi growled, his bulk swelling as he forced Melon’s bicep in, only for it to angrily blast bigger against him, mashing the wolf’s cheek as Melon writhed and hissed and groaned in absolute, agonized joy.

**“Y...EEE...ESS...SSSSSSS!!”**

*600,000 miles. 3,168,000,000 feet. 75 Earths tall.*

Melon's neck ballooned twice as thick, muscles pumping and gorging until they clustered over his growing frame, spreading every other giants' arms and legs apart slowly.

*750,000 miles. 3,960,000,000 feet. 93 Earths. Jupiter was the size of his head, alone.*

"I c-can't," Jack yelled, his hands unable to find one another as Melon's calves blasted into madder and wilder dimensions. "Too b-big--"

Every single fiber stretched and swelled as Melon suddenly shudder-blasted bigger, flinging everyone back as he frantically detonated to a full 1,000,000 miles in size. A million miles of living, breathing, swollen mass--awake again.

***"HEH...HAH...GOOD TRY,"*** Melon bellowed, the fur on his growing face caked into odd ends and jagged points as the venom dried out.

Yahya pulled back, the horse already only as big as Melon's torso, and losing more ground by the second as the hybrid bulged and rumbled anew.

"S...STOP," Yahya commanded, pushing pointlessly into Melon's widening chest as it pumped right into him. "STOP!"

***"NO. AND...NO. HONESTLY, YOU'VE ALL HELD ME UP ENOUGH. JUST TAKE THE COMPLIMENT THAT YOU GOT CLOSE, AND BE HAPPY AS I ASCEND. DON'T GET GREEDY, HORSE. MOVE, OR STAY. ACTUALLY...STAY RIGHT THERE."***

A hand just big enough to cover Yahya's upper body lashed out, catching the stunned equine dead-on. Claws fingers swelled ceaselessly bigger over his bulk as Melon wound it all back, then pitched forth, sending the horse flying through space.

"Oh, hell," Bill yowled, just before Melon peeled him off his oversized arm, holding him by the nape of his thick neck.

***"DON'T EVEN RECALL SEEING YOU. WELL. BEST WE GET ACQUAINTED."***

"WAIT!"

With that, Melon's other arm moved, even with Legoshi attached pitifully to it. The free hand cupped under his pendulous phallus, lifting the body-length appendage up, and up, the girthy digit screaming tighter at the attention as he stuffed Bill atop his massive testes, and pushed his erection back down over him. Now 1,250,000 miles tall, it proved just doable enough, as Bill's huge arms and legs remained free.

The feline thumped and beat at the member, only helping it grow longer and more bloated, the more touch it received.

Cosmo could hardly get her arms or huge chest around a fraction of Melon's back muscles, and a simple flex sent her off of him, putting the colossal okapi into a spin.

**"MM,"** Melon huffed, finally lifting his bicep enough to see Legoshi clutching it, his huge arms and legs spreading still-further apart against its unending growth.

"S-surrender?" Legoshi suggested, ears back.

Melon beamed.

***"HAHA, FUN. BUT NO. GOOD TO MEET YOU."***

"Legoshi, h-hang on!" Jack shouted, before Melon simply kicked out, flinging the labrador off of him.

Melon watched Legoshi struggle, surely for fun, purposefully flexing his bicep bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger, yet, letting the wolf try desperately to contain its perpetual peak. Still, Legoshi clung, stubbornly terrified, his comparatively small shaft slipping out along its expanding curve.

***"YOU'RE IT, AREN'T YOU, LE-GO-SHI? THE OLD-TIMER'S GRANDKID. I CAN SEE IT ALL OVER YOU. YOU'RE JUST THE KIND OF CREATURE THAT SORT OF UNION WOULD MAKE. A HYBRID. HMMN."***

Melon's face grew and grew in Legoshi's periphery, the 1,400,000-mile tall leviathan still expanding all over, still shaking up bigger and stronger as pain bled through his every word.

***“YOU KNOW...YOU, I THINK I’LL HOLD ONTO. MAYBE YOU UNDERSTAND, ALREADY, YES? HAHA. NOT THAT IT REALLY, TRULY MATTERS. EITHER WAY, IT’S TIME. HAVE FUN WATCHING ME GROW.”***

With that, Melon turned back to the direction of the rock, now a distant object in space. He huffed powerfully, swelled up even bigger, even bulkier, and began to advance in its direction, his intentions all too clear.

Legoshi followed Melon’s gaze, saw the massive rock planet, and panicked. Yet, there was nothing at all he could do as the titanic hybrid picked up speed, his shoulders and neck swelling more and more massively thick around him, his pectorals bulging forth as raw power coursed through his growing frame.

The wolf looked around for something, anything, but found only more and more of Melon, more might, more bulk, more dominance, a sea of surety against which he had no raft.

***“IT’S BETTER THIS WAY, REALLY, ISN’T IT, WOLF? SIMPLER? CLEANER? DID YOU KNOW THAT BEFORE THIS, ALL I WAS CAPABLE OF WAS MURDER? HAHA. IT ALL MOVED SO, SO SLOW, I CAN SEE THAT NOW. THERE’S NO WAY THIS ISN’T PREFERRABLE. ONLY A LUNATIC WOULD NOT SEE THAT.”***

Legoshi gulped as the bicep got too big to handle, his grip slipping as Melon’s growth turned his body’s curve into a nearly-flat line. The wolf closed his eyes, held tight, and waited.

***BRRRRHHHMPPPH!***

His eyes opened, and Legoshi hollered some unknowable something at the sight of it.

*Louis!?*

*No. But it's a deer...*

## ***OUTER SPACE***

### ***OGMA, 10:01 PM***

The stag had been correct.

Ogma's growth was of such a grotesquely huge realm that his vision couldn't keep up with it; everything was a giddy blur of release as untold pressure blew him up to ridiculous sizes, on and on and on. His muscles gushed out like balloons forced to hold waterfalls, fur and bulk rippling wild and free as his form struggled to maintain itself, his body blasting to 700,000 miles...900,000 miles...1,100,000 miles...1,500,000 miles...

It wasn't stopping. He just wasn't stopping.

And it was *good*.

*Fascinating*, the old deer thought, one sane thing slipping through the deluge of unreasonable, yammering pleasure. *FASCINATING-GG-GG*

He was vaguely aware of Melon, of the hybrid's enormous bulk and shocked face, aware that he had just matched, then outgrown even him in less than a wink. He hardly cared.

The only relevant thing Melon had on Ogma at that moment was a sudden understanding—only in the sense that the buttoned-down CEO finally got why the hybrid liked this so much. In that moment, *total abandon* actually made a lot of sense.

The great stag bellowed uncontrollably, letting some pressure out as he surged past 1,700,000 miles, nearly nine billion feet in height, and fifteen billion wide. Melon suddenly found himself retreating by virtue of staying pinned against Ogma's swelling belly and chest, pushed back by his sheer growth. Legoshi was only a sixth his size, despite all his growth, a baby at best—and the deer was still getting *bigger*.

"R-REALLY?" Melon sputtered, the massive male pushing uselessly against Ogma as he heaved larger, stronger, throbbing with godhood. His shaft pushed out underneath, spreading Melon's thighs (as Bill still struggled between the hybrid's sacs and member), each bob rocking Melon up and down. "YOU, AGAIN?"

Ogma had nothing to offer, verbally; his mind was elsewhere as he rumbled, answering only with another blasting burst of echoing, stretching growth, heaving to 1,900,000 miles, then 2,200,000!

Yet, Melon's body answered, in kind, switching languages on the fly as the hybrid boomed bigger, back.

Abruptly, both titans matched in size, Melon locking hands with the growing Ogma, the hybrid nearly as muscle-bound in the moment. Ogma and Melon, both groaning in unison as they evenly swelled, higher and wider, bigger and stronger and thicker.

"W...who is that?" Legoshi panted, clutching tighter in awe and fear as Melon's bicep expanded more and more against him, watching Ogma as his glowing body grew on and on. "G...get him. GET HIM! WIN!"

Again, amazingly, Ogma grew more.

The stag overtook Melon yet again as his trembling body burst bigger, one last time, billowing loudly to 2,650,000 miles in size.

*Fourteen billion feet tall.*

Ogma was so large that *planets* were no longer a plausible metric of measurement. There was only one 'planet' that came close, now—and even that wasn't enough. Ogma was over *three Suns* tall, and wider than that, still. A dedicated spacecraft would have needed everything animalkind had to offer, to even hope to fly across him, from toe to antlers. Forget going from bicep to bicep.

Three hundred and thirty Earths would have failed to match him, stacked. A single cell in his body would have been over 26 miles across—bigger than the entire city this had all started in.

Even one atom would have been a foot and a half, roughly, bigger than a basketball.

Ogma had been right, more than even he could have guessed. The Sun itself barely even fazed him as it moved, the star beginning to submissively pull towards the deer's punishing density and sheer mass. His body heat rose to the point where steam cascaded off his darkening muscles, sweat forming as his bulk shook and hummed and burned, hotter still. *Too hot.*

***“HUH,”*** the mighty stag huffed, at last, his reason finally catching up to him as he twitched and settled, his bigger hands easily pushing Melon’s down, their monstrous pectorals pressed in as his own overlapped onto the hybrid’s head. ***“EXCEL...EXCELLENT, HAH. VERY GOOD. A WONDERFUL START!”***

***“THAT’S IT?”***

Melon began to push back as he ballooned up to meet Ogma, the hybrid’s snarling muzzle emerging into view as they evened out yet *again*. The stag observed calmly, then tensed all over, smiling uncharacteristically wide.

***“IS IT, MELON?”*** he rumbled back as he flexed, and ordered himself bigger once more.

Only, his steaming body didn’t obey. Imposing as the mighty flex was, that was all it came to, and nothing more. The deer’s vision blurred again as his body spasmed, more steam pouring out through his self-generated atmosphere, until the great deer nearly passed out.

***“LOOKS LIKE IT IS, GRAMPS,”*** Melon chuckled, starting to rumble up bigger still, bigger than the vast Ogma. His head rose higher atop an increasingly bulbous neck, the hybrid’s chest smothering back over the deer’s startled muzzle as he passed 2,800,000 miles, and just kept growing. ***“SURPRISE AFTER SURPRISE. THOUGH IT MAKES A KIND OF SENSE. THIS IS HOW HARD IT REALLY IS TO STOP THE OLD WORLD. ALWAYS IMPOSING ITSELF. ALWAYS TRYING TO WIN, ALL THE TIME. WAY OF NATURE, BLAH BLAH.”***

With that said, Melon resumed pushing forward, taking the struggling stag along with.

***“BUT NONE OF YOU QUITE GET IT. I’M THE WAY, NOW. I’M NATURE.”***

***“I...IMPOSSIBLE,”*** Ogma boomed, getting steadily less-mighty in the wake of Melon’s continuous growth. ***“WHY IS IT...WHY DID IT S-STOP...”***

Melon seemed perversely content with leaving his words at that. Instead, the 3,000,000-mile colossus pushed onward, not even bothering to brush Ogma off as he dwindled against him. It didn’t matter how insane it was; if anything, it seemed to amuse the beast all the more as he made his way to the rock, closing the gap quickly.

## ***OUTER SPACE***

***LEGOSHI, 10:05 PM***

There was nothing the wolf could do, anymore. As close as they had all surprisingly come, it was for nothing in the end. Melon was simply too large to hope to stop, or even halt. All he could do at this point was kick off of the growing hybrid and try to reach the rock faster than him. If he could go faster.

*Get to Haru, he thought, ordering things so that they at least looked like a plan. Get to the rock. Keep it away from him, try to eat some of it. Only chance now.*

The only advantage left to anyone else was that Melon's approach was cocky, slow. Legoshi found himself still big enough, still powerful enough that swimming out ahead faster was absolutely manageable, and he picked up the pace as much as he could.

A booming grunt from Melon broke his focus as he looked back, and saw it.

Ogma was still pushing back, despite his smaller size. So was a far smaller Yahya, and Pina, and Bill, and Cosmo, and—

“G-Grandpa!”

The old lizard was enormous, nearly as big as Ogma at 2,100,000 miles tall. He looked...completely amazing!

“Haha,” Legoshi cheered, turning back to help, when:

**“KEEP GOING, LEGOSHI!”**

His grandfather's huge voice blasted out as the komodo looked back, seeing him with clear, focused eyes, the old-timer helping to push Melon back as he snorted and bullied forth against them all.

“GO, KID!” Yahya shouted, the much smaller horse only able to push so much against Melon's swollen bulk. “THE ROCK! GET TO THE ROCK, IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!”

“R-right!”

“Legoshi!” Jack bellowed, the bigger labrador grabbing him into a thick hug for just one moment. “I'll get you there fast, okay? Hold on!”

“Jack!” the wolf gasped, before hugging him back, wagging fast. “Come with me!”

“I am with you, Legoshi,” Jack said, squeezing tight. “I always was. Fun as that’d be...you need to get there faster. So, hold on!”

“What—”

The bigger labrador *hurled* Legoshi like a discus, vaulting the wolf through space at high speed, before turning to help push against the advancing Melon.

Legoshi hit the rock hard, rolling to a stop after a few unsightly flips. Unhurt, he dusted his muscles off, sighed, then looked back to see Melon in the distance, getting closer still, despite the way the party shoved and pushed and struggled against his mass. Looking down, the planetary chunk of rock was no longer that much bigger than he...but the terrible fact remained that full consumption would be apocalyptic.

“Not much time,” he groaned, standing back up—just to have something huge slam into him, sending him and the other party rolling.

A great mass of fluffy white met him, smothering the huge wolf down to the rock face; Haru’s head appeared over her colossal chest, the rabbit roughly his size now, her deep black eyes widening on sight of him.

“Oh! Legoshi!”

“H-Haru?” he wheezed, trying to get out from under her larger physique.

*“A little help!”*

Both parties turned to see a slightly-bigger Juno grappling with Mizuchi, the harlequin rabbit even bigger than all of them.

“What the hell?” Legoshi started.

“Girlfight, sorry. Mizuchi’s not willing to share the rock. Er, however much of it is left.

Indeed, the entire mass would have been a large boat on the ocean of space, with the four of them taking up most of it.

“T-there was something out in space, this big?” Legoshi balked. “It’s bigger than whole planets, then...I thought it was smaller, from back where we were before...”

“We can fuss over details later!” she said, leaping back on a roaring Mizuchi.

Legoshi saw her better, then whistled to himself.

“Whoa, she’s *built*. Who even is she?”

“I WAS THERE!” Mizuchi bellowed, getting even angier as her white-black muscles and breasts erupted even larger, pumping the furious bunny up past 600,000 miles, taking up more of the rock’s span. “WHY DOES NO ONE PAY ATTENTION!?”

Juno’s 450,000-mile body smashed into Mizuchi’s as they pressed in, growling and shoving and bulging, holding Legoshi’s focus for maybe one second longer than he meant.

“Legoshi, come help!” Juno barked, slight annoyance showing through. “None of us...could get crazy-big...because she keeps fighting us!”

“Melon is coming, just stop!” the wolf roared, pointing back out to the looming hybrid, just as he reached the rock itself. “If we don’t get this away from him–”

A beaten Gosha slammed down into the rock, cracking it down the center, deep.

“Grandpa!”

“Le...go...shhhi,” Gosha coughed, the lizard’s huge head settling only a moment, before Melon yanked him back up and smashed him back down, again. Each hit threw more and more venom out onto the rock, making Juno, Haru and Mizuchi all shout in fear and leap away.

“STOP!” Legoshi pleaded, watching as the 3,500,000-mile tall Melon casually lifted the lizard back up, his head and neck in one huge hand. “LEAVE HIM ALONE, STOP!”

Melon’s vast eyes flicked over to Legoshi, before going back to bashing the bruised dragon back down, smashing the entire rock in two on impact, more venom spattering it all, until it began to break down the planetary mass, slowly eating and melting it as the halves drifted apart. Legoshi lost his bearings as the half he was on went into a high angle, making him lose sight of Melon and the battered party still clinging on.

Everything flipped as Gosha could be heard coughing, before punch after punch landed. The coughing grew worse, to the point where Legoshi didn't need his eyes to know who was losing out.

When he did right himself out in space, he could see that Ogma was barely holding onto Melon's chest, gasping thick fur as the stag hovered on unconsciousness. Yahya pulled pointlessly on one colossal horn, while Pina and Bill drifted around him, spent. Cosmo pressed her bosom over Melon's eyes, only for Melon to easily buck her and Yahya away.

***“HMM,”*** Melon rumbled, the immensely bigger hybrid combing down through the rock debris with one massive hand, fussing with it a moment. ***“ENVENOMED. WHAT DO YOU THINK, WOLF? SHOULD I DARE? IF THE GROWTH IT GENERATES OUTPACES THE DAMAGE, I SHOULD ULTIMATELY BE ALRIGHT. RIGHT?”***

An untouched chunk of rock came up in his hand, only a fraction of a fraction, but still more than ample enough.

“NO!” Legoshi howled, as Haru shot past and attacked the hand. Juno followed, both females pulling at Melon's thick fingers, managing to only budge them a bit.

***“HAH, THAT'S FUNNY. NOW HERBIVORES AND CARNIVORES FINALLY WORK TOGETHER. AND THIS IS ALL IT TOOK TO DO IT! TOO LATE, DON'T YOU ALL THINK?”***

A hard flick of the wrist threw both of them off, Mizuchi watching behind Legoshi as, to everyone's final horror, Melon popped the chunk into his opened maw. He crunched down, snorted smoke, and happily swallowed.

“DAMN YOU!”

The words came not from Legoshi, but from Louis.

The red deer sailed past Legoshi, all 500,000 miles of him. At his size, with both hands, he brought all of an entire unfortunate planet down on Melon's head, splitting it into fragments

as it smashed the hybrid back into a tumble. Compared to him or any of them, that planet had only been so big, but it was still close enough to cracking someone's head with a bowling ball.

It was thankfully enough to make even Melon reel a moment as Louis continued his offensive, one eye bruised badly, one antler snapped partially off. In a total rage, the deer pounded Melon's head, beating on the bigger beast relentlessly, all as Legoshi turned back to the remaining fragments of the former rock.

"Oh."

Nearly all of it was dissolving into Gosha's empowered venom, leaving them drifting as rock-tinted globs in space.

"Damn it!" Mizuchi spat, shaking all over. "That's all of it! Gone! And that creep's still bigger! This is all the stupid lizard's fault!"

Luckily for Mizuchi, Legoshi wasn't listening.

"Legoshi, the rock," Haru sighed, looking back over her bulk as Louis took a hard right cross from Melon, then leapt back and smashed his jaw with his antlers. "Now what do we do?"

"Melon will still try and eat it, anyway," Legoshi muttered, thinking. "I think Cosmo was right. She said it's all size-based. If anyone too small eats that...at Gosha's size, his venom would be too much. Louis survived it, but he was bigger than Gosha, back then. Now, Gosha's so big, that even Melon nearly succumbed to it, when he was a lot bigger. None of you can try it."

"Well, you can't either, right? Then if Louis can't stop Melon, and tries...he might be big enough to withstand it, and he grows ultra-sized..."

"He won't get any of it," Legoshi said, steeling himself. "Not one drop."

Haru blinked, not having to look up at him, or down. This one time, they were pure equals. She put a hand on the wolf's cheek, and pulled his sights to hers, pressing in softly.

"What are you going to do, Legoshi?"

The wolf pressed in deeper for a kiss. It wasn't stolen, it wasn't forced. It was just given. The both of them held in for one silent moment as Legoshi held her, and held her tight. Her bulk outmatched even his, but he was still big enough to make it happen.

Honestly, some part of him way off in the back row *loved it* a little.

“I’m not the one who’s about to be in trouble. Okay?”

She stared into his eyes, her ears going back at the implications. But whatever it was, that’s what it was going to be, and she bit her lip with a loving nod.

“D...do it. Do it, then, whatever it is.”

Legoshi smiled with more warmth than the Sun could hope for, and gave his perfect bunny another thick squeeze, making her squeak.

“It’ll be okay.”

Haru paused, then smiled back.

“I know.”

She pulled back enough to let Legoshi go, and watched as the wolf swam out and began to consume every bit of the molten rock, taking in more, and more, and more, and more.

“You owe me a serious explanation, if this doesn’t kill you,” she murmured, almost laughing. “Idiot.”

Haru then spun about and launched herself at Melon, just as the vast hybrid elbowed Louis deep in the ribs, flinging him back off as his body began to doomsday-rumble.

***“IT DOESN’T EVEN HURT ANYMORE,”*** Melon bellowed, his bulk inflating ahead of him, even before the real growth spurt hit, his body glowing brighter and brighter. ***“YOU CAN’T EVEN GET ME OFF!?***  
***WHAT GOOD ARE YOU, THEN!?”***

Legoshi forced more and more of the mixture into his mouth, clamping down and swallowing another vast glob, then another, and another still. His body churned in protest, clenching and cramping angrily as too much went into him, much too fast.

It didn’t matter. This was happening.

All the wolf's meekness, all his doubt fled against the wave of his resolve as he rumbled painfully—this time, it actually hurt—and kept eating, and eating, and eating.

Louis and Haru both hit Melon in the throat, then the belly, desperate to get the behemoth to cough the rock back up...but Melon's body jealously kept it in, and all 3,500,000 miles of him shook as the mega-spurt began to build and build.

Juno lunged at Melon's ear, biting it, as Cosmo pulled on the other, but the rumbling swelled until they all were rattled, just through contact with Melon's form. There was no stopping what was coming. There just wasn't.

“Everyone, hold on!” Haru shouted.

“We have to stop this!” Louis roared from over on a stretching pectoral. “There has to—”

***B00000000000000000000000000000000MMM-***

Melon's massive body suddenly became a joke, relative to the first instant of his final growth spurt. In just one billowing, pulling push, the leopard-gazelle went from a god to something worse, his pectorals extending out into infinite worlds, a rush of growing fur battering against everyone as Melon's whopping size *quintupled*. Then, it *octupled*, instantly.

## OUTER SPACE

**MELON, 10:06 PM**

*140,000,000 miles—nearly 740 billion feet tall, and twice as wide.*

In less than three seconds, Melon was so large that his height alone surpassed the distance from the Earth to the Sun. Had he been horizontal, his head or feet would have blown past either entity, and he was double that, from bicep to bicep.

He was already so large that miles became inadequate, his size blasting up to 1.5 astronomical units. He was over forty times bigger, in just a few thrilled heartbeats—and his body was getting *worse*. The raw force of his shaking rattled the remaining planets, now meager peas against his scale, dutifully pulling in towards the hybrid's growing muscle as his gravity well expanded with him.

Melon's vast spine arched painfully as he grew, his chest flaring so big that he couldn't get his muzzle over them anymore, letting it slip down, down into the cleft as he cackled and groaned and *grew*.

His erection rocketed out ahead, flossing up greedily under his booming chest, veins big enough to fit entire Suns pulsing larger as they crept over more and more flesh. His orbs detonated lower and higher, blocking sight of his godly legs as he throbbed out of control, blast-booming thunderously to 430,000,000 miles (2.2 trillion feet, 4.6 AU) by the tenth second.

Time was forced to crawl around the billowing monster as he threw his head back into overloaded traps and roared, his horns curling bigger, longer, his claws pushing out and curling, his rump tightening as it swelled endlessly behind him.

Melon was nearly 1,500 times his size, back when he had erupted out of the topside of the planet. It all seemed so quaint now, really. To think he had thought he was big, then. A joke. *A wonderful, horrible, amazing joke!*

***“DESSSSPAAAAAAIIIR...”***

His voice was too big to understand now, a language only gods could hope to even try to know, as the creature kept ascending, higher and higher and higher.

***“DO...YOU...SEE IT...NOW!? WHAT I...ALWAYS...SAW? MY WHOLE...LIFE!”***

The Melon of old was nothing. Less than that, now. What had he been thinking, just settling for a miserable little serial killer? It didn't matter if this was it, anymore. It didn't matter if he got so big that his body exploded.

*Whatever. Let it happen. LET IT HAPPEN! I ALREADY WON!*

*780,000,000 miles. Over four trillion feet, and still growing bigger. 8 AU tall, and 19 across, arm-to-arm. One cell...was nearly the size of the entire planet Earth.*

The idea made Melon's erection billow to nearly his whole height, his overflowing muscles screaming in joy as they throbbed massively larger, smothering his frame as they ballooned together in a self-imposed victory hug.

Those very muscles crowded and consumed the party, easily scooping everyone in the way up, sandwiching them all between boundless masses of hot, billowing muscle and taut fur.

The mighty Yahya was one *two-thousandth* Melon's size, at that moment. If the horse had been regular-sized, Melon would have been an entire neighborhood. None of the others fared better or bigger as Louis fought against two crashing waves where one bicep met his shoulder. Haru slipped ever deeper into the chasm of his pectoral cleft, while Pina and Bill remained buried in his thick fur, along with a deeply startled Riz and a despairing Ogma.

The growth was so violently fast that the G-forced battered against anyone not buried deep enough in Melon's pelt, as the super-beast billowed to 1,200,000,000 miles (13 AU), quaking with unspent power, his neck swelling into an island of bulk under his roaring head.

*MORE.*

His body obeyed, *tripling* in size.

*MOOOORE.*

Melon rippled all over as he *nontupled* that size, then *dectupled* that.

The Solar System finally felt a twinge as something exploded into a comparable dot, all 324,000,000,000 miles of Melon shaking in agony and bliss, a being over 3,480 AU tall introducing itself to scales that no sentient being could have ever rightly belonged to.

With a giddy shudder, he only got even bigger, still.

His bulk punched out so heavily that he rocked to one side, then the other, groaning into his pectorals as he *boom-boom-boom-boooomed* nonstop, a series of cannon-blast bursts making him soar and stretch and swell past 500,000,000,000 miles/5,376 AU, then 850,000,000,000 miles/9,139 AU.

The outer reaches of the Oort Cloud's far border began to reveal itself as the quaking god-being kept exploding larger, consuming everything in his steaming fur's path, his body temperature erupting dangerously higher.

The Solar System itself began to rumble slightly, the way pebbles on a road did when a big enough vehicle approached. Melon would have only been a toy in a bedroom, in the grand scheme...but that toy suddenly ballooned bigger, still, going from action figure to stuffed animal, then bigger, again and again.

At 21,000 AU, Melon was a third of a light year tall, and even wider. As his head swelled up over his enormous chest he could finally see, far, *far* away, the other end of the Oort Cloud, and he shuddered all the harder at the concept.

Foolish as it was, Melon took that moment to flex, and flex *hard*. Just to do it.

Muscles roared out in all directions as the huffing hybrid swelled, entertaining stupidity, playing around with it a moment as more brutish instincts rose. His ecstasy spilled over as he trembled terribly, flexed even harder, and felt his bulk expand even greater, until his mind could hardly stand it anymore.

Then, at the height of his pleasure and pain, at the very tip of his oncoming graduation, his peaking, his climax—he *stopped*.

And stayed so.

***“WHAT...”***

Melon did his best to look around, finding only hints of space between the valleys of his own patterned muscle, great torrents of heated steam pouring off of them as he shook, flexed, sweated, steamed more, then settled back down, with no change.

He waited a little more, and felt nothing.

***“WHAT IS THIS? THAT CAN’T BE IT...”***

Again, the colossus strained, ordering more growth, more power. Again, nothing. Something within broke, and the rising tide of energy was gone entirely. He twitched, panting out massive bursts of prismatic steam, still a super-being beyond all rational thought.

And yet.

***“WHAT STOPPED IT?”*** he wondered, finally glowering. ***“WHAT COULD HAVE POSSIBLY...WHEN I ATE THE SAME AMOUNT ON EARTH, I...EXPLODED WAY BIGGER, IN THE LONG RUN, SO...”***

Something moved against him, and Melon was intelligent enough to grasp, right away, that that was another impossibility, at his scale. That any of the opposition was large enough to be remotely felt against his body—

He blinked. When he opened his eyes, the wolf was there. *All of him.*

## ***INNER SOLAR SYSTEM***

### ***LEGOSHI, 10:10PM***

The wolf couldn't think straight. Nothing was anything, and was everything.

It was too much. Way more than too much.

And it was *incredible*.

A singular, shattering howl finally bulged up through his enormous neck as Legoshi cried out, his body exploding so fast that there was the quickest brush of soft, warm fur on his, before something bumped back against his expansion.

***“YOU!?”***

Legoshi panted openly, hardly even able to make things out right as Melon came into focus, the enormous hybrid pressing chests tight in an attempt to shove Legoshi back. All Legoshi felt was a sharp blast of pleasure that fried his synapses and filled him with tickling heat.

***“HUAH,”*** Legoshi blathered, the quaking wolf already a head larger than he. Just as quickly, Melon found his head overtaken by wolf-chest, Legoshi getting so big that the hybrid could *hear* his fur swelling over his face, atop it, backed by the basso rumble of surging pecs on either side.

***“GHGH!”***

Melon pulled back, nearly spinning over himself as they both occupied the back end of the Solar System.

***“HAH...H-HAH,”*** he sputtered, shaking his huge head. ***“HOW...I ASCENDED PAST YOU! PAST ALL OF YOU!”***

Legoshi's body callously doubled in size, already bumping him back again. And again. It didn't matter how far back Melon fell, Legoshi kept growing into him, faster and faster and faster. The wolf was already considerably bigger than even he, swelling up past 27,000 AU, his bulk drum-booming wider and wider, until Legoshi was *two Melons* wide.

***“HUAH, H-HYBRID...LIKE...Y-YOOOU...KOMODO...VENOM...”***

Melon jerked upright, already putting things together. His fur went pale by a full shade.

“YOU...ARE IMMUNE. YOU'RE IMMUNE TO THE...ALL THAT VENOM THAT MELTED DOWN THE ROCK—”

***“A-ATE...ITTTTTT...”***

Legoshi was over 33,000 AU, and still getting bigger, faster. *He was speeding up.*

Melon went still, dumbfounded in the moment, letting Legoshi's expanding chest and booming abs carry him along.

“IF I HAD JUST...TRIED THE VENOM, MYSELF,” the colossus murmured, struck. “IT COULD HAVE BEEN ME. EVEN IF I HAD DIED, I COULD HAVE GONE OUT...EVEN BIGGER...”

***“WOULD...HAVE...D-DIED...”***

Melon looked up, and up, and up, stunned, watching as Legoshi's looming muzzle started to vanish beyond his bursting chest, followed by the creeping wall of his abs overhead.

“WHAT, YOU KNOW THAT? REALLY? SO, I LOSE...AND AM SAVED.”

He let it sink in. Then, the rumbling came, hotter, so hot it burned within his steaming bulk. Melon didn't yell, he didn't rage or trash or scream. He just grew.

And grew.

***“NO.”***

Just like that, Melon was half Legoshi's 63,000 AU-tall self, and climbing. This put Melon at half a light-year tall—meaning Legoshi was a full light-year in size. *A light-year.*

***“NO.”***

Melon’s vast form smoked, steam and heat blasting off of his swelling brawn as he forced his expansion harder, violently pushing his body as he neared Legoshi’s 1.25 LY height (78,750 AU). Together, Legoshi’s back muscle tapped into the bounds of one end of the entire Oort Cloud, while Melon’s threatened proximity to the other end.

In sum, the two together nearly filled the Solar System, across.

And Melon was still pushing harder, and harder, until his body was darkening, blood-ruddy through his patterned hide.

***“WE...ARE NOT...GOING...BACK! LEGOSHI!”***

In response, Legoshi helplessly grew, and grew, bumping Melon through his side of the Cloud as the wolf howled even louder, trembled so hard he wobbled, then erupted so...so much bigger.

4 light years ballooned to 30 with a terrible, rubber-stretch *boom*.

Melon finally hollered as his darkening form was crushed back through the Cloud, steam billowing off of his overloaded body as it finally, *finally* gave out.

50 light years exploded to 400, then 900. Legoshi was over 200 average Solar Systems tall, and nearly 500 wide—and he was getting even bigger, much faster. Through it all, and as even the incredible Melon passed out, Legoshi could only get one real thought through his growth-crushed mind:

*YOU’RE RIGHT.*

## ***MILKY WAY INTERIOR***

### ***LEGOSHI, 10:17 PM***

On some primal level of whatever of him still functioned correctly, Legoshi knew he wasn’t everything. From what he knew, and what Jack had said in class before, there was much, much more out there than him.

But it sure didn't feel that way.

The known structure of over 1,000 Solar Systems collapsed into disarray as Legoshi barrelled past them, the wolf bellowing out pure growth and power as it flooded off of him in concentric waves of visible light. His own arms no longer were capable of reaching the end of his chest, same for her shoulder blades. His thighs were impossible, so big they could almost successfully carry the mass of his furred sacs as they blew out and out and out ahead.

An erection so big he no longer knew where it stopped rumbled and swelled, on and on, widening thoughtlessly as it did its job, giving his growth some extra place to stuff itself as he rumbled up past 10,000 light years, and just kept growing.

His friends.

His friends were so small now.

Gosha wouldn't have even been big enough to measure himself, against Legoshi's 5.8786e+16-mile body. He would have been about twenty billion times smaller than Legoshi, at this moment—and Gosha was bigger than three Suns, on his own.

Even if they had all kept growing—and surely, they were—what of it? How would they ever catch up to his pace?

*W...what if I don't even s-stop?*

The idea hammered at the wolf as he erupted beyond himself, watching and shuddering as his growth sped up, until afterimages trailed inside of him bulk. He forced his lids down over bulging eyes as his massive body shot past 30,000 light years, then 40,000, feeling his muscles grow out and out past him, shaking with pure power as he relentlessly expanded.

*It has to. It h-has t-to s...s-ssss-t-st-ssttoooooopp*

Cherryton flashed through his thoughts as Legoshi tried to rebuild the world in his mind, tried to cage it all in something he knew and trusted. Every time the wolf built the world he knew around what he was becoming, what he was becoming obliterated in in a burst of blazing, perfect pleasure.

*H...HARU...*

*Too much. Too much, it w-was too much!*

Legoshi was too big to speak. His throat wasn't able to manage anything against that much muscle, that much pressure blowing through his frame. He felt his own god-howl boom back down into him as he spread wider, larger, higher, blowing past 100,000 light years, then 140,000!

Infinite lights streaked by, his growth getting so fast that the passing systems all formed neon contrails that snaked and warped around his billowing muscles, stroking him, congratulating and fearing and fleeing their new Master as he increased everywhere.

The lights coalesced as he grew, until a wash of light overtook him, followed by darkness, deeper than he had known, even up to now.

That darkness lingered, cool and silent, as the wolf's growth sputtered out, at last; it pumped him a bit bigger, and a bit bigger, before trickling out to a warm pumping burst, before, finally...it all ended.

## ***INTERGALACTIC SPACE***

### ***LEGOSHI, 10:21PM***

It...it was the galaxy.

When Legoshi opened his eyes, he saw the literal Milky Way, itself.

He checked his own body, thumping immeasurably big, warm hands over fantastic muscles, before gulping. Cosmic dust flitted off in great waves from his lids as he blinked, each impact shaking space, before he finally gasped.

***"I'M...I-I...I'M-H-HUGE!"***

Panic was suddenly the only thing bigger than him as Legoshi tensed up, hugging himself defensively against the reality of it all.

***"CAN'T BE. IT...I GOT...BUT, I...I GOT THIS BIG!?"***

Legoshi checked again, as if the glowing galaxy would help him out. It seemed as flummoxed as he was.

Then came the measuring: Legoshi finally came to grips with the enormity of his body, realizing he wasn't the size of the galaxy. They weren't equals. He was much, much bigger.

The entire Milky way was a frisbee. That was it.

Legoshi was over one million light years tall—likely at least three million wide.

Space probes or whatever would have taken forever to get across his face. The world's most overpowered telescopes would be needed to process all of him.

***“WELL,”*** he huffed, looking himself over, then around the cold void of the Outer Galactic field. ***“N-NOW WHAT?”***

He regretted asking, as his body already began to rumble angrily, just as bad as before.

## ***THE LEGOSHI SYSTEM, QUADRANT V-4921, PINA TERRITORY***

### ***OPERATIVE T***

“Well, keep at it, until it works,” the capybara sighed, sympathetically patting the owl.

“Oh, we will, absolutely,” the fowl muttered, nodding agreement. “The nonstop production is just draining, haha. But we know. It has to be ceaseless, at this point, just to keep his growth slow and calm. I think we actually are on the brink of putting Legoshi at a crawl!”

Lab technicians readied another gigantic sphere, a beeping green light in its center, loading it into a large cannon as they spoke.

“Right, whatever keeps that wolf from expanding any faster,” she replied, rubbing her temples a bit. “But after all this time, do we really even have a chance of stopping him, outright?”

“In a few years, I think we'll have it down, haha,” the owl hooted, sincerely. “I won't lie, part of me is giddy at how fast our efforts are pushing science! There is definitely an upside or two to this!”

“Yuh-huh.”

“Well, would you rather Melon was the one—”

“No, no. No. Point made, point taken.”

The owl patted the smaller capybara back.

“It’s okay. It’s a lot, but we’re still here. On a...certain scale, heh. But we persist.”

“Oh, I know. Just, strange new world, in particular, you have to admit.”

“Woolier, yes.”

“Haha. Pina is pretty cozy, but he’s so gentle with us. I’m glad we landed on such a sweetheart, for all his sass. I think we picked the right giant to build on. I need to go, though, Mienai’s probably calling long distance. He’ll be pretty crabby if he has to keep waiting. So long, doc. Thanks again.”

The owl grinned wide.

“All in a day’s work!”

“I mean...for everything.”

## ***PINA, HEAD, HORNS DISTRICT***

### ***OPERATIVE T***

“There you are,” the zebra spoke, briskly. “Good. How is everything with production, over there on Pina?”

“On track, sir,” T chuckled, the idea perpetually striking her as funny. It was, after all. “We’re just about to set off another stunt bomb into Legoshi’s system. We think we can get it farther, with a much broader range of impact. We’re thinking we’re on the verge of taking Legoshi’s growth to a crawl. Quote-unquote.”

“Really? Fantastic. That’s fantastic news,” Mienai laughed, a strange sound to hear.

“It...it is, yes. You sure seem happy, sir.”

A thick rumble broke in over the line, from his end, and she let it finish.

“...Sorry. Yes, it’s actually not bad here. Not at all.”

“He’s getting bigger again?” she ventured.

“Ah,” Mienai huffed, clearing his throat. “Master Yahya is...expanding again, yes. You can tell his state from his scent changes, and haha, don’t tell him...but he’s very happy. So, I’m happy.”

“What kind of happy are we talking—”

“At any rate, great work,” the zebra cut right in, unwilling to elaborate. “We’re expanding colonization steadily here at Yahya. We almost have an upper pectoral terraformed, the village is in decent spirits. Counseling remains constant. Oh, one moment...ah, that’s Gouhin on the line. We’re going on a conference call, alright?”

“Sure, sir.”

## ***THE LEGOSHI SYSTEM, QUADRANT V-4204, RIZ TERRITORY***

### ***GOUHIN***

“Let’s get this over with,” the panda muttered over the line, rubbing his head. “I have my village moaning about supplies. I already told them, we’ve used all the materials stowed on the Horns shuttles to build what we have. It was never infinite.”

“Right,” Mienai soothed, over the line. “We appreciate it.”

“Sure, thanks,” Gouhin grumbled, slouching down over his desk. “But seriously, the Horns tech in our shuttle was meant to terraform our moon. A single moon. All the construction material replicators can only produce new building stuff so fast, it’s still new science. The foodmakers, the same. We still have to use artificial turf and grow our own crops. Despite all this magic technology, when you get down to the bones, we’re back to the stone age!”

“At least those shuttles made it,” T offered, on her end of the line. “Imagine if not.”

“Gah, I know, I get it. Hell, catching that ride on Ogma’s fur was a lucky break, even if it was scarier than all hell. You know we had to hitch it from Riz over to him, then keep on Ogma’s

body without being crushed by Melon, after? We had no idea what was even happening on the shuttle, by that point, it's insane the air supply didn't crap out."

"Right. Fair."

"And then where do I end the hell up? Where does the hero's reward lead? I'm back on Riz! I told you, I don't even want this job!"

"Well, bear with it a bit lo...er, sorry."

Both Mienai and T could hear Gouhin lighting yet another smoke.

"Shit. Fine. But we need more generators from Pina, once you, you know...generate 'em, or build 'em. More food production means more power, and more transport woes delivering."

"Oh, God," Mienai interrupted.

"What?" T asked, as Gouhin took a long, long drag.

"Cosmo, her leaders, they got footage back from the probes around her...that okapi did it! She did it, hah! She found Earth!"

"You're kidding," T gasped, dumbfounded. "The planet...it's okay?"

"Thriving, yes, if damaged. She's too big to handle the globe itself, but they did manage to get it caught in her gravity well! We found home, everyone!"

"Great," Gouhin sighed. "Can't imagine how they're okay, with the Sun having been shoved who-knows-where."

"May I?" the owl politely broke in. "Ah, haha, it actually hasn't been that long since the Big Day, meaning geothermal energy is still likely in play. Add the energy converters of Horns tech, take those down into the underground bunker system, and yes, the populace could survive—just not indefinitely. If Cosmo found them now, though, then wonderful! We can bring home into the new fold!"

"We were getting more back from Cosmo's representatives," Mienai said, on his end, "ah, but they've cut off communication for a bit. You know."

“Cosmo, lording over a little rice-sized planet, you mean?” T chuckled. “Yeah, I know. She’s probably pretty into it, and that means she’s probably getting bigger, again.”

“Ah,’ the owl huffed, “considerably. The sensor feeds are coming in, and she’s...oh, she’s outgrown Pina! Oh, she’s still...getting bigger...”

T turned in her office chair and checked the live feed on a weathered laptop, then went goggle-eyed.

“Holy cow, she is! Pina’s slipping into fifth place here, haha, he’s only 932,400 miles tall, right now We still only occupy his upper head, in total. Good grief, she’s passing a million...”

“Everyone’s gonna want to move over to her, at this rate,” the owl joked.

“Good,” Gouhin snorted. “Fuel up the shuttles, and take ‘em. I want quiet here.”

“What about Haru and Louis? Where’re Juno, Bill, Gosha and Horns?”

A pause.

“Okay,” Mienai said, “looks like Bill is way over in Quadrant J-3412, and Juno is the runner up for max size, over in P-0348. Gosha is still number 1, inside the system, by a huge landslide, so...that puts him in the bigger sectors, by a landslide...yeah, he’s...growing, too, actually! Wow, he...he might actually break out of Legoshi, shortly!”

“Holy crap,” T exploded, “I forgot that was even doable, anymore...I guess we really are slowing Legoshi down, if the others are able to become even atomic in comparison. G...good!”

She glanced over at the readout for Gosha, and saw:

GOSHA, QUADRANT C-00006.....1,990 LY

She gulped. He hadn’t been anywhere near that big yesterday. No wonder the old lizard remained unoccupied, there was just too much of him there.

“Guess we should have bombs ready for them, if they actually start catching up too much,” the owl said; T wasn’t even aware she was nodding back.

“Ogma is number 4 at 58 light years in size, pretty major still. Ah, he is...not listed, in terms of location. Hmm.”

“We really should narrow the roster to the habitable giants,” Gouhin replied.

“Noted,” Mienai continued. “And ah, Jack, Louis and Haru are...well-outside of Legoshi, still. They’ve been growing at monstrous speed all this time, and I still don’t get how or why.”

“And our two bad seeds?” T asked. “More of the same?”

“Melon remains contained in Quadrant H-5504, right where the bombs keep going off. He hasn’t been able to get out of the quadrant in all this time, according to the mid range sensors we sent out. He’s too small to even find or crush them, haha. As long as the bombardment is ongoing, he can’t grow. If it slows Legoshi, Melon doesn’t have a prayer of progress. He’s just stranded in a dead zone that keeps slowly expanding faster than he can escape.”

“Keep an eye, anyhow, you never know,” Mienai said.

“At latest the cure worked,” the owl added. “Eventually.”

“And Mizuchi is still right where she belongs: caged the same way, in W-9993. So, we have everyone accounted for as usual, except the top two, the ones so big there’s nothing we can do to them anyhow. We just keep on working to develop the new world—well, worlds—and hope we can all get along like this.”

“Oh, nobody really fusses over here on Pina,” T laughed. “I swear, he has the most calming aura ever, you can feel it.”

## ***THE LEGOSHI SYSTEM, QUADRANT V-45921, PINA TERRITORY***

### ***PINA***

“Dull, dull, dull,” the immense dall sheep puffed, drumming idly on his oversized chest.

He was already fully aware no one was down there, or should have been, so he *boom-boomed* away casually, flicking an ear that could blow away whole planets.

“I wonder what the others are up to...”

One of the sensor probes around Pina's enormous eyes set off a massive flare, so big that he could almost squint and catch it. Another followed, then another, the sheep calmly reading its meaning the same as usual.

He grinned wide, wiggling his puffy tail down far below.

"Cosmo, coming here? Good grief, I need to clean up."

He began smoothing out his wool happily, glad to see her again soon.

Something titanic suddenly broke into his sights, making even the cosmically-huge sheep cry out at the sight of her. It sure wasn't Cosmo.

"HEHE, PINA," Juno boomed, the overwhelmingly bigger wolf peeking up from nowhere, rising higher and higher and higher as she grinned, not hating that she was big enough to do so easily. "AFTERNOON, DEAR!"

"JUNO!?" the sheep baahed, trying to not lurch back and upset his tiny new civilization. "WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE? I THOUGHT WE WERE SUPPOSED TO STAY CLEAR, ON ACCOUNT OF POSSIBLE GROWTH SPURTS..."

Juno twisted her massive hips playfully, looking up.

"WELL, MAYBE I FORGOT. MAYBE I EXPLODED UP IN SIZE, AND THE SENSORS WENT HAYWIRE, AND NOBODY KNEW I WAS COMING OVER UNTIL NOW. MAYBE."

Pina was less than dust, compared to her, and that was being generous. Even pushing a million miles, he wouldn't have even been more than a flea to her, putting the giantess somewhere around 500,000,000 miles tall—and nearly all of it was curves.

"W-WAIT A MINUTE," Pina grumbled, furrowing his brow. "Y-YOU'RE SO BIG...HOW'D YOU EVEN KNOW I WAS HERE?"

"HMM?" Juno hummed, able to still look right down at him, her muzzle looming infinitely larger over him, her vast cleavage swallowing everything beneath. "SMELL. YOU SMELL NICE, IT'S ACTUALLY REALLY EASY TO PICK YOU UP."

Pina went from fearful to maybe a tiny bit flattered.

“Heh, well.”

“HAVE YOU SEEN OR HEARD FROM LEGOSHI’S GRANDDAD?” she asked politely, pouring out charm by whole oceans. “I HEAR HE’S VANISHED. SO, I’M MAYBE WONDERING IF HE GOT BIG ENOUGH TO MAKE IT OUT OF LEGOSHI?”

“HONESTLY, THIS IS THE FIRST I’VE HEARD. IT’S NEWS TO ME.”

It took all the volume the sheep had to get it across, at their severe size difference, but the towering female’s ears kept flicking, and she kept hearing it.

“HMM. I THINK THAT’S WHAT HAPPENED, THOUGH. AH, I NEED TO GROW UP PAST THAT! DOESN’T IT DRIVE YOU CRAZY, BEING LEFT IN HIS SHADOW BY THAT WIDE OF A MARGIN? OOH, TO BE BIGGER THAN LEGOSHI, I...”

Juno trembled hotly, her bosom blasting bigger and wider under the stunned sheep, her muzzle swelling higher and longer as her neck boomed wider, her sweet scent flooding the whole quadrant as she quaked to 600,000,000 miles in one gushy push.

“HAAAH, WHY ISN’T M-MY TRIGGER...S-STRONGER...”

Pina just sighed and readied himself as the growing female’s column-neck bashed into him, carrying the tiny sheep along as Juno’s height soared.

## ***EXTRAGALACTIC SPACE***

### ***LEGOSHI***

Big as he was, Legoshi still dreamt, and was glad of it.

For a time he had chosen to just slumber and stay still, for the sake of everyone within his mass. There had even been some small hope that sleeping would stymie the growth spurts, like the had back on the Big Day, when it had all started. Of course, time was moot for the wolf, at his size, so how long it had actually been since then, he had zero concept.

What mattered was, he was dreaming of Cherryton again—by far, his favorite.

An unthinkable big tail swayed through whole quasars as he grinning in his sleep, seeing the male’s dormitory again, seeing his roommates and squeezing them all in a group hug; he was

still big in the dream, funny enough—just big enough to fit in the hallway, where he hugged them all into himself in delight. They had even dragged the game system out there, TV and all, so he could watch them play.

Then, Jack showed up, looming over the entire campus, waving for Legoshi to come on out and join him. He was even still in uniform, somehow, stretching it out with his bulk. Maybe he would never get used to seeing his best friend like that. Too strange.

Headmaster Gon simply let them do what they pleased, waving them off as he passed by on his skateboard. It wasn't a bad deal at all.

The clouds were suddenly all together, then they were Haru, making her much bigger than him as she scooped him up tight into the sky, and held him there. Some part of him must have been begging for the comfort, at this point, the external feeling of warmth.

When he woke, it was all darkness, again, peppered with specks of galactic light. He yawned, and space seemed to contract for it, afraid of or respecting the wolf's sheer scale.

He looked himself over, and snorted gently.

**“Still bigger.”**

His vast, vast ears folded in as he felt himself over, then nodded.

**“Bulkier, too. How big do you need to get, body?”**

Entire galactic clusters dusted against his musculature like craft-store glitter, he was so big. He had felt it getting less and less powerful, mercifully, but still, he was clearly getting bigger anyhow. His body stretched just South of 15,000,000,000 light years, head-to-toe, and the soft rumbles still trickled here and there, threatening more size if he got worked up.

So, calm he remained, despite it all. Even though his body bridged an entire dark matter gap between galactic clusters, and that space was getting tight for him.

**“Ah, I don't want to grow anymore,”** he huffed, snuffling pointlessly down over his nearly-vertical pectoral curve. **“I miss everyone. And eating. And games.”**

*And haru*

**“Stop, I know,”** he ordered himself. **“I get it.”**

*“Legoshi”*

He sighed, even as one colossal ear twitched lightly.

*“Hey”*

*“HEY, STUPID!”*

Legoshi clenched upright, flinging hundreds and hundreds of galaxies off of his fur as he gasped, and looked around him.

With a supple burst of growth, a tiny puff of brown appeared, popping out from Legoshi’s deep pectoral cleft. The puff rumbled and burst even bigger, until Louis appeared, covered in muscle and irritation.

*But geez, was he small.*

***“LOUIS!?”***

*“AUGH, SHUT UP!”*

The sheer tonnage of Legoshi’s one word knocked the deer flat down, sinking him into wolf fur as he glowered up. Legoshi clammed up tight, pursing his vast lip obediently. Yet, his tail was already wagging so hard it hurt.

“OKAY, BETTER,” Louis tiny-shouted, rising back up as he rumbled and blossomed bigger, again, getting easier to see. “HUGH. THERE YOU ARE. GOD, ARE THESE...G-GALAXIES? HAHA, I DID IT! I’M AS BIG AS A GALAXY!”

***“HEH, C-CONGRATULATIONS,”*** Legoshi whispered from far up above, succeeding only in making Louis pitch for balance a little. ***“I’M SO HAPPY TO SEE YOU, LOUIS, I R-REALY AM! AH, HOW’D YOU GET THIS BIG?”***

“DON’T FLATTER ME, PLEASE,” the surly deer bid, dusting his relatively gigantic bulk a little. “SAVE IT FOR WHEN I OUTCLASS YOU.”

***“WELL, NOT TO BE RUDE, BUT...WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE, THEN?”***

Gads, it took all Legoshi had not to hug Louis into oblivion. To see anyone again, it made him soar, inside.

**“I WAS ASKED.”**

Legoshi’s wolf ears perked, as did one brow.

***“EH?”***

Louis caught sight of his expression, growled lowly, and boomed up a tiny bit bigger. To the deer, he had actually quintupled his size, but for Legoshi that hardly meant a thing. Which made Louis madder.

**“GH...I WAS ASKED TO BRING SOME FRIENDS HERE. I WAS MORE POWERFUL THAN THEM, THEY GOT WORN OUT FROM ATTEMPTING NONSTOP GROWTH, SO...SO I, I CARRIED THEM. INSTEAD.”**

Legoshi paused, quietly looking around.

***“ERM.”***

***“GOD, LEGOSHI, I HAVE THEM ON ME, YOU MORON! WHAT DID YOU THI—”***

Surprisingly, the deer stopped himself. He took a breath, his pectorals booming out, and exhaled. His chest swelled even larger, instead of retreating back any.

**“JUST. HERE. YOU TALK TO THE IDIOT, I CAN’T—”**

Louis brought both massive arms up, blushing as he turned away, as if doing something kind really was harming him.

Legoshi did his best, but just couldn’t see what was in his open hands...

Until Jack blew up into view, making Louis growl in annoyance as the labrador not only filled his palm, but weighed his whole arm down.

**“LEGOSHI!!”**

By the time he reached Legoshi's muzzle, Jack had billowed out of control, the golden canine bursting big enough to climb over the wolf's vast nose, just big enough to be about Louis' size. Legoshi's eyes went on forever from below, and they only widened more on sight of him.

***“HAH,”*** Legoshi started, before simply exploding. ***“JACK!?”***

Again, Louis roared in anger, the deer blown back a second time as Legoshi bellowed in absolute, unrestrained joy.

“LEGOSHI!” Jack cried, the canine instincts overpowering even his intelligence as he rolled around on Legoshi's enormous muzzle bridge, his tongue flopping out as his tail *whapped* down over and over and over. “WE FOUND YOU! HAHA! GOD, LOOK AT YOU! YOU GOT INSANELY HUGE! INCREDIBLE!”

***“YOU’RE SO BIG, TO EVEN SEE ME!  
THAT’S AMAZING, JACK! HAHA! AH,  
YOU’RE HERE, YOU’RE HERE, HAHA!  
I’M SO SORRY I WASN’T AROUND  
MORE THAT MORNING, WHEN IT  
STARTED! IF I HAD JUST EATEN WITH  
YOU, WHO KNOWS, MAYBE NONE OF  
THIS—”***

“OH NO, NO, LEGOSHI, IT’S OKAY! I WANTED...I MEAN, YES, I WANT YOU AROUND, YOU’RE MY...I LOVE YOU, YOU IDIOT! YOU’RE MY ABSOLUTE BEST FRIEND, I JUST WANTED TO MATE, YOU KNOW—”

***“YOU DO, I NEVER...I’M SO SORRY!”***

*I DON’T CARE, YOU GO TALK TO HIM, MAKE THIS STOP*

Legoshi stopped talking as Jack hugged down on his muzzle, feeling something else climbing up atop the same region of his body. Something bulky and small and white made it over, Jack stopping to help her up with a grin, before ushering Haru over closer.

Legoshi froze.

“HOH, YOU REALLY DID IT,” the rabbit laughed, ruffling Jack’s ears, making the lab blush as he let her talk. “YOU ACTUALLY GOT EVEN TALLER. THIS SUCKS, HAHA.”

Legoshi didn’t move.

“OH, LOUIS, HE ALSO BROUGHT YOUR GRANDFATHER ALONG, BUT HE’ STILL TOO SMALL TO BE VISIBLE. TRUTH BE TOLD, LEGOSHI, IT NEARLY BROKE US GETTING THIS BIG THIS FAST. LOUIS IS A NATURAL, BUT I SWEAR, IT’S HARD PUMPING UP THIS RAPIDLY, YOU HAVE TO KEEP TRIGGERING OVER AND OVER!”

Legoshi’s lower eyelids rose as his muzzle tilted higher, wrinkles suddenly rumbling across his muzzle as he sniffed hard.

***“GRANDPA...H-HE’S HERE?”***

“HE’S HERE, ON ME,” Jack shouted, as the landscape beneath them rumbled—not from a growth spurt, but because Legoshi was trying not to cry, assaulted by emotion. “HE...OH, ONE SECOND, HAHA, HE’S SHOUTING INTO MY EAR, BUT I CAN HARDLY...AH, OKAY...YES, SIR, I WILL. AH, HE SAYS HE’S OKAY, LEGOSHI! WE ALL GOT DINGED PRETTY BAD, BUT THE BIGGER WE GOT, THE EASIER IT WAS TO HEAL!”

Louis rose as Legoshi’s chest rumbled and bounced, the ultra-sized wolf righting tears as his lip pursed higher. As it happened, showing any change at that size made tattling inevitable.

***“HE...HE’S OKAY?”***

“EVERYONE IS HOLDING UP, DON’T WORRY,” Haru explained. “MELON’S BEEN BANISHED INSIDE YOU, ALONG WITH MIZUCHI, EVERYONE BUT US IS STILL DEEP INSIDE YOUR BODY, SINCE YOU’RE JUST THAT BIG NOW! THEY FOUND EARTH! IT’S A LITTLE TRASHED, BUT IT SURVIVED! OGMA’S ESCAPE SHUTTLES HAD WHAT THEY NEEDED TO START REBUILDING—THEY EVEN REBUILT ON THE OTHER GIANTS!”

Legoshi looked up, taking it all in, before sniffing again, and laughing, shaking the angered Louis all the more down below.

“WELL, SAY SOMETHING, LEGOSHI,” Haru laughed, petting his muzzle over. “WE’RE SLOWING YOUR GROWTH, THAT LET A FEW OF US BARELY CATCH UP A LITTLE BIT, SO WE’RE KEEPING YOU COMPANY, SHOULD YOU GET F–ER, FOR *WHEN* YOU GET FIXED UP AND CURED! SO...WE MADE IT! HAHA, SAY SOMETHING!”

Even at his size, the emotions were too big.

Instead Legoshi rumbled all over, unable to help it as all fifteen billion light years of him stretched tight with newfound pressure and suddenly, violently detonated *even bigger*.

*And bigger.*

*AND BIGGER.*

*AND BIGGER. AND BIGGER. AND BIGGER. AND **BIGGER.***