

CHAPTER 3

LLOYD: LV. 16, 510/510 HP

ARLEI: LV. 27, 950/950 HP

RIZII: LV. 21, 1,200/1,200 HP

BYRNA: LV. 32, 1,080/1,080 HP

The Vojayvic Plains are well-known, despite few cartographers having been there. Those that made enough headway not to be immediately crushed, swatted or eaten made sure the map updates were flown back to the more *normal* sized realms of the world, before they were likely crushed, swatted, or eaten. Combinations of the three weren't out of bounds.

It's directly onto that most deadly stretch of land that the four of you are warped.

A flash of light fades off with a slight whine in the ears as you shake the shift off, then collect yourself and turn to see Rizii towering over you and Byrna, whom the kobold tenderly helps up first. Then, surprisingly, he extends a massively bulky arm and clawed hand to you.

"Up you go," Rizii huffs, half-impatient, half liking how easily she can hoist you up to your feet, one-handed.

"Sorry the move was a little rough," Byrna sighs, her glowing tongue sticking out as she gingerly picks grass off of her wide hips. "Arlei was still growing, when I tried it, it threw things off a little bit. We were supposed to be in Hruthga!"

"It's fine, we'll just be extra-careful outside the city," you say, looking everywhere. "Arlei? Are you okay?"

A towering shadow spills over you all; when you turn to face the greptile maid, you realize it's not her you're looking at. It's a massive ram-like creature!

"A Tam-ram!" Byrna gasps, looking up, her tongue still out. "Even the livestock are colossal here, wow! They really weren't kidding about the Giant's Realm!"

Rizii makes to pull her cleaver out, when you stop her.

"It's okay, Rizii, it's just a loose farm animal, likely."

"R-right. Force of habit."

An even bigger shadow falls, eclipsing that shadow, then the 100-foot tall, disinterested ram. A bronze, reptilian hand big enough to grab a house lowers as Arlei pet-pets the massive animal's fur, her huge tail wagging rapidly behind her 380-foot tall body.

"WOULD YOU LOOK!" Arlei booms, her giggly voice a blast of thunder. "MASTER

LLOYD, IT'S A PET! I T-THINK! I DIDN'T THINK THEY MADE THEM SO BIG! YOUR FUR IS SO SOFT!"

The dull-faced ram looms high, snorting with a happy bleat as her gentle, gigantic hands stroke him over, making his sail-sized ears flicker thankfully. Far behind, it wags its tail exactly three lazy, sweeping times, and Arlei nearly swoons.

"DID YOU SEE, MASTER? HIS TAIL!"

"RRRRMB," the huge ovine rumbles, blinking asymmetrically.

"That's great, Arlei," you shout, hoping it doesn't spook the enormous sheep. "But you're even bigger, so let's not stay out in the open any longer, okay?"

"Who cares about her, in the Giant's Realm?" Rizii asks, shrugging huge shoulders dismissively. "I imagine you wanted her here, as she could fit in, physically, yeah?"

"Well, that's part of it," you counter, waving as you talk for Arlei to follow. "We're back out of Stargos now, and that means a lot more potential run-ins with other Guilds, including Avros! I've probably broken tons of rules as it is, I shouldn't have been in Stargos, I should have reported my finding of Kogo Varan or Arlei...and good grief, we defeated the champion everyone assumed was going to battle the Archmage, which I may have...accidentally set free."

Byrna halts in place, turning back to you with bulging eyes. Rizzi is slower to turn about as the information sinks in.

"You?" Byrna repeats, trying the words out. "You...freed the Archmage?"

"I might have, I'm not sure," you stammer, your arms up. "I freed Arlei from Kogo Varan when I followed a map I thought was just a joke, and shortly after we made it out, some dwarves said word was out that the Archmage had returned. I mean, no one's seen him, apparently, but the kingdoms agree that the signs are there."

"Arlei was stuck there, and you got her free, right?" Rizii says, flatly, turning to you.

"Yeah. But, she has this heavenly aura, and the gods sent her down to suppress his evil over years and years, so when I took her away from the tower, well. It makes sense."

"You don't think that was a little reckless, Lloyd?" the chubby salamander asks, still awestruck and overwhelmed by fear. "What did you think would happen?"

"You saved her," Rizii says, stubbornly insistent.

"Yes," you say.

"Then, alright. You did good."

Just like that, the book is written, the chapter closed. The hulking female kobold nods once with a snort, right at you, and you...well, you nod back.

“Honey, this is serious,” Byrna grumbles, albeit lightly, as she looks to you with a flash of worry, then thumps back up close behind Rizii. “The Archmage is unbelievably powerful!”

“We’re getting stronger, love, and fast,” Rizii chuckles, not stopping. “Think how much bigger and stronger I, er, *we*’ll be, before he ever shows up!”

“Ladies,” you call, as they argue on.

“Be serious, Riz!”

“I am serious! I would love to see you looming over me, big as a cuddly hot mountain.”

Byrna shudders helplessly at the thought, before huffing it out, and continuing on:

“N-not the issue! You know I’ll go wherever you go, darling, certainly...and Lloyd and Arlei seem nice, too, I like them fine...but we’ll probably...you know...*die*.”

“These two are special, hot rock,” Rizii says, beaming cockily. “They’ll make us towering lizard legends!”

Byrna shivers again, her big soft eyes lidding tight.

“Ladies! Hey, you!”

Both larger females jerk back to you, blinking, plain-faced.

“What?” they both chirp, curious.

“This way.”

You helpfully point about 90 degrees away from where Rizii started going. Arlei leads the massive Tam-ram along with her behind you, its huge hooves slamming the terrain dumbly as she pets it over and over, taking it as her new pet.

“Arlei, that thing’s probably got owners, or a wild family somewhere.”

“OOH, I SUPPOSE THAT’S TRUE, MASTER LLOYD,” she mutters, the aproned reptilian female sighing so heavily that her chest surges up from it. “YOU BE GOOD, DAVID!”

“...David?”

As Rizii and Byrna jog and bounce up to you and Arlei, a *crack* splits the air. Your

speed's grown enough that you already have your sword out, but Rizii is a little quicker, still; her cleaver slams down, cutting a cannonball clean in two! Its impact blows back up through the cleaver, rattling even Rizii's copious muscle as the split halves crash into the ground on both sides, still strong enough to send geysers of grass and dirt into the winds!

"Gah, dammit, what was that, an entire cannonball?" Rizii snarls, shaking her thick arms as they tingle. "If my level wasn't so high, we'd have been blown apart!"

"Down!" Byrna hollers, as her tongue snaps out, coiling around the humongous Tam-ram's big horn, and yanking so hard that even the shocked ram is forced lower, his horn bashing the incoming cannonball off course!

The other party members (yourself included) are to the ground as the hollow ping of the sheep's horns answers. David shakes his feral head, annoyed, and gallops elsewhere, leaving you all exposed, but alive.

"That's military arsenal!" you holler, scrambling back up onto your feet. "I don't see any infantrymen anywhere! There's no one around who—oh, no. Oh, Lord! Run, everyone run, now!"

"What is it?" Byrna starts, before you're practically pushing her big smooth scaly rump forward, making her give the reptilian equivalent to a squawk.

"Hurry, we only have seconds before she reloads!"

"Who!?" Rizii pants, breaking into a powerful run on two huge, thick legs.

"SOME SORT OF MINOTAUR, I CAN SEE HER!" Arlei replies, her huge feet slamming down so heavily it interrupts, staggering your party's flight with every thunderous, sole-laden crash! "SHE HAS AN ENTIRE CANNON! WOW!"

"It's Bre!" you wheeze, running faster, your armor clattering awkwardly along with Rizii's, Byrna's gigantic breasts wobbling like bulgy, plated metronomes against her buttoned vest as you run together. "She...she's part of the Avros Guild Administration!"

"Why's she shooting at us!?" Rizii growls, starting to outpace the group to the point where she has to deliberately skip a step to keep closer. "Shouldn't she and some guards just detain you, sl-slap your noodly little wrist!?"

"You don't get in trouble with the Avros Guild," you pant, straining to keep up with the two females, as Arlei reaches a mighty hand down to grab you up, one at a time, depositing you all very easily onto her vast cleavage, where you bounce about. "Y-you guh-get ki-killed! T-they have a zero t-to-tolerance policy-y!"

"So their admin c-carries a whole c-cannon around!?" Byrna gasps, as the three of you feel the tremors rising up and down from Arlie's colossal feet slamming the turf.

“She and h-her brother are huh-hard-co-core!”

Another crack booms, and Arlei breaks into a stumble forward as a cannonball snaps at top speed against her neck, still strong enough to put a dent in her scales. The ball bursts into a consuming vapor on impact, before clearing away.

-500 DAMAGE, *CRITICAL*

“AHH!” Arlei hisses, snorting the pain out overhead as she continues to thunder along.

“It did that much damage!?” Rizii roars, startled at the numbers. “What was that mist!?”

“Never mind! Heal yourself, quick!” you order, shouting up at her towering head.

“Y-YES! HEAL!”

The spell is cast mid-stride, a warm glow overtaking the immense maid’s entire body with light for 400 HP.

-150 MP!

“AH, M-MY MAGIC POINTS,” she pants, as another cannonball whizzes by, narrowly missing the party as it explodes. “WHY DID THAT C-COST SO MUCH!?”

You look up past her massive jaw and cap, to see [DEMI] over it, in the air.

“The cannon!” you moan, panicking even more. “It’s a specialty weapon! It affects stats!”

You check up at Arlei’s looming stats:

HP: 850/950

MP: 200/350

The stat effect dectupled her cost! Not good!

“How far to the city, Lloyd?” Rizii demands as another explosion cracks off in the distance, and Arlei shrieks in pain, another burst of smoke clouding around her body:

-500 DAMAGE, *CRITICAL*

[SLOW]

Arlei’s howl drops lower as you feel her breasts heave up under you in slow motion, her feet in the air longer, before her huge heels catch and crush the topside again.

“I don’t know, ten minutes, walking? Twenty?”

“PLLLLLLEEEAAASE HHHUUURRRRRYYYY”

Arlei’s huge voice feels even bigger as she gradually puts her next foot down, her healthy HP knocked back down to 350/950! You shout up to her as comfortingly but firmly as you can:

“HEAL! QUICK!”

“But she can only do one more!” Byrna says, as yet another cannonball slams into the soil nearby, missing. “Just let me warp us again! All I need is a few seconds to cast!”

“HHHHEEEEEAAAAAAAAALLL”

+400 HP

“Good, good, do it!” you and Rizzi both chatter, overlapping one another as the soft, fiery salamander nods and starts to cast.

A single shot fires off from afar, but this one blasts high up into the air.

“METEOR SHOT!”

The powerful voice bellows from the distance, feminine, and ice cold. The cannonball peaks in the noontime air, before ballooning into a massive boulder of iron—all of which suddenly drops with terrifying speed down at you, as big as Arlei’s head!

“Byrna!” Rizii hisses, as her significant other opens her eyes and shouts:

“WARP: HRUTHGA!”

The ball crashes right behind Arlei, putting out a wave of red, explosive energy that inundates everything nearby:

-400, ALL!

Everyone winces in pain as the damage lands, just before a bright flash interrupts, then clears, depositing the party right before the towering walls of Hruthga, the Giant’s city!

You take a quick stock of the party, atop Arlei’s enormous cleavage, and it’s rough:

LLOYD: 110/510 HP

ARLEI: 350/950 HP

RIZII: 800/1,200 HP

BYRNA: 680/1,080 HP

“What was that, a skill attack?” Rizii pants, the musclebound female slightly winded.

“That attack speed was sky-high,” Byrna sighs, helping you up to your feet with gentle, smooth-scaled hands, nubby little claws touching here and there. “Being able to reload and fire that frequently, with a specialty-affect, high-tier ranged weapon...that’s terrifying.”

“At least we put in some distance,” you wheeze, flashing red from low HP. “Before we go in...we can use our one heal potion left, but we’re all hurt. We...we could, ah, use a tent...no, wait, that last one was put up in the mines, we never went back to it. We...we never saved!”

“We could still use the two magic potions,” Byrna suggests, as you all stand to the side of a massive main road to a looming, monster-sized gate, one so big that even Arlei’s muzzle only reaches the massive iron knockers. “One to refill Arlei’s MP...then that would give her two heals, since with her Demi and Slow states, she won’t have enough maximum MP to cast Cure All on us. Then, we use the other to do it again, so she can heal the rest of the party.”

“Or, we just go in, and find a merchant, we have a decent bit of coin,” Rizii offers, motioning impatiently over to the humongous doors. “Not that I’ll really like being looked down on again. Hrmph.”

“She’s right,” you say, nodding through the pain. “We can keep Byrna’s plan as an emergency backup, and hopefully keep hold of our magic potions, at least until we can clear those stat affects on Arlei.”

The girls all consider, then nod. Arlei nods slower.

“SSSSSSOOOOOOUNDDDDSSSS GOOOOOOOOOD, MAAAAAASTERRRR!”

You feel Arlei very slowly start to thump over to the gate, and knock on it.

...

A gnoll bigger than Arlei throws the door open, snorting through a black nose bigger than an entire house as he glares down at you.

“HMM.”

His voice is cataclysmically *BIG*. Considering he hasn’t spoken, that’s saying something.

“GREEEEEEEEETIIIIINGSSSSSS,” Arlei begins—

“HEH,” the 600-foot gnoll chuckles, his lips parting crookedly. “HAHAHA! AH, YOU GOT SLOWED! BAHAAAAHA!”

His hyena laugh blasts everywhere as he guffaws rudely, putting a building-sized hand over his titanic, furred abs. Out past him are rows and rows of homes so big that it boggles your normal-sized, human brain. That several other monument-dwarfing gnolls peek out and start to cackle and hoot doesn’t help any.

“WELLLLLLLLL, YYYYYSSSSSSS, IIIII WWWWASSSSS.”

“HAH! Y-YOU POOR KID! AH, I NEEDED A LAUGH. GEHEH!”

Pectorals bigger than an entire cargo ship bob up and down, an incalculably massive red toga wrapped around impossibly gigantic, tight muscles. Despite his booming voice, the gnoll guard actually smiles pretty nicely, wiping a huge eye with a clawed finger as he looms over even your precious maid.

“YOOOOOOOU’RRRRE WEEELLLLLLLCOOOOOOME!”

“COME ON, IN, TINY, WELCOME TO HRUTHGA! SMALLER GIANTS DESIGNATED SAFETY A-AREAS ARE TO YOUR RIGHT. KEEP OFF OF SMALLER TRAFFIC LANES, UNLESS YOUR FRIENDS DOWN THERE WANT TO TRAVEL ON THEIR OWN FOOTPATHS, P-PLA-AHEHEHEH!”

He shakes his massive, strong head and neck, still chuckling it off. A spear the size of a castle tower points out to the correct street as he flexes a bicep big enough to overflow a regular town square.

“I...AHM, I APOLOGIZE, GO ON IN, PLEASE. WELCOME!”

The giant gnolls nod and wave as Arlei passes inside, slowly, making several other guards laugh into one another’s shoulders, unable to help it. Despite all the rumors of travelers daring enough to hobnob with titans, and all the mystery of the realm, you’re amazed how casual and friendly these behemoths are. Maybe being six hundred feet tall means you feel secure?

“MISS?” the same guard asks, as Arlei slowly turns around.

“YYYYEEESSSSSSSSSS?”

“THE SMALLER GIANTS’ MARKET IS STRAIGHT DOWN THE WAY, I SUGGEST YOU PURCHASE A REMEDY AS SOON AS YOU’RE ABLE.”

It makes sense, now that you see it: giants didn’t all come at a set size range, so the strong-arms in town would naturally be the bigger ones. Come to think of it, most traveling giants were perhaps 100 or so feet in size. The idea that some grew so big they would have trouble traveling anywhere else is completely new. And...just a bit scary.

The market is as big and busy as you imagined, even with the new information still sinking in. Huts and carts and tents so big you can’t see the tops of them loom across a vast square, gargantuan livestock sitting around, a blasting din of activity that nearly deafens your tiny ears. Something very good-smelling is cooking nearby, and at its presumed giant size, it’s nearly *torturous* to experience.

“That smells incredible!” Rizii chirps, her green tongue slipping out. “Good-good!”

“It sure does,” you second, as you both start looking all around for what it could be.

“WELL!”

A massive, unchecked voice crashes in around you, making everyone stumble back on Arlei’s breasts, the huge maid doing the same as you, and even she, look up at an immense, towering wall of white fur, belonging to a lagomorph in a robe and hood with leather-wrapped forearms and gigantic, soft paws. It’s...it’s Goh! *He’s massive!*

“DIDN’T THINK I’D SEE Y’ALL HERE!” the 500-foot rabbit booms, beaming so wide his weathered whiskers perk up. “WHAT CAN I GET FOR YOU? BETTER TO SHOP HERE THAN TRUST A BUNCH OF SHADY MERCHANTS, EH?”

“Like we’d trust you, Goh!” Rizii nearly spits, crossing her massive, bulging blue arms over her huge breasts. “And h-how...how’d you get so big!? What gives!?”

“HMM?” he asks, cocking his huge head smugly. “WHAT, THIS? HEHE, SIMPLE: I HAVE A TEMP STAT LICENSE! I CAN DO BUSINESS HERE FOR LIMITED BURSTS OF TIME, SO LONG AS I KEEP IT RENEWED WITH THE GIANT’S REALM AUTHORITIES!”

“YOU get to be gigantic!?” Rizii seethes, standing up with a wobble on the plates of Arlei’s bosom so that she can point. “Scrawny, smelly, greedy little YOU!?”

“HEHE! I GUESS SO!”

The bigger male leans in closer, looking bigger, and bigger, and bigger, until his pink nose hovers over Rizii meanly.

“SPEAKING OF! I THINK YOU OWE ME ANOTHER PAYMENT FROM YOUR TAB, DON’T YOU! NOT FROM THESE GOOD FOLKS, MIND, BUT YOUR OWN MONEY! LET’S HAVE IT, PLEASE.”

The embarrassment of having her bill called publicly proves worse than any attack, as Rizii withdraws her pointing finger and smolders in place, muttering.

“Don’t have it”

“I’M SO SORRY, YOUR VOICE IS TOO TINY.”

“I don’t have it!” she barks, flushed angrily at the face. Byrna knows better than to try and interrupt, at this point, you can just tell.

“I SEE! SHAME. NOW, WHAT’LL YOU GOOD, PAYING FRIENDS HAVE?”

You clear the shock enough to finally answer, as you bring out your 300 GOLD. When it's over and done, the gargantuan rabbit cheerfully pulls smaller-sized items out of his massive bag, and hands them over with enormous, furred fingers, going out of his way to bump into Rizii.

300 GOLD only gets you so much, it turns out:

INVENTORY:

HEAL POTION X2
MAGIC POTION X3
POWER ELIXIR
TENT

KEY ITEMS:

MAP
MASTER KEY

You realize at the last moment that something is actually missing from the inventory.

Your jewels!

“Hey, wait,” you stammer, from down on Arlei's vast bust, as Goh blinks down at you. “The base jewels from my bag, they're gone!”

“HARDLY GONE, FRIEND!” Goh chirps, holding up a monstrous paw to reveal three colored little gems. “MERELY COLLATERAL! I'LL JUST BE HOLDING ON TO THESE, UNTIL RIZII DECIDES TO PAY UP HER INSTALLMENT. SHE *IS* IN YOUR PARTY, AFTER ALL, SO FAIR IS FAIR.”

Crummy as it is to hear, the vast bunny is right.

“S-sorry,” Rizzi hisses, forcing the word out for you.

“Nothing to be sorry for, I get it,” you mutter back, sort of meaning it. “What's her installment, then, Goh?”

“HMM? OH, THAT WOULD BE 1,500 GOLD.”

“So, if we get that to you, next time, you'll—”

“RELINQUISH OWNERSHIP BACK TO YOU, MY FRIEND, HAPPILY! I'M OFF, NOW, I DON'T HAVE MUCH LONGER ON MY LICENSE SEAL, HEH! TAKE CARE!”

“Of course he's leaving now,” Rizzi huffs, “I'd flatten him, at his regular size.”

“Temper, honey,” Byrna soothes, hooking a plump orange arm around her enormous bicep, rubbing the kobold’s inflated forearm sweetly. It kind of works.

“We’ll figure the money part out later, no worries,” you offer, to which Rizii wrinkles her muzzle disdainfully. You figure it’s not so much at you, but rather at being dependent. *Probably.*

You look back up to see Goh thumping through the crowd of other giants, before turning back to you with a lopsided grin, his buck teeth showing, as he nods helpfully over at another tent in the market. As he bounds off, you squint at the tent’s huge sign:

“STAT REMOVALS/CLEARANCES!”

Behind the tent, sitting down, is a 300-foot elf, a female. She looks amicable enough!

“I think we can get Arlei’s stats cleared here,” you suggest, drawing Byrna and Rizii’s attention. “Arlei, over there! See? Head that way, let’s get you fixed up!”

“YYYESSSS, MAAAAASTERRRRR LLOOOOYDDDD!”

She slowly thumps over through the confused, then snickering giants around her, the maid blushing through her scales as she notices. There’s really nothing you can do to help as she thuds past taller giants and a few shorter ones, as you spy small paths carved into the city walls where people your own size are carefully walking along, keeping eyes out. No wonder few folks came here that weren’t huge.

“HHHEEEEEELLLOOOOO,” Arlei tries to quickly say as she steps in front of the tent, drawing the huge elf’s glance. “IIIIII WOOOOOOOULLLLLD—”

“Oh, a slow case, is it?” the gigantic she-elf says, calmly, pleasantly, her huge hands together as she sits on the other side. Long brown hair cascades in perfect symmetry down a porcelain face as she watches Arlei try to finish her words. “We can clear that, my dear, certainly. 100 GOLD, please.”

You wince as the situation returns to you. *You have no money.*

“Does anyone have any extra coin on them?” you meekly ask. Heads shake.

“Oh, you’ve little friends, I see,” the elf says, peering calmly at you all. “Friends with no money, to boot. A poor combination, at times.”

“We’ve just been put in a bit of a financial bind, actually,” you explain-shout to the enormous woman. “Is there any way at all we can work around that?”

“I’m afraid not,” she sighs, shaking her head with as little motion or fuss as possible.

“One moment, one moment,” a smaller voice interjects, as someone normal-sized steps out from behind the sign to the elf’s right. “Let me get a look at them.”

“Yes, of course,” she says, nodding down to a thin, handsome kirin in a three-part robe, sash and vest within.

The vest is cut into a V slit, showing her upper chest, his fur patterned dark violet, with a middle column of maroon between. Lavender hair tumbles down his deer-like face and red horn as he looks the party over, then at you, specifically. He looks up at Arlei, and his face sours the tiniest little bit, his eyes lidding dully.

“Ah, nevermind, my dear, no,” he grumbles, turning away with closed eyes and raised brows. “Not interested. Apologies, travelers.”

He steps back behind the sign, and that appears to be that.

“That’s it?” you balk, from Arlei’s breasts. “We’re not interesting?”

“I apologize, sir,” she briskly says, as a gigantic human wheels a statue of a bigger wolfman up behind you, clearly next in line. “If you’ll please step aside.”

Arlei slowly does so, to the other giants’ chagrin.

“What now?” Byrna asks, shrugging. “Do we just wait it out?”

“Those stat effects are probably high-end, I’m not sure how long that would take,” you say, running your hand through your hair in exasperation. “Goh cleaned us out, we didn’t get any new antidotes. We’re going to have to get creative.”

“I saw we use our tent, in that case” Rizii says, trying to move the talks away from Goh.

“Won’t that put us outside the city, in order to use it?” Byrna gently counters. “We can’t use them in-city, and we have no money left for an Inn stay. Moreover, if we’re outside the walls, can’t that Bre person pick us off? We’d be exposed.”

“Do you think she’ll go in after us?” Rizii asks. “I mean, we have Arlei to get around with, she doesn’t. Was she regular-sized, Arlei, could you tell when you saw her out there?”

“IIIIIIII—”

“COME WITH ME.”

Everything stops, the moment a husky voice cuts through.

“QUIETLY. ALL OF YOU. NOW.”

A stout, bespectacled specimen of female dwarf is behind you, but giant-sized. The combination takes your brain a moment to process as Arlei (very) slowly turns about, revealing her to all of you. She must be roughly 400 feet, hardly larger than the mighty maid...but she's built far thicker, and looks capable of knocking her out with one good blow.

"BEGGGG PAAAARDOOOONNN?" Arlie tries to say, though the dwarf cuts her off:

"SO IT WAS YOU," she sighs, nodding. *"CONFIRMED. I WAS GOING TO QUESTION YOU AT THE CITY HALL'S SUB-BASEMENT, BUT NOW I KNOW."*

Oh.

She squints down at you, in particular, and her lips flatten.

Oh, no.

"LLOYD GARNET?"

"Can you warp us out, Byrna?" you ask, ask subtly as you can. The salamander shakes her head fearfully.

"Demi hit us all, I've been trying to cast it and don't have enough MP! Who is this?" she mutters back, when—

"YOU KNOW ME AS ADMINISTRATOR BRE. YOU ARE UNDER ARREST ON 19 COUNTS OF ANTI-GUILD CHARGES. UNDER AVROS GUILD CHARTER, YOU FORFEIT ALL ENTITLEMENT TO TRIAL OUTSIDE OF AVROS JURISDICTION. YOU AND YOUR PARTY WILL ACCOMPANY, OR FACE SUMMARY JUDGMENT HERE AND NOW. TELL ME YOU UNDERSTAND."

"What are you, Guild Police?" Rizii hollers, intentionally drawing attention to the scene from passing giants. *"I'm not going anywhere with you, stubby! Go flip off a pier!"*

"Rizii, don't," you murmur. *"Seriously!"*

As the tinier kobold snarks back, the kirin watches on, from behind the sign, one eyebrow raised. Meanwhile, the massive dwarf purses her lips, snorts, and points to a large glowing sigil on her shoulder, both impassive yet impatient.

*"SEE THIS? THIS IS A SIZE LICENSE, FROM THE KINGDOM ITSELF. IT DESIGNATES MY AGREED-UPON RIGHT TO ENTER AND, WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF COMMON AND KINGDOM LAW, ENFORCE MY WILL ACCORDINGLY. I HAVE PERMISSION TO BE HERE, AT A FUNCTIONAL SIZE, PURELY TO TAKE YOU IN. YOU SAY NO TO ME, LITTLE ONE, AND YOU SAY NO TO *HERE*."*

Her hand lowers, settling behind her on a massive iron cannon, strapped to her back.

Even Rizii shuts up, the moment she lets you see it for yourselves.

“YOOUUU SHOOOOTTTT MEEEE!” Arlei fumes, gradually.

“AND I WILL DO SO UNTIL YOU COMPLY. SO. COMPLY. THERE WILL BE NO ARGUMENTS, NO BACK AND FORTH, NO DISCUSSIONS, NO PLEADING. COME.”

She snaps her gloved fingers with sharp, singular intent. Nothing about her seems evil or cruel, just...cold and clinical, and fully prepared to unleash hell, if need be.

“Lloyd, can you confuse her?” Byrna asks, muttering a little quicker.

“I can...try.”

“You probably should, I don’t think she’ll let us go otherwise.”

It’s a terribly risky move. But, Byrna’s right, too, you’re *literally* outgunned:

BOSS: BRE, LV 44, WEREBULL ADMINISTRATOR
HP: 11,000

You had never seen her outside of her bull form (sure, she was female, but everyone around the Guild used ‘bull’, it sounded best). For that matter, you had never once needed to talk to or meet her, which was good, as you’ve heard the stories.

It’s now or never. You brace yourself for the worst as Rizii and Byrna see you step forward, throw your arms up in a defiant/desperate gesture, and shout:

“CONFUSE 2!”

A bright light overtakes the dwarf, who casually glances around, without the bother of fully moving. It fades, leaving only for judging expression as she pushes her glasses up, unfazed.

No good!

“A SPELL ATTEMPT IS TANTAMOUNT TO RESISTANCE,” she flatly growls, as her entire body starts to shift and change before you. “NONCOMPLIANCE NOTED!”

“Lloyd?” Rizii asks, stepping back over Arlei’s breasts as Bre starts to tremble and lurch taller, her muscles bursting larger. “What do we do, here?”

“Run!” you shout, only for Arlei to slowly turn about in place.

Right.

“REALLY?” Bre rumbles, the dwarf already twice as tall, at a towering 800 feet, and

getting bigger, the more bovine she becomes. Her breastplate strains and moans as her breasts billow uncontrollably within, the straps barely holding. Waves of light brown fur creep out, pushing through her skin as two large horns curve up from the back of her lengthening head, her nose widening into a long, powerful muzzle, her ears flowing out into feral flaps as her neck swells massively wider. Muscles fit to rival Rizii's impressive scope flare out greedily, iron-tight and heaving larger still as she tops off at a ludicrous, dominant 900 feet!

"PREPARE TO BE SUBDUED, DOWN THERE!" she lows, bellowing and mooing at the same time, as she unslings the huge cannon, having been grown up with her.

Arlei is still taking her first step as Bre snorts steam from a huge pink muzzle tip, a cannonball the size of a whole pond forming in her opened, furry palm. In the ball thuds as she loads the cannon, then scrapes her horn against its exterior, casting sparks, before you hear:

"FLAME!"

A great shelf of fire leaps out, aimed right at Bre's eyes, exploding on impact. The bull's control is such that all it nets is a small, annoyed grunt as the giantess lurches back, rubbing the smoke out of her eyes as -100 DAMAGE appears. Her hooven feet crash back a step, and only one step, making smaller giants as high as her waist scatter as she looms over the market tents and signs.

"REALLY?" she booms, put off, as she wipes at her eyes.

"Good thinking, Byrna, thanks!" you shout, as Arlei puts one foot before the other, sort of, eventually rounding the market corner and heading into the larger section of the city. Given the way trees and buildings and livestock all kept getting bigger, it made sense.

"We won't outpace her like this!" Rizii growls, looking back pointlessly (all there was for see from your vantage is Arlei's collarbone and neck plates). "We need to bring her down!"

"That's not going to happen, in our state!" you counter, quickly. "We need to flee!"

"We are fleeing! And I hate it!"

"Lloyd, give me a magic potion, quick!" Byrna suddenly insists, her chubby paws out.

"What, why? You're in the same demi state as us! You can't warp us out!"

"I know, but give me one, please! We need to be ready to blind her again!"

You instantly understand, at least enough to hand a vial over.

"Only when you need to, though! You can only get one in, even back up at full MP!"

"Right! I will!"

A series of massive impacts slam the roadway behind you, getting heavier by the second!

“She’s following, already!?” Rizii gasps. “How?”

“Hearing?” Byrna suggests, as you shout to Arlei:

“Hard left, Arlei! Between the buildings!”

Given that she’s a little bit shorter than the average giant, the reptile has no trouble squeezing in between two gigantic shops, slowly but surely, vanishing in between just as you hear Bre stomping into your lane, narrowly missing her returning sights! The 900-foot she-bull adjusts her enlarged glasses, blinking the smoke and dimness away as she looms overhead. Even shops built for people 500 feet tall only go up to about her chin as she goes still, and perks her huge ears up. Not that you can tell.

“Everyone, keep quiet,” you whisper, only to nearly exclaim on your own as Arlei’s massive breasts and nipple mash against the shop facade opposite the one at her back. The limited room forces her bosom to swell up high in a hot dimple, heaving the three of you up with it as she nods in slow motion, and keeps her huge muzzle shut.

“What now?” Rizii asks, her voice actually staying low and soft.

“We need to save,” you reply, barely even talking, as you hear Bre’s cow-nose flaring in and out, smelling for you where she cannot see or hear. “But for that...we have to be outside of the city, in the overworld. Arlei...Arlei, can you make it that far? Even creeping slow?”

You see her huge head nod, keeping silent.

“Better yet, we warp away,” Byrna whispers, her tongue flicking out over and over as she tries to speak softly, “then we can...oh, wait, we all have demi, and the tent would restore us. Never mind, we have to use the tent first, *then* warp.”

“Nobody’s been here before,” you begin, as a big quaking hoof-step shakes the streets, followed by another, even nearer. “So we have to guess the way out. It’s easier to hide in the biggest part of the city, and take the back gate out!”

“Right,” Byrna agrees, Rizii nodding as well.

“Sounds like a plan, let’s git,” she seconds.

The shops all thankfully compose a series of rows back-to-back, giving Arlei a narrow-but-manageable series of back alleys through which to maneuver. She pops out slowly through two shops, only to thump up chest-first against the back of a house big enough to fit four shops, at least. This must be the edge of the bigger district! Damnation, that single house is...is

well over 2,000 feet high! Windows as big as entire mansions stretch calmly along an unthinkable amount of massive bricks and endless mortar. A cat as big as Arlei lazily watches you from one pane as you guide her along the rear section.

“BEG PARDON, MISTRESS BRE,” an unbelievably huge, bassy voice rumbles nearby. It could be nearby, you can’t tell, it’s so big. “WE CAN’T ALLOW YOU PAST THIS SECTOR, MA’AM. I’M SORRY.”

“I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT A BAND OF CRIMINALS ARE MOVING INTO YOUR SECTOR, TO HIDE FROM THE LAW,” she calmly booms, as you move away and listen at the same time. “I BELIEVE YOU SEE THE SIGIL. YES?”

“THAT’S CLEARANCE FOR THE SMALLER AND MID-REGIONS,” the voice answers, making Bre’s sound cute in comparison. “I’M AFRAID YOU’LL NEED A HIGHER SIGIL LICENSURE.”

Arlei shimmies between colossal houses, and in the gap between you see an absolute monster of a red-furred gnoll towering impossibly high, standing well over half a mile tall, and nearly sagging with an overbearing ocean of tight muscle. He’s so big that you understand why there’s little bothering in covering the colossus: how much fabric could the kingdom part with, to manage it? All he possesses, from your view, is a massive, overtaxed loincloth that just barely conceals a vast, semi-flaccid member and swollen, thigh-consuming sacs.

“Oh,” Byrna and Rizii coo, blushing a moment.

“Focus,” you whisper.

“VERY WELL. I’LL BE RIGHT BACK, CAPTAIN. IN THE MEANTIME, I RECOMMEND SEALING YOUR BACK GATE IMMEDIATELY.”

“HAPPILY, MA’AM.”

“Gorgeous, and polite,” Byrna soft-hisses, grinning.

“And how,” Rizii huffs, wagging. “To be that big!”

“We need to double-time to the gate!” you remind the girls. “Fast!”

“We can’t, Arlei’s—”

“I know, I know, slowed! Argh!”

Arlei is a giantess, and then some, to be sure; yet, when she rounds the backside of the first actual shop, she seems petite. A cluster of barrels twice her size rests by the establishment, and she gingerly creeps down in between them to hide and slowly catch her breath.

“Okay, they locked us in,” you whimper, running lower on options. “Arlei and I can’t likely survive another hit from Bre. Rizii and Byrna *probably* could. Well, that was before she blew up into a supergiant, her attack must be sky-high after the boost. So, we really don’t know what any attack at this point would do.”

“Probably cream us to paste,” Byrna sighs. “What do we have to work with?”

You check the bag again.

“Two heal potions, three magic potions, a power elixir and a tent.”

“And the tent’s out-out,” Rizii adds, helpfully. “But that power elixir!”

“I don’t think it’d make even you strong enough to really put a dent in her, at giant-size. Normally, I bet you would go toe-to-hoof with her, though!”

Rizii actually seems to appreciate that last boost to her confidence.

“It’d feel good,” she suggests, shrugging her massive blue shoulders.

“S...SSSSORRRRRYYYY,” Arlei slowly huffs, blushing in embarrassment above. You replay her voice in your head, then realize it’s *shame*. “IIIIIT’S SSSS M M M M Y F A A A A A U L T.”

“Hey, no, Arlei, it isn’t,” you soothe, the two other reptile females nodding. “You’re doing what you can! You’re the one that’s been saving us, okay?”

“Yeah, big-big saved,” Rizii adds.

The huge maid bites her own lip, blushing, before slowly bringing up a huge cuffed hand to wipe her tears with. But, ultimately, she nods in understanding.

“TTTTTHHHAAAAANK YYYYYOUUUUU.”

“So, we can’t get out to save,” Byrna says, “we can’t afford an Inn to save and heal with, in town. We could take Bre on at normal size, debatably, all together and drowning in luck...but giant-sized, she’d clobber us. She’s going to go get a sigil that lets her get so big she can enter here and root us out. We can’t make a stand, realistically. You can’t re-use your confusion skill, until you level up again. We’re in trouble, everyone.”

“Heal Arlei and I with the potions, first,” you suggest. “Then...we give the power elixir to Arlei, right after that. Sorry, Rizii. I have an idea, here!”

Rizii harrumphs a bit, but doesn’t really object.

“You want all the stats for damage on Arlei, is that it, Lloyd?” Byrna asks.

“Yes, as much strength as we can give her. When I say, I want you both to put all your MP available to buffing, and focus them on Arlei. We’re going to push her strength through the roof and beyond, we’re only going to get one shot at this!”

“Ah, Lloyd,” Byrna interrupts, sagging a bit. “Neither of us has enough MP to pull that off, in demi-state, sorry.”

“Crap. Okay. Okay, we’ll put what we can on her, just the same. Now, I’m going to start by trying one skill I haven’t used up: steal.”

“What could she have that you would possibly take?” Rizii asks.

“You’ll see. Knowing Bre, she’ll be back in minutes, so just follow my lead, we need to be close when she gets back, otherwise we’re dead!”

“O...okay, fine,” Rizii chirps, taken aback by your resolve, but not hating it.

When Bre thunders back up toward the entrance to the biggest tier of the city, she has a massive silver badge in hand, showing it to the massive crimson gnoll, who looks it over, then smiles politely.

“EXCELLENT, MISS BRE, THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE.”

“PROTOCOL ABOVE ALL ELSE, CAPTAIN, PROTOCOL,” Bre replies, a hint of respect buried in her stony words as she nods up to the looming male from down at his hips.

“WE STILL AREN’T ALLOWED TO LET ANYONE UNDER A CERTAIN SIZE IN, DUE TO THE INHERENT DANGERS. PLEASE, PUT THE SIGIL ON, AND KINDLY INCREASE YOUR SIZE TO THE PROPER RANGE.”

“YES, OF COURSE, CAPTAIN.”

As the 900-foot werebull brings the sigil up to her other massive shoulder to slap it on, you leap out from behind a massively huge chimney, atop a vast roof overhead.

“STEAL!”

Success!

Astonishingly, the odds land in your favor, and the sigil vanishes from Bre’s gigantic palm, leaving her to slap it pointlessly onto her shoulder, before she realizes nothing’s happened.

It reappears at your scale, in your hand! The heals have been used! Here goes!

LLOYD: 460/510 HP

ARLEI: 500/950 HP
RIZII: 800/1,200 HP
BYRNA: 680/1,080 HP

You break into a frantic run over a rooftop as big as a field, scrambling back towards the ladies, when you hear an angered roar burst up from the oversized streets:

“STEALING, ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE, GARNET!?” Bre bellows, shaking the air as you hear her stomp about, presumably looking for you. “THAT MAKES 20 COUNTS! RETURN THAT SIGIL, AT ONCE, OR I SWEAR I’LL CARPET THE ENTIRE AREA IN SLOW, and COMB THROUGH IT MYSELF!”

“AH, MISTRESS BRE, YOU *ARE* AWARE THAT THE GOODWILL CLAUSE OF YOUR AGREEMENT WITH HRUTHGA GOVERNANCE INCLUDES A STIPULATION OF NO ACTS OF AGGRESSION OR VIOLENCE, WITHIN CITY LIMITS?”

“IT’S A NONVIOLENT SOLUTION!” she huffs, clearly getting more annoyed.

“I’M AFRAID ANY INFRACTION ON ANY GIANT’S PERSONAL RIGHTS WOULD BE SEEN AS A VIOLATION, MA’AM.”

The humongous gnoll leans in closer, dominantly letting his vast member hover inches from her mammoth, barely-plated breasts.

“OF COURSE,” she mutters, reeling her anger in quickly. “I UNDERSTAND. NOW, IF YOU WOULD KINDLY HELP ME APPREHEND THE CRIMINAL YOU’RE CURRENTLY ALLOWING TO ESCAPE.”

“GLADLY, MA’AM,” the immense gnoll professionally rumbles.

Not five seconds later, a monstrous hand rises over the roof you’re *still* running across, impossibly big claws gleaming in the sky above. From farther off, he was huge, but up close, his hand alone is *terrifying*. Before it can come down over you, you fling the sigil out to Byrna.

“NOW! NOW! Everything, NOW!” you holler, your throat hoarse.

Byrna leaps up from beyond that side of the roof, thrown up high by Arlei; the lovely salamander whips out her tongue, just getting enough reach to snap up the sigil, and swallow it whole, her throat bulging as she lands and gulps it down whole.

“Got i–hOOOOOOO!”

At once, Byrna *erupts* larger.

Her ample orange hips blast wider as she hiccups and surges, almost appearing to be pulled taller, before her soft belly *bwooomphs* bigger, her breasts expanding against an unhappy

vest, bulging, blazing-hot teats swelling unstoppably bigger and bigger, as she cries out in shock and delight, bursting instantly to over 100 feet, then 300 feet! All the while she wobbles her way nearer, pitching and adjusting to her growth spurt as she throws both bulging pudgy arms up and catches the captain's paw before it slams down!

The rooftop cracks from the combined bother of the titanic gnoll's hand and Byrna's burgeoning body, her hands only a fraction of the gnoll's palm as she hiccups and balloons even larger, pushing with a rubber-like squeal to 400 feet, then 500, then 600! Her swelling soles and clenching toes crackle the roof tiles as she pants in delirium and lust, magma-esque bits of saliva lining her huffing maw as she snorts, trembles, then **BOOMS** even BIGGER!

"H-HAAAAAHAAAA," she moans, lost in joy, the shuddering female rumbling and bloating up even bigger, even heavier, pushing the hand back up as the gnoll captain's muzzle looms up over the house, glaring in confusion.

"WHAT?" is all he can get out, before Byrna purposefully flings her 800-foot body off of the snapped roof, putting all of her hefty weight into landing on the gnoll's head, smothering his chest and shoulders and thick neck as she clings, trembles worse, and inflates loudly to 1,300 feet, then 1,800! She just keeps surging bigger in the periphery!

Yet, amazing as it is, you force yourself to turn back and shout down to the ground floor, so far below:

"RIZII!"

"BATTLECRY 2!" the kobold roars, as you see a bright light flash in the back alley.

SPEED X5!

"HALT, VILLAINS!"

Bre shouts like a doomsday explosion, followed by an actual one: her cannon fires up overhead, much the same way her Meteor Shot had done, making you scramble for cover as it explodes overhead, smoke sprinkling down:

[PARALYZE]

To your horror, you freeze up completely, in place.

You're only able to look as far off as you can manage, from the rooftop, seeing the captain fall down with a stupendous crash on the mega-sized roadway as Byrna hiccups and bloats bigger, yet, smothering the male with her warm, inflating scales as she passes 2,000 feet! Arlei hardly would have made it up to Byrna's thighs!

You try to move as you hear Rizii lunge from the other side of the building, aiming for the backs of the far-larger bull's legs:

“SMASH 3!”

She bellows as her cleaver bares forth, her mutually-colossal, surging blue muscles putting everything into one hard skill-strike!

The triple-effect kicks in, totalling -1,800 DAMAGE! It’s enough to make the massive werebull grunt in a flash of pain as she turns about and sparks the cannon with her horn, igniting the renewing fuse and blasting the area with another affect:

[POISON]

You hear Rizii cry out as she dodges the blow for damages, but is hit for the affect!

-100 DAMAGE

100!? What kind of weapon is that!?

You only have moments before her attack cycle renews!

“ARLEI! NOW!” you shout, up above. “GET IN CLOSE! DON’T LET HER FIRE!”

“IT’S USELESS!” Bre roars, the 900-foot titan-cow readying the next shot. “THE ONLY PARTY MEMBER YOU HAVE FREE CAN’T EVEN MOVE NORMAL-SPEED—”

Arlei darts out at top-speed from the back of the captain and the now equally-huge, half-mile tall Byrna. To the citizens of this sector, it was like two small giants tussling on the streets—still impressive.

“WHAT IN THE,” Bre growls as Arlei nearly instantly is upon her, getting in close, readying her mace. “NO!”

Readjusting, Bre instead swings the cannon itself, hard, clocking the smaller reptilian maid in the stomach. She’s flung back, crashing into the street as the captain and Byrna struggle nearby, shaking everything.

-4,000 DAMAGE

Bre pants a moment, before composing herself, and shouting to wherever you are, up on the rooftops:

“YOU...OFFSET MY SLOW BY GIVING HER BATTLECRY...NICE TRY, GARNET! BUT...THE AVROS GUILD...IS TOUGHER THAN THAT! N-NOW, SUBMIT! OR I’LL SWITCH MY AMMO TO STONE EFFECT! DO YOU WANT THAT TO HAPPEN?”

Byrna lunges at Bre, bearing down on the smaller werebull, her tongue whipping out and

striking her in the side for a modest -100 DAMAGE. It isn't much, but it's enough to stall the angered bull just long enough for Arlei to reappear, not only very alive, but swelling with monumentally massive, surging, scale-spreading muscle!

"BRUNT 2!" she bellows, as you see her ballooning up to 700 feet...900 feet...1,300 feet! She's never been anywhere near this big, and she's still absorbing the impact! Even Bre is surprised enough to stagger back, wide eyes rising over slipping glasses as Arlei blows up to 1,600 feet even, hulking with overloaded muscles, her breasts lurching up as she draws a gargantuan mace up high, and shouts "SMASH 4!"

"WAIT--"

Bre tries to respond, before Arlei's mace slams the bull right between the horns, cracking her skull for a sudden, splintering sum of -2,307 DAMAGE!

The air blows back around you all as the strike lands, heaving the giant ball back down the oversized stairwell, back down into the smaller section of the city with a stupendous crash!

BRE: 6,793/11,000 HP

The massive she-cow rests there, her monstrous breasts heaving up and down, before a deep, ugly tremble tears through her, shuddering her fur into ominous waves of motion as her hide turns bloodier, more copper-red and sinister.

"Did we get her?" you ask, still paralyzed. "Anybody?"

Suddenly, you're scooped up by Rizii, the bulky kobold female thudding along with you in her massive arm, crushed up against her big bosom as she moves.

"Not exactly!" she huffs, running at top speed, as the poison glows greener, again, docking her for another -100 DAMAGE. "Gah! We messed up! The plan was fine, b-but she...she has a 2nd stage form! I know what's happening!"

"W-what?" you ask.

"Berserk!"

You pause, mentally. Bre...berserk?

Your insides try to escape your body as the frigid implications hit.

A primal bellow erupts back down in the other tier of the city, making the captain and Byrna stop struggling. The gnoll's massive face is buried in the soft, smooth lizard's breasts, her fat tail draped over the gnoll's bursting massive erection, as the city starts to rattle angrily.

"WHAT'S THAT?" the captain balks as other super-giants look out their windows in

confusion, gasping and pointing as Bre swells up over their rooftops.

And swells.

And SWELLS.

She's...growing!?

“No!” you cry out, as Rizii gets as far away from the surging bull as possible.

“Yeah! It’s bad-bad! Berserk increases everything, but takes control away!”

“WE NEED TO GET THAT SIGIL OFF OF HER!” the captain booms, standing up, his muscled arm still draped unawares around Byrna’s equally-towering body. “IT CAN’T BE ON WHEN THAT KIND OF EFFECT IS HAPPENING!”

Rizii runs across roof after roof with you, hearing the exchange:

“W-WHY?” Byrna asks, her hand thoughtless remaining on the huge male’s heaving pectorals. “SHE’S CHANGING FORM, RIGHT?”

“YES, BUT IT’S A NATURAL AMPLIFIER!” he booms back, readying his massive sword. “IF SHE’S IN FLUX, IT WILL CONTINUE TO INCREASE HER SIZE, FAR BEYOND ITS INTENDED USE!”

Crap.

You can’t do a thing. The motion going on is the shuffling of you against Rizz’s huge kobold breasts as she steps back, watching in dismay as Bre shudders and lurches up larger, and larger, and larger.

“**COMPLYYYYY!**” she roars, bellowing and mooing in a complete, sizzling rage.

Even that half-mile tall gnoll captain leans back fearfully as the reddening, enraged she-cow balloons over the tallest buildings in the biggest district, muscles heaving loudly to double their size, giving the 3,000-foot behemoo-th a freakish physique, outclassing Rizii, outclassing everything as she flexes and swells. Her eyes burn milk-white and void, her once calm muzzle pulled back into a nonstop scream of anger as her breasts bloat too big, pinging her snapped armor off! Plates bigger than city squares crash nearby, kicking up geysers of smoke as she rears up and throws her head back, her growing chest swinging up over your chin as she moo-ans and shakes and explodes BIGGER!

“W-what do we do?” Rizii wheezes, tensing up for whatever’s coming.

You freeze within your own paralysis, wide-eyed, as the 2,500-foot Byrna attacks, using her tongue to whip around the bigger bull’s hukling calf, and pull hard, sending the 3,500-foot

beast into a lowing wobble as she fights to right herself.

“GEH OWFFUH HEWE!” the hill-sized salamander shouts at you, her tongue still out, before a hard kick from Bre smashes Byrna away, the giantess blasting through two walls that surround the towering giant castle.

-2,876 DAMAGE! CRITICAL!

“Byrna!” Rizii screams, the kobold breaking with you into a run across the nearest joining rooftops, trying to reach the knocked-out female, only for Bre’s growing cannon to slam down over you, shattering the house to nothing, sealing you inside of its shaft with a devastating impact! “Let me out! Byrna!”

Stuck with Rizii, all you can do is wait for the end.

Outside, the 4,000-foot tall Bre stands, spread-legged, overflowing with growing muscle and thickening dark fur, her horns swelling longer and wider about as she seethes; she drags her horn against the exterior iron, sparking explosions across the regenerated wick and igniting it, when at the last moment:

THWACK!

Arlei’s mace cracks with a hard snap against Bre’s head as the 1,600-foot maid leaps up high, riding her speed boost to reach the mile-tall she-bull. Bre’s white eyes bulge, her overgrown glasses flung off into a whirl over the city rooftops, smashing down into the outer wall, and half-folding out over its rim. Bre’s head snaps back, her huge tongue following after as she staggers away, hooves the size of stadiums bashing down into the city’s lower realms with kicking bursts of smoke and destruction. Even the city of giants gawks up and cries out as giants bigger than giants bigger than giants all flee the mega-giant towering over them all!

The cannon lifts, arcing skyward as Bre’s grip leaves it. The wick burns as the massive weapon flips high, burns out, then blasts a monstrously huge cannonball into the clouds.

You and Rizii both open your eyes to light, then to the glorious sight of a muscled-up Arlei bashing the bigger female away!

-2,073 DAMAGE

Bre finally flashes red as her health grudgingly drops to 4,720/11,000, though it pulses faintly—she’s hardly at death’s door, despite your best efforts!

If anything, though you aren’t all dead yet, the celebration is almost nonexistent as you watch the growing cow blast an ungodly roar of fury as she snaps back, snorts, shakes, then **DOUBLES** in size!

Her hooves swells ceaselessly larger, widening into vast walls that steamroll and crush

and snap the rows of giant's houses and shops apart as she screams bigger, and bigger! Her neck thickens into a cliff of muscle, her shoulders swelling up on either side as her lats swell too large and force her bloating triceps higher, her back muscles exploding in the air!

“CCCCOOOOOOO0MMPLLYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAGH!”

Her muzzle is past lost to you, to even the giants below, as they vanish behind her billowing breasts and flared out teats, each the size of a small tower. Her thighs detonate larger, muscles bursting against muscles, her hide audibly straining to contain her growth as she fumes and thrashes blindly, stomping massive craters into the city itself. She quivers and groans as her throbbing bulk surges, and surges, and surges, outpacing and overwhelming her body, her growth-quakes rumbling the landscape into a frenzy as the bigger shops and houses rattle and wobble anxiously, all as the captain shoos you away in a panic.

“I C-CAN’T STOP HER!” he moans, almost tripping over his own impressed (and impressive erection. “WE NEED TO FLEE TO THE CASTLE AND FORTIFY! WE’LL HAVE TO WAIT HER SIGIL DURATION OUT!”

“Arlei, come on!” you try to shout through a barely-working jaw. Rizii hears.

“ARLEI, HONEY, RUN!” she bellows, as she holds you, while the vast captain holds her in his fantastic bulky arms. You see her glow green again, and realize she’s been poisoned this entire time! She winces, as it kicks in again:

-100 DAMAGE

RIZII: 0100/1,200 HP

Oh, hell, she’s dying!

“I’M COMING!” the 1,600-foot maid rumbles, turning away to join you, now only as tall as Bre’s ankle as the booming she-bull keeps bursting bigger and bigger, stronger and meaner.

“Float.”

The voice is nearly imperceptible, over the ruckus and ruin, but you hear it.

At once, even Bre’s immensity budes, rising slowly but surely up off the devastated city below. Impossibly, over 12,000 feet of throbbing female cow-muscle levitates up, up into the skies, the enraged bull hardly even noticing as she froths and snaps and wrestles the air.

As you, Rizii, the startled captain and Arlie, even the entire city watch, the massive cannonball drops back down from the clouds, on its descent path, and it slams into Bre with a huge, deafening explosion of iron and punishment.

[STONE]

Just like that, a wave of gray rock crackles to life, consuming Bre so fast that the roaring female bull can only gasp for a moment, before solidifying into a monstrous, 15,000-foot mountain of a statue, still suspended in the air over all of Hruthga.

There's a stillness that lands, instead of her, casting the beshadowed city into a stunned silence. Giants of all sizes can only stare in disbelief as the petrified Bre floats down, down overhead, settling down behind the city walls with a gentle, slow thump, followed by the lightest of aftershocks.

"What the hell was that?" Rizii balks as the captain sets you both down on the castle entrance stair railing.

"WHAT IN THE HELL WAS THAT?," the immense gnoll also balks, blinking, being much too big to have heard the tiny kobold..

"Interesting," a calm voice replies, making your eyes dart about, before a wave of light envelopes you and Rizii. You can move again, and amazon's green aura vanishes, just as simply as nothing at all.

"Ho, better," Rizii sighs, before dropping you on your rear and storming off to the poleaxed form of Byrna, who lays in a heap of soft chubby curves among the blasted remains of the castle's outer wall. Her sigil starts to fade out, but for a moment she remains so colossal, so huge, that Rizii is less than a pinprick in comparison. "Hey! Wake up, darling! Come on! Get up! At least cuddle me against your breasts, or let me tickle a nipple, before you shrink!"

Her pleas are less than silence to the vast, endlessly-larger female, who remains unconscious entirely.

"Those, you get for free," the same voice speaks, making you and the far larger captain turn to see the taller kirin mage, there in his vest and robe, a coy grin on his muzzle. "You'll need to pay for whatever items you need, to get back up to snuff."

"R-right, yes," you mutter, collecting yourself. "Thank you! That was you, right? That float spell was amazing, you might as well have been l-lifting an entire town!"

"Towns don't rampage, as I recall," the kirin chuckles. "And you're welcome."

You take a moment to look him over, politely. He hardly seems to mind:

MOHZ, LV 70, KIRIN MAGE

HP: 2,440/2,440

MP: 770/770

STRENGTH: 170

DEFENSE: 190

DEXTERITY: 240

SPEED: 200

HEIGHT: 7'00"

WEIGHT: ????

SPELLS: BUFF 4, REMEDY, REFLECT, FLAME 4, ICE 4, WAVE 4, THUNDER 4, CHARM 2, RAISE 2, FLOAT

NEXT LEVEL: 26,100/59,000 EXP

You nearly jump back, as though his stats could crush you.

Level 70!?

"Thanks," the lithe kirin says smugly, nodding back in appreciation.

"Huh? F-for what?"

For that face. I don't hate compliments. Though being incorrect, I like less. And I suppose you four did make me wrong. You're interesting. Very."

He holds up a small red jewel, and you gasp again.

"I admit, I only followed your battle once I saw that lagomorph swiping these from you. Not just anyone has these, you know. I've only seen one, once, and here you have *three*. Your levels are decent, but you don't seem capable of taking down high-tiers. Yet, you must have, repeatedly. Not just Modo, mind you. Is it that maid of yours, over there?"

He nods over to Arlei, who starts to dwindle back down as the battle calms back down, her bulk slipping smaller, leaving her back at 380 feet tall. She approaches Rizii as Byrna's much-larger body loses its sigil, and starts to deflate down, down, down.

"Well, it's been all of us, working together," you say, perhaps slightly defensive.

"Fair enough. That's actually better," Mohz hums, smiling wider. "Though I really would refrain from enraging one of the highest members of a very powerful Guild again, going forward. Amazed as I am at how much of a fight you managed to put up, she would have annihilated the lot of you in another round."

"And that means we owe you, then, doesn't it?" you sigh. Here it comes.

"Hmm?" Mohz rumbles, the tall kirin cocking his head. "Oh, not really, no. This will be payment enough, thank you. You will need to explain yourself to Goh, later on, once he realizes it was stolen from him. Small price, that. What's your name?"

"Lloyd."

“Okay. Step back, Lloyd.”

You start to do so, as Mohz activates the red jewel, right there, not bothering to wait.

“W-wait, hold up!”

Arlei blinks nearby, before being covered in a red glow, then gasping cutely as she shrinks down, down, stopping at a still-impressive 228 feet, leaving her wobbling a bit.

“OOH, WHAT HAPPENED...MASTER LLOYD, WAS THAT—OH, MY!”

She turns to look, looking at you, then past you. You turn as well.

Mohz is...gaining! The skinny kirin huffs, smiling wide as a dark red glow overtakes him, feeding him untold power. You step back, watching in awe as his robe starts to pull tighter, and tighter, stretching wider as newfound muscles and soft dark-violet fur expands within! His V-cut vest stretches into a U as his flat torso erupts, two pectorals pumping into view, trembling, then bursting bigger! His abs heave against straining buttons as he chuckles and lets himself grow and grow, thicker and thicker. Forearms bloat into logs against his stretching sleeves, which tug up as his shoulders boom into small boulders, his back muscles *boom-booming* larger behind!

His thighs balloon proudly under his rising robe as a telltale bulge pushes out against his sash and bottom-attachment, tenting happily as raw power floods his once-slender frame. You gawk up as he grows not taller, but wider, throbbing with power and strength, before it finally fades off, leaving him less huge than Rizii, but still as big around as any respectable bodybuilder.

“That should do it,” Mohz huffs, his voice newly-deepend within a swollen neck. His flawless hair hugs and strokes around it as he bats his lashed eyes and testingly touches his inflated pecs, grinning wider. “That’s really quite nice! Haha, I like it! This is exactly what I needed, so. A good exchange, eh?”

You gulp, admittedly a little in awe. He’s strong now, and beautiful. You...don’t quite know how exactly to feel about it—

“GARNET!”

The sounds of shouts and cries follow as the huge voice echoes up to you.

No. No way.

Bre stomps up the stairs, panting and ragged, flashing dark red:

BRE: 1,200/11,000 HP

“She’s alive!?” you shout, drawing Arlei and Rizii’s attention. Rizii is still nearly kaput,

Byrna is knocked out cold, and Arlei's lost her battle buff. This is beyond bad!

"Goodness, she is tough," Mohz rumbles, folding his massive arms loudly. "Hey, that even sounds nice, doesn't it! No wonder giants like being built, haha."

"GARNET," the 1,900-foot bull wheezes, badly damaged, her sigil slowly vanishing as she lurches 100 feet smaller, stepping up the stairwell, dragging her empty cannon behind as a cudgel of sorts. "YOU...ARE C-COMING...WITH ME!"

Arlei steps between her and you, up on the steps with the captain.

"S-STOP, FIEND!" she roars, steeling herself. She's gained some muscle from the power elixir, to be sure, but Bre could swat her, just the same.

"FIEND!?" Bre pants, snorting raggedly as she steps closer, dropping down to 1,600 feet. "THE ARCHMAGE IS F-FREE...THANKS TO YOUR PARTY'S STUPIDITY! OUR...CHAMPION...IS FINISHED, THANKS TO YOU! YOU...ARE...THE FIENDS!"

The other giants, including the captain, all turn to you, agog.

"NOW...COME WITH...ME, DAMN YOU!"

Bre stumbles, dropping the cannon with a huge *clang*, shrinking to 900 feet.

The captain keeps staring down at your tiny form, thinking.

"IS THAT TRUE?"

"I...I don't know," you answer, though the gnom has to squint to try and read your microscopically tiny mouth properly. If he even can.

"GET...OVER HERE!" Bre roars, almost fainting on the spot as she withers smaller, down to 600 feet, Arlei now over half her size.

Arlei swings her mace, and Bre still is quicker, swinging her cannon first. She misses, thankfully, and Arlei falls back with a crash against a huge house doorway, tumbling in as Bre storms closer to you, step by hooved step.

400 feet slips weakly to 300 feet as she reaches up at you, now child-sized against the royal castle stairwell at the back of the biggest district.

"H-help!" you say to the captain, who keeps looking between you and Bre, conflicted. You finally turn to the bulked-up kirin mage, pleading: "H-help, Mohz, please!"

"Me?" the hulking male asks, ears perking up. "Why? What will you give me?"

“I ah, I have a...a key! A m-Master key, it unlocks anything!”

Mohz does look a bit intrigued. His deer-like ears perk higher.

“Oh? Really?”

“C...COME HERE!” Bre coughs, using the cannon as a crutch to force herself nearer.

“...Mmn, pass. It’s nice, but no.” Mohz sighs, making up his mind.

“What!?” you moan, backing away up the stairwell railing.

Arlei is kicking off gigantic pots and pans, trying to free herself from the giant’s house, while Rizzi is already attacking Bre, slashing the uncaring werebull for -300 DAMAGE. Still, the 100-foot cow staggers on, not even responding to Rizii’s attack.

“I...WON’T...ASK...AGAIN!”

She teeters, then raises her cannon high, shaking from the effort.

“M...METEOR STRIKE...4!”

Mohz’s fist impacts Bre’s powerful abs dead-center, cutting her skill attack short. The 50-foot bull’s eyes swell out in shock and pain as she nearly doubles in around the muscled kirin, her tight robes ripping slightly here and there.

“BUFF 4!”

Mohz’s tearing robe shreds, splitting and ripping into a series of clinging threads and tatters as his grown muscles suddenly BLAST larger, his physique *QUADRUPLING* in mass in one hot, throbbing, eruptive gush of size! Her head is nearly swallowed by his neck bulk as it spurts to comically massive size, the bulge expanding his shoulders shoving down into his blown-up biceps and forearms, his pectorals blowing up into his chin as he spreads his now-nude, trunking legs, winds back, and plants a crushing second strike at the same point!

-4,704 DAMAGE!

Bre is crushed flat onto her back, her shrinking body rolling down the stairs in a sea of embers, before there’s finally a real quiet.

Mohz is still 7 feet tall, but he’s so wide with muscle and ripped fabric that he seems taller across than he is high. His smaller head sits humbly atop a stacked mountain of violet, velvet-furred brawn, his pendulous shaft and billowed-up sacs forcing his huge thighs apart as they swing in place.

“Whoa!” Rizii gasps, immediately coming up close to the slightly shorter kirin, feeling

him over as he smiles and gives her an understanding flex. “What was that, BUFF 4? You’re all the way at 4!? That’s amazing! Good-good-good!”

“Thank you!” Mohz rumbles, lidding his eyes playfully. “It is! But it never stays, so I had some trouble getting an audience with the King.”

“Wait, that’s why you helped?” you ask, running all the way over to join him and Rizii, as Arlei trundles out, embarrassed. “So you could...bulk up!?”

“Well, like I said, these jewels are really quite rare, yes. The King is a traditionalist, he only responds to raw strength. I explained to the captain earlier that I could decimate this city if I wanted, but he said I couldn’t do so in arm wrestling, so I was denied the court’s ear. Now, however, I think I’ve proved myself.”

The captain blinks down at you, then Mohz, then looks to see the oversized results:

+2,000 GOLD

+50,000 EXP

You feel everything wrong with you correct, and then some, as the levels come rolling:

LLOYD, LV 21, ADVENTURER

HP: 720/720

MP: 180/180

STRENGTH: 190

DEFENSE: 260

DEXTERITY: 290

SPEED: 340

HEIGHT: 5’09”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: CONFUSE 2, STEAL, COVER

NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: STEAL 2!

RIZII, LV 23, KOBOLD AMAZON

HP: 1,570/1,570

MP: 220/220

STRENGTH: 530

DEFENSE: 450

DEXTERITY: 600

SPEED: 420

HEIGHT: 8’04”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY, MULTI-STRIKE 2, SMASH 2
SPELLS: BUFF 2

NEXT LEVEL: 9,000/17,000 EXP

Byrna lays still. With no way to wake her, she loses out on the payoff.

Arlei, however, seizes up tight, her lovely eyes lidding to giddy slits as the boosted 250,000 EXP payload hits, pumping the rumbling lizard with so much experience that she spasms and shakes, salivating openly, squeezing her breasts tight with helpless hands.

“Oh, no,” you moan, realizing, as the hulking kirin and excited Rizii watch.

“GHU-HUUUUUUU-AAA-AAA-AAAHAAAAAAAA!!”

LV 26

Arlei’s entire body slowly pushes larger, for a moment, before her scales pull loudly, her stub-horns and breast plating and quaking knees and toe claws and quivering tail all exploding in size, in one horrendous, orgasmic burst! Her stretching apron snaps, her dress shearing and snapping apart as she screams in delight, blowing up past 300 feet, then 380, instantly outclassing her previous size!

LV 27

Her breasts blast ropes of hot milk from burning nipples as she rips through her dress easily, frills tearing, snaps popping, her hips ballooning unstoppably against groaning black fabric as it pops and snap fully apart, revealing her nude chest, newfound muscles and straining underwear as she blows up past 450 feet, panting and crying in joy.

“Interesting,” Mohs hums, as his buff finally clears, letting him dwindle back down to merely fantastic-sized muscles. His ears perk in time with his bobbing shaft, the bulky male not caring at all that it’s all quite visible. In fact, he’s grinning wide as he watches.

“MMMMMM-MMMMAAAASSS-STTT-TUUUUHUUUHUUUUR!”

LV 28

Still Arlei swells, on and on, the other giants of Hruthga all watching and gasping as the reptile starts to tower as tall as the normal ones, only to bite her lip and snort steam as she billows even BIGGER, throbbing and swelling hotter and tighter, spurting up past 500 feet as thick jets of cream blast loose from her groaning breasts, covering them in fluid and heat as she plunges her massive clawed fingers down her ripping panties and squeezes against her bulging lips!

LV 29

“HUH- H-III CUH-CAAANNNNN’TTT! YYYESSSSS-SSSS!”

550 feet...600 feet...630 feet...

Arlei whimpers as varying fluids erupt in a mess of need, her tail whipping angrily around as her breasts balloon painfully bigger, nearly doubling in her hands as they squeeze and rub and play against slick scales and dripping, spattering milk, her surging, warm toes bloating too big, cracking the street, as she snorts and blasts up to 700 feet!

“Uh, A-Arlei,” you gulp, looking around nervously as your dear maid keeps rumbling bigger and bigger, her lusts spiking into a frenzied gush of juices and bulk, all at once!

LV 30

“NNNH-HHH-NNNHHNNNNNGHHHHHHH!!!”

With a last, messy bulge of burning-hot growth, Arlei rumble-BOOMS all the way up to a staggering 800 feet! Great arcs of milk spray freely as she unhinges her jaw and bellows in pleasure, lest the monstrous female blow apart!

ARLEI, LV 31, HOLY MAID

HP: 1,600/1,600

MP: 480/480

STRENGTH: 300

DEFENSE: 500

DEXTERITY: 700

SPEED: 350

HEIGHT: 810’08”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: AURA, SMASH 4, BRUNT 2, ECONO 1

SPELLS: HEAL 2, CURE ALL, DETOX

NEW SPELL UNLOCKED: ECONO 2!

Warm milk drizzles down, spattering rooftops of the houses of the closest district below, most of the smaller giants finally looking up to Arlei as she looses a long, slow, steamy sigh, then gulps and shudders an extra bit, before shaking her head, and blushing terribly.

“H-HEAVENS, ME! HAH!”

Vast arms cover her overgrown, bloated breasts, squawking against slippery, thick nipples and groaning plates, as she looks down over herself. Only the captain stands larger than her, now,

and even he seems impressed, given how his erection resumes growing higher and fatter, in time with Mohz's. You cover your head with both gloved hands, also moaning lowly.

So much for hiding out.

"Well, then, Lloyd," the bulky kirin chuckles, his huge shaft swinging like a trunk before him as he pats your tiny shoulder and turns to walk up to the captain. "Thanks for the help!"

"Sure," you laugh, dumbstruck, your face still in your hands.

"Captain," Mohz says, floating up to the colossal gnoll's muzzle, so he can see. "I believe you'll find the King more receptive to me, now. I'm once again here, with my party, to discuss candidacy for exterminating the Archmage!"

"OH...O-OF COURSE! I, UH...I SHALL ESCORT YOU IN!"

You feel yourself, Arlei, Rizii and Byrna all float up along with him, pulling drawn in toward the looming monstrosity of a castle, so big that even the captain has to work to open the vast door. You scrabble uselessly in the air as the thick kirin's words reverberate in your overwhelmed brain: *my party!?*

His party!? He...he was joining?

...

Wait...to KILL the Archmage!?