METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT
FLOOR 57, 10:59 AM

The blindfold was off before the door could even open, revealing the room in 350 degrees, its near-entirety. By the time a well-groomed zebra leaned inside, as unobtrusively as possible, the horse still had eyes on him. Neither party was shocked.

"Yahya, sir," he began, calm in the face of his superior–his superior's superior, really. "Operative T is in place, on schedule, no disturbances to speak of currently."

The horse snorted plainly, more from exertion than irritation.

"I…know you're in the middle of training, sir–"

"Not an issue, Mienai, you're fine," Yahya neatly interrupted. "If I say I want updates, I want them, don't apologize for good news."

The zebra paused for one beat, his eyes closed, and nodded.

"Sir."

The equine was roughly seven feet of toned, near-black muscle, making him a head taller–a horse's head, no less–and the zebra could *hear* the difference in height between them. He could hear the slight shift as the horse smoothed back a shock of inky hair and flicked an errant ear, setting the blindfold down near an elongated interior garden of carrots.

"We'll want our control pool purely herbivorous," Yahya sighed, straightening out his tank top. "The whole point here is to measure the results on them, exclusively. Headmaster Gon has been alerted, over at Cherryton? He knows we're moving ahead?"

"He knows, sir. He's ready."

"Good. Glad to know a full theater renovation can get you a lot, favor-wise. Glad he has the sense to display proper gratitude. Now, I want powder samples in at eight to ten food items, proportionate amounts to body size and type, based on the type of food. That's proportionate dosages for elephant items, gazelle items, rodents, lemurs, etcetera. Have the operative record all data from CCTV feeds throughout the next week in the van, along the school perimeter."

“Sir. The renovators for the theater agreed to ‘add’ an extra van, since that’ll be a long job, so it’s taken care of already. No one will give it a second look.”

In a rare moment, Yahya grinned, sincerely.

“I want you to know I’m smiling, Mienai,” he said. “So you know it’s said.”

The zebra suppressed a laugh, and just nodded.

“I knew, sir.”

“Mm. Of course you did. You see what I can’t, you lend me your thoughts, you even lent me the details for my *outdoor* disguise, as well. A good one, at that. I trust your judgment.”

“In that case, ah,” Mienai started, clamping back down right away on reflex. It was already too much for him to retract, but habits die hard, and it was done.

“What? Let’s not delay the proceedings, here. Out with it.”

“It isn’t dissent, Yahya, sir, only curiosity speaking…but, you really do believe it? The samples? I mean, you really think it’s *the* meteor? They said they found the fragment, but–”

“Hah. Well, if it’s the real deal, the chariot of the gods, we could have herbivores capable of overpowering the meanest carnivores, so I say it’s worth the shot. I can’t be the city’s *Black Devil* forever. Worst case, it’s fake, and we’ll be in for a whole lot of nothing, won’t we?”

“We’ll have a new theater, sir.”

Yahya’s grin went crooked.

“Let’s hope a little *bigger*, yes?”

“Sir.”

Mienai quietly shut the door, leaving Yahya to loom over his garden, dominating even it with his presence as he eyed rows of orange carrots in their specialized soil.

“It could be a brand new world, couldn’t it?” he murmured to himself. “Herbivores, overpowering carnivores–a world like that, I’d never blindfold myself to, ever again…”

0.

CHERRYTON ACADEMY

JACK, 11:45 AM

"Conjecture, my boy, sheer conjecture."

So said the wizened elder falcon, leaning dominantly over the class' lecture podium. The rows of students stood high, but the way the old bird spoke, he was clearly looking down.

"Well, granted, sir," Jack politely persisted, the yellow labrador's civility ironclad. "I only mention the research, comparable to more long-term academic conjecture. Given science's proclivities for educated guesses, it seems difficult to *entirely* remove the suggestion that, say, ancient herbivores and carnivores warred over the meteor that wiped out the dinosaurs–"

"Alright, alright," the falcon fussed, impatiently. "The issue, lad, is not the potentiality for validity, as we possess no definitive answers on the old war. It's roughly as valid to say that everyone from that time *may have* done anything. Rather, it is the *extent* of that validity. Yes, there is a growing movement over beliefs in the meteor's perceived 'powers', but until this theory has an equal quantity of proof behind it, *well*."

He let the rest sit right on top of the dog, who saw fit to relent.

"Right. Now, the Meteor Festival itself might be extrapolated from unknown factors of history–guesswork, yes–but it is the closest we as a scientific community and society have gotten, with what we know. Do bear that in mind, everyone, as the festival approaches."

The blessed bell overruled the bird at long last, followed by shuffling chairs and zipping backpacks and murmurings from herbivore and carnivore alike.

"Right, then. I want summaries for chapter 12 on Wednesday morning, everyone!"

Jack was the last out, as usual; the labrador took his time neatly packing his textbooks and folders in the proper alignment and order, giving the bag one light shake to settle it all, and then smoothly getting his thin arms through the straps. Neither biggest nor smallest in class, there was an overwhelming *averageness* to him, rendering him practically invisible as he stepped out into the hall among the other animals.

“I really, whew,” Jack huffed, working to sniff out, then catch up to his classmate, a towering and lanky male wolf, too tall for his uniform. “I really thought the professor would be more open to the newest research, being a history buff and all. It *is* history he teaches.”

“Mmm,” the taller wolf blankly grunted.

“And only one chapter summary! Haha, I wonder if he was rattled, deep down.”

“Mmm.”

“Legoshi, are you with me?”

The gray wolf looked down at last, blinking, then looking away.

“Ah, yeah. Sorry.”

“Sure. Ready for lunch, I bet,” Jack chuckled, keeping things light. “Guess I shouldn’t be surprised. I’m pretty hungry, too, actually. All that *conjecture*, and all.”

“Heh.”

That feast of a response was enough to get Jack’s tail whipping about, behind him, so he pressed his luck:

“See you in the cafeteria, then?”

“Ah…in a bit. I’m headed over to–”

“The gardening club,” Jack sighed. He tried not to. “Well, I’ll save a spot for you, if you end up wanting it! Otherwise, I’ll see you in the dorm, later.”

Legoshi didn’t have to apologize for doing his own thing, though it was about to exit his muzzle, just the same. Rather than belabor things Jack took the initiative and beelined for the cafeteria, leaving the surprised wolf behind.

“...Mmm.”

The capybara chafed in her uniform as she pushed the cart along toward the kitchen, clearly a size too small for it–and the cart. A miniature earpiece rested in her ear, undetected by uncaring students as she pushed into the back delivery door, the din of the lunch rush destroying any chance that anyone else could hear what was coming through it.

"Yahya wants to be sure these items get distributed to herbivores only," Mienai's voice buzzed calmly, but firmly. "Please arrange them accordingly along the lunch line, then swap out for the renovation uniform, and take up your position in the van. Cameras are all tapped with Gon's blessing, so monitor all you can from that point on."

"Roger," she answered, just as a bulging rhino stepped in her path, waving his arms.

"Ma'am, deliveries go around–"

"Headmaster Gon sent me," she quickly interrupted, making the rhino button his lip.

"Yes, ma'am, ah–if you could please go around to the a la carte side, then, please."

She let a tiny grunt of annoyance loose, but turned and went back out a swinging kitchen exit–that was when it happened.

An idiot labrador jogging into a packed cafeteria entrance ran into the cart as she pushed it out into traffic, toppling the rack of goods to the floor along with his own meal. The sealed trays popped loose as cupcakes and sandwiches and patties and juice all skidded out, unopened and safe, but scattered into a tangle. What fell out of one tray was suddenly indistinguishable from another, a mess of anything among everything.

"Oh my gosh, I'm sorry, the seats were filling up, and I wanted to save a spot for my friend as fast as I could and–"

The labrador gushed apologies as he righted himself and knelt down to collect in repentance. He started with his own food tray, collecting what he knew was his own food.

"Oh, hell, it's everywhere," the capybara groaned, in a sudden panic. She shoved the canine student back, trying to gather them all back in quickly. "Why are you running in school, kid? What do they teach you here?"

"Gah, I'm really sorry," Jack whined, his genetics responding to a deep-seated aversion to scolding of any kind. "Really, I apologize!"

“Ugh, whatever, kid,” she grumbled, lidding the one differently-colored tray and stowing it in the cart. “Just…watch it next time, alright, tiny? Ugh.”

Jack lurched back, stung more by the name than any impact the crash had made.

“Tiny?”

Whatever blush he had carried seconds before redoubled at mention of his height. He looked himself over, then pursed his canine lip as he gathered his refilled tray up, realizing how heavy it was overall, and had been. Not that he was weak, just–he had gotten used to needing more effort to move certain things around. Labradors weren’t the biggest dogs, granted, but they were hardly anything close to

tiny

“Mmmn,” Jack grunted, shaking it off.

It didn’t matter. He sat down at a table, continuing to know it didn’t matter, which is why he was still thinking about it so much.

“Anyway,” he said to no one but himself and an empty seat, righting his tray into a perfect 90-degree angle. He went for the comfort food (because that’s how much he didn’t care about being called small), not noticing the different-colored plastic wrapper about the cupcake as he removed it and quickly devoured it.

The capybara was behind now, if by a few moments, but that bossy zebra was sure to take notice and call in any second. She hustled her way into the a la carte line entrance, stocking everything out of the specialty tray first, then more carelessly unloading from the standard trays before bolting off and letting the students line up to collect on the other side, trays out.

“Report, T,” the earpiece crackled just as she did so, making her jump.

“Ah, they’re in place, yes, w-we’re fine,” she stammered, clearing her throat. “All set.”

“Wonderful, good work. Start monitoring, and update your recordings and observations on the hour, please.”

“Yes, sir. It’s already happening.”

Jack sat, and sat, becoming one with his cafeteria chair as he watched the empty seat his friend was supposed to be in watch him back. A single egg salad sandwich remained on the tray, wrapped up in that same different-colored plastic as the cupcake. Clearly, he had grabbed from her pile in the collecting–though she had his, so really, it all evened out.

That hardly bothered him as he flicked his ears, constantly thinking Legoshi was coming to join him after all.

As he sat, adjusting the sandwich into clean angles to pass the time, his boredom and embarrassment sank into his stomach, warm and deep, creating the oddest rumbling therein.

"Hmm."

Jack felt his stomach over, then leaned back and tried to pop his neck as the wall clock ticked along–before the rumbling grew worse, more insistent.

"What the…"

Moments ago, he had felt properly full on a carefully arranged, calibrated meal. Now he felt full, sure…but unbelievably warm, yet kind of empty, as though something was burning it all away at high speed in his guts. Where, as a puppy, he would have torn off for the restroom, Jack instead remained seated, second guessing everything his body was telling him because none of it made enough sense.

Still, in the end, it was better to be safe than sorry.

Jack rose for the restroom, thought for a moment, and took his bag, slipping the egg sandwich in before power-walking over to the lavatory–only to find it full.

"Gah."

He bit his lip and suppressed a whine, before pinwheeling about and booking it for his dormitory hall. Being as unnoticed as ever, he used years of practice to arch and swerve through the masses of students, watching for rodents below, rounding hippos and giraffes overhead.

Into room 701 he went, shutting the door behind him and barreling through the slight darkness of midday curtains as he made for the bathroom. Mercifully, no one else was in at the moment, meaning he had it all to himself; yet a moment later the door reopened, and Jack wandered back out in puzzlement, looking himself over as the rumbling swelled inside.

“Okay, alright,” he huffed, licking his muzzle over nervously. “Something I ate. I, uh, I have a short while before geometry, I can just sleep it off.”

That was it, sure. A nap to settle things, of course.

His shoes and uniform stayed on as he climbed the ladder to his bunk bed, sank onto it, settled, and let himself relax. All signals to the matter of rest stalled at the brain as his body tensed terribly, then tensed harder, every little muscle clenching in some kind of tickling, electric anticipation of *something* as he growled.

“Aha, what…did I eat?” he unevenly huffed as his body started to tremble openly, quaking his mattress. “W-what could I…huh…hoh-ho-AAAUUUUH! G…GHAAAAH!”

Deep barks escaped as the labrador clenched from head to toe, gritting his teeth as heat poured off of his rumbling body, the sensation painless, yet unbearable. *Overwhelming*.

Something between toe-curling joy and agony wracked his shaking muscles as they tensed too tight, stretched, then bulged *bigger*. Every bit of fiber in his form swelled out, mid-clench, condensing yet growing altogether as he flexed himself a full inch larger over the bed. His curled toes swelled against the insides of his shoes, his socks pulling as they tapped the end, then crept bigger, and bigger still, over and over.

“HNN-HHH…HAAAH…”

Inarticulate whatevers steamed out as Jack babbled and strained, closing his swelling eyes as his head crept up over his flattening pillow, his uniform sleeve catching a groaning yellow bicep as his arms blew up in width. His hips swelled against his pants and belt, the leather protesting as both ankles emerged from his leggings, the material straining tight as his thighs and calves ballooned hugely, filling the fabric until the seams began to pull and groan unhappily.

His flat torso gained altitudes and plateaus as his pectorals swelled into definition, the blinking male feeling them rise and rise with each excited breath. The buttons caught, held, caught, held, each swell of his chest forcing them higher and tighter as his shirt pulled too wide and began to part, creating opened gulfs between struggling buttons underneath a taut blue vest.

Growing hands clutched at the sheets below as they steadily swelled larger, his shoulders bloating into comparative melons within popping seams. His neck boomed thicker, widening into a bodybuilder’s as his collar stretched and spread, the canine nearly choking on his pulling tie as he whined and growled through expanding teeth.

“GH…G…”

At this point, it wasn’t about speech, or even coherency. Jack just wanted–*needed* to release the pressure, somehow, even if it was steam blowing out of a pipe. But it just kept growing, and so too did he. His pants split at the vertices of his thighs, exposed threads clutching like tiny fingers at sudden swells of yellow fur as Jack passed from 5’5” up to 5’8”, then a full 6’ even, steadily filling his own bed.

6’1”...6’3”...6’5”...

More and more, his body inched out, lengthening and widening, newfound muscle crowding his popping uniform as he felt his abs swell higher, one last burst of his pectorals blowing the buttons off one by one, *pop-pop-pop*. The shirt snapped open, but the more durable vest remained around his thick torso as he whined and flexed uncontrollably, shudder-bursting one last, vicious time, blowing up to a full 7’ in one heave.

Instantly, his shoes ballooned up, tented at the tips, then burst open as his toes emerged through ripping socks. His pants were more like partially-split long shorts caging powerful leg muscles, his belt having split halfway along.

Aftershocks tickled through his tight bulk as Jack shuddered hard, panted, then sighed the rest of his panic out. He stayed perfectly still, only noting the massively high rise of his vest as his pectorals rose and fell, rose and fell, tingling with pure power.

“Huah,” was all he managed, before sitting up–and bashing the ceiling with his forehead, sending out a muffled *bang* of impact as he winced.

He swung out massive legs beyond the bunk, and thudded heavily to the paneled floor with no trouble. He only thought to use the trusty ladder after he was down, and hardly needed it.

Jack gulped, and even that sent a surprising force down his swollen, thick neck, which he finally felt over with enlarged hands. He spied them front and back, felt his huge muzzle and ears, before stomping over to the bathroom once again, wide-eyed.

“No.”

Jack brought up huge palms to rub his eyes, before checking again.

“No way…”

He was big. *He was big!*

Not only was he taller than Legoshi by at least a head, but he was thicker. Bulkier. Two Legoshis could have hugged tight, and almost made up his muscle mass–until he flexed one furred bicep and gawked, watching it swell even tighter and higher, ripping his poor sleeve apart.

"H-how?"

He stopped, thought, then slapped himself, hard. It hurt, but…it didn't, at all. He was so strong that he could, naturally, withstand his own strength. Accepting that it was really his, however, proved far harder to get through.

"I really am. Huh, I really am!"

He lifted his over-tight vest from the bottom, revealing a row of hulking, bulging abs.

"Everything's so much larger on me, I can't believe I–HOH!"

Jack slammed into the bathroom linen closet as he jerked back, looking down from what he had just caught in the mirror. Where normally there was only the seam and zipper of the pants' crotch region, there was now a bulge. No, no–a small hilltop.

"Y-you're kidding me."

Inquisitive hands were tasked with recon, and they sheepishly lowered to pat at it; a soft, huge palm upped the monstrous mound, testingly, carefully. The moment contact was made, the bulge inflated *even bigger*, swelling receptively, almost happily, nuzzling into his hand hotly.

Jack hissed through his fangs as a nasty blush scorched his muzzle and cheeks, the gigantic canine pulling back in terror and awe.

"Ahaha, ha…uh…"

It was too much at once, plain and simple. Jack's faculties folded under the assault and his big gentle eyes rolled as he shook, huffed, then fell over, out cold, thudding down loudly onto the hamper and rug and toilet, his head banging the bathtub as he passed out entirely.

12:38 PM

The door to 701 opened quietly as Legoshi peered in, sniffing the air.

"Uh…Jack?"

The wolf muttered softly, half from politeness, half from his own awkward nature. He waited, sniffing at the low lit room once again, sure that he smelled his best friend inside. He sniffed harder, his tail starting to wag about.

"I'm coming in," he whispered, guiding his lanky self in through the relative darkness. "If you're asleep, don't be woken up–oh!"

Finding Jack's bunk empty, but the covers mussed, Legoshi turned to see a light glowing through the underside of the bathroom door. The wolf ran a hand over his neck, clearing his throat as he approached the door.

"S-sorry I missed you, earlier," Legoshi murmured, eyeing Jack's backpack. "You got me an egg sandwich again, didn't you? I can smell it."

Silence, within.

"W-well, I appreciate it, I really do, ah," Legoshi rambled, gulping. "I must have really annoyed you, to get the silent treatment…well, I'll eat it right away! Again, t-thanks, really! I ah, I'm taking it now. So, I'll take it. S-see you, hope you're not mad."

It wasn't like Legoshi had to build the sentiment up, he was famished. He politely opened the zipper, peeked in, and retrieved the wrapped item, brandishing it at the bathroom door as though it was going to nod in permission.

The door shut softly as Jack lay prostrate, out cold on the bathroom floor. A soft tick pulsed through his form, perhaps a brief muscle spasm, before going still again.

Then, another tick. And another, and another, until Jack's bulky form was twitching on its own, more and more violently. The telltale rumble returned as his fur bristled in anticipation, his clothing starting to stretch even more torturously as the slumbering canine kept pulsing all over.

His poor zipper pulled into a mean arc as his package started tenting even taller beneath it, his legs swelling bit by bit once again, his pectorals blowing up bigger, thicker, hungrily pulling the blue Cherryton vest higher yet. The ceramic tiling of the floor shook as his rumbling

grew worse, Jack's height slowly pushing to 7'2", then 7'5", lurching up by inflating degrees as his pink tongue lolled loose, his neck swelling into a great, gorgeous pillar of bulk, its width surpassing his jawline and ears as his head grew out over the rim of the tub, shoving the shower curtain back steadily.

His pants *rip-ip-ipped* wider apart as great tides of warm, tight muscle boomed up through the openings, snapping clinging threads as they gave their last. His biceps tore up through his sleeves as they hugged up, up towards his broadening shoulders, his lats flaring into huge, stretching wings underneath groaning triceps. His tie clung too tight around his expanding neck as he stirred dumbly, eyes shut, wrinkling his muzzle with a muted, happy huff as his testes ballooned too big for his boxers, ripping them away under his straining pants, leaving only his elastic-band underwear to snuggle against their rounded girth.

7'9" heaved right up to 8' as his muscles gorged on power and heat, throbbing out against the side walls and crumpling the wicker hamper flat against their mass as he huffed and snorted, somehow imposing and adorable, an oversized puppy flooding a small space with his escalating growth. What remained of his shoes snapped wider apart, the soles and outer leather separating loudly as his torn socks and swelling feet blew bigger, and bigger.

8'5"...9'...

"Did you fall in, Jack?" a more boisterous canine's voice echoed through the other side of the bathroom door, followed by a few indignant knocks. "Come on, the hallway bathroom was full, get out already!"

Durham knocked, and knocked, the coyote leaning into the door with a raised ear.

"What are you even doing in there? What's that sound?"

"Hey, they bathroom out there is–"

"I know, same here," Durham groaned, as Collot entered 701 after him, the shaggy sheepdog (presumably) looking through his oversized white bangs at Durham. "But Jack's hogging it at the moment, I can't get anything out of him."

"Is he okay?"

"Well, if I knew, I–hey, Jack? Jack!"

Jack's slumbering form swelled even larger, trembling as it billowed up another 5 inches in one burst, then another, pushing him to over 10' and change. His feet pressed the sides of the bathroom door as his sacs stretched his underwear to absurdity, their undersides plumping and mashing bigger against it as his curled shaft broke through his zipper, tearing his pants in half as he shook and groaned and grew, and grew, and grew.

"Hey, yeah, what is that?" Collot asked, leaning in close with Durham against the door.

"Search me, it's not like any sound…it's like rubber, I guess–"

Both canines yelped as the door snapped at its center, the rumbling tickling out into the floor under their shoes. Seconds later, the entire dormitory shuddered as something huge pushed and swelled into the door from within, cracking it further.

"What the hell!?" Durham barked, stumbling back.

"Jack!" Collot growled, looking the door up and down as it bulged out towards them, warping and snapping at the same time as the groan from within grew worse and worse.

"W-what do we do, call the nurse?" Durham started, when the bathroom door blew out in two rent halves, a monstrous set of furred yellow swells ballooning out through a warping door frame. "Ah, what is that!?"

"Run!" was all Collot offered as he scrambled back out into the hallway.

A stunned Durham fell back over himself as the 3-foot wide testicles boomed bigger still, surging and straining, determined to hug into him as he gawked and gaped. Jack's head bullied up into the ceiling as his bulk throb-throbbed bigger, growing against itself. The tub snapped and smashed flat under too much weight as his 13-foot body relentlessly increased, overfilling the interior completely, muscle pressing muscle, the entire dorm starting to crackle and shake ominously…

Operative T had only settled into her chair in the van for a few minutes when one hallway camera feed pulled her attention over to the console along its wall. The harried capybara spat hot coffee and kicked herself and the chair over to it, slack-jawed and goggle eyed at the sight of two canines bolting out into the males' dorm hall as a large, unmissable fissure cracked forth, chasing after them.

“Oh, what,” she muttered sourly, before seeing another crack forming, then another on the CCTV feed. “Now what!?”

Back inside, Collot and Durham stumbled over one another and tumbled down the stairwell, howling and clamoring like all death, as the walls and lockers and windows all quaked deeper, back up above. The floor above 701 began to surge up in a slope, tiles snapping and pinging loose as a massive yellow-furred head began to break through; enormous legs blew out the side walls to the canines’ dorm room, blasting into the connecting areas and filling them with smoke and fuzz as Jack tremble-boomed larger still, pumping and throbbing past 20’6”...23’9”...28’...

The capybara staggered out of the van as multiple dorm feeds revealed walls of nude, fluffy muscles and enormous sex filling space after space, sending her reeling as she turned to the exterior of Cherryton and saw dozens of herbivores and carnivores escaping out into the courtyard, screaming and hollering nonsense as the dormitory building began to shake openly.

“Oooh,” she groaned, wincing among the rising chaos. “That’s not good…”

1.

CHERRYTON GARDENING CLUB

LEGOSHI, 12:19 PM

If ever a place there was where the rest of the world was not, it was here. An intense kind of serenity lay over the rooftop of the main building where it hid, untouched by the drama and noise of the rest of Cherryton. It was a small wonder that Legoshi found himself there more and more, over time. The *other* small wonder was there, too, likely in the clubhouse.

"Ah, I-I'm coming in," the wolf muttered to no one, as if the balcony would throw him out. "Excuse me."

There was a tension beneath Legoshi's tall, wiry frame, some unreleased coil of awkward anxiety; here, with the blessing of hundreds of fragrant flowers, his posture straightened out and relaxed, if just a little bit. A partial smile dared its way onto his muzzle as he surveyed the balcony, then made for the wooden clubhouse over at the back corner–a shack, really. But it was Haru's shack, as far as he was concerned, and that made it perfect.

Only the most respectful of knocks would do–astonishingly, the wolf managed it exactly right, not too loud, not too soft. Batting a thousand, he was.

His mood spiked, only to plummet into a crashing heap of confusion when a medium-height red deer opened the door, eyeing up in irritation at him.

"Eh," Legoshi half-barked, straightening up again. This time, it was in the worst way. "L-Louis, uh, I. Well."

"Well?" the deer coldly huffed, his eyes burning impatiently.

"Ahah, well–"

"What are you doing up here?" Louis snorted, keeping the door nearly shut. "Rehearsals aren't for another…what, half an hour? Did they run out of meat in the cafeteria?"

One. Just one of Legoshi's brows began to angrily dip down.

"Ah, n-no. I know."

“Well, then, what could you *possibly*–”

“Is H-Haru here?”

Louis froze on an exhale, leaving the deer’s nostrils flared. His eyes were bugged out to match as they flicked over to a bed that Legoshi knew was there, inside, but hadn’t thought of at all–until now.

“Why do you ask?” Louis rumbled, reeling back in.

“Legoshi?” a small voice chirped, behind Louis. Legoshi might have been glad to hear it, were it not accompanied by the groan of springs as someone got up off that very same bed. “Shoot, I didn’t realize it was past noon, I’m sorry. Give me a minute, okay?”

Louis’s eyes were locked back onto the wolf, as though the senior grade deer were literally trying to will him out of existence. Not that it had ever worked before.

“S-sure,” Legoshi mumbled, just as Louis shut the clubhouse door.

When it opened again, it opened all the way. Louis barged out, all shoulders, nearly goring Legoshi with his antlers as he hurried past, somehow accusing and dismissing all at once.

“Rehearsal,” the deer growled, not looking back as he exited. “Don’t be late.”

“R-right, sorry.”

Louis clasped the frame to the main building balcony door like he was about to either fall over or tear the molding out.

“Don’t apologize,” he seethed, still facing away. “You’re the one with the muscle, right?”

Legoshi was one verbal centimeter from apologizing again when Haru thankfully intervened and grabbed his hand. Her other hand adjusted her school dress tellingly, as though it had just been put back on. *This*, Louis saw.

“I forgot this was when you usually showed up, I’m sorry,” the white dwarf rabbit said, sounding as winded as she was controlled.

“If I came at a bad t-time,” Legoshi started, when Haru pulled on his bigger hand with both of hers, interrupting.

“It’s fine. Louis just had…something to go over with me.”

“Oh.”

“Right, well. The festival means a lot’s going on. Lots of cross-pollination.”

Legoshi’s grin was back.

“Hehe, a flower joke–”

“Look, I don’t have time right now to talk, sadly,” Haru began, cutting him off again. “I need to get down to the festival grounds and get the flower arrangements all settled, while it’s still early in the day. I hope that’s not a problem?”

“Oh, ah, n-no, it’s fine,” Legoshi mumbled. “I should eat something before Drama Club, anyway, that’s fine.”

The rabbit must have only come up to maybe a third of Legoshi’s towering height, but height didn’t equal authority here. The bunny was clearly delegating schedules.

“Okay, great, I’ll see you later, then, promise.”

“Y-yeah,” Legoshi hummed, still smiling, still meaning it. “Later.”

12:27 PM

Much like life outside of the Gardening Club, all the good stuff was gone.

“Erm,” Legoshi grunted, his eyes darting back and forth along the near-emptiness of the serving line, an empty tray waiting in his oversized hands. “Hmm.”

The egg salad sandwiches were completely annihilated, which at this time in the cafeteria was no surprise. The wolf’s stomach fussed, indignant and neglected as he sighed and put the tray back, then turned to leave the line.

“Ah, Legoshi!”

A chipper voice broke his thoughts into further disarray as a brown female wolf bounced into view, a basket of wrapped goodies in tow. The calm flow of her school dress only served to accentuate the warm curves of her fur, brown crowning a lighter-cream muzzle and inner cheeks. Eyes that a grown male could fall into locked onto Legoshi as she got in close, all smiles and a little bit of teeth. Still, even at such proximity, Haru’s eyes were *much* bigger.

“Ah, J-Juno, hi,” Legoshi mumbled, straightening into full rigidity.

“Oh? Did you miss the line?” Juno wondered, sniffing at him (somewhat) politely.

“Eh, well, i-it’s not a big deal…”

“Well, at least have *something*,” she huffed cutely, shoving a juice bottle at him from her large wicker basket. “I swear, you really do need *someone* to take care of you. Hee.”

“Oh, no, I-I’m fine, it’s nothing,” Legoshi deflected, or tried to. “I was just up at–”

Juno sniffed harder, then frowned. Her eyes flicked down with the edges of her mouth, then shot right back up to his, a firm and earnest look teetering on a glare.

“I can smell the flowers,” she muttered. “And someone else. Really, Legoshi, isn’t that just a bit of a strange thing, being seen around with that little thing? I mean, she’s half ears. You and *I*, on the other hand–”

“Should be g-going, excuse,” Legoshi finally managed to say, bowing past her like she was some looming archway in his path.

“Wait a minute, Legoshi,” Juno started, only to pause in confusion as Legoshi rushed back and bowed a bit too quickly.

“T-thanks for the drink.”

With that the wolf fled, leaving the other of the species standing in wonder.

“Hmm,” she snorted, flattening her ears. “Well, just you wait, Legoshi. I’ll show you a carnivore’s *true* beauty when I take to the stage. Let’s see you fawn over some bunny then…”

12:38 PM

The door to dorm room 701 opened to darkness, making Legoshi wince–not from its presence, but from how it prevented him from telling if Jack was sore at him right away. He wasn't so much in the mood to unravel that slow of a mystery.

"Eh…Jack?"

He sniffed the interior, and found the scent he was seeking; the reply, however, was nowhere near it. *A bad sign*.

"I-I'm coming in," he whispered, setting one foot before the last in the silence and stillness, navigating well enough towards the bunk beds. "If you're asleep, don't be woken up–oh!"

Nothing there but blankets. Being so tall, it was easy to check, without use of the small ladder joining Jack's bed to his own, below. Still, the blankets were mussed on top, and the smell was unmissable (if perhaps slightly different, now that he thought about it). Legoshi turned to the bathroom door, shut but illuminated, and he cleared his throat out of caution as he approached.

"S-sorry I missed you, earlier," he murmured, eyeing Jack's backpack. "You got me an egg sandwich again, didn't you? I can smell it."

More silence–deeper, even, it seemed. His empty stomach knotted.

"W-well, I appreciate it, I really do, ah…I must have really annoyed you, to get the silent treatment…well, I'll eat it right away! Again, t-thanks, really! I ah, I'm taking it now. So, I'll take it. S-see you, hope you're not mad."

It was no lie, to be fair, the wolf was starving by this point. He waved for the sake of waving as he made for Jack's bag, opened it, and fished out the sandwich, still freshly wrapped and perfect. He waved it at the door as proof of his word, then exited 701 with a soft *click* of the door, unaware just how occupied the bathroom was getting.

12:45 PM

Operative T was having what the wisest of the wise called 'a day'.

The capybara shambled out of her van, trying to wring spat coffee out of her uniform while also jogging towards the same building others were fleeing. No students bothered with her presence as she charged into the double doors at the back and sussed out the nearest stairwell; the ceiling spewed dust as a massive crack ran through overhead, the entire building shuddering ominously around her. The meeting lobby shook, wall cases snapping, tiling shaking loose from the ceilings framework as something relentlessly expanded up above.

"Oh, no, no, dammit to hell!"

Her own mutterings were buried under the rumbling as she forced herself up the stairs, up to the 7th floor, all the while noting how the webbing breaks and snapping lines culminated there. She gulped, gathered what courage she had managed to carry with her, and entered the dorm hallway–only to scream in complete shock as half the space was consumed by furred yellow brawn, nude and quaking and bristling with energy.

"W-what!?"

The flooring crackled, groaned, then caved in with a resounding *CRASH* as the massive bulk sank a full floor lower, a set of grand-scaled pectorals bulging down into view in its place. The 6th floor broke apart right after, evidenced by a great heave of release as the floor shook and all that bulk thudded even lower, the vast chest muscles giving way to a muzzle–a labrador's muzzle. A *humongous* labrador's muzzle.

Had the head not been the size of her van, she would have considered for a moment that the male in question was, actually, rather adorable. The same way a youth's face might be at its most peaceful in sleep, the snoring behemoth's maw was partly open, a vast soft tongue poking out the side as Jack slept undisturbed, his 35' body rumbling warmer and thicker, sending waves of heat her way.

"What…do I even tell…Mr. Mienai?" she moaned, her wide eyes taking in every amazing sinew on Jack's tremendous, hulking neck. "I mean, this…he's…in-incredible!"

Was this good news? It was, right? No, no it wasn't! This freak was still growing!

Jack's vast eyelids stayed low as he suddenly puppy-whined, then began to rumble more and more and more, until the devastated hallway groaned miserably; his muzzle burst out larger, smashing through the walls as his head surged back up, up through into what remained of the ceiling above. Before she could do anything, the 40-foot monster trembled and swelled even more, the 5th floor smashing open and allowing Jack's mass to lurched down into the obliterated

4th floor, then the 3rd, his weight swelling ceaselessly as he snorted and snored into another room, echoing out as he blew up to 45 feet…

By the time she wobbled outside, the capybara was practically in shock. She hardly understood what was happening when several students hustled Headmaster Gon towards her and the rumbling, cracking building. The Siberian tiger took one panicked look at the place, adjusted his glasses, then snapped his attention to her.

"What in the world is going on here!?" the Headmaster balked, his casual nature evaporating. "You're–er, you're the one I should be talking to, yes? Per someone's *specific* orders? What's happening in there? That's the males' dormitory!"

He shook the capybara, which in turn snapped her back to what she suddenly had to concede was reality.

"A-ah," she stammered, gulping dryly as the building rattled behind her. "A c-cave in, sir! We need to ah, evacuate this area of the Academy, right away!"

"How could a cave-in happen here," Gon wondered absently, if for but a moment.

"S-sir! I can explain when it's just us, but for now, we need this area cordoned off!"

"Right, I'll dismiss everyone–"

"N-no!" she wailed, regaining her composure right after. "No, sir, don't! That would compromise this *entire thing!* W-we need to keep the students near, at least until we k-know who ate what earlier, otherwise it'll be chaos!"

"Be!?" the tiger groaned, motioning to the shuddering dormitory. "What do you call this, then? No, I'm calling this off now, forget the renovations!"

"W-we'll pay for the dormitory too!"

"Yes, you will! Now, let me get this assessed, while school closes! I'm calling a general assembly in the school auditorium, this is stopping right now!"

The capybara started to protest further when the building stopped, and went still once again. The two of them stared cautiously a moment, before she went back at it:

“Really, sir, if you want to call assembly, do so, I understand…just please, wait before you dismiss the students, I’m *begging* you–”

But Headmaster Gon was already gone. The tiger was practically running to his wing of the administration building, farther off down the campus.

“Crap,” she huffed, turning to jog back to the van to report. She glanced at the silent building nearby and pursed her lips, before continuing on. “Just…just, *stay put* in there, okay?”

1:03 PM

“I can’t just be as pretty as ever,” Juno muttered, wandering out of the dressing room of the Drama Club. “That won’t do it. If I’m going to win Legoshi over, I need to *stun* him. I need to be all he can see. But what can grant me that extra push–”

She stopped in place, her sweat shorts and shirt getting tucked together as she noticed a tall tiger and a medium-height white Dall sheep enter from the other end of the room, neck-deep in the kind of conversation meant for empty rooms:

“Ask Kai, if you don’t believe me,” Pina, the sheep, plainly spoke. “He heard from Kibi about her–from a reliable source, no less.”

“Sure, sure,” Bill, a towering Bengal tiger, snorted. “An okapi taking it off at a club is one thing, but a Black Market club? That’s stupid. No sane herbivore would even dare, I don’t care how cute she is.”

“I dunno,” Pina drawled, playfully. “I hear she’s *unbelievably* attractive. Even knows how to drive carnivores wild, and not in the way you would first expect. And you think the club is crazy? She’s apparently the unsung star of that one hotel in the market, the–oh, Juno!”

The wolf suppressed such a startle that it bounced down into her toes, then erupted back up with her response:

“Ah, Pina, Bill! H-hello! I was ah, just about to go into the theater–”

“With snacks, huh?” Bill chuckled, stepping bravely out ahead of Pina. “You can always leave ‘em here, we’ll look after them!”

“He’s not wrong, you know.”

Juno blinked away a few years' worth of confusion, before realizing she still had the goody basket in tow.

"Oh! Haha, that's okay, thank you, it's for everyone! But go ahead and take something now, while we're here–"

"I *couldn't*," Bill laughed, already holding a processed patty in a bun.

"You couldn't *stop*, you mean," Pina chuckled, politely taking a pear.

"My generosity of spirit, for sure! It just overflows, haha!"

Juno wasn't listening. A new directive was already seizing her processors.

"Haha, well, enjoy!" she laughed, proffering a few gentle wags of her tail-fluff as she left the dressing room, closed the door, and leaned into it with her back, eyes wide and darting.

Drives carnivores wild

"That's it," she huffed, steeling herself with a soft *boof* of her fur. "That's it! He has that herbivore fetish…who better to teach me…than an alpha herbivore! That's the insight I needed!"

Years of carnivore pride were (briefly) smooshed into a convenient mental pancake as the idea of possessing Legoshi superseded all else. She could defeat her own pride and accomplish this task–that's just how great she was.

"Okay, then," Juno concluded, perking up straight and tall, then stepping off intently toward the theater. "I'll just get rehearsals right the first time, and excuse myself early for a little trip to the Black Market…"

1:10 PM

Rehearsals were hardly starting, and Louis was on the warpath.

The red deer stormed around, internally and externally, stab-pointing at light fixtures, throwing both arms out accusingly at half lowered curtains, shooing and beckoning some students simultaneously as he went.

“Legoshi!”

The wolf jerked in place, his ears lowering from the sound, and from surprise. He finished stuffing the last of the sandwich into his muzzle, gulping fast, then turned from his place up on the lighting balcony, looked down, and saw the deer waiting below, arms folded. Every crease the folding put into his pristine green blazer matched the creases in Louis’s brow, which somehow kept furrowing further.

“Eh–”

“The center lighting is crucial for Juno’s entrance, you should already know this,” Louis growled, his irritation barely suppressed. “Get it right, you know her height, you know where it’s staged! This will be outdoors and in the evening light, so it’s even more important!”

“Y-yes.”

“Don’t *y-yes* me, you half-baked excuse for a carnivore,” Louis grumbled, pinching up at his eyes. “Just show some competence, as well as a spine! You’re tall, this should be easy!”

“Ye…Uh. I…I understand?”

That blank look on Legoshi’s dumb face drove the deer off too many ledges to count, and there just wasn’t time enough to try. The deer shook his head and mouthed something not-nice as he stomped away and barked at a nearby mongoose.

“What, no drink yet, Kai?” he sighed. “I can’t get a team that can even have a simple drink ready on command, but we’re expected to pull this off for the most important festival of the entire year!? What is this–GET THE DRINK! Don’t stand there, that’s not going to make it happen, is it!? *Standing?* That’s your plan to stop my yelling at you, Kai? Is it? How’s that working out for you?”

The smaller mongoose scattered, spluttering various intermingling apologies.

“Ah,” was all Legoshi could manage as he fumbled with his hands, then fixed the center spotlight. In actuality, he had just put it back where it already had been.

Before he found his *sorry* (let alone said it) a terribly odd rumble filled his stomach, an alien warmth spreading from head to toe to tail to finger, in a wave he couldn’t tell was either good or bad. As Juno took the stage up ahead, stepping around the breaks in the paneling, Louis gestured directions for her dance, thumping the back of one hand against his palm to beat out a

rhythm. Juno navigated it perfectly, but as Legoshi slid the spotlight around, his stomach cramped a second time, and even worse; he doubled in on himself, his grip still on the light, making it yank North just as she finished.

"LEGOSHI!"

The wolf was already grimacing; when he heard Louis, it went full *wince*. He didn't look up as the red deer stormed nearer–he couldn't. He couldn't undouble as his body throbbed ominously, his muscles tensing into one singular, terrible, electric clench.

"Y-your drink, Louis," Kai huffed, running up with a bottle of juice.

"NOT NOW, YOU–ugh, give me that!"

Legoshi forced his view up in time to see Kai handing Louis a juice, wrapped in that same colored cellophane as the one Juno had foisted upon him. He grunted, throbbing hotter and stronger still, then looked between breaths to his backpack. That same-looking bottle he had quickly set down by it was now gone.

Two and two had no room to make four as the throbbing built, until finally Legoshi felt a great, hot push of bulk erupt within. Every muscle flexed so hard he could swear his fur was fluffing out thicker, pulling just the slightest bit tighter over a unified bulge of size as he grew a full inch in one gushing heave.

"G-hah…"

Confusion battered against invigoration as raw power tickled his mass, his ears flicking back as his toes stretched his socks and shoved against tightening shoes. His drama club sweatpants pulled a tiny bit higher at the waist as his hips swelled another inch wider, his lithe chest pumping out and tightening his white work shirt as the sleeves crept up another inch, his collar catching a widening neck.

His eyes rolled as a hot snort escaped from a stretching muzzle, a sudden pang of pleasure biting him, and Legoshi bit his lip in a bid to not make noise as his growing ears heard Louis's muttering.

The deer had only stopped a moment to unwrap, open the bottle, and down the entire thing angrily. Whether it was to cool him down or fuel the fire, Legoshi would find out all too soon. Even in the throes of such bizarre pleasure, he already had a guess forming at the back.

“Guh, and it’s lukewarm, terrific,” Louis groused, setting the bottle on a theater chair arm and straightening his jacket out. “Legoshi! What in the hell are you doing up there? How can you muck up the simplest thing? Huh? Are you listening!?”

He was, as much as he wasn’t. Something else was filling his ears as he wobbled and shook, then blew up another inch, the sounds of pulsing growth making his fur ruffle out in thrilling waves. His hands swelled gradually over the contours of the spotlight, consuming it slowly, tilting it up further as he uncontrollably flexed his muscles, forcing them *bigger*.

“I SWEAR–”

By the time Legoshi’s sleeves caught tight against surging biceps, Louis was up on the balcony with him. Only the rude stab of the deer’s finger in his stomach could snap the wolf out of his haze–*barely*.

“If I have to come up here one more time, Legoshi, so help me, I–LEGOSHI!”

The wolf’s eyes fluttered as Louis’s hand snatched his swelling wrist, making him vaguely aware as the smaller deer callously yanked him along down the balcony stairwell, out past the seats, past a shocked Kai, up to the stage, and past it. All the while Legoshi murmured and snorted, rumbling and swelling another inch, and another, something terrible and amazing building like fire within as he stumbled along.

“S…s-sorry…”

“Just get in–”

Legoshi finally came to as Louis shoved him into the backstage dressing room, the carnivore’s head whacking the upper mold to the door. Being nearly 8 feet tall, it was inevitable enough. Louis only took a moment to whip around, still inattentive, and bark back at everyone:

“We’re back at it in five!”

“Ah, Louis, I know the routine,” Juno yawned, all teeth. “I need to step out, okay?”

Louis’s lid nearly blew, between his antlers. Now, Legoshi was aware, and now the 8’3” wolf was in terror as he looked the shrinking room over.

“Why didn’t you say earlier, Juno!?” Louis roared, throwing up his arms. “You know, you–fine, fine. *You* at least got everything right. Just, be back later!”

Juno nodded sweetly, stopping only long enough to grab a few more snacks from her basket for later, then exited, very-much stage left.

"Er," Legoshi began–

"Too late for talking, you meandering incompetent," Louis growled, slamming the door behind him as he stomped over and resumed his finger-jabbing.

Legoshi rumbled again, deeper and deeper. His lip pursed as his eyes lidded, the trembling getting much, much worse.

"S-sorry–"

"I don't need apologies, I need results," Louis hissed, now that no one was watching. They could hear, but at least not see. "What's with you?"

"Well, the light fixture w-was–"

"Why were you seeing Haru!?"

"E…eh?"

Even as the rumbling grew and grew, even as Legoshi's shirt began to lift high enough to reveal his stomach fur as it departed the stretching band of his pants, he only focused on that.

"You heard me! Why would a big, lanky, moronic carnivore be up at the gardening club at that time of day? I didn't send you there for flowers today, did I? So what is this?"

"W-well, what were *you*–"

Legoshi bit his lip to stop it from continuing, but the look on Louis's face said that it was already way too late.

"Excuse me!?"

The deer did his very damnedest to get in Legoshi's face, so incensed that he seemed incapable of realizing that Legoshi was several heads taller now. Whatever primal anger was driving him only took his taller height as another round of some lifelong mockery, and his cervid eyes widened into a bordering rage.

“WHO ARE YOU TO ASK!?”

“W-well *you* asked–”

The rumbling was finally emanating out of Legoshi’s enlarged body, getting so bad that it shook through his nearly-popped shoes and into the carpet. His pants cuffs rose, revealing thickening ankles and tight socks, his tail boofing out hungrily, his arms blimping out against snaring sleeves and snapping seams. A burst of pleasure spattered his core and the words failed him. Louis, alternatively, had no such problems:

“WE ARE NOT EQUALS! YOU HAVE ALL THAT POWER AND SIZE, AND NO SPINE TO PROP IT UP–IN FACT, NO, THAT’S ALL YOU ARE! A PROP! YOU STRAIGHTEN UP AND GET IT TOGETHER, AND YOU STAY AWAY FROM HARU!”

Something in the wolf snapped, some final thread of internalized self-restraint, and the buildup erupted in a geyser-frenzy of energy. Legoshi interrupted, insofar as his body stopped shaking, and finally *exploded*.

Louis gawked as a sudden wall of fur blew up and out, blasting through ripping, popping fabric. Waves of warm abdominal girth battered the deer back as Legoshi’s head pummeled up into the ceiling, bashing it up into a dent as his growing ears flattened. Once lithe biceps ballooned frantically, groaning tighter as they swelled to prominence and snapped away his poor sleeves. His pants caught two swells of thighs and calves as his legs grew too big, shoving and kicking out past the startled deer on either side, throwing a chair back as his overloaded shoes slammed the walls.

“W-what–”

Legoshi’s teeth were bared, all bone and gums, his nostrils flaring in restrained bliss as his pectorals boomed up into his chin, forcing his growing head back up into the dent as his shoulders exploded out. Louis scuttled back on all fours, goggle-eyed, looking in a panic as one overgrown, stretching shoe snapped apart, a sock bursting through, toes bursting through it right after. The heel blew out of the other shoe as the walls began to crackle and spew dust, more and more pressure put in as the 15-foot wolf huffed, shook, and growl-*boomed* even *bigger*.

“In the hell is–”

“Oh, he must really be giving it to him, in there,” Dom, a towering blue peafowl solemnly muttered, shaking his head atop a long neck as he stood on the stage.

“Thinks he’s so big,” Kai muttered sourly, having grabbed the emptied bottle of juice, and thrown it angrily into the nearest trash bin.

“Huh, HAH,” Legoshi puffed, the shuddering male slowly billowing to 18 feet, then 20. His muscles throb-throbbed powerfully, outpacing his height as he swelled wider and heavier all over, his thigh muscles snapping his pants further apart as two last scraps of shirt clung to inflating pectorals. “HAH, H-I-I’M…S-SORR–”

20 feet shot to 25, pushing Legoshi’s back muscles and huge arms tight to the walls–all of them. His thighs bulged closer together as Louis scrabbled to his feet and opened the door. Immediately, Legoshi’s growing foot lengthened over it, a basketball-sized big toe catching the door as the deer threw it open, bouncing it shut again and making him cry out:

“No, no, let me out,” Louis ordered, though no one obeyed. “S-stop!”

He turned back around in time to see a final insult approaching, as the taxed crotch of Legoshi’s pants bulged with a deer-sized mound, crowned by a long, curved bulge of pure heat and scent. He knew what it was. He just wouldn’t accept it.

“Hey. No. NO, stop it! Ke-keep that away!”

“GHUUUUUUUUAHHHHAHHHH–”

The room was just too small for the 28-foot carnivore, plain and simple. Louis’s eyes were bulb-wide as he panted and took in the rising musk, looking everywhere as he went back-flat to the cracking door, seeing Legoshi’s head grow along the ceiling and snap the overhead light panel, casting the room in darkness just as his muzzle and pecs loomed beyond his barely-contained bulge.

“NO!”

Raw heat overtook him from all angles as, in the darkness, something very big, rounded, smooth and supple kissed his entire body, trembled, and ballooned bigger into it, and bigger, and bigger still. Up above, Legoshi groaned; given how the panicked deer pushed and shoved and stroked and touched and struggled and tickled against his 8-foot package, it wasn’t unwarranted.

“C-CAN’T…S-ST-T-TOPPPP–”

Even the wolf’s voice was pure power, a tantalizing and terrible rattle of bass and heat that traveled through his muscled thighs and ripped pants and hulking chest and swollen arms and thick neck all at once. The force rumbled out as Legoshi’s massive toes curled happily, effectively pinching in on and snapping the door apart as Louis tumbled out through it and onto the stage.

“What in the world were you two fighting about in there?” Dom gently asked, coming to help Louis up to his feet.

“RUN!” Louis yelled, as the entire stage began to shake violently. “JUST RUN!”

That was it; that was all the deer was willing to do for anyone else as he staggered to an uneasy stand on the stage and wildly gestured for everyone to do what he ordered, this one time.

“Hah,” Kai whooped, pointing at the terrified stag. “I knew it! Legoshi put you in your place at long last, didn’t…he?”

The shaking reached even Kai as the entire backstage area snapped, convulsed, and blew open, throwing dust and displaced air and body heat out so far that the curtains wavered. The release threw Dom, Louis and Kai away, along with Juno’s basket and all the props thereon.

Louis slammed down on the aisle carpet, rolling to a miserable stop as the others fled to the exit row doors and vanished.

“Gah,” Louis groaned, crawling along the aisle, only looking back long enough to see an ocean of soft, thick, gray fur billowing out of control, flowing to fill the stage as Legoshi’s head, pecs and shaft all emerged through the smoke and debris. His mass plugged the entire area as the 50-foot giant grunted, then released a deep, agonizingly happy howl that quaked *everything*.

Louis turned back to resume limping to the exit as the entire auditorium rattled, drywall clouding down as the spotlights wobbled and the seats all clacked their fold-out cushions like chattering teeth. Still, he could hear just fine, above the din and madness.

He could hear as Legoshi licked his car-sized muzzle over smoothly, before gritting his fangs as another rumbling spurt hit, and his huge head and swelling neck and shoulders and chest and erection all blasted forth, bigger and bigger, growing out of the cracked, splitting stage and out onto crushed, flying chairs.

The shockwave toppled the straggling deer as Legoshi impacted the floor, shook, and grew out, his chin blowing up the rows as his back muscles ballooned higher into the rafters and lighting, snapping and crushing everything in its path. 60 feet…70 feet…80 feet…

He wasn't stopping. *He wasn't stopping!*

"This isn't," Louis wheezed as he stood upright and shoved the exit door open. "This isn't! No, it can't, hah–"

He stopped the moment he realized something new: he couldn't get out.

No…he couldn't *fit* out.

"Oh, what–"

Only this new shock could have made the panicked deer stumble back towards the growing wolf, but it worked. Louis looked himself over, then the door, finding himself eye-level with the exit sign. He looked back down, and gasped outright as a wave of warmed, tickling, nervous energy suddenly exploded within him.

"GH–"

His antlers trembled as he flicked his ears back, bringing up an arm too big for his jacket sleeve to hold. The moment he flexed, not even meaning to, the seam running the length of it p-pip-POPPED apart in a neat, intoxicating sound as a bicep he had never had in his entire life pumped high, stretching his splitting clothes. He blinked, then flexed the other arm, his ears perking as the green blazer sleeve split in *three* delicious points.

A new Louis was growing, quite literally, out of the old, hatching in glorious real time. Even the shaking of the auditorium, even the sounds of Legoshi's growing into a colossus behind him suddenly meant nothing in the world.

"Hah," Louis panted, bringing up a hand to feel his bicep, which in turn put his other arm into a swelling flex once again. He felt the bicep tremble and explode bigger, at his very soft touch, a bolt of electric pleasure attacking his nerves right after. It threw an incredible tingle up his spine as his back muscles stretched the blazer, pulling and ripping it loudly as it grew and grew and grew.

Just like that, the exit sign was down at his inflating pectorals, buttons pinging off his long sleeve shirt, his tie pulling and choking against his bulging neck as Louis tickle-shook,

snorted, then boomed up to 17 feet tall, his bulk heaving with every ragged, deep breath as he pitched and teetered in place.

"Hah…HAH…"

His shoes tented into mounds, groaning angrily as his toes burst through splitting high-end leather, the laces snagging the rising mounds of his feet. His pants snapped and popped open against vast bulges of soft, brown-furred, scented brawn as raw power overfilled him, his muscles rumbling up, up in thrilling tics and pulses.

"HAHAHA," Louis finally gushed, looking himself over again, seeing his uniform snap and pull and split away around his tidal bulk, passing 25 feet in height. "Y…Y…YESSSS!"

Years of control, years of restraint, years of the kind of conciliatory power only runner-ups got–all of it washed away in the face of *real* power. Even the approaching wolf's bulk couldn't reach Louis as he cackled and, very intentionally, flexed low and hard. The stupid suit and stupid traditions all struggled to confine him, but this time–this time, he blew right through.

25 feet tensed in on itself, flexed, and began to dramatically expand as Louis forced himself–*willed* himself–even bigger. The scraps of green and white popped and tore, threads bursting into floss against his raging muscles as he boomed to 35 feet, flexed tighter, and shook-blasted to 50. His once thin figure had exploded into a mess of taut, twitching muscle, athletic-plus, leaving him standing with his thickened antlers scraping the ceiling above the now-tiny exit door. It didn't matter. He didn't need it.

"I could break right through, couldn't I?" Louis murmured, unblinking, eating up every visible inch of his new found glory with bulging eyes. "It'd be easy! I could–"

A forest of fur slammed against his back muscles, interrupting.

"SSSSSOOOOOOOORR-RRR-RRRYY-YYYY–"

The 55-foot deer stomped around as Legoshi's tricep rolled into him, shoving the deer back to the cracking exit wall as the wolf's bulk shuddered and trembled and tensed, incalculable muscle cascading into him as Legoshi grew and grew.

There wasn't even time enough to curse at him as Louis was overtaken by greater mass. Legoshi's penis exploded in size, burning-hot and enormous as it crushed down into the floor and bulged up into his burgeoning abs, his back blowing up into the snapping ceiling as he felt his

legs consume the backstage and beyond. Uncontrollable growth raged as he howled into his bloated pectorals, semi-muffling it as his 130-foot body overwhelmed the auditorium and stage.

The lobby was quiet for only a precious second before the walls webbed with cracks and breaks, then blew apart, a swelling muzzle and huge wolf nose blasting through as it sheared tiles and smashed the entrance doors off their hinges. The upper bridge tore through the ceiling as one furry cheek obliterated the concessions stand, the other overtaking the seating area and balcony stairwells as Legoshi's body kept increasing.

That same chin suddenly lifted, forced North by the expansion of a monstrous pink pillar underneath. The tip of his pride mashed into the ruined frame of the entrance, bulged too big to fit, then began to inflate out anyway with a harsh rubber groan, blasting away flecks of lingering glass as it grew bigger, still.

From between its topside and the warping door frame Louis struggled, dragging his bulky way out out an impossible pressure as Legoshi's pectorals billowed down over him, as his pulsing member swelled up and up. The friction became such that, just as he reached Legoshi's tip, he all-but shot out like a bulked-up bullet, firing clear out through the marquee of the Cherryton theater. The massive buck slammed down through the front stair steps, demolishing them with a hard *thud* as all 60 feet of him landed.

Among the cracking rustles and snaps from the building, Louis became aware of shouts and gasps and cries ranging from alarm to surprise to admiration of some kind. As the red deer stood up in full, caged in clinging fabric straps and caked with debris, he understood why.

"Oh my God!"

"Did he do–wait, is that–"

"That's…Louis!?"

"H-he's huge!"

"No way!"

"Mrmn," Louis huffed, snorting out smoke and drywall as he idly flexed.

"Louis!" Kai shouted, emerging from the crowd of gathering students below. "What was that, just now? How'd you…I mean, you're huge!"

“I…I am,” Louis grumbled, straightening his bodybuilder-grade bulk up proudly. “Bit overdue, but yes.”

“Well,” Kai fussed, “how? A-are you, you know…okay?”

“Of course,” Louis boomed, clearing his throat a bit as he dusted himself off coolly, reeling things back in right away. “Just an accident indoors, is all, I’ll see to it. Dom, why don’t you go and alert Headmaster Gon, please.”

“Ah…s-sure. W-what should I tell him, though?” the bird chirped, shrugging.

“Nevermind that crap,” Kai cut in, still panicked. “How the hell did you grow so huge!? Was that Legoshi, in there–”

“KAI, I SWEAR,” Louis boom-spoke, only raising his voice momentarily–but the force it released shook trees around the entire wing of the school. “I…I want you to make sure everyone in the club is safe, and gather them all to the Drama Club. We’re moving rehearsals to the Meteor Festival grounds, right away.”

“B-but–”

“Kai. If you don’t follow orders, I will kick you out of here. *Literally*.”

That did it. Kai lurched back and shakily saluted, before hurrying off and pulling Dom with him. The other students continued to watch, transfixed, and Louis made to respond when a vicious tingling rose back up in his stomach, filling him with heat and pressure once again.

“H…Huah, w…”

Yet again, the colossal buck started to twitch and spasm all over, his muscles shaking with anticipation–no. *Joy.*

A short green lizard wormed his way through the spectators, a camera in tow.

“School Wave PR here, L-Louis,” he shouted, trying to stay calm as he raised the lens skyward at the quaking buck. “Could you please pose for the school paper?”

As it happened, Louis wasn’t listening. His body responded in his stead as the remnants of his shredded khakis surged out, snagging a swollen, bulging shaft and two descending,

bulbous brown orbs. Louis forced both massive hands down and reflexively covered his glorious shame, his pectorals ballooning bigger as he tried to pant out a proper response:

"N-no…comment…"

His body roared back at him as it strained to contain what was coming; his brow knit over lidded eyes as his antlers branched out overhead, his ears flicking faster. The crowd stepped back in a wave of shouts and pointing fingers as the red deer shook worse and worse, until his bulk billowed up to 70 feet in a messy, uneven spurt. His huge heel crushed the broken stairs and fissuring pavement as he trembled and groaned, then rumble-burst to 80 feet, then 90, his shadow spilling frantically bigger over the masses.

"Incredible!"

"H-he's not stopping!"

"Sh-should we run? What do we do?"

"You're amazing, Louis!"

The last shout was so, so right, and he knew it: Louis's throbbing bulk *b-burst* as he shuddered and rose higher, taller, wider. His hands slipped away uselessly, tree trunk-sized fingers only succeeding in dragging along the girth of his erection as it pushed out longer, fuller, fatter and thicker over the hollering crowd.

At 100 feet tall and nearly 35 feet across at the shoulders, Louis finally stopped. His feet had sunken halfway down into the courtyard foundation, the rowed trees surrounding the theater only reaching his ankles. Two male students could have sat on one foot like a car, or hugged a toe all around like a living ring accessory. He could have held several females in his warm palm, nestled in like toys.

Right. It all fit, didn't it? They had already been like toys–this just clarified it.

"No need for panic, everyone," Louis rumbled, taking only a microsecond to appreciate that his voice had grown much, much bigger, much thicker and deeper. "Mmn. I'll ask you all to please disperse to your dorms for the time being, until Headmaster Gon can sort all of this out–"

"You're gorgeous!" one female shouted. It might have been a male. At this size, it proved astonishingly difficult to suss out tones.

Finally, Louis grinned. He tried to make it a humble one, at the last-second.

"Now, now–"

The theater itself chimed in, violently, as the entire roof of the building bulged impossibly high, crackled along the dead center, then shattered as the majority peeled up into a rebar-woven curl of destruction and bent beams. Even Louis turned around as a vast mountain of ruffling slate fur emerged, pectorals roaring up over a bellowing wolf muzzle as a pink tip blew out the front in full, swelling greedily between two hulking thighs as they blasted free of the facade. Smoke detonated out in a cloud over the masses, covering Louis's lower body as he leaned away and shielded himself with powerful brown arms.

Oh, no.

That same lupine muzzle stayed hidden as a monstrous huff ejected. The wolf's humongous body wore the theater's ruins like shorts as his immense legs and thighs and calf muscles rested out on either side of the courtyard, impossibly heavy. The crowd understandably shifted to the 150-foot wolf as he leaned out and over the crowd (over Louis too), his massive pink tongue lolling out as he blinked–then went wide-eyed. Arguably, he was more shocked than they were.

"Guh!" Legoshi blast-barked, before covering his long muzzle in embarrassment. He looked his monstrously wide arms over, then felt his biceps and pat-patted along his thick column-neck, now considerably widened. His chest swelled out ahead of him like a scout, his rowed abs looming over a penis so vast it nearly made up a third of the wolf's titanic size. "I…I-I'm BIG!?"

"Is that Legoshi? He grew bigger, too?"

"Bigger, for sure, he's even bigger than Louis!"

"This is insane! A *carnivore* got that gigantic?"

Louis's temper rose from the pits yet again. It would have managed on its own, naturally, but the input from the tiny crowd only threw kerosine and dry leaves on the fire.

"W-well, wait, don't b-be scared," Legoshi rambled, even as his testicles blew out of the building, crush-thumping down just shy of an already-aggravated Louis. "I uh, I won't hurt anyone, I swear! I-I'll just eh, s-stay here! R-right here! Okay?"

At that, Legoshi's huge body rumbled *again*.

"Shut up, up there," Louis commanded, folding his monstrous arms over his thick chest as he turned to Legoshi. "You're not helping! A gigantic herbivore will at least pose a minimal threat, Legoshi! Just–just let me do the talk–"

Legoshi's quivering bulk exploded a third time as his huge eyes rolled back in panicked delight. The quaking redoubled as the wolf's muscles inflated drastically, smothering against each other in a tightening bunch as he shuddered up higher, and higher yet. 160 feet ballooned loudly to 170, then 180, his rump devastating the back of the building as it boomed free and shatter-slammed down onto the campus grounds, bashing the pavement apart as he grew.

"HEY!" Louis began, only to feel Legoshi's unruly erection bulge over him like a rebellious pet, thudding down heavily over and shoving even him back. "STOP THAT!"

"SUH-S-SOO-HOOO-R-RRRR-EEEEEEEHEEEE–"

Louis's anger returned with volcanic force as the final humiliation sank in, and the deer roared with all the fury his carefully-curated, elegant kind was allowed:

"STOP. APOLOGIZING!"

The enraged deer's body reacted as it trembled and tensed, his pushing back making his bulky body expand once again. The crowds finally screamed and fled, for the most part, leaving only a few astonished males and females to stare as Louis ballooned bigger, stronger, his height surging to 120 feet as he pushed and shoved against all 190 feet of Legoshi.

His growing feet crashed bigger and heavier over the concrete as he pushed, surging up over Legoshi's erection, his antlers swelling into a forest as his head pushed up to the wolf's abs at 130 feet…140 feet…

Yet, Legoshi kept growing, incessant and mindless, the wolf radiating unthinkable power as he blushed and craned his widening neck, trying to see over his inflated pectorals at the smaller giant below–which, upon realization, only drove Louis crazier with frustration.

The neighboring buildings and dormitories of Cherryton could no longer hide the two colossi as they swelled taller; even sitting down, the 225-foot Legoshi still rose to an impressive 140 feet–it was the only reason Louis was finally able to make any kind of eye contact as the deer stopped at 150 feet and glared daggers over the wolf's thick, pillowed pecs. Mercifully,

even Legoshi finally stopped growing, leaving him bug-eyed and flush as Louis stared him down in undiluted fury.

"I had everything under control, you stupid mutt!" Louis seethed, his bulk twitching and tightening as he snorted steam. "I had them in my shadow! MINE!"

"W-well, you look g-great," Legoshi offered, giving a light shrug.

The shrug alone was so powerful that even the mighty Louis nearly fell back from it, despite his godly build, his overgrown champion-grade muscle and knee-length shaft. Everything about the deer had become so amazing–yet, this…this idiot was even greater!

Legoshi's musculature handsomely outpaced his own; while he stood 150' high and an astonishing 60' wide, Legoshi was 225' tall, 150' wide, and his…

"Hrf."

Louis actually took the extra moment to judge it for himself. That he needed that moment just rubbed more salt in the wound, as he quickly worked it out: while his own erection was nearly 40 feet long…Legoshi's…Legoshi's had to have been about 90! It rested throbbing against Louis's bulk like a vast pink snake, burning warmly against his pelt, the deer not s…*strong enough*…to push it away any further.

"Just shut up," Louis eventually boomed, scowling. "All the way up. I need to think. For all I know, we aren't done growing. What happened that could have made us grow like this, specifically? DON'T ANSWER IF YOU DON'T KNOW."

Indeed, Legoshi had opened his vast muzzle to contribute. He closed it, all the way.

"Of course, you would outsize me," Louis bitterly muttered, gritting his colossal cervine teeth as he looked out over the many rooftops of the school. "Of course, a carnivore would just have to steal this from an herbivore. Sure."

Legoshi's ears whipped back as he stuck his muzzle in between his pecs, forcing himself not to say anything back. It wasn't like this was a joyride for him, either.

Well. That maybe was *slightly* not all true.

"...We can't stay here, Legoshi."

His ears perked back up as Louis spoke, seeing the deer forcibly calm down some; Louis finally made himself look back at Legoshi, in all his splendor, and even a hint of admiration hid in his eyes as he looked the wolf over. It was beyond grudging, but it was almost there. Legoshi offered a weak smile, and Louis's brows furrowed even lower.

"I-if it was eh, something we ate," Legoshi suggested, "t-then, I mean, I know someone who can m-maybe deal with it. Over in the B-black Market…i-if you want…or we can g-go somewhere else or eh, s…stay here…"

Louis scowled, angrily shoving Legoshi's towering erection away yet again, only for it to happily thump back into his massive lats, unwanted.

"...Dammit."

1:33 PM

"Campus security has the boys' dormitory cordoned off? You're sure?"

"Yes, sir, it's all taken care of, they just finished," his secretary said. "S-should I send security inside for evaluation, now?"

"Yes, please do. Tell them to go slow, though. I want an immediate report."

Headmaster Gon sat at his desk as he spoke, fumbling with the intercom settings, pushing every single PA system button possible, making sure they were all green before he picked up the microphone and brought it up close. The tiger took a deep, long breath, held it, then let it go as he flipped it on.

"Attention, all students…this is Headmaster Gon, g-good afternoon. I need all classes to halt immediately. We will be calling a general assembly in the school theater, please calmly–"

A knock interrupted, and a cold chill squeezed his spine as Dom entered. Expecting one of the males from the dormitory site instead, Gon relaxed the tiniest bit.

"Ah, Dom," he coughed, still holding the microphone (shakily). "What, ah, can I do for you, uh, today?"

"Headmaster Gon," the peafowl wheezed, looking winded. "I-it's Louis–"

“What about him?”

Kai darted in, unannounced, gesturing with both arms swinging up high.

“Louis is a freaking giant, sir! H-he got titanic! He’s at the theater, and he’s built like a stack of tanks, it’s crazy!”

Gon stared, and stared, and stared.

“...Beg pardon?”

“Whatever you do, don’t send anyone to the theater, sir,” Dom begged, wringing his bluish avian hands. “It’s ah…o-occupied…”

2:40 PM

The capybara steered the van slowly, carefully, making sure not to be seen as she crept along in traffic, refusing to pull ahead of the brown female wolf as she went along.

“What do you mean, an incident?” Mienai’s voice demanded, over her earpiece.

“Well, sir,” Operative T started, making multiple unheard faces as she thought fast. “I’m afraid that ah, one of the students at Cherryton is skipping class.”

“Oh?”

“I saw her leaving the campus as she stuffed something into her backpack–some food items with ah…w-with *our wrapping* on them…”

“Good lord,” the zebra gasped, on his end. “How many items did you see?”

“T-two–”

“Why didn’t you call me right away!?”

“I tried, sir, your line was busy! Headmaster Gon m…might have been calling…”

“WHY.”

“Because I s-saw the results of one of our food items for myself, and–oh, she’s going into the Black Market, sir! I can’t drive in, I have to follow on foot! I w-won’t let her out of my sight! Also, call Headmaster Gon, he’s likely relying on campus security for now–I gotta go, sir!”

“WAIT–”

T slammed the van door shut, having left the vehicle parked sloppily in place by the side of a cafe. She puffed as she jogged along after Juno, who rounded a corner and down some stairs, down into the entrance of the notorious Black Market…

2.

CHERRYTON METEOR FESTIVAL GROUNDS

HARU, 1:08 PM

Getting properly redressed before leaving the Gardening Club took more time than Haru had planned. In truth (and not much else) she had slipped her school dress back on just in time to face Legoshi, after Louis had skulked off. One good splash of the water hose would have made her brief talk with the wolf much shorter, or much, much longer.

Shorter was for the best, really. Legoshi was sweet, if a few odd steps behind himself, and the idea that someone came up for her and not the mattress was both foreign and refreshing. Somewhat. Not that there was any shame in expressing herself through her body–it was just *new*.

A rougher world waited down below, cropped grass and trees covering the school's designated fairgrounds; green was nice, but that was about it. Still, she made do with what flowers she had wheeled down in a small metal wagon.

"There you go, then," the white rabbit murmured, patting the dome of soil she had carefully built around a tulip. "That's the base of the stage, whew…got a few up there, but…"

Haru glanced at the stage, quickly taking inventory.

"Oof. Okay, at least two more trips…"

"I heard there was a cave-in at the boys' dormitory–"

Haru's long ears jabbed upright as someone entered the periphery. No, a group.

"Shut up! *That's* why they taped the area off, really?" another voice gasped.

"Security is all over the place, I saw it a few minutes ago crossing from study hall! I swear! The whole building was covered in cracks and it even sort of…I dunno, *wobbled*."

"You think it was some prank gone wrong?" the other asked, chuckling darkly.

"It wouldn't surprise me," a third, colder voice answered. "Boys are idiots. Combine their stupidity with bad structural engineering and cheap materials, and it's an assured disaster."

Haru forced her ears forward and away, losing her smile as she wiped down the wagon and dusted her dress off in a sudden hurry.

“Even your sweet beau, Mizuchi?”

“Especially him, the creep,” the third huffed, somehow sour and frigid at the same time. “Hold up, girls, we’re cutting through here.”

“But, isn’t that Haru over–oh.”

Mean giggling broke out.

The wagon was dried off enough, and Haru wheeled it around toward the Gardening Club building when a taller rabbit stepped into her path, hands very much to hips, a domineering stance that might as well have had *TOLL BRIDGE* stamped on it. One side of her body was a natural shade of coal, the other ivory, and when both came together, the sum only got worse. The harlequin rabbit leaned in over Haru, cutting off her retreat as a cat and raccoon attended from behind, on either side.

“I suppose you heard,” Mizuchi sneered, her black ear twitching. “Terrible business, what happened at the boys’ dorm.”

Haru sighed.

“Yeah. Just now, over the bullhorn,” she spoke, straightening as best as she could.

Both of Mizuchi’s entourage glowered, finally catching the insult.

“I suppose you shouldn’t let all the boys pound their mattresses so hard, next time,” Mizucho crowed, loudly. “Maybe the floors will last longer.”

“Maybe I was just helping your boyfriend practice breaking up, starting with the floor,” Haru rebutted. “You know, something *above* you.”

One–*one* of the other girls managed to barely stifle a snicker. The other contorted her muzzle and turned away, lest she be seen. In fairness, the way Mizuchi was looking, anyone with good sense would have avoided engagement.

“Funny!” Mizuchi growled, eyes so wide that they bulged under her brows. “Nice to know the one thing you aren’t *short* on is humor!”

“Well, I came up with a few things while waiting for him to finish,” Haru shot back. “Like how anyone that lost their boyfriend to a *shorty* shouldn’t go around, tacitly admitting that that’s *exactly* what happened. What’s it say about you, when the pitiful one got your man?”

“Our kind is rare enough!” Mizuchi barked, changing tacks. “He only tried your *common* kind out because you’re easy. Don’t go thinking you’re above me, litter-runt!”

Haru smiled wider. It was the only way to keep it in.

“He didn’t *talk* like it was easy. I doubt you give him much to practice with.”

“What did you say?” Mizuchi muttered, going much more quiet–two bad signs colliding.

“I’m saying that your needing *endangerment* to *beg* a man to be with you isn’t something you should take out on *me*. A well-fed rabbit won’t leave the burrow, dusty as it may be.”

“W-what!?”

“It’s *common* knowledge. Now, even though you clearly have nowhere to be, I do…”

Haru stepped around, and Mizuchi stayed put, if for a moment. The other two gargoyles were trained enough to auto-intercept her, all on their own.

“Well-fed, you say?”

Admittedly, Haru hadn’t anticipated those words coming from Mizuchi, in retort. The harlequin rabbit stepped behind her, motioning for one of the girls to throw her their backpack. Haru watched as the raccoon nervously tossed the bag over to the boss, who rummaged through it and withdrew a large slice of cake, brandishing it like a grenade.

“Hey, Mizuchi,” the raccoon tenuously began, “t-that’s my dessert.”

“How can you be so selfish?” Mizuchi huffed, unwrapping the colored plastic off of it, bits of frosting on its underside as she hurried along. “All this unwarranted backtalk is clearly a cry for help, girls. Can’t you tell? Haru here is skin and bones! She’s like her plants, she needs nourishment, yeah?”

Uh-oh.

A string of panic snapped inside, but Haru maintained her calm, her small face and big eyes unchanged as she watched Mizuchi approach–then shove the entire slice into her mouth, *hard*. Then, she *kept* pushing.

"Aw, come *on*," the raccoon moaned, as the cat broke into laughter.

"Eat up, little one!" Mizuchi snarled, all catty pretense evaporating in a wave of malice. "So you can grow up into a real lady, instead of a silly, slutty little baby runt!"

Haru gagged, despite her best efforts, as the cake in its entirety entered, blocking out the air and stretching her demure muzzle wide. Her cheeks bulged out to absurd size, and Mizuchi made sure to rub and drag the residual frosting all over Haru's face before shoving her back-first onto the wagon.

"Plants need rest, too," Mizuchi seethed, dusting the flecks of frosting off her hands. "Let's see, what else do they need? How else can we *help* you? Oh! Of course–"

The two lackeys watched as Mizuchi walked off to a maintenance shack, found the door unlocked, then returned with a large burlap sack.

"Soil!"

One of Haru's ears twitched, informing her even as she swallowed hard.

"Ah," the raccoon muttered. "Is that–"

"What? Lots of plants get help this way!" Mizuchi growled, starting to pull the bag down over Haru far too roughly. "We bag her, then find a pot big enough to–why, look! How about that! Just down at the edge of the property there–that ditch should do perfectly!"

The bag was halfway down, but Haru's hand was low enough that she grabbed a fistfull of dirt before things could get any worse.

"Mizuchi–"

"Shut it!" Mizuchi snapped, turning back just in time to get her own mouthful as Haru blindly punched forward, shoving the dirt into the ringleader's conveniently-gaping maw.

As she fell back onto the ground, sputtering and hacking, the other two saw Haru working herself free; in their sudden panic they forced the bag entirely down over her, stuffing the struggling little rabbit within and tying the end of the sack off as Mizuchi stood back up and spat, again and again.

"Ghhahk! You stupid little–"

Mizuchi stomped around to the back of Haru's wagon, shoving the other girls aside as she put one shoed foot on its edge, then kicked with all the fury she had. It turned out to be more than enough to send the bagged bunny and wagon careening down the slope of the grounds, right down into the cement ditch beyond the treeline.

The wagon bumped and wheeled over sheared grass, narrowly missing the trees as Haru sailed off the slope and into the air, crashing and bouncing onto declining cement at higher speeds. The wagon rattled into a construction barrier no one higher up could have seen and smashed through it, Haru slipping out and right into an opened sewer lid, bag and all.

"Oh my gosh, Mizuchi–"

The boss rabbit was already rummaging inside of the raccoon's backpack, pulling out a wrapped bottle of juice and ripping it open without permission.

"Hey, no, that's my–"

Either unable or unwilling to respond through the mouth full of dirt, Mizuchi swigged deep, swished, and spat, unceremoniously chugging the rest of the bottle as they watched. One looked back at the ditch, biting her lip, while the other shook her head.

"Seriously, what am I supposed to eat?"

"Is she okay? It went into the ditch!"

"Oh," Mizuchi coughed, rubbing her mouth with her dress sleeve, "you suddenly care about her, is that what's what?"

"N-no, *we* could get in trouble!"

"Oh, boohoo," Mizuchi snorted, spitting one last time. "If you're so worried, go and untie her yourself, if you want. But I hear that sort of thing can *harm* the individual, more than help."

Both parties fussed in place for a moment, deliberating.

The bag rested limp on the floor of the interior below, unmoving; only a despondent moan of pain escaped, as proof that Haru was still among the living. More or less.

Everything had been knocked out on the impact, including any curses or swears or oxygen she had in the chamber. Instead the rabbit lay there in the bag, mentally and physically stunned, clutching at the nearest bearings as some water *drip-dripped* nearby. The afternoon light from above cast a glow on the burlap, its finer threads all Haru could understand as she panted and twitched, finally trying to move some part of herself. Rational thought came after:

They really did it

Her eyes flicked around, finally able to move, overcompensating immediately.

They really did it. They could have killed me.

With every breath, ever so subtly, Haru's mussed and dirtied school dress became a little bit tighter, and tighter still, pulling against increasing mass within. Her nearly nonexistent chest rose as she puffed in and out, in and out, her bosom swelling out in miniature lurches, until they pumped to stretch the uniform slightly. Each inhale seemed to inflate them as she gently expanded, not realizing in her stupor that the burlap was beginning to shrink in on her quaking body, bit by creeping bit.

They tried to kill me!

A terrible heat swelled up from Haru's core as she grunted and shook with anger, or *something*, her hips swelling out against the dress until it strained and pulled wider, her thighs ballooning bigger and thicker as they mashed tight together. Her ears flattened along her growing head as she closed her huge black eyes and quaked deeper, groaning as her furred breasts blew up against the fabric and bulged up into her chin.

The bag was so tight now as Haru swelled into a full-grown adult female's size, a good 6 feet even. The bag tugged and split at a few unneeded conjunctions, but otherwise held as it stretched around her bulk. The knot atop the bag rose only so much before the sides around it swelled beyond, the bag groaning miserably as it shook and blew up twice its size, popping apart along the back and booming out in the front.

With no bearings, Haru couldn't quite put together that she was growing larger and stronger. What felt like a hard flex of rage was, in actuality, her white-furred muscles expanding and pressing against each other, her skinny form billowing into a surging ball of definition and soft-scented, throbbing sinews. The knot held where the rest could not, and with a final trembling surge one overfed shoe burst out, its leather snapping apart as huge rabbit toes exploded loose, a large furred heel bursting through the back, leaving the upper cover and strap wrapped around the foot.

A set of cheeks squeezed through next, progressively bulkier thighs swelling bigger behind it, her rump billowing so big that the dress tugged up along her midsection, ripping against a field of burgeoning abs. Her muzzle swelled down, burrowing into her expanding bust as two pink nipples tented the uniform, pulling even further as she *m-m-mooooaned* and rumble-blew from 6 feet to 12, ripping the burlap into petty scraps that snuggled her roaring muscle and curves.

Finally, as did her newfound bulk, the idea collided with the rest of her:

It wasn't just her. She was…*bigger!?*

Haru's mind swam as she closed her eyes, tensed involuntarily, and shuddered even larger, bloating so big that even two male bears would have had to stand atop each other to make it to her chin, at a staggering 18 feet in height–or length, really. Given how the stubborn burlap scraps crushed in on her, standing upright wasn't quite an option yet.

With some doing Haru managed to work herself up to a seat, her ears brushing against the cement ceiling as she struggled in place. Her athletically-built arms pulsed with power, but generations of hardwiring held them in check as she simply assumed she was too weak to break them–until she *tried*.

"H…hrrrrgh–"

With surprisingly little trouble, her flexing arms snapped the remains of the bag apart, blowing loose with a triumphant huff, tearing her stretched dress completely apart in the process. Her now ample-breasts swung up as they erupted free, shearing scraps of dirtied fabric into the air. Her thighs boomed out as another tingling surge filled her body, pushing her bigger, until her lengthening ears splayed out and her head thudded the ceiling loudly.

"Ah! Shoot, I–"

She caught the words with a hiss of pain and pleasure as her form inflated more, and more, pumping up to 30 feet and grinding her head and widening neck and shoulders into the ceiling too much, too deep. Grit dusted out as she snorted soot an trembled harder, booming violently out to 35 feet in one thick, hot, *amazing* blast of size, her underwear snapping off as her rump slammed the floor, her groaning thighs pushing wider apart as more muscle crowded her legs, her growing toes clenching.

"Got t-to get…huuu-hu!"

Her body trembled harder as Haru wrinkled her muzzle and cried out, bursting angrily to 40 feet, then 45! Her shoulders bulge-thumped the cracking ceiling as her breasts loudly swelled out between bulking arms, mashed in against themselves as the warmth and pressure and plush and sweat grew and grew.

Her growing hand thudded clumsily up, feeling the opened hole and wall-mounted ladder to it; Her thickening fingers could hardly escape, let alone the rest of her!

T-trapped! Tra—a-aaahhhahh…

50 feet…60 feet…

Her bulk boomed into the walls as she dammed the corridor with nothing but her own heaving muscles, fluffed muscles bullying cracks out of mighty concrete as the shaking only grew worse…and *worse*…

"Well, w-what if we just called it in, anonymously?" the raccoon stammered, as Mizuchi took to the festival stage and looked it over. "M-maybe we should do that, instead of standing here waiting to be seen?"

"R-right," the cat agreed, nodding.

"See us doing what, exactly?" Mizuchi sighed, looking the few scattered plants set upon the stage over. The rest were likely meant to go in marked spots, presumably made by Haru. "Existing quietly, just talking? No one saw the part that mattered."

A mean rumble answered from Mizuchi's belly as she winced, tarried, then shook it off and moved along, kicking one plant over, then another.

“Well, I’m not staying,” the raccoon groused, at long last, working up at least enough backbone to commit to fleeing.

“Fine,” Mizuchi countered, venomously indifferent. “Go ahead and–”

The rumble returned, but this time it was so powerful that Mizuchi slipped back mid-kick and landed on her rump, her skirt flying up like a white flag. The raccoon and cat had only jogged about ten feet away when they heard her impact the stage–then they heard the rumble.

“What the hell was that?” the cat moaned, looking at Mizuchi, then the raccoon.

“If this is just to get us to stay–”

“Huuuuh…”

The rabbit groaned in such an alien manner that both girls stopped talking entirely. In fact, they stopped everything. The cat’s eyes dilated as she gasped, the first to notice properly as Mizuchi panted and shook, still sitting, her body trembling into a full-blown spasm.

“Ohmygosh–”

“W-what?” the raccoon asked. “Is she really hurt?”

“She’s…b…*bigger*…”

“Wait, what? Is the injury swelling?”

“N-no, no, she–”

“H-HUUUAAAAAAGH!”

The raccoon squinted, then stepped back.

Up on the stage, Mizuchi was indeed larger, the rabbit nearly as tall as a wolf, and still growing. In one blink, she was a head taller, then another, yet the next. Her dress pulled steadily as her thickening thighs sprouted out from a stretching skirt, socks snapping in time with popping shoes and splitting, bulging straps.

Her dou-toned head hit the stage as she threw it back, her mouth widening for too great of a scream as her chest inflated, expanding under cloth in a dizzied panic. The snap of her bra was

consumed by a rumbling burst as her breasts instantly overfilled them, twin mounds tenting against pulled materials. The globes compressed into a single mass that *boomed* out over her arms as she trembled and strained, scraping the stage with expanding feet.

"GGG-GGH-HG–"

Lengthening rabbit ears splayed down, crowning her growing head as her hips blimped impossibly wide, ripping the lower quadrant of her dress at its sides. The seam at the center struggled and fought, losing by agonizing degrees as one split popped open, then another, traveling from one fluffy pole to the next, until the suit bifurcated around a spilling mass of white and black fur.

"S-she's not stopping," the raccoon murmured, transfixed.

"How is she even starting!?" the cat rightly asked, just as Mizuchi bellowed and rocketed larger, still, swelling foot after hot foot over the creaking stage. "W-what do we do?"

"I dunno, I don't know how she's even doing this–"

"W-we could hide in class–"

The raccoon was already bolting, but not towards the hallowed halls of Cherryton. Rather, she fled away from the campus, altogether, leaving the dumbstruck cat in a solo act.

The rabbit finally grew too big to fit the structure, her head thudding, then shoving bigger and bigger against the stage's back railing, snapping and shattering the wood as her cat-sized head bashed out the back side. Her feet blew completely free as they swung out over the front, decimating the outer rail effortlessly, all as her ballooning breasts trembled against ripping dress fragments–before booming free, thick teats ramming against the patio-styled ceiling.

The 30-foot bunny shook openly, her underwear groaning so tight that her folds dimpled into clarity as her rear swelled off the stage, her thighs and feet and cheeks slamming the ground with a great shake. The ceiling rose ominously as it cracked and broke, Mizuchi's burgeoning chest overfilling it and bulging out its sides as she cried out and boomed to 35 feet…40 feet…45 feet!

"P-please, stop!" the cat begged, backing away inches as Mizuchi gained whole feet.

No such luck.

"Y…GHY…"

Mizuchi's voice swelled into a husky, echoing timbre as the entire stage unwillingly snuggled her growing torso. Huge arms crashed down, caged between the straining posts of the stage's corners and the mass of her own shuddering breasts, before two bulbous nipples blasted up through the roof, casting a line through its center.

"HHH-HYYY…YYYEEEESSSSSS…"

40 feet exploded, violently, to 60, the growth coming in messy, hot leaps as the stage snapped apart against too much female. Monstrous rabbit feet trenched the ground apart as she slid her growing legs open, her trembling underwear snapping away. Beach ball-sized toes dug in tight as Mizuchi's body spasmed and heaved up to 70', snapping, splitting–then finally blowing the stage to splintering bits as she outgrew it all.

Aptly, the under-portion dramatically caved as her weight collapsed it, her body still swelling bigger atop its defeated remains. Heat steamed off her form as the lingering threads snapped away, clinging to her freed breasts for only a moment before they billowed forth over the rest of her, teats towering high over shredded cloth and splintered wood.

A bosom big enough to fill a swimming pool rose, bobbled, then settled heavily over Mizuchi's incredible self, the 75-foot rabbit groaning as she finally forced all that mass into motion, and slowly sat up on an inflated rump.

"HAH," she hissed, eyes wild and unblinking, the titaness looking herself over.

"M-Mizuchi," the cat gasped, scraping whatever cogent syllables she had together. "Wh-what happened to you!?"

The lapine's great gaze shifted, and the cat lurched away from it on generations of inborn reflex. Those gigantic eyes and muzzle nearly vanished as each breath seemed to pump Mizuchi's breasts bigger, fuller, obscuring more and more beyond them–but the cat had seen it, just the same. She had seen the smile forming.

"EHEH, HEH," the 80-foot rabbit panted, straightening proudly upright. "YOU *REALLY* T-THINK I KNOW? HOW STUPID ARE YOU? W-WHO CARES…WH-WHAT CAUSED THIS? LOOK AT ME! I'M…INCREDI–INCR…RRRRAAAAAAAAUGH!"

Again, Mizuchi *rumbled*, and again Mizuchi grew, a thick burst of growth exploding forth as her huge body ballooned over the fairgrounds. Her hips swelled to absurdity as her

bosom surged higher and rounder, pillar-like nipples bloating as she bit her lip and shook in rapture. Her colossal knees collided as she squeezed herself tight, feeling her girth reactively bulge bigger against the resistance, welcoming its failure.

85 feet teetered and billowed to ninety-five as she snorted and stroked hard up her black-white belly, ruffling thickening bunny fur. Her feet swung back underbulk, huge soles curling up against her blooming buttocks, heat kissing heat. Titanic fingers dug into her pelt as her eyes lidded to perverse slits, the panting female shuddering one last time, then bursting with a rubber-pull *stretch* to 100' even.

"I-IT FEELS…SO AMA-HUH-HAZIN-G-G…"

A brutal blush overtook the cat as it finally sunk in, the raw heat and scent of arousal brushing right over her, overtaking everything nearby. The arousal was not shared, but the awe sure was.

"T-this isn't possible," she stammered, falling back onto her rear. She looked up, deciding Mizuchi should know the fruits of her studies: "T-this isn't possible–"

At that, a scream pierced the air from behind them, likely the only thing shrill enough to surpass Mizuchi's ground-chattering growth. The cat finally broke her gaze on sight of the raccoon, who was running right back their way.

"UGH, SHUT UP," Mizuchi grumbled, her huge voice rattling out of her massive throat as she glowered. "STOP RUINING MY ASCENSION–"

Suddenly, even the rabbit felt it. Her enlarged voice faded, yet the rumbling continued underneath. A *bigger* rumble, no less.

Wordlessly–*breathlessly*–the raccoon clutched the cat's wrist in passing, and pulled her into a sprint as Mizuchi felt the ground bulge higher. The mound threaded along under her huge rump, managing to heft even her up a few feet as the trees swayed.

"H–WHAT–"

The firmament interrupted as it exploded apart, cracking wider as a river of white fur erupted through the grit. The impossible mass blew up, an unstoppable force so great that it lifted even Mizuchi as something gargantuan swelled under her back. She flipped down over its topside, allowing two vast lengths of dirtied fur to whip back up into the air, just as she thumped over a protruding muzzle and bounced down onto a field of throbbing warmth. Confusion only

spiked as the roar of the sundered earth and flying dirt married the odd bobble of her body on something very colossal emerging from the ground. Her hands quested like mad for purchase, but only sank partially, dimpling into soft, scented bunny fluff wherever they landed.

A mammoth burst of air overpowered it all as some enormous thing huffed a long, heavy, feminine *sigh*, a shudder tearing through the fields and fuzz as Mizuchi shook the fall off, looked up–and screamed.

"GAH," Haru moaned, a twinge of either pain or bliss tremoring out into the open ground as her breasts and shoulders rose higher. "AH, F-FINALLY!"

Her head alone was nearly a third of Mizuchi's size, set atop a surprisingly bulky, swollen trunk of a neck, powerful and graceful in kind. Her shoulders rolled, packed with soft-yet-firm acres of muscle, her breasts having grown from debatable to monstrous. Given her initial proportions, it would have tracked that the dwarf rabbit was–big. Very big. ***Bigger.***

"AH!" Mizuchi bellowed, as Haru thoughtlessly rose up through the wounded turf, rising higher and higher, sending the clutching harlequin rabbit into a new tumble off of her bosom. "W-WAIT!"

Mizuchi crashed down into the fairgrounds with the kind of impact only demolished buildings earned, shaking the nearest school complexes as she landed.

Unharmed at her size, she growled and slammed her hands down on the soil, pulling herself upright again and looking at the sight of Haru…no. No, it wasn't Haru. It was Haru's *shadow* that had her, and it alone.

Haru stood over the grounds, over the humbled trees, over the now-conspicuous burrow-line her growth had created, running from the back ditch to the fair, the way any common rabbit might. Mizuchi's eyes boggled at full view of a 170-foot tall behemoth, a building-sized bunny covered in dirt stains, muscle, and nothing else. Her physique had blown up to such a degree that she looked every bit as thick around as any alpha male, given her 60' width and billowed out bosom, itself over 40' wide, big enough to fill a house.

Yet–despite the changes–when Haru's eyes opened they were as massive, gentle and keen as ever, black pools gleaming in the afternoon light.

"WHAT THE HELL IS THIS!?" Mizuchi roared, the huge rabbit getting to a stand, just so that she could stamp her gigantic feet in complaint. "HOW ARE YOU BIGGER THAN ME!? NO–HOW ARE YOU EVEN BIG, AT ALL!?"

Insultingly, Haru didn't see her right away; those massive eyes looked one way, out over the rooftops, then the other way, towards the city beyond, before the muscle bound female stomped around some and finally tried to peer down over the shelf of her own bust.

"Hmm?" Haru rumbled, her brows arching low in unwanted puzzlement. Rather than invite any acknowledgement of the harlequin, Haru instead took her own body in–and the gasp echoed everywhere. "Oh my gosh! What…it *really* happened!? I-I'm so *big*… I didn't think–"

She brought one hefty arm up, letting it hold in place, watching her bicep swell out from the simple act of defying that much gravity. She blinked, gulped, then made a fist; at length she twisted it and flexed, watching as it nearly doubled in size.

"No! This can't be real…"

Her mouth hung open as its peak bulged, her cream fur bristling out in excitement, before she tried to remember just what exactly powerlifters did, and then pulled down into a double-flex. Her titanic traps blew bigger, her shoulder blades pumping out with a mean, explosive *boom*.

"Haha! So that's how it feels! I've never made a single muscle in my life, but I'm so thick! And good grief, m-my chest is–"

"HEY."

Her vast ears twitched, finally picking up the noise below, and Haru leaned out further (mid-pose) to better see over her breasts. The colossal rabbit's understanding came two-fold: first, there was the shock of seeing a still-enlarged Mizuchi, nude, curvaceous and full-chested. The second came in a widening smirk, as she realized the giantess was *beneath* her.

"Well."

Mizuchi's bravado withered and died instantly, deprived of any Sunlight under such a shadow as Haru's. Why she had gotten the rabbit's attention in the first place was gone from her thoughts as she blinked, then backed away on thudding, car-sized feet.

"Ah," Mizuchi started, eyes darting anywhere else.

"Guess your plant grew," Haru snorted, her smile dropping flat in time with her brow.

Ooh.

"Wuh. Well, I mean," Mizuchi fumbled, trying to shrug, only to feel her arms thump warmly against her oversized chest, bouncing them back in an awkward pitch. "You–"

"I, what?"

Haru's bus-sized foot came down, way too close, its weight and force such that even Mizuchi shook a bit. The rabbit still stood over 100' tall, granted–but that only put her at eartips with Haru's boomed-out abs and swollen, fluffy lats. Thighs that could have crushed her flat twitched as the bigger bunny shifted her weight threateningly, huge hands settling on her wide hips.

The sheer displeasure of being towered over by anyone started to sink in; the idea that the one doing it was *Haru* is what finally pushed it so far that, even at her smaller size, Mizuchi couldn't stand it.

"You…h-had it coming!"

Haru's flattened expression sank into a very, very bad frown.

"Oh, I had it coming?" she repeated, cocking her head atop her thick neck. Biceps as big as hallways spasmed in irritation, as if begging to flex bigger. "Was that when I came to you and picked a fight? Or, wait, was that all your doing?"

"Don't get all high and mighty with me!" Mizuchi shouted, stomping the dirt so hard it cratered around her soles. "You think I won't defend my man!?"

"The one you called a stupid creep?"

Mizuchi's anger boiled up, rising higher and higher, until her entire body shuddered.

"S-SHUT UP!"

"Maybe if I plant *you*, you'll outgrow me," Haru growled, reaching down and picking Mizuchi up by her under arms, like a big toy or doll. "Or I could just put you down wherever, like the girls' dormitory, all nude and bloated–"

"B…BLOATED!?"

The overgrown harlequin seethed, her ears whipping back as she grit her buck teeth tight. The shaking increased as she started to thrash about in Haru's grip, writhing and quaking as her body started to twitch and rattle–then, quite suddenly, balloon *bigger*.

Haru's bulk tensed from the strain as Mizuchi rumble-burst larger, inflating from 100' to 120' in one ugly, throbbing push. Her bust inflated out into Haru's, compressing toasty-tight against its lower curves as she shook worse and worse.

"Whoa–"

Mizuchi's ears sprouted longer behind her head as it rose up to meet Haru's chest, her black-white hips exploding nearly twice as wide as her dangling thighs blimped to match. Unsure what to do with her, Haru hesitated, only to grunt in effort as Mizuchi expanded even larger, swelling up into her bulk until heat pressed heat. Her breasts began to outsize even Haru's as the curvier, rounder rabbit lurched up to 140 feet, her soles and swelling toes brushing down over, then finding the ruined terrain below.

"You…are NOT…bigger than me!" Mizuchi fumed, the growing female's body erupting messily, blowing her up to 160', her head reaching Haru's chin as she put everything she had into forcing the bulkier bunny back. "I REFUSE TO B-BE…BENEATH YOOOOOOU–"

A vicious growth spurt hammered through her body, her curvy hips blowing out even wider, nearly as wide as her torso was long. Her breasts pumped too big, rolling up over Haru's chest and finally pressuring her into a few unwilling steps back. Each footfall shook the school as more and more classes stopped in the periphery, more and more students gawking and hollering in amazement from dozens of full windows as Mizuchi burst even greater, swelling dominantly up over even Haru at 180 feet.

A very conflicted, very embarrassed male rabbit kept at his desk, refusing to get up with the others–lest they all see the harlequin's firm erection. Instead, he watched from his chair, breathing loudly through his nostrils, as if caught in a terrible and fantastic dream.

Gargantuan feet slam-slammed as Mizuchi worked up just enough momentum to throw Haru off balance, pushing her past the treeline, past the ditch and embankment, and clear over the very edge of the school itself.

That Haru was capable of pulling Mizuchi down with her finally struck as both girls tumbled off the raised back of the school and down its cliff face, toward the indifferent sea.

1:22 PM

Not one minute had passed when the capybara's van trundled by on the other side of the building, Operative T staring at where she figured all the rumbling had come from. Surely *something* had made all the vibrations, which had increased as she drove from the boys' dorm a few minutes prior. She idled there on the edge of the courtyard, scanning the buildings, seeing no damages–only students silently talking and pointing from virtually every window.

"Erf."

Grudgingly, she drove out a little further, then winced at the sight of the school's annihilated fairgrounds, replaced with mounds of upheaved soil, roots, felled trees and massive dual-craters.

Rounding the girls' dormitory the capybara saw a single student strolling out, chipper and oblivious, a bounce in her step. She adjusted her shoes, no longer in school uniform, a casual dress on instead, as though she had just changed out. Earbuds traced a line from her wolf ears to a small player clipped onto the strap of her backpack as she listened on to who-knows-what, lost in her own world.

"What the…" T muttered, squinting through her windshield as the brown female wolf stowed something in her backpack and zipped it up, thoroughly oblivious.

Her eyes bugged as she saw what the wolf was keeping: carefully wrapped foodstuffs, the cellophane colored the exact color of what she had placed in the cafeteria.

With that, Juno happily bounced along–toward the *front gates* of Cherryton. Operative T took one last worried look at whatever this madness was on the fairgrounds, then made her decision. She threw the van back into drive, then made to follow the wolf as she jogged on.

"Don't leave, don't leave, don't leave," T whispered, pleading quietly–only to moan in dismay as Juno made a beeline for the front courtyard, past the administration building, and went right out the front gate, into the world.

1:24 PM

Not two minutes after Operative T drove out of the school grounds, the theater auditorium began to shake like all hell, before something gigantic burst through the front, ejected heavily out into the open, and crashed into the courtyard…

1:26 PM

Haru had landed so hard that, even with her considerable bulk, she had trouble getting up. For a minute or two, there had just been rolling and tumbling, her muscles bashing rock face, then mashing hotly into Mizuchi's curves, then back to rock as they had fallen.

"GET…UP."

The less pleasant of the two voices intruded as Haru felt a massive foot stomp hard into her back, making her growl in poorly-hidden pain.

"Get up, before I push you right into the sea!"

A 200-foot Mizuchi towered overhead as Haru turned to face her, the giant having settled into a web of impact cracks along the relatively-thin stretch of the harbor. Though plump and curvaceous, Mizuchi proved big enough to push Haru's mass closer to the water, if by degrees.

"Let's see you talk back…when you're underwater! God, you're h-heavy!"

Any doubts to the veracity of her words vanished when Haru remembered being kicked over a cement embankment in a bag on a wagon.

Mizuchi wheezed in ragged bursts, too battered from the fall to play at elegance or superiority. Instead, she just kept kicking at Haru's bulky sides, until a hulking arm lashed out to intercept and snag her ankle tight.

There was plenty Haru could have said, sure–but her muscle was way ahead of her mouth. With the one second left to her Mizuchi's eyes dilated to pinpricks, and it was clear she understood the language well enough.

All it took was one good, serious pull, and even the mighty Mizuchi *flew*.

Dock workers finally snapped out of their stupor as literal tons of female sailed through the air, over the pier and connective roadway, then smashed into the wharf with such force that the tiny males (who hadn't fled) were blown off their feet. Mizuchi's girth obliterated the warehouse as soon as her enormity made contact, kicking up a volcanic cloud as waves rippled out in rings around the bay.

Not one worker was left in the area, thankfully, meaning the only things dotting Mizuchi's duo-tone fur were debris and blasted machinery as she rose from the ruins, smoldering in a blind rage.

Haru staggered onto her feet, shook her head, then gasped in mortification at the demolished building–one she hadn't even noticed.

"Oh, no!" she gasped, going a precious shade paler. "Are you okay?"

"YOU'RE DEAD!" Mizuchi screeched, thundering back down the road, slamming into Haru dead-on. "YOU THINK I'LL FORGIVE YOU!?"

"I meant…the others, down there!" she shot back, flexing harder as she grappled with the larger bunny, her biceps blowing up tighter, higher, fuller. Her pectoral mounds bulged bigger, shoving her massive chest back out into Mizuchi's larger breasts, the twin mounds pressing deep as they struggled. "Who…cares…what you think!?"

"Herbivores already have it hard enough," Mizuchi sneered, pushing in, using her bigger bosom to bully Haru back against the cliff face. "Without LITTLE *BACKSTABBERS* like you, muddying up the mix! Muddying up the blood!"

The more Haru was forced to flex, the bigger her muscles slowly swelled, until they ballooned against each other, brawn on brawn, pulsing even stronger as the dwarf rabbit began to swell up, foot by tingling foot. Steadily, her head crept higher and higher, rising over the ridiculous span of Mizuchi's overflowing chest, getting chin-high over it, then neck-high, until the swollen bulk-rabbit stood tantamount to her at 220 feet.

Biceps as thick as three of Mizuchi's arms bundled together tensed and burst-pumped bigger as she pushed and pushed; suddenly the harlequin found herself stumbling back, feet shattering down on snapping pavement, before she cried out and plunged ankle deep down into the sea, then thigh-deep.

"We could have gotten along," Haru growled, the demure rabbit's will overtaking Mizuchi in its truest form. "If you weren't…an overcompensating, jealous…p-petty snob!"

Before Mizuchi could say anything, Haru roared–*aloud*.

The bulging female's entire body was still flexing, still growing; monstrous shoulders boomed wider as the 150' bunny's width detonated to 70' across, then eighty, her biceps and triceps inflating with angry, quaking spurts as her forearms groaned and her thighs swelled. She

crashed into the waters after, still pushing, forcing the startled harlequin into a lower dip, until her chest and shaking arms hovered just over the water, while Haru rose larger still. Her widening midsection sank, the waters cresting around her bulging lats as she stared her aggressor down. 280' rumbled with escalating power as Haru grunted and blew up to 290…300…310…

Passing ships leaving the harbor could only get so far away as the waves from their struggle slammed past, making cargo containers wobble as the crews all cried out and held fast. Haru still pushed on, no longer willing to give room or relief as the smaller giantess rocked back and forth between panic and fury.

Her ample chest finally lost out as Haru's bulk exploded even bigger, her growing hands consuming her opponent's as Mizuchi watched her *boom* to 320 feet, then 330. Still, the harlequin protested on, defiant to the point of denial:

"Don't…YOU… TALK DOWN T-TO…ME!"

Mizuchi did one thing many rabbits excelled at: she brought both legs up through the churning sea, hands still clasped, placed her feet against Haru's huge abs, and kicked as hard as she could.

Yet, Haru didn't budge, at her sheer size and weight. Instead, all Mizuchi managed to do was kick herself off and away; her hands left Haru's as the massive harlequin lunged backwards, agape and boggle-eyed, sailing over the sea and directly into the only bridge into the city.

Even Haru jerked back from surprise as the roaring Mizuchi bashed into the entire structure, her bulk snapping support lines and toppling the vertical beams as the road snapped apart from her passing. Speck-sized cars and buses all zoomed away moments before impact, leaving countless vehicles teetering on the edge of the ruin, unharmed but stunned.

The 340-foot titan Haru had grown into, for all her power and glory, suddenly looked as sheepish and guilty as–well, a schoolgirl. Her ears shot up tall, then fell back in total terror as Mizuchi skipped over the sea beyond the broken bridge, then splashed back down with the nastiest cannonball Haru had ever seen. Water rained down in a localized mini-storm as the sea refilled itself, making Mizuchi disappear entirely within.

"The bridge," Haru muttered, gulping nervously at the sight of it. "I d-didn't think she would…really try to…"

At that, something massive parted the waters once more. Haru brought her fists up as though she really knew how to use them, only to lower them again as she realized the mass

wasn't moving. Mizuchi simply bobbed in the sea, her eyes rolled back, the unconscious female floating from the buoyancy of her immense bosom and hips.

"...Oh."

For a moment (understandably) Haru just sort of stood there, waist-deep in the sea, processing the past twenty or so minutes. In fairness, it had been a *busy* twenty minutes.

"I don't see anyone falling off. Whew. Good grief," she sighed, finally unclenching her bodybuilder-sized muscles, her body right at 340 feet tall and just over 90 feet wide, her bust nearly 80 feet across at the front once her biceps stopped compressing her chest. Her physique diminished just enough to keep her looking plush, yet unbelievably powerful–a combination she still wasn't sure was really hers. "Well, what do I do now?"

She turned slowly around, looking back at the dent her impact had left in the cliffside leading back up to Cherryton Academy.

"Oh…they'll throw me out, for sure! What'll my parents even say?"

A little smirk danced across her muzzle, and a surprisingly cute chuckle got loose.

"What would Legoshi–"

A billowing plume of smoke heaved, from somewhere up on Cherryton, casting a sound so powerful that Haru's huge ears barely caught its ghost. A gray-furred mass emerged, howling in what could have been pent-up joy as it burled through the cloud, revealing a wolf she knew, but wasn't sure she was really seeing.

It was a little version of Legoshi, from her vantage–but considering she could see him atop a portion of the entire academy, that meant he was actually *huge* in size, and covered in mutually massive, exploding bulk.

"L…Legoshi!?"

1:34 PM

"Headmaster Gon!"

Another student burst into the tiger's office, a female zebra in a ruffled dress uniform, huffing from what must have been a long, unbroken run.

"Ellen!" Dom began, the tall avian looking her and the Headmaster over. "Y-you weren't at rehearsals–"

"Nevermind that," she wheezed, leaning against the door frame. "Headmaster Gon, over by the girls' dormitory, by the fairgrounds–"

"Oh, no," Gon moaned, the feline rubbing his eyes in agony.

"That rabbit from the gardening club, what's her name–"

"Haru?" Kai offered, baffled.

"Her! And this other rabbit, they, they were gigantic! It was unreal! I've never seen…any animal so massive! We all saw it, even the other classes! I swear, I'm not making it up!"

"More giants?" Dom balked, making Ellen snap to him in alarm.

"What do you mean, more!?" she groaned, arching her brows up in terror.

"M-maybe we should call in security, sir?" Dom began.

"Nearly all of the team is covering the cordoning of the boys' dormitory," Gon muttered, picking the PA speaker back up off his desk. "I'm calling a mass evacuation, now–and call in the police in the meantime, please! Ask for Yahya, directly!"

His secretary nodded, and ran into her side room, picking up the phone so fast it nearly toppled out of her hands.

"Attention, students," Gon said, as calmly but quickly as he could manage, as the students watched on. "This is Headmaster Gon. Ah, p-please, I want everyone on campus to evacuate the campus, immediately! This is not a drill! Please, uh, exercise the same caution you would in a standard fire drill, and assemble outside the main gate–repeat–"

"S-sir!" the secretary interrupted, peeking in, the receiver still in one hand, covering it with the other. "The police line…i-it's overloaded with calls from the city!"

"What? What could be so important–"

“It’s the bridge, sir! It’s been destroyed! It’s panic out in the bay area! T-they’re suppressing the information across the rest of the inner city, but it won’t be long before word spreads by mouth!”

“We can’t seriously be alone in this mess,” Gon replied, running his clawed fingers through his hair as he thought. “T-then we continue the evacuation! And keep calling back!”

1:55 PM

“Sorry, sir, but like I said, we’re out.”

“Goodness, really?” the old komodo dragon hummed, rubbing scaled fingers under a green-scaled chin. “That is a first, isn’t it?”

“You’re telling me, old-timer,” the hawk chirped, shrugging his aproned shoulders behind the counter. “We get our restock by early afternoon at the latest, and lo and behold, our shipment isn’t here at all. They usually run into traffic, coming in off the bridge, but this is crazy.”

The old lizard blinked, quietly listening on as he stood, holding several heavy shopping bags and a few toys under one arm.

“Is that right?”

“Oh, yeah, sorry to say. I hate to be the one to tell you, but today you’ll have to make the hike across the West end if you want the usual baked goods–especially the amount you get.”

“Hmm. I was already a little late, so that won’t do, I’m afraid,” the reptile muttered, thinking. “Well, it’s not your fault, right? Haha. Thanks for the conversation, at least!”

The bird shrugged again, proffering a small grin.

“Best of luck to the kids, old-timer. Stay safe, there’s a weird energy out there.”

“Haha, better than no energy at all, I suppose. Take care.”

“Yup.”

The door shut behind Gosha as he stepped into the street, his long tail swaying thoughtfully behind him. The komodo dragon cocked his head as he hummed to himself, letting traffic narrowly pass by.

"What to do. What. Oh!"

He grinned slyly, marching down the walk and rounding a corner, lugging the bags with him as he approached the side entrance to the East block of the Black Market.

Not quite entering, Gosha instead walked the outer market tables, where less…*messy* goods were more easily sold.

One table, two table, three table, four.

"Baked goods, hey," a tortoise barked from behind her table, leaning out so that her neck extended over rows of surprisingly-good looking treats. "Baked goods! Fresh today!"

"That's me, ma'am," Gosha laughed, leaning into her view with a smile and a poking tongue (they did smell that good, he couldn't resist).

"What'll you have, sweetie?" the even-older tortoise asked, throwing her arms out over the goods. "We got breakfast pastries, cakes, muffins, cupcakes, rolls–"

"Such a selection here, haha," the lizard rumbled, whipping his tail gladly. "It's funny, other bakeries were cleaned out!"

"They wait for their goods like suckers, hon," the tortoise cackled, clearly proud of herself. "I rush to get these from three districts–we got uptown goodies, downtown goodies, even a few from Cherryton that a few kids didn't mind selling–"

"Oh!" Gosha interjected, lighting up. "Cherryton? My grandson goes there, a wolf! Did you happen to see him during your pickup today? He's very tall, good-looking boy–"

"Ah, I don't fraternize, hon, I wouldn't know," she flatly snapped, cutting him off.

Gosha's smile dropped the tiniest bit, along with his eyes.

"Haha, o-of course. Old brain talking, silly me."

"Mm. What're you getting?"

Three brightly wrapped, colorful cellophane treats called out to the old-timer.

“Let’s get a dozen rolls, ten cupcakes, and ah…these look good!”

Just like that, the color-wrapped goodies were bagged and handed over, sold without hesitation to the kindly old dragon…

3.

BLACK MARKET/WILD NIGHT LOVE HOTEL

JUNO, 2:48 PM

Juno double-checked the club cards from carnivores she had talked to on her way through the market, then made sure the recurring contact number was the one she'd used to message the area's so-called 'sexual star'. She checked the phone again, purely out of nerves:

3PM, I'LL BE FREE. ROOM 609, WILD NIGHT LOVE HOTEL.
CASH, NO SCAT OR WATERSPORTS, 1 HOUR MAX.
COME ALONE.
Read

THANK YOU.
I'LL BE THERE ON TIME
Delivered

It was the only one, so far as Juno had seen–the only hotel in the entire area that was made for the *other* vice, the one both herbivores and carnivores understood. It was the one place in the city where meat-eating worked for both parties–a joke that, for whatever reason, Kai was saying, in the wolf's head. It felt right.

"Okay, then," Juno yipped, when she meant to bark, almost blowing her cool outside the hotel lobby. "I'm early, then. Good. Very good."

The concept of a mouthful of gleaming teeth didn't phase her, she was a carnivore. Yet, Juno tarried, bound by mental glue to the spot at the sight of the hotel lobby's opened double doors. The red carpet leading in really sealed the metaphor; granted, there was nothing to be shy about, but damned if the building didn't make her pause again, and again.

It was stupid, the notion of a stronger, *superior* creature needing tips from a weaker one. But to add whatever strengths the weaker had to what was already hers? *Ingenious*.

"You'll be in my hands soon enough, Legoshi," the wolf murmured, throwing enough coal in the furnace to get her moving again. There was no backing out now.

She slipped in just as operative T rounded an adjacent street corner, the capybara breathing heavily from keeping close, without breaking into a run. After all, while the hoodie she had thrown on to disguise her herbivorous self helped, running among a sea of predators remained a horrible idea.

She kept the hood pulled tight, obscuring her muzzle as she wandered up to the door, saw Juno inside, and stepped back a bit–enough to look up and see what that building was for.

"Oh," T moaned, almost throwing her head and hood back on reflex. "Oh, come *on*."

The young wolf was talking out of earshot with the hotel concierge, who nodded and made something of an amused face as he pointed to the elevators. She nodded and bowed, checked her phone (likely for the time, given the 'appointment-heavy' nature of the place), and took her backpack over to the side of the lobby to wait.

Now what?

Was she waiting for a John? Why didn't she just wait in a room, then?

What do I do, arrest her? Steal her bag? The food's in there, for sure. Maybe if I act like a client, too, I can get close enough–but cripes, she'd clobber me flat, she's a wolf!

Truth be told, T hadn't planned this far. She also didn't plan on Juno getting into the elevator with an attention-grabbing *ding*, then vanishing outright, which is exactly what happened next. What floor was she going to?

She squinted from the street, trying to see, but the numbers were so bright when they dinged that they were orange blips; she began counting from the first unlit number up when the concierge stepped into her view from the doorway, the pug grinning aggressively wide.

"First time, then?" he casually asked. "Jitters are common, don't sweat it."

She jolted in place, clearing her throat and making to leave–only to rethink fast.

"Y-yeah," she huffed, trying to sound more masculine. "Lil' bit, uh."

"Nah, we want our customers to have a good experience, relax," the canine followed up, waving his hands in a positive upward circle. "Come on in, come on. What floor, pal?"

2:55 PM

"We can try again."

"You mean, *I* can try," a sample-sized specimen of male crow sighed, flush with the worst of all possible embarrassments. "I just, I don't know. I don't know what happened."

The okapi withheld a long sigh with the kind of practice only veterans could earn. She slid up into a seat on the King-sized bed, shaped like a huge velvet heart, and silently slid her bra back up, making sure he didn't see her do it.

"Honey–"

"Ahah, m-my wife calls me that, let's not. I mean, no offense. I ah…I wonder if maybe I'm doing this because I'm, you know…mad with her. Not that it's your problem!"

Wasn't it, though.

"It's fine," she said, a perfumed version of a robotic response.

It was amazing how often beds became psychiatrist couches, in her line. And surprisingly dull, in all honesty. Much like a shrink she counted the remaining minutes, still opting to push for anything, rather than sitting in silence.

"I'm horrible," the avian whispered, rubbing the back of his head feathers nervously. "Aren't I? I took up your time, and everything, on top of it all–"

"I hardly mind. It's not a work day at the club, I'm not on that kind of clock."

"Still. I should go."

"Only if you want to, then. You still have a few minutes before the next–"

"It's okay, thank you," the crow interjected, sniffing. "I hope you don't take this as any slight on you, y-you're *gorgeous*…"

"Mhm."

The crow gathered his shirt and buttoned it back up, finding his tie on the dresser. He straightened up with what dignity he still had and gave a little bow as he made for the door.

“Well, t-thanks, then.”

“Mm. Good luck with the missus.”

She stretched out and released a long-held huff of boredom after he vanished from sight; her hands fell in resignation onto her furry lap, the okapi sitting against the headrest a moment.

“...Hm.”

She slid off the sheets and popped her back, pushing her ample chest out as she grunted and yawned, then made for the bathroom and shut the door behind her.

Had she turned on the entryway light, she’d have noticed the small wad of folded paper there, forming an “L” where the door had *nearly* shut against it. As such, it quietly reopened, and the dressed crow crept back in, his tail feathers wagging in excitement.

The sound of water running was enough for him to take the plunge and enter fully, opening the large armoire across from the bed, and nearly closing it shut, leaving just enough room for him to peer through the unnoticeable sliver in the door.

“Good luck to you too, honey,” he murmured, grinning wide, readying his cell phone’s camera settings.

2:59 PM

If there had been any way to knock more professionally, to give a better possible impression of door etiquette, Juno didn’t know what it was. Yet, only the sound of a faucet running nearby answered back, prompting the wolf to knock a little bit harder. She checked the text thread again, just as the ‘Delivered’ notice changed:

THANK YOU.
I’LL BE THERE ON TIME
Read

The water stopped, there was a pause, then finally the door to Room 609 opened, revealing the exact reason why Juno had heard so much fuss about a single herbivore.

The okapi stood only slightly taller than Juno (by virtue of two large, raised ears), her brown fur patterned in and around patches of white. Her eyes were so deep that even Juno nearly fell in, were it not for the saving grace of her dark red bra and laced underwear snuggling a healthy set of hips. Brown stripes bled all the way down her thick legs, spread into a waiting stance. Her eyes were pretty, to be sure–but there was something else there, a weariness, an acceptance. Experience, even.

That was it.

The height didn't factor in, one bit, yet Juno understood something new: this wasn't a get-together for giggling schoolgirls and phone chats. This was a child meeting a *woman*. She might as well have been as big as a building and Juno an ant as the unmistakable gap in maturity howled between them, a chasm unseen, but entirely felt.

"Wrong room," the okapi flatly sighed.

"Y-you're Cosmo?" Juno gulped, not even meaning to.

The okapi's brows lifted one centimeter, but they *did* lift.

"Yes, that's me."

"I-I'm you're 3pm. Juno. Er, I'm Juno."

"You're a female, Juno. I don't know how else to break it to you."

"Oh, n-no, haha," Juno spluttered, bringing her hands up. "No, see, I'm not here for that sort of thing, I-I'm here to learn. F-for my…for someone I want to drive wild. But, I just…"

"You're a kid. That makes sense."

Juno was almost willing to spin right around and march all the way back to Day One of her life, at that moment. Cosmo clearly saw the wolf's fur fluff out in a wave of static-charged irritation. She just didn't care to react, which made her boof out a little more.

"W-well, I'm here to learn how to put this one carnivore in my power, and I heard you were the one to see about it. So, you know. P-please."

Cosmo stared and stared. She had already processed the situation, and had silently moved on to whether she would be accepting it or not. Still, the concession (from a carnivore) that a herbivore was superior at anything worthwhile made the okapi's eyes gleam brighter.

"Hmm. Come in, then."

The spiked body temperature dropped the moment Cosmo turned around, leaving Juno free to step inside. It could have been the scent gliding away with her, receding from Juno's nose. It could have been a fading of the moment that had thrown her off guard. The last idea hit the hardest, though: the sheer coldness of the okapi's greeting had slammed into the heat, killing it instantly.

This? This was the star of the market? Really?

She would never be that frigid to Legoshi, or to anyone else. Every time she walked into any place at school, everyone lit up on sight of her. This kind of cold shoulder couldn't possibly be what males wanted, could it?

"What do you want out of your man?"

Juno froze as Cosmo sank with a supple little huff onto the bed, batting her huge eyes up at the wolf expectantly.

"Hmm?"

"What do you want from him? Love? Admiration? Fear? Respect? Sex?"

Juno's eyes twitched back and forth, her tail curling up.

"Surrender."

She seemed just as surprised as Cosmo as the word let itself out. The okapi pursed her soft lip, nodded, and permitted a small, cool grin.

"Okay. That's doable. Strip."

Juno nodded, standing stock still. Cosmo snorted, possibly a laugh, possibly a sigh of waning patience, or instant regret in agreeing. Seeing no sign that Juno truly understood, she instead stood back up, slipped her thumbs on her bra straps, and lowered them–slowly.

“Strip. Get those clothes off, come on.”

“Mm. Wait. M-me?”

“You. Let’s have them gone. I’m going to teach you to tease, first. It’s crucial.”

“Right here!?”

“Fifty-seven minutes, honey. Fifty-six comes next, last I checked.”

A gargantuan blush stuck to Juno’s muzzle as, for the whatever-time already, her confidence was blown back down to nothing. She puffed her chest out without thinking, posing harder than ever before, harder than any theater production at school, as though it mattered. Cosmo watched indifferently, her thumbs ready against her bra strings, waiting on the wolf.

“Anytime.”

“D-don’t rush me,” Juno grumbled, trying not to growl. “Er, p…please.”

“Hmm. I’ve left carnivores twice your size trembling, Juno,” Cosmo replied, cocking her head. “If you want to learn about power, you’d best let me dominate. Anyone that hasn’t been overwhelmed can’t understand. Strength and weakness have many inroads, but they end in the same places. I’m going to teach you how to navigate them, but for now, let me drive.”

Juno slipped her shirt off, grudgingly, every latent instinct hollering for her to stop as she cast it onto the bed sheets and slipped off her shoes, pants, then socks.

“You really learned over time, here, without getting…you know?”

“Eaten?” Cosmo snorted. “I’m still here. Not that it matters. Any night, any shift, any call, I could be. Herbivores in the market are candles in a windstorm, that’s just how it goes. You burn bright or flicker out–okay, watch this.”

As soon as the okapi saw Juno’s outer garments vanish, she started to slip her own bra away, and it…it was the single strangest thing Juno had ever seen. No, ever *felt*.

The way a snake might extend or bulge out, even for the simplest of movements, how smooth and quiet it was–that was how Cosmo moved. All utility, all shame was gone as the okapi moved like…l-like water. The thumbs didn’t hook the straps, they cuddled them, fondled

even. The pull…the way she made it stretch those extra trembling iotas, yet never *strained*. The way that she made her bra tickle down the slope of her soft breasts, letting the laced trim catch–hold–then *pop* loose from a stiffening nipple, the way her breasts rose with a pleased, hot swell, just from breathing at the exact right moment…it all was like a wave that Cosmo generated, rode flawlessly, then passed out, letting it smack into the unprepared wolf's senses.

All Cosmo had done was remove her bra; that was it, that was all. Yet, it wasn't. She had done it in such a way that even the wolf gulped, her breathing quickening just so.

"Mm-hmm," Cosmo grunted, a half-moan slipping out as she kept eye contact, *commanding* it, all while moving her gentle hands down ruffling belly fur, getting her thumbs around the band of her underwear.

"Ah."

Juno could verbally get no further as Cosmo kept her hands fixed, instead letting the slow roll of her thick hips answer as she shimmed the garment lower and lower, her thighs pumping with midnight promises and musk, her eyelashes somehow longer, darker as she batted them.

Her hands raised back up, a subdued, confident 'tah-dah' pose that remained out to her sides as the underwear hula-hooped down her circling knees and soft, perfect calves. She raised one flawless leg up, up, up, raising the underwear so close that Juno smelled it, before simply letting it fall to the hotel room floor.

It took a moment to realize it, but Juno's jaw was slack.

"That," Cosmo moaned, adding sultry sugar to soft huffs, "is *power*."

Things clicked, and clicked fast. Of course, it was this way. What words were there for this kind of…excitement? That was the word, wasn't it? Her heart screamed yes as the wolf watched the nude okapi approach, reach out, and so, *so gently* touch her body.

No amount of mental construction was enough. Brick and mortar blew apart around Juno on contact, leaving only yielding fluff and wide eyes as Cosmo pressed in, just enough to bulge her chest against hers, like starts making contact, positive to negative.

A shaky exhale jetted out as Juno closed her maw and pursed her lip, afire with heat.

"Like this, okay? Move with me, and go slow. It's your tempo, not theirs."

Calmly and carefully, Cosmo's warm fingers brushed trenches through Juno's cinnamon fur, snagging, cradling, then caressing the straps off her bra. The pulling tugged the bra up slightly, compressing Juno's breasts a little more, making her nostrils flare as she kept her eyes locked with the okapi's, and unwittingly began to surrender herself.

"Nice and slow."

Cosmo rocked to and fro, pulling Juno with her, a silent lullaby of motion that left the pup shivering as Cosmo guided the straps down through her fur, letting her feel it as every follicle was brushed *just enough*.

"You can stop me, you know," she murmured, making Juno's eyes lower as she worked her bra loose, letting their touching busts keep them in place as the straps fell. "You could overpower me, right?"

Juno inhaled to answer, but Cosmo's muzzle slid up against the side of hers in an indirect kiss, a palm like ivory almost touching her cheek, slipping a warm centimeter away from her neck, before putting it flat to her cleavage and pressing in, mooshing the wolf's bosom against hers. Hot teats flared out as Juno's groan was stifled, poorly, through her grit fangs, Cosmo adding a Northbound rub of her breasts that drove her own nipples in around Juno's, brushing them on the sides.

"Stop me."

She couldn't.

"Hu-huuuh…"

"Shhh," the female–*the woman*–sighed, somehow getting closer, tighter. "Shushhush. Hey. Don't talk. Act. You're a big, bad carnivore. Right?"

A whimper answered. It was supposed to be a growl.

"Mmmm. Soft little puppy."

Sure, there was no real love, no genuine affection to any of it. Juno understood. But her body didn't. It trembled like a leaf in Winter, both brittle and putty. Suddenly Cosmo's muzzle hovered right at her ear, and the sweetest, slowest puff found it, tickling and flicking it as she shook even harder in Cosmo's arms.

“The idea here is to guide. Lead. It’s a dance, whether they like it or not. It doesn’t matter if they do or don’t, they aren’t here for that. They want one type of domination, only.”

Juno heard, and she didn’t. Perfume and silk filled her mind so fast that there was no means to react, to reject. A floodgate was opening, and her body screamed to let it happen, even as a strange panic scrambled up in her brain.

No, no, no, no. NoNoNo.

“The idea is,” Cosmo purred, snuffling into her cheek deeply, taking her time, “you’re here to dominate your man, such as he is. You see how words don’t work?”

Cosmo cupped Juno’s rump tight, dimpling in as she hooked her underwear.

“Feel my hips, puppy?”

S-shut up

“H-Hmm-mm!”

“Move with me, come on. Sway. Swaaaay.”

She did, starting to rock her hips in time, feeling the important extra beat Cosmo took to let her rump bounce out on each apogee, feeling the soft tremor it cast down the thighs. *Left, right, let, right, left, right.*

It was a cradle. Juno was in the cradle again, even though she was here to grow up.

“Good. Very good.”

Damned, if the moment of praise wasn’t like swimming in a sea of gold. Why did this matter so m-much?

“HMMM.”

Cosmo’s hands found her tail, cupped it tight, and stroked slowly out, pulling on it just a little at the exact moment her crotch kissed Juno’s, making the wolf yip aloud. A terrible shiver broke loose from both poles, toes to eartips, meeting and mingling in a mess of emotions within her stomach as Cosmo held her tight.

“Warm little soft puppy.”

The words made her tail whip about in a blind wag, breaking the okapi’s velvet grip–just before Cosmo broke contact entirely, stepping away and stretching with a pronounced yawn. Juno nearly fell over, not noticing she had been leaning that hard into the okapi’s softness.

“Ah,” Juno croaked, blinking, then covering herself a bit with her arms. “I…I–”

“Correct,” Cosmo puffed, completely indifferent once again. “That’s step one.”

Juno stood there, wholly exposed in a stranger’s hotel room, during school hours, bare chested and blushing darkly, humiliated beyond repair, shaking for too many reasons to count. And yet, only one thing emerged, though it all:

“W…what’s step two?”

Juno had just enough time to catch a silk-shining set of arm socks and leggings, attached by lace to a corset, a pink bow on its front. She glanced up at Cosmo, who nodded.

“That’s right. Get dressed, so you can learn to get undressed.”

The crow vibrated with arousal, so wracked by a session he didn’t see coming that the phone shook in his feathered hands. The armoire might as well have been a sauna, on the inside. He forced his beak shut, lest it *click-clack* from excitement and give him away. He made sure the camera was recording, that the live settings were running, and kept it at the opening.

Being nearly the same height as Cosmo, the getup was only slightly tight; overall, it still fit. If anything, the extra tension bulged her thighs out a little bit, accentuating them as Cosmo walked around, sizing her up, tugging this and smoothing that on the blushing wolf. She adjusted the hot-pink arm socks right up between Juno’s wrist and the lower shoulders, getting them right.

“Okay, good. That’s good. You’re cute.”

“C-cute?”

“Well, you have to start somewhere.”

The okapi was in similar attire as she straightened Juno's pink bow, then stepped back. Her stomach growled, interrupting, and the okapi put a hand to her toned belly to shut it up. She saw Juno seeing her, and sighed.

"I missed lunch, babysitting a sad case client. It's fine, ignore it."

"I have food, actually, hold on!"

"No, seriously, you don't need to–"

This one time, Juno was in charge. It wasn't a full dynamic shift, but it was enough to let the wolf feel at least a little empowered for a moment as she cute-walked to her bag and withdrew two large, color-wrapped tarts.

"It isn't much, but consider it additional payment and…t-thanks."

Cosmo chuckled. Whether it was out of affection or at the sight of a carnivore thanking her, Juno wasn't sure. The way Cosmo's fur teemed to life, it was probably the latter.

"Fine. I won't charge you for the break, then."

The two settled onto the tip of the heart-bed as Juno passed her the treat, and the two unwrapped and ate quietly.

"So," Cosmo hummed, clearly liking the tart, "your man, what's his name?"

"Ah, Legoshi. I mean, he…he isn't exactly *mine* yet–"

"Right. Well, step two will seal the deal for most males, on either side of the gap, don't worry. You'll have nothing to fear."

Juno nearly choked on her tart.

"Fear? Oh, no, no. No, it-it's not fear."

"If you say."

"I do say, thank you very much."

"Hmm-hm. Suit yourself, then."

Cosmo was already done with the tarts, big as it was. She'd practically destroyed it with no second thought or guilt. Juno gulped, once again, and not because she was eating.

"How did you learn to do what you hit me with, earlier? How do you…command like that?" she finally asked, finishing last.

"Well, it boils down to one real, basic truth: I'm just *bigger* than them."

"Beg pardon?"

"It's figurative, sure," Cosmo huffed, starting to fill up with her strange *power* instantly. "But it's not untrue. I took you in my arms unharmed, because I got bigger than you. I mean, I was bigger the moment you opened the door, but I got *way* larger up close, didn't I?"

She hadn't, literally, of course. But it was true. She had. She had loomed over the poor young wolf like a tower of sex and confidence, blinded her with heat and soft curves and lidded eyes–even her, a female! She couldn't even think of a male that had gotten a fraction of that reaction out of her, on sight, on touch.

"See, Juno," Cosmos continued, pressing back in with all that plush, delicious promise, "there's a core to us all, and I know what it is, and where it is. I can't throw around bears or lions, I can't kick down doors…so I learned a different way in."

A little nip, a soft, flat-toothed nibble on Juno's ear made her break into a violent shudder, shaking the bed.

"H-hey!" the wolf gasped, lurching back. "Hah, huh, t-that's too far. I-I don't lean that way, okay? Y-you can just tell me how to do it, instead of show–"

A kiss deeper than a black night ocean attacked the wolf's muzzle as Cosmo's lips melted into hers, thick, dark rubber colliding, hot and slippery-tight. Juno's eyes graduated to saucers, and damn it all, she hesitated. In her shock and pleasure, she didn't pull off. That Cosmo's fur bristled again proved it: she wasn't giving love, she was asserting dominance. And Juno, once again, almost cared enough to stop it.

"I don't lean that way, either," Cosmo casually chirped, breaking the current of her touch.

"Y-you just…you just want to push carnivores around, then," Juno muttered.

Cosmo grinned wide, at long last.

"You think so?"

The crow had to strain not to…*embarrass* himself as he recorded, his heartbeat slamming percussion solos. They had just kissed–he had struck gold–no, a gold mine!

"That's right, you d-dirty girls," he huffed quietly, his feathers boofed all the way out over his shirt. "That's it, you do what you do…"

The hidden guest got more than even he desired as Juno suddenly overtook Cosmo, the stronger wolf pinning the okapi down on the bed with a *thump* of ruffling silk sheets. On top now, Juno did her best to reestablish superiority, even as her brain reminded her she had never walked in with any to begin with. *Well. She had to start somewhere*.

"Oh?" Cosmo purred, aiming those incredible eyes up at her as Juno attempted to tower in the same fashion. "Trying to teach me something, maybe?"

"Any carnivore could bite your throat right open, you know," Juno began, glaring coyly. It was over-the-top, but she'd been humiliated enough. "Or maybe I'll undress you, this time, and just let you see how it feels? That'd be less of a kindness than ending your time in the market, right? Or are you already used to that?"

"Hmmph. I don't really care, either way," Cosmo icily spoke. "And I get your approach, but really, you're confusing force for power. I never needed *force*."

"I came here for pointers, not a lecture," Juno retorted. "I'm happy to learn some things and share lunch and all that, that's fine…but just. Don't *you* lecture *me*."

Cosmo shuddered, hard. She didn't bother hiding it.

"W-what?" Juno balked, groaning. "I'm trying to be dominant, too, okay?"

"I k-know," Cosmo sighed, her nipples ramming up bigger and thicker against her corset, her breasts rising as she breathed faster. "And it's wonderful, hah. Struggle looks so gorgeous on a predator. Do you understand how gratifying it is as a herbivore, to watch a carnivore stammer? To see them squirm, because I'm so much b-bigger?"

I knew it!

"What," Juno snorted, "is that why you stay in the Black Market? The thrill?"

"Mm, more than that, puppy," Cosmo chuckled darkly, completely sincere. "Taking every penny I can from you vice-stricken carnivores, seeing you in your own prisons, knowing you're more helpless than I'll ever be–it's all I can live for, until I eventually die."

Juno's thighs slowly spread as Cosmo's striped legs bulged wider, inching out against them. The okapi's breasts rose again, but didn't retreat; each supple breath the okapi took only seemed to swell them larger, her tented teats dragging up, up within the stretching corset. The shining pink sheets rumpled around the herbivore's growing sides and lengthening arms, until Juno realized with a swell of terror that there was no trick of the light, that it was all very real:

She's bigger. She's bigger!

"Nothing else m-matters," Cosmo moaned, licking her long muzzle over as she grunted and *tremble-boomed* up another few inches, pulling the strings of her corset tight at the front. The bow bunched up against her neck as she puffed and shuddered, suddenly just as big as Juno…n-no, wait–no. She was b-bigger!

"Uh, Cosmo," Juno muttered, her ears flicking down nervously as the debate faded.

"None of it matters," the growing okapi whimpered, some kind of wild bliss rumbling up inside her body as it shook and swelled half a foot larger across the bed. "This entire place can disappear, so long as I spite every carnivore I possibly can, however I can. B-but don't take it personally, puppy…g-hah, hah…this is actually pretty nice. Take all the tips you want from this session, with muh-my bless–ss–NNNNNGH!"

Suddenly, the 7-foot okapi billowed everywhere, erupting larger in a mean, loud, gushing spurt of growth. Juno all but squawked as she felt the female's belly and hips force her up off the bed, her inner thighs riding the swell of Cosmo's bloating thighs as her head slammed the groaning bed's backboard.

"C-cosmo, stop," Juno peeped, wobbling atop the 10-foot giantess' expanding, trembling body, watching her corset pull and snap at a few unhappy seams. "Hey! Wait! How i-is this–"

"That, right there," Cosmo squealed, delighted, so turned on that she didn't seem to notice or care that she laid twice as big, in a few seconds' time. "That panic. Haha, that's what I want. That…is power! You see wh-what I mean? This is the feeling, right here."

She did see, actually, yes. Point well made. However:

"You're growing!"

The crow blinked, then blinked again. He blinked until it became a shutter-like flutter of disbelief and awe–then, complete shock.

"The hell is…"

Cosmo was big. Like, *big-big. And getting Bigger.*

"What–"

The crow's pants were suddenly horribly, painfully tight as his erection stiffened to full mast. A sight he had never even once considered in his life now had him spellbound, a mixture of fear and adoration rising along with Cosmo's scent as it filled the room.

"S-so?"

Juno made a face, even as her own stomach began to rumble ominously, too occupied with being atop a 13-foot behemoth of an okapi.

"What do you mean, *so*?" she balked, motioning over the growing female. "Look!"

"Mm. I'm gr-growing, then," Cosmo said, just to hear it aloud. "So, I could tower over any bear, even an elephant…and you t-think I'd be upset?"

"YES! Wh-what happened to feeling bigger, I thought that was best!"

"Haha," she giggled, shaking Juno like a furred leaf–a sight that made Cosmo's nipples blow up twice as big as they hardened, her fur ruffling in windswept waves of total arousal. "I h-hadn't considered ever having b…both, puppy…"

She…she wanted this.

"B-but," Juno sputtered, raising her eyebrows, "How will you live? Y-you can't even get out of here, now!"

“Sure I can.”

With that, Cosmo grabbed Juno’s entire body on both sides, two window-sized hands swelling ever bigger against her as she yelped, feeling the fingers creep thicker and warmer around her fur. Seeing more and more of her occupying the room, Juno didn’t need to do the math, it did itself for her.

“You can’t be serious! H-hey! Pu-put me down!”

“How fascinating, having this new level of c-control,” Cosmo murmured, her big voice filling the space as she grunted and *boomed* even bigger. The bed whined and cried as it snapped, slanted, then flattened under the 17-foot okapi’s girth, her corset straining until her lats swelled out over the rim; her biceps pulsed bigger within stretching silken arm socks, muscles starting to softly balloon into view. “I admit, this is a s-shock, yes. Don’t get me wrong. But h-how could any self-respecting herbivore…h-hate this!?”

“B-but, all the other occupants…i-if you keep g-growing bigger–”

“The desk guy will call everyone out the moment I get too big for one room, should it even happen. They can call leave anytime,” Cosmo reminded. “Unless they want to stay for a really happy ending. That’s on them, not me.”

Juno made to reply, but instead cried out mid-speech as her body finally blasted larger, as well, filling up the Cosmo’s oversized hands in an instant.

“GGGGHHHAAAAHAAA!”

Juno’s fur bulged out in a single rush as her body heaved larger, forcing Cosmo’s hands out as her hips inflated and her bosom boomed forth, blowing up into the opposing chest as her thighs spilled bigger. Seven feet loudly swelled to ten in one thick, squirming burst, pushing her thighs out over Cosmo’s bigger legs as her tail thrashed about.

The dancer sleeves inflated as newfound muscle burst larger, her brown triceps billowing out back in a horseshoe bulge as her biceps rumbled larger, tighter, fuller, both sides pulling the material way too tight as they grew and grew.

Cosmo approximated a glare as her form blew up to match, both of the 20-foot females combining to a room-troubling 40 feet of bulk. Juno’s exposed rear swelled off the bed, her huge knees thudding down as Cosmo’s legs squeezed in on them. This in turn pressured her furry rear,

bulging both cheeks out and swelling them over a too-tight, struggling set of underwear; it ripped open with a singular *ping* as her feet bulged out on either side of a very sweaty armoire.

The crow could only see the tidal surge of Juno's rear before it rammed the furniture, ballooning and groaning as fur overtook his precious hiding spot. The startled avian backed into the corner as the armoire started to moan, then *snap-ap-p* here and there, the incessant duress cracking it apart. Still, the crazed male filmed, breathing fast and heavy, unblinking, ping-ponging between heaven and hell as plump cinnamon doom approached.

Juno yipped as one strap to her corset burst, the other holding fast as she swelled to 25 feet. Her bosom bunched up against her chin as her head thumped the room ceiling, forcing her to groan and snuffle down into her booming cleavage as Cosmo's chest expanded up into hers. Nipples tapped and brushed, swelling aggressively from too much input as the equally-huge okapi's hand banged out against the side walls, one hitting a window, the other slamming the bathroom partition as she gasped.

"You too? So, both our food, then," Cosmo sighed, a hint of disappointment rising.

"Don't take this so ca-casually!" Juno barked, surprised by the *boom* of her growing voice as the other strap snapped. "I didn't know! And we aren't s-stopping!"

"I know, it's disappointing," the okapi rumbled, blowing up to 30 feet as she outsized Juno again, pressing them both into everything as the room rattled and cracked. "It's a lot less fun if you're just as big, but I think I'm huh-handling it well. Don't make fun."

"That's not–"

Juno's ears tried to perk out against the ceiling as her rump crushed the armoire apart behind her, swearing she felt something small scrabbling around between them both. She might have mentioned such, if not for Cosmo's muzzle swelling and bumping into hers, velvet fur stroking deep as her shoulders boomed broader, her neck thicker, her lats bursting out against the corset until it ripped apart down the back.

"HHHH–"

"What now, p-puppy?"

Cosmo's words ejected right into her fluff, hot and sweet, just as the okapi rumbled and blew up even *larger*. Her lips swelled into Juno's neck, kissing on it as the wolf shook and expanded to match, grinding bigger and stronger into the crackling ceiling.

"S-stop cuh-calling m…meeee…"

Juno's 30-foot body quaked as she grit her fangs and swelled up through the confines of room 609, her head tearing up through snapping wood framework and bursting pipes and crushed air ducts. Down below, Cosmo's gargantuan cheeks crushed the bed flat, her panties snapping away as the wall suffered both rears in unison. The floor sagged steadily as too much curvy weight piled up, its center bowing dangerously low.

All throughout the crow struggled, what little air he could snatch getting ground back out as both swelling bellies squeezed in, pressing and ruffling tight, scrub-rolling the stunned bird all about as both walls tingled yet again, then boomed bigger, and bigger, crushing in on him all the more and snapping his cell phone to bits…

3:17 PM

The capybara skulked down the second floor hallway, already feeling it was the wrong spot to check, but wanting to remove all doubts. Neon lights shifted colors on framed room number plates as sounds of the jungle very, very lightly played somewhere, setting the scene for whatever nonsense folks paid good money to have.

"No, no," she muttered, getting near every door, hearing lots of things, but not the right thing. "Gah, how many rooms does the market even need?"

She could always just wait there, and let a growth spurt happen to reveal the spot.

Unless it happened while she was still down *below*…

She looked back to the elevator, fidgeted, then hustled back in, pressing the 10th story button at the top. There was a penthouse, sure, but the wolf didn't look *that* well off.

Ding…ding

"They don't pay me enough," T finally groused, keeping her hoodie on.

Ding…ding

What was she supposed to even do, anyhow? Cuff some giant's fingertip?

Ding…ding

The elevator opened to the 10th floor, revealing a less modern layout: the hallway looked more like a dungeon, frankly, and for a moment T seriously considered staying put and letting the elevator doors close.

"Ugh."

She ventured forth, not loving the decor, not wanting to imagine anything on the other side of each door; at the center of the hall, of all times imaginable, the *rumbling* began, and her mood only plummeted further as it increased in intensity.

"Crap–"

3:21 PM

Room 709's entire floor bulged higher, lifting a massive double-wide King bed, making four reptiles all shout and cry in shock as the room blew apart under them, flinging them and the bedsheets up as a massive wolf's head roared up through it and bashed into the ceiling.

Juno's head filled the foursome's room–almost in its entirety.

The 65-foot female snorted soot loose, having time to do only that much as another vicious rumble swelled inside, making her wobble as the lizards pressed the back wall (nude and terrified), watching as the wolfess' chin swelled into them. Her head and ears punched up through the rafters, raining drywall as she grew bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger.

Cosmo's head angled up into room 710 from below, its backside breaking in like a felled tree, blowing the furniture away as her bellowing muzzle tore the ceiling apart, her bulging, musclebound neck swelling to fill the gap as she poured everywhere.

A monstrous rump blew down through the ceiling as it split wide, two pert, fuzzy cheeks slamming down into an empty room below, overfilling it, spilling through the hallway and crashing right into the opposing doors. Her street-sized thighs tumbled down after, filling the

opening, her heels bashing down the elevator side of the hotel, *bap-bap-bapping* clumsily through the 6th floor, the 5th, the 4th.

No amount of space was enough as the 90-foot okapi's body shook worse and worse, bloating against itself at frantic speeds. Muscles billowed uncontrollably across surging thighs and booming calves, her back brawn ripping every stubborn thread of silk apart, the sleeve socks holding well enough as her arms blew up into those of a professional powerlifter. All that bulk and grace mingled smoothly as her breasts swelled up into Juno's at their center, tickling both parties' overheated nipples, until they were playing with each other by dint of friction.

Cosmo bit her thick lip as she shuddered harder, reaching up through smashed floors to squeeze tightly at Juno, cuddling the growing girl tighter, demanding more contact, more rubbing, more growth as the wolf *g...g-gushed* to 100 feet, Cosmo pumping to 110 in return.

"S-STOOOOOP-PP-P–"

Juno's howl shook the hotel as her form exploded up into the 8th floor, heaving so big that she took up the hallway and half the rooms as her shoulders pumped too wide, too full.

"YOU HAD B-BUH-BETTER MAKE ME, PUPPY."

Still, there was that maddening calm, breaking through even the lowest and lewdest of steaming moans. Cosmo's questing hands found their way up through the snuggling ruin, wrapping around Juno's wide neck and pulling with such fantastic, swelling muscle that even she was forced back down through the debris, into a massive, long, hungry kiss.

"HNNNN!" Juno grunted, trying to shake her head free–only to twitch receptively as Cosmo's lips followed the motion, then redirected it, turning the shake into a circling, soft nuzzle. "HHH."

"MMNH."

Very tiny lizards slid helplessly down Juno's cheeks, fumbling and thumping onto Cosmo's house-sized head and flicking ears, the okapi hardly caring as she pressed the kiss deeper, and deeper, and d-deeper. Her thick teats bulged impossibly hard, pulsing and stretching as her van-sized areolae puffed into Juno's, mashing her oversized bust in tighter and tighter, until trickling flicks of wetness intruded.

Milk?

Cosmo jetted gouts of cream with such pressure that, even with their colliding breasts, rivulets of warmed fluid began to escape and tickle down their fur. The okapi giggled into Juno's muzzle as her experienced hands rubbed down, down along the wolf's muscled sides, seeking every nerve, teasing every shuddering sinew.

This time, Juno fought–genuinely. For all her growing strength, however, it proved pointless, or possibly even worse, in the long term. Every spurt of growth, every strain of effort had to come to a momentary rest, and with each rest, relief and pleasure and joy spilled in, bigger and hotter and heavier each time, until it was overpowering.

What was this insanity?

Who cares

How would they live their lives after this?

Bigger.

What would Legoshi think!?

BIGGER BIGGER BIGGER BIGGER

"WHMHMMMN," she whined, the canid unable to keep from moaning into Cosmo as her hands finally clutched the huge herbivore, and squeezed lovingly back.

She's so soft

Juno pressed in, making Cosmo lid her eyes to victorious slits as she flicked her tongue against the wolf's, inside, grabbing Juno's swelling rear and pulling, clutching deep into each cheek with growing fingers. Juno's arm sleeves tore partially open down the sides as her biceps clenched bigger, hugging Cosmo back as the okapi pushed her nethers into Juno's, *hard*.

130 feet trembled and b-burst to 150, all control slipping away as Juno finally moaned back and bumped teeth and gums and lips, her nostrils flaring. Still, the ever-growing okapi showed her how to do it best, guided her, nuzzled and nurtured, grinding up harder just as the crow tried to squeeze out. Each thrust rammed his little body up against Juno's lips, nearly consuming the wailing bird as steam and fluids spattered out, gluing him between the grinding giants as their folds found one another at bigger and bigger sizes.

Juno roared into Cosmo's pink maw as she closed her eyes, feeling a wet, slippery burst caking her swollen thighs, burning hot and mortifying, in the best of all ways. She let it happen, climaxing over and over, gushing and spurting, sweating their inner thighs into a mess as she increased.

The 3rd floor blew apart as Cosmo's titanic rump smashed lower and lower, the entire hotel rocking and pitching as cracks danced along its exterior windows and tilting neon signs. Juno's shoulder blades detonated wider, muscles spilling in as her backside burst floor 9 wide open, crushing the unoccupied rooms flat against the underside of the 10th floor.

150 feet tensed and rumble-shook, until *billow-booming* to 170 feet, then 190! Both huffing females groaned into one another as Cosmo's bosom gushed more and more milk out, small rivers running down her bulky sides, lining the definition of her bursting hips and growing wings, dribbling down into the destruction of the lower floors as Juno gutter-growled into her.

SO SOFT

All the fight was gone from Juno, recalibrated, alchemically changed to raw need as the wolf blew up even bigger than Cosmo, snapping the walls apart more and more as she *boom-boomed*, billowing to 210'...220'...

Even Cosmo's eyes widened some as her 200' body was eclipsed, feeling Juno's sex smother hers as her bulging thighs surged past, the wolf growing over and under her. Expanding feet smashed down through the 2nd floor, clear into the lobby, smoke blowing everywhere as the panicked concierge broke into a retreat from the premises.

The 10th floor walkway rose in slow motion, all of time dilating for T as she bolted back for the elevator, only for a cloud of grit to blast up through its doors and knock her back. The entire building canted slowly to the right as something just kept rising up underneath, the hallway floor and ceiling shattering as an ocean of wolf fur battered up through it. The entire upper right section of the hotel sloughed back, crashing into the roof of the neighboring building as T screamed and flew in the air, still in that section of hallway as it landed.

Juno's head was the first thing the market saw as the building cracked in two, three, then four parts. A monstrous howl echoed over the street as the opening immediately swelled shut from her bloating neck muscles, followed by two huge shoulders booming free on either side.

Fleeing customers and streetwalkers all scattered as Cosmo's bulging arms blew out of the hotel's lower half, sending glass and metal everywhere as her rear crashed through the side, consumed the alley, and bashed up against the next building, putting mean cracks in as the okapi

hatched out of the bottom. The remnants of the Wild Night Hotel slid away as the egg broke apart, letting a 210-foot herbivore spill bigger and thicker, swelling as she crashed out into the street, hissing in pleasure as a 250-foot wolfess roared into the sky stop her, colossal fangs bared in complete, rapturous joy.

Milk blasted in wild arcs as Juno lifted her bigger breasts, cream spattered and hefty and full, letting Cosmo fire freely as she clutched her burning teats.

"CUH, C-CAN'T…S-SUH-TOP," Juno bellowed, her muscles nearly doubling in mass the moment her body felt freedom around it. "O-OUT IN THE OPEN NOW…I C-CAN'T…"

"DON'T."

Juno's eyes opened to Cosmo, down below, imploring. Sure enough, the colossal okapi was nodding up at her, either as permission, or command. Amidst the screams and honking down on the street, all Juno could see was Cosmo, still warm, still soft, and still very much in charge. That the bigger wolf was looking to her for permission just sealed the deal, making the herbivore huff harder as milk feverishly gushed over her torso-sized breasts.

"GROW."

"BUT THE M-MARKET…W-WHAT IF I…"

"YOU UNDRESSED, P-PUPPY," the okapi rumbled, blowing up noisily to 230', her bulk swelling into and pushing over buses and cars. "WHERE'S STEP THREE?"

Juno had admittedly let some rational part of her start to rebuild things, when Cosmo's softest touch tore it all back down in a blink.

"HAH," Juno gasped, the instant Cosmo's hands cupped her fat nipples.

"GO ON, CARNIVORE…TRY TO DOMINATE. YOU STILL HAVE…A FEW MINUTES…TO PROVE I'M NOT BIGGER."

Was it really that she had that much contempt for the Black Market? Sure, the tiny inhabitants were fleeing successfully, but the property damage–even without the inhabitants, was she really fine with it? What if–

Bigger

Again, Cosmo burst, wetly thundering in mass, as if demanding her body increase itself. Even Juno's newfound bulk submitted as the hulking okapi rose to a looming sit, hugging the equally-huge wolf tightly; she snuffled her muzzle in, nuzzled in sweetly, and k-kissed her on the throat, making Juno growl so bad the streets rumbled and light poles danced.

BIGGER

Yes. Yes. YES. N-no. YEE-ESSSSS!

"ARE YOU TINY CARNIVORES WATCHING, DOWN THERE?" Cosmo boom-purred, throwing so much warm sugar out that the fleeing males slowed to a crawl, then turned to watch, stupefied. "THIS IS MY NEW DANCE, AND IT'S JUST. FOR. YOU."

"Wh-what the hell is this?" one lion panted, unable to leave the scene.

"That's…wait, look! T-that's…that's Cosmo-chan!" a towering bear said.

"It is her! It has to be!"

"But how'd she…she's building-sized!"

"She's like a bodybuilder!"

"W-who's that other wolf!?"

Cosmo's towering ears perked cutely.

"SHE'S GOING TO HELP PUNCTUATE MY POWER. A CARNIVORE…IS GOING TO WORK FUH-FOR *MEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAH–*"

Just saying it aloud made Cosmo *explode* in size.

Juno grunted as the okapi's bust inflated so big it shoved her back into the next building, crushing it in on itself slowly. Though its occupants had already fled the property, they too were caught on the streets, transfixed, watching in a spell as Cosmo dragged her bulging sex up, *up* against Juno's, spurting to a staggering 280 feet tall, raining hot milk all over the startled wolf as her breasts swell-pinched out around her muzzle, her abs booming wider and thicker, her thighs swelling so large that they caged the wolf in against the half-bashed building.

Still, mid-spurt, Cosmo kept control; she tapered her bellow into a monumentally huge huff in the air, before lowering her huge muzzle and heaving hotly, her bosom ballooning against Juno as she threw her rump out and lowered down, knees up, into a dancer's position. Massive calves pumped as a sea of striped back muscles churning hypnotically, commanding all.

"A HUNDRED OF YOU…COULDN'T TOUCH ME," she said, the looming herbivore shaking a rump so massive that even her blasting voice failed to compete with it. The carnivores weren't listening at this point, and she knew it. It was being said for *her*, anyhow. "ALL THAT POWER, AND YOU'RE JUST BUGS. B-BUT IT'S ALRIGHT. I WON'T TOUCH A SINGLE ONE OF YOU, SO R-RELAX. ENJOY. ENJOY KNOWING THAT A HERBIVORE…IS CASTING A SHADOW OVER YOU! ENJOY KN-KNOWING THAT THE BIGGEST CARNIVORE H-HERE…IS HELP-L-LESS COMPARED TO ME…"

At long last, Cosmo's heart was thudding, and fast. At long, long last, excitement rippled through her in bolts of godly delight. She was so, *so* heavy, but so strong, so curvy, so thick! To have everything she had learned pushed into physicality, to have the size AND the charm! She could do it–she could be happy–

"C-cosmo," one bear shouted, shaking with arousal. "COSMO!"

"COSMO-CHAN!" A massive male alligator seconded, whimpering the word out.

"I can smell her from here, it…it's amazing!" a falcon cried.

The more she fed on it, the bigger Cosmo grew. Abandoned vehicles rocked on their tires as the streets quaked more and more, vibrations emanating out as the okapi clenched all that immaculate muscle, quivered, and blew bigger with a deep, rumbling, heated rubber spurt.

"NNNNNNNM."

280 feet tightly *boomed* larger, straining and groaning to 290', then 310', her leaking bosom swelling down over her abs at a stunning 160' across. The captivated crowd's eyes boggled into a field of white on sight–until a greater rumble overtook even her, interrupting.

"HMM?"

Cosmo's vast ears peaked, before she too was blown back into another building by a great wall of muscled brown-cream fur. That wall shuddered bigger and stronger, spreading wider against the herbivore's outstretched grasp as Juno *throb-throbbed* even higher than she.

“TIIIIIIIIIIIME!”

Buildings down the entire way shuddered from the sheer blast of Juno’s roar as the female loomed up, and up, spurting in one mean burst to an immense height of 483’! Her physique had blown up to a whopping 210’ across, her overinflated chest beating even *that* out at nearly three hundred. Cosmo could have laid down across her breasts, and she would have been only a relative inch or two greater. A brave handful of skyscrapers dared to rise above her as she huffed the rest of her arousal out, shivered again, then tried desperately to collect herself.

“Time?” Cosmo repeated, raising her brows cutely. “How do you mean? The session?”

“Y…yes, it’s over,” Juno muttered, her breasts grinding up and down atop Cosmo’s chest as she spoke, bumping the okapi’s muzzle on each inhale. “T-thank you, thank you very much. That was ah, that was…very instructive.”

“Mm,” Cosmo hummed, collecting herself every bit as quickly. “So, you’re saying we’re done, then?”

Juno licked milk off of her muzzle, far beyond the wall of her bosom, and nodded.

“Yes. We’re done.”

Cosmo stared straight up at her, undaunted. The gathered crowd of carnivores watched.

“I don’t really care, either way, then, fine,” Cosmo rumbled, shrugging her massive shoulder-brawn. “You sound like a *woman* who’s sure.”

“Yes,” Juno replied, grinning, her blush still entirely there. “That was amazing, well worth it. You really are a star, Cosmo. Thanks for the teachings!”

The okapi rose to a vast, imposing stand, hands on her overloaded hips.

“Of course. I’ll take your snack as payment, so we’re fine. Go to your man, and show him *real* power, okay?”

“Oh, I will! My aura will pack so much wallop–”

“Or just pick him up in your grip, whichever,” Cosmo added, beaming warmly, all coldness finally gone from her expression. “Whatever feels right.”

“Gah, that’s right, I’m massive,” Juno hissed through her fangs, looking her enormity over. “Well, I suppose it is what it is, until it…I don’t know…reverts? I’ll just have to be careful how I move.”

“Do what you want. So long.”

“Wait! Wait, what about this, all this?” she asked, swaying her bulky, beautiful arms over the streets in a grand gesture. “How’ll you pay? I mean, you aren’t even getting *my* money–”

Cosmo flexed her rump into a thick, warm heart shape and wiggled it at the street; Juno watched as every single carnivore down below violently fished every bit of money they had out, throwing it out at her looming feet.

“I won’t,” she huffed, winking. “I’m just doing what I said I would, from the start. Though now that it’s brought up, I think a few changes are in order here.”

“I thought you didn’t care about the market, to begin with…”

Cosmo leaned in, even though the session was done, and nuzzled deep into Juno’s ear, blowing a soft, honeyed puff inside, making the wolf squeal cutely.

“I don’t.”

With that, the muscled okapi playfully, affectionately shoved Juno off, the bigger wolf thunder-stepping away, teetering and righting herself with a snort before laughing it off and waving goodbye. Stomp by careful stomp, she boom-stepped out of the market, looking out over entire streets, trying to find the easiest, calmest path back to Cherryton.

“Just you wait, Legoshi,” she giggled, wagging a tail so big and strong that it kicked up gales below. “I don’t know what happened, to get this started…but I know a gift when I see one, and *no one’s* going to compete with me, at this size!”

4:27 PM

Operative T awoke to find herself still in the hallway of the 10th floor–only that floor was both upside-down, and upside-down on top of the remaining half of the building next. Otherwise, as she soon realized, there was no Wild Night Love Hotel left.

Instead, there was an okapi, as opposed to a wolf–and that okapi stood taller than the building she was now on.

"Good gravy," the capybara sighed, rubbing her head over sorely as she stood up. "Another one, too? How am I gonna explain this to–how long have I been out!?"

She took out a cracked cell phone and took it off silent, finding at least 15 voicemail message notifications popping up onscreen, in tandem. Nonstop news updates showed thumbnails of massive nude giants, a deer and a wolf in particular. Another one showed the bridge into town devastated, clearly taken earlier in the afternoon from the lighting. She scrolled back up to the wolf and deer, clicked to expand the image–and saw just how *massive* they actually were, by the time it had been taken. So help her, they looked *even bigger* than the okapi.

"Ooooh."

Spotlights snapped alive, down on the streets, drawing her attention as they circled the huge herbivore's nude body–a body which was loudly working its way into motion. Indeed, Cosmo put every fiber of her 310-foot form to work, swaying with so much power that the air shifted with her rear, her back muscles churning so smoothly that even T stopped to watch.

"Ooh."

The towering Cosmo hugged bulky arms up under her breasts, which at 100' across made them nearly cover her torso as they swung out and bobbed in the air, eliciting madness and lust down below.

She looked out over the ledge of the building to see everyone crowding the market–even the service workers and construction crews kept stopping to watch as fistfulls of money streamed along the masses, all funneling in toward the enormous female as she danced on.

There was no longer any question over who really held power here, of either kind–a fact that kept Cosmo smiling wide as she batted those vast eyes, squeezed her muscles tight, and swayed harder.

Only the sputtering of some miserable male could break T away as she turned to see a crow climbing up the destroyed side of the building, clutching rebar and hugging bricks as he slumped in exhaustion to the roof.

"What happened to y–whoa!" the capybara started, pulling away once the overpowering scent of fluids cascaded off of his slicked, stuck-together feathers.

"It…it…" the crow huffed, falling to a heap on the cracked cement.

"W-what?" she asked, drawing closer.

"It was…incredible!"

She let him pass out as another notification popped up on her phone. It was another breaking news segment, with a reporter droning on from the safety of her desk:

"Updates on the citywide chaos today: a total of ten, that's *ten* giants have been reported across town, as opposed to the previous tally of eight. Rumors of a gigantic rabbit crashing through the bridge have been confirmed, as authorities have since moved in around the unconscious colossus, out in the bay. No statements are forthcoming from police, as Yahya seems to be nowhere. As to the two new giants, we have confirmation of two things. One, both giants are female, a wolf and an okapi, the latter of which is, ah…I'm being told…she's performing a live show?"

Cosmo's huge body rocked and slithered in the background, a slight rumble starting to build up within her once again, as the report continued:

"Police say they're already stretched thin, and cannot stop a peaceful demonstration, even if they were available. Huh. Most importantly, however…a live stream from one brave investigator at the Wild Night Love Hotel managed to catch footage of the actual process!"

Operative T winced as phone footage from what looked like a closet door showed both the wolf and okapi blowing up rapidly over a hotel room bed, smashing everything as they swelled bigger and bigger.

"We now know that these giants aren't simply appearing, or from elsewhere–these giants are being created. By what means, we're unsure. But to all citizens, watch out and be alert. An official with the police advised a citywide curfew in all designated underground bunkers, until the threat is lifted, and the bridge out repaired. Those who can are encouraged to go imme–"

As she watched, another call interrupted the video, and T nearly dropped the phone outright on sight of it. She had forgotten, understandably, who it was she should have gotten back to right away.

She looked to the heavens, grimaced, then answered.

4.

CHERRYTON ACADEMY, ROOFTOPS

BILL, 12:04 AM

"This is stupid," Aoba chirped, the eagle speaking the unspoken.

"I'm not saying we should *eat* him, or anything, relax," Bill unsuccessfully soothed. "That'd set a terrible precedent for us carnivores, duh. I just think we should, you know, bag the newbie and give him a go over, or hang him upside-down in front of the girls' dorm, after the go-over. Something to take that cocky sheep down a peg!"

"Like that'd help," Tao grumbled, the black leopard waving the idea away.

"Frankly," Dolph, a large hippo, added," the girls would likely just take him in and help."

"Repeatedly," Tao followed up.

"So, what, we're just going to let a scrawny little first year run roughshod over the Drama Club, the crown of Cherryton?" Bill challenged, standing up among the gathering of animals at the nightly carnivore meet-up; he capped it with an indignant snort–most likely, it was the only way to let out so much hot air.

"I dunno about *crown*," Riz whispered, the oversized bear sitting opposite him.

"Look, Bill," Aoba began, the eagle putting a winglike hand on the tiger's shoulder. "Isn't it better to just put up with it, in the long run? Like, way, way better? There's no good way to give him your idea of comeuppance without damaging our overall standing, so why bother getting mad? The guy just likes provoking, you heard him in class–"

"Yeah! And apparently, I'm the *only* one who listened! Carnivores 'just aren't beautiful', he said! Unbelievable! Like we're savages or something!"

"You're the one talking about beating him up," Tao muttered.

"It's an *instructive* beating!"

“I’m out,” Aoba said, getting up to leave. “Whatever you’re planning, Bill, seriously, don’t. It won’t work out in your favor, or anyone’s. Pina’s a good guy, I’m sure. He’s just a mouthy pretty boy that uses his words to keep others off balance, it’s a coping mechanism.”

“Yeah, let’s not get crazy,” Riz seconded, putting up his massive hands. “Besides, a bag? Who does that?”

“Y-you guys are cowards!” Bill growled. “Fine! Anyone that wants to clobber this twerp, meet up at the drama club by 1:05 pm! Everyone’ll be at rehearsals in the theater, so the class space will be empty. I’ll lead him there, and then, wham! After that, hehe, we just head to rehearsals like nothing happened, and leave him tied up!”

Everyone was gone, leaving Bill alone and bristle-tailed at his own smarts.

“Okay, then,” he continued, somewhat less-confidently. “G-good.”

12:58 PM

“Sure,” Pina yawned, popping his fluffed neck here and there. “Let’s go.”

The dall sheep agreed with no hesitation when Bill offered to walk him to the Drama Club, throwing the tiger slightly in the moment. He had expected the kind of suspicion *he* would have carried, not casual indifference.

“Ah, good! Great, heh,” Bill laughed, trying to pass his flustering off as good-natured chuckling. “I think we got off on the wrong foot earlier, so I’m glad.”

“We did?” Pina marveled. “Well, gosh. I hope this isn’t about my thinking that carnivores are drab and dull, compared to herbivores.”

Bill’s eye may have twitched.

“I don’t think that’s how it went,” the tiger corrected, pushing a grin out.

“Oh, so I did strike a nerve, how strange! I imagined carnivores were thicker-skinned!”

“Haha,” Bill seethed, his ears twisting back as he forced a laugh.

“Pina!”

A murder of females passed the pair by, waving over at the sheep, and he yawned and waved back plainly. Bill would have shown some kind of anger that Pina was indeed that good-looking of a male, but he didn't want to wreck his master plan–plus another cat had maybe waved at him, from the group of girls, making him lose focus and smile back.

"You know them already?" he pressed, more earnestly.

"Hmm. We met last night," Pina huffed, bringing a hand up to fuss at his gorgeous fluff. "It's why I'm so tired, already. Sorry for the yawning. I don't mean to be so rude."

Like you weren't rude before, Bill's insides roared, making his brows knit back down a little bit lower as they walked the courtyard. *Wait, last night!? What does that mean!? Did he really–*

It was a short equation, so Bill had time to go back over it.

*Oho, now I **really** hate this guy*

"Guess it doesn't hurt to have the ladies paying attention to the club, though, does it?" Pina supposed, pulling Bill back out of his thoughts. "Even if by proxy."

"It's not like the ladies hate us, you know," Bill grumbled, on the defensive.

"Well, if you want casual awareness, that's great," the sheep bleated coolly, as they entered the arts center building. "But I'm talking about the *best* kind of attention. You carnivores know it when it hits you, but I doubt you really understand how to make it happen."

"You act like we're just emotionless lumps, come on," Bill finally cut in, puffing up some. "We have feelings, too–we just have to show more restraint, keep our power in check. Save it for the stage, you know?"

"Like the stages in the Black Market?" Pina laughed, maybe a bit too loud–minus the *maybe*. "I bet plenty gets let free there, haha."

"D-don't be so flip about that!"

"Oh, it's fine, isn't it? Heh. The only reason I don't mind carnivores being in plays is because acting is what they excel at. Acting gentle. I've heard about what goes on at the strip shows at the market, nevermind the actual market, itself. I heard there's a herbivore there that

practically runs the night club every time she's on, and okapi. Where's all that *gentle restraint in front of herbivores*, then?"

Imagining Pina stuffed in a bag upside down was on its way back up to *appealing*, the more the sheep shot his mouth off. Yet, every time that fire stoked, it went right back down again, leaving a growing knot in the tiger's stomach as they rounded the hallway and made for the Drama Club's entrance. Was it just sheer charisma? No. No, Bill was just slipping–momentarily.

"That's not fair. We're not machines, and neither are you," Bill retaliated, starting to enjoy pushing back a bit. "Like rabbits don't do much worse things a dozen times a night, at home! Or you, for that matter, in yours. Or whoever's."

Swish.

"Goodness," Pina laughed, genuinely. "If you want to know what I do at night, go back and ask those girls!"

"Hah! Alright, big-talker–then *you* go see that magical, mystical, totally-real herbivore at the club, if you're so bored of girls that you're always yawning."

"I'm telling you, she's real," the sheep said, making sure to *yawn* the words out as they entered the club. "Ask Kai, if you don't believe me. He heard from Kibi about her–from a reliable source, no less."

"Sure, sure," Bill scoffed as they closed the door behind them. "An okapi taking it off at a club is one thing, but a Black Market club? That's stupid. No sane herbivore would even dare, I don't care how cute she is."

"I dunno," Pina replied. "I hear she's *unbelievably* attractive. Even knows how to drive carnivores wild, and not in the way you would first expect. And you think the club is crazy? She's apparently the unsung star of that one hotel in the market, the–oh, Juno!"

The brown wolf had just emerged from the dressing room, caught in PIna's sights instantly, making her jump in place as he spoke; the basket in her grip jumped, too, filled with what appeared to be wrapped treats galore.

"Ah, Pina, Bill! H-hello! I was ah, just about to go into the theater–"

“With snacks, huh?” Bill added, stepping in front of Pina, taking the opportunity to get some distance from the sheep, before the prank commenced. “You can always leave ‘em here, we’ll look after them!”

“He’s not wrong, you know,” Pina spoke, warming the tiger’s heart again. Sort of.

Juno stared a few beats, looked to her basket, then smiled a bit too much.

“Oh! Haha, that’s okay, thank you, it’s for everyone! But go ahead and take something now, while we’re here–”

“I *couldn’t*,” Bill insisted, already swiping a meat bun.

“You couldn’t *stop*, you mean,” Pina amended, taking a wrapped pear.

“My generosity of spirit, for sure! It just overflows, haha!”

“Haha, well, enjoy!” Juno growled, forcing a quick wag as she exited outright.

“She was in a hurry,” Pina mumbled, unwrapping the pear. “Funny, bothering to wrap fresh fruit like this.”

“Food is food!” Bill purred, unwrapping the bun and smelling it over readily. “No sense in wasting what’s here, is there?”

“Haha, here’s to it, then.”

They both quietly ate as Bill steadily inched away, eyeing the wall mounted clock nearby as it ticked along. The further he was from Pina when the trap sprang, the better.

“You know,” Pina mumbled, quietly chewing on the pear as he flicked an ear, “this is really good! Walking me to class, offering good food with no hesitation…the carnivores here aren’t so bad, after all.”

“Huh?” Bill grunted, stopping his unsubtle creeping.

“Well, you know, my last school, they would pull pranks and the like, just be nasty,” the sheep explained, wagging his smaller tail softly as he ate. “It’s just nice to see nice cats and doggies, being nice, for once. It’s like taking a break from the *actual* world.”

Word by word, Bill felt himself diminish, until he might as well have been an inch tall.

“Uh, right. Well, thanks.”

“We’re not just confined to Cherryton, to be fair,” Aoba interjected, the avian calmly walking through the door and hanging up his backpack. “There are good carnivores all about, going by the basic definition.”

Bill froze, one inch tall and paralyzed at the idea that someone had actually shown up to help him perform a deed he could no longer bring himself to do.

“Eh.”

“Maybe so,” Pina replied, turning as he gulped to Aoba. “Though the concentration leaves much to be desired. Tell me that bad carnivores, *by definition*, aren’t the troubling majority. Even for you good ones.”

Aoba grinned, nodding sagely.

“You’re right! It can be a major pain, sharing the shadows that others cast. It gets heavier than one might imagine.”

“Oh, a poet,” Pina laughed, finishing the entire pear as Bill glumly stuffed the bun in his mouth and tried to pantomime “*no, I changed my mind, stop”* to Aoba. The bird watched Pina only, not caring to respond to the tiger.

“Haha! Ah, I do dabble, actually! I adore the language of romance!”

“Then you should have been in my dorm, last night–”

“Guys!” Bill finally sputtered, motioning everything and nothing with his frantic hands. “T-this is a good moment, right? Yeah? Let’s keep this sp-spirit going, then, for the sake of the club’s future!”

Aoba and Pina stared back, wide-eyed.

“Okay,” Aoba muttered.

“J-just saying, whatever plans we may have made in life, earlier on, let’s start fresh to-together, and be friends!”

“You sound like Legoshi,” Kai murmured, the small mongoose only entering long enough to set down his backpack and search a nearby cooler. “Are there really no juices here!? Dammit!”

“What’s wrong?” Aoba asked, as Bill watched the other carnivores in terror.

“Louis, what else?” Kai growled, slamming the cooler lid down. “The hell am I supposed to get him to drink, then? Toilet water? Ah, forget it, I gotta–”

The door shut again. Aoba thought, and thought, then glared silently at Bill as he understood what was really supposed to be happening.

“Yes, well. Whatever plans we had, we all know sometimes they don’t even happen, at all, right? Bill? Sometimes we’re just full of crap?”

“Exactly!” Bill laughed, relief overpowering his embarrassment.

“That’s for the best, anyhow, sometimes,” Aoba exhaled, turning to the door. “You should really both get to the theater–if Kai’s upset, then Louis is probably on a real tear.”

“Thanks for the warning,” Pina muttered, suddenly quiet–though his stomach rumbled.

“Ri-right,” Bill stammered, nodding fast. “Guess we had better change, then, quick.”

Pina just made the strangest eyes at Bill–different, lower. Sadder, even.

“Good idea.”

No one had shown. At least, not to prank the sheep. The relief that had flooded in suddenly sank to the bottom of a mucky soup that was overfilling the tiger to his jawline: shame. For a few quiet minutes, that was all there was in his world. D-did he figure it out? He couldn’t have.

Pina quietly undressed in the meantime, disrobing there and then, making Bill spin away in mortified shock.

“H-hey, whoa,” he yelped, ears splaying back. “You’ve seen the male dressing room, right over there! What gives, doing it here!?”

“Just seems better to hurry, doesn’t it?” Pina chirped, his demeanor suddenly back up to normal. “Don’t want an angry herbivore riding you!”

“Huh?” Bill balked, nearly sneering from confusion.

“Well–”

The young sheep turned, completely nude from foot to horns, his flawless wool covering most of his naked body. His clothing, even his underwear, rested on his arm.

“How awkward would that be, right? Haha! I mean, funny as it would also be~”

“Ugh, don’t even kid, come on,” Bill hissed, making for the male dressing room, already hating how he could tell Pina was walking in behind him in the buff. “Let’s not m-make this weird, okay? Please?”

“But we’re friends, remember? New future? What’s the harm, here?”

A locker opened, and he could hear Pina’s stomach rumbling louder as he (assumedly) spent the next minute or two slipping into his underwear, sweats and t-shirt in the periphery.

“S-sure, right,” Bill said after the pause, his own stomach quaking more and more–likely nerves. “Just, t-this seems like a funny way to express it, is a-all.”

“It is, isn’t it!”

Another rumble.

Bill slipped his uniform off, slacks, shirt and vest, shoes and all, hurriedly forcing his shirt and red sweatpants and shoes on after, even as the fabric felt *maybe* an iota too tight for him today. When he finished and turned, he found Pina there before him–at eye level.

“Guh,” Bill gasped, leaning back as the sheep stood completely level with him.

“But then,” Pina huffed, suddenly stretching an inch *bigger* than him, “I already f-feel funny, so why not?”

“Wait, what is…what the hell!?” Bill muddled, stepping farther away as Pina lidded his lovely eyes, shuddered, and rumbled up another inch in height.

Being over 6 feet tall, Pina had been…what, about a half-foot shorter than him, hadn't he? It had only been those horns that allowed the sheep to make it up to the tiger's chin before, so what the hell had happened?

"It's *very* funny," Pina chuckled, the dall sheep calmly blinking as he looked himself over, then snorted, shivered deep, and pulsed larger again, inching bigger as Bill watched. "So funny that I-I can't really get upset about it."

The feline gawked, and rightly so.

Pina flared his nostrils cutely, clenching in on himself as he wobble-bulged another inch, strained, then blew up two more, starting to loom over even Bill as his shirt pulled higher, tighter. It wasn't just his soft wool boofing out around taut sleeves, or blowing up below his rising shirt tail. It was *bulk*.

"Hah, maybe…I'm yawning because…it's a dream," Pina groaned, his voice swelling hotly in a widening neck. "Maybe I dreamt that carnivores were kind, for real, and not just *playing pranks* on me, and I was so happy that it just filled me up, and up, and up…"

The 7-foot sheep stepped forward, his shoe straining into a leather mound before it burst open. His sweatpants squeezed around his surging hips, thighs swelling out into bulging columns as his muscles throbbed bigger, and bigger, and bigger, the sheep packing on more mass with every breath as he approached.

"W-wait," Bill gulped, the tiger backed all the way flat against his own locker as Pina's shadow luxuriously swallowed him up. "Hold on, th-this isn't a dream. Okay? I-I'm seeing this too! S-so let's just step back here–"

"No need for modesty, kitty," Pina rumbled, tingle-*brumping* up to 8 feet tall in one thick rush of growth. "We're friends, remember! A dream-team, even!"

Pina's shirt struggled pitifully as his wool fluffed bigger, heavier, pulled tight over more and more bursting girth. The upper half tore at the collar, leaving it to stretch around his booming neck as his chest bulged out, popping the fabric open as one hefty pec bobbed loose and twitched.

The sheep was so close now that his over-tight crotch rested an inch from his groin. With a pleasant puff of joy Pina simply let his sex lurch bigger, a water-balloon rolling too large and pressing with a plump, warm roll up against his own member. One oversized orb bobbled atop

two bigger ones, squished by his ripping pants into a near-singular mass as it kept growing against Bill's crotch, invading the heartland.

"Haaah," Bill wheeze-laughed, his cheek fur burning red. "Okay, haha! Y-you got me, I'm stuck, v-vuh-verry fu-hunnyAAAH!"

Pina smiled, closed his big, soft eyes, and swelled to a staggering 10 feet tall, his ears flicking calmly as his head rose higher, threatening to make contact with the ceiling panels above. His thighs overflowed, expanding so thick and wide with newfound muscle that the sweats *shripped* loudly up the side, popping apart, revealing his underwear as its weave stretched cartoonishly about his member. The tip snaked hotly up his belly, tucking insistently up, up into his shirt from beneath, wriggling up against his belly fur as it gradually pulled him North.

"Huh, huh!"

"Are you okay, down there?" Pina asked, cocking his growing head quizzically atop a bulging, brawn-addled neck. "You sound so upset."

Bill's striped head shook, for multiple reasons. He moaned in delirium and panic as Pina's shirt burst in two, leaving two white strips snuggling up against his ballooning shoulders, half-smothered by increasing biceps, his pectorals erupting violently out between them.

"Hah, hah…"

"Well, take a breath, at least," Pina soothed, perking his ears up, just as the sheep's underwear blew open, allowing his now-colossal penis to push out entirely, filling Bill's poor shirt so tight that it pulled at the tiger's back, force-hugging him into the flaring erection.

"S-stop!" Bill groaned, in full panic now. "S-stoppitstop! I-I don't, I'm not into this!"

"Into what?" Pina chuckled, shrugging, the towering sheep clearly relishing the sensation of forcing such huge muscles up, even that playful bit. "I'm just standing here, haha. If anything, aren't *you* the one getting a bit too cozy with me?"

10 feet trembled harder, and this time Bill felt it all; mashed in against Pina's torso-sized erection, still semi-flaccid and *still* overfilling his shirt, there was no way not to feel the tingle, before Pina groaned and exploded larger, again.

"Maybe," he boom-spoke, softly bleating the words out as he moaned in heat, "you shouldn't b-be teasing me like this. Really, you're just making this sheep…groooooow…"

Pina surged *everywhere*. The warmest of grunts escaped as the smiling male trembled and squeezed into a shuddering flex, pumping his tight muscles all about, until his entire frame blasted out in scope, his bulk outpacing his body as Bill screamed.

Pina's figure blossomed, smooth and gorgeous, past 13 feet–16 feet–21 feet, his back muscles hammering through the ceiling and scattering each square off a warping frame as he huffed and swelled. And swelled. And swelled.

His erection tightened like a throbbing fist, stiffening as it plowed up into Bill's shirt, ripping the upper center as the burning tip emerged through his torn collar and bulged up against his throat and muzzle.

No! No! Nonono!

Bill's mind reeled like a mad carousel as he felt his feet leave the floor, the feline actually being lifted by the pull of Pina's body-length shaft. His feet kicked dumbly, striking the sheep's desk-sized testicles as they grew and grew. Each thump seemed to balloon them up more and more, a low, rubber-like inflation noise filling the dressing room as he dangled from the sheep's tip.

"Oh, my," Pina sighed, his muzzle and head shoving messily up through the splitting ceiling, his rump thudding the back end lockers hard as he flooded the room. "Catch a tiger, as they say! Goodness…should I let him go?"

"Help–"

With a soft moan, Pina erupted *even bigger*. The interior suffered a 27' giant as he swelled forth, wooly heat filling everything, his expanding shaft angling Bill away, shoving him deep into his own locker as the wall cracked and bent submissively back.

"Gosh, I can't t-tell if that's a holler, friend!" Pina laughed, shaking with escalating power and size. "Honestly, you really thi-think I've never been pranked before? I told you! What were you even going to try, anyway? Haha, tying me up? Stripping me? A bag? How c-cute~"

Inside his locker, Bill did indeed holler.

"Well, no sense in wasting what's here…"

As time passed and the sounds of grunting and puffing and pulsing and growing kept increasing in time with the crumbling walls, Pina did *indeed* let him go–in a way.

1:19 PM

The main floor of the Drama Club cracked as the back wall blew open, spraying debris and lockers alike–one of which was still occupied. Bill banged and clanged as his new prison skidded the club floor, shearing tiles and spinning to a stop, upside-down.

"Oh God, h-ohgod–"

All bearings forfeit, the tiger busied himself with hammering at any part of the locker door that might let him out. The door banged out, but snapped back up into the frame as his weight kept the locker pinned down, over and over. The walls closed in as he struggled, working Bill into such a hyperventilating frenzy that he failed to notice something–the walls really were closing in.

Or, framed differently: Bill was closing in on the walls.

With every motion the feline's body surged out, incrementally pumping larger. His partially-ripped shirt overfilled with furred muscle as the opening pulled tighter, and tighter, stretching as his pectorals bulged out into the door. His biceps roared against tearing sleeves as his waist grew, forming a widening gulf between his shirt and his stretched pants. A prominent bulge inflated against metal as he felt it burl out against exaggerating thighs.

"L-lemme–"

The tiles rattled out ill omens as everything shuddered louder, lower, meaner. Great cracks danced along the floor as it began to snap at the center, the ceiling shedding clouds of drywall as Bill's locker suddenly blew up, adding warping metal to the cacophony. The locker boomed even larger, forcing the metal rims to unseal as bolts unscrewed, then blasted loose.

"O-OOOOUT!"

The shirt snapped at a bizarre angle, threading his burgeoning pecs, his lats flaring greedily out against the locker's frame as tufts of orange and white fur puffed through the openings. The door pushed loudly against the cracking floor, forcing Bill and the warped-out locker to rise up as the entire thing grew nearly spherical, trembled, then blew apart–

"GAHAH!"

Bill exploded free with a roar, his head flinging back as a wave of muscle *boofed* across his 12-foot form, his eartips brushing the ceiling as he sat in place and shuddered. He looked himself over in astonishment, just as his pants burst apart around striped thighs, letting his bloated sheath and sacs thud onto cold, broken tile.

"I-GAH…h-what–"

Bill could only admire himself a moment before his considerable instincts alerted him to Pina's rumbling bulge; the mass curled and billowed through the wrecked wall, swelling from the dressing room into the classroom, following Bill rather happily as it flopped down. Below it, two massive, couch-sized orbs *boomed* larger, dimpling into a slow, warm curve under the bulk of his shaft. All told, the combined mass was as big as the entire wall–which the remainder of the wall didn't seem to care for.

"EENIE."

A thick sheep voice shook through, jittering the walls and tickling under Bill's growing figure as he heaved up to 15' even. The bobbing shaft ballooned furiously, the tip thudding and tapping and swelling hotter and darker along the ceiling as the wall surrendered. Pina's testes nearly doubled in width as physics gave them a pass, clearly favoring them over the structure.

"Oh!" Bill gasped, banging his head on light fixtures as he scuttled back on his huge rear and palms, eyes widening painfully at the encroaching sex.

"MEANIE."

"Nope, nope," Bill moaned, putting all 18 feet of muscle into headbutting through the entrance, bashing the club door so hard that it flew off its hinges and cartwheeled down the hall.

Bill strained, his growing head, thickening neck and booming shoulder now wedged into the frame, stuck there as his growth crushed him into its frame as it snapped and separated.

"MINEY."

The entire hall thundered as Pina's growth reverberated through it, the sheep's voice a sing-song bleat of doom. Bill grit his teeth as he ballooned even bigger, his chest and ribs screaming as they forced the door to split wider apart. He dug claws as big as hooks into the

floor, pumping his monstrously bulky legs, pushing through inch by agonizing inch as he passed 23 feet, then 26.

"MMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOORE–"

The entire club detonated as a tsunami of luscious wool attacked, flooding the space and shoving Bill so hard that he shot out into the hall like–well, a battering ram. His muscles bloated bigger throughout, swelling so ponderously that his striped shoulder blades and biceps and traps tore the lockers and bulletins and bricks and drywall away, obliterating the hall.

Pina's head crashed up through the next floor, bursting the proverbial balloon the floor had swollen up into as he relentlessly grew. His shoulders followed, blowing the rest of the classroom to bits as unthinkable brawn flexed under supple fluff. Immediately his thickening horns slammed the ceiling beyond and punched clear into it, a drunken grin etched into the sheep's muzzle as he closed his eyes, just letting it all happen.

"G-GOODNESS," Pina groaned, unable to fully lock his demeanor in at *suave*. "I WONDER WHAT I ATE, TO BRING THIS K-KIND OF THING O…HO, HOAAAA–"

Visible ripples cascaded through his wool as he inflated even bigger, the 50-foot sheep expanding carelessly against the center's failing infrastructure. Tremendous biceps and flared triceps bulged until their definition outmatched the wool, starting to show in detailed, heaving striations. He rumbled smoothly, closing his huge, soft eyes as he flexed and exploded to 60 feet, then 70, throbbing in unsteady bursts, shattering walls and crunching partitions and snapping rafters as he billowed.

His rump flattened against the 1st floor's foundation, before blasting down into the basement and smashing the heating system to a simplified, metallic pancake. His sacs ballooned horribly, wonderfully, filling his booming inner thighs as his penis bulged up into the ceiling, smashing larger and fatter and longer through the higher floors, one after the other.

Still, Pina grew. His bulbous chest pumped uncontrollably, blowing up against his growing chin as he laughed into it. His wool crept out over everything, peppered with devastation and wreckage as it became a plush jungle of warmth.

80 feet gush-pumped loudly to 90; it was only through the sloping curve of his spine that Pina managed to remain inside as his horns plowed up through the highest ceiling, rocking the choir class off its foundation with a final (melodic) cry. Males and females left the firmament as they bounced into a field of swelling head fluff or slid down ever-growing horns, only to be lifted back up as he thudded against the final ceiling.

Ant-sized carnivores and herbivores alike wriggled below: students from the crafts class fought to navigate the oceanic span of Pina's hips, the janitor clinging fearfully to the forward swell of his inner thighs. His bodybuilder-girth screamed bigger, billowing angrily, jubilantly out against his stretched wool as he surpassed the strongest looking of animals with ease, and kept swelling.

"Pina!?" one female aardvark yelled, emerging from his warm tufts with big, bright, amazed eyes. "Oh my gosh, Pina, is that you!?"

"HMM-HMM. AFTERNOON, DOLORES," the looming muzzle replied, shaking the building nicely, raw power riding out on his booming words.

"Ah, I'm F-Francine," the miniscule female grumbled, losing the spark somewhat.

"WELL," Pina rumbled, thickening larger all around her, his grin spreading, "IT IS A *LITTLE* HARD TO SEE YOU. HAHA. HOW EMBARRASSING!"

Another female snuggled into his widening neck, tickling him so much. Then, another, far down between his heaving chest. Maybe just the tiniest little kiss followed, down there, before hand after little hand stroked his undercarriage, teasing his impossibly big erection even *bigger*.

"HAHA," he all-but purred, pulsing with too much mass, "EVERYONE HERE IS JUST…SO…NIIIIIIIICE~"

The tip of his shaft impacted the interior frame wall of the 4th floor's study hall, surging with a rubbery groan against itself as the rest of his length inflated hungrily into it, demanding the wall break as it all bloated fatter and wider. The wall stubbornly held as Pina finally permitted a big, blatant shudder, the sheep not minding the growth spurt being directed back into his swollen muscles as he huffed, bit his lip, and bleated deep, erupting to 110', then 130…

Bill, on the other hand, remained in a blind panic.

Even at a mighty 50 feet in height, too big to fit in just one former-hallway, the tiger found himself trapped beneath the oversized undercarriage of Pina's pride, forcing him to claw his way forward, toward the exit.

"Come on, COME ON!"

Granted, the double doorway was barely big enough to fit his muzzle, at best. Part of him knew. The rest, however, decided that *to hell with the stupid door, and the wall*. He put all of his prodigious tiger muscle to work pulling himself into the exit door wall, wherein he cocked his palm back, then thrust forward, smashing the entire thing open in one furious blow.

Mortar and dust exploded out into the afternoon sunlight as Bill's head shoved through the opening, still getting bigger. His bulging neck swelled to fill the aperture right away, wedging in tight as the giant moaned in frustration.

"B-bill!?"

His vast eyes blinked, then canted over to the sight of Aoba, frozen in shock on his way back to the building. The eagle was a *toy*, now, the tiger's entire perspective finally opening up as the play-school-set version of Cherryton rested behind him.

"AOBA!" Bill bellowed, unwittingly, nearly bowling the avian over. "H-HELP, GET ME OUT OF HERE! HE'S STILL GROWING BIGGER!"

"You, too, Bill!?" Aoba squawked, stumbling back. "H-how many of you are getting giant-sized!? How is this happening!?"

BIll stopped panicking for only a brief moment as confusion pushed to the fore.

"W…WAIT, WHAT?" he mumbled, furrowing his gigantic brow.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, *HOW MANY* OF US!?"

"O-over at the theater, it's madness!"

That didn't really answer much.

"AOBA, SERIOUSLY, JUST–J-JUST GET ME…AAAAH…"

The rumbling redoubled as Bill lidded his feline eyes to slits, grunted, and swelled even larger, right in front of Aoba. The bird hollered and scrambled away as Bill's shoulders bulged out of the building, bursting too big for its crumbling facade to contain. The sides rocked worse as windows blew out, spewing glass shards onto the lawn of the courtyard–only Bill's striped muscles weren't what emerged.

Bill himself was ejected, roughly, as the front of the entire arts building bulged forth, bricks struggling to maintain unity as they angled out. In his stead was a wooly wall that plugged the opening as the sides burst apart, allowing two ridiculously burly arms passage at the same time.

The courtyard wheezed under Bill's weight as his 90-foot body rolled over itself onto the grass and pavement. He too joined the fleeing students and faculty as he backed away on his hands, watching in rapt horror as two mammoth pectorals popped out of the upper front, a massive pink member crashing out at the halfway point, inflating greedily as it bounced atop two growing orbs. Each was a house in scope, coming together to form a small manor as Pina's body continued to magnify.

"E-EVERYONE, RUN!" Bill offered, not that it was really needed. "GET AWAY!"

He rose to a one hundred-foot stand, not realizing that others who had begun fleeing Pina were now seeing and fleeing *him*, too. As he did, however, the shaking building's roof pulsed up, and up, and up, webbing cracks as something huge bullied higher, larger within. Bill quivered and surged up to 130 feet, a momentary burst of pleasure distracting him–but he heard just fine. He heard Pina's head blowing up through the topside, scattering materials to the skies as the overpowered sheep bellowed in total, self-indulgent joy.

His shaft stretched painfully huge as the building segmented and slid back, some chunks snagging Pina's colossal muscles, others tumbling off outright and bouncing down off his ballooned back. Even sitting, Pina was nearly Bill's 150-foot height–and even Bill eventually reached the right conclusion, on sight of the sheep huffing and swelling even larger, spreading the ruin out in a widening crater:

Run

"GRACIOUS," Pina puffed, beaming smugly. "ISN'T THAT SO MUCH BETTER, FRIEND? HAHA, HEY, YOU GREW BIGGER, TOO? MY SUBCONSCIOUS IS SOMETHING, I DO HAVE TO SAY. STILL…"

At that, Bill saw Pina's enormous hands reaching for him, and that was enough to get him breaking into a frantic run across the courtyard.

"N-NO!"

"HMM?" Pina hummed, sliding out onto all fours, his musculature surging with even the tiniest efforts, blowing up greater still. "NO GOOD?"

His overinflated chest and biceps towered over the courtyard as Bill's footfall rocked it, leaving growing craters in his wake as he turned behind the first building bigger than him and hid, whimpering.

Pina snickered playfully, arching his growing back as he crawled forth. His erection being so monumental in size, the tip easily bashed the ground with a doomsday THUD, the swelling tip dragging a trench in the turf as he rumbled larger and larger, rising up higher over multiple rooftops, his big eyes lidding as he smiled.

"WHAT KIND OF FRIEND DOESN"T WANT TO PLAY?" he boomed, wagging.

"T-this isn't funny," Bill muttered sheepishly, trying to sneak around what he realized was the Gymnasium. "Either this is denial, or he's completely lost it!"

Bill being Bill, the idea that a 170-foot giant made for a poor ninja hadn't sunk in yet; being a feline, he was used to quiet movement when necessary, but that was so rare for him–

"WHERE ARE YOOOOOU?"

God, his *voice* was getting bigger, too. The sounds of rumbling growth echoed over the entire school as Pina's chuckling swelled into raw thunder, followed by the quaking booms of each growing hand as the sheep crawled around, looking here and there, his bulk blowing bigger as he stretched to over 270 feet in size, then 280.

"I JUST WANT TO CATCH YOU BY YOUR TOE! IT WON'T HURT!"

Bill sidled around the back of the Gym (as countless females and a few liberated males watched through fogging windows), spying for the next place to hide…when his own body betrayed him, and began to shudder deeply.

"Aw, no, no–"

Pina's perfect ears perked as Bill exploded in size, beyond the Gym, the tiger bursting up to 200 feet in one thick, hot spurt, then 230 right after. Stripes strained and pulled and arched across ever-larger muscles as he growled, his shaft pushing out against his will, flopping in a huge semicircle, and slapping down over two pendulous, gargantuan orbs.

All windows fogged completely.

“H…GHUAH,” Bill groaned, his whiskers tingling out as he felt pulsing bulk consume his frame, twitching with enormous power. “AH.”

Any other day. Any other time, Bill would have been ecstatic. As it happened, there just wasn’t time for it.

It wasn’t Pina’s voice that answered his groans, but rather, dozens and dozens of giddy shrieks. Students flocked to the rooftops to cheer and wave and gape and scream and have second thoughts as Bill’s stupendous size fully registered.

“UH,” the towering tiger grunted, blinking, before reflexively giving a flex of his arm.

Another wave of screams broke out, even louder, shriller, longer, as Pina stood upright and thudded nearer, still bigger, still a bit bulkier. Yet, when the two masses met, Pina’s erection proved far, far larger–a final insult. Even Bill grudgingly blushed, with what he hoped was embarrassment.

“NOT BAD, IS IT?” Pina purred, winking coyly. “YOU ALMOST LOOK AS GOOD!”

BIll finally figured out where the screaming was coming from–Pina. His wool fluffed handsomely, as if noticing him noticing it, as multitudinal screams of female delight roared out from it. There must have been dozens of speck-sized females within, screaming their support, drunk on his musk and raw presence and might.

“L-LET’S CALL THIS QUITS, YEAH?” Bill laughed, or tried to. “I-IT’S A TIE, RIGHT? I MEAN, WE’RE BOTH ABOUT THE SAME–”

At that Pina closed his eyes, and seemingly *willed* himself larger.

The back end of Cherryton quaked, trees swaying anxiously, windows rattling on pitching buildings. The ground snapped and split, casting fissures through the paving and florae as the sheep’s feet swelled out in size, his bulk bursting as a wave of pressure shot off his rising form.

“H-HEY, NO,” Bill started, before the tiger cut his losses and simply ran.

Even as he did, Pina just boomed taller, the hulking sheep rocketing up past 300 feet, then 320, easily watching as Bill fled the scene. 330’ hiccupped to 335, then 340, the towering sheep’s growth tapering off as it rumbled up in stretchy increments, until with a final, heated sigh, Pina stopped growing. At 350 feet flat, he was a complete monster: his shoulders spanned 170’ across, his chest swollen out a whopping 60’ from his neck, his backside matching. A horrendously

colossal, overlong erection bobbled far beyond, over 100 feet in length. He might as well have had a grown blue whale there, instead. Fat sacs crested his knees, cradled plump and tight against overgrown thighs, his rear pumped out and massive, his hips powerful and wide.

"OH, IS THAT IT?" Pina murmured as he brought a gigantic arm up and flexed, watching the bicep peak higher than his horns. "HAHA, WELL. THAT'LL WORK. SHAME IF I WAS OUTCLASSED IN MY OWN FANTASY!"

Every single female screeched in rapture at his merest flex, clamoring for more as the nearest groupies rode the swell of his bicep. He beamed down at them, winking a vast, ice-blue eye at where he figured they must be, and the fainting was catastrophic.

"HMM-HMM. BUT, GOSH, WHERE WERE WE?"

The ultra-sized sheep ran lane-wide fingers through his wool as he fixed his hair, puffed, then stepped forward–sending the courtyard into a fit. Feet as big as homes bashed the ground, cratering it with zero bother as they sank a whole yard South–a centimeter, relatively speaking. His vast length swung out ahead like a walking stick, wagging in joy at just how big it was, how the cool air felt brushing it on every swish. Thighs over 70' in circumference bulged as they bore his godly weight, his cheeks flexing up and down as he strode with a perfect blend of masculine and feminine, a very complete package.

"HAHA, COME ON, KITTY, DON'T ACTUALLY GET UPSET," Pina laughed, his chest bulging out warmly. "COME OUT, LET'S KEEP BEING FRIENDS! I WASN'T GOING TO DO ANYTHING DRASTIC, YOU KNOW. JUST SOME TEASING, MAYBE! YOU UNDERSTAND, RIGHT? IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT AN HERBIVORE GROWS INTO…WELL, ALL THIS! CAN YOU REALLY BLAME ME?"

To Bill's astonishment, he kind of couldn't.

"Stupid, stupid," Bill huffed, first at Pina, then at himself.

Why had he done this!? How had this even happened? What was happening to them!?

It was no use trying to work any of it out as the immense feline crouched in against himself, teetering as his muscle clusters fought one another for room. He buried his muzzle down into his pectoral cleavage, trying to get his breath back, when something buzzed across the entire campus, in a wail of crackling static:

"Attention, students, this is Headmaster Gon. Ah, p-please, I want everyone on campus to evacuate the campus, immediately! This is not a drill! Please, uh, exercise the same caution you would in a standard fire drill, and assemble outside the main gate–repeat–"

That's it, Bill thought, panting into his chest as his tree-wide tail curled around him, in a rare show of vulnerability. *It happened, they saw us. How am I going to explain this!? I didn't actually want to do anything that bad, I-I'm sorry! I…H-uh-H-IIII–*

His body, perhaps disagreeing, chose then to rumble yet again, making him perk his ears in a mix of pleasure and total horror.

"N-NO!"

His muscles tingled and tensed, clenching into a thick, hard flex, stretching his stripes as his fur boofed out and his entire body swelled *bigger*. His arms puffed out as his backside boomed flat against the building he hid behind, his head rising up past the higher floor windows as he groaned. That same pec-cleavage burgeoned up and up, consuming his furry chin as he trembled and blew out larger, still. His gargantuan feet slid over the terrain as he watched the ground retreat, feeling every follicle brush against the building; his own shadow began to spill up past the borders of the roof's, and in seconds he heard Pina's colossal feet *slam-slam* over his way.

"D-Dammit!"

Fight and flight tangled into a mental mess as Bill kept getting bigger, balled into an ever-increasing hill of throbbing bulk and oversized brawn. The raw power crashed into his fear, pushing it back as, at last, his carnivorous side dared to interject:

You're a giant too now, aren't you?

"Y-yeah," Bill muttered as he grew, answering himself.

AREN'T YOU!?

"Y…yeah! Hey, yeah, I am!"

HE'S A SHEEP, DUMMY. YOU'RE A TIGER. YOU MUST BE HIS SIZE AGAIN, BY NOW, SO USE IT! YOU GOT THIS MIGHTY, AND YOU'RE COWERING!? WHAT KIND OF CARNIVORE REPRESENTATIVE ARE YOU!?

Mustering his lost courage back up, Bill forced his bulk to unfold to full glory, having stopped growing at a magnificent 300 feet tall and 145' wide. He stood chest-high over the boys' dormitory, ramped himself up with a flex, and turned to face Pina–then went pale once again.

In his flight, understandably, he hadn't really paid attention to the sheep's last growth spurt. His eyesight found only Pina's bloated pectorals, and Bill glanced up to see that smirking pretty-boy muzzle, just beyond them. The tiger's 60-foot shaft, impressive as it was, became impressively *second-place,* and by an awful margin.

"YOU GREW AGAIN?" Pina gasped, poking his tongue out. "GOOD FOR YOU!"

"D-DON'T CONDESCEND TO ME!" Bill strained to retort, growling low. "I CAN STILL TAKE YOU!"

Pina cocked his head dramatically, letting his much bigger erection butt up against his side of the building in response. He flexed back, so tightly, so loudly, that Bill actually *heard* it.

"OH? OH! HAHA, LIKE WRESTLING? YOU KNOW, I'VE NEVER TRIED IT BEFORE! THAT ACTUALLY SOUNDS LIKE A BLAST, SURE! LET'S GOOOO~"

"WHAT."

Bill pulled back from the other side of the dormitory, bug-eyed, seeing Pina's bulk groan so massive that his wool surged out everywhere. He suddenly just *felt* so much bigger that Bill was already shaking his head.

"AH."

The other carnivores wouldn't care, right? He could take anyone *else* on, if they gave him guff, right? Easily so, yeah! So what if he ran as far away as possible?

Pina stepped forward, carelessly demolishing the exterior of the building as he advanced, not even bothering to move around it.

"EENIE–"

"AUGH, N-NO–"

As Bill put his huge arms up, and as Pina obliterated the front half of the dormitory, something interrupted–something extremely, monumentally big.

So big, in fact, that even Pina was shoved back, along with Bill.

The entire boys' dormitory evaporated as a torrent of yellow fur broke loose, blowing up out of it in an explosive roar of pure, stupendous, sense-shattering *growth*.

Pina and Bill both bellowed as canine muscle cascaded forth, spilling bigger and thicker, pumping, gorging and flowing over them, over the ruins and cordoning tape, scattering the twenty teeny security guards clinging to abs and orbs.

Jack snored on, the ever-growing labrador billowing uncontrollably, passing 450 feet, then snorting in his sleep as he tingled and grunted, blowing up with a loud stretchy groan to 500'...540'...

His rear crushed the walkways and snapped trees, fur fluffing out against everything as the golden boy swelled relentlessly larger and stronger. His powerlifter physique erupted with every huff, his tongue poking out as his 80-foot head bash-thumped against another evacuated building, pushing it as it crackled and crumbled apart. His feet dug into the turf, heels growing wider and heavier, toes looming higher. His shaft stirred sleepily, happily, flopping longer and thicker between his exploding thighs.

580 feet…

Pina struggled against Jack's surging shoulders, the sheep suddenly only about half as big, not understanding just what exactly he was pushing on as Jack rumble-*boomed* again.

610 feet…650 feet…

Vast hands rested, supine, yellow fingers rising over the school as more and more of Cherryton was overtaken by soft fur and twitching lats. Jack's trapezius inflated into a berserk bulge, forcing his wide neck and head up and up as Bill shoved his bloated sacs, farther down the way.

690 feet…720 feet…

Students and staff fled on foot, pouring out of the school gates as another building collapsed in the distance, then another. A stupendous surge of yellow muscle burst over the beclouded campus as Jack's body just kept expanding, bigger, broader, bulkier, thicker.

770 feet…820 feet…

With a last, shuddering lurch of growth, Jack *buh-whumped* up to a staggering 900 feet, coming to a rest as he snored powerfully; the ensuing aftershock set off two hundred of the nearest car alarms. The behemoth covered almost a third of the entire school's main campus as slept, over 500' wide at the triceps, his shaft just shy of 300' as Bill back off, then found it to be his own size, entirely.

Pina eventually wriggled out, himself roughly a third of the dog's overwhelming height. The mighty sheep gave a low whistle, looking Jack over with wide eyes.

"Actually," he murmured, a bit more softly, for once. "That…is a *beautiful* carnivore."

With no hesitation Pina began climbing up over a massive shoulder, grabbing great fistfulls of fur as he scaled Jack's titanic body, ignoring the increasing cracks below them both.

"Hey, Pina, stop," Bill sputtered, the less-huge tiger peering out from one bulging orb. "Why would you ever get up on…i-is that Legoshi's friend?"

"Haha, well, why not?" Pina huffed, sitting on Jack's overloaded abs. "What's it matter? I just imagined myself a perfect bed to use, before I wake up."

"You're not sleeping!" Bill snarled, closing his hand over his mouth right after for fear of waking Jack up. "S-stoppit, get down from there–er, him!"

"Mmmmn," Pina hummed, the colossal sheep snuggling in against Jack's nude bulk, his pecs resting with a thick dimple on the canine's, blushing as he rose and fell with Jack's gentle snoring. "Oh my…you don't know what you're missing, down there, Bill. H-he's so soooft."

Bill's blush worsened terribly, his tail bristling.

"You're *awake*, idiot!"

"So, so soft," Pina chuckled, hugging in tight on Jack's greater mass, making the labrador lick his muzzle over, then bring a monstrous arm up high and thump it down, snuggling the sheep in like a teddy bear as he snoozed. The ground whined underbulk, but barely held together.

"HHHHH," Jack sleep-murmured, grinning wide at last as he cuddled Pina tight.

Likewise, Pina snuggled in deeper, nuzzling thick yellow fur as he wagged. Jack's gargantuan snout snuffled down on auto-pilot, the sleeping dog starting to lovingly groom the sheep over like a prized possession. Pina, surprisingly, accepted it, wagging faster.

"Argh, this is insanity," Bill grumbled, having to dig his way back between Jack's inner thighs. "Forget this, forget all of this!"

Pina sighed, rubbing big circles on Jack's pectoral, making the dozing dog blush in kind.

"Finally," the gigantic sheep rumbled, closing his eyes. "A truly nice carnivore."

1:37 PM

Headmaster Gon fell back the moment he turned around to survey the damages.

The tiger gawked, bushy-tailed, at the sight of Cherryton buried under a mountain of chiseled canine muscles, a tremendous pink shaft resting atop it. A smile seemed to be spreading over the canine's muzzle on the other end, a vast wet nose snuffling in joy as…as something *big* rested above, snuggling it all back. A sheep?

"What in thunder," Gon croaked, his throat dry. "That's…Jack. Honor s-student."

"Headmaster," the security head panted, running up in terror. "I-it was too much, the labrador inside the building, h-he blew up like a bomb, we couldn't all make it out! Something hit the exterior at the same time, it was pandemonium there! We…where are the students?"

"They evacuated a few moments prior, I–wait, *what* labrador? Jack!?" Gon spluttered. "Jack was in the dormitory!? I sent you there over a cave-in, not…n-not THIS!"

"Sir, I know, but…I think he made the cave-in by growing gigantic in his room. Then, shortly after we showed up, he got even bigger…"

Gon gulped, or tried to, as another security officer limped over.

"Two other giants left the campus a few minutes ago, before your announcement, sir! A-a wolf and a deer!"

“Louis!” Gon balked, somehow stunned further. “The reports about the theater, right! What could be making…I was assured there were no side effects to…a capybara! H-have either of you seen a female capybara around the property!?”

“Sir!” a third officer groaned, limping forward even more slowly. “Two massive rabbits were seen fighting off the coastline, right behind us! T-they’ve destroyed the bridge! One fled!”

“We’re cut off!?” the security head roared, panic finally setting all the way in.

Headmaster Gon was up in a blink, his clawed hands clasping the third’s shoulders.

“Get a tarp over those two, right away! Cover them completely! No one seems to be left in the area…maybe no one saw Jack, having left the scene…Go, go already! Get to it!”

“B-but, we don’t have anything that could cover *him*–”

At that, the tortured ground underneath Jack’s body cracked one last time. As the massive male shifted in his sleep, the courtyard and wrecked buildings and paths and trees all caved in entirely, the giant snoring as he slid down, down into a vast column of smoke. As he slipped below Pina was thrown clear, the huge sheep coming to with a start as his huge body tumbled onto what remained of the Academy’s topside.

“Whoa!” the security head yelped, as Gon watched in silence.

“He…broke down into the bunker system,” the tiger muttered, before sighing in relief. “Okay. Quick, cover the hole! All of it! *No one* saw Jack, understand!?”

“Sir, after all this, what does it matter–”

“Did you see the size of him!?” Gon roared. “The others are nowhere near that big, the school would have been demolished completely if so! Would you rather the public knows about building-sized giants, or one nearly as big as the school!? Or that, by implication, they could *all* get that big soon? Or gods, even bigger!?”

“S…s-sir.”

“I’m putting in a call to the police force; we need sleeping gas, sedatives, all of them, at least until we can figure out a plan. We keep him down there as long as we can–”

“W-will they really help with that kind of request?”

“Yahya *owes* me,” Gon coughed, straightening out his suit, before wheeling about at the second security officer. *“And that capybara! Where is she!?”*

2:10 PM

Yahya kept to the rooftops of the old downtown district, bordering the Black Market. The horse watched silently, using his fantastic breadth of vision to canvas the streets as best he could, watching for activity like he was partly hawk.

“Where are you…”

An ear twitched as he focused in.

“Yahya, sir, there’s a call,” a female voice spoke through the device in his ear, as though his ear had sensed it first. *“It’s important.”*

“Not a good time,” Yahya muttered, unblinking. “Following a solid tip on a perp.”

“It’s Mienai, sir. About the news on TV.”

Yahya pursed his lip, thinking. As he did so, a scream broke out from the downtown streets, followed by the sight of a horned animal slipping out the back of a hospital, a surgical mask over its muzzle. Out the binoculars went.

“Sir?”

On better glance, it was a gazelle, only there was a bit too much height and an iota of bulk that betrayed his figure. It was a hybrid, it had to be. In fact, it was *the* hybrid.

A bag of syringes and supplies bobbed in his hands–the stolen kind, he guessed, given how hospitals didn’t hand those out easily. A smear of blood was on the bag handle, partially caking the hand clutching it.

“Found you!”

“Sir, please–”

The line cut out as Yahya turned it off. As a horse, it only made sense that his blinders were already on–and now, so too was the chase.

“Got you, at last, Melon!”

The horse burst out of the front door of the building he was on in under a minute flat, following the path he had deduced the perp would take. He wove in and out of the crowds, getting closer, ignoring the reports on TVs in bars and store displays, not seeing the *GIANTS DESTROY BRIDGE?* headline as he picked up speed.

Other animals gathered nearby as someone in a restaurant turned one TV up all the way:

“...we, ah, we have two more sightings, besides the rabbits! A wolf and deer are moving inland–they aren’t as big, going off viewer estimates, but once our news-copter make it to the scene, we’ll verify all reports of...wait, we have more unverified reports from students at Cherryton academy, regarding a gigantic sheep and tiger–we only have one chopper, but we’ll still try and mine what information we can–”

The talking heads and noises pulled the attention of the masses, decluttering the streets as Yahya caught sight of the hybrid and went in for the grab. It was only the sudden cries of those seeing footage of the immense labrador that snapped both parties to it–first to the crowd, then to each other.

Yahya stared back at Melon, who sighted him and smiled so wide that his eyes slitted up over the edges of his medical mask.

“Freeze!” Yahya commanded as he planted a foot firmly, then bolted after him, not waiting for compliance.

The hybrid tore off down a nearby alleyway, snaking around trash cans, kicking one over as he went. Yahya swore under his breath as he pursued, only to be cut off coming out of the other side by his own police force cruisers.

He whinnied angrily, stepping back and thudding into the wall of a building as they careened towards uptown, leaving the equine to fume. Something must have been up nearer to the bay area.

No time, fire them later

Yahya took off to the left, not having seen Melon to the right. He banked down the first street he could find and scoured this way, that way, back the other to check.

No sign

"Dammit…dammit! Where are you, you scumbag…"

Melon finally slowed to a stop, pulling off his mask to get some air back. Yahya had been correct: a set of sharp leopard's teeth extended as he huffed and gasped, calmed down, and slipped the mask back on to look about.

Sirens rose in the periphery, and knowing the horse, he would be tearing the sector apart in under five minutes, to find him.

Then, Melon finally bothered to turn around, and saw his way out: a modest-sized building, tucked away offroad, with a large sign that read

HYBRID KINDERGARTEN

5.

HYBRID KINDERGARTEN

GOSHA, 2:08 PM

From its exterior, the place could hardly be called a building; it was more like four walls and a roof held up by goodwill and luck; to the city, the place was as forgotten as Friday night, its funding long since left to charity and chance. Nestled between larger warehouses bordering the edge of the Black Market, it thrived nonetheless, unseen, a second home for children, but itself an orphan.

And yet, no tears awaited the old komodo dragon as he approached, no wails of the exiled. The walls were shaking not with struggle to maintain themselves, but with the cheers of countless little voices–and those voices were having a *blast*.

The door opened with the chime of a little old bell, still sharp, still clear.

"Uncle Gosha!"

The first voice leapt up in time with the first kid to see him. Then:

"Gosha-san!"

"Ah, Gosha!"

"Yay!"

"Ah!"

Just as it was every week, in one moment–one perfect moment–the lizard felt like his grin could have held the entire place up. For that one moment, as far as he was concerned, it was an *entire room* of his grandson, all happy to see him again.

The dragon's scales nearly creaked out from the pressure of his own joy before he forced it back down, beamed, and flashed the many bags he had draped along his arms. The little gasps increased exponentially on sight of them, and the horde advanced.

An impala wheeled about behind a counter, wiping her hands down, her big eyes fixed on

the old-timer as he loomed over them all (herself included). She stayed back not out of indifference or of fear (given what komodos could do), but simply to let the kids rush him first.

"Hold me!" one smaller child demanded, gleefully, attacking Gosha in a hug. Another animal just had its wings out, pleading quietly for the same, and the reptile easily bore them both up, the bags rustling along his arms by their straps.

"Haha," Gosha rumbled, big and strong, his scales rough but smooth as he held a mixed-breed cat-dog child and a platypus-hawk tight. "Surprise! Ah, I brought books and markers and treats today–but I'll have to use my arms to get them out, so…are you sure you want me to hold you all day?"

One kid rushed back down, wide-eyed and wagging wild. The other clung a little longer, squeezing in closer as Gosha paused the theatrics long enough to let him.

"You usually come on Saturdays, Mr. Gosha," the impala began, patiently detaching the avian child and setting him down as the other kids flooded in and groped up at the bags. "It actually is something of a surprise!"

"Well, construction at the site is at a standstill, haha," Gosha politely explained, lowering himself just enough to let the kids tear through the frightened bags for their spoils. "Contract adjustments, I imagine. So, here I am, free on a weekday!"

"Well, I know they hardly mind," she laughed, stepping back as the tiny mob broke into a frenzy of page-flipping and marker waving.

Some kids cheered at the sight of cookies in paper bags, while one brandished a huge lollipop like it was a magic wand, already pointing it at his friends and rivals. Another sniffed at three wrapped goods, then made a face.

"What are these, Uncle?" an anteater-giraffe hybrid asked, confused. "They smell funny."

"Hmm?" Gosha grunted, grabbing them up and looking closer. "Ah, these were specialty-bought, see the colored wrapping?"

"They smell."

"Do they?"

Gosha investigated with a flick of his tongue, taking her seriously.

“They smell like rolls and sweets to me. You sure you don’t want them?”

She nodded fast, opting for a set of colored pencils instead.

“Anyone want these?” the lizard offered, waving them over the frenzied kids and their prizes. “If not, I’ll set them down for later.”

“Maybe they’re poisoned!” another kid muttered, wagging.

“I…assure you, I didn’t bring poisoned sweets, haha,” Gosha playfully countered.

“But that witch poisoned that one apple!” another counter-countered.

“Hah, okay, then. Here, look.”

Gosha grinned, unwrapping a roll from the trio, holding it up.

“Don’t do it, Uncle!” another kid balked, serious.

“Oh, no!”

“Stop!”

“I’ll show you all, okay?” Gosha laughed, cocking his head. “Then, story time!”

“Ooh, story time!”

“Okay!”

He hardly cared for sweets, but it was best to squelch rumors right away, so the reptile opened his jaws, set the entire roll in, and gulped it right down, in full. The kids all watched, mouths open, brows high, waiting for him to maybe die, when–

“Gah,” Gosha wheezed, suddenly, clutching his stomach. The eyes widened considerably around him as he wobbled in place and moaned, breathing harder, more raggedly.

“Oh, no!” one girl finally cried, the other kids lurching back.

The impala sighed.

“Uncle Gosha, no!”

“I told you, I *knew* it!”

“It…it’s so delicious!” Gosha exclaimed, rubbing his stomach over demonstrably. “You kids really should have tried it when you had the chance! You have to try new things, after all!”

“Uncle Gosha!” they all roared in unison, half-enraged, half laughing.

“You’re not dead, Uncle?” one kid balked, still not sure.

“Not yet!”

“Then, story time!” the kids all cheered, making him lean back.

“Well. You could be a *little* more relieved,” the old lizard chuckled, wagging his tail.

“Read this, Uncle Gosha, read this!” one kid roared, bouncing in place with a large picture book in tow, making it impossible for the komodo to even see what it was.

She was a mix of a panda and rabbit, large black circles caging great big eyes, matching dark ears flapping in excitement. They were all mixed, a daycare filled with nothing but ‘troublesome’ hybrids. The lizard’s sympathy overflowed so bad it hurt, every single time he came over.

God. If Toki had still been there.

“Okay, haha, okay,” Gosha agreed, setting the rumpled bags down and cracking his large scaled knuckles dramatically. “Let’s just see what this is, then! Lots of romance and slow walks and kissing, I bet–”

“Eww!”

“Haha, no!”

“Ugh!”

“It has a dragon in it, no! It’s awesome!”

That last bit got him smiling so much wider. Komodo dragons never heard that out loud, in public, ever. *Ever, ever*. That might have seriously been the first time in his 54 years of existence that the words had been strung together in that pleasant of a manner.

"Well," the old reptile started, sitting down on the kindergarten mat with a suddenly-attentive cluster of kids, "you've sold me! Let's see what this is all about!"

That very same clump of kids wiggled in place, eyes bulging.

The picture book cracked open, new and vocal, when the door chimed again.

"This is the story of a young minstrel saving a town from a…from a great, big dragon," he spoke, quickly recovering from the unseen blow as he read the front page.

Ah. There it is.

"The dragon's fire terrified everyone in the little hamlet–"

"What's a hamlet?" one kid asked, peeking up over the group.

"Ah, that's another word for a village or little town," Gosha answered, not missing a beat. "Just a *little* smaller, like a settlement in the old days."

"Ooh."

"Sounds like meat," another whispered.

"Well, I don't think the dragon really wanted ham, haha," Gosha added. "Now, in this town was a young minstrel, a traveling singer and storyteller–"

"Like you!" another kid chirped.

"Haha, I'm no singer–"

"Physicals?"

The impala's soft voice reached Gosha, just over the chatterings of the kids as they reacted. Another voice answered, a bit out of breath, as though recovering.

"Haha, yes ma'am, I–"

A page rustled.

“Yes, this should be it. This is the Hybrid Kindergarten?”

“Well, yes…but check-ups are semiannual, we aren’t due by the city for a few months.”

“Oh, no,” the male voice replied. “Well, that’s a mixup, isn’t it? Shoot. Okay, well…I mean, I have my tools with me, though some knucklehead at HQ took my good bags by mistake. I don’t mean to bother you over a clerical error, but if you want, I can clear you today. I don’t have anywhere else to be, hah.”

Gosha’s eyes were on the book, but his ears (such as they were) were pulling at the front desk. His tongue darted out on reflex, tasting the air rapidly, making him stop-start his reading of the story.

“Uncle Gosha, you’re reading it funny,” one kid gently fussed, ears twitching.

“Oh, am I?”

“–if you don’t mind, but I’m surprised you’re willing. Frankly, I don’t think I’ve ever seen the city this intent on helping…well, *them*.”

Out of the corner of Gosha’s eye, he saw.

A tall, slender gazelle in a medical mask was turning from the front desk to look. It wasn’t a glance in Gosha’s direction, but rather past him, at the crowd of tiny hybrids. The passivity of his closed eyes changed as he opened them and stared at them all. So much raced by in that beat, in that blink, that they appeared blank, back at square one, but not. Was it sympathy Gosha saw in his eyes? Kindness? Sadness?

Why, in that instant, did the gazelle doctor look so…off?

“...Patients are patients, miss,” the gazelle said, looking back her way, his eyes closed again. “They’re all the same, to me.”

“Oh,” she huffed, relieved. “I can’t say how refreshing it is to hear that. Should I stop them, and we begin, or do you want to set up for a bit?”

“I’m not here to interrupt, haha,” the gazelle hummed. “Why don’t I set up? Ah, is there

anywhere in the back I could–"

"Of course, of course! There's a back door right down past the stack of naptime pads in that corner, you see it?"

"Oh, perfect, a back room?"

"Well, it connects to the old warehouse system, so the city lets us use it. There's plenty of room back there."

"Don't mind me, then. It might take a few minutes."

Gosha had stopped outright, the old-timer twisting halfway over to watch as the gazelle passed them all, waving, his eyes still closed. The lizard's tongue flickered faster.

"I'm happy to help, doctor," he offered, getting up to a stand.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself, sir, haha," the gazelle murmured through his mask. "It's generally a one-person operation! Thank you, though, really."

A police siren rolled by, loudly, bleeping twice. The doctor didn't react at all.

"You're sure?" Gosha asked, smiling. "From the smell, you must have cut yourself earlier, I don't mind playing assistant if you need to rebandage any!"

The gazelle's eyes nearly opened. Nearly.

"The smell?"

"Blood."

The group of kids looked back and forth as the two adults stared at each other, silent.

"Wow, you're good, haha," the doctor started, smirking through the edges of the mask. "That's not my blood, actually, the nurse at HQ bungled a donation, so I stepped in to help, last minute, before leaving for my rounds. New hire, and all."

"That's a relief!" Gosha hummed, nodding. "I'm a busybody, then, my mistake."

The gazelle's hands went up, one holding a large medical bag. A few splotches of blood

were hurriedly wiped off the handles. The slight smudges of remaining pink told it all.

"Hey, no harm, no foul, sir. If you'll excuse me."

He made for the back door and grabbed its handle, then paused.

"You know," he spoke, thinking out loud. "I think we'll do this in a line, when I start calling you kids in. I'll call one in at a time, from the line. That usually works fastest. Is that alright, ma'am?"

The impala nodded.

"We have a plan, then," the gazelle chuckled. "All prepared for anything, that's how to be, I say. Give me just one minute."

The kids were already refocused on Gosha as the gazelle entered the back door.

"Uncle Gosha?" one asked, breaking the lizard out of his stare.

"Hmm."

"The dragon!" another kid reminded, impatient. "What's the dragon going to do?"

"We'll find out," Gosha answered, grinning once again, realizing his old face had taken over; hopefully he hadn't scared any of the kids in the doing. "But first, since the doctor wants to help you all out, why don't I bring him a thank-you treat? I'll be right back."

"Don't poison him!" the anteater-giraffe added.

"That's enough with that, honey," the impala cut in. "We don't joke about that with Uncle Gosha, okay? That's serious."

The kid looked utterly baffled, not old enough to understand what komodo venom even was, let alone generations of hardwired social implications.

"Haha, it's alright," Gosha soothed, grabbing both unwanted treats as he stood. "I'll be right back, okay? Then you'll all get a *great* show, I promise."

Every little tail thumped as he sighed, gave the apologetic-looking impala a smile, and headed over to the back room.

2:20 PM

The gazelle still detected the shutting of the back door, quiet as Gosha had been.

“Ah, hello again,” he huffed, looking back over his shoulder as the lizard entered. “Did I forget something out there?”

Instead of taking everything out of his bag, the doctor was putting something *back in*, fast. His eyes remained close, nonetheless, with not one hint of anxiety. He set the bag down on an old warehouse crate, and the slightest metal *thud* rang out.

“Ah, I’m being a pest again, I imagine,” Gosha replied, shrugging. “Old age and all that. I was just moved by your kindness. It’s not every day that someone cares about hybrids.”

The doctor watched him.

“...I find them interesting, really,” he finally said, clasping his hands together, keeping the tops of the fingers as hidden as possible. “That’s all.”

“Ah, modest too, haha,” Gosha added. “All the better! Well, I won’t hold you up, I just wanted to offer these as a quick thanks for your help.”

The doctor impassively gazed as the old lizard showed him the two treats.

“Freshly bought.”

“Hm,” the gazelle puffed. “Kids didn’t want them, did they?”

“You got me! Haha! Still, they are very good. I had one myself a minute ago.”

“A komodo dragon, eating sweets? What a day. But no, thank you, I don’t really enjoy sweets very much. I can’t taste food. Genetic condition, wouldn’t you know. But again, thanks.”

“Really!”

“Mm. Everything tastes like sand to me.”

“Oh, dear. You really never know with *anyone*, do you?”

The doctor nodded indifferently. Silence took the throne, a second time.

“Did you need anything else?” the gazelle asked, a bit more coldly.

“I was going to ask you the same, actually.”

“Nope. I can set up fine, on my lonesome.”

“Ah, just thought I should check.”

The doctor’s stare worsened, somehow, through his closed eyes. He made no motions to set up anything–not that he had much, anyhow, besides the bag.

“Shouldn’t you start?”

“Just a bit awkward, haha, if I can be blunt,” the doctor slowly said. “Let me guess: you’re taking a break from the kids, back here?”

“You really are one heck of a doctor,” Gosha laughed, straightening his buttoned up flannel shirt. “Quickest diagnosis I’ve ever heard. I’m old, and they aren’t, is all. Can’t tell you the dread I feel when just one of them wants to spin twenty times in place. One cycle destroys me for an hour, haha.”

“Hmm.”

Gosha’s stomach rumbled, breaking through a mounting tension, making him blink in surprise. The doctor noticed, too.

“Sounds like your treat doesn’t agree with you. Maybe you should take your break in the bathroom, instead, if you don’t mind my saying.”

The silence settled one last time, heavy, ugly. Gosha didn’t move.

“Maybe I’ll stay.”

The gazelle watched, and watched, then finally opened his eyes.

“Mm.”

“The first kid that comes in,” Gosha finally said, straightening himself, rolling one sleeve up, then the other. “Was that enough for your plan?”

“I don’t know what you mean, sir.”

The hand moving for the bag said otherwise. Gosha locked the door behind him.

“I mean, is one hostage optimal, or were you going for the whole room?”

Yet again, the doctor didn’t react. Same as with the police sirens.

“In case the police found you.”

The gazelle’s brows lifted. To be honest, Gosha had been expecting some sinister glare.

“Oh,” the doctor hummed. “They wouldn’t bother with *this* place unless someone made a ruckus, would they? Not all the way back here. Of course, once I exit the back way, I’ll may very well be exposing myself again, so…one is really all I need, in a pinch.”

The hand was in the bag.

“So. *Am* I in a pinch?”

By the time the gun was out, so was the venom. It sprayed out in a long arc as Gosha spat, the streak nearly slapping the gazelle in the face as one bad shot fired, missing narrowly and striking the wall by the door.

Screams broke out on the other side as Melon swung low and left, dodging the venom at the cost of his aim. It spattered the crate behind him as the gazelle bolted behind a stack of boxes and vanished outright.

Gosha hunched over and tasted the air, breaking around to the far left of that portion of the warehouse at the tattling scent.

“If you think I’d let you slither off with even *one* of those kids–”

“Slither off?” the voice answered, bolder, louder. “That’s the pot, isn’t it! Like I’m escaping, after firing a gun! What were you thinking, coming at me? Haha, you really care that little for those poor little rejects? Don’t you know what cornered animals do!?”

The old Gosha–the *young* one–flared to life, anger stabbing up through his scales as he charged around several rows of crates and burst through one, blowing wood debris and packing hay everywhere as he slashed for Melon, and actually clipped his shoulder.

A second shot fired, killing-close. Like Gosha, this one didn't miss.

"Gah!"

A thin river of blood went airborne as the bullet grazed his left bicep, pulled back enough by his strike with the right that the damage wasn't fatal. Still, Gosha was around him in an instant, tail curling after, forming a semicircle that left the gazelle stumbling back over it as he slashed again, *fast*.

The gun caught his claws as Melon brought it up, last-second, knocking it away.

The syringe from the bag glinted in the attacker's other hand, making for the lizard's exposed eye as they drew in tight. Gosha caught it with his jaws, cracking the shot and spitting it and more venom out in return.

Melon pulled hard right, dodging, pivoting on his heel and using his own weight to throw Gosha off balance with him. They both slammed another crate, shaking it as Gosha wound up again–only for the medical mask to snap around his muzzle as Melon spun the other way and twisted the strings, tying them tight around the back of the reptile's head in a second.

Gosha understood one beat too late as Melon effectively muzzled him shut, jabbing his own claws deep into the lizard's back. It only went in so far, with his thick scales, but the old-timer sure felt it.

"RRRH!"

"The elderly wisdom will have to wait," the gazelle mock-snarled, scrambling for his gun down the row. "But I can retort, just fine!"

Gosha brought his hands up to the mask, but stopped as Melon snatched the gun. The barrel pointed his way just as Gosha hurled the pastry into his exposed face. The third shot flew wild as it splatted into his muzzle, the wrapping exploding free, covering his opened mouth on impact as the rest went in.

The old lizard tore down the row and back into the open, passing iron shelves as he pulled at the mask, only to find it stuck tight from tension, the knot at the back rendered

unnegotiable. Its elastic nature made it bounce with a rubber-band snap as he tried his claws, but the sound of thumping feet interrupted, and the fourth bullet managed to bite his tail mid-way just as he leapt down another aisle, pain sizzling through it immediately.

"I'll admit," he heard the gazelle pant nearby, "you can certainly move!"

The model gun hadn't eluded Gosha, when the 'doctor' had brought it up to shield himself. The clip either had 12 or 15 rounds, depending on the magazine, but 15 was the safer guess overall.

Minimum? 8 left. Maximum, 11.

Not great, either way.

"You want to hide, back there?" Melon crowed, nearby, his smile audible. "That works out. Stay on the shelf that you chose!"

A stack of crates rattled. Then, they rattled again, tumbling over onto the outermost shelf, knocking it over with a startling *bang* as it banged into the next shelf, which toppled the next. Gosha desperately worked his claw up around the taut mask's band, but the shelf next to him crashed over too fast, pinning him down with its weight.

Strong as he was, it took everything the reptile had just to budge the shelf up a few inches; even that progress sank back down as Melon clambered up the toppled mess, compounding its weight. He coughed and swallowed as he collected himself, inadvertently licking more sweets off his muzzle, revealing rows of sharp leopard's teeth.

"And *really*, gramps," Melon muttered, looking down as Gosha stared up through the shelving, struggling to free himself, "why bother like this? Why protect? Hybrids don't have great lives, you should know that full-well. Take it from me, if you don't, it's not very fun. You have to make your own, it's exhausting."

"T-they aren't s…scumbags, either," Gosha growled, before wincing as his stomach bellowed and rumbled, shaking him terribly down below. "D…d-on't lump the i-innocents in with you!"

"Hmm? Oh, no, they aren't like me, at all. That's a misread."

Melon casually took aim, this time with both hands, steadying himself.

“But hey, it won’t stay your problem any longer, gramp–”

The massive shelf twitched, in its entirety, as if hiccupping underfoot, making Melon blink in confusion as he rode the tremor. Then, another hit, even deeper, until the whole thing was starting to rumble angrily, more and more.

“What–”

Where Gosha’s reptilian muzzle had been, there were now two swollen mounds, throbbing out against the shelf, as though the reptile was taking an infinite breath in. Scales stretched tighter, tighter, pleading for relief as the flannel pulled apart, then burst, button by *p-pping* button.

“–in–”

The reptile’s muzzle pushed up between a higher shelf level, filling it as it grew–yes, *grew*–the mask straining to contain his snout as a thickening neck bulged around its sides.

“–the–”

A tremendous *rip* followed as he looked back, seeing the reptile’s jeans catch against increasing muscles, bursting open at unhappy conjunctions; the stitching popped as his thighs ballooned bigger and bigger, his tail swelling out under the many tangled arms of the wreckage and threading through like a vine.

“–hell is–”

The entire shelf lifted, pitching and angling up to the right, then evening out and heaving higher left, putting Melon into a dance for balance as Gosha ballooned under him, swelling larger, stronger, wider, longer. *Bigger.*

Gosha’s eyes rolled, then lidded to helpless slits as an overwhelming blast of power rammed through his body, unceremoniously blowing it up. Within the stretching mask his teeth were grit, pleasure so great that it hurt etching a snarl on his lips as he felt his shirt *pop-pop-pop* against his yawning bulk.

There was no time to process, no chance to understand–he was growing. That was it.

His scaled biceps screamed larger, pulsing into bowling balls, then beach balls, his triceps

bloating noisily against them as his forearms flared larger. His lats burst out against his tearing shirt, forcing the triceps up into the shelf; more small boxes and knick-knacks scattered away, shoved back as his rump inflated against his pants, snapping his tight belt and splitting the pockets. His zipper pleaded for help as the crotch mounded higher, higher, booming against the denim, forced to swell wider over his hips. The zipper held as his tip throbbed out, out, peeking between his swollen abs and the over-tight rim of his waistband. His shoulders erupted into pumpkins, shredding the sleeves in seconds, leaving their tatters to cling to blown-out green as his pectorals erupted higher, and higher.

"GGGGHH-GHNGH!"

The mask stretched too far, digging stubbornly into his scales as his muzzle grew up through the higher shelf, his bulky arms flexing on habit as they grabbed at the shelf's frame, and put all that overflowing energy into lifting.

Melon staggered back as the entire shelf rose, inch by surreal inch. More and more of Gosha was spreading beneath him, the reptile having blown up from maybe 6 feet to 9 in one hard, hot gush, before billowing even larger, the groan of pulled scales dropping lower and louder as he passed 14 feet…19 feet…

"H-hey, wait," Melon muttered, slack-jawed, knitting his forehead in astonishment, more than fear. "Th-this isn't right. What is this!?"

The shelf, like the others, must have stood at least twenty-five feet high. That Gosha's overstuffed shoes were pushing out beyond the bottom spoke to his true size now, just as both socked feet *boomed* free, only for the socks to rip and burst apart after.

"How the hell is this possible?" he gawked, just as Gosha bellowed into the mask, shaking with more and more and more power, the buildup visibly increasing as his massive body rumbled and shook, until even the rising shelf rattled.

He finally thought to take aim and fire, when the reptile's mask screeched too tight at last, now nearly three times its intended dimensions. It pinged off as the straps tore, slapping up at Melon's face and sending him tumbling down as the shelf surged up higher, angling along the incline of his pectorals.

The hybrid slammed into a concrete pillar, wincing, but putting the pain away long enough to see Gosha's body relentlessly expanding, so much so that the shelving slid off of his muscles, submitting at last to the larger being.

“H-how!?”

As if in reply, Gosha rose to a seat, the merest movement making every tight muscle *boom* bigger. Shreds of cloth heaved angrily, barely containing the raw bulk as it twitched and pulsed, humming with energy and strength. He shook his head, tongue out, then felt down along his massively wide neck and gasped.

“A…amazing!” he gulped, mutually astonished, flexing a monumental bicep, watching it responsively peak higher and higher and higher, the more he tried. “How is this…”

A fifth shot rang out, making the 30-foot reptile grimace in…annoyance, really.

“Shit!”

Melon kept his synopsis brief as the bullet left a bug bite between the lizard’s palm-wide scales. He looked at his gun, bit his lip, then took off down another row of crates.

“He–oh, NO YOU DON’T–”

A Melon-sized hand bashed down on the warehouse floor, just large enough to accommodate him. The hybrid was quicker, however, and slipped around the crates on the other end of the row as it smashed at least five crates to nothing at all. The floor itself shuddered as Gosha stood up, thudding the steel rafters with a clumsy *bonk* of his head.

Misjudging his height, the towering reptile’s cranium put a mean dent in it, sending him back a few thundering steps.

“GAH! Ah!”

Rather than lose any more time, Gosha opted to spin his bulk around, putting serious muscle into simply *moving* his own muscle. As he did, he swung his tail out, sweeping the rows of boxes and crates and flinging them all into the air, blowing a hollering Melon out with the mix. The hybrid crashed into another stack of crates, knocking them away as he rolled limp.

However this was happening–forget *why* it was happening–the old lizard knew he had to act. *Use it or lose it*, as they probably said.

By the time Melon stirred, let alone looked up, Gosha was boom-booming over to him, now at least 35 feet tall. The idea that the old-timer was still getting bigger, getting *stronger*, proved just enough to put the fiend into a stutter, a mental slip–more than time enough for the

reptile to bring a toppled shelf up with both huge hands, then slam it down over him. Melon brought both arms up as it landed, only to find the individual shelves therein rested on either side of him. Rather than kill, Gosha instead lifted, scooping the startled hybrid up with it as Melon clung to them to avoid the fall.

"You," Gosha rumbled, his body still shuddering larger all around, "were right–you won't e-escape…anywhere!"

A pectoral field met the gasping predator as Gosha brought the shelf up close, thumping it against his chest and scooping his massive arms up under it on either side. He grunted, flexing harder, his scaly biceps erupting even larger as he snorted and strained, until the sides started to deflate and cave inward. He kept flexing, the stupendous reptile bursting to 40 feet as his arms nearly matched his torso in total width; the sides crumpled in, and in, and in, his pectorals growing bigger and hotter and thicker as they shoved the center shelf out and out.

In seconds, Gosha had collapsed both ends into points, making the thing look like an absurd candy wrapper, with Melon's body caught in the middle, between partially-crimped shelf levels. For all intents and purposes, he might as well have been wrapped in a bow.

"Wuh," Melon wheezed, gulping, trying to get words together as the placement put his muzzle right in between the lizard's inflated pecs, which buffeted out bigger and wider against him and the shelf. "Whmmhm!"

"Heh, heh," Gosha panted, his chest pushing out larger and larger, swelling out ahead of him as he snorted and shivered, then blew up to 45 feet, pushing his head into the warping rafter frame. "Y-you can stay on the shelf I chose…*kid*. There's your *pinch*."

Feeling the wriggle below, the enormous male blinked, then thought to pull the shelf off, letting Melon gasp for air as he was released.

"Huah, huh," the gazelle rasped, eyes set on the looming giant. "O-of course."

"What?" the mighty komodo puffed, looking out over his inflated chest.

"Of course, a *carnivore* would get the advantage. Hah. Haha."

"I didn't have a loaded gun."

"Pfft, big deal," Melon shot back, reflexively struggling against the shelf here and there as Gosha held it aloft. "What's a gun, compared to…this? Herbivores have to work so hard to get

around your advantages, and then *this* happens. Why not just…make you all gods, at this r-rate?"

"You're clearly half carnivore, yourself, kid," Gosha boomed, closing his eyes and trembling even bigger, the ceiling surging up against his rumbling growth. His arms swelled to absurdity, the lizard nearly 50 feet tall, and 35 across, his chest crowding up against his chin. "I would think you'd understand, at least partly."

"Oh, I do, old-timer," he huffed, shaking his head sourly. "That's just it. W-why make me half of anything, when another side is more than twice that? What's the point? Why give me these conflicting genes, then?"

For another instant, an unwelcome one, Gosha's grandson was there, instead, caught and questioning. The giant shook it off, and set the bent frame down, carefully, making sure not to actually crush or harm Melon.

"I don't have the answer," the old dragon replied, looking his mass over quietly, seeing his thighs nearly fully erupted out of his ripped jeans–including his now vast sex, throbbing partially out of a barely-holding, overtaxed pair of boxers. "But you can ask the court psychiatrist later, after the police come and get you."

Melon seemed to shake, below, likely from anger or fear. In fact, the beast seemed mute, rather suddenly, shaking so hard that nothing was capable of making it out of his jaws.

"Now," Gosha muttered powerfully, looking the much smaller interior over. "How on Earth do I get you out? Or myself? I mean, I *should* shrink back down, right? Maybe?"

"Ghhh…"

"What?" Gosha asked, blinking down over the canyon of his chest. "I'm not letting a maniac like you free, so don't…bother…"

Suddenly, Melon didn't look so small.

"...with…"

"GHHGK!"

Sharp teeth clenched as Melon's body rumbled, the hybrid kicking and snarling as his long-sleeve shirt began to draw tight around some sort of perpetual flex. His lithe body tremble-*boomed* larger, in much the same fashion as his, the metal frame groaning in protest as

his bulk surged out against it, then surge out more.

The clothing caught and tugged and angled and ripped as one thick shoulder burst too large, muscles flooding into the thrashing male as though it were from a gushing spigot.

"Ghaaaah…Gah…G-hah…haha…"

Pulse by quaking pulse, Melon was indeed growing. And *growing*.

"Oh," Gosha groaned, leaning in over his own inflated bulk. "Oh!"

The hybrid's gazelle horns speared out, swelling and curling longer, thicker, growing in time with his bulking neck and swelling chest. His biceps *punch-punch-punched* out against the frame, bigger and wider, bending what had been bent one way the other, instead.

"G'hah! Hahaha!"

Thinking fast, Gosha forced his girth down, his bloated sacs mashing down onto the warehouse floor as he grabbed the frame back up with both hands, looking around for somewhere, anywhere that could help keep him contained before he got too big.

"What's the matter, g-gramps?" Melon boomed, huff-billowing even larger, blowing up from a thin 6 feet to a 10-foot bodybuilder in seconds. "Think the cops will huh-have an answer–*grunt*–for this!?"

The incredible sensation of growth was pushed aside as Gosha prioritized the next minute or two of his life. His hands were forced apart gradually as he thought, feeling Melon outgrow the confines of the shelf rapidly. Metal joints squealed as the hulking hybrid burst against them, grinning toothily, shaking and huffing as his body erupted violently, his clothes ripping apart as he boomed to 13 feet, then 17.

Where? Where could he move them to? They couldn't stay like this.

Think think

Finally, Gosha was aware that there had been knocking and banging on the other side of the locked door to the kindergarten; likely, the impala had been trying to bust through for some time, throughout. Thankfully the door held them in.

Can't be here at this size, the building could collapse! Just move!

Melon was already half Gosha's tremendous size as he began to duck-crawl along, dragging his billowing tail behind him as he continued to grow. Every scale was electrified, screaming in pleasure as his muscles boomed bigger, heavier, making it progressively harder to drag his mass along as he grew into (and against) himself. Pillars caught his triceps and knees as he thudded down into a crawl, hugging Melon's increasingly big body up into his chest and belly as he moved. Columns split and cracked, some bursting to rubble as he crashed through, panic spiking within.

"You're…g-gonna bring this place duh-down before I can do anything, gramps!"

"S-shut it!" Gosha bellow-spoke, his words so big they shook the interior.

Rounding a corner, the warehouse mercifully opened up some, allowing him to rise back up into a squat as he shoved Melon and the warping shelf frame out ahead. Able to see better, it was clear that Melon was catching up: easily 30 feet to his 60, the hybrid was pure muscle and fur, his horns swollen into vast spires, his teeth massive and strong.

"But h-hey, if you don't d-do it…"

Melon groaned, his eyes widening as he burst too, too big; the frame warped fully out into a ring around his quaking mass as he spurted messily to 40 feet, then 45.

"Then I'll bring it all down, m-myself!"

Looking about, Gosha caught sight of a wall-mounted lever for the floor, itself a massive shutter covering a storage pit. He did his very best to tap it with a tip of his claw, only for nothing to happen. The lights in there were on, the place couldn't have been decommissioned to the point of no power. He tried again as Melon shook and gutter-laughed, his voice swelling bigger, deeper, his furred neck blowing up with uncontrollable brawn.

"Damn it, *dammit*," the lizard murmured, jabbing at it more and more forcefully.

"That's your plan, gramps?" Melon boomed, the frame popping loose and snapping open around his 50-foot body as he stood to full glory, letting a massive shaft burst out of his torn leggings. Even Gosha lurched back as it stirred to life, throbbing bigger and fatter atop two monstrous, spherical sacs. "Hope you have a plan B, b-because I…I'm still…g-gh–"

Indeed, to even the elder's surprise, Melon wasn't done growing. His fur fluffed out in bristly waves as more and more muscle exploded onto his rising body, his shaft pumping larger,

harder, stirring to life as it swelled higher, the hybrid's bulging arms forcing the break in the frame to widen evermore.

"I…can feel it," Melon gulped, snorting lewdly as he shook. "I can a-actually *feel* it…hah! Do you u-understand, gramps? What that means for me? Can you, even?"

Gosha ballooned to 70 feet, his head rising up into the balcony area of the loading bay, his biceps bursting out 50 feet across as his pecs gorged on bulk, inflating too big for even his arms to properly cage…and yet, Melon was gaining on him fast, his erection bulging up so far out that it tip-tapped, then stroked higher up the reptile's own flaccid, enormous member, which picked there and then to pop out through his ripped boxers, a challenge answered.

"S-stop that!" Gosha barked, glaring, unable to back out into the smaller warehouse.

"I…I can feel! I-it's even *better* t-than pain!"

The massive gazelle hybrid *boomed* bigger, as if encouraging his body further, farther, uninhibited by the shackles of decency or restraint. He roared up to 75 feet and brought a massive fist up, only to strike his own pectoral, able to withstand the massive force as a shockwave tore out and cracked the old windows. The vibrations tickled through his growing bulk, making Melon's eyes flutter darkly as his erection swelled painfully tight.

"Hah…hahaha! Old-timer! Gramps! It's a gift! A gift, look! LOOK AT ME!"

Some primal madness bubbled up as the cold, calculating hybrid *bathed* in power. Panicked on multiple fronts, Gosha lashed both huge arms out, slamming Melon's girth against the back wall of the loading bay as the two titans swelled bigger, and bigger, filling the last gasp of free space.

"T-that's enough, punk!" Gosha bellowed, quaking with muscle and growth.

"Is it, though?" Melon growled, smiling wide. "Haha, don't y-you think that's a bit…i-insincere, gramps? You're getting bigger, too, aren't you!"

Inarguably, the reptile's prodigious member was flaring larger, harder, the more Melon's penis burled and bulged against it, their pectorals bloating flat against each other as his head rammed into the ceiling, and Melon's horns punched clear through. Their thighs and warm sacs collided, ballooning angrily, giddily, slipping and rubbing bigger and tighter as their muscles hit the walls and swelled further, and further.

“W-whatever was in that food,” Melon rumbled, licking his muzzle over, “remind me to thank you for it, after we bring this pitiful old building down!”

Crap!

There was no out–literally. The back wall would have to do.

In one Herculean push, Gosha planted his growing soles into the cracking floor. His bulging toes dug in, claws and all, and with a single, godly shove, Melon was driven back, then clear-through the entire warehouse wall, blowing it wide open in a spray of bricks and smoke.

The adjoining dead mall lost most of its atrium as the back wall of the connecting store shattered, Melon’s huge rump and back muscles obliterating absolutely everything as he bashed down through its glass walls and out into the heart. The food court sank into a trench of cracked tiles as his horned head slammed down, annihilating the long-closed porcelain fountain at the center, the titanic hybrid not even noticing it had been there as he blinked, then snarled in joy.

“Didn’t feel a thing! Haha, h-how funn–AAAAAAAAH!”

Again, the trembling colossus grew, shaking the atrium walls as he swelled up. His erection, wedged from the fall against the ceiling of the store’s 2nd floor, bulged up with such force that it sheared the 3rd story flooring apart, crashing out through the demolished upper balconies. Its tip flopped out into the atrium as he clenched his fists and roared, feeling his head swell bigger against the sundered bottom floor, as his thighs and biceps burst out into the remaining pillars and walls, blasting into the 1st floor stores around him as he grew and grew.

By the time Gosha pushed his way through the erection-swept ruins, Melon was actually *bigger* than him–not by much, it was roughly 100 feet versus 120–but it was enough.

He brought up his huge reptilian fists, taking a fighting stance, when he heard the warehouse start to buckle behind him, threatening to collapse.

“No!”

He circled back and knelt down through the destroyed facade, reaching into the loading bay and using both huge hands to catch the falling sides and sinking roof, lest it spread to the kindergarten itself. He steadied the fall, letting the walls converge together against his guiding hands, so that the collapsing roof and sides rested into one another.

Gosha waited, hearing no further devastation, no falling. He carefully slipped his mighty hands back out, listened, and sighed.

"Ah."

Two bigger hands found his tail, behind him, right after. Then, came the pull.

Gosha's view of the world changed for the worse as Melon yanked the huge komodo back, then twisted, swinging him by his tail, crashing his bulk through the entire side of the mall's 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th floors, bashing the storefronts, balconies, potted plastic plants, light fixtures, benches and everything between into a horrible cloud of chaos.

He sailed off down the way, his back smashing the curve of the former floors and balconies, crushing the escalators and elevator shafts with his brawny back muscles–just as Melon charged, smashing into him, the two growing behemoths crashing through it all together.

Truck-sized feet bashed the cracking foundation as they grew bigger, mid-tumble, mid-push, floors and panels and ceilings all heaving off in a torrent of debris as the entire mall shook, and shook *deep*.

2:27 PM

Yahya scanned every inch of the inner city he could find, from the nearest rooftop he could get up to. It was a pain, and the horse's sides ached from that much running and climbing, but it was a small price overall. The high ground was crucial.

"Anything yet?" he grumbled, one finger up at his earpiece. "Anyone? I know he didn't just vanish down there."

"Nothing yet, sir," an officer sighed, resigned. *"We heard reports of a gunshot near the old packing district, but nothing's there anymore."*

"No, there's still that school, right?" the equine said, quickly. "Some daycare?"

"That place is still around? My God. Er, I'll pull over now, sir, it's close by!"

"Right. Do it."

A shrill little *bleep* interrupted, and Yahya twisted the earpiece slightly.

"S-sir, thank goodness I finally reached you," Mienai began, taking a sip of something for just a moment, as Yahya listened. *"Sir, it's Gon, from Cherryton!"*

"What about him?" Yahya asked, brusquely.

"The experiment, sir! The food! It's all gone wrong, immediately, I-I'm afraid. The control got out of control, the food was mistakenly dispersed beyond our net, and the effects…have you not seen the TV, sir?"

"No, I've nearly got a murderer in my grasp, Mienai, and this isn't helping–"

"Giants, sir. Actual, living giants. The students, they…they've become enormous!"

Yahya watched the city rooftops, blinking once or twice as he took it in.

"Giants."

"Sir, yes. Bigger than entire buildings, from reports. The news has gotten wind, even. Headmaster Gon is furious, he says that most of Cherryton has been crushed, post evacuations. I take full responsibility, sir!"

"...Giants."

"Sir! Please, I know, but believe–"

Bleep

"Yahya, sir!" the same officer shouted. *"We have confirmed shots fired, at least four or five, behind the kindergarten–I repeat, confirmed shots!"*

"I knew it! It's Melon!" Yahya growled, the horse leaning out over the roof, looking out towards the area. "I want a full canvas of the packing district, that includes the abandoned warehouse strip, the closed bars, and even the mall–"

A single, terrible ripple lashed out, putting the entire block into a shudder. Windows snapped, cars wobbled and alarms blared down below, making Yahya tense up on instinct.

"What was–"

The front half of the Pawprint Mall *exploded*, spraying a mountainous blast of clouded ruin forth as two masses spilled out, crashing onto its parking lot and kicking up a bigger cloud right after. The tremor took four whole seconds to heave out under the horse, rocking the entire building as the smoke began to clear in the distance.

"Yahya, si-sir!" the officer roared over the line. *"We've cleared the kindergarten, but the teacher swears two animals are still back there, in the ware–oh, God, the warehouse, it's collapsed at the back! I can't believe the rest of the place is even standing–g-get out, everyone, clear out!"*

"Who?" Yahya demanded, watching in panoramic view as the twin clouds covered what remained of the mall, then began to dissipate. "Who went back there? Melon? Some hostage?"

"Uh, uh…she says a gazelle in a medical mask, and Osh…who? Some lizard, ah–"

The smoke cleared, and the world Yahya knew faded with it.

"Ah."

The horse staggered in place, nearly falling over the roof at the sight of Melon, standing at least 200 feet tall, consumed with throbbing, overblown muscle. Smoke wisped in spires off of his hulking mass, covered in enlarged Melon leaf tattoos, revealing a penis nearly as long as his inflated legs. The remnants of the mall hardly reached his rear as he flexed against himself, enraptured, overtly groping himself as something else emerged–a komodo dragon.

No. *The* komodo dragon.

"Ah, sir, the lizard's name is–"

"Gosha," Yahya murmured, his eyes wide to the point of discomfort. "Gosha!"

The horse's mind nearly snapped as the reptile rose to an awesome, unreal 230 feet, bigger than Melon, and even more laden with raw, pulsing brawn.

"You know him, sir? Yahya?"

The horse's face stayed long as he watched, agape, not speaking, not thinking. Only watching. Gosha visibly rumbled all over, blowing up even bigger, making the equine step back in complete, stupefied awe.

“Gosha…gigantic?”

Math began to insinuate itself back into his faculties, adding up what was there.

Bleep

“Mienai!”

“There you are, sir–Gon is demanding to see you right away–”

“How many!”

“W-what?”

“How many giants are there!?”

With no guarantees remaining as to who would stay biggest, Gosha went for it while he was on top. The mammoth lizard stomped back towards the mall, clutching Melon directly by the burning-hot brunt of his erection.

“Eh,” Melon started, surprised out of his reverie. “Wh–”

Gripping just beneath the tip, Gosha elected turnabout and stomped back, pulling and spinning himself around, yanking Melon off the firmament by his own length. With one massive swing he spun Melon about, then put him right back into the mall, the hybrid smashing into the structure and through the collapsed street, down into the sewers.

Not finished, Gosha clutched the member tighter, feeling it receptively balloon bigger in his grip as Melon shook with pleasure.

“Right, you *like* pain,” the massive old-timer rumbled. “Then Happy…Birthday!”

Twisting it with both hands, he pulled again, lifting Melon up from the rubble and hammer-throwing the behemoth clear out over the lot, over the road, out into the abandoned stretches of buildings in the city’s old D-zone. Melon went head-first through three huge tenement blocks, blowing them into nothing as his 220-foot bulk rolled over it all like a joke.

It wasn’t a great feeling, seeing the old buildings crumble like that–but better here than anywhere else. At least no one lived here anymore–

The ruins shook as Melon burst back up, towering bigger, and bigger, getting thicker and wider as he rumbled with escalating power. His member billowed bigger, his orbs inflating down over his knees as he coughed out a great plume of soot, snorting the rest free as he surged to 260 feet, then 300 even.

"Feels…so good," he growled, tensing all over, before bursting to 320 feet, his feet swelling bigger through the connecting buildings. "It makes s-sense, though, really! Think about it, gramps–of course I would wind up with something unfit for either side! Interesting!"

A massive foot crushed the street as Melon *thoomed* closer and clasped his huge hands around a derelict post office building, easily uprooting the whole thing.

"Why bother with guns, or knives…when I have this!?"

Gosha braced himself, welling up his venom. He spat a great streak just as Melon charged, his huge size allowing him to close the gap so fast that the building's shell was forced over Gosha's muzzle, damming it up entirely. A public pool's worth of venom splashed inside it, dribbling down cracked windows and busted mortar as Gosha shook his head, trying to get it off.

"See?" Melon bellowed, smirking with even larger teeth. "You went right to your own power, when it suited you! As you should! What's a towering thing like you going to do, otherwise, with all that size? Cuddle a group of crybabies?"

Gosha's fist had ears, and they heard Melon just fine. A 1-ton punch fired square into his jaw, smashing it so hard that even the huge hybrid swung back from it.

"Ah! You see!?"

Melon shuddered, ballooning even *bigger*. His muscles outclassed Gosha's, whipped into a frenzy of power as he spat enough blood to paint a bus, and replied with a high kick to the lizard's ribs–one of such force that the ground danced from the aftershock.

"That's exactly what this is meant for! Tell me I'm wrong, gramps! Go on!"

The 250-foot komodo thudded back, clutching his ribs, before lunging in, rearing his head back, and headbutting Melon, the building-muzzle erupting apart and sending venom everywhere. The bigger hybrid fell back-first, splitting the entire lot in half as his body hit, venom spattering the pavement, the buildings, the trees, *everything*.

It cascaded down from his massive jaws as Gosha took a great ragged breath, inflating himself up another 20 feet, then another 20, and another still. Every time he pumped larger, rumbling up to 310 feet even, nearly as big as the felled Melon.

"Huh," Melon huffed, blinking up at the sky above, before looking over his tremendous pectorals at Gosha. "What's this? I…oh, no way. You burst it open when it was filled with venom, but…it missed me? With that much, it missed me!?"

He lumbered up into a stand, patting his vast muscles over, his erection bobbing quizzically about as he huffed.

"Wait."

He finally bothered to look right in front of Gosha, seeing a massive pool of venom between them both–right where the building had been muzzling him.

"I cracked a window while you were reeling from the punch," the old-timer chuckled, wiping his muzzle politely. "Drained it out before the impact."

Melon looked astonished. Then, utterly disappointed.

"That's idiotic."

"I could have killed you!" Gosha puffed, glowering.

"Like I said! You actually have such a blessing as to be able to exercise your hate, and this is what you choose to do with it? Pathetic! It figures, a senile type like you would come into this gift–"

Gosha, being big enough, had Melon's head in his huge hand before the hybrid knew what was what. As it turned out, *what* was building-shaped, as his muzzle, head and horns were summarily smashed into an entire office building, a skyscraper, the interior pouring in over it as Gosha pulled him out, then smashed him in *deeper*.

"I didn't…"

SMASH

"...get out of bed today…"

CRASH

"...to explain life to a stupid punk!"

Melon exploded through the skyscraper, all of it, the higher topside caving in as ton after ton of cement rained down over him. Then, the next building hit, or rather, vice versa, as Gosha battered it with Melon's bruised body.

"If you can't deal with life…"

Melon croaked something, before Gosha slammed his face down the side of another skyscraper, *beat-beat-beat-beat*. Melon broke off and swung the falling topside of a skyscraper around, only for Gosha to crack it in half with his elbow, flip it by its flagpole top like a handle, and crack it back around on Melon's skull like a baseball bat.

"...then that's your problem! Not everyone else's! Life's hard enough!"

At his massive size, Gosha's lecture carried all the way over the rooftops, block after block, the decibel force pressure slamming into Yayha. From that far away, the horse didn't just hear his old comrade laying it down for the uninitiated. He *felt* it.

"My best friend took that anger and did good with it!"

The words battered out against Yahya again, the horse still stunned. A blush might had introduced itself to the horse.

"The world hated me too! Like it hates those good-natured kids!"

"Guh"

Melon's fist shot out of the smoke, pummeling Gosha in his snout–yet the old lizard shook it off like nothing, trembling deep, swelling up even bigger, and bigger, rising up over floor after floor of the surrounding buildings as he bulged thicker.

"Even you just got the gift to *feel*, and what happens? You choose to feel yourself? Feel the pain, only?"

Melon's head and horns responded, the 400-foot male swollen with unending muscle as he pushed Gosha back through another building, blowing it apart, before the 420-foot reptile shoved even harder.

“Oh, talk, talk,” Melon snarled, battered and bloodied. “You know what your psychological profile is, gramps? Guilt!”

Again, the hybrid ballooned *even bigger*. His bus-sized feet crashed lower and lower into the snapping streets, soles as big as lanes. His arms blimped wider, stretching his tattoos out as more and more leopard spots began to swarm around his fur, growing in number as his teeth lengthened terribly. His thighs bulged grossly as he grappled the dragon, leaning in, pecs to pecs, shaft to shaft, not caring, not bothering to.

“And really, what could you do, before right now? Read to some small fries? Buy snacks? Tell me, if you’re so prosperous, then why does all the cruelty persist? Why does the Black Market still stand? And what kind of *lifetime success story* slums around with half-breeds stuck in the back corner of that sad little fridge box you call a daycare?”

Melon’s hands quested without warning for Gosha’s neck, and found it. Even with that much bulk, the lizard felt the squeeze as Melon throttled, then choked him outright.

“No one that *never* let down their loved ones *ever* ends up in places like this, and you know it.”

Gosha grimaced, landing blow after blow on Melon’s bruised ribs; the old-timer must have been landing some real crushers, being 390 feet tall to his 440, because the pain was going right to Melon’s erection, making it roar tighter and fatter against Gosha’s thighs. In kind, the hybrid’s grip tightened so much that the reptile’s vision blurred.

“In fact, let me guess! I’m good with this sort of thing: someone just like those kids. You lost someone just like them. Had to be earlier, given your age. You’re strong as hell, but you hold back too much, which points to self-blame, to limitation. Muzzling. So tell me, gramps…was it yours? A son? A grandson, even?”

Gosha’s scales shuddered, but not from growth. He was getting bigger, granted, but this was something else.

“Oh, look at that!” Melon laughed, coughing right after as Gosha landed another crushing blow to his stomach. “Ah! Huh, hah…I got it, didn’t I? Not that it’s so tough.”

Even Yahya, from that far, backed away, finally showing genuine fear. He knew what those scales were doing.

“Clear the area,” he ordered, shouting into his comm. “Right now!”

“Sir, we already cleared–”

“No, clear it all. Clear everything you can! Everyone! Get the chopper here, now!”

Gosha’s scales rattled and flared, standing at attention across his humongous form, until they clattered like a million skull-teeth. Like the dead come back.

“That’s exactly why you’ll fail here, old-timer,” Melon boomed, swelling bigger, and bigger still. His back muscles soared out, crowding his own body as more and more spots consumed him, spreading across his expanding pectorals and inflated biceps and lats. “That’s what types like you do–fail in the clutch, then spend too long making up for it with half-assed measures, to the wrong people! Some pacifist you are! You can’t repay a bank by giving an ice cream sundae to a stranger! You can’t buy off hate!”

Gosha’s entire body trembled, then vibrated eerily, even as his vision began to black out.

“How big of a sundae would you even need, to *buy back* your kid’s love–”

Yahya scrambled into the helicopter and strapped right in as it took off.

Every single scale boofed out, then held, going dead silent. Melon, all 480 feet of him, froze in the same fashion as Gosha’s trembling migrated to a second’s stillness–then, a *detonation*.

400 feet…

Melon’s hands parted, unwillingly, around a swelling neck as the old reptile thundered up larger, his chest flowing out into Melon’s, then up past it as his arms exploded in mass. Scales stretched out in unison, flaring even higher as his shoulder blades erupted too big, forcing his colossal biceps and forearms in around Melon’s sides.

490 feet…

One of the hybrid’s eyes had already swollen purple and shut, but the other saw

everything. It saw the komodo dragon boom bigger in all directions, his biceps bloating up into his downward-surging pecs, his abs swelling out in a row over his monstrous shaft. His tail plumped and swelled longer and wider at the base, demolishing the emptied old buildings down the line as he snatched Melon by his own throat. The hybrid's massive hands clawed up at the reptile's, feeling them grow and grow, until his vision was overtaken as they outgrew the sides of his neck, unable to make even a scratch.

550 feet…

"HRK"

"MY GRANDSON," Gosha seethed, his voice doomsday in slow motion, "IS AMAZING. WHATEVER I AM, HE IS, BUT BETTER! IF I DON'T SEE HIM EVER AGAIN, I CAN AT LEAST KNOW THAT HE'S A G-GOOD BOY!"

590 feet…

Melon's feet left the ground as Gosha's arms kept exploding bigger, thicker, boundless striations clenching under his flared scales as he lifted the colossus high.

"GHK!"

"BUT IF YOU DON'T WANT ANY WISDOM FROM YOUR ELDERS…"

648 feet, exactly, nearly 550 across, and 100 from back to pecs.

"THEN I WON'T HOLD YOU UP–"

Yahya could only watch in horrified wonder as Gosha, skyscraper-sized and bursting with muscle, flipped even the immense Melon up, caught him head down, and *pile-drove* him straight into the district.

Not the street. Not the ground. Not the block.

The district.

His astronomical body weight made the trip short but impactful as Melon's upper half embedded into the earth itself, shattering the entire sector as it cratered deep. The old forgotten slums caved into great fissures as geysers five hundred feet high blew, untold pressure blasting

loose as the city shook. The shockwave narrowly missed the Black Market, rocking that sector so hard that Yahya's chopper spun from the passing air pressure.

"Gosha, dammit," the horse moaned, holding on as the chopper righted itself.

Gosha stood, and stood alone. His scales stayed high, on alert, his old, meaner self carved into his snarling muzzle as he bellowed out smoke and heat, shaking with it.

"YOU CAN'T SPELL PACIFIST…WITHOUT FIST," he boom-hissed, his vast bulk flexed too tight, too ready to strike. "...LITTLE PUNK."

Yet, Melon went limp, still half-buried into the turf, a hundred angry cracks webbed out around him. It took a full minute for the reptile to cool down enough to blink, and even that hurt a bit against the strain he'd built.

"MMH."

His eyes softened as he looked around, then went absolutely pale. His scales lowered flat, calm, like a lake after a storm, all smooth once more.

"Oh."

He had to remind himself very quickly that the old part of town had been long abandoned; the only areas still populated this far toward the edge of the Black Market were–

Ice water filled his veins.

"The Kindergarten!"

He clasped his hands over his mouth, a wave of terror crashing through him.

"They're fine, you idiot."

The komodo dragon twitched, startled, making him look all around.

"HOLD STILL, GOSHA, DAMN YOU!"

At that volume, and at that specific pitch of anger, the overgrown lizard suddenly understood–well, he didn't know how it was, but he sure knew *who* it was.

"Y…"

A tiny, mite-sized helicopter passed along, an even-smaller-but-much-brighter flare lighting up and waving his attention over to it. A reptile eye larger than a big house loomed as it BLINK-BLINKED, squinted…then widened.

The colossus's mouth opened wide, slack-jawed, as Gosha's maw began to overflow with venom, pouring off in awkward, open waterfalls, a blatant torrent of emotion.

"Y…YAHYA!?"

"Hmph. Been a bit," the horse's amplified voice said, still barely audible at Gosha's terrific size. *"I see you took care of Melon for me. And yes, before you blow us back by asking aloud, that daycare class of yours is fine. My men had them out by the time you emerged from the mall. The area was already under evacuation, luckily."*

Gosha BLINKED again, the horizon of the reptile's face shifting as the old komodo sighed in relief, blowing out a hurricane gale just shy of the chopper.

"THANK GOODNESS, THANK GOODNESS. OH."

"Watch where you relieve your relief!"

Yahya lowered the megaphone, rubbing his temples in agitation. As different as this scenario surely was, the horse had no trouble in understanding how little anything else had changed. Gosha was still Gosha–even if old Gosha had killed the young Gosha. *His Gosha.*

Plus, good grief…his friend wasn't just bigger. He was *bigger*. Tracing the waterfalls of venom as they went down, the horse had seen a phallus over 200 feet long. It was an adjustment.

"Sir, we have the class moved into the nearest shelter," the officer from before said, over the line. *"Uh, we grabbed everything we could from the scene, just before the cave in at the warehouse, and all the…well. The rest."*

"Good job," Yahya sighed. "I take it there were no accounts from the faculty or students, regarding how on Earth they got so big."

"N-no sir, I did ask, repeatedly. They have no idea how this happened, either. Sir, the media is going to go insane with this, and soon."

Mienai's words echoed in Yahya's memory, a bit too loud.

"Let them. Covering up is a fool's errand, at this point, time is precious. I'm sending Mienai to collect the articles from the scene. Hand them over and we'll take it from there."

"Yes, sir!"

Gosha thumped his massive palm on his even larger pectoral, trying to tell his heartbeat what it ought to slow down to, with varying results.

"Gosha."

"HMM?"

"I know it's a big ask, but considering the damages done…I want you to report in. We'll be gassing Melon out with all the tanks we have in about three minutes' time. Given our past, I…don't intend to gas you. Will you help carry him to where I tell you to go?"

Gosha glanced back down at Melon's body, still unconscious.

"OF COURSE," the behemoth rumbled, grinning warmly. "FOR YOU, ABSOLUTELY."

It still wasn't the face of his true old friend. In that moment, however, it was close enough, even for Yahya.

"Okay, then. Pick him up, and let's go."

5:03 PM

Yahya met Mienai halfway across the station lobby as every television prattled on about the giants, where they had last been seen, what they were doing, which ones had been found and taken in by top security forces and military liaisons, etc. That didn't matter so much, at that particular juncture.

"Let's have it," the horse commanded, reaching out as the zebra sheepishly offered the bag up to him. "This is everything from the scene?"

"All of it, sir. We have the harlequin rabbit in custody, along with Melon and Gosha. Our other facility took in a…sheep and a labrador, as well, deliveries from Cherryton. Gon was very adamant that you help. The rest are still at…well. They're around."

"One giant at a time, then," Yahya grumbled. "Legoshi, we'll ask next. Ugh, Gosha's own grandson, of all the ones. It *is* Legoshi, right, his name?"

"Yes, sir, Gon confirmed it. We already tried to get them to comply, but it…didn't work out. The deer accompanying him is Oguma's own son, Louis, heir to the Horns corporation. They were a more manageable size earlier, b-but they've exploded so much bigger since–and Oguma's surely aware that his son is not only huge, but expanding even bigger over time."

"Great."

"He's already put in several calls, I'm afraid; he'll send representatives if we don't respond soon. Frankly, I'm concerned that he knew to contact us, before the media reported–"

"One giant at a time, I said."

The horse took the bag up and looked through it, twitching an ear as he did.

"I didn't have the heart to look into it before, sir. I already feel bad enough, I had no idea that this could ever result in–sir?"

Yahya went still, as if paralyzed, staring into the bag. He slowly showed Mienai the inside, holding the bag by its handles.

Inside was a Smith & Wesson, markers and books, spent casings, and a cookie wrapped in colored cellophane. They both gawked at the cookie, and it alone.

"Sir."

"I'll…be in my room, Mienai," Yahya quietly said, toting the bag with him toward the elevators. Mienai followed.

"Wait, sir, shouldn't R&D get that cookie?"

"I've got it."

"Right, but ah…it's–"

Yahya took the elevator without replying, all the way up to his chambers at the top.

The Zebra's heart drummed so loud he could hear it, as a wild thought struck.

"You wouldn't," he whispered, suddenly horrified.

The elevator *dinged* open, and Yahya stepped out. He put the bag down on a table, took the cookie out, and just held it. Felt it over. For the longest time.

"It really is a new world, now," he muttered, his heart slamming and crashing in his chest. "A world of absolute…giants."

He was really saying it. That nonsense was real, so he was saying it. Aloud.

With no one there to see, to know, the horse considered one specific thing, allowing the momentary thought of it out of a pen he never knew even existed, within him. As soon as it left, it got too big–too big to ever put back in its pen, again. In seconds, it filled his every thought, getting harder and harder to push down.

Every fiber of his herbivore being screamed for it, to the point that his hand shook.

Yahya swallowed dryly as the thought just kept swelling, overtaking reason, attacking the logic of the real world, and replacing it with a different one, bit by bit.

He put the cookie down, picked up the phone, and put in a call, controlling his breathing.

"Hello? Yes. Yes. I need a meeting, as soon as possible. Yes, I imagine he has seen the news, or at least heard. That's right. It's not just about the giants. I need to talk to the whale…about the meteor. Why?"

Multiple answers flew by, internally. He picked the most responsible-sounding one:

"To keep it from falling into the wrong hands. That's right. Every fragment, even the big one. I want it here, under *my* watch, from now on…"

ROOFTOP, BLACK MARKET

OPERATIVE T, 4:31 PM

"Sir, let me explain–"

"Please do," Mienai growled over the line, his words cold iron. "That would be why I called you. Again. Glad to know you function well enough to *eventually* grasp the point of my attempts to reach you. Now, talk until I'm satisfied."

The capybara turned away from Cosmo's colossal nudity in the distance, putting her free hand up over her ear as the crowds on the street roared in approval.

"Ah, s-sir, it…it wasn't my fault! I followed the one student that left the school grounds with food items, *our* food items. I-I followed her down to the Black Market, into a hotel, but lost her at the elevator. I went floor by floor to try and catch her, only they blew up too big and I barely made it out alive–"

"They?"

"T-the okapi and the student, a wolf; they ate the food before I could find their room. I was flung clear over to the neighboring building as they broke out, sir, it was insane–"

"Insane!?" Mienai hissed, something that until now she never knew a zebra could do. "You want *insane*, look at the news! We have an epidemic of gigantism going on that's impossible to control! We have several of them in captivity, but the public already saw them! Who *wouldn't* see a nude animal as big as an office building–"

"I know, sir, I a-apologize! I just, there was no way to know the effects were this powerful! The sample tray was knocked over, it wasn't my fault!"

"No, that's *exactly* what it is, given I have to explain this to Yahya!"

That frigid bit finally set T's blood to a crawl.

"I…I nearly died, sir!"

"Don't bother returning to headquarters," the zebra sighed. "Go straight to Site Omega, immediately. The higher ups have designated it our containment center, for now, due to its

capacity. We're well past damage control, so there's no point in you fumbling around anymore. Thankfully, some more giants have arrived on site; one volunteered to carry the other in with Yahya's convoy. But he'll be back at headquarters shortly, and I'll have to get him up to speed on the big picture. As for you, we sent extraction teams to each sighting for collection and control, *such as it is*…there should be one there now. Get with the TL and report in on arrival."

"Sir," T interrupted, with the last of her floundering courage. "Am I fired?"

"Just get in their van."

The line went dead, along with her hopes. Her stubby arms hung in defeat as Cosmo's thuds shook the whole building, the cheers below no longer penetrating the shell she was in. She bit her lip, sighed for what felt like an hour, and made her way down, leaving the unconscious avian topside as she went.

DOWNTOWN

From his vantage, the streets were so small that they were no longer real.

They had always been such, that much had never been a secret. To Yahya, the world *was* small, and would always be. There was no other explanation for why it was so full of evil that it had no room of its own, and had to crowd into what little good there was in order to thrive.

So, what was the difference, now? There was one, he was sure of it. He just didn't know what it was. Was it the sheer height of the building he was on? Was there a building this big?

There were his feet–wait. Wait, no.

They weren't set on a building. It wasn't some fancy trick of perspective.

They were on the city.

Clouds grazed lazily against impossibly big legs, thick, dark fur wavering in the breeze–in the sky, even. And that was it: he wasn't on the ground, so much as he was *in the sky*.

The world was beneath Yahya, in the most final and literal of senses. His breaths ejected faster, blasting out of two impossibly colossal, flared nostrils, each one a volcano rim at minimum. The sheer intake of air swelled his chest massively, an electric energy rising up as though awakened by his awareness, utterly delighted to see him.

His brain was kind enough to suggest, free of charge, just how heavy his arm was when he raised it, his multi-mile hand blasting cloud banks into ribbons as it rose to his sight, and made a fist that could crush the moon.

Yahya was big. Big-big. Unthinkably, absurdly, *awesomely* big.

The input, the sensation, the *knowing* was of such a magnitude that it bulged throughout his towering body, desperate for more space to fill; that space was found, without his permission or dignity, as a monstrous shaft bobbed up in a mean arc in the sky, wobbled, then throbbed aggressively bigger, and bigger, blasting longer and fatter ahead of him.

A natural reaction, surely. What male wouldn't do the same, right? This wasn't specifically *him*, after all. That would be insane.

Still, that fantastic god-breathing escalated, and Yahya reeled against a lifetime of buried want, all of which piled out of his stuffy self, and right into the ever-swelling member, where the fun times were. He shifted his incalculable thighs, felt the jostle and heat of his overgrown sacs settling against them, and gulped.

His mere gulping rocked the landscape, the city quaking as the vibrations blasted down through his huge feet and out into the turf below.

It was madness, silliness in high form. It was stupid. Impractical. Scary.

But God, it was *right*.

Then, among the whistling wind and the cooling atmosphere, came the car horn. It was far too loud, too close. How could a god like him hear something so small, from so far down on the planet, with its petty problems and injustices?

The horn went off again, louder, braying in his ear until the horse snapped to, waking in the back seat of his limousine as the driver honked a turtle off the front walk of their destination.

"Yahya, sir?" the driver began over the line, clearing her throat. "We're here."

SUMMIT HEADQUARTERS

YAHYA, 5:21 PM

It never got familiar, being out on the water with nothing but the small pontoon and the oar–not that Yahya ever wanted to get used to it. The sea was so big, as it was, and the lake-sized pool centering the Summit chamber was close enough to suit him.

Even it was still bigger than him, in his dream.

The slightest shudder caught him by the tail, tunneling up through his body as he rowed out and waited, hoping the shiver wasn't detected. His fine suit concealed many things, as the best kinds were meant to; he'd given himself ten extra seconds before stepping out of his limo, just in case his pants decided to give away the one thing he'd taken from the dream.

Hopefully marine-dwellers couldn't detect that sort of…*personal* thing. After all, the equine had given as much for his position as he had gotten, in his career; fine clothes, power, prestige, his own garden, an entire department at his disposal. He could have had anything, yet had so little left after giving what he could to justice. Not once had he ever had reason to consider being bigger than entire mountains. Nor had he imagined the thought would even stick, once it had landed. But so help him, there it was.

The thought of carrying an erection into a government building made him worry, for one stupid moment, that the metal detector might have gone off when he had entered.

The cookie had returned to his thoughts over and over and over and over, an unshakable phantom, a singular temptation so big that–

"Oh."

The water stirred below, interrupting. *Thankfully*.

This was it.

A series of whines and clicks echoed up from the lake, followed by a low, powerful moan. Yahya's ears twitched, receptive and ready, and the horse cleared his throat to click and moan back, as loudly as he could (without shouting).

"You've heard the news, then?" the horse marine-spoke, as best he could.

"Troublesome as it is, Yahya, yes."

The words rumbled up as the whale's form made itself better known, a wavering, colossal mass hovering just underneath his platform. Farther off, pale white eyes floated, watching, unblinking as the behemoth neared.

"Yes. I'm afraid that an attempt at gauging the efficacy of a compound has gone terribly wrong, here on the land."

"Giants, the news said," the Whale answered, briskly, despite his ancient age. *"Giant mammals thudding around on land, making a bother."*

"...Yes."

"Getting bigger, even, as time passes. Rapidly bigger."

"Well–"

"Bigger than I, even. Such an odd thought to have to hold onto."

The mass in Yahya's boxers swelled the tiniest bit, hearing it put that way.

"It is…surreal, yes. Entirely agreed. I wanted to ask you about something, relative to this outbreak of gigantism. Any information you may have would be–"

"The meteor."

Yahya paused, thrown.

"The what?"

"The meteor," the Whale clicked, more plainly. *"From my experience, nothing else in this world's history could possibly be responsible for that level of danger."*

"Y-you know, already?"

"I've ***known****. Yahya, you know I respect you–for a land creature. I find you a strong representative of your kind. Yet, I confess, I am again reminded that land-dwellers are immature,*

intrinsically. The necessitation of your position makes this clear. Yet, even I had no idea how stupid they actually be, until now."

Oh, he wanted to argue. Badly.

"I wish I could rebuke that," Yahya slowly replied, the horse's fur bristling slightly against his fine suit. "But that would be even more immature, wouldn't it."

"It would."

"You ended the Herbivore-Carnivore war 100 years prior, with just your size and your presence alone. Your words of peace followed on the carpet your size rolled out. I couldn't possibly describe the level of respect I have for you–"

"Size?" the Whale huffed, underwater. *"Yes. Yes, I suppose that helped. So, were you as big as I, you would have done similar, my friend?"*

Yahya gulped, refusing to enjoy the idea. That wasn't him. It was that damned cookie, sitting in his thoughts, that new and terrible temptation.

"I wouldn't presume to have done it as well as you," he sighed, honest and open. "But I like to think I'd have tried, yes."

"Hmm. The only reason anyone knowledgeable in history would bother with the meteor that killed the dinosaurs would be because of the old legends. Yes? The power the ancient life animals said it held?"

"Well, not literally," Yahya grumbled, trying not to feel chastened. "We only used a fraction of a fraction of just one chunk of it–one that was only *purported* to have been real. That the old records show such vitality and long life spans of the life animals, well. The idea that herbivores might attain that sheer vitality was–"

"Irresistible? Surely."

"With respect," Yahya retaliated, "you're big. You've *been* big for so long. I doubt you feel the same fear that smaller beings feel, being so much easier to threaten, to coerce. Even a height difference of a few feet makes for quite a power gap on land, and that's just between carnivores. That fear increases drastically for herbivores."

*"And you imagined getting on **equal ground**, as it were."*

Yahya paused.

"Greater ground, then."

The horse cleared his throat again, looking away, clutching the oar loudly.

"You can say it, friend. Help me understand."

"It wasn't about being physically bigger, to be fair. It was just having enough power to defend ourselves better. I could have made a world that was easier to protect. More just. More *fair*. I know it could be abused, but the reward was worth the risk."

"How so? Because you could equalize your world, or because you could be ***even stronger*** *than them, in the end?"*

It was a fair question. Unloved, but fair.

"Only if need be," Yahya sighed. "I know evil wouldn't disappear for it. I could have just…smashed it so much easier, reduced it."

The water settled after a moment, and the horse could only wait.

"That meteor was worshiped before the war was even a thought. The old tribes on the shores found it among the bones of even the mighty dinosaurs of old, thinking that its presence is what made them so big. Giant bones, after all. It's a reasonable conclusion, for then."

Yahya leaned over the pontoon railing, listening intently. Here was the talk, at last.

"The life animal tribes…history maintains they were larger, bulkier, yes? They had proximity to the meteor, for years and years. Over time it was moved from tribe to tribe, breaking off here, bumping or cracking there. It was thought lost for ages, even though elders and victorious tribes held it for so long…"

"Until it was believed to be found in the Northern ruins, and broken down further, yes," Yahya concluded. "The fragment we used was small, purchased at auction during a property selloff last Spring. We weren't even sure it was the real thing, as I said."

"It seems it was."

“Yes. Is there anything else you can tell me about it?” Yahya pressed, nearly tipping the pontoon a bit as he leaned closer yet. “Anything I need to know. Did the ancient tribes ever actually…use it? Consume it?”

“So, they ate from the meteor,” the Whale moaned, stirring in the lake. *“Goodness.”*

“A-again, we didn’t know it would lead to this. Believe me. Now that it’s happening, I just want to know how to stop it, reverse it. Clearly, this is untenable, I am aware.”

“I wish I had better news, then,” the Whale pulsed, slowly. *“I can only speak to old mutterings of its powers, and those mutterings never included any carnivore or herbivore consuming it. That offers no concept of how to reverse the growth, now that it has started.”*

“My best men are scouring the databases as you and I speak,” Yahya insisted. “They’re combing over every registered purchase of every item remotely matching the description of a meteor segment.”

“Oh?”

“I mean to commandeer each and every piece, yes. Seizure notices will go out by dint of law for their return to my headquarters, immediately.”

“Then, you will have it.”

“Correct.”

*“All that **power**.”*

Yahya moved back to the center of the platform, smoothing his mane out.

“Better with me than with the world, yes?”

“Why not destroy it, then, once you have it?”

The horse paused, in a completely different manner.

“A fine idea. Agreed. *After* we study it to find an antidote. In conjunction with immediate studies of the giants we have in confinement, we–”

“You have them?”

“Some. Most of them. Containment efforts are ongoing.”

“But they’re still growing larger?”

The intercom blared to life overhead, filling the chamber.

“Yahya, sir, you’re wanted at the front lobby of the Summit.”

“Ah,” he snorted, twitching an ear. “I apologize for taking up your time, I should go.”

“Not at all,” the Whale moaned below. *“I wish I could have been of more help.”*

“You’re taking this all so well.”

“I can flee to the ocean, friend. Hopefully they will stop swelling bigger before they run out of land, and spill into our home.”

Yahya had already begun to row the platform away when the final words attacked, putting a chill up his backbone. What kind of chill it was chilled him even further.

Again, the horse stopped to briefly check himself, just in case. It was worth a moment of embarrassment now, as opposed to a lifetime of it, had any officials seen the old Beastar walking around with a third leg in public.

Happily, he wasn’t showing, and rightly so. Again and again, he cast thoughts from his dream out, battling as cleanly as he could with the whale’s words:

*or because you could be **even stronger** than them, in the end?*

The last animal Yahya wanted to have involved in matters was standing in the lobby, waiting patiently for the horse to show up. This was clear as the old stag’s ears swiveled over to him, the gentleman watching him with laser focus as he grudgingly approached.

“Ogma,” Yahya grumbled, nodding at the red deer out of mandatory respect.

The stag was younger, technically, but he wore the look and feel of an older male nonetheless–a sharp one, at that. His massive antlers heralded him like a crown, saying all the

things the deer didn't have to. A set of trim glasses rested on his muzzle, narrow, calculating eyes set squarely on yahya as Ogma shook his hand, hard. That the CEO of one of the largest conglomerates in the world might employ such a handshake was no shock.

"Yahya," he said, quietly. "Good that you're here."

"Odd that you are, if you don't mind my saying so," Yahya started, concerned.

"I was intent on finding you quickly, while this portion of the city remained giant-free," the stag replied, clasping his furred hands, a bit of reddish brown interrupting the stark green of his suit as he did so. "I believe you've been petitioning for *my* meteor."

YAHYA'S LIMOUSINE

OGMA, 5:41 PM

"Yours, you said," Yahya spoke, ready to pry. "How much of it belongs to you?"

"Nearly all of it," Ogma flatly said, sitting opposite his own leather chair at the back. "I was unfortunately not present for the auction that your people dominated, in the Spring."

"You're not asking why we're asking, then?"

"No need, time is too precious. I knew why I purchased the fragments over time, whenever there was a possibility they were genuine. The Horns Conglomeration owns much in the way of elder antiquities and, ah, knick-knacks, if you will. The buried legends I had translated were very telling, but I never knew the fragments really could do…what I've seen on TV today. I knew they had power, but to see it in such a fantastic form, gracious. Shame that the giants aren't nearer, so that I might see it myself."

"You can't mean that."

"Oh? To see Louis, my *son*, towering like a great god? To see an herbivore, a deer, so mighty and tall? Why wouldn't I? Who else but he would wield such might, properly?"

"You aren't worried for him?"

“Only for what he might do. The boy is incredibly reckless, after all, despite his control. A fine paradox. It *is* interesting.”

Yahya furrowed his brow just enough in answer. Nevermind that, on so many levels, he absolutely understood. Ogma was already scanning the cityline as they drove along, perhaps trying to spy his boy looming over it all. Didn’t matter, if so. He was a businessman, and business was happening.

“You’ll hand them over, then?”

“No. They’re on a good faith loan. The moment the first requisition was submitted to Horns, I was notified, and filed the paperwork. They’re en route to Site Omega as we speak.”

“You *know* Site Omega–”

“And Delta. Yes. The city contracted Claw Hammer Construction to both sites, which is a subsidiary of the Horns Conglomerate. Naturally, I would know. Omega is a wise choice, for containment, I will say.”

“You know they’re all still getting bigger.”

“Yes, the news made that clear,” the stag rumbled, looking calmly back at Yahya. “I know I ought to be fearful, that time is against us, should their growth be…ongoing. Don’t misunderstand. Perhaps it’s the newness of the situation, the very idea…it hasn’t sunk in yet, let’s say. Too new to know fully. Perhaps, too *big* to know.”

“You’re alright with us testing the fragments, still?” Yahya pressed. “With testing the giants in captivity, as well, to find a cure?”

“Of course.”

“Even if that involved your…Louis?”

Ogma gave the oddest little grin, crossing his legs, making the chair groan softly.

“You don’t have him. He’s too clever to get caught.”

“Too strong now, too. It’s a problem.”

Ogma grinned the tiniest bit wider.

“Granted, but…don’t tell me it doesn’t refresh you on *some* base level, Yahya,” the deer replied. “Even the slightest bit. Seeing an herbivore that powerful, at long, long last. I mean, given that it’s all happening, with or without our say so. There’s no harm seeing the upside.”

“Of course. Doesn’t matter, though, ultimately.”

“Of course. Just an idle thought.”

The limousine pulled into a large tunnel at the end of a long turnoff from the city highway, out over the bay. Ogma ran a hand along his furred chin and hummed, seeing how Yahya was now the one staring out the window, out at the great waters.

“Thoughts of your own?”

“Just…thinking of whales,” Yayha muttered, as the driver steered into a secret lane.

SITE OMEGA
FLOOR B15, CELL BLOCK X-3

JACK, 5:43 PM

The warmth of the dormitory was gone, his body knew it. Every canine facility nudged for him to wake up, unhappy with the cold and hardness pushing back at his unthinkable mass.

Eyelids the size of houses fluttered open, Jack’s gentle eyes regaining their intelligence as he snorted and snapped to.

“Gah!” the labrador roared, sitting upright with a start, nearly banging the high ceiling with his head as his ears flopped about. “Wha, what! What.”

Something was intruding upon his periphery, interrupting his view of a huge, clinical cell interior, darkened windows stretching on and on, pale lights humming overhead. Two yellow bulges rose and fell again, breaking his focus, peeking up at him as he licked his huge muzzle and slowed his breathing.

He glanced down.

Oh, goodness.

His chest–it was so massive that it crept out into his own view as he huffed, puffing them out proudly without any intent.

"Oh!"

A tremendous hand felt around, inquisitive, unbelieving, thumping over biceps as big as buildings, his neck a monstrous swell of yellow muscle cradling his head. His thighs consumed the lower section of the cell, twitching receptively, each one caging a mortifyingly vast, throbbing sock, a 90-foot sheath resting over even-larger orbs, swollen and hefty, flooding out to his knees as he sat up and nearly barked from shock.

"What is this!? I…I-I'm huge. I'M HUGE!"

He was, at that; the bulky labrador was of such a scope that standing upright was not remotely feasible. All he could do was stay as much in place as he could as something else moved nearby, pulling his attention over to a huge male sheep.

"Haha," the smaller being laughed, anxiously, roughly a third of Jack's 900-foot form, somewhere in the ballpark of 350 feet. It was much easier for him to stand, though he sported a nearly matching mountain of muscle, and an erection that seemed unwilling to shrink, despite his clear nervousness. "I guess you weren't d-dreaming either, were you, heh? I was maybe hoping I was just in *your* bad dream, and it'd end when you came to. No such luck, eh?"

"Ah! Uh, h-hello," Jack stammered, leaning back from the smaller sheep as though he were a real threat. "I was dreaming, I…I thought. We're really here? Wait, where is here?"

"I was hoping you knew, doggy," the sheep muttered, smoothing his lovely wool out with thick fingers. "Haha. Ah, I was at Cherryton, last I recalled. You and I were cuddling up, and it was honestly really nice–"

"W-WHAT?"

Jack blushed under his fur, shaking his huge head in reflexive denial.

"Well, not like *that*, I mean," the sheep corrected. "You were just such a warm bed, and I seriously thought we were getting bigger in some fun dream I was having, but no, Bill and I really did grow gigantic. S-somehow. Haha. What luck, right? Good grief, I wonder where he is now…he must have gotten away, hah."

“Bill? F-from the Drama Club?”

“You know him?” the sheep *baa*-ed gently, cocking his head and huge horns.

“Well, not very well, I just know he’s in the same club as Legoshi. So, we…all grew at Cherryton, then? Is the school safe? W-where’s Bill?”

“Don’t know, and don’t know. I thought I was falling into a deeper sleep on you, then wham, I really must have passed out. I woke up here, in the same cell as you. But yes, I’m in the Drama Club, along with Legoshi! Name’s Pina. Yours?”

“Oh! Oh, J-Jack. Heh. Good to meet you! Considering.”

“Beats having an empty cell, doesn’t it?” Pina hummed, seeming to warm up quickly now that someone was there to bounce off of. “Especially if this craziness is really real.”

“Did you say ‘Legoshi?”

A very, *very* big voice boomed out, suddenly, from beyond the darkness of their cell window. Jack banged his head in earnest from the jolt it gave him, the immense dog yelping in surprise, more than pain. Given the huge dent it left, the ceiling wasn’t handling it as well.

“Is someone else here, Pina?” Jack softly rumbled, looking around as he hunched.

“I didn’t hear anyone around before–”

“Who’s out there?” Jack barked, wincing at the force of his own voice.

“Is…is that…OH! Oh, Jack!”

The answer quaked out, putting a slight buzz through the cell frame. Jack squinted as Pina watched on, the canine thinking fast. Their quarters seemed to block out smells, meaning it was all up to his ears and auditory memory to–

“Gosha!” Jack whined, perking his ears up. “Gosha! Is that you, s-sir?”

“Who’s Gosha?” Pina groused, looking at Jack for answers.

“It is you, Jack!” the old reptile rumbled from the near distance, suddenly full of relief. “Oh, but what are you doing in this kind of a place!? How…can I even be hearing you…d-don’t tell me you’ve grown big, too!?”

“I-I have, I have! Yes, sir!”

“Who–”

“It’s Legoshi’s Grandfather,” Jack chuckled, his powerful tail thumping against the corner. “He’s here, too!”

“A giant gray wolf?” Pina asked, perking his ears.

“Well, no–”

“Jack, listen,” Gosha’s voice boomed back, firm and concerned. “This is a secured containment area, originally meant to store enemy forces, armaments and waste materials. We’re here because we’ve been…altered by ingesting something we all shouldn’t have, without knowing better. An experiment that’s gone out of control, basically.”

“But sir,” Jack balked, the entire cell rocking suddenly as he moved a bit. “We–whoa!”

“C-careful, heh,” Pina cautioned, his anxiety spiking again. “I don’t t-think we’re exactly level, in here…”

“Who’s that?” Gosha’s voice asked.

“Pina, a Dall sheep! From Cherryton! But, just how do you know all of this, sir?”

“Haha, you can stop calling me ‘sir’, Jack. You’re a friend of my precious grandson! No need to be so formal, especially now. I know what I know, because Yahya explained on my way here. I had to quiet a troublemaker down in the old decommissioned zone, who got too big for his britches.”

“Another giant, then?”

“SHUT UP. ALL OF YOU.”

A female voice bellowed, angry and exhausted. This one was a bit farther off.

“Who is that?” Pina groaned, sighing. “How many giants are there, at this point?”

“I haven’t the foggiest,” Gosha replied.

“Who are you?” Jack asked, the most polite of the bunch. “Could you say, please?”

“...You said you were from Cherryton, right? I heard Pina and Jack. And some older guy. I’m from the academy, too. If you just *have* to know so bad.”

“Okay, is anyone else out there?” Jack added, waiting. Only silence answered. “Anyone at all, any other giants?”

The idea that he was referring to himself as a giant put a little tingle through his soft fur.

“So that’s us four,” Pina murmured, shuddering a little bit, in subtle degrees. “Do they just want us off the city streets?”

“I think it’s more than that,” Gosha answered, as the female voice growled in irritation. “I was told that a meteor was involved in our growth spurts. Well, tiny bits, like a powder pinch of it. Our reaction to it certainly seems to align with the meteor being–”

“THE meteor!?” Jack gasped, nearly banging his head again. “There’s no way. No. The actual dinosaur meteor, from the festival? Bu-but that was all just legend, I heard! I mean, that an old rock from space would…make any kind of physiological change at all…especially on this level, it’s impossible!”

“Yes, but here we all are,” Gosha murmured, sagely. “I believe we’re being held for mutual protection, and for studying. They’ll surely be taking samples and the like to see why we’re growing, and possibly cure it.”

“You think so, s–er, Gosha?”

“I would, if it were me, yes. Can’t let a skyscraper-sized komodo bungle around, after all! Haha, wouldn’t that be a sight! I’d be afraid to show Legoshi, he would have a heart attack!”

“Oh no, sir, he thinks the world of you–”

“SHUT UP!” the female boomed, meaning it this time.

Inside of her cage, Mizuchi went from sulking to fuming, for the hundredth time in the last hour. The massive harlequin rabbit's 220-foot body shifted awkwardly in her own cell, making it wobble on some unseen axis as she huffed.

"Can't even sleep."

Her humongous chest settled and rolled up against her chin as she adjusted for what little comfort she could manage, gargantuan nipples rearing high. She couldn't even fold her arms without resting them atop her swollen bust, her boomed-out rear dimpling against the cell flooring, her feet thumping erratically as she tapped them over and over.

"Stupid little–nnn!"

Her body rumbled, matching her anger, until Mizuchi's entire form began to steadily creep larger, yet, swelling like a furred balloon in her cage.

"H-aaaah…hah…"

Her scowl inverted as a deep tremble overtook her, the colossal bunny bulging bigger, and bigger. Her titanic teats bloated over rising areolae, her hips pulling wider as her thighs gorged on size, her toes swelling out across the floor as the cell pitched and rocked.

"T-that's more…m-li-like it!"

Jack and Pina listened as the rabbit's voice began to get bigger and deeper, husky *booms* rocking her cell as she grew and grew, faster and faster. The supple creak of growth warmed her shaking curves as she flicked her long ears down and bit her lip, rumbling worse and worse still, pushing hotly past 230 feet…250 feet…290 feet…

"B…buh-bigger…"

"Wait, do you that?" Jack gulped.

"I hear something blowing up like a balloon, is what," Pina huffed, starting to rumble worse all over, his thick soft wool fluffing out wider, and wider. "Do you think we're really still getting bi…b-bi…haaaah, huh…"

Jack gulped, again.

"Hey, Pina, are you, uh…are…oh, no, no!"

The sheep's feminine eyes rolled in his skull as he trembled terribly, clenched his overgrown muscles, and throbbed out in one tight, hot burst, groaning aloud as he grew.

"C-crap," Jack growled, looking the interior over uselessly. "Pina, hold on! Stop!"

"Jack?" Gosha started, clearly worried. "Jack, what's happening in there?"

"Huuh," Pina gasped, trying his best to play it off, and failing miserably.

The sheep billowed larger, his maw hanging open as he gasped in raw shock and pleasure. His erection punched forward, swinging up high and slapping his inflated pectorals, wagging up and down over surging woolen orbs. The mighty sheep spasmed and shook and moaned helplessly as he burst again, rocketing up from 360 feet to 380, his knees shaking from complete sensory overload.

His biceps blew out wider, higher, his triceps pumping into mounds as his lats heaved against them, shoving his growing arms out as he swelled closer to Jack, without really moving at all. 400 feet hiccuped to 430, then 460, the size pling on too quick for the labrador's liking.

"Uh, h-he's growing again," Jack muttered, pulling his overgrown arms back defensively as the throbbing sheep let out a low, messy *baa* and blew up to 500 feet.

Mizuchi trembled again and gushed bigger, and bigger, rolling and rumbling as her surging chest overflowed atop her, pouring down over her growing hips. She curled bus-sized toes in abject lust, not caring to slow down, not wanting to stop, letting her form ripple out to 340 feet, filling up the smaller cell at escalating speeds.

"Desist, at once," a voice echoed, reverberating through a small speaker in the ceiling of each cell, breaking through the rubbery groans of constant, surging growth. *"You will stop, or be stopped! We can't have you outgrowing your cells, it's too…okay, gas them! Now! Higher dose!"*

A wave of green-hued steam blasted out of slats in the cell frame's siding, filling each unit in seconds. Gosha, Jack, Pina and Mizuchi all fought for maybe a few moments (not so much Gosha, who just let it happen), and before the count of ten, all of them were asleep.

Mizuchi and Pina's growth spurts mercifully slowed back down to a crawl, growing only by stray inches, and gradually.

Within a minute, thankfully, it stopped outright.

SITE OMEGA
FLOOR B3, R&D, WEST WING

OPERATIVE T, 5:50 PM

"So, you're positive, then?" the stag persisted, looming over a researcher in a white lab coat as the doors *whoosed* open, letting the capybara through–along with her new escort.

"Yes, sir, so far the upped dosage is keeping them sedated," the lab tech affirmed, jotting notes on a tablet with his stylus. "Admittedly, it's only a stopgap. The bigger they grow, the more gas it would take to knock them out, at least quickly. All we're doing is buying time, so far."

"Well, my wallet's still bigger than any of them," Ogma muttered, the red deer adjusting his glasses. "Get your teams in, and get the blood and tissue samples, right away. It should be fairly simple."

"Sir."

The capybara was led in by two larger lizards, each one clad in tac gear; multiple CCTV screens passed by as they walked, allowing her to steal glimpses of what seemed to be massive cages suspended over infinite darkness by gigantic ship chains.

"Operative T?" a familiar voice rumbled, pulling her attention back as the two lizard team members stopped and saluted the horse. "That would be you, right?"

"S-sir!" T responded, saluting the much taller stallion. "Yahya, sir, let me explain–"

"Are you okay?"

"Huh?" she started, still at full salute.

"Mienai said you nearly died in service to us, and you still reported back. You're not hurt, then, are you?"

He was really asking.

“Oh! Oh, n-no, I’m alright, sir, thank you,” she fumbled, suddenly flustered. Her hero was before her, in full glory, and he seemed just as glad that she was there to see it.

“Okay, then. Glad you’re here. Can’t go losing the good ones, right?”

“Oho, I uh, I don’t know about–”

“Ah, yes, thank you for your help, indeed,” Ogma interrupted, cutting in and shaking the smaller female’s hand. “ As you likely saw coming in, we’ve converted the armament storage units into holding cells, due to their massive size. They all sit in a grid atop one another, over in another end of the compound, but can be operated remotely for disposal of any toxic or harmful elements over an excavated pit. They can be moved by beams over it, many miles deep, where materials and weapons are dumped. As you see, in this case, suspending the cells by uneven chains means the occupants lose leverage on moving, and therefore won’t try breaking free.”

“O-oh.”

“Ogma,” Yahya growled, glowering.

“Indeed! We can move the elevator system to any point and match up with the cargo units as we see fit, along an X/Y axis, between the different levels. Some bays are prepped for new arrivals, while the occupied ones are near the bottom. As a final measure, they *can* be dumped–but I don’t think it will come to that at all. I have every confidence we can revert their sizes, and quickly. I want you to know this, rather than worry and ponder.”

“I…t-thank you, sir,” T murmured, perking her small ears. “I appreciate that.”

“Of course,” Ogma replied, seeming completely sincere. “No point in secrecy now, after all. Waste of time. You go to the cafeteria and get some food, the security barracks are down the right side hall from it. Rest up after. You’ve done your part.”

She looked to Yahya, who eventually nodded in kind, giving her a grin.

“Go on. Good job.”

The capybara was so aglow they could have put her in a radiation unit, too.

“Sir! Sirs!”

As she followed the lizards along, Yahya cut the red deer a look.

“She’s had enough excitement, whatever this is all about,” Yahya huffed.

“Agreed,” Ogma sniffed, nodding calmly. “I’m almost envious. But don’t worry, I gain nothing by harming her. She won’t be bothered in any way, so long as she doesn’t bother us.”

Yahya’s glare softened, if by one measly degree.

“Okay. I mean it. She’s one of mine.”

“Completely fair,” Ogma chuckled, as though he were the only adult present. “Now, to our current specimen–I’m taking a lift down to see him. I trust you’re coming?”

SITE OMEGA
FLOOR B12, CELL BLOCK U-1

MELON, 5:58 PM

“You’re certain he’s under steady sedation?”

The voice penetrated the smoky pitch of the hybrid’s thoughts, accompanied by the *whoosh* of a door. He knew the voice. The voice sure knew him.

The 440-foot titan remained slumped within the massive chamber, another gigantic storage unit having been hastily converted into a lab filled with fold out tables, chairs and techs. Each researcher rolled scanning equipment back and forth, little ants gathering data on an ant mound-sized leopard-gazelle. By the time they had entered, Yahya could tell this one had every single ship chain attached, as everything was mathematically even and stable.

Melon’s eyes were drooped low as he breathed in and out, akimbo and dumb.

He had had trouble catching Melon at normal size; as soon as the giant version’s scale registered, the horse couldn’t repress a pang of fear over confronting him *now*.

“God,” Yahya nickered, eyes flicking all over, taking in that much bulk with his near-panoramic vision. “This maniac, of all animals…that huge…”

“Doesn’t seem fair, does it,” Ogma added, cleaning his glasses with a silk handkerchief. “A carnivore would be bad enough, as it is. An unstable hybrid is even worse.”

“Amen.”

“Not the best word to pull, in front of the new gods.”

Yahya’s dream surged back at him, violently. Thoughts of getting even bigger than Melon insinuated themselves at his doorstep, and he locked the house up tight.

No, damn it. No, I said.

“Ogma, sir,” a lanky rat tech said as he looked up to him, before seeing Yahya as well. “Er, Yahya, sir, Ogma…we’ve got the heat and bio-sensor scans complete. It’s rather astonishing.”

One quick stylus tap on his tiny tablet, and Ogma’s bigger tablet blinked on, feeds and readouts popping up on a new window.

“This isn’t conclusive, but the current data suggests temperature spikes occurring with each convulsion of his muscle tissue. Every tic, every flex. Each time, for just a flicker, his cellular activity goes berserk.”

“So, he’s growing? He seems still right now?”

“No, sir, Ogma, he’s *trying* to grow. It’s like one big muscle flexing, tensing, but without exerting any real force. This other scan, here…”

Tap tap

Ping

“That’s his brain activity. See the spikes at the forebrain, predominantly at the Thalamus to the NAcc, culminating at the VTA? That’s the reward circuit, and it’s going insane. Every hard spike correlates with every…*clench*, let’s say.”

“Pleasure and growth,” Ogma snorted softly, staring up at Melon, with what Yahya felt was, once again, the oddest of looks.

“Beats agonizing pain, I imagine,” the horse mumbled. “All that physical change.”

“Exactly,” the rat replied, nodding his little head. “His body is conditioning to respond with pleasure, every time it attempts to grow larger. It’s a feedback loop, and frankly, enormously dangerous. So much the worse, if he equates pain as pleasure.”

“But he will stop eventually, right?” Yahya urged, hopeful. “There’s no such thing as actual perpetual growth, surely. No physical body could sustain itself after a point.”

“Well, that’s the issue, sir. Until now, there was no such thing as *giants*.”

Ogma kept staring, *hungrily*. That was it. That was the word, Yahya finally had it.

“How do we stop it, then?” the equine asked, aiming the words at Ogma. The deer cleared his throat and looked down to the rat for an answer.

“Our hope is entirely in stages, at the moment. First hope, slowing. Second, stopping. Third, reversing. In theory, we would have to send an opposing chemical input, redirecting the body to revert division during early mitosis.”

“And we’re slowing well enough, at the moment,” Ogma contributed, rubbing his chin. “While we’re theorycrafting, what could enforce a full stop?”

Melon’s eyes very slowly fluttered, almost rising, nearly opening.

“Synthesis of a chemical compound derived from the giants themselves. They’re being ordered to grow one way, one direction. We can counter that by reverse engineering the biological samples, but we’d need time. And honestly, I don’t know how much of it we have.”

A low boom escaped as Melon growled, his body quivering ominously. A slow grin formed as the slumbering titan shook all over, quaking the cell more and more.

“HHHHHHHH,” he snorted, his muscles twitching happily, his leopard spots and tattoos starting to stretch slowly bigger.

“Sedatives!” the rat bellowed, making the larger techs all leap into action. “Sedatives!! Now! Now, dammit, put everything we have in him!”

A massive pink bulge pushed out beneath Melon’s monstrous chest as he lay there, ballooning stubbornly, revealing a vast head as his erection billowed larger and larger, forcing his bulk higher, his testicles expanding against his tensing thighs and swelling feet.

"HHHHHHHHHHUHHHHHHNH~"

Nearly thirty massive needles all penetrated his sides as techs rushed in a panic, jabbing all over, then pushing for all their worth to make the actual injections happen.

Melon's body had only blown up to 470 feet before the rumbling faded, leaving his eyes so heavy that they finally closed all the way. His tip throbbed hotly, forcing the hybrid's huge chin up at a tilt.

"Did that get it?" Yahya huffed, breathing nervously.

"It…seems so," the rat panted, even more frightened.

"Fine, fine. Can we cover that thing up, please?" the horse asked, looking away.

"With *what*, sir?"

"Incredible," Ogma said, the red deer's tail swishing a telltale bit. "Just incredible."

"That's hardly the word," Yahya retorted.

"But it is *fascinating*, isn't it?" Ogma spoke, grinning crookedly, despite his tight composure and poker face. "Considering the status quo of the world, don't you find it just a bit irresistible? This wild new element?"

"Can we discuss this outside?"

"Of course, of course," Ogma puffed, smoothing a moment's excitement back down. "You'll pardon my zeal. I'm not inclined to outbursts."

That was an outburst?

No wonder this guy's interested in wild elements. He's more starch than shirt.

"Yahya, sir," a team member began, breaking the silence through the horse's comm unit. *"Multiple deliveries are here, at the front, for Mister Ogma, care of Horns."*

"Fine, we'll come see to them in a moment."

“Ah, very good,” Ogma hummed, nodding, his huge antlers bobbing hypnotically.

“And what’s waiting for us, that’s everything?” Yahya checked, stowing the walkie. “No more meteor, anywhere else?”

Ogma stared at Yahya a beat too long, before opening his suit jacket and reaching into an inner pocket. From out he pulled two golf ball-sized chunks of dark gray rock, almost like brightened briquettes, encased in small plastic shells. Yahya went a bit brighter, himself, the equine dropping a shade of color on sight of them.

“What–you had pieces on your person? This entire time?”

“Hmm,” Ogma grunted, noting his reaction to them. “I delivered them to the site, as requested, unless I’m mistaken. Other than these, yes, the remainder being delivered is, by my instruction, the entirety of the meteor. I should think you’d be happy, Yahya.”

Melon’s vast nose twitched, smelling on pure instinct.

“Should those *really* be in here, right now!?” the horse fussed, throwing his arms out as he gestured to the towering beast.

“They’re protected, please. I thought of that well in advance. I would appreciate a little credit, in that regard. We’re no more or less safe in this moment than we were before you saw.”

“Hand them over, immediately.”

It was not a request. Yet, Ogma did not move.

“No.”

“Excuse me?”

“I have neither reason nor impetus to hand these over. I’ve lived up to my end. If you want to renegotiate terms, such as they seem to be, then we can do as you offered, and go out and discuss it. For now, though, *no*.”

Melon’s enormous eyes fluttered the smallest bit.

“I mean it, Ogma. We’re powerful as a team, and I would like to keep it that way. But I require your cooperation.”

“I agree, we’re a perfectly acceptable duo, for now–”

“I said, hand them over. Please.”

Ogma reached with his other hand into his pocket, clicked something, and let it go just as quickly. The entire site blared its alarms, flashing red, the lighting switching to a dull blue as every single door locked, every cell doing the same.

“What…what did you do!?” Yahya bellowed, storming over and grabbing Ogma by his collar. “What was that?”

“A precautionary measure,” Ogma answered, unemotionally. “A site-wide lockdown. You’re acting erratic, and I won’t have that. I need you calm. The capybara entered willingly, and was calm. I would think you could at least match your underling in restraint.”

Yayha seethed through grit teeth, then let go.

“You’ve trapped her here, too.”

“Right. Exactly. You understand,” Ogma sighed, smoothing his suit over. “I know how this looks, Yahya, I do. But anyone that comes in here needs to be prepared for this sort of thing. Isn’t that sensible?”

“How could you even–”

“I built this place, I thought I told you. Now, seriously, I would like you to calm down. It’s not a threat. I’m not the enemy. But it’s my facility, my money, and my meteor, and I need to know you won’t fly off the handle while we work out the formula.”

“For…you mean, the *cure*.”

“The cure, then the formula, yes. We can’t hope to create a size-changing serum without going through the responsible R&D phases first, that would be psychotic. Come, now.”

“*You’re* psychotic.”

“Haha, well, I’ve been called worse, in my time. It is a crazy idea, that’s fair. But really, Yahya, think a moment. We’re already at an impasse of incredible dimensions. If the compounds we come up with here aren’t capitalized upon, responsibly, then someone else will try to make

them. You tell me: in a world where herbivores are oppressed and carnivores are repressed, do you think either side would just ignore the power to be enormous? To be strong?"

Yahya pursed his lip, flaring his nostrils.

"Right. What happens if this new product is badly introduced? God, could you imagine it coming out of the Black Market in cheap barrels? The chaos it would sow?"

Yahya looked away–and gasped, backing up slowly.

"This is a new era, like it or not," the red deer continued, unaware, as the other techs backed away with Yahya. "We have to seize on the outcome first, otherwise much worse types will, without a doubt. You can dislike it, but you can't tell me I'm wrong."

"Ogma," Yahya whispered, motioning with his eyes up and away to the side.

"Hmm. I won't be dissuaded, though I appreciate your caution. Once it's ready, we can shrink them all down, absolutely–if Louis will let me. Hmm. After, though, we'll move on to the growth formula, *carefully*–

Melon's teeth were open, huge and gleaming in the blue light. A massive pink tongue snaked out, alive with raw nerve input, thrashing blind as the giant's maw snapped forward, electrodes popping off as Yahya slammed into Ogma, hurling the stunned deer off his feet.

The both of them flew back as Melon's pool-sized jawline *snapped* together, catching only empty air–yet he gulped all the same, buffeting the poor screaming techs with air as the colossus thudded forward on his erection and stomach, thunder-growling and wild.

"UGH, TALK, TALK!"

A flurry of living lab coats scattered toward the door as the awoken Melon throbbed angrily, his thick fur billowing out in sinister pleasure. As the elevator dinged back down to where the cell block had been affixed, the weight from Melon's movements shifted the structure, chains all rattling as Melon slammed his hands down over invaluable equipment and cheap tables, smashing them all.

"W-WHAT IS THIS, SOME SORT OF FACILITY? TESTING, ARE WE? HOW CLUMSY OF ME, SPOILING THE DATA PARTY–HERE, OBSERVE ALL YOU WANT!"

The hybrid's body rumbled, deeper than ever before, heat beginning to flood off of his pulsing muscles. Ogma stirred, Yahya laying in a tangle atop him, the two males trying to undo the mess as the cell block sagged right, casting them further into the siding as Melon bellowed and *exploded* larger.

A wall of heated bulk blew into them, into everyone, Melon's growing mass filling the interior at frantic speeds. Waves of growth rippled through the already-tight mass, inflating it beyond understanding as his fur mashed the horse and deer into snapping glass, throbbing deeper and louder.

"I DON'T C-CARE FOR P-PRISON," Melon blast-rumbled, his words shaking the cell as it rattled, one chain snapping, then another. "BUT I DO ENJOY…THE FOOD!"

Yahya shouted something, he was pretty sure–but the air was crushed out of his lungs, and the glass wasn't breaking fast enough. Ogma's antlers pushed in overhead, burrowing into Melon's growing bulk, dimpling in as the hybrid erupted twice as big, in one horrendous, overloaded *boom*.

Over 1,000 feet of pure bulk detonated everywhere, feral and mean, blowing the glass out as the cell frame warped and popped. Ton after ton packed into his shaking body as three more chains snapped loose on the far right, casting it down over the pit below.

A series of latticed beams stretched across the gulf at every floor, from U to X and beyond, each one holding cells of varying sizes by chains. Most must have remained on the original storage grid as only a few cells dangled here and there–but farther down on X-3, over to the far left, were four occupied structures, all of which began to rattle as vibrations crawled down and out through the earth.

The shattered siding sent glass, scanners, folding chairs, and two herbivores spiraling free, tumbling out into the open darkness.

Yahya cursed a streak (out of fear and rage) as he hugged Ogma tight, in midair, the horse aiming directly for the nearest cell frame; luckily, an empty unit down on B-11, Block T caught their fall. Unfortunately, their fall also caught it.

"Gah-d-ammit," Yahya wheezed, his lungs too flattened to allow anything in just yet. He lay there a moment, Ogma's antlers having thudded an inch shy of his neck as the deer lay atop him, sloughing off with a series of uncharacteristic coughs.

The entire cell shook under them, not from their puny landing, but from the way the entire dumping pit began to shudder and shake, all over.

"The…fragments," Ogma huffed, feeling around with one hand, the other remaining clasped around at least one of them. "Where…I had them both!"

Yahya sat up beside him as he searched.

"Forget it! It's probably…up. There."

Both parties looked up above, to see Melon. Lots and lots of Melon.

The hybrid's gazelle horns pushed larger, thicker, bulging into terrible spires as his muscles ballooned painfully, expanding to stupendous proportions. His prior build, well-past that of a champion weightlifter, was blasting out of control, clusters bursting into clusters, steadily warping his frame with sheer mass. Even from down there, it was easy to see every leopard spot widening, his fur surging out into greater detail as he filled their periphery. His growing hands grasped onto entire cell units, the behemoth holding himself upright as the chains all screamed in agony and struggled to maintain his presence.

"DID YOU…R-REALLY THINK…" Melon bellowed, before hissing in delighted agony as his body throbbed to 1,100 feet, then 1,200, in one ugly burst of growth. "THAT YOU…STILL H-HAD CONTR–*AAAAAAAUGH~*"

Yahya was on his feet in seconds, practically dragging Ogma with him as they slid down off the side of their unit, leaping and smashing down onto the next lowest cell–just as Melon rocketed bigger, doubling his awesome size *again*.

His pectorals burst down into the very spot they had been at before, bashing the cell and pinging it loose, sending it tumbling down into the gap, with no crash ever heard. His neck swelled uncontrollably, his lats flooding out against his hulking arms as his nipples burgeoned out longer, thicker. His phallus swung down, down, a vast rod of heat shoving past their new cell, shaking it with the displacement as his pendulous orbs followedt, slapping ever-growing thighs in a deep *crash*.

"How wide is this pit!?" Yahya shouted, demanding Ogma's attention.

"Ah, a-at least…four miles! There are built up arches at intervals, pylons, supports, but spread out! It's nearly ten miles deep, for the e-event that a dumped nuclear armament was to accidentally go off!"

Yahya looked back up at a 2,400-foot Melon, nearly a half-mile tall now.

And still growing.

“We have to keep moving!”

“B-but the other fragment–”

“He clearly swallowed it, Ogma! Now, move, we don’t have time–”

The entire pit rocked again as Melon bellowed and shook, massive veins snaking his shuddering erection and massive thighs and calves.

“JUST…LET ME…GROOOOOOOOW! WHY FI-FIGHT IT!? HAHA, IT’S N-NOT LIKE YOU CAN DO ANYTHING AB…AB-B-***BBBBGGGGGGGGRAAAAAAAAAAH!!***”

Melone’s chest swelled so big that it began to block sight of his roaring muzzle, pummeling down into the other cell units, growth-lunging violently down towards them.

“Move!”

Ogma only had time to set the remaining fragment in his teeth, the red deer forced to clutch the cell’s outer frame with both hands as Melon’s pectoral hit the other side, tearing it off its chains and sending them both tumbling even farther into the pit.

The vast beast grew onward, pulsating ceaselessly, his muzzle stretching longer, his teeth swelling larger. His back muscles soared up, even as his staggering weight snapped one cell loose, forcing him to sink down through breaking cells and jangling chains.

Even at 3,000’ tall, Melon was nowhere near big enough to grab either wall to the great pit, nor pylon. All he could do was fall into a tangle among the lower cells, smashing and bending the higher beam lattices, getting mixed up in their chains, only to laugh hysterically as he felt himself blowing up against them, stretching the chains and popping the links.

“GAHAHAHAAAA!” he blast-roared, his pectorals pouring up over himself, his biceps *boom-booming* larger. “C-CLASSIC…HAAAH, D-DENIAL! YOU REALLY T-THINK…THIS WILL HUH-HOLD ME FOR LONNNNG!? I’LL TUH-TAKE THAT ACTION, SURE! WATCH THIIIIISSSSS~”

Melon hissed steam as his pulsing body heaved even *bigger* still, pumping tightly, groaning so loudly that it echoed everywhere as he licked his muzzle over and bucked his hips, bashing up at the higher structures with his erection, letting his humongous sacs billow over his knees as he flexed one flawless bicep, blowing the chain blew away to nothing. Even relaxing, that same arm remained every bit as titanic, pumped bigger with no reversal, no retreat.

3,300 feet flourished, greedily lurching to 3,500, sending rumbling doom through every threaded chain, so that even the lowest cell block, B15, wobbled and rocked into a frenzy.

Upon cell block X-3 lay Ogma and Yahya, both of whom groaned from enough pain to overcome their panic, insisting that they rest there one second longer.

"Ugh," Yahya helpfully said, just to make sure he was still alive enough to say it. "What is this, the last…the last floor! Ogma, get up! Get up, we're on top of the giants!"

"HEY!" a humongous, gentle voice barked, from within. "W-WHAT'S GOING ON, OUT THERE!? WAS I ASLEEP?"

"YAHYA!?" Gosha roared, from the neighboring unit.

"Gosha, Melon's coming–ah, he can't hear me, what am I–Ogma, get your ass up!"

The deer lay there, breathing in shallow huffs. Both his hands remained empty; as Yayha approached, he realized that the deer's mouth was empty, too.

"Oh, don't," the horse whinnied, looking about for any sign that the fragment had just landed elsewhere, already knowing it hadn't. "Don't *tell* me you broke the casing!"

Ogma's eyes batted asymmetrically, before bulging wide.

"A…ah. Ah-ahhhh!"

"You crazy moron, don't tell me you swallowed it!"

Overhead, Melon's body throbbed faster, harder, rocking and spasming in pain, before the screaming hybrid *tripled* in size. His neck ballooned so furiously thick that it actually strangled the roar as his tongue lolled out, his erection blowing lower and lower toward them. His rump flexed and trembled as his back arched out, pushing his swelling abs up as his pectorals blew out and distended against his arms, the remaining chains *pop-popping* away pitifully.

His muscles bulked up higher and higher, even as he gradually stuttered lower and deeper into the pitch, only the lights on the cell frames and on faraway pylons granting any clarity as the leviathan ballooned to 7,000 feet…8,000 feet…9,000 feet…10,000 feet!

"Come on, come on, we," Yahya panted, starting to pull Ogma away–only to stop so hard that his feet slipped out ahead of him, slamming him down as the deer moaned hotly and shook where he rested, already too heavy to move. "Don't do this!"

"Huuuh…huh-haaaah…HAAAAAHAHAHA…"

Ogma's smart suit couldn't outthink a wave of muscle as the deer *boomed* bigger, his pectorals blowing up so fast that his undershirt's buttons all burst loose in an arc, snapping off as the jacket snagged, then tore, then ripped open, allowing huge bulges of brown bulk to yawn out.

"You idiot," Yahya neighed, thumping uselessly on Ogma's growing muscles and bursting pants, "we can't go any lower! This is it! If you outgrow this cell, we're cooked!"

In sincere reply, Ogma's zipper blew wide open, a volcano of an erection surging through stretched underwear, pulling it higher as an overgrown head flared against it, throbbing its will as his sacs inflated below, pulling the fabric away and up at once. His pockets snapped apart, his belt struggling as warm, bulging abs swelled and bullied up against it, blasting it in two as the leggings split and shrank to unhappy threads.

"GGGGHHHHGGGG, Uh-hu-huh, I didn't," Ogma started, before gritting his teeth as he rumbled deep within, his thick fur boofing and swelling into a forest against Yahya's knees. "I wasn't r…reh-ddy–"

His antlers curled bigger, longer, growing into a forest against the shocked horse, making him stumble back as Ogma thrashed in place, roared into the air, and *poured* so much larger that the horse had to leap for a chain as he cascaded over the topside. Muscles upon muscles blasted the remaining scraps of fine cloth away as his sacs thudded down on the frame, his thighs widening as his shoes tented out and popped open, massive feet rising up through ripping socks as his legs flopped over the side.

A deer that, moments ago, stood just over 6 feet was now over 60, then 130, his growth accelerating as Yayha hung on tight to the chain, watching Ogma expand like an oil spill, bigger and wider and heavier. His chest inflated higher, higher, chasing after him as his trembling hips burst wider, his forearms heaving into trunks, his shoulders exploding so big they mashed against his overgrown pillar-neck as he passed 250 feet, and just kept growing.

“ANYONE, HELLO!?” Jack pleaded from within, thudding up powerfully enough that Ogma and Yahya both felt it. “ARE YOU OKAY OUT THERE!?”

“They woke back up,” Yahya huffed, blinking, looking up to see Melon’s huge body growing even larger, surging down toward them all at over 13,000 feet–2.5 miles. Suddenly, his focus slipped back to Melon, and only he.

2.5 miles. With his vision, it was easier for Yahya to process, but only by an iota.

Even if Yayha was on top of Melon, with a car to his name, the horse would have needed over a minute and a half to drive from one end to the other–about 40 city blocks. Hundreds of animals could have *lived* on him. *Comfortably*. The heating would have been free, at least.

A nipple bigger than a roundabout surged lower, still, threatening to collide as Jack pounded against the cell glass, harder and harder. One huge yellow arm blasted out as it finally broke, lurching up into view over the ever-expanding Ogma’s bulk.

“PINA, GO, GO!”

A titanic Dall sheep climbed up, clutching and smothering over the 500-foot deer’s shaking growth, the both of them nearly equal in size. Pina’s ears twitched as he saw what he was climbing on, crying out as Ogma trembled and blew up to 700’, outsizing the sheep in another billowing burst, forcing Pina up as he looked all over in confusion.

“W-WHERE EVEN ARE WE!? W-WHO IS–”

“Hey!” Yahya shouted, for all he had left. “HEY! HERE!”

Pina snapped over to the chain the horse was on and scrambled over, traversing more and more of Ogma as the moaning male erupted bigger, starting to swell out over the cell’s topside.

“A…A HORSE?” Pina murmured, only to feel himself rise higher as Ogma grew and grew and grew, heaving past 1,400 feet, then 1,800, getting too big for the cell as his inflating side pinched the chains and stretched them out.

“G-GRAB ME, KID! QUICK!” Yahya bellowed, his throat finally going from bad to hoarse. “CAREFULLY!”

Pina nodded, gathering the miniscule stallion in his vast hand, both of them pushing higher up atop Ogma's growing muscles as Melon's 17,000-foot/3.2-mile body blew bigger, sinking down towards them in slow motion.

"OH, HELL, HE'S EVEN LARGER," Pina moaned, even as Ogma screamed and exploded bigger, beneath them. "GOOD GRAVY, WHAT SORT OF CLOWNHOUSE IS THI–"

"CLIMB UP!"

"HUH? OH! OH, R-RIGHT, HOLD ON!"

Jack's huge body squeezed out of the cell as it sagged down, down, the labrador already smaller than Ogma, forcing him to work through his bafflement as he grabbed growing fistfulls of red deer fur.

"JACK, THIS WAY!"

Pina's bleating reached Jack's ears, making them perk as another cell window smashed open, followed by another one below. In moments Jack, Gosha and Mizuchi were all climbing up on their cells, only to look and see Melon's bulk quiver-swelling ever-nearer, growing ever-larger, his freakish expansion getting worse as the underground itself shook.

"HE'S TOO BIG!" Pina shouted, making Yahya cover his ears with a grimace.

"SWING OUT, NOT UP!" Jack ordered, looking down as Ogma's mile-tall body kept relentlessly ballooning higher. "QUICKLY! WE CAN'T GET CAUGHT IN BETWEEN!"

"WHAT THE HELL IS THIS GARBAGE MESS!?" Mizuchi wailed, as the much-larger Gosha forced her massive curves and bosom forward, making her jump over to Jack's cell, shaking it and snapping another chain off as Ogma roared again, and swelled too big for it.

"I'M SURE WE'LL KNOW LATER!" Gosha roared, the old komodo leaping for Ogma's expanding forearm, and climbing it up his throbbing shoulder, over rising pecs.

"W…WWWAAAAAIT," Ogma boomed, the huge male swelling to 8,500 feet, over 1.6 miles, his muscles swelling up over his chin, his erection flaring up high as it tapped, then rubbed deep against Melon's lowering shaft. *"CAAAAN'TTT S...STOOOOPPPP!"*

"B-BETTER MOVE ASIDE, G-GRAMPS!" Melon quake-spoke, the words reverberating through pumping, overgrown muscles. "THE F-FUTURE IS COMING!"

Gosha caught up, leaping off of Ogma's growing sac, landing on his thigh, following the others down to the calf and leaping to the nearest cell, sending it into a sway as he landed and pulled himself up.

Mizuchi saw the old-timer struggle a moment, yet turned the other way, climbing up over a startled Jack, using his enormous back muscles as steps as she scrambled up past him.

"G-H-HEY!" the colossal labrador groaned, before seeing Gosha come up after.

"JACK!"

The canine immediately slid back down the tiny chain, offered his leg, and let Gosha leap up onto it as the lower unit broke off and sailed into the void.

"UP, S-SIR, HURRY!"

Being ordered by a dog to do *uppies* was no less insane, so Gosha gladly obliged.

Melon's body continued its mad campaign throughout, blowing up even larger as the group climbed out around his expanding sides, traveling up the chains to the neat beam lattice, then leaping for the nearest cells–though there were only a few left to speak of. As they went, the hybrid's body swelled nearer, determined to intercept however possible as Melon *rumble-burst* to a staggering 20,000 feet in size–3.78 miles!

Even Jack, on brief glance, understood that despite being 900' tall, he was only as big as Melon's eye, if even that. Gosha, who had outclassed him hours prior, stood maybe as tall as one colossal fang. Mizuchi was over 300 feet tall, yet was the size of his iris. Yahya? Forget it. He would have been lost on a follicle.

They were no longer fleeing an animal. They were fleeing a *zip code*.

Ogma was the only being that could hope to rival the behemoth; the red deer surged with raw, terrible power, reaching up to grab the only thing he could as the lowest cell snapped away underneath his bulk–the business end of Melon's phallus.

It was a mad plan for mad times as the 10,560-foot deer hung on tight, just over half Melon's size as his spurt ended. Yet, even still, Melon boomed bigger, and *bigger*, passing beyond 4 miles, his bulk stretching his fur as it outpaced even him.

The monstrous member swelled rounder, harder, not hating Ogma's presence so much as pondering what it could do for it. Over 23,000 feet of power-bloated hybrid hovered above the deer, breathing himself larger as the clustering chains he hung from snapped and sank.

"WHERE'RE YOU ALL HEADED?" Melon thundered, smiling wider behind his bulging chest. "I SEE YOU LEAVING, YOU WILY OLD LIZARD! I THOUGHT I WAS UNDER ARREST! SH-SHOULD I JUST…HRRRGH, S-SEE MYSELF OUT, TOO!?"

"OOH, AH…THE CHAINS ARE OUT," Pina roared, hanging from the bent frame of the highest tier of beams. "WE'RE STILL SHORT! I MEAN, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!"

"USE HIM!" Yahya shouted, from down on Pina's palm. *"CLIMB MELON!"*

Not needing to ask who that was, Pina instead leapt onto Melon's surging orbs, grasping the fur as he scaled a still-growing sac, tickling his way up as Melon's laughter blasted the underground like all Hell. Mizuchi, Jack and Gosha all followed after, each one having an easier time of it as Melon's sex bulged bigger, nearer.

They worked their way up his rear, Jack getting more and more lost in the vast hybrid's fur, having to hug and hold Pina up while Gosha plucked Mizuchi up in the same manner, holding her fantastic curves high as he struggled on.

"C-careful!" she groused, wobbling against the huge old lizard as he strained. "Come on, come on, we're gonna get lost in that freak's fur at this rate!

"I've got you, miss, it's alright," Gosha replied, his scaly bulk squeezing into her comfortingly, to the point where the massive harlequin rabbit found herself pausing, then snuggling in fearfully. "No herbivore's getting hurt, on my time!"

"G-GET UP TO B1!" Yahya sputtered, losing his voice quickly. "BREAK…THE GLASS PARTITION, THERE SHOULD BE ROOM TO SQUEEZE INSIDE!"

"Up his back!" Jack yelled, climbing Melon's ballooning muscles in much the same way Mizuchi had climbed his moments before as he followed Pina. "Almost there!"

Pina rested Yahya in his massive, soft wool, leapt from Melon's horns, and smashed the towering window to B1 with both enormous fists, grabbing and hanging from the ledge it made.

More chains broke in Melon's growing grip, the titanic hybrid lurching down just as Gosha brought up the rear; he passed Mizuchi to Jack, who set her down at the top landing of B1, just big enough to squeeze into it after her with a low enough crouch.

"Gah, w-where do we go, now?" Jack asked, licking his muzzle over in unmasked worry, as the shaking back down in the pit grew worse yet. "Pina? What's he saying?"

"J-JUST…GO AHEAD…AND THEN U-UP…THERE'S A CONVOY TUNNEL UNDERG-GROUND…PAST THE UPPER LOBBY!"

"Keep going straight, follow me!" Pina roared. "Then we punch our way up the non-basement floors! I think!"

Melon grew, his crazed, brilliant mind a storm of growth. His body was a crazed thing, incessant and free, taking ever more power as the fragment fed him much too much. Each rampant pulse, each heartbeat was a bomb detonating, terrible vibrations flooding off of his stretching muscles as he panted openly, his erection doubling its length as Ogma descended along with it into the pit.

4.7 miles…24,816 feet…

"W-WHAT DO YOU SAY DOWN THERE, GRAMPS?" Melon god-spoke, his words parting the air with their sheer might. "WANT TO SEE HOW LONG IT TUH-TAKES…FOR ME TO GET TOO TALL…FOR A BOTTOMLESS PUH-PIT!?"

5.1 miles…26,928 feet…

'S-STOP," Ogma commanded, his facilities returning steadily, even as he slipped and hugged Melon's dangling length. "THIS ISN'T GOING TO DO ANY GOOD, IS IT?"

"GAHAHAHA, DEFINE 'GOOD'–"

The last of the chains broke away on his left side, the 5.5-mile tall behemoth's weight turning on him as he and Ogma both lost their last lifeline and went hurtling down into the pit, vanishing into the darkness in full.

This time, there was indeed a crash.

SITE OMEGA
MAIN LOBBY FLOOR, ATRIUM

OPERATIVE T, 6:09 PM

A hollow thud broke the silence, making the staff scream as they scattered toward the walls and cement pillars, all clamoring to escape the newest series of bumps, crashes and demonic bellows down below.

Among the technicians and cooks and janitors and administrative staff sat the capybara, staring ahead dead-eyed, the only soul present that had a good idea of just where the evening was headed. The others hunched against each other, sniffling and bemoaning their fate, while she just sighed deep and tucked herself in.

Overtime it is, then, she glibly thought, just as the atrium floor shuddered from a lower impact, cracking the tiles and forcing an upward tent of cracks. On the next impact a yellow fist blasted the center apart, a hulking arm bursting up with it as the knuckles bumped the high ceiling, cratering it slightly.

The tiny screams of panic only grew worse as Jack's vast head rose through the opening, kindly eyes darting around at the fleeing littles a moment. To be fair, it was like a building turning to look at you.

"S-SORRY, OH MY GOODNESS, I'M SORRY! AH, EXCUSE ME! I, UH…(I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN FIT UP THERE…REALLY? WELL, EVERYBODY'S UP HERE, IF I CLIMB UP, I MIGHT…WHAT? A LOCKDOWN? I SEE, NO WONDER THEY'RE ALL– WHICH WALL? THIS? OKAY, I)"

T saw the huge labrador's eye flick over to where she and others were huddled. She got up, dusted herself off, and shooed everyone away just as Jack glanced her way and blinked, perking his massive ears curiously.

"AH! H-HELLO."

"Hey, again, kid," the capybara sighed, walking off dead last.

"HUH?"

“N-nevermind, just punch the stupid wall, and let’s get out.”

“YES, MA’AM!”

Being a 900-foot tall labrador did nothing to stop Jack from being a labrador. Happy to obey and assist, he rose up higher, his thick neck bulging up through the opened wound in the floor, so much so that it warped up with the mass of his trapezius. His shoulder burst up after, then his arm, devastating that side of the atrium floor as he wound back, then pummeled the far wall so hard that his fist obliterated the support column and the wall beyond it, leaving a gigantic hole therein.

“HEH, HEY, THAT WAS EASY,” Jack rumbled, wagging down below against Gosha’s face. “O-OKAY, AH…YES! PLEASE, EVERYONE EXIT CALMLY–”

The masses screamed in terror as they evacuated, crawling over one another, making Jack’s lips tighten as he watched on–along with the capybara, in the far corner.

“GOSH. N-NOT LIKE THAT, WAIT.”

“Just let them go, kid,” T shouted, waving the gigantic dog over to look at her. “I can’t believe how big you’re getting, already. Last I saw you, you were barely big enough to fill a few floors of your dorm.”

“AH,” Jack huffed, thoughtlessly snorting, blowing warm air over her from afar. “DO I KNOW YOU, MA’AM?”

Operative T rubbed her temples, beyond tired. When she looked up, Yahya was squeezing out through the floor, wriggling up Jack’s thick fur to get there, then stumble out onto the remainder of the atrium.

“S-sir!” she gasped, running up to the shaking horse. “My God, are you okay?”

“No.”

“Well, I’m glad you’re alright, Yahya, sir! Here, I signed for these when they arrived, they just sort of handed them over. Well, the first one, at least…then the lockdown happened.”

She gestured over to a single crate, full of other boxes. Yahya perked back up immediately, on site of them.

“T…the meteor?”

“Well, it’s in parts, it looks like…but yes!”

“Hah,” the horse whinnied, still shaking from stress. “It was worth it, then. Barely. O-okay, we’re…we’re taking the fragments with us.”

“Sir?”

“We can’t stay here, there’s a major threat down below. Melon, he’s gotten too big. Ogma, too.”

Operative T narrowed her eyes.

“Mister Ogma is still down there? You mean, he grew bigger, too? And who is Melon?”

“Yes, he is. Melon’s a criminal who was dangerous before he was bigger than a neighborhood. Well, *neighborhoods*.”

“Wait, how big–”

“Come on, we need to get moving. For all we know, they’re both going to keep getting larger and stronger. We really can’t stay. Hey, dog!”

Jack snapped to, still mostly stuck below.

“S-sir!”

“Get yourself and the others up out of there. I’m not leaving you here with that maniac.”

“R-really? We’re free?”

“No. You’re under my custody as animals of interest. You move against me, and I’ll eat that entire meteor, and show you a *real* problem.”

Jack gulped, as Gosha’s head punched up through the other section of the floor.

“OH, THEY WON’T MISBEHAVE, YAHYA, I’LL KEEP THINGS IN ORDER.”

The old horse caught himself grinning, but undid it fast. Gosha still caught it, clearly, given how the looming komodo beamed.

"That's…fine, Gosha, thanks. Very good. You all let T and us get through the opening, then bash your way up and out. I *mean* it, do damage. I want this place collapsed, until we can find a cure for this. Keep them here as long as possible. Even Ogma."

"Do you think they survived?" Jack wondered.

"Ogma said it was a ten-mile deep pit, and Melon was pretty much half that. He might as well have fallen out of the window of a one-story house. Our only hope is that he doesn't get big enough to reach and pull himself up, or *worse*. Hell, honestly…a treat dusted with a *sprinkling* of meteor got him as big as a building. I can't imagine what a building-sized creature eating a much bigger ball of meteor would *really* become. Hence my not wanting to stick around any longer."

"About the cure, sir," Operative T began, guiding the beleaguered horse out through the hole into the outer channel tunnel. "If what data we did get were passed on to the Site Delta staff…that would have to make a major difference, right?"

"Immeasurably major, yes. But Melon trashed the unit they were running scans in–"

The capybara finally smiled, slapping something small into Yahya's palm.

"Hmm?"

"The lead tech got annoyed when I kept asking questions, when they all ran up here to try and escape, so he shoved this at me and said 'good luck'."

It was a flash drive.

"You mean…"

"All the collated scan data, I believe he said."

"Then, he…when we all saw Melon waking up. He removed it. Good. Good!"

Battered as he was, the horse set a kind hand on her shoulder, giving it a squeeze.

"Heh."

“You’re damn right, ‘heh’. You’re getting a raise, if the world survives.”

“Fair.”

The outer wall separating the channel tunnel from the atrium cracked apart as Jack’s stupendous bulk shoved through, making a hole so monumental that Gosha and Pina got through with no problem. While it offered some relief, the massive canine kept to a crouch to avoid the lights lining the tunnel ceiling up above.

“THIS THING IS AWFUL HIGH FOR A TUNNEL,” Jack muttered, impressed.

“It should be,” Yahya croaked up at him, still worn out from shouting. “All the equipment to build Delta came from Omega, and that equipment was massive. High ceilings as a result. Lucky you all. Now, let’s move, evening’s coming along, and we have miles to go.”

“THE RABBIT’S GONE,” Pina said, abruptly.

“What?”

“AFTER GRANDPA GOSHA AND I CLIMBED UP, SHE MUTTERED SOMETHING NASTY, THEN BURROWED BACK DOWN. BEING A BUNNY, I THINK SHE SPLIT OFF AND MADE HER OWN TUNNEL, BECAUSE SHE ISN’T HERE ANYMORE.”

“Ugh, damn it…”

“HAHA, IT DOES SEEM AWFUL SILLY, DOESN’T IT!” Pina laughed, his playfulness returning to him along with the fresh(er) air. “HERE’S TO THE CURE, THEN, YES?”

Yahya rubbed his muzzle over, snorted, then nodded silently. He turned, popped his back, then began to long walk down the tunnel, a herd of gigantic males following behind.

Down, far down, at the bottom of the disposal pit, a rumbling grew, worse and worse, a low, cackling laugh booming up as something huge trembled, tensed, groaned, and grew…

And grew…

And grew…

METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT
FLOOR 57

MIENAI, 6:12 PM

"This is Mienai again, sir," the zebra whined as the elevator to Yahya's penthouse slid open, not bothering with sounding professional. "I'm sure much is happening at the site, but I wish you would pick up. There have been developments topside that you need to be apprised of."

The equine stepped out, his lack of vision not remotely detrimental as he took the memorized steps into the dwelling, felt the long table by the kitchen, and leaned over it.

"So please, sir, do call me back. Ogma's people are getting very insistent, saying he was last seen leaving the Summit with you, and I don't know what to tell them. It's becoming more urgent by the moment, I fear–and then there's the matter of Ogma's adopted son. He…he's so *big* now, sir. It's terrifying. I don't know how much longer that monster can even stay on land, at this rate. A-anyway, call back, *please*."

He hung up, stowed the cell phone in his pocket, felt for and slid the nearest chair out, then sat down on it with a defeated slump.

"Good grief, what a nightmare."

He sniffed hard, getting his bearings–before sniffing again. The zebra's ears perked as he tapped the tabletop over with his fingertips, then stopped cold.

"Oh."

A cellophane-wrapped cookie rested there, left on the table by his superior a little over an hour ago. He brought it up, sniffed again, then felt the wrapping over.

"Oh, my."

As he held the cookie, a soft tremor raced through the city, from the bordering mountain ranges, putting the tower and even Yahya's penthouse at a slight wobble moments later.

It was a sight in the evening light he couldn't share, but he had kept the TV on downstairs, and he knew what it was, already. Or *whom*, rather.

“Heaven helps us little ants,” he whispered, as something tremendous moved behind the mountains. “Please. Please, make him stop. Make him stop growing…”

It was a deer, so big that he belonged to the haze of the darkening horizon.

6.

BLACK MARKET OUTSKIRTS

LOUIS, 2:20 PM

"Unbelievable."

The colossal deer could have been on about the fact that he had been normal-sized when he woke up this morning, and was now a 150-foot behemoth, a towering, musclebound giant. It could have been regarding the awkward sway of his house-wide penis as it operated on its own gravity, his every step making it swing like a girthy metronome. It could even have been on account of the fact that the one animal he desperately didn't want to be with was not only with him, but stood even *bigger*.

At the moment, really, it was the idea that he was really following his plan.

While Louis's antlers reached the higher stories of most downtown buildings, Legoshi's eartips just broke past a few rooftops. Their sheer mutual mass forced the wolf and deer into a single file formation, in order to have a chance of navigating the city streets without smashing anything–and even that was only marginally working.

"Going into a populous stretch like this, buildings everywhere," Louis huffed, a permanent glare fixed on his brows as he *thoomed* along behind. "We shouldn't be anywhere near anyone, Legoshi! Why did I let you…stupid idea…"

His muttering had grown in his newly-huge throat, big and bassy, drowning out the cries and honking car horns and screaming littles down below. It hardly helped the impatient cervid that Legoshi was moving so slowly, so carefully, that all progress was at a painful crawl.

"S-sorry, heh," Legoshi rumbled, the massive male's bus-sized feet cracking the pavement on each heavy impact. "I uh, er, ma'am, if you could just…t-thank you, sorry! Ah, s-sir? Sir?"

"Legoshi."

"Haha, I uh, I think his headphones are on. It's a little funny. Sir!"

An old snapping turtle hobbled down a crosswalk just ahead, making Legoshi halt outright–and letting Louis thump dumbly into his bulky back muscles.

"Legoshi!"

"Well, he's crossing the s-street," the wolf gently replied, ears flicking back in that same stupid submissive way that made Louis' blood boil. "He's cute, y-yeah?"

"Step. Over. Him."

"Ah, r-right, hah, right. Ah."

The looming wolf's gulp was easy to hear as he stuck out a massive tongue from concentration and carefully lifted his foot, letting the huge sole sail up overhead. It cast a shadow over the trundling elder, bits of debris missing as they fell off, and Legoshi's heel thumped all the way over at the other end of the intersection, depressing a huge, powerful crater in the street as oncoming cars quickly caught on and veered off.

"Faster," Louis grumbled, his bulk twitching angrily. "This is embarrassing enough, let's move it. The last thing we want is to risk either of us growing any bigger, while we're boxed in like this with all these citizens. *Think.*"

"O-okay."

Louis's teeth grit so tight that they could have broken right there.

"For yourself, idiot. Don't just do whatever, like you usually do!"

"Okay, sorry! I-I'll do what I want, then, I guess."

"No, no, I don't mean for you to not listen to me!" Louis barked.

"T-then I'll do what you say!" Legoshi moaned, the humongous wolf twisting back, his huge hands up in further obedience. "I, uh…I think, for myself, th-that I might as well…do what you think we should do?"

Louis's hands were at his massive furred temples.

"Look, Legoshi," he growled, his brown muscles starting to spasm lightly. "All I want is for us to get to this Gouhin person you're so sure can help us. Just get us there, before the crowd

panics enough to call the military in on us. Because it's just a matter of time. We're not going to get around at our sizes, unchecked. Now, how far is it?"

"We're p-pretty much there," Legoshi murmured, catching sight of a parked bus as he resumed the path, narrowly avoiding stepping on it. "And Gouhin knows all sorts of medicines and ah, t-tinctures. He has the b-best chance of knowing something."

"Fine. Just…wish he lived in the country."

"Well, if we just fled to the country, we might keep getting bigger and bigger, right? It wouldn't matter after a certain scale, would it? Better to t-try and stop it early, yeah?"

Louis blinked, and thought on it. He *really thought*.

"Mph. True."

The pause reflected one idea that quickly split into two, in the deer's mind: firstly, sure, he was right about that much. The risk may well be worth it, to *maybe* stop their growth now.

The second idea, he hadn't wanted. It had simply introduced itself, and stayed, even as Louis tried to force it out the door. It had grown too big to eject.

What if they were just allowed to grow, unchallenged? What if HE grew, and grew?

The thought of looming over even Legoshi, of setting the order right, at long last…the thought of looming over everyone made such sense that it was a thrill, and a terror. All 40 feet of his shaft bloomed fatter, pulsing in silent approval, and he blushed beet red the moment he saw it swelling longer, there in the streets.

Legoshi took a turn three blocks down, and began wagging heavily, stirring up winds as his thick wolf tail buffeted the tenement building behind him.

"Hehe, Louis! I-I found it! This way!"

The flustered deer snapped to, clearing his throat. The soft rumbling building up within his brawn lowered, and went still.

"Okay. G-good."

2:26 PM

The old panda took a long drag on his cigarette and held it deep, feeling his shirt stretch from it. The smoker's equivalent of a long sigh, he kept it in, leaned toward the window overlooking the market, and blew it all out in a thick, satisfying streak of smoke.

It was the last moment of peace he would have for a while.

One black ear wobbled as some half-perceived tremor tickled his small clinic, then him.

"Hmm."

The panda leaned a bit further, his surprisingly thick bulk shifting into a tight flex as he peered out, left, then ri–

"God!"

"OH, HEH, GOUHIN, YOU'RE HOME. HAH."

Words as big as cannonfire blasted out as Gouhin observed a vast wall of gray-furred pectorals, each as wide across as the intersection of the street below. Well-North of it loomed a muzzle, all smiles and peeking fangs and lips, a gigantic wolf nose capping it as Legoshi beamed in warm relief.

It was less fun for Gouhin.

"What in…blazes."

"GOUHIN, I-IT'S ME! AH, ER…WELL."

The black patches where Gouhin's eyes should have been stared up a moment longer, processing. The cigarette fell to the cracked ground below.

"Lego…Legoshi!?"

"HAHA, W-WELL, YEAH. SORRY TO BARGE IN, Y-YOU KNOW…"

Gouhin remained still, only moving his arm as he stuck out two fingers and felt along his burly bear neck, checking himself quietly.

“You’re *big*, kid.”

Legoshi’s towering muzzle blushed, almost cutely.

“I-I, YEAH, HAHA, FUNNY S-STORY–”

“IS THAT HIM?”

Another voice broke in, behind the immense wolf. Gouhin’s good eye widened.

“Do…you have company?”

“OH! AH, YEAH…T-THIS IS AH, LOUIS, FROM CHERRYTON–”

“HE CAN’T SEE ME, YOU STUPID WOLF, YOU’RE BLOCKING–”

“OH, RIGHT,” Legoshi huffed, scratching his head. “WELL, H-HE’S A DEER, AND HE’S BEHIND ME.”

Gouhin’s gaze finally went South, to the lower floors, and to Legoshi’s monstrous shaft, soft and long and hefty.

“...Okay.”

“HE PUT THAT TOGETHER, LEGOSHI, HONESTLY. LOOK, SIR, WHEREVER YOU ARE–BOTH OF US HAVE TURNED, WELL…YOU CAN SEE IT YOURSELF. WE’RE AS SURPRISED AS ANYONE, I ASSURE YOU. THIS IDIOT HERE SWEARS THAT YOU’RE OUR BEST CHANCE AT SHRINKING BACK DOWN, SOMEHOW.”

Gouhin listened (easily, given how Louis’ voice shook his entire building all the way up multiple floors, to his makeshift clinic).

“Really.”

“W-WELL, YOU KNOW REMEDIES, AND HERBAL MIXES, YOU KNOW,” Legoshi mumbled, embarrassed suddenly, despite his gargantuan size. “WE DON’T KNOW WHAT MADE IT HAPPEN, GOUHIN, WE BOTH JUST HAD LUNCH, THEN STARTED TO EXPLODE IN SIZE–FOR ALL WE KNOW, WE COULD BLOW UP EVEN BIGGER AT ANY M-MOMENT, HEH…”

Again, Louis shuddered, the thought ramming back through his consciousness. His muscles bulged tighter, insisting on growing, actually eager, the more he entertained being the biggest creature of all. His shaft bloated thicker again, and he cleared his throat brusquely.

"SIR, DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT MIGHT…CURE THIS? IT'S THIS, OR WE FLEE THE AREA, AND JUST HOPE IT STOPS ON ITS OWN."

"Or before the military arrives," Gouhin sighed, rubbing his eyes. "Boys, this is…*beyond* new to me. An absolute first. If I don't wake up in bed in a minute, and this…this is really real…then we're in a lot of trouble. I don't know the first thing about gigantism, not that it should ever have been a real topic outside of fairy tales."

"ISN'T T-THERE ANYTHING YOU COULD TRY?" Legoshi murmured politely, his rear bumping Loui's member as he leaned down on habit, his muzzle looming over Gouhin's window. "ANYTHING AT ALL?"

"GAH," Louis rumbled, thudding back heavily. A crowd had both gathered and kept its distance around them, and the deer snorted down at the masses, trying to shoo them off.

"I," Gouhin began, ears twitching back, "mostly just have carnivore sedatives. All I can think to do at the moment is try to sedate you, hope it suppresses the growth…but god, the size of you, kid. I mean, it'd take all I have in stock, crates of it, for likely just you alone."

"WE DON'T WANT TO PASS OUT IN THE STREETS, LEGOSHI," Louis growled, a soft rumble rising up within his gigantic body. "WE, WE SHOULD JUST…G…HAH…"

Gouhin perked up from his window, looking out, as if trying to see through Legoshi.

"Why's your friend rumbling, Legoshi?"

"WE'RE…N-NOT FRIENDS," Louis boomed, his words getting deeper as his pectorals throbbed out angrily. "AND I KNEW T-THIS WAS…A SUH-STUPID…IDE…AAAAAAAH!"

Something deep welled up behind Legoshi, and even the mighty wolf hesitated as it rocked the streets and shuddered up through the buildings.

By the time he turned around, Legoshi found a deer muzzle exactly level with his.

"L-Louis!"

The cervid was already as big as Legoshi, in just a blink's time; going off the rampant bulge of his traps and his bloating neck bulk, technically, Louis was already just a bump taller. A great jet of steam blew loose as Louis' entire body shook violently, pulsing outward with tic after swelling tic. 240 feet heaved to 250, then 260–yet, something *bigger* rode underneath, something so terrible that the current pulses didn't seem to be rising, so much as fleeing a greater threat.

"G-hahhhah," Louis rumbled, gritting his teeth as his antlers blossomed wider, his long ears flicking back as his shoulders detonated into hilltops of muscle. "Huh-h-I knew…we should…huh-huaaaave…g-gggg…"

Legoshi stumble-stomped back, eyes darting over to the tiny panda at his tiny window.

"W-WHAT DO I DO, GOUHIN!?"

"Get him out of here, is what!" the panda roared back, so loud and clear (and fearful) that even Legoshi heard it. "Go, git! Both of you! I can't help!"

"R-RIGHT! SO-SORRY!"

"DON'T…APOLOGIZE…" they both said, though Louis certainly won out.

More anger surged up, inflating the massive deer's brawn as it magnified everywhere, crowing his growing form. Legoshi gathered up enough courage to step forward, only to have Louis do the sociable thing, and blow up into him, intercepting the wolf as the deer's phallus and abs advanced.

"Ack! L-Louis, wait–"

The only thing Louis wasn't big on was obliging as the throbbing male grunted, trembled, and flexed hard, unable to stop himself as he billowed up to 300' on the spot. His biceps were nearly *double* Legoshi's in circumference, his arms quaking as his hide stretched over unruly mobs of bulk. His member snaked into a mean curl against Legoshi's pectorals, the startled wolf shoving it aside as it bloated bigger. A positively massive pair of sacs bullied against his own as he hugged the larger deer tight, pleading for even a little budge, anything to make him move.

"C-come on, Louis, we h-have to go!"

320' rocketed to 350 as Louis groaned, unseen pressure blasting off of his shivering girth like spectral steam. His neck boomed wider, sinews bulging into columns as his definition swelled deeper, his pectorals flaring out over Legoshi's muzzle.

“Hnhnh!”

Best effort aside, nothing was doing; Louis’ only movement was in the unsteady billowing of his body as it rattled tighter, tighter, the godly cervid flexing with such force that every imaginable indentation, every striation of every muscle registered through his fluffed pelt, a roadmap of unthinkable strength. At 375’, the flustered wolf only stood torso-high, Louis’ overgrown chest resting like a father’s hand over his flattened ears.

“S-STUPID–”

Exasperation and pleasure collided poorly as Louis roared harder, tucked his shaking muzzle into his cleavage, and blew up *yet again*. His feet sagged with a deepening crunch into the splitting city street, segments angling up and down, abandoned cars sinking or rising with the separating devastation as the deer bellowed into his pecs, trembled, and *g-gushed* higher.

Internal debates on whether or not he might-should apologize were abandoned as the deer’s monstrous forearms banded down around Legoshi, hoisting the gigantic male up like a big toy, with near-zero strain.

“Ah!”

“SHUT…UP, D-DOWN…TH…THERE!”

The pitch Louis’ youthful voice climbed into was as overwhelming as the rest of him; the command thundered out of his bulging throat, the aftershock rumbling through his pectorals a few seconds after. Each inhalation as Louis stormed along the shrinking road only swelled his abs larger, a soft field of bulk crushing against his stomach as they kept increasing. Legoshi fidgeted, naturally, in so doing forcing the deer’s 100-foot erection out, the tip battering into several passing buildings. It was also natural that contact left cosmetic gouges and shattered windows along each, many little heads peering out in shock at the passing titan.

“Please, everyone downtown, evacuate,” a little megaphone blasted, echoing down from one block to another. *“Remain calm, and evacuate down to the nearest underground bunkers, immediately. Please, cease all work and report down below in an orderly–”*

*“WOULD YOU **STOP** THAT!? LEGOSHI!”*

At 400’ even, Louis stood nearly twice Legoshi’s height, and he was only spurting bigger, faster. All the restraint his noble upbringing could ever afford him strained against the mixed reality that he was bigger than the wolf, at long last–but was also stuck carrying him.

One house-sized foot bashed into the pavement, no longer caring, simply moving to move. The next was bigger than a house, heft and heat blasting off as whole cars flipped away and into each other, the chaos negligible in the face of whatever his continued presence would sow for the block.

“Please, do not panic,” the shrill megaphone droned. *“Report below immediately and await further instructions. The military is en route at this moment–”*

Vague, sour curses tumbled out of Louis’s looming maw as he slammed along, rising even taller, booking even wider. His triceps threatened to brush skyscrapers on either side of a nervous street as he passed, all 140 feet of shoulders, traps and neck spanning out in larger gulfs of growth. At 430’, his antlers began to reach like demonic fingers beyond the rooftops of entire corporate complexes, followed by his head and flicked-back ears as it surged up to 460’.

His sacs swayed, tight and full, rocking with each growing step to the point where they bumped and ground and stroked Legoshi’s sex, bulging tight over it, making the mortified wolf snort out his feelings into Louis’ amazing abs as both arms continued to explode larger around him. Higher and higher he went as the god-deer carried him along, angrily caring, Louis’ orbs ballooning so big they crept up under Legoshi’s feet, massive pillows cradling his huge soles.

“B-big,” was all Legoshi could figure out, verbally, as Louis stomped into a hard left at the next intersection, grunted, and forced his escalating enormity in between two towering buildings.

“GHG, A-ALMO-ST OUT. S-STOP SQU-IRMING!”

His shoulder blades buffeted bigger against an advertising tower, his pecs grinding hard into a law firm on the other side as the deer huffed and swelled *again*. Now a stunning five hundred feet in height, and over two hundred wide, destruction was simply non-negotiable. Legoshi ‘helpfully’ shoved Louis’ member away throughout, keeping it dragging sideways along the law firm as it throbbed away callously, revealing unspoken delights as it hardened into a flopping pillar of warmth.

“WOULD YOU S-ST-OP TUH-TOUCHING THAT, LEGOSHI! YOU’RE NOT HUH-HELPING AT ALL! JUST BE A GOOD DOG, AND STAY S-STILL, OR I’LL JUST DITCH YOU HERE AND LET THE MILITARY–”

Sirens. Were they sirens?

Both their huge ears pricked up, Louis's mouth stretching into a barely-managed grimace.

Sirens.

"WELL, THAT'S P-PERFECT–"

A missile from behind interrupted, exploding into a great cloud of white-hot pain against Louis' back bulk, making the huge male stagger forward from the impact.

*"AH!! DUH-DA…**MMMMMMI-ITTTT!**"*

The deer's annoyance rocketed into rage as his body vibrated so hard that Legoshi thought he could see afterimages. Louis' teeth grit so tight that Legoshi could hear them, up past the ridge of Louis' expanding chest, echoing off everything as he trembled worse…and worse…

"I'VE…HUH-HAD E…ENOUGH…"

Louis' vast body stretched furiously, some great explosion welling up inside.

"Ah, erm, Louis," Legoshi panted, "m-maybe not now–"

The deer's heartbeat slammed into a symphony of fury, and Legoshi's into a blind panic as Louis began to grow–*badly*.

Both buildings crushed inward as the snorting cervid blew up, ferocious heat flowing off his bristling fur and pumping bulk. His shoulders burst into small mountains, blowing through both structures like tin as his pectorals *b-boomed* out, billowing into exteriors and turning them into interiors as rubble collapsed about them. Every snort blew Louis up messily, angrily, the buck inflating to 550 feet, then 600 in two nasty throbs.

"L-louis!"

Another explosion hammered the colossus, making him stumble forward through the skyscrapers once more, a little farther yet. Legoshi went pale in those immense arms as Louis snarled openly, eyes bulging wide, before an unfettered screech of hate spilled out, shaking everything.

Louis' massive arm sailed back into a high arc, his fist impacting the highest segment of another skyscraper, blowing it open in a plume of smoke, letting it crash down behind him in a tumble of blocking debris.

Sure enough, a fusillade of bullet fire and missile bursts echoed beyond it, only further punctuating Louis' near-blind anger.

"I KNEW IT!" he boomed, quaking with too much pressure, his body swelling uncontrollably bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and *bigger*. ***"I TOOOOOLD YOOOOU!"***

Louis was too big, now. Much, much too big. Too strong. Too thick.

The deer's feet smashed the roads into rubble as his weight surged beyond all hope; heels bigger than plaza properties ballooned on impact, swelling so much that the craters they left spread wider and wider, before he could even lift them back up for another step. 650' shook and twitched and b-burst to 700', then 800', his body blowing through the surrounding skyscrapers like paper as they detached at their mighty centers, snapped off, and rolled and slid and crashed down his growing biceps and hips.

"I-I'm s-sorry–"

Legoshi's muzzle shut itself as the vast deer's abs exploded into them, smothering the comparatively little wolf's entire field of vision, burying him in scented, hot fur and ever growing mass.

"WHY…DO I ALWAYS HAVE…TO CARRY EVERYONE!?"

Louis' sheer width nearly matched his height as impossible tons of muscle poured forth, his hide struggling and moaning as pure anger pumped them too big.

"WHY…DO I HAVE TO BOTHER!?"

Legoshi couldn't even hear anything anymore; all that remained was the sensation of tectonic belly muscles rumbling against him as his bassy rant worsened:

"WHY…IF I'M THIS FANTASTICALLY BIG…DO I STILL…HAVE TO BE RESTRAINED…BE CAGED…BY IDIOTSSSSS LIIIIIIKE YOOOOOOOOU!?"

For all his raving, for all his enraged rambling, the nine-hundred foot tall, 700'-foot wide gargantua held him. For all his fuming fury, regardless of what he roared, he still did it.

He still carried him.

Those immeasurable abs surged, all-but suffocating the wiggling wolf as he became lost in nearly 1,000 feet of deer muscle, his erection deep in hot fluff, as Louis' titanic shaft swung far ahead, over 400 feet long, and screamingly hard.

"I WAS GOING TO B-BE…A BEASTAR! YOU UNDERSTAND T-THAT, LEGOSHIIII!? DO YOU E-EVEN G…RRRRRASSSSP THAT!? ME! B-BUT NO, YOU J-JUST KEEEEEEP…GETTINGGG-GH…IN MY WAAAAAAY! EVERYONE…INNNN…MUH-MY WAAAAAAAAAAAAAY–"

The last of the downtown buildings split and tumbled away as a 1,100-foot tall god-buck emerged, his erection announcing his arrival into a huge, emptied lot. A foot over 150' long smashed it in two, fissured spitting up steam from innumerable vents as he stepped out and let his absurd weight sink onto it.

The cracks snaked and webbed out past them, onto the rolling hills of a vast park system, vanishing into thin blankets of woodland as the tremors followed along.

Angered as he rightly was, Louis wasn't berserk–not quite just.

Even the overgrown behemoth stopped a moment, his brow rising, his trailer rig-sized ears swiveling loudly out wide as he saw it. Legoshi pushed against the deer's vast belly, turned, and stared out from the forest of soft brown fur, seeing it too.

The entire military must have been there, waiting. If not all of them, then it was close enough to suit anyone. Hundreds of tanks, armored cars, riot vans, soldiers in riot gear all flanked Louis, in formation after formation. Helicopters finally cleared the rubble the cervid had left, jets streaking out and circling back over even him, all of which were surely armed and hot.

"...DAMMIT."

That much was certainly fair. Even Legoshi finally stayed quiet as the military paused, a silent standoff taking place that no party could fully control. Louis closed his eyes, pursed his lip, and snorted out a great blast of air, before swallowing what had gotten out.

"LISTEN, DOWN THERE," he started–

"Stay exactly where you are, up there," a mean voice shouted back, through another megaphone. *"You're speaking, so you aren't mindless. So, I have questions, along with demands. I will have both satisfied, or you will be blown into the history books. Do you understand?"*

Louis' frown dipped. Still, the control was more or less back, because his growth had finally tapered off at a jaw-dropping, incredible twelve-hundred feet tall, and eight hundred wide, at the pectorals.

"...I DO. YES. BEFORE YOU ACT ON A WRONG IMPRESSION, I'M NOT RAMPAGING. NOT BY CHOICE. IF YOU WILL PLEASE CONTACT THE HORNS CORPORATION, AND INFORM THEM THAT–"

"First question," the voice shot back, interrupting, as the jets circled above. *"How in all hellfire did you get this blasted big?"*

The irritation spiked again, one side of Louis' scowl diving lower.

"I CAN'T SAY," he rumbled, his voice putting the ground to a great shudder. ***"I IMAGINE IT WAS SOMETHING I ATE EARLIER THIS AFTERNOON. BEST GUESS."***

"What could you have possibly consumed, to make you into…this!?"

"...JUICE."

There was just a beat, heavy as it was, before Louis' ears perked.

"KAI."

Louis' vast fists clenched, his other arm finally leaving Legoshi there, leaving the wolf to cling to the deer's thick fur.

"Who?"

Louis' anger returned. It must have, given how the humongous buck started to tremble again, then fully *rumble* all over.

"ONE OF MY IDIOT CLASSMEN, AT CHERRYTON. I'M A STUDENT THERE. THIS IDIOT HERE, AS WELL."

“OH, C-COME ON,” Legoshi whined, the military finally noticing the 225’ wolf clutching the much larger male’s stomach.

“*That’s Kai?”*

“...NO.”

“Then, who is–”

“ENOUGH QUESTIONS,” Louis huffed, the rumbling spiking, his muscles tightening. ***“ARE YOU GOING TO CONTACT THE HORNS CORPORATION, OR NOT? I NEED TO SPEAK WITH OGMA, RIGHT AWAY.”***

“Ogma?” the megaphone balked, as though it were somehow more implausible a request. *“Why do you want a bigwig like him?”*

“BECAUSE,” *Louis groaned, having to push the rest out,* ***“I’M HIS…SON.”***

At long last, for the first time since their oversized arrival downtown, there was silence. Once it finally arrived, it wasn’t particularly welcome. Wait, no…they were talking:

“Alert Yahya, apprise him immediately.”

“We can’t reach him, we just tried, while Johnson reached out to Horns. No one’s picking up at Yahya’s HQ. I think their lines are jammed up with calls, sir.”

“Well…doesn’t Yahya canvas down here, sometimes? Try the walkie frequencies one by one, just to see if he picks up. He may be in the area, for all we know.”

“Well, even if he is, the downtown and the Black Market…that’s miles of area, sir! If he’s here and hasn’t seen this madness, he’d have to be all the way at the East or North end, the elevation is–”

“Just hail them!”

“S-sir!”

Louis’ ears bobbed slightly. He knew that name from memory.

Suddenly, the voice returned in full, talking right into the megaphone:

"Done. Now, will you wait here, calmly?"

Louis's rumbling subsided as he sighed, then politely nodded, his neck bulging from the merest of motions.

"YES. T…THANK YOU. THOUGH I DON'T APPRECIATE THE ARTILLERY STRIKES, BACK THERE. THOSE MISSILES HURT. A LOT."

"My God, those managed to strike you…and you're still standing!?"

If Louis hadn't been attacked so hard, he might have absorbed the awe in a happier fashion. As it was, he just snorted down over his looming pecs.

"YES. BEAR THAT IN MIND, GOING FORWARD, PLEASE."

There was silence again, as the owner of the megaphone sussed out just how much threat was inside of the words, along with the warning.

"Whew," Legoshi huffed, still clinging to Louis tightly. "T-that is a relief, haha. Okay."

"LEGOSHI. GET DOWN," Louis flatly boomed, making Legoshi wince.

"R-right…"

"YOU LISTEN, WOLF. YOU AND I ARE STAYING PUT, RIGHT HERE. YOU HEARD THEM. WE AREN'T MONSTERS, WE'RE GOING TO BE CIVILIZED. WE'LL SORT THIS OUT."

"O-okay. S-sure, I can do that–"

The tingle from Legoshi was such that even Louis felt it. In less than a second, like a mighty oak bending and cracking over the land, the deer was looking out over his billowed-out pectorals, staring daggers down at his overshadowed self.

"NO."

"E-erm," Legoshi gulped, trembling harder all over.

"NOOOO, I SAID. DON'T YOU DARE GROW."

"W-well, it's not something I can–"

Already, Legoshi was growing. His bulk swelled in aching, rolling lurches, the wolf's eyes rolling back as he stifled a growl by swapping it with a toothy sneer. Standing at Louis' vast lower thighs, it was inevitable that Legoshi shot up in size, bumping his head up underneath Louis' thick undercarriage, slapping the monumental erection so hard that it swung up, thumping the deer's pecs, and bapped down on Legoshi's chest as it swelled out, and out.

Louis was afire with blush, for all the possible reasons, as the military visibly lurched back in surprise. A set of deer eyes narrowed up past those barrelled-out pectorals as Louis scowled, feeling as Legoshi dog-sneezed, tingled hard, and burst up again, blasting with spurt after hot spurt to 270 feet…310 feet…

"G-haaah-haaa…"

"LEGOSHI, I SWEAR–"

"I cuh-can't help it!"

As expected and feared, the megaphone crackled back on:

"What is this? Stop that right now! We agreed you would stay still!"

"WE…WE'RE TRYING," Louis said, his composure tearing down as fast as it rebuilt.

"Understand, we will open fire," the voice warned, sincerely. *"I don't care who you're the son of, if you two cause any further trouble–"*

Legoshi's back muscles gorged on size, blowing up into furred boulders over his rising form. His biceps pumped bigger, bigger, roaring hungrily under groaning skin. His pectorals pounded larger, wider, overflowing past his huge arms as his lats erupted wider, underneath.

"GGG…"

330 feet.

360 feet.

Louis's far bigger arms consumed Legoshi as the huge deer huddled down and crushed him into a full bear hug, compressing with enough force to crush skyscrapers into a one-inch block; to the wolf, it was just really, *really* tight.

"Wh-what?"

"YOU ARE NOT SPOILING THIS, LEGOSHI," Louis hissed, seething anew as he pressed his bigger deer muzzle in, getting as eye-to-eye as their size gap allowed. ***"WE HAVE A BALANCE GOING, HERE! I DON'T CARE HOW, JUST. STOP. GROWING. BIGGER!"***

Legoshi, muzzle to muzzle, trembled and billowed larger, in reply, his snout ballooning up into the stunned deer's; the proximity led to one unavoidable conclusion, terminating in a set of pressed, soft, warm lips, wolf to deer.

Then, Legoshi kept growing.

The 400-foot giant's muzzle rammed deeper, pressing the kiss in tight as Louis' calm evaporated entirely. An enormous swath of burning red embarrassment covered the buck's muzzle as his eyes widened to bulbs, his ears perking up…then way, way back. All the way back to hell. His brow kitted so powerfully that the deer's entire upper cranium nearly collapsed, as a struggling, growing Legoshi tried to pull free from it.

The rumble returned.

A rumble so strong, it overtook even Legoshi's rumbling, leaving the 500-foot wolf whimpering into the huge deer's mouth as he swelled even bigger, and bigger…

Then, it came, at last: not a new spurt, but a final delivery on what had been building up back at Gouhin's clinic. It wasn't even fair to call it a spurt, really.

It was a volcanic eruption of *growth*.

Louis nearly burned open red, his fur's tint dropped a shade or ten as the livid male exploded in every imaginable angle, all at once. It had only been a brief creep forward before his body detonated over Legoshi, bowling the 600' wolf back and scattering the military in a sea of panicked little cries, his cervine bulk inflating unstoppably over the park, over the military, over everyone.

The jets swerved off in a terror as red-brown muscles *boom-boom-boom-BOOMED* their way, practically chasing after them as they hit their thrusters.

Legoshi went flying as the deer's muzzle rose up to the skies, catching and flinging him off Louis' rampant growth. He vaulted over the river and bridges, clear past the edge of the city, and crashed with a catastrophic blast of dirt into the surrounding mountainsides, kicking up smoke for half a mile.

Still, the wolf grew, and grew. He felt the earth spreading unhappily around his muscles as they pumped and plumped, higher, thicker, stronger, casting bolts of pleasure through his 700-foot tall body–

BMMMMMB

Eight-hundred, rather.

On sitting up he trembled harder, still, his shaft bloating into full mast at over 350', his body *rumb-umm-mmbling* up to 900 feet as he quivered and huffed, watching his own pectorals rising up into his sights, pinching up under his toothy-snarled muzzle as his shoulders boomed even larger, his biceps stretching larger, his forearms bursting, his rump swelling deeper into the shorn earth.

Yet, the moment the smoke cleared from his landing, Legoshi forgot all about his own growth. If anything in the world possibly could have made it happen, it was the sight of Louis looming over the edge of downtown and the river bank and its bridges, leading only to the unfriendly wilderness he now occupied.

The deer was…b-big. BIG. Crazy- wild big.

"LEEEEGOOOOOSHIIIII!"

The countryside trembled for a full mile out as Louis expanded, remaining at a hunched sit over the entire park, still over 2,000 feet tall, and still growing bigger. He was as wide across with sheer oceans of pulsating brown-red bulk, his chest overflowing atop his surging phallus.

Legoshi gulped deep, reflexively scuttling on his rump and back across the mountainside, trying to slink away from the…*type* of mountain growing on the other side.

A gargantuan explosion went off just shy of Louis' muzzle as he roared, but it wasn't heat or fire that made it. Rather, it was a gigantic cloud, one that the seething deer inhaled before he could so much as detect it.

“Er,” Legoshi started, squinting carefully, even as he swelled up to a whopping thousand feet in height.

He watched as Louis rumbled something, shook his massive head, then blinked rapidly.

His humongous hand, big enough to hold a building like a free weight, slapped up groggily against his face, trying to wipe something away in a slow form of panic.

“H-HWH…AH…WHA’ISSS…”

The scariest teeter known to animalkind happened as all of Loui’s half-mile body wobbled in place, then sank down, the deer slamming his hands to the shaking terrain to keep himself from falling. Again, his head shook, his eyes drooping unceremoniously.

“N…HNNNOOOO…NOOOO…I…MMMH…”

Still, that was so, so much deer to drug, whatever that military-grade burst was made up of. That much bore out as Louis, instead of passing out completely, shakily rose to a towering stand, hobbling in place as the combination of the drug and the altered elevation caught up with him. He snorted, trying to get it out of his cavities, but it was done.

With no other course, Louis forced one shaking leg ahead, stomping off over the rim of the park, over the river, and off toward the countryside, literally climbing over a smaller section of mountain ridge like it was a kiddie slide.

No one dared chase the colossus, though Legoshi saw the remaining jets swing off and streak after him, tailing the deer intently.

“Louis,” the 1,300-foot wolf hummed, still embarrassed, still growing bigger.

Good thing they hadn’t hit him with whatever that sleeper bomb was.

Unless there’s more on hand…

Easily grasping that their chances with the military were good and cooked, Legoshi continued creeping off to the East, too big to easily hide in the forest hugging the range, still too small to easily climb the mountains on his side, the way Louis had done.

Just keep slow, and keep moving

As Legoshi and Louis parted ways more and more definitely, as Legoshi rounded the river, he kept a wary eye on downtown, bulging bigger and thicker, grunting and surging to 1,500', then 1,700.

"Come on, come on, stop growing so fast," the wolf begged himself, his muscles getting so large that creeping anywhere successfully became a pipe dream. "Where am I s-supposed to even go, now?"

It was a fair question, with no real answer other than *away*.

EAST BEND RIVER RANGE

LEGOSHI, 2:43 PM

"The madder he gets, ah, the bigger Louis must grow, I guess," Legoshi murmured to himself, feeling his voice swell bigger and stronger by the word. "M-maybe it's for the best that I can't annoy him more…unless those planes keep attacking him."

The thought made him shudder, making the mountain range rattle against his bulk. The idea of Louis pumped any bigger than he already had become was horrifying, since he wasn't exactly the pleasant type. Mostly.

"But oh, right," he huffed, blinking, before grimacing and blowing up to 1,900 feet, his muscles rivaling Louis', even at his smaller size. "Haah, heh…G-Gouhin can't help me, either. Who could I find, then, t-to help–"

At that, Legoshi froze in place, there against the larger breadth of the mountains. He sniffed at an incoming breeze, then sniffed harder, looking to the farther end of the downtown area. At his size, it was actually harder to make out, being very big, but nowhere near his own size. Something was moving, just beyond the old buildings of the D-Zone.

The smell didn't lie. It could only be one smell–even if it didn't make sense.

"G…"

Legoshi squinted, straining to see something large and green, standing higher and higher over the surrounding buildings. As he did, the huge thing slammed something else down, blasting up a geyser of smoldering debris high over the zone.

There was no way his nose was right. Whatever was moving all the way over there, it was way too big to be…him. There was no way.

The smoke cleared, and Legoshi's eyes widened in amazement.

There, indeed, was a massive little lizard, a komodo dragon, huffing from exertion, maybe even from a fight.

"G…grandpa!?"

Something like a mosquito whined past his ear, before another streaked past after, yanking Legoshi's attention away; his hearing being more than powerful enough, it was only seconds before his brain caught on:

Jets!

All priorities shifted from getting to his Grandpa to holding his breath as two similar smoke bombs blasted out nearby. He was still smaller than Louis, and with how much it whalloped even him, there was every chance a snootful of the same would knock the wolf clear out to tomorrow, so Legoshi went with the only course: he scrambled up the mountain range, chest bulged out against its forests as he held it in.

A third bomb detonated nearby, up overhead, and Legoshi darted left, continuing his climb as the same wind that carried Gosha's scent pushed the descending cloud off and away.

He rolled over the peak in such a smooth manner that, for a moment, Legoshi pondered a proud Jack (had he been watching, and gigantic enough to see it all). The slope took most of his fall as he bumped and flopped his way back down; thankfully, being two thousand feet tall, it made the trip fairly short.

In less than ten seconds, he had thudded down to the other side with a dull crash, shaking the open plains of the country as he finally exhaled. The clouds were still above him, at least, that much was a slight comfort of sorts.

"Ugh," he huffed, his pink tongue flopped out dumbly. "W-what a time."

For a few precious moments, Legoshi remained there, still rumbling bigger, somewhat enjoying the sheer cushioning of his own ballooning muscles against the farmlands and fields.

“W-wait. Grandpa! H…h-how was he so big?”

The answer arrived quickly, because there was only one way he had gotten so big.

Had Grandpa really eaten the same kind of whatever food he and Louis had? There were 3 giants now? No, wait, he looked like he had just clobbered someone else. Unless it was a very sturdy animal, that had to make…

“Four giants, including m…me…”

Maybe the planes had given up and left. He didn’t hear any more gnat-buzzing. That, or he was getting so big, it wasn’t audible anymore.

No. No, no bombs were going off.

Gathering himself up, Legoshi stood up, and had to adjust himself lest he fall back down, harder. His body was still g-growing! His biceps swelled painfully huge, looming over his forearms, his shoulders booming wider as his hips swelled and his chest ballooned, his neck stretching thicker as a shot of pleasure forced itself up his groaning back.

“Oh, co-come on,” the wolf muttered through the bliss, rumbling yet again. “C-cut it out! Stop! S-stop growing, stop growing, stop growing! I don’t w-want to grow any b-bigger, please–”

2,200 feet…2,400 feet… 2,600 feet! He was roughly on par with where Louis had been! His bulk flared out wider, eclipsing him more and more, the taller he rose, until his muscles were over 3,000’ across, outpacing him by unsubtle leaps, in time with his vast shaft!

“Stopitstopits-stopitstopit–”

His erection bulged larger, bobbling up higher, longer, fatter, his sacs flooding out before his hulking inner thighs, pulling his attention down a moment.

“Ah, not you too! C-come on, we had to re-resist!”

His tip burned gleefully darker as it swelled, Legoshi looking all about for help, despite being a 2,700-foot tall muscle god.

“Thin-think about Grandpa,” he ordered and pleaded, bursting bigger, and bigger. “Got to get back to Grandpa, see if he can…figure something…”

It had been only a minute since his tumble to this side, but already Legoshi was so big that getting back up over the mountain was cake. All the towering wolf had to do was crouch, flex his bulging legs even bigger, then explode up in a single jump, clasping the top of the ridge so powerfully that his hands crushed into it–*into a mountain*.

His looming head and growing muzzle peered over the top, the wolf huffing out the crashing pleasure waves as he focused on the downtown section across the river.

Nothing.

"H-huh?" he gasped, swelling to 3,000 feet even. "But I…"

Had he been seeing things? Delirious from growth-shock? Was that a thing?

He peered over to the right, and clenched up, smashing the mountainside more as he flex-bulged against it. There, off past the city limits, to the East, was a tiny green mass, walking along, dragging something less-enormous with it.

"Where's…Grandpa g-going?" He mused, asking himself: "S-should I follow?"

Where else are you going to go, stupid?

"Hey."

"What if he's going somewhere dangerous? How's the know where to even go?"

"Hey."

"What if the m-military told him? He could be in danger–"

"Legoshi!"

The huge wolf let himself *thoom* back down to the terrain, finding the journey to be even shorter still. His growth was still going, though it finally gave out with a last shudder, leaving him a stunning, whopping height of 3,200'!

The small white rabbit beside him nodded up, as if affirming that he was indeed very, very big, when the realization hit that someone else was big enough to *not be* an invisible speck.

“Oh, Haru,” the vast male rumbled, grinning sweetly. “I’m glad you’re.”

Haru stared back up, blinking her enormous black eyes gently.

“I’m, what?”

Legoshi’s eyes snapped onto the dwarf rabbit as one ear twitched. Then:

“H-HARU!?”

The rabbit hardly looked surprised, as she set her hands onto her incredibly wide, plump hips, sighing so heavily that her breasts distractingly surged up against her chin.

“Finally.”

“HARU!”

“Legoshi!”

“Buh,” the wolf coughed, before closing his mouth…then laughing, a big, boomy, quaking laugh–at least, that was how it felt, considering Haru only came up to maybe Legoshi’s ankle, at best. She was a toy–barely. “You…you’re so cute!”

Haru’s brows came down, and Legoshi clammed right the hell up.

“I’m actually pretty huge, thank you,” she huffed, cocking her head, so that her ears flopped in that way Legoshi found so, so great.

“So, you aren’t even going to ask how I got so big?” Haru groused, thumping a foot. “Legoshi, I’ve been small my entire life! Do you have any idea how excited I was at the thought of looming over you, just once? But you get so big that…look at you!”

“E-erm.”

“Our size difference is *even greater* than before! Agh!”

“S-sorry,” Legoshi peeped, rubbing his hands over one another in contrition.

“Ugh, forget it,” Haru moaned, throwing her bulky white arms up in futility. “Of course you’d get even bigger than me. I mean, I’m glad you’re okay. You were smaller than I got, when

I saw you looming over Cherryton, but I couldn't get back over to you from the oceanfront in time. I can't believe you shot up this tall, and bulky."

Now, Haru was looking him over, in earnest.

"Okay, you do look really good. Like *really* good. I admit that much."

"Y-you think so?" Legoshi started, blushing cutely. "I mean, I–"

"Just look at that thing, I mean, wow!"

Pat pat

Word from the South quickly reached the command center, and Legoshi went white. She was palm-drumming playfully on the wolf pendulous erection, batting it happily as she openly admired the 900-foot mass.

"You know, I wondered what it would be like our first time, not going to lie, haha," the huge little rabbit chuckled, "but now? God, forget it–"

"I-I'm so sorry!" Legoshi barked, so powerful now that doing so blew Haru back a few thudding steps. "I-I…I'm indecent, at an advanced level!"

Haru blinked, then had to stifle a laugh so big it swelled her cheeks.

"You're still modest, even now? You weirdo! Ahahaha!"

"W-well," Legoshi stammered, moreso, "I'm a gigantic carnivore, th-the l-least I can do i-is maintain some, erm…civility?"

The far larger behemoth slumped where he stood, suddenly so pathetic that Haru would have just scooped him up if she was bigger. She wanted to so badly it actually kind of hurt.

"Forget it, hah. I'm glad."

"Er."

Haru popped her thick neck, smiling up high.

"I'm glad you're still you."

Legoshi could have squeezed her right up off the countryside, there and then. Both their massive tails wiggled, unable to help it.

NORTHEASTERN PRAIRIES

HARU, 3:10 PM

"S-so Haru," Legoshi mumbled, "how did you get over here? I had to climb the range to escape the military jets…"

"Oh, easy," she chirped, carried along in Legoshi's huge hands like a doll, "I didn't go into the city at all. I went from the waterfront around the other side of the city, toward downtown, since I saw you were walking off that way. The mountain range lowers a lot at a few points, so I got around them pretty easily. So, seriously, what made you pick the Black Market, at your size?"

"Ah, I-I thought someone there who knew medicine could help us."

"That's kind of stupid. Wait, 'us'?"

Legoshi nodded as he crashed along the open plains, not a soul around to notice him (or again, at his size, he just didn't notice anyone). No houses were anywhere near, so letting his feet slam where they pleased was finally fair game.

"Louis and I both grew into giants at the school theater, it just…kind of happened out of nowhere, really. We kept getting bigger. So, I tried to get help while we could still n-navigate the streets. It just. Kind of backfired."

"Louis, a giant!?" Haru yelped, wide-eyed. "I can't even…you know, actually…okay, yeah, I can see him huge. Wow."

Perhaps a teeny pang of jealousy reared up as Legoshi cleared his massive throat.

"W-well, he went his own way."

"How big was he?"

“I-I mean, you know…it doesn’t really matter…”

“Bigger than you?”

“N-no…”

“Ooh.”

She actually seemed impressed.

“H-hehe, well.”

“I’m not complaining, Legoshi,” Haru soothed, smiling like she was bigger than him. It did kind of feel that way. “Just, the size, the muscle, it fits you. It’s like all of you filled out.”

“You too!”

Haru stared, and Legoshi froze somewhat. He completely missed Haru’s soft tingling.

“I mean, you know.”

“Not *quite* as much,” she huffed, seeming more indignant about the size gap, than actually offended any; even she missed the way she trembled anew, another soft rumble rising insistently up within her. “This is neat, having a Legoshi cab service and all–but seeing you like this, now, I wonder why I haven’t gotten any bigger, myself.”

“Oh, right. Maybe you’re just overdue?”

“Or even as a giant, I’m a runt.”

“Do you really want to be bigger? I’m t-trying not to grow, you know.”

“Well, I don’t need to be bigger than *you*, say. Just…*bigger enough*.

“Hehe. I wouldn’t mind.”

“Really? Hehe. Well, let’s see what happens, then.”

Suddenly, being gargantuan wasn’t that bad–rather, it wasn’t so *lonely*.

DOWNTOWN, CITY LIMITS

JUNO, 3:32 PM

Nearly five hundred feet of female wolf boomed past the wreckage of the far end of the South side, the Black Market having eventually turned into ruined streets, then finally a row of demolished buildings and a thoroughly-flattened city park. Everything seemed abandoned, adding more and more confusion as Juno passed it all, seeing no one around to witness her, no souls to fawn over her heightened beauty.

"Well, that's certainly odd," she softly growled, canting her head thoughtfully. "Someone else was clearly here, and it couldn't have been Miss Cosmo, I just came from that way. Gracious, another giant! They must have been super-sized to do all of this…"

She sniffed, then sniffed again, before her tail went wild.

"No," she snorted, beaming wide. "No! It couldn't! Legoshi!"

That must have been it! The smell was unmistakable!

"My Legoshi grew, too!? I…wait. What else is…L-Louis!?"

She blinked, shifting her massive thighs as she rubbed her chin, having to reach well-up beyond her monstrous bosom to manage it.

"They both…did all this?"

She finally took a better look down at the rubble, dusted some away, then blushed darkly.

"OH."

Massive footprints were everywhere, each one several times bigger than her own feet. They only increased in scope as she wandered into the wreckage of the park, looking as abandoned military vehicles and guns littered the cracked foundation and crushed trees.

"Puh," she giggled, wagging. "Did they really think they could stop those two boys? How adorable! I doubt they could have even stopped me, and I…I'm…probably much smaller than…either of them. Oh."

The thought had taken its time climbing up to Juno's head, but once it arrived, it hit hard.

"I thought I'd be looming over him, but he must be massive. Well, then, how? How could he be that much–ah, how could L-Louis be even bigger than me!? I outclassed Cosmo!"

Suddenly, her magnificent size seemed laughable.

"I hadn't accounted for this at all," Juno muttered, pursing her thick lip. "Well, now what, then? I could sniff Legoshi out, but I'd be so much smaller, what would be the point? How…"

She glanced around, asking the abandoned district, as if it knew:

"How do I get even bigger!?"

A new scent caught her, drawing Juno's sights to a ruined patch of road, where only one set of small, tiny vehicles remained. It was an elevated highway stretch, one that should have led into one of the South end bridges over the river; Juno's ear flicked in bafflement.

That only leads into the mountains, she thought, correctly. *So why…*

She hid behind a remainder of a skyscraper, watching on as some dot-sized animal walked back and forth along the edge of the broken road, smashed apart by a falling hunk of one of the buildings that had fallen. He or she seemed to be talking into a phone, gesturing grouchily, before hanging up and motioning to the rest of the matching cars, before getting back into theirs.

A motorcade?

She sniffed again, and was now sure of it: they smelled like the baked goodies she and Juno had shared earlier. In fact, whatever had been in the food…there was so much more of it in the vehicles that it was unmistakable!

The math was brief, and awesome.

"Hello," she rumbled, grinning wider, as she saw another motorcade of similar cars driving out several roads away, along a stretch that managed to still connect to one of the river bridges, into the mountains.

The closer caravan began to start up, presumably to reverse out and follow the successful group, and Juno was on them so fast it was funny.

“I know, we’re already behind,” the delivery tech moaned to the passenger’s side tech as they entered the lead car to the caravan, resting her head on the wheel in misery. “But what can we do? The damned road is out! We turn around and book it over to the other road, that’s all we can do here.”

“But it’s already like a 2-hour trip, without the holdup,” the passenger replied. “We’re gonna get fired, for sure! It’s bad enough all hell’s breaking loose with giants on the loose, and we’re out here, instead of in a shelter, where we should be…”

“I know it,” the chicken grunted as she turned the key and heard the engine turn over. “But what good is surviving if we turn down a job this important, and get fired?”

“Yeah, or botch the rush delivery, like now, and get fired anyw–”

THOOM

Both of them looked to each other, then their side mirrors, seeing the other cars pulling out frantically and circling away at high speed.

“The hell was that–”

THOOM

This time, they went dead silent, as a vast dark shadow spilled over them, over the road, over everything nearby.

“HEY.”

“Oh, dear Lord, no.”

Something immense descended from above, thudding the road so powerfully that the edge snapped off and splashed down into the river below. Both drivers hollered and flailed as the furry mass slid closer, shearing the concret apart, before it parted to reveal titanic, thick fangs.

It was a chin. All of it. *A mouth.*
One from which a thick, feminine rumbling escaped:

“MIND IF I CATCH A RIDE?”

At her staggering size, Juno plucked the vehicle up like it was an almond, lifting it and the screaming drivers up, up, up, up to her face as she stood back upright and beamed into their windshield.

"HOW DELICIOUSLY PERFECT IS THIS? HEE! WITH YOU, I'LL BECOME SO VAST THAT I'LL HOLD MY SWEET LEGOSHI IN THE PALM OF M…HUH, M-MUH…"

A tremendous ripple ran through Juno's entire body, raw ecstasy wracking her overfed curves, ruffling her thick fur in a streak of joy.

"Y…YEE-HE-HEEEEEESSSS…"

In one rattling burst, to the drivers' collective horror, Juno rocketed up in size, groaning and surging as she blew up *even bigger*. Her cleavage swelled into great fields below them, the car wheels spinning at maximum RPM as they instinctively floored the gas pedal, only for the wolfess' fingers to boom bigger and thicker, denting the tiny car inward more, then more still.

"HRRRRRRRRHMMMM~"

483 feet stretched hotly, tenderly, the female ballooning with a gushing groan to 510 feet, then 540, her tongue lolling out as it grew against her cheek, his lips bulging, her shoulder boom-rolling, her waist blasting even wider atop swelling thighs. Her breasts bobbled freely, her bloated nipples *sp-sp-pp-purting* jets of milk as she howled in quaking delight.

560 feet…580 feet…

Her huge lashes batted erratically as her lids lowered, her rump billowing out, her sex ballooning into the remains of the elevated highway and smashing it further apart on contact.

"B-BUH-BIGGER…"

600 feet…640 feet…

A tremble overtook Juno mid-spurt, one so ferocious that her hands opened, her grip on the increasingly little car slipping off. It and the tiny drivers tumbled down the slope of her growing palm, all heat and fur as they tried to drive down, down her wrist, flying off of it and plummeting into the vast, yawning canyon of the wolf's cleavage, vanishing into it without any hope of a trace.

Juno was understandably all teeth and steam as she rumbled up to 660 feet, hugging her massive breasts in unabashed rapture as the tickling, tingling, teasing growth blew her up to 700 feet, then 800!

“B…BBB-B…HHHHH…”

Nine hundred feet.

D-do…itttt…

Nine-hundred fifty feet.

Moooooore!

One. Thousand. Feet!

Juno’s cry came out as a dinosaur-roar, her 600 foot-wide bosom bouncing as she threw her hands up into the air in triumph, shuddered greedily–then gasped.

“WAIT.”

She patted herself over, tensed up, then growled deep.

“CRAP! CRAAAAP! WHERE…DID IT FALL TO? WHERE IS…”

She swiveled her head like it might as well just come off, cursing herself silently. The other bridge was long since empty, the other vehicles having already made it into the unknowable depths of the old mountain roads. Evacuations through them would surely have been a horrible idea, given their narrowness, which explained the general desolation.

“THE CARGO MUST HAVE BEEN WHAT I THOUGHT…DAMN IT! I CAN’T SMELL THE REST ANYWHERE, THEY’RE TOO FAR OUT TO…STUPID! STUPID!”

The thousand-foot giantess wheeled about, her heels cratering the ground.

“...F-FINE, THEN. I CAN JUST PICK UP LEGOSHI’S SCENT, AND FIND HIM. AFTER ALL, I SHOULD STILL BE BIG ENOUGH NOW. THIS STILL WORKS. HMM.”

With that, Juno stormed off toward the river, easily catching her beloved’s overgrown scent in the air.

BADLANDS

LEGOSHI, 4:38 PM

The verdant plains and farmlands faded off, the farther the wolf and bunny tread, until more arid vistas met them. Beyond them lay a desert so large that even Legoshi couldn't see the end of it–just the horizon and a sluggishly lowering Sun.

"Ah, where are we, exactly, Legoshi?" Haru finally ventured, as the two had stopped chatting and started paying better attention. "Did your stride really get us this far?"

"O-oh, right," Legoshi hummed, biting his lip anxiously. "I guess we g-got caught up talking, didn't we?"

"I mean, you can't really blame us," Haru huffed. "I have no idea what to even do about my family, like I was saying…"

"Yeah," Legoshi murmured, feeling the heat reflecting back up at him from the sand and rock below. "My Grandpa is–ah, my Grandpa! H-how could I forget!?"

"Huh?"

"M-my Grandpa!" Legoshi groaned, thumping a free palm against his head angrily. "I got so caught up when I saw that you were okay…h-he was gigantic, too, so I saw him before you arrived!"

"W-what? Why didn't you–"

"I just said, Haru," he fussed, quickly reeling it back. "Ah, s-sorry!"

"No, I get it, you *did* say…are you sure he was in danger, though?"

"W-well…not entirely. No. I guess."

"What was happening when you saw him?"

"Well…he was carrying someone else off into the countryside, beyond the city, but I don't know who it was. Someone big, like he'd grown."

“Then this really *is* spreading,” Haru muttered, thinking. “I mean, even if you had seen him, would you have caught up to him in time to stop him?”

“I…I dunno. Maybe.”

“Legoshi, I know we didn’t have any real plans, given the situation…but it’s clear enough that we both understood to get *away* from populated areas. That’s a given, right?”

The towering wolf nodded.

“Okay. He must have known, too. Is your Grandpa really old? I mean, in dog years?”

“He isn’t a wolf.”

Haru blinked rapidly.

“Sorry?”

“He’s not a wolf. H…he’s a komodo dragon.”

“You mean, you…”

Legoshi nodded again, plainly, patiently as he could.

“Mixed marriage, heh. Y-yeah.”

Haru smiled, but it was a strange kind.

“So, no wonder you’re into–”

“L-let’s change the subject!” Legoshi all but wailed, wilting against the topic.

“Hmm-hmm. So, your Grandpa’s a dragon. They’re super-tough, aren’t they?”

“Y-yeah, usually.”

“So, your Grandpa isn’t some wimp.”

“Q-quite the opposite, heh. I mean, so far as I know…we haven’t…really spoken in awhile, I uh…I, yeah, we haven’t talked. B-but he is tough. Very. And pretty, even.”

“Huh?”

“Wuh-well, his scales. They’re just. I always. Ah, t-they calmed me down, as a kid, I mean. I just. Wouldn’t mind…seeing them, now. Ahah. Er.”

Haru put both hands on the wolf’s thick chest, pressing in nicely, getting his attention.

“Hey.”

“Huh?”

“He sounds like a good Grandad. Strong.”

Legoshi’s face plateaued somewhere between pride and shame, and for just a moment, Haru was sure she’d done wrong by saying it.

“Hmm,” Legoshi hummed, starting to grin sadly. “No, yeah, h-he is. I just, ah, never really let him…maybe I. Should have…mmm.”

“It’s okay. He’ll be okay, Legoshi, really. I mean, if you want to try and find him, I’m with you, for sure. I’m not leaving your goofy ass alone!”

“N-no, you’re right, he…he’s tough,” Legoshi sighed, getting the fear out. “We should uh, get a plan going of our own.”

“Haha, look at you,” Haru chuckled, perking her ears. “Like what, you think?”

“Ahhh.”

“Hmm-hmm. Yeah.”

A soft pause filtered in, before Legoshi finally made a different kind of face.

“...Goofy?”

“Hah, you f-finally stopped!”

Legoshi started, turning partly around. His enormous jaw dropped low.

"Bwuh–"

Juno thudded over the arid plains in the distance, bounding up on titanic brown thighs as the landscape shook under her. Even from that distance, she was huge, and Legoshi reflexively hid Haru against him with his massive hand.

"J-Juno!?"

"I knew I smelled your scent back at the city, Legoshi!" the wolfess cheered, bounding closer and closer, until she stood before him, tall enough to reach the colossus' hips. "Oh my gosh, look at you! Wow! You…you're practically a god!"

"Gosh," Legoshi replied, blushing all over. "Juno…you got b-big too, huh?"

"You noticed," she growl-boomed coyly, swishing her monstrous tail-fluff about. "Though not quite big enough for you, it seems! Boo. Still, I'm closer than any other little tiny out there, aren't I?"

"H-how?"

"Same as you, right?" Juno asked, batting her massive eyes innocently. "Why, don't you know, Legoshi? The very food we shared at the cafeteria is what made us grow and grow into the true alpha creatures we always were meant to be!"

"Eh?"

"Haha, think about it," Juno rumbled, grinning up at him, her gigantic bust bumping tactlessly into his abundant crotch. "We carnivores are superior animals, so it tracks that we should be the ones to have this incredible new power! Right? I mean, heh, who else would it possibly ever go–"

Sniff

Juno went stock still, aside from her nose. The magnifying snout wrinkled as something entered it, and the thousand-foot tall giantess made a sour face right after, glaring up at him. His colossal chest didn't do much to save Legoshi from it, he knew it was happening.

"Why," Juno grumbled, "on Earth would I ever, ever smell what I smell, here?"

“S-sorry?”

Juno bit her lip, making sure to let as much fang out as possible.

“Rabbit. I smell rabbit. I smell…*her*.”

A great rumble swelled up from within Legoshi’s hand, and the wolf grunted in exasperation. Suddenly, he understood why Louis had gotten so mad at him before.

“Oh, no–”

“Oh, no, what?” Juno shot back, just as a huge swell of soft white fur and throbbing muscle blew into the open, spreading Legoshi’s fingers wide. A set of bulging breasts boofed out violently, inflating bigger and bigger as they overtook the lupine’s head entirely, making Juno shriek as she stomped away. “Oh, NO! WHAT!?”

Haru exploded in size, hiccupping into a torso-sized mound of taut, powerful muscle, the rabbit having blasted up to 500 feet, then 750, shaking with a sudden blast of pure power as she cried out.

Legoshi pitched back some, swaying as he corrected in place, only for Haru’s chest to swell tighter and heavier, buffeting the wolf as she filled his immense arms, sagging down along his stomach with hers, her huge rear pumping down against the topside of his erection, all as Juno gawked in stilled rage.

Well, it was stilled, for a moment, at least.

“WHAT IS THIS!?” Juno boomed, stomping a foot, only to have Haru thud down off of Legoshi, shaking even Juno in the process as the rabbit ballooned up to 900’, then 1,300!

“Well, I was here, too,” Haru puffed, the trembling female dusting off her cream pelt as she sighed, her breasts nearly bumping Juno’s chest as it (and the rabbit) mutually outsized her. “Didn’t mean to throw you.”

“T-throw me?” Juno huffed, gathering herself back up at light speed. “Hardly. I was just so overtaken with Legoshi’s charity, in giving someone so small a much-needed lift. Any carnivore worth their salt would help the *meek* like that.”

Haru grinned. It was a grin Legoshi knew, and feared.

“So true! Maybe he should carry you, now that you’re the smallest one here.”

“B-beg pardon,” Juno said, as far from *asking* as possible.

“Well, you like him, don’t you?” Haru pushed, going right for it. “Why in the world wouldn’t you want to be held in his huge, thick, warm arms? I got to experience it for ages, and it was heaven! The least I can do is offer charity *back*. Think nothing of it.”

Legoshi was already moving away.

“Ahaha, well!” Juno guffawed, waving a huge hand. “As kind as that is, you *really* shouldn’t worry about me…”

A menacing quake swelled up from the wolfess as she stepped close enough that her chest was in proper position to *bulge* out into Haru’s head as Juno billowed even larger, yet. Feet big enough to cover most of an airliner swelled even larger, toes encroaching on Haru’s rabbit feet as Juno blew up and up, leaning in overhead and letting the undersides of her looming breasts mash down on the smothered bunny.

“Why don’t I…c-carry you, i-instead?”

1,200 feet inflated to 1,400, then 1,700’ Juno’s body lurching bigger and curvier as she crept in tighter, caging the struggling rabbit between her expanding thighs. Haru’s bulky arms slapped out around Juno’s bust, groping, feeling, vying for any kind of leverage, only for Juno to *BOOM* all the higher, her nipples stretching as they burned bigger, thicker, darker, straining out from billowing areolae.

“Ah, l-let’s forget the charity, maybe?” Legoshi offered, quickly approaching. “We’re all giants here, right? E-equals?”

“That’s *my* Legoshi, haha,” Juno chirped, hugging the smaller bunny up with her as she rose to 1,900 feet and pressed into Legoshi, intercepting the stunned wolf with a deep, supple press, bulk swelling into bulk, making him whine in polite difference. “You’re so right! Let’s all enjoy this together!”

Haru groaned as the wolf’s belly and groin swelled incessantly bigger, rolling and crushing her body in against the walled abs of Legoshi, who tried to back away–only for Juno to hug his sides all the tighter, smothering Haru further and further, with his own mass as the weapon of choice–*her* choice, primarily.

“T-this isn’t necessary, Juno,” Legoshi spluttered, the huge male still pulling back, even as Juno erupted higher, wider, bursting with a luscious grunt to 2,100 feet, then 2,400, nearing half a mile in size against his 3,200’. “W-why not stop now, heh, wh-while we’re all in one piece? R-right?”

“Oh no, Legoshi, dear,” Juno purred, “she wanted me to be in your arms, remember? You wouldn’t deny her kind wish for little old me, would you?”

Haru struggled worse, no longer able to breathe.

“Juno, I mean it, s-stop,” he huffed, only to feel the wolfess blow up to 2,600’, her muzzle rising up along the thick slope of his pectorals. “Stop!”

“Don’t you know, Legoshi?” Juno boomed smokily, her voice a huge, velvet rumble. “Do you really think we both grew this huge, to be apart? I’ll grow…and grow…and grow…until you’re in my hands! All mine, haha. Tell me you don’t want that, Legoshi, darling…”

“I don’t want that!”

“Oh, you just don’t know better yet,” Juno growled, clutching around at Legoshi’s vast rump. “But I’ll show you, don’t fret. I’ll teach you. I’ll t-teach you what a real woman can d–”

BMMMMMMMMMMM

Juno lost all sight of Legoshi as Haru’s head emerged from her bust, parting her breasts as she blasted larger, and larger, and larger. Juno squawked as she was forced back, their rolling, soft chests slipping and colliding as the humongous rabbit evened out with her height exactly, her muscles intact, her curves practically matching the wolfess’ as she huffed in satisfaction.

“Hah! Whew, that was close!” Haru grunted, grinning wide. “You…you’re really impressive, Juno! Wow!”

Juno balked, squinting in surprise, then outright suspicion.

“Do what.”

“You’re huge and soft and gorgeous, I can’t really lie about it. Haha, you didn’t back down at all, there. And I will say, between you and I…I get it.”

Even Legoshi paused, not understanding.

“Er.”

“You get it?” Juno growled. “You get what? what’s going on here?”

“Look, I already fought someone pretty nasty, earlier today, and I…I don’t know, it’s just not the same. You’re not the same as her. Don’t get me wrong, I don’t care for the smothering, and I wouldn’t hate an apology…but I see it. You really do have feelings for Legoshi, too.”

Juno turned beet red. Despite all her advances and forcing, she had never really said it, nor had it said, for her. *By a herbivore*.

“I,” the wolfess started, before her mouth went crooked. “I, I do. I see him every day, and he…feels like the one. Mine. For me. Not you!”

“Right, no, of course he would be,” Haru cut in. “For you. But I like him too. What you see, I see as well. If anything, we can’t really be enemies. Rivals, sure, heh. But not enemies. If anything…I know how it feels.”

Juno blinked, still glaring on.

“Really.”

“It’s a lot like growing, isn’t it?”

Juno’s brows lifted.

“That feeling, just…overloading you, that great, wonderful agony. Like something’s pouring it all into you, and you could burst, and you welcome it, but instead it makes you feel bigger and bigger, filling you up more and more. I mean, we just went through it!”

Juno’s lip moved, but she kept the words caged.

“Mm.”

“It drives you crazy, but you’re glad to be mad,” Haru continued, sighing happily, her chest blimping into the female’s. “Doesn’t it make perfect sense that I would want that, too? The way he makes me feel?”

Legoshi just listened, silently. His hands were already together, on their own.

“Shoot, I felt that way, being a tiny little rabbit. At least you got to stand tall, from the start. I could see him being with you, sure. If that’s what Legoshi really wanted, then okay. But otherwise, you can’t blame me for fighting for him, when you, of *all* women, know exactly how it feels.”

Every instinct within Juno surged forward, and all of it was right there on her face.

“Haru,” Legoshi murmured, beaming wide.

“I…appreciate the thought,” Juno snorted, forcing it out. “But I didn’t come all this way to turn back around! Neither did you! Right?”

“Eh,” Haru mumbled, the huge rabbit caught entirely off guard. “W-well–”

“Exactly!”

With that, Juno shoved the huge Haru aside, leapt into Legoshi, and pulled his muzzle down into her voluminous, furred cleavage, deep and needful.

“This is what my Legoshi needs, bunny! Not some mixed-species fetish that’ll only break his heart!”

“Oh, that’s low!” Haru groused, as Legoshi sputtered and wriggled, then pulled off of Juno, hacking and coughing, then finally gulping.

“Ghah, Juno!” Legoshi groaned, guling again. “Warn me n-next time!”

“Next time?” Haru shot back, glaring.

“You heard him, bunny,” Juno sneered. “I suppose even feet that big just aren’t lucky enough to–”

A great growl stole through the badlands, stopping everything.

Haru and Juno stared at one another, unblinking, before they both turned to Legoshi. Huge dunes shifted as the terrain started up a sinister rumba, a clattering dance of preternatural dread that swirled around the male as his body pulsed once…then stretched out before them, slow and ominous and alien.

“L…Legoshi?” Haru asked, all her herbivore leanings screaming for her to flee, and flee very far. “What…what’s happening? Another growth spurt?”

“S…S-w-all-”

“What?” Juno pressed, looking the quivering wolf over.

“S…SW-ALL-O-WED…S-OMETH…NNNG…”

“But what?” Haru wondered, as Legoshi’s heartbeat boomed louder and louder. “All he did was wind up stuffed in your breasts, so…”

Juno’s blood ran cold, then colder still, until it burned her insides.

“Oh, no.”

“Wh-what?”

Juno looked to Haru, all animosity replaced with complete, abject fear.

“We need to go.”

“Where?”

“Anywhere else! Just r-run! Run!!”

“No way! I’m not leaving Legoshi!”

“H…ARUUU…” the huge male boomed, gritting his teeth tighter, and tighter, as the quaking escaped his muscles and began to shake everything terribly.

“In a few seconds, we won’t be able to get away, period! Move!”

Legoshi was spasming with such fervor that he was nearly blurring, his body stretching all the more as too great a force welled up and up inside, some godhood crammed into a vessel too inadequate for its power. The sands spilled over themselves as the surrounding mountains pitched and heaved, mile after mile, on and on. A flash of golden light burst through Legoshi’s eyes, the rims of his grit fangs glowing the same way as his bulk continued to stretch, breathing out in a vast gulp, and Juno simply tore off, leaving a startled Haru alone.

"I…I don't care!" Haru shouted, as Legoshi's groans grew impossibly loud, pressure flowing off in waves of blasting air as his muscles throbbed with some cosmic force. "I'm not going to leave y–"

Legoshi exploded, and the rush was immense, and immediate.

A great storm of gray fur swallowed Haru's sight, sending her tumbling out as she was snagged up in between just two of Legoshi's booming abs. His legs simply replaced the horizon, then his leviathan sacs, his erection plowing at top speed through the clouds above, scattering them as the trunk of his shaft burst uncontrollably bigger, bigger, *bigger,* ***bigger***.

Juno screamed as a monstrous furry sac pummeled her from behind, sending her roaring out over the badlands.

A phenomenally huge rump hit the landscape so hard that it all depressed into a great bowl, a newly-minted valley, under which more and more of his duff spread. The haze of the atmosphere swallowed his exploding shoulders, swollen neck and head, then his pectorals a second later, then his upper abs, higher and higher.

All the frantic chaos of a hundred disasters couldn't match the fury with which Legoshi grew, as his rumbling orbs consumed the dunes, flattening the desert underbulk. His shaft boomed wild and unhinged, its bulbous tip roaring overhead like a tilted tower of some mad god. Feet the size of mountains bumped and blasted through everything in their path, heels sinking unstoppably into the terrain as the wolf's body relentlessly expanded.

Muscles were no longer anatomy, but geography: biceps big enough to build neighborhoods on burst through the upper atmospheres as they swelled horribly, triceps exploding with might against overfull lats.

Legoshi's island-sized head found itself swallowed steadily by the impossible scope of his own bulk, his furred muscles blowing up against themselves in complete insanity as he *boomed* to ten miles, then fifteen, then twenty…

Within ten meager seconds, Legoshi had swollen into a living *city*. Somewhere in that 30-mile tall, 40-mile wide mass, a small citizen emerged, struggling its way loose from a thick jungle of fluff.

Haru, one of only two of the unique population, slid down along a massive curl of wolf fur, panting and wheezing, utterly stupefied. Even over half a mile tall, the rabbit wasn't even

comparable to Legoshi. A being nearly 160,000 feet, Legoshi groaned out a monsoon huff, his muzzle well-beyond the sky, raw energy gushing out as his erection leapt up through the atmosphere, its sheer heat burning down below as he panted in slow motion, still quaking, still trembling all over. On one end of her horizon, Juno could see a fantastically large, over-swollen leg, and on the other side, much the same.

"Oh, dear," Juno muttered, as the aftershocks of Legoshi's groans rumbled down through his incredible body, rattling her until she nearly passed out.

ELSEWHERE

LOUIS, 4:42 PM

Roughly 90 miles away, to the West, the landscape was calmer, nearly still.

The vast deer stirred, finally waking back up. He shook the forests as he sat up, his massive bulk so heavy that even he had to adjust a moment, or pitch forward and fall. A low moan escaped as he blinked asymmetrically, blinking and wobbling, before loosing an echoing yawn as he scratched his billowed pecs and sniffed.

"HMH."

Then, it all came back,

"HMM!"

Louis took in his surroundings, finding himself atop a thick blanket of green canopies, a vast forest that even he couldn't fully match in size. The 2,640-foot buck felt himself over, then thought a moment, before blowing out a thick sigh through flared nostrils.

"Right. That *idiot* wolf."

He stopped, then turned around in his seat. Something had reached his instincts, compelling him to look to the sky–and just as suddenly, Louis hated his instincts. He hated them nearly as much as he hated what he was seeing. It was a vast, towering spread of gray fur. Wolf fur. High, high up, so catastrophically big that it consumed the atmosphere from afar. Clouds played about singular muscles as they twitched, the lupine's legs somewhere in the horizon, beyond mountain ranges and valleys. Who knew how long it could take for even him to run, with his monumental stride, to come close to reaching him?

“Legoshi,” Louis growled, as his anger flared back up, worse and worse. “What do you think you’re doing…getting that BIG!?”

The deer’s rest did nothing to relieve the crashing frustration, the heat of unsatisfied anger overflowing within him.

“How are we supposed to fix this!?”

The angrier Louis grew, the more his humongous body and brown muscles began to quiver…then tremble…then *RUMMMMBLE*…

7.

BLACK MARKET CLINIC

GOUHIN, 2:23 PM

When Gouhin had taken on the role of doctor in a place as dangerous as the Black Market, he knew what it meant. The old panda kept two medical logs in his dealings with meat-sick carnivores, claws and all–one in a book, and the other his body. Ink for one, blood the other. There would be good days, and bad.

Again, he knew this.

Less expected were the *crazy* days, and this one was shaping up without permission.

"So, they're getting worse, for you?" Gouhin said, plain and clear, a crystal chime within a burly bear body. "Consistently?"

"Yes."

"For how long, you think? As accurate as you can."

"On and off for a few weeks, but now. Ah. At least a month."

Hmm.

"Hmm."

"I swear, it's the suppressants," the other bear sighed, half desperate, half irritated at having to explain it. "We're not supposed to–"

"Be over a certain size, I know, heh. I certainly do know. It's hard for bears. Tanks have the hardest time tiptoeing everywhere, it gets exhausting. They aren't built for meekness, yet here we all are."

The brown bear was even larger than Gouhin, by a few. Maybe several of them. Yet, his eyes were just gentle black beads, calm, undisturbed. Still, even.

"Mmm. Well, it's not like I can just stop taking them."

“But you must have given it thought,” Gouhin began, quickly adding: “I sure would.”

“I just need something to counteract the headaches and fatigue. Anything you might have. Nothing at any pharmacy helps, and I’ve tried.”

“For a while, now?”

“*Months*.”

“Right, sorry. You did say.”

It was offered more as a courtesy than admission. Really, big as the brown was, the panda knew he could manage him okay, if things got ugly. Brotherhood be damned; this was *bears*.

“Okay,” he continued, clearing his throat as he readied a cigarette. “Here’s what. I do have something, maximum strength. It’s a painkiller and steroid, highly potent mix. You just take a very, very controlled amount, one a day, after a meal, preferably dinner. If it is just a chemical response to your suppressants on hypersensitive nociceptors, it should get you right again.”

“T-thank you,” he huffed, wincing as he spoke, tensing up into a furred ball of muscle on Gouhin’s couch.

“Even now, huh?”

“Like I said, I uh, j-just want it to stop,” the brown seethed, his huge teeth grit.

Gouhin’s confidence faltered a few unwilling inches as the brown swelled out, visibly, power roaring off his tightening bulk. *Holy hell, this kid was* ***strong***.

“I’ve got you, try to get as much of that tension off you as you can. Don’t feel worse if it’s difficult, because it’s not meant to be easy. Let me finish this thing off, then I’ll get you what you need.”

He took a large drag on the cigarette, adding some needed context. The brown bear hardly seemed equipped to be patient.

“Can’t you just–”

“Flammable stuff, back there, sorry,” Gouhin rumbled. “I can kill one of these in ten, you won’t notice the gap. Be right back.”

With that, Gouhin stole to the apartment portion of his clinic, to the window, and opened it up to the sounds of the city. The brown snorted unhappily at the noise, clenching again all over, the tension bulging his muscles even larger against his school uniform.

“Must be a bit calmer at Cherryton, I take it,” Gouhin chuckled, taking another long drag.

“Mmmnf.”

“Right, smoke. I do apologize–”

THM

One black ear wobbled as some half-perceived tremor tickled his small clinic, then him.

“Hmm.”

RIZ, 2:28 PM

Whatever landed outside of the clinic was of such a magnitude that everything within shook from it; the overhead lamp swung feral, spotlighting everything as dust coughed loose from above. At the back, jars of all dimensions rattled around, bumping others loose as kitchen plates rattled and the windows hummed with alien vibrations.

“What was that?” Riz asked. “Did you feel that?”

The brown bear opened an eye, watching from across the clinic. There was no seeing through the bamboo-adorned partition between the seating area and the apartment section, so sound was all the bear had to work with.

A boombox or megaphone had to have been put up against the entire clinic, because what answered was too big for any living body to manage.

Raw sound shook the interior, making even Riz tumble off of the cushions as words more or less formed, yet had trouble fitting into the bear’s ears. Compounded with the headache, he relented to slapping both huge hands over his ears, even removing the couch seats and pressing them in on his head to stop the sound.

For a few chaotic minutes this continued on, Riz's body absorbing speech through sheer vibration, stymying his best efforts to quell the migraine.

"Stop it, stop it," the bear hissed, his bulk swelling even bigger, until his sleeves nearly ripped open. "*Stopstopstopstopstop–*"

Mercifully, it did stop, at long last. All that echoed out was a manageable voice, completely different, calmer, farther away:

"Please, everyone downtown, evacuate. Remain calm, and evacuate down to the nearest underground bunkers, immediately. Please, cease all work and report down below in an orderly fashion. Military aide is en route…"

"You okay?" Gouhin asked, wobbling weakly as he reentered the waiting room.

"What on Earth was that!?" Riz gasped, reluctantly removing the cushions from his ears. "An earthquake?"

"Worse," Gouhin sighed, slumping against the partition. "The worst thing I could possibly have seen or known. We're in trouble."

The brown bear gulped, looking all over, despite staying cautiously still.

"T-they know I came here? Cherryton?"

"Forget school, kid," Gouhin mumbled, shakily lighting up a new smoke. "I meant, we're *all* in trouble. Big trouble."

"What…"

"I'll…I'll get your medicine. Uh. Yeah. Hold on."

Sheer confusion overpowered the migraine as Riz watched Gouhin stumble by, heading into the back room and its many shelves. There was much clinking, mostly from toppled jars brushed by his feet as he moved to the far corner, grabbed a jar next to a large, color-tape covered section in red, and exited with it.

"Ah, erm. Remember, just take a bit a day, and you'll be fine. Assuming you like the rations at the emergency bunkers."

“What?” Riz mumbled, taking the jar as Gouhin numbly handed it over. “What bunkers?”

“Military’s coming,” the panda sighed, gathering things up in a bag very, very quickly. “Like, right now. You’d best just head out, unless you want to be escorted below the city. They still have the old bunkers for emergencies, far as I hear from the old-timers around. Dollars to donuts, that’s where they want everyone to head.”

“Okay, what was that, out there?” Riz finally demanded, blinking. “What could possibly–”

The knock at the door made even Gouhin start, before his shoulders slumped.

“Shit.”

“Open up, in there!” a loud voice commanded, surely military. “Mandatory evacuation!”

Riz hid the medicine away in his school bag, just as Gouhin grudgingly opened the door to four full-gear officers.

“Is this is, sir?” a bulky cat asked Gouhin, instantly recognizing him as the owner. “The two of you, this is it?”

“Yeah, yeah,” Gouhin groaned, zipping the bag. “We’re going, just take us.”

“Both of you, come along quickly, this is for your own good.”

Three officers broke off wordlessly, all moving to the bigger brown bear. Their guns were ready, but not aimed. Not at them.

“Would anybody here just say what’s going on, please?” Riz half-growled, wincing as his headache surged again. “Gah!”

“Is he alright?” the cat asked.

“Headaches,” Gouhin quickly muttered. “Herbal remedies, my clinic is certified–”

“Someone!” Riz boomed, making everyone step back.

“We have reports of,” the cat began, when Gouhin did the courtesy of better:

“Giants, kid.”

Riz stopped, his bear muzzle scrunching in.

“G…giants.”

“Yeah.”

“Actual, giant-giants?”

Gouhin sighed bitterly, slinging his bag over his shoulders.

“*Legoshi.*”

SITE OMEGA TRANSIT TUNNEL

YAHYA, 6:55 PM

Animal intuition, something no amount of civilization could extinguish, informed the weary horse that it was getting dark outside. The end of a very long day had come too soon. Now, even the giants could hide, somewhat–a thought nearly as relieving as it was terrifying.

Even with the vast tunnel walls around them, even sealed in a stretching sarcophagus of cement and pavement and mountain rock, he knew. And it was miles to go, yet.

“Sir?” a polite voice soft-*boomed*, high up above.

“Yahya, kid,” the horse shouted, as casually as possible. “Just call me Yahya. It’s too weird being talked *up to* by something that big.”

Without the benefit of words, the horse knew it was Jack. When one had a 900-foot tall mountain of canine muscle and body heat looming overhead, crouched low enough that its pecs bulge down tight between two column-arms and thudding, house-sized palms, one tended to have a hard time mistaking it for anything else.

“Oh, yes, of course, sir! Yahya, sir!” Jack rumbled warmly, his thick back muscles brushing against light fixtures and denting their steel meshes as he crawled. “Ah, well, if Site

Delta can manage a cure for us, as good as that sounds…shouldn't we anticipate more growth spurts, in the time it takes to reach it? I don't mean to be negative, but–"

"Time's ticking, and the growth spurts keep rolling in, I get it," Yahya sighed. "I do. But until such time as it kicks in, even if that blows us out into the mountainside that this tunnel was cut from…well, it's still best to take advantage of the interior cover for as long as we can."

"Plus, it's not like we can just exit any other way, right?" Pina added, the 520-foot sheep thudding along ahead of them both, Gosha's 648-foot body leading the way. Honestly, the only reason Yahya could hear any of them was because the size of their voices outmatched the crashing impacts of their feet and palms.

"Er, that's true," Jack groaned, not caring for the knowledge. "Wouldn't they have to make the cure all the stronger, if we're still getting bigger? I mean, we could be so much more powerful by the time it was ready, so if it was made to reverse five hundred feet, would it work as well against a thousand?"

"No way to know," Yahya shouted, his voice cracking again. "Ugh."

"You okay, sir?" Operative T asked, the capybara beside him.

"Oh, don't you keep on with that," the horse corrected, still stoic. "Just Yahya."

"Seems a bit casual. Are we off duty?"

"Never."

Yahya glanced ahead into the relative darkness of the tunnel, seeing Gosha's massive form as it hunched to avoid the ceiling. The komodo said nothing, but was stealing glances back at him left and right. His unbelievably thick tail swished, dog-like, the edge of a sad old smile pushing at his reptilian eye.

Yahya said even less as they went, continuing to withhold. It wasn't like he could dress down a walking skyscraper that easily. *Maybe* back at morning, in the old world, but not now.

"How will we administer the cure, once we're all back to normal size?"

Jack's musings cut through again, making the horse roll his head back in annoyance.

"You do know I don't know, right?"

Jack suppressed a slight whine, the labrador reeling from the unparalleled torment of gentle admonishment.

"I wonder how the cure'll know what our natural size is, our limit," Pina mused, the strain of thought suddenly contagious. "Like, wouldn't we keep shrinking further down?"

"I don't think it would work out, countering perpetual growth rates with perpetual shrinking rates," Jack answered, his huge voice like a cotton tsunami as he kept it soft. "That wouldn't really fix anything."

"Okay, but in cartoons, when they shrink someone back down," Pina countered, just tall enough that he could stay upright and not quite thump the ceiling, "they go back to normal size. I just wonder how they'll pull it off, if we're still getting bigger. Like you said, what if they create a dose meant for a certain height, but you or I become like a mile tall by then? Wouldn't that just subtract that set amount from the overall height?"

"Well, it would at least halt the process, in theory…"

"Right, but even if we don't resume growing, that would leave one of us like…four thousand feet tall, still. We couldn't live normal lives at all, goodness."

"We shouldn't even be able to stand up to our own weight, for starters," Jack huffed, though he was openly wagging a storm behind himself and the group. "Somehow, we're either counteracting gravity, to an extent, or negating it outright."

"No, we'd go flying up like balloons," Pina chuckled.

"No, no, heh, I mean, specific gravity. Mine and yours."

"The heck is that? Gravity is gravity, isn't it?"

"Well see, that's interesting, because–"

"Okay, stop," Yahya groaned, turning to T as she hauled several cases behind them on a delivery cart that had been abandoned to Site Omega. "Tell me you have earplugs in there, somewhere. Please."

"Just the samples, and some water and rations."

“Ugh.”

“That’s another thing,” Jack continued, his ears up with the thrill of intellectual pursuits. “I haven’t been hungry this entire time! Have you Pina?”

“Oh…you know, actually, I haven’t! Huh.”

For all the sheep’s massive brawn and bulging wool, his eyelashes kept their femininity as they batted, the sheep lost in thought. He was over 400 feet wide, nearly a square of bulk, and yet he seemed so light and soft.

“And you, Gosha? Are you hungry or thirsty at all?”

“Hmm,” the old reptile hummed, cocking his head on his thick neck. “I can’t say as I am. Isn’t that interesting! In all this time, I hadn’t thought of it yet!”

“Right! Hehe, see, I have something of a theory here…”

“Gosha, for crying out loud, don’t encourage this,” Yahya replied, his voice giving out again. “I’m not hosting some nerd theorycrafting party. This is all for the scientists at Delta to toil over, I don’t need to hear the rough draft!”

“Wouldn’t that make you a draft horse?” Pina joked.

Jack and Gosha exploded, while Yahya did not. T wisely held it in.

“Okay! No more talking! That’s time!” Yahya ordered, though it was drowned entirely out by tunnel-blasting laughter. “Hey! I know you heard me, up there!”

“Go easy on them, Yahya,” Gosha rumbled, twisting around to face the tiny little horse properly, revealing great cliffs of thick, over-tight muscle and gleaming scales. His pectorals blotted most of his lizard muzzle as his tongue lashed out, as if prodding his old partner for sympathy. “This is all crazy enough as it is, let them feel a little normal–”

“This is *not* normal, Gosha, dammit,” Yahya yelled back, sourly.

“You used to be able to laugh at least a little,” the reptile sighed.

“I can laugh fine, when we’re not in a crisis. I didn’t change.”

Gosha softened a bit, yet his stare remained as piercing as ever.

“I didn’t say you did.”

“You’re the one who changed,” the horse muttered, quietly. *“Go projecting on me, after all this. Who do you think you are, just because you’re big as a building–”*

Operative T stayed so far out of it, she was in space.

“What if this can’t be reversed?” Pina abruptly asked.

“Well,” Jack murmured, having to work up to it, “it’s pretty straightforward. We’ll keep growing, in that case.”

“But, for how long?” Pina pressed, the sheep’s inability to pull back still going strong.

“Either it burns out on its own, or it…or it’s indefinite. Perpetual. It depends on the rate of growth, and duration. Classic growth chart. If it’s perpetual, we’ll all enlarge at either a fixed or variable rate–and from what I see so far, we all hit different sizes, and grow at individual rates. We have to be prepared for a reality where none of us stop getting bigger. For our entire lives.”

Yahya got his wish–the tunnel went dead quiet.

“Until we die, you mean,” Pina muttered.

“Which could be years and years of growth, given our ages. Er! W-well, yours and mine and the rabbit, and you mentioned Bill. No offense, Yahya or Gosha–”

“I mean, *until we grow into space and die* from suffocation.”

“...Oh.”

“We’re not going to let things get that far, you two,” Yahya chided, after finishing a long drink of water from a bottle T handed him. “Thanks. You all listen: this surprised us. It would blindside anyone. We don’t have time or resources to properly combat it, but we have the means to build up a counterattack, to stomp it out fast, so let’s focus on what we can still do. I know we lost a moment of control here–”

“Good grief. What control?” Pina drawled, shrugging his massive shoulders. “Our entire society was precarious enough, before gigantism was introduced, and now that it is–”

“Okay, I know,” Yahya growled, rubbing his head angrily, “but we can’t abandon civility, here, can we? Of all the times to go wild, this is not it. You all saw Melon back there.”

“He’s still growing, isn’t he?” Jack gulped, so big it could be heard all throughout the tunnel. “Melon? He was still all trembly and rumbling, down in the pit…”

“All the more reason we need this cure,” Yahya knickered, nodding firmly. “He’s the first one that needs shrinking, for sure.”

“Do you think Site Delta will work with us, without Ogma around?” Jack asked.

“I know what you’re getting at, up there,” the horse replied, knitting his dark brow low. “But they’ll follow my orders. And you all heard Ogma, the regret in his voice as he went full-huge. He said he wasn’t ready for it. Something tells me he’ll agree with our course–”

The rumbling was sudden and swift, so powerful that the pavement cracked beneath them. In seconds the entire tunnel rattled into a mess of shaking rock and crumbling cement.

“Who is it?” Yahya roared, his vast eyesight covering everything except–

“Pina!” Gosha spoke, the huge komodo pointing back at the shuddering Dall Sheep’s throbbing bulk. “It’s Pina! Quick, everyone get ahead of him, as fast as you can!”

Yahya’s ears perked, understanding right after.

“Do what he says, go, go! We can’t get trapped behind him, however big he grows!”

“B-but I can’t!” Jack moaned, looking his impossibly huge bulk over. “I’m too big to get around him, as it is! I f-fill up most of the tunnel already!”

“Then back up, go! Scoot!”

“Huh,” Pina snorted, gulping helplessly as his soft wool blew up around his body, aching for it, begging to explode forth once again. “Huhah, I…I’m sorry! I, hah, duh-don’t think I can s-stop it from happ-puh-*p-ninnnnng*–”

T was already ahead, trundling along, Yahya catching up in seconds and helping her to pull the cart faster. The cracks spread and webbed throughout, breaking the paved roadway into

segments–segments upon which the cart wheels snagged, making one case tumble off and roll in place as they fled.

"Hah, huh, hggggh," Pina groaned, his woolly neck bloating under his jawline as his body clenched tighter, and tighter, and *tighter*. "G-get away!"

Jack bit his lip, trying to auger his muscle and thigh-consuming shaft backwards, the dog's orbs fumbling and bobbling about as the breaking pavement jutted and sunk against its warm fur.

"O-okay, okay, go with the curve," Jack mumbled, coaching himself frantically.

"HAAAH," Pina bleated, the quivering sheep spasming a bit bigger, and bigger still, his soft phallus expanding into a full, throbbing pole of heat as his erection reformed. His hands balled into useless fists as they nearly touched its growing bounds, pulling back as his pectorals heaved forward, ballooning so suddenly that he had to pull back to keep from falling onto his own pulsing shaft. "I…CAAAAAAAAN'T…B…BUH…"

His head and horns lurched higher, the male a colossal muscle tensing so hard, desperate to contain the uncontainable as his sacs swelled out over his knees and upper calves, inflating loudly. His thighs burst to absurd width as his back and shoulders pumped larger, pockets of growth slipping through his efforts and strain.

Gosha's massive hands found Yahya and T as soon as they were close enough, and the komodo had the two little up and against his monstrous chest in a blink.

"Ah, p-put me back down," the horse fumed, snuggled in too hot, too tight, walled against the face of Gosha's stretched scale. "You hear me! Gosha! Stop!"

"Sorry!" Gosha huffed, the lizard slamming down onto threes, keeping one huge palm on them both. "Be mad, if it keeps you focused on staying put!"

"GOSHA!"

"We're going to be going very fast, miss," the old lizard gently said, before his massive scaled calves tightened, bulging even bigger.

Before any further objections could be made Gosha tore off, keeping just low enough that his bulbous pecs slapped the cracked road here and there as he fled. Unthinkable strength

asserted itself again as the reptile's muscles bulged, so incredibly oversized that, to the two passengers, there was only a storm of shifting bulk and rubbing scales.

Jack's dutiful retreat only got him so far as Pina rumbled to a horrible crescendo; the sheep's control slipped, and he *detonated* in size. A torrent of expanding wool slammed the dog without mercy, hammering into his muzzle and shoving his yellow brawn back as Pina's head rammed through the ceiling, blasting it open. More and more of his neck, shoulders and back muscles punched through, digging the opening wider and wider as he rocketed larger.

His erection plowed ahead, the tip swelling heavier and hotter as it blew up against the walls, the shaft pinching into cracking concrete on both sides, the undercarriage swelling down against heaving sacs, which blasted down through the splintering pavement as Pina literally grew through the mountain itself.

His legs and feet crashed South through cracking stone as his bashing head tore higher and higher North, his bulk swelling twice as vast all around with too much power.

His sheep-cries reverberated through the mountainside as the evening skies burned away outside, indifferent to the way the mountain began to rumble from within, more and more.

Jack spluttered and struggled, all 900 feet rapidly becoming unfit to the task of stopping or even withstanding that much sheep. Pina's full rump and boofy tail consumed more of the dog's body as he tumbled back over himself, his head shearing the ceiling and snapping lights into nothing.

"H-hol-d on, w-aaaaai-it!"

Only supple male cheeks dared to reply as Pina grew, and grew, and grew, and grew.

The sheep's chest barrelled relentlessly into the rock and stone, bullying eons of geographic progress away as he surged with pure growth. His erection boomed uncontrollably bigger, so fat and bloated that the tunnel walls caved out, instead of in, spreading wider against his erupting girth.

Jack's battered mind could only guess (to pass the time) as he was forced further back down the way: if he was 900 feet tall, and his grasp only covered a portion of Pina's booming rear, then the sheep had to have been, conservatively, well over 2,000 feet tall.

And the rumbling was getting *worse*.

All was panic and noise as Gosha bashed his way forward, demolishing row after row of traffic stop cones and military-fashioned high walls (which only reached his wrists, at the most). The old dragon didn't even notice as his eyes focused into dots, the bulky male taking corners like nothing, only bashing painlessly into broken cement here and there as he handled the tunnel's many curves.

"A-are we almost there?" T shouted over it all.

"How would I even know!?" Yahya shot back, his disposition thoroughly unchanged.

"He-he's moving so fast! It can't be that much farther!"

Yet again, some sort of twisted envy filled the horse, until it felt ready to burst from it.

Why that much power? Why him? Why Gosha!?

He's the one who quit, not me, some darker, deeper part of Yahya 'volunteered'. *I stayed on, fought the long fight. I'm* ***still*** *fighting. Why not give it to the one doing the actual fighting!?*

WHY NOT ME!?

The evening had already descended, lowering the lid of the day's eye to a burning slit over the ocean. As such, no one flying by would have noticed the mountainside as it twitched like a living being, then cracked in the darkness. A swath of unlucky florae and stone blew open as a terrible mass pummeled through into the free air, thick, massive horns throwing dot-sized trees to the wind as Pina's head breached the surface.

A mighty bleat erupted as his boulding-sized head swelled bigger still, pushing higher, wider, his muzzle and beautiful eyes rising over the mountainside as his long locks tumbled over them. His overgrown neck forced itself up after, pushing his head further out as it swelled into a stubborn bulge, then blew more rock away as he grew and grew, passing 2,300 feet, then 2,600.

"GGG-GHHH-HHHGGGH~"

Some unanswerable pleasure roared up through it all, booming out of his open muzzle as he trembled and burst even larger, his neck widening tremendously as his shoulders broke the surface even farther apart. Both pinched pectorals billowed up greedily, blowing into his chin as they crept up his overshadowed neck. His huge thighs and calves and feet bore down through the inside, feeling rock and dirt all submit to his boundless growth as he passed half a mile in height,

and still, *still* kept growing. At 2,800 feet tall and 2,100’ wide, he could have rested a shoulder on a single city intersection, and filled it. 1,600’ from chest-tip to shoulder blade, Pina’s thickness from the side could still be measured in office buildings and sidewalks, spanning well the length of well over 5 blocks. A raised arm could have been a skyscraper, even without accounting for so much fulminating wool.

Horns big enough to fill a football stadium pulled the ram’s head down, planting his huge chin against surging pectoral cleavage, massive ears flattened as a furious blush stole over his face. The makings of a great cry stifled and staggered there in his maw as he clenched his growing teeth, blew steam, shook, and bulged past 3,000 feet, his brawn blasting out everywhere as he hatched from the mountain like some birthed god.

Jack, moments ago the largest by a wide margin, was suddenly a kid in comparison, at best. He shoved up against the looming span of Pina’s tail, his own orbs and shaft flat up against the sheep’s gluteal cleft, mashing tighter with every loud throb of his growing body.

“S-should it be th-this bad!?” Jack stammered, the once clean pavement shattering as his enormity shoved down, down through it, into the bedrock itself. “I cuh-can’t get away quick enough! H-help!”

At that, Jack’s panicked body stirred, something building from within, opposite of the fury and force without. Greater and greater pulsations *thoom-thoomed* inside, riding the drum beat of his heart, and just as the ram-duff and ruined rock buried him, the labrador began to swell larger, stronger, warmer…

LUPO VERDE MOUNTAIN RANGE, WEST

PINA, 7:12 PM

“W-why is it this…baaaaah-d!?”

Pina couldn’t get much else out as he screamed bigger, biceps as big as small islands blowing up out of the rock as he helplessly flexed. The 3,300-foot tall sheep’s growth poured on and on, too long contained, angry at its restraint, the mountainside parting for his surging girth as he broke through.

From out the topside it emerged, a singular, massive thing, an entity its own; the face divided, entire swaths of forest and boulder and shrub parting ways as a ruddy-pink mass pushed, bullied and bulged loose, the ram's vast erection swinging out with a slow, corrective sway.

A phallus over 2,000 feet long steadied over the remainder of the slope, rocks and trees cascading off like grains of pepper as it throbbed, paused, then heaved larger, and larger, and larger yet. Hands big enough to cup whole ponds descended on instinct, clapping down over the hulking sex as it bloated fatter, pushed up by the needy inflation of his sacs as they burst free underneath.

3,500'…3,700'…3,900'…

Thoughts of a thousand screaming females swarming his physique, covering his erection raced by, mental bandages trying to wrap around something uncontrollable. Even the aloof male's greatest coping mechanisms fell shorter and shorter, however, as another bulge of raw growth swelled his mass up and out, his muscles gorging so big that they began to smother against him, his body sagging heavier even as his wool bounced higher.

4,100 feet rumbled and burst to 4,400, the colossal sheep hiccupping bigger in uglier, harsher spurts, his lats outpacing his huge arms, forcing them vertically as his rump exploded out the mountain next, then his heaving thighs.

All those screaming girls were screaming for another reason, in his mind, each and all fleeing the scene as his shadow spilled down the face, darker than the evening, spreading wider and wider with him.

Hah, i-it figures, Pina told himself, desperate to distance himself from it all. *Of course, I would b-become too incredible to stop. Good grief, why me?*

At four-thousand, eight hundred feet, at long, long last, it slowed. Then…stopped.

A small hurricane exited as Pina finally breathed out, his monstrous chest swelled out, instead of in, even on exhale. For a moment the sheep stayed still, letting his heartbeat slow back down as it thrummed chaos down his bulk, vibrating through the split mountainside, so that the remaining forestry shook with each one.

"G…good g-grief, haha," Pina gasped, licking his muzzle over dryly. "What the hell…was all that? Can't you behave at all?"

In response, his bulk twitched, rather happily.

"No, huh?"

The absolute tonnage of his own arm registered for real as Pina lifted it, incalculable muscles peaking and bursting out from the mere effort of running a street-sized hand through his locks, before finally feeling himself over. And over. And over.

"Wow. Okay, I suppose that is pretty impressive. Goodness, now I'll have to deal with everyone's jealousy–oh! OH, NO!"

He froze, still as the mountain itself, scouring the area below his huge hips and bobbing shaft. His big, soft eyes darted all over, back and forth, before looking skyward.

"D-don't tell me, I…no way. H-hey. Hey, down there. Anyone? Doggy? Horse?"

Silence.

"I blew clear out of the tunnel," Pina murmured, gulping. "Don't tell me I crushed…hello? *Anyone?* Anybody in there? Move around if you are, okay? Yeah?"

"INTERESTING."

A third time, Pina went still. Call it a herbivorous directive, but no amount of size and power was strong enough to undo biology as his body contracted into a fearful statue.

The voice was so big that even the ram shook for it, aftershocks tickling down the mountain and across the range beyond it. What it even could belong to was anyone's guess–as in, anyone *else* was free to guess.

"YOU WERE WITH THE OTHERS DURING THE…UPSET, BACK THERE. I SAW YOU FOR A MOMENT. YOU'VE GROWN EVEN LARGER, AS WELL."

It was entirely true that Pina didn't want to know anything more. It was even more true that he was turning around anyway. It was no lie that the sheep, nearly a mile tall, almost fainted at the sight that beckoned him.

"You're…" Pina huffed, looking back to the mountain range behind him–then *up over* it.

The red deer from Omega was there, standing behind him.

No…no. *Behind the entire mountain*.

"O-Ogma."

The deer was beyond gigantic. The sheep put that much together on his own.

The 26,400-foot male was so tall that the mountain range stretched past him the same way a neighbor's picket fence might–a small one. Peaks over 2 miles tall proved laughable to him, his monstrous shaft and orbs cradling dominantly down over them as he stood, impossibly big arms crossed thoughtfully as Ogma stared down, down, down at him. Even his 2-mile wide chest seemed to be peeking up at what the fuss was about, over his muzzle. Antlers hundreds of feet thick rose into the night sky, vanishing, implicitly endless and all-consuming.

His orbs hung closer to home as they sagged over the mountain, luxuriating carelessly at a full mile in width, cushioning a 2.5-mile long member, a throbbing river of reddish-pink sex that tapered and tapped at the thin sheet of forests below, the tip tapping here and there as he stood and breathed pure, godly might.

The math refused to come to him properly, but the overall message was clear. The big picture remained intact: Ogma *was* the big picture.

The 5-mile buck snorted coolly, shoving entire cloud banks away. His head, somewhat opaque from the upper atmosphere in which he stood, still bore an unmistakable smirk.

"HOW FASCINATING. I TRULY HAD NO IDEA ANY OF YOU COULD CONTAIN THAT MUCH POWER…OR, BY CONTRAST, MYSELF."

"Ah."

"YOU WILL HAVE TO SPEAK UP."

Pina eventually willed himself to nod, suddenly meek.

"H…how did you get out?"

Ogma blinked, and so help him God, Pina *heard* it.

"HMM. RUDE AS IT IS, YOU'LL HAVE TO PARDON ME, LITTLE ONE. I REALLY CAN'T STAY. I HAVE BUSINESS AHEAD, EXCUSE ME."

“W-wait! Stop!”

Ogma strode along behind the mountain range, his colossal stride such that he was already passing along beside Pina in an instant. Had the sheep’s own growth masked the incoming steps?

“W-where are you going, though!?” Pina shouted, trying to pull himself up from the crumbling slope.

Are you crazy!? The sheep told himself, meaning it. *Let him go! Don’t get any further involved, you’re in deep enough–literally! Let it pass, it’s not your problem! Even if it was…look at him! He’s a monster!*

At that, surprisingly enough, the towering cervine did stop. He glanced back over his bulky neck, massive eyes remote and calm–a far cry from his earlier panic in the pit.

“ACTUALLY, I DO WONDER. TELL ME. WHERE IS YAHYA? IF YOU SAW HIM ESCAPE, COULD YOU KINDLY DISCLOSE WHICH DIRECTION HE’S GONE OFF IN?”

“E-er, well,” Pina stammered. “Why do you want to know?”

“I’M INCLINED TO PROTECT MY INVESTMENT, LITTLE ONE. TELL ME, DID HE GO THE SAME WAY I’M GOING? TO SITE DELTA?”

“Why do you want–”

“A CURE, I IMAGINE. YES? THAT SMALL-MINDED EQUINE WANTS TO STOP THIS, CORRECT?”

“Y-you don’t!?” Pina balked, throwing his massive sheep arms up.

“SO HE DOES. HMM. AS I SUPPOSED.”

Not one bit of Ogma’s tone comforted Pina. This math, he could do.

“Don’t hurt them! Hey! Stop!”

For crying out loud, let him go, stupid! He’ll flatten you!

“HURT THEM?” Ogma chuckled, shaking the world around Pina. **“I DOUBT FORCE WILL BE NECESSARY. I OWN SITES OMEGA AND DELTA. JUST STAY WHERE YOU ARE, AND DON’T INTERFERE. I’M ONLY GOING THERE TO MAKE SURE THIS CURE IS HANDLED CORRECTLY, SHOULD IT EVEN BE POSSIBLE TO CREATE.”**

“Wait!”

“I REALLY CAN’T STAY.”

Tectonic muscles shifted as Ogma gave a polite nod, turned, and thundered off behind the range, step after blasting, reverberating, seismic step. Well, it was *business-polite*.

Thank goodness, he’s going.

Surely, it wouldn’t get violent. Ogma was a stuffy CEO type, not some bruiser.

Right. Exactly.

He would just take away the only chance to get things back under control. Yahya would surely resist, and likely be batted away like a speck.

Er. Well.

“Good grief, what,” Pina muttered, rubbing his gorgeous hair anxiously. “W-what am I supposed to do, here? I-I mean, I can’t stop him. So, what?”

Ogma was miles away now, and still easily in view; he was simply that big. The deer had to have been over five times Pina’s size, at least, and almost as comparatively musclebound. The male’s shaft would have beaten him in a fight, forget the rest of him.

“Ah…I…ahh, damned carnivores! And herbivores! Good grief, why me–”

At that, the mountain shook again, even with Ogma storming off in the distance. Pina’s ears perked out as confusion wound up into a new terror, the sheep suddenly all too aware that something was moving inside the collapsed tunnel within the mountain. In fact, it was getting *bigger*, and fast.

“Oh, no, no–”

The rest of that section of the mountain, that entire chunk of the range blew open behind him. Great clusters of rock and plant blasted high as a yellow mass gushed higher and higher behind Pina, shoving him forward so hard that his legs broke through, his huge body ejected from the mountainside as Jack grew against him.

A monumental howl tore loose as the labrador ballooned more and more, his bulk easily as large as the sheep's. Thick, furry pectorals rose and swelled out against the back of the sheep's head, pushing against his horns as Pina crawled forward over the mountain, feeling his own body begin to tremble even more, again.

"G-good g…g..gggriiiieeee–"

To his horror and excitement, Pina too began to billow larger, even as Jack boomed into him, pushing him forward, his bulk exploding back into Jack's as it happened. The vast canine grew and grew, his muzzle huffing steam over his expanding chest as his biceps erupted into miniature mountains on either side.

"GUH"

"HAH"

Jack's exhale married Pina's sharp, hissing inhale as the sheep inflated to a full mile in size, Jack pumping to 1.25 behind him. Over 5,500 feet of woolly, nude mass collided and pressed, stroked and rumbled and rolled and bulged against Jack's 6,100', the debris from the exhumed tunnel riding his growth as he moaned into the night, shook, and billowed violently bigger.

Jack's horrendous weight tugged him back down, his chest and abs crashing atop Pina, only for the huffing dog to be flung back as Pina boomed to 7,000 feet tall/a mile wide, only for Jack to growl-boom helplessly as he hugged Pina's growing body tight, throbbing and swelling even bigger than he! 8,300' tall/7,000' wide, Jack's body consumed all sight of Pina's, even as the Dall sheep blossomed to ever-larger scopes, the bleating male suddenly 8,000' tall and 6,000' wide–only for Jack to crush the mountain inward as he rose over it, rocketing to a staggering 11,000 tall/12,000' wide, his bulk finally wider than he stood, in height!

The poor mountainside collapsed more, and more, and more, struggling for the first time in its existence with such speed-up erosion. When the spurts both halted, nearly half of that section was rubble and smoke, cratered and caking around the behemoths as they panted and twitched, then finally settled to quiet.

“That,” Pina groaned, once more atop Jack’s huge body, though less dwarfed this time. “That was…a lot. Oh, goodness.”

“A-are you okay, Pina?” Jack finally moaned, a pink tongue big enough to land fighter jets one flopping out of his maw as he caught his breath, his chest rising warmly under the sheep.

“Not…as such, no. Ah! Ah, Jack, no, wait!”

The 8,600-foot (1.5-mile) tall sheep wobbled as he turned on all fours, resting on Jack’s even thicker, stronger, larger, 11,100-foot (2.1-mile) form. His shaft rested so large and of such length that it thumped against Jack’s thick neck and cheek, the tip bobbing just past his floppy ears. Jack’s own mass rose like a cannon behind the sheep, so that Pina’s shifting wool-tickled against it, his rump pressing in without really meaning to as he continued:

“Ogma!”

“H-w-what?” Jack whined, shaking the growth off as he rested in his own crater. “W-what about him? What happened? Where’s Mister Yahya and Grandpa Gosha?”

“I think they went ahead to the site,” Pina hurriedly rambled, “but that’s the thing! That deer, Ogma, he got way bigger! He must have climbed out of the site, because he dwarfs the mountains now! H-he said he was going on to Delta, he figured Yahya wants a cure, and he–”

Jack straightened up, his massive girth rising like a fluffed-up doomsday.

“He’ll *take* it if he feels he has to,” Jack figured, understanding quickly. “Not good! Gosha wouldn’t stand a chance if Ogma’s that huge.”

“W-well, I mean, he said he wasn’t planning on any violence,” Pina mumbled.

“Doesn’t matter, at that size range, anything Ogma does could be a disaster! Mister Yahya is practically a germ compared to him, he wouldn’t stand a chance of anything!”

Oh, no

Jack was already up, his far bulkier body settling as the mountain beneath him pleaded for relief from that much untellable weight. Pina had become a hulk, a woolen tank, but damned if Jack wasn’t that much more amazing. Even the sheep blushed, though his fleece blocked it out.

“Come on, Pina, quick! We have to catch up!”

Oh no, no, no, damnit

"A-and do what?" he balked, shrugging his huge shoulders. "I just told you, he's colossal! He makes us look silly! I mean, sillier than this already is!"

For the first time, Jack cut Pina a look the sheep didn't think the canine could make.

"So what?" Jack fussed, his bulk swelling tight as he tensed. "Pina, they'll be crushed!"

Tell him no. Run. He'll chase after Ogma, not you, he's a good guy

"W-well…"

He's a good guy

"Just come on!" Jack boomed, the dog leaping forward ahead of him. Feet the size of skyscrapers bashed the cracking mountain as Jack ran down it in slow motion, as though it were a dirt pile or ridge to be balanced on.

*He's **good***

To his own astonishment, Pina was running too. The sheep was just behind as they both thudded catastrophically down the way, half-flattening more and more of the thankfully abandoned slopes.

…Goddammit.

SITE DELTA
FRONT GATE ENTRANCE

GOSHA, 7:30 PM

Gosha hadn't broken so much as a sweat, from an on-three sprint to the finish. Ten miles, like nothing at all. If anything, he felt stronger and stronger, like the running had given more power than taken. As he came to a stop past the last pitiful barricade and huffed just once, the komodo was positive: his muscles were even bigger.

"That wasn't so bad, then, heh," the elder dragon offered, grinning wide.

He had the smile ready on purpose, because he knew what was coming, the moment he set them and the cart down on the pavement, just outside the compound gate:

“Stupid!” Yahya bellowed, swatting up pointlessly at the looming reptile. “You could have smothered us flat! Think, next time!”

Operative T silently fanned herself, flustered beyond all hope. Thoughts of Gosha holding her tight for all eternity refused to leave.

“Haha, sorry, sorry,” Gosha relented, nudging the angered horse with a gentle, massive finger. “Try not to be too mad.”

“Just because you’re so big, it doesn’t,” Yahya snorted, collecting himself. “Er. Just be more careful, at least.”

We’re too fragile, compared to you

Yahya’s muzzle formed a low scowl as the truth kept cutting in, so rather than belabor it any further, he turned and marched towards the gate, a badge out and waving over his head.

“Open up! Hey! This is Yahya, we’re coming in!”

Operative T bowed up at Gosha, who graciously nodded back as the front gate creaked, then opened wide, mechanically grinding as several guards and a scientist all rushed out to greet them.

“T-thank you, sir,” T said, still flush.

“Oh, any time, haha,” the immense reptile chirped, all intensity gone. “Call me Gosha. It sits a bit easier, doesn’t it?”

“I uh, bet you picked up girls all the time, even before this.”

Something inside T screeched in dismay at the line, but it was done.

Gosha turned and covered his muzzle with a thick, huge forearm, snerking cutely.

“I had my moments, haha.”

Was someone this sweet-natured really Yahya's partner? Ever?

SITE DELTA

YAHYA, 7:36 PM

"So, you're positive, then?

"We stopped receiving anything from Omega earlier," the owl scientist said, more brusque than concerned. "We feared the worst."

"That's pretty close to what I have to offer," Yahya grumbled, snapping his fingers for T, who trundled over with the broken cart, its wheels squeaking as she approached. "But one upside: all Omega's research on all subjects up to the time of its…destruction…is here in this drive. Do everything you can with it. We need that cure."

The owl's face drooped as the guards opened the compound door for them.

"Destruction? An outbreak, then?"

"And how."

"And the meteor samples?"

"Right here, thankfully."

"Ah, Yahya," T muttered, pointing them both toward the cart. "About that. I count one of the crates ah…missing."

"What."

"It must have fallen off when we escaped Pina's growth spurt…"

"Then, it's with Pina?"

"O-or Jack."

"Who?" the owl hooted, unintentionally.

Yahya took a moment, though he needed roughly ten or twenty.

“Mm. Hmm. Okay. Several subjects outgrew Omega, and I took custody of several who were cooperative. On our way here, one suffered another growth spurt and collapsed the tunnel.”

“Gosha here got us to the gate safely, though,” T added.

The Owl peered through the door, seeing Gosha loom over the gates, so big that he just managed to squeeze out of the mountain tunnel exit, out into the night and the front gate lot. Forests abounded around the entirety of the mountain peak on which Delta sat, making it the end of the line in all possible meanings.

The old komodo saw them and nodded calmly, before turning about to guard the exit.

“Incredible,” he cooed, nodding. “One of the giants, here. To think any animal can successfully grow so large, and still function…”

“Specific gravity, yes,” Yahya sighed, not looking out with them. “All that stuff. Doctor, the cure.”

“O-of course, yes. Come with me.”

The guards were already tapping in the combination for the door connecting the lobby to R&D as Yahya followed along, T in tow.

“He did save us,” she whispered.

Yahya closed his eyes, flaring his nostrils quietly. He let it out, but that was all.

“As to the uncooperative giants,” the owl began, when Yahya leapt in:

“Melon grew too large to contain, on site. And Ogma was exposed and increased rapidly in size. Both are still buried under rubble at Omega, at the moment.”

“Good Lord, Ogma? A giant, as well?”

The owl remained stunned for a beat, his plumage ruffling out.

“Unfortunately. Like I said, this cure is all we can count on right now.”

“And the other giants?”

“Likely still en route, if I can count on them worth a damn.”

“Should Ogma or Melon get out, tough–”

“No one on our side would be big enough to stop them.”

“And you’re certain they’re both buried deep?”

A rolling boom rattled the facility, the mountain peak itself just after. Yahya, the owl, T and the guards all remained in place, unmoving, before another, bigger impact tore through, putting them into a wobble.

“...”

“Sir,” a guard barked over the hallway intercom. *“We have something sighted off the Eastern range! Something m…massive! It’s coming this way! Holy hell, HE’S coming this way!”*

“Melon!” Yahya growled, clenching both fists. “How did he get out so fast!?”

“It’s…Ogma, sir!”

Yahya blinked, lurching back.

“What!?”

A third impact blasted the compound, sirens pinging to life as everything went red.

“All stations, prepare for imp–”

BOOOOOOM

This time, sparks flew from loosened vents, cracks forming in the hall.

“Dammit,” Yahya fumed, leaning on a wall. “Get in there, and make that cure! As fast as you can! We need it ready to go, for any kind of contingency–especially against that deer! I can’t say what Ogma’s going to do, for sure, but until that cure is ready. all we can do is leave whatever’s coming to Gosha!”

SITE DELTA
FRONT GATE ENTRANCE

GOSHA, 7:37 PM

"Gracious."

The lizard could only stand there, tall and thick and proud, running a scaled hand over his head as he watched Ogma arrive. The deer was so much bigger than him that it was actually kind of funny. A building was one thing, he had almost adjusted to the idea…but this was an entire town he was looking at.

As it happens, that town was looking down at him.

"GOOD," Ogma thunder-spoke, his stadium-sized hands resting at his bulky hips, his shaft looming all the way down to the mountain, filling most of Gosha's view. **"GLAD TO SEE THE PLACE IS IN ORDER, STILL. WHAT A RELIEF."**

"Glad you're alright, as well!" Gosha roared, large and loud as he could, watching as Ogma's ears eventually twitched. "It sure looked like you were lost to the pit, back there!"

Twitch, twitch.

"...HAHA," Ogma boomed, nodding into the deep cleft of his chest. **"IT WAS A BIT MUCH AT THE MOMENT, I SUPPOSE THERE'S NO SENSE IN LYING. YES, I WAS OVERWHELMED, INITIALLY. LACK OF COMPOSURE, INDEED. I'VE…GATHERED MYSELF SINCE, THANK YOU. YOUR NAME?"**

"Gosha."

Twitch

"OH! YAHYA'S OLD PARTNER, THEN? A PLEASURE. GLAD HE HAD THE GOOD SENSE TO KEEP YOU ON AS A PERIMETER GUARD. SMART. PLEASE, CONTINUE THE GOOD WORK, WHILE I PARLAY WITH THE STAFF."

Ogma leaned in, and it was beyond terrifying, even to Gosha. Gigantic or not, he still had never seen something moving like that. The horizon might as well have gotten up and leaned in to whisper to him. It was no less unsettling.

“Ah, one moment, sir,” Gosha stammered, raising both thick arms in a ‘stop’ gesture.

“YES?” Ogma started, his slightest voice so big that it still shoved Gosha back over the compound lot. **“WHAT IS IT?”**

That fear redoubled, but the old-timer persisted–*carefully*.

“I don’t think they’ll be inclined to obey anything other than orders to make the cure.”

Ogma blinked, then smiled slightly.

“NATURALLY. I WANT A CURE, TOO. IT’S RATHER IMPERATIVE THAT IT EXIST, LEST COMPETITION GET TOO GREAT. WHAT FOOL WOULD LET THIS KIND OF POWER GO UNCHECKED?”

“THAT’S GOOD TO HEAR, OGMA” Yahya’s voice blared from every single speaker on the site. “WE INTEND TO HAVE IT READY ASAP, SO KINDLY BE PATIENT WITH US INSIDE. WE’RE ALREADY ON IT.”

…*twitch*.

Gosha could only wait, given the deer was easily forty times his size now. He wouldn’t have even taken up one of Ogma’s huge fingers in height. At best, he could only hope to stop Ogma if he got stuck on the giant’s eye and annoyed him to death.

“REALLY,” the immense buck huffed, lowering his eyes. **“YOU MEAN TO HELP.”**

“ABSOLUTELY.”

Ogma’s eyes closed, up in the clouds, and they stayed shut.

“HOW FASCINATING, CONSIDERING YOU WERE SO AGAINST MY CONTROLLING THIS SIZE AND STATUS, AND ALL.”

“HMPH. I JUST THOUGHT BETTER OF IT, ONCE I UNDERSTOOD YOU WERE STILL GETTING BIGGER BY THE MINUTE. ANY IDIOT WOULD PUT IT TOGETHER AFTER THAT. NOW, I REALIZE THAT MELON NEEDS SHRINKING, IMMEDIATELY.”

“MM, SO HE DOES,” Ogma conceded, looking back over his considerable shoulders. **“STILL, YOUR PRESENCE IN THERE…I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE YOU WOULD STOP AT THAT. I WONDER THAT I WOULDN’T BE TARGETED, NEXT.”**

A pause. Gosha scooted back slowly across the lot, tensed, ready, listening.

“I CONSIDERED IT. THEN I SAW YOU ON THE SITE CAMERAS, HOW BIG YOU’VE GROWN. THERE’S NO POINT IN RESISTING, EVEN IF I DON’T KNOW WHAT POINT THERE IS TO BEING THAT BIG. MELON WAS–”

“I’D APPRECIATE YOU NOT LUMPING ME IN WITH THAT MENTAL LANDFILL OF A MANIAC. HE WENT COMPLETELY UNHINGED DOWN IN THE PIT. I ONLY MANAGED TO KNOCK HIM OUT FROM DUMB LUCK, WHEN MY GROWTH INCREASED SO DRAMATICALLY THAT I BLOCKED HIS MOUTH OFF, AND HE EVENTUALLY WENT UNCONSCIOUS. FOR HOW LONG, I HAVE NO IDEA. BUT I’M VERY GLAD YOU UNDERSTAND: I WAS IN CHARGE BEFORE THIS, AND I REMAIN IN CHARGE. HOWEVER LARGE I CHOOSE TO BECOME ISN’T YOURS OUR ANYONE’S CONCERN, WHATSOEVER.”

“...U-UNDERSTOOD. PLEASE WAIT, THEN. I’LL UPDATE YOU SHORTLY.”

“VERY GOOD. I APPRECIATE YOUR JUDICIOUSNESS, YAHYA.”

Gosha’s battle stance lessened, his scaly bulk relaxing, when the towering deer glanced back down at him from on high, measuring the dragon calmly.

“HMM.”

An utterly enormous deer hand opened from above, hovering just over Gosha, before clutching down with terrible results. Fingers thicker than office buildings crushed into the entire lot like it was tin as he scooped it and Gosha up. Up, up and up it went, until it reopened, the startled komodo finding himself in the small of a gargantuan, warm, stretching palm. Far, far beyond, in the haze of evening, was Ogma’s muzzle.

“WHY DON’T YOU KEEP ME COMPANY, UNTIL I KNOW THE DEAL IS STRUCK PROPER.”

“A-ah, t-that really isn’t uh, necessary,” the dragon coughed, adjusting to the air change that far up. “I’m sure he meant what he said, already…”

SITE DELTA

YAHYA, 7:39 PM

Yahya's hand went off the *speak* button as he threw a folding chair across the R&D room.

"Stupid, stupid!" he wheezed, his black hair tumbling over his brow. "Not Gosha!"

"Do we have any armaments on site, sir?" T asked, the capybara stepping in between the startled owl and Yahya. "Anything to defend ourselves with?"

"Plenty, missile-wise," the owl croaked. "But at his size, I…I don't know what it would do. Helicopters or tanks, they could wipe out…but look at the monitors! He's…he's a god!"

"He's just flesh!" Yahya seethed. "Cover him with missiles, all you have! I don't care if they're just ant bites against that much mass, do it!"

"But Yahya, sir, he'll retaliate," the scientist replied.

"He won't crush this place, he wants the cure just as bad as we do, even if it's for his own selfish reasons! That's our *one* saving grace here, you understand!?"

"But he has Gosha," T began.

"I KN–I know," Yahya roared, only to bring it back down at the last moment. "I get that. Regardless, Ogma doesn't believe me. He's overpowered *and* smart, it's a bad scenario. If we don't deliver, he can just crush Gosha."

"So…do we just give him what he wants?" the owl pressed. "For now, at least?"

"Even if we did, Gosha would try to stop him from getting it," Yahya muttered. "I know him. He'd fight until Ogma just smashed him flat. The deer doesn't have to be some trained fighter, when he's that insanely huge."

"So either way," T supposed, "he could still get killed."

"If he's going to sacrifice himself, then we can't ignore that," the owl sighed, resolved. "If it's happening no matter what, then we need to honor it, and keep the cure ourselves!"

"But he doesn't deserve that!" T argued, as the sirens blared on.

The shaking thread of Yahya's control split a little deeper, fraying openly as he thought.

"I'm sick of this."

"Sir?"

Yahya snorted hard, popping his thick neck. By the time T, the guards and the owl looked back, the horse already had the crate off of the busted cart, had opened it, and removed the entire meteor fragment.

"I'm sick and tired of this back and forth. If I can't protect anyone, what good am I?"

"Oh my gosh, Yahya, wait," T began, as her superior walked out the exit door, back towards the lobby.

"Just make sure to shrink me, after!" the equine ordered as the door shut behind him.

"Stop him!" the owl shouted. "He's snapped!"

"No, let him," Operative T ordered, making the guards pause. "If he sees you try, he'll eat it right away. Just let him go outside first, for all our sakes."

She turned back to the scientist, pointing.

"And you! Get on that stupid cure!"

7:36 PM

Ogma was so large that there was no fuss or fanfare when Yahya stepped out onto the devastated front lot. A being that size would never have noticed.

"Bigger than the law, my eye," Yahya growled, the horse taking the armful of meteor, and bringing it up to his muzzle, nearly kissing it. "No one's bigger than the law!"

His heartbeat had been booming the entire way outside as every dark thought from the day, every temptation surged back up in his thoughts. Every urge to loom over all the evildoers, all the creeps and villains–every shouting desire to be the *biggest* of all returned, in full force.

That's not why, he thought, as he opened his mouth and bit into the fragment, feeling it crumble like old, strange malt against his teeth. *That's not why I'm doing this!*

He gulped more and more down, his heart racing in apprehension and some unspoken, deep joy as he felt it slide down, felt it go in, finished it all, and waited for it to happen.

What would it even be like? Would it hurt? How bad? Was he really going–

"GHK."

Yahya's entire body caught itself in a kind of massive hiccup, his horse muscles flexing painfully tight as pure heat flooded his veins. His eyes widened as he pulsed, his entire body having a muscle spasm that kept tightening, the pressure rising and rising, building and burning, until all at once he exploded upward, and *grew*.

Finally, achingly, it happened. Yahya was really doing it. *He was getting bigger*.

*And it was **good**.*

His feet slid over the ruined lot as his shoes bulged and creaked, seams given no time to adjust as they popped apart. His toes and heel burst out in unison as his soles smothered the undersides flat, his calves blowing up too big, pulling, then ripping his tightening pants to shreds as he heaved to 10 feet, shuddered deep, and heaved again, passing 20 feet in a second.

The burning increased, and he let it, welcoming every fibrous bulge of every muscle as his shirt snapped open, his chest spilling out like a wave of dark-brown mass. His view of the lot leapt higher, wavered, then leapt again, and again, as Yahya passed 40 feet, then 80, his 350-degree sight taking almost everything in as it all shrank around him.

His underwear stretched out into a vast mound, which jutted into a tent formation as his erection plowing bigger, thicker, the tip forcing its definition onto the fabric as it pulled, pulled, *pulled*–then snapped away in defeat.

Scraps of clothing hugged needily into swelling shoulders as his bulk began to escalate beyond his height, raging out larger, stronger, heavier across his frame. His neck ballooned into a pillar as his biceps roared higher, his thighs obliterating his leggings as he bit his lip and surged past one hundred feet tall, then two hundred, head growing head rising back up toward the windows of the R&D wing, those within watching the horse ascend.

“S-should it be that fast?” Operative T whispered, only to gasp as Yahya billowed bigger outside, even faster, more and more frantically.

“He didn’t have to consume the whole mass, that fool!” the owl groaned, even as he plugged the drive into a console, and ran the remaining equations. “Who knows how large he’ll become now!?”

“He has to close a major gap, doctor!”

“Watch out,” a guard hollered, as Yahya’s growing rear brushed up past the windows, shaking the building as the horse towered taller and taller still.

“GHHHHHGHK,” Yahya sputtered, straining to get anything out as the climbing pressure and heat choked everything else, melting all other thoughts or concerns to nothing in the face of such overwhelming sensation.

His eyes bulged as he stomped forward, leaning in over himself, letting his dark pectorals bump down over the rising swell of his erection as he huffed, quaked deeper, flexed tighter, and roared in spiking bliss and total, complete terror.

Every nerve was alive, drinking in every tickling tingle, every raging blast of size as he pumped to 500 feet, shook angrily, then *boomed* to 1,000 feet instantly! The mighty base that was Site Delta sank lower in comparison to his body, his massive thighs flexing bigger and bigger as they surpassed its rooftop.

His feet snapped through every barricade, the high gate a mere joke as they knocked it over. His huge heels cracked the lot further apart as he surrendered to his own weight and crashed onto his growing knees, letting his erection swell into the opening of the tunnel exit as he vibrated from more and more quaking growth.

Every imagining the horse had almost humored, every lidded desire he’d been teased with all throughout the day…all of it paled, against what actually *was*.

His eyes rolled back as his pectorals blasting bigger, straining out beyond his grasping, growing hands, his back muscles gushing bigger behind him as he poured over everything, larger, stronger, wider. 1,500’ *b-boomed* to 3,000 in one thrilling push, his vision blurring as too much pleasure battered his mind at once.

More

What was anyone supposed to do, against this? How could anyone fight back?

Yahya's body inflated faster, his rear bumping the site compound as he snarled in pleasure and expanded even more, and more. His erection plunged into the cracking tunnel as his chest surged over its outer slopes, the horse hugging into splitting rock as he felt his back and traps blow up over his quivering bulk, the colossus bursting to a full mile in size, in less than a minute's time.

MORE

Every biological imperative bellowed together for it, as Yahya surged with power, his hide stretching too tight as muscle upon muscle blew up in size. The tunnel bulged out, so overstuffed with his pride that the mountainside itself began to split open, his massive dark orbs puffing behind him as he moaned into his own male cleavage, shuddered again, and *grew*.

"YAHYA, YOU HAVE TO"

MOOOOOOORE

"SAVE…GOSHA!"

Just like that, he was back. Through all the storm and fury of abandon, the horse's eyes rolled back to place, blinked, and focused.

That's…not…why

A titanic blast of air blew out as Yahya snorted, shook his head, then rose to a looming stand over the entire site. In so doing, the half-shattered mountain blew apart entirely, his pendulous shaft rising with him until it angled all the way down, the tip still swelling as it rested on the debris below.

The growth slowed to a stop as the equine flexed deep, feeling himself tighten into steel. Even condensed to the fullest, Yahya's muscle remained enormous, full and smooth and taut. He stood just over 18,500 feet, in one single spurt–just over 3.5 miles tall, and 3 miles wide at the arms and thighs. His member rested like a club, 1 mile long, half-sunken into the mountainside far beyond as it throbbed away.

"R…right," he boomed, rolling his shoulders. For the first time in ages, Yahya was beaming wide.

Ogma finally deigned to peek down over his own chest at the crumbling of the mountain nearby. Still, with his bulk, getting a full view proved a challenge.

"HMM?" he started, only to stumble back as something very big slammed into his stomach, big enough to make the vast deer stomp back down over the open space between the neighboring mountain ranges around them. "MMN! WHAT–"

The red deer leaned out, finally seeing Yahya as he *thoomed* closer, clearing their side of the mountain with only a little trouble. Rather than outright anger, of all things, Ogma chuckled.

"FASCINATING," he thundered, cocking his head. "HOW IRRESISTIBLY FASCINATING!"

"KINDLY UNHAND MY PARTNER."

There, within the cage of Ogma's hand, Gosha watched and heard, more stunned now than he had been, seeing Ogma.

"I KNEW YOU WERE STALLING," Ogma sighed, brushing his gargantuan muscles casually. "AN UNDERSTANDABLE TACK. HAH. DO YOU REALLY WANT TO SHRINK ME AS WELL, THAT BADLY? WOULD I BE SUCH AN UNFIT BOSS?"

"NOBODY GETS THAT LEVEL OF CONTROL, OGMA," Yahya replied, trying to ignore the thrill of how strong and huge his own speech was, the way it tingled his thick throat.

"HMM. NOT EVEN YOU, YAHYA? YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO LECTURE ME ON THE FOLLY OF TOTAL CONTROL? WHOSE IDEA WAS THIS TO BEGIN WITH?"

The horse jerked in place, but faltered no further.

"I…REGRET THAT EARLIER DECISION."

"OH?" Ogma hummed, nodding at the horse's oversized, over-enthused erection.

"YOU HAVE ONE TOO. LET'S BE ADULTS ABOUT THIS."

"AGREED, SORRY. THAT *WAS* UNPROFESSIONAL. BUT MY POINT REMAINS. BETWEEN ANY OF US, WHY NOT I? I KNOW HOW TO RUN THINGS PROPERLY. IMAGINE, THE HORNS CORPORATION, EXPANDING INFINITELY! THAT'S BUSINESS,

IN AND OF ITSELF. YOU WERE QUITE ALRIGHT WITH IT AT EARLIER SIZE, WEREN'T YOU? YOU AND THE POLICE EVEN DEFENDED IT. WHY NOT LET THIS TURN TAKE THE WISEST COURSE? OR ARE YOU JUST HELLBENT ON CONTROLLING IT ALL, YOURSELF? AS IF YOU REALLY COULD?"

Yahya's bulk swelled out as the horse took up a fighting stance. Even Gosha was in awe as a million great memories surged, his scaly tail whipping gladly.

"Go…get him," Gosha whispered, smiling all over.

"I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT YOU."

Ogma lidded his eyes even lower.

"RIGHT. THERE *WON'T* BE A FIGHT. SUCH MORONIC EXPLOITS WON'T HELP. LIKE IT OR NOT, AS I SAID IN THE CAR…IT'S A NEW WORLD. ANY BUSINESS, ANY ENTITY THAT CANNOT ADAPT WILL PERISH. MY LOUIS WILL THRIVE. HE WILL GROW, SURPASSING EVEN I, IF HE SO CHOOSES. BUT HE'S YOUNG, YET. FARBEIT FOR ME TO STIFLE HIM SO SOON. UNTIL SUCH TIME AS HE FEELS UP TO IT, HERBIVORES WILL RULE. I AM THE PROPER REPRESENTATIVE, AND YOU KNOW IT, SO STOP THESE THEATRICS, AND ALLOW ME MY DUES."

"...LAST WARNING."

Ogma's polite demeanor dropped one important rung.

"REALLY, YAHYA. DON'T BE STUPID."

"THERE'S NOTHING STUPID ABOUT STALLING."

The titanic deer took the words in as though they were covered in castor oil, making a confused, unpleasant face.

Twitch

"WHY WOULD YOU EVER–"

Jack and Pina were on Ogma's bulk in a heartbeat, just in time to clutch his huge arms and weigh them down as best they could.

“Mister Yahya, quick, knock him out!” Jack barked, the 2.1-mile canine not even half Ogma’s great size. “Before he can shake us off! It stunts the growth spurts!”

“Ahhh, just hurry, please!” Pina whined, the huge sheep not even a third the deer’s height, leaving him to hang from Ogma’s thick arm like a wooly drape.

“Right! Good boy!”

Yahya leaned in low, took up a gut-check stance, and bolted forward, only for Ogma’s tangle of antlers to intercept as the deer threw his head forth, catching him. The horse’s immense arms went up last-second, narrowly catching them back before they gored, shaking despite all his strength as the bigger deer pushed. His massive feet shook the firmament as he stepped forth, forcing Yahya back over the mountain range, toward the neighboring peak and Site Delta.

Yahya pushed back, slowing Ogma more and more, as Jack pulled the deer’s arm, and Pina leapt onto his head, covering his sight in fluff.

“REALLY, NOW,” Ogma roared, pushing back with growing success, threatening the trembling stalemate between them all. “BAD FORM, ALL OF YOU. THIS…IS NOT…HOW YOU NEGOTIATE…”

More and more, Yahya lost ground, until his thick backside bumped the whole mountainside, shaking it on impact. Feet as big as parks dug into the woodlands below as the equine held fast, his arms ballooning even larger as he struggled and pushed back.

“I…DETEST VIOLENCE,” Ogma boom-spoke, trying to shake Pina off as the sheep clung tight. “BUT DON’T IMAGINE I’LL CONDONE THIS! IF I NEED TO BRUSH YOU ALL AWAY…THEN I WI–”

The elder buck’s arm pulled back in a firm, hard yank, tugging him away from the site by several relative feet. Both Pina and Jack were rumbling again, the two younger giants swelling even larger as they resisted.

Ogma’s grunts only deepened as Pina blew up against his muzzle and face, spilling off of it as he tremble-burst to two miles, nearly Jack’s size, only for Jack to strain and swell to three at the same moment!

“P-push him…back, Yahya!”

The voice wasn’t Jack’s or Pina’s; it was that of his one and only. *His partner.*

Big as Ogma's antlers were, there was plenty to grab at, and that's exactly what Gosha did as he grew and grew, bulging up into Yahya's sights at his side.

The horse blinked just once, then furrowed his brow.

"You don't have to tell me!"

The old reptile groaned all over, pulsing up bigger and thicker, his scales stretching loudly as more and more muscles pulled them tight. He was already half a mile tall, then a full mile, his growth accelerating as heat poured off of his bulk, radiating out into the surprised horse.

"Haha, I know!" Gosha rumbled, stopping as he huffed and ballooned to 6,900 feet (1.3 miles), pushing even harder still, his muscles outpacing even Yahya's. "I just like talking to you, I guess! Takes me back!"

"Agh, back to what?" Yahya growled, his muscles stretching even bigger as he pushed, making Ogma snort in frustration as they started to shove him back a little more. "All those good times you abandoned?"

"P-please, sirs, don't fight!" Jack pleaded, the growing canine's body rumbling even thicker as the more he fought, the larger they seemed to sympathetically swell. "Not now!"

"I didn't leave you," Gosha calmly explained, between ballooning bursts of growth, blowing him up to 10,200 (~2 miles), then 15,400 (2.9 miles). "We had our time together, and it was incredible…nngh, but I found the one for me, for life, and she…if I couldn't fight for her, what makes you think I'd be fit to fight alongside you?"

Pina fell from Ogma's muzzle with a dull thump, the growing sheep bouncing off the deer's flared member. Now Yahya's size, he fell back, stood up, and snatched Ogma's other arm, pulling along with Jack as he boomed to 19,500' (~3.7 miles), getting closer and closer to the great buck's scope.

Again, Ogma stumbled back, a bit further.

"UGH, NONE OF YOU CAN EVEN FUNCTION!" he grunted, flexing even thicker as he began to pull Jack and Pina in with both hulking arms. "THIS IS RIDICULOUS, ALL OF YOU ARE. YOU SEE WHY…NNH, IT'S BETTER LEFT TO ME?"

“And where’d that get you, Gosha?” Yahya groused, looking to the growing lizard beside him, watching him even out with him (despite his physique being a decent stretch bigger, overall). “Hmm? You live in a dump! You lowered yourself! What have you even got left?”

“My grandson,” Gosha said, firmly. “Everything I lost in between then and now…I’d lose it over and over again, if I had to. I don’t have control over that. But I have a wonderful boy left to me, and I’d do crazier than this anyday, if it kept him safe!”

“I’ve never even seen you with him!”

“So you do keep tabs,” Gosha chuckled, *choosing* to. “I won’t fight you on that, because I don’t need to. I don’t have to fight the world, Yahya. My world is happy, with or without me. And if he ever wants to see me, I’ll be right there. Like I’m here, now.”

“OH, PLEASE,” both Yahya and Ogma bellowed.

“Say what you want,” the old dragon said, grinning on, even as he pushed. “It’s no trouble for those I love.”

Yahya had something in the chamber, but lost it as he looked away.

“I didn’t leave you. You didn’t follow me into happiness. You could have. I would have been there, just like now.”

“God,” Yahya laughed. It was the last thing he thought he would do. “Ahah. Just stop. What the hell kind of nonsense is that? Haha.”

“You think so?” Gosha laughed, joining him, even as the two colossi pushed against doom. “I think it sounds okay.”

“You would.”

Both parties grabbed more of Ogma’s outer horns, and pulled.

Jack and Pina caught on, scooped their arms under Ogma’s bigger bulk, and all four pushed and pulled in unison.

Even Ogma’s eyes finally widened as the behemoth’s form left the valley between mountains, flipped up, and *flew*.

A creature five miles in size left the Earth, twisted on itself, then found it again, as Ogma slammed clear over the range, crashing so hard that the web of ridges between cities and lakes reformed in an unwanted instant.

ZEBUTH CITY

7:48 PM

A single crash rocked the terrain from afar.

Fifteen seconds later, the entire city shook, entire grids stuttering out as the lines on all city and residential streets whipped and wavered like strings on an instrument. Every possible kind of alarm sounded at once, a cacophonous mess that echoed in every frantic news report on every flickering TV set.

Windows cracked and shattered across half of downtown as reporters scrambled to worriedly connect the impact with more tales of the day's giants. Night vision-equipped choppers fed info to stunned audiences as none other than the Horns Corporation's own CEO lying prostrate between entire mountains, the male so big and thick that they didn't even succeed in rising above his bulk.

Around it were four smaller giants…but not by much. In fact, two of them were still growing, right there on screen…

LUPO VERDE MOUNTAIN RANGES

JACK, 7:48 PM

"W-we did it!" the mighty labrador cheered, only to wince as he shook all over one last time, clenched, and billowed up even larger, finishing out at just over 27,100 feet–over 5.1 miles tall, and an overloaded 5 miles wide, from sheer muscle alone. "That was amazing!"

"Speaking of," Yahya sighed, dusting his bulk off as he nodded to the monster-sized dog, bigger now than even Ogma, if slightly. "You're sure you're done growing, kid? That's…er, that's crazy-dangerous, being that large, so just…stay still, okay?"

"Oh! Ah, y-yessir!" Jack nodded, wagging all over, then stopping that too. "Sorry!"

“For what?” Gosha asked, sincerely.

“Yeah, seriously, kid,” Yahya relented, folding his massive arms noisily. “You two didn’t have to come back and help, but you did anyway. Even after I wasn’t around to keep the reigns. You boys are alright.”

“Haha, well, a party just feels off without a chaperone, as much as some might complain,” Pina added, the sheep having stopped at an impressive 21,100’ (~4 miles), putting him a head or so taller than either the horse or the lizard.

It was well past surreal, having a boy’s club adjourn in the bowl of entire mountain ranges, but it was what it was. Four whole ‘towns’ of muscle all commiserating together, mostly obscured by the deepening evening skies.

“Even now, the youngsters talk down to us,” Gosha sighed, slapping a huge arm over Yahya’s bulging backside. “There’s no escaping it.”

“They can have the cure before we do, if it makes you feel better,” the horse offered.

“I already feel better,” the old dragon said, patting the horse happily. “This will do.”

“Hmm. I’m definitely staying bigger than you.”

“Actually, Mister Yahya,” Jack broke in, “how’d you get so huge, so fast? You caught up with Gosha in no time, and he was growing throughout the day. Ah, if I can pry…the cargo from earlier…”

“Yeah, I ate it,” Yahya said, flatly. “Whole chunk. Had to bridge the gap to be any use.”

Jack gulped.

“W-won’t that become a little problematic, soon? You outgrew everyone with your first spurt…t-the next one might be super-colossal!”

The equine flicked an ear, struggling against an unbidden eruption of excitement. That wasn’t how he was going to act. No way. Not in front of the youths, at least.

“No, no, they’re on the cure as we speak. Relax, kid.”

“But we don’t know how long it’s going to take, if they even do manage it…”

“He knows, Jack,” Gosha replied, side-hugging a shocked Yahya in close. “He’s crafty like that! Hehe, it’ll work out, have a little faith.”

Jack was wincing overtly, without realizing.

“O…okay,” he groaned, through his flashing teeth.

“You alright there, doggy?” Pina asked, looking closer, his disrespect for boundaries back in full force. “You got something in there?”

“Oh, no, no, was I…was I grimacing?” the labrador gasped, blushing all over darkly. “That’s so rude! Pardon me, so-sorry!”

“No, actually, there is something in there,” Pina muttered, prompting Jack to feel around with his tongue. “Bunch of specks.”

“Probably debris from the tunnel,” Jack mused, working it out with his tongue and swallowing it all down. “That do it?”

“It’s done,” Pina chuckled, nodding. “So, what now? We’re so big, we can’t…well, we can’t really go anywhere that’s populated, can we?”

“Like it or not, we’re staying put here,” Yahya ordered. “Until the cure is confirmed through the site speakers. Plus if Ogma wakes up, we need to be ready. So let’s keep our ears perked, alright?”

They all nodded, going silent for a moment.

“Hehe,” Gosha started, thumping his huge tail down over the woods below.

“What?” Yahya huffed, his annoyance softly returning.

“Jack,” the reptile chuckled, “if Legoshi could see you now–”

A wild, terrible rumble answered, and all ears (sans Gosha’s) perked right up.

“Uh,” Jack gulped, looking all over. “What’s that?”

Everyone looked to Jack, making the labrador blink nervously.

“W-what!?”

The rumbling worsened, before a set of antlers rose up overhead, thickening like crazed things, a jungle of cartilage grasping through the clouds as a huge muzzle followed.

Then, an ever-widening neck.

Then, an oceanic burst of brown-red pectorals.

The mountains crumbled loose from the force of Ogma’s growth as his body exploded in size, behind them, ballooning bigger all over. Thickening follicles of fur brushed and swelled over the ridges of the range, the deer flattening it all as his shadow spilled over the four giants, making them all stumble back in awe.

“WELL,” Ogma rumbled, the great stag blowing up so loudly that it almost overpowered his creaking muscles and pulling hide, “THAT ACCOMPLISHED ABSOLUTELY NOTHING. CONGRATULATIONS. TO THINK, I RESPECTED YOU, YAHYA. ABSURD.”

A cervine erection blew clear through the range nearest them, decimating the mountain into a flattened wad of ruin as Ogma sat upright on a fantastically huge rump, crushing the farther ranges into dust under its growing heft.

By the time he was done huffing out his criticism, Ogma was already 10 miles tall–over 53,000 feet, and 45,500’ wide across. Even Jack was only even with the deer a moment, and that’s because the deer was sitting down over the landscape. If anything, the growth was escalating, as Ogma dusted his overgrown pectorals and shook even taller, wider, his orbs ballooning until they spilled up out of his growing lap.

“SINCE YOU CAN’T BE REASONABLE, WE HAVE NO BUSINESS TO CONDUCT. STILL, I AT LEAST ENJOYED YOUR RESISTANCE. I WILL ADMIT TO A CERTAIN APPEAL. I…NNNNMPH, W-WAS NEVER ONE TO THROW A PUNCH…SO I DO FIND…A FASCINATION…TO SUCH BEHAVIOR. BUT IT’S NO WAY TO RUN A PLANET. NO WAY AT ALL…”

Ogma groaned hotly as uncontrolled eruptions of bulk blew up across his form, amplifying his muscles to the point where he finally eclipsed the four males below. Yet, they only inflated more as the god-stag loomed over the countryside and mountains, all at once, surging past 15 miles, then 18, well over 95,000 feet tall, and still shuddering *bigger*.

“Get back, everyone! Beat it!” Gosha roared, shoving them all away as Ogma’s raging thighs and furred deer orbs overtook their valley.

“WHO WERE YOU TO TALK ABOUT YOUTH? YOU’RE ALL CHILDREN, TO ME. YOU DESERVE TO BE LOOMED OVER BY AN ADULT. I CAN PROTECT YOU. I CAN STEER EVERYONE THAT’S SMART ENOUGH TO ACCEPT EXPERIENCE.”

“H-he’s still getting bigger!” Pina yelped, staggering back up the other side of the bordering mountain, as Ogma’s hand thudded down, smashing the sheep back-first into Jack, cracking the mountain in two.

The impact blasted through Pina’s wool, and far back, near Jack’s snout, something miniscule smashed open.

“H-heavy!” Jack groaned, as Ogma’s growing hand pinned he and Pina down to the land, the deer shaking his head as it swelled into the upper atmosphere, higher and higher.

“THIS REALLY WAS A DISAPPOINTMENT, OVERALL, DESPITE THE AMUSEMENTS IN BETWEEN. YOU’RE BARELY BETTER THAN MELON, I FEEL.”

Jack coughed and wheezed as Pina was ground against him, the tiny cloud of smashed particulates being inhaled directly as the dog breathed the crushed remains of the other crate’s meteor in.

At 19 miles Ogma passed the 100,000-foot mark, and *still* he grew. Gosha and Yahya both attacked, slashing the colossus’ arms wherever they generously presented themselves; however, being only a fifth as big as the stag, there proved no stopping him as he continued to expand, on and on.

Feet the size of lakes rolled over hill and dale, mountain and river alike, soft soles bullying into the clay as his heels crushed the geography under him into nothing.

At 21 miles in height, nearly 111,000’, Ogma was as big as a city, and still growing.

Yahya and Gosha pulled with unbelievable strength, yet could hardly lift one of Ogma’s vast fingers in their attempts to get Pina or Jack free.

The missiles from Site Delta were less than party poppers to the booming deer as they peppered his muscles, dozens and dozens of tiny blips of light illuminating swaths of bulging brawn and ruffling red-brown fur, before dying off uselessly into the dark once again.

"HMM," Ogma quake-hummed, raising one indifferent brow as he blew up through the highest clouds, out toward the reach of the stars, watching the dots pop around his surging rear. ***"I SUPPOSE IN ALL THIS FUSS, THEY FORGOT WHO THEY WORK FOR. WELL. SO LONG AS THEY KEEP WORKING, IT HARDLY MATTERS."***

Even his voice was devastating now, as it exploded down over the countryside, his body greedily consuming space as he continually grew.

At 23 miles, planes had to veer around him down about his waist, controls betraying panicked alterations as his thighs surged higher than the passengers, filling countless windows as they swelled. The colossus sat still, nonetheless, eyeing the curvature of the state itself.

"BIGGER THAN I WOULD HAVE ANTICIPATED. MUCH BIGGER. I WONDER, AT THIS POINT, IF…"

24 miles

Ogma breathed, and breathed as deliberately deep as his bulk allowed–which was considerable. His chest stretched even larger, mid-spurt, outpacing the rest of him as he held it in, blinked, smiled, and blew it out. His chest not only refused to shrink back, but only billowed even larger.

"FASCINATION UPON FASCINATION. HAHA. VERY GOOD, VERY GOOD. NO ALTITUDE SICKNESS, NO SYMPTOMS OF DEPRIVATION. WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THE LEGENDS WERE THIS ACCURATE! I CAN STILL BREATHE!"

"He's lost it," Gosha grunted, the humongous reptile straining with Yahya as the deer's growing fingers lifted a little higher.

"No, he…he's right," Yahya moaned, tugging at Pina's wool. He's breathing!"

Jack's entire body began to tremble as he struggled to get out from under Ogma's hand (and, by association, poor Pina). He sneezed hard, thankfully shy of Pina's head, but the moment the pressure ejected, his entire body *exploded*.

Pina *baahed* in shock as the dog's bulk spilled out like a high-pressure canister being popped, his yellow muscles overflowing out of Ogma's immense hand and into both Gosha and Yahya at once, bowling them over.

Wave after wave of quaking canine mass gushed, boomed and bulged, freely gorging on size as Jack roared, then sneezed again, magnifying his growth spurt instantly. Where roughly 5.1 miles of labrador had been, there were 10, then 15.

There was no time to react on anyone's part as Jack sneezed again, an echoing dog sneeze that ushered another exploding burst of growth, surging him to 20 miles…

At 25 miles, Ogma's growth came to a halt, a growth engine winding down, until the great rumbling subsided and an eerie silence retook the landscape. A 4-mile wide rump settled into its tremendous crater, scarring the terrain as Ogma crossed his bulging legs about his oversized sacs and straightened his gigantic back. A stag over 132,000 feet tall and 120,000 feet wide took a bigger breath, letting the colder hints of space flow into him, knowing he was so big that he could do it if he wanted, despite all science.

"HMM. I WAS RIGHT. GODHOOD."

All the stoicism in the world couldn't keep the deer's erection from swelling painfully long atop his orbs, enormous veins bulging out as he closed his eyes and breathed again, his chest and back blowing up even greater, holding it, enjoying that even the elements at last had no say in the matter anymore.

"...I COULD OUTGROW EVERYTHING, AND IT WOULDN'T MATTER AT ALL. I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU CAN SEE THIS, LOUIS. IF SO, WATCH AND LEARN. YOU…"

The god-deer flexed so hard that his muscles erupted, not in any show of power, but from the absolute elation he withheld inside.

"YOU…WILL BE EVEN BIGGER."

Then, all too suddenly, it happened.

TWITCH

Ogma's mesospheric ears bobbed, suggesting something back on the planet's humble surface. He looked down, saw only his chest, then went goggle-eyed.

"HMM?"

An equivalent mass blew up into the startled male, a vast erection and overfull pecs smashing, pressing and rolling bigger over even him as Jack sneezed and sneezed. By the time Ogma had his enormously thick arms up to shield himself, it was too late.

Jack was 50 miles tall, *twice* the deer's size, and still growing.

Gosha grasped at ever-swelling fur as he rode Jack's hips, higher and higher, as Yahya clung to his lower forearm, scooped up early and brought along for the ride. Pina wriggled up between the dog's pectoral cleft, only to feel the growing mounds erupt even larger, swallowing him up again as his chest burst up over Ogma, consuming his muzzle and head and antlers.

Mile after mile of the state dented in, the tectonic plates below suffering as Jack's weight climbed too much. His tail whipped the lower skies into a storm as his cheeks and thighs and sacs swelled bigger, bigger, smothering up into Ogma's body, filling his lap and pinching his knees between his orbs and inner thighs, giving the deer no chance to pull loose.

At 90 miles, Jack's abs rammed ceaselessly into Ogma's face, the deer not even a third his size as he struggled to get free and failed.

Jack sneezed harder, his muscles in a panic to grow as the power compounded on itself more and more aggressively, spurt spilling over spurt. His triceps swelled until they nearly swallowed up around his surging back, his neck blowing three times wider as his body width outclassed his height, making him a living wall of brawn.

At 130 miles (686,400 feet), Jack was so big that a city car would have needed about two hours to drive from his toes to his eyes. His arms bore a circumference of nearly 45 miles, so big that two cities could have filled them, side by side. Six Goshas and six Yahyas holding hands would *almost* have them covered.

That was before Jack sneezed again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

BADLANDS, NORTH AND CENTRAL

LEGOSHI, 7:44 PM

Wah-choo!

Something strange perked the wolf's ears up as he snapped to, coming out of his fear-induced paralysis. He had been steadily blowing up here and there for the past several hours, and about an hour ago the tremors of growth had mercifully ceased, leaving him at a mind-blowing 475,200 feet, 90 miles tall. He was sitting as low as he could to the firmament, however, so that shaved it down to roughly sixty, from ground to muzzle.

This, in turn, bunched all of his bulk in on itself, keeping Legoshi really quite soft and warm, despite the cold around the lower thermosphere. Now there was a joke of a name.

"So soft," Juno huffed, the 5-mile female nuzzling in against all that cascading, plush, gray wolf fur, melting her as she basked in it. "Just want to stay like this."

"Yeah, I have to admit, this part isn't so bad," Haru concurred, the 7-mile bulk rabbit massaging up at Legoshi's overblown chest. "I was kind of hoping he'd stop sooner, because, I mean, he was already so much taller than I was, back before. Now that he's this big, I do just want to cuddle in and get lost in it all."

"Feels…safe," Juno mooned, wagging faster, making her gigantic hips shake about.

"That's a good way to put it."

"AH, HARU. J-JUNO. DO YOU SEE THAT?"

Both females stopped for a moment to look. Both cried out on sight of it.

Legoshi gulped, looking out across the state.

“I thought I heard something, but…what is it?”

He squinted, then sniffed hard, gasping loudly. He sniffed again in the direction of a massive yellow wall in the distance, before his tail began to smack around in a mad wag of delighted joy.

“N…no. No way.”

Of all things, *Legoshi* looked up. And up.

“NO WAY…”

SNFF SNFF

A shadow fell over even the massive gray wolf as the monstrous mass shifted, flattening its side of the wilderness as a great, boundless yellow muzzle dipped in from far above, snuffling the clouds up, then lowering even nearer, before:

“LEGOSHI!?”

Legoshi’s entire body lit up like a furnace as he smiled uncontrollably wide. The yellow muzzle descended even closer, bumping at last into Legoshi’s thick body, then nuzzling right in with a choked sob of complete, abject relief.

“JACK!?”

The impositions of geography fell through as the 255-mile tall labrador simply leaned over five cities and hours of interstate, cuddling the spotted wolf up like a teddy bear.

“L-LEGOSHIIII!”

Not even 24 hours ago, Jack had been a runt, in his own mind. Now, the 1.3-million foot labrador hugged his oversized best friend like nothing, nearly 3 times *his* size. The huge went on, scrubbing Juno and Haru against Pina, while Yahya hung on tight to an endless yellow bicep.

Somewhere at the back hip Gosha shot up, tall and alert, like a weed in a golden field.

“L…legoshi!?”

SITE DELTA

OPERATIVE T, 7:50 PM

"So, glad as I am that there's a deep sublevel we could escape to, and all," Operative T said, kicking about on her seat in the bottom deck R&D satellite, "how are we supposed to get back to the topside, like this?"

Considering all the monitor feeds were from satellite footage of Jack sitting atop them, atop the mountains, valleys, woods, forests, lakes and hills, on a duff 31 miles across, it was a fair question. Underneath Jack's unbound girth was a pinned deer head, just large enough to protrude out, looking calmly (but thoroughly) trapped as its chin rested on the turf.

"There're trams that run to the West and North, away from here," the owl responded, staring into a computer readout with countless equations piling up. "And we'll be on them in a few minutes, I'm happy to report."

"Wait…really! You mean?"

The scientist nodded, rubbing at tired eyes.

"I do. We have it. We have the foundations of a cure–well, should, at any rate, it needs as much testing as possible, in the little time we have. Then, we can send the data to get more made, from other facilities with more resources."

"Which is to say, no time," T sighed. "Well, still, that's great! Thank goodness!"

"Eh, this brings us to the problem of the *moment*, I fear," he added. "We only have so many resources here on site left, to synthesize so much of an initial *theoretical* dosage."

The capybara pinched between her eyes, readying for it.

"Meaning."

"Meaning, for the moment, we have enough of a cure available…for *one*."

8.

SUBWAY TRAIN, CAR F

GOUHIN, 3:30 PM

"Line 409 approaching South Harmony station D. South Harmony station. Next stop, Downtown District station."

The hum of the subway train sang praises of the latest in travel technology, soft and secure, a subdued purr to comfort even the most frayed passengers. To Riz, it was a jackhammer convention, with a megaphone set on the floor.

"If it gets any worse, kid, just sneak the medicine now," Gouhin murmured, the panda leafing through a book he had been allowed to pack. "We aren't the problem, the *escorts* aren't looking right now."

The brown bear nodded miserably, considering it; both his huge hands were cradling his head, leaving a grimacing muzzle between them.

"Th-thanks. I might."

"Just go ahead, seriously," Gouhin pressed, already turning the page. "Don't be stubborn about something this important. If the mandated suppressants aren't cutting it, then act. I don't know why you didn't see a doctor about it sooner."

"You're a doctor."

"Heh. Well, take the damn medicine. Doc's orders."

The hum remained steady, but Riz quietly hissed, clenching his temples tighter.

"You weren't taking them, were you?"

Riz's silence answered for him. One nearby giraffe's ear twitched, and he scooted off.

"Why in the hell were you avoiding your supplements? You're a growing kid, that's the worst possible phase to cut off. You should know."

Riz nodded slowly.

“I know I’m right,” Gouhin sighed. “So, seriously, why? Why take *that* dangerous a risk? Bears have a tough enough rap, you wanna end up killing someone?”

The youth’s head shook *no*.

“I thought I didn’t need them anymore.”

Now, Gouhin was silent. Briefly.

“That’s stupid.”

“You don’t understand,” Riz growled, sitting upright, effectively looming over even Gouhin. “I was so happy. I just didn’t feel like I needed them, I really did.”

“Hmm. Who’s the lucky lady?”

“Haha…*agh*. N-no, sir, a friend. A great, incredible friend.”

It wasn’t long before the algebra worked itself out. For Gouhin.

“Someone that made you feel like you didn’t need drugs. A herbivore?”

Riz’s black-bead eyes lowered, but a stupid kind of smile stole over his muzzle. Gouhin saw enough to understand, and shifted things by showing him the book.

“You see this? This is all herbology. I’m searching for something, anything I know of, that might halt whatever the hell it is that made Legoshi building-sized. That moron, of all types, would be the one to have it happen. That kid’s a trouble magnet on the South Pole.”

Riz listened, all that thick bear bulk steady for a moment.

“Reason I bring it up is, I still want to help him. Actually, I want to pretty bad. I don’t care that he’s a carnivore–no, I do care. That makes it even more important.”

“Why are you–”

“I’m telling you this, because I get it. Because he’s a good soul who’s learning what to do with his nature, and I think you are too. You’re maybe a little ahead, or I thought you were.”

“What a mean compliment,” Riz chuckled, wincing just after.

“Point being, if you madea crazy move in the name of caring for an herbivore…then I think that should be protected. Whoever your friend is, they’re lucky to have that kind of a connection.”

Riz’s pain faded a moment, visibly.

“It’s all connections, kid. This train, ley lines, folks…all of them connect. Not always in ways we want. I don’t know what in fire made Legoshi a towering hulk, or how any weapon or chemical or magic voodoo spell could accomplish this, but it’s happening. We can’t stop what starts, we just manage it how we can. So, what *you* can do is take the damn medicine already, get better, and be there for your amigo.”

“Bullshit,” someone close enough muttered.

Both bears glanced up to see a toucan sitting opposite, glowering down at the backpack in his lap. He saw them seeing, and just went for it:

“Yeah, you heard me. Who wants *connections* to getting eaten?”

“It’s a carnivore that’s gotten gigantic, you said so yourself,” another passenger, an antelope, barked sourly. “What do we do when they crush our homes? Hug it out?”

“The news said it was herbivores *and* carnivores getting gigantic,” a younger cat began.

“And I bet the herbivores stayed still!” a buffalo shot back, from farther down.

“If animals are suddenly upsizing, then you know what? I hope it’s a herbivore that gets the biggest! Yeah! At least a herbivore would be in charge, in a true sense! No meat-eater could force their will when the biggest ones are baby-sized in comparison!”

“Any creature at too large a size would be a mutual danger. Use your head.”

“Right! What if they just keep growing bigger? W-what’ll even happen to us?”

“If I was a freaking giant, I tell you what I would–”

“This is why we can’t–”

“Government supposed to even do about–”

It no longer mattered, nor was it possible to discern who said what; in seconds the car had exploded into a forum, and Riz’s pain redoubled, and doubled again.

“Even in a crisis, we can’t wait to rip each other apart,” Gouhin grumbled, hiding behind the book once again. “Don’t listen to them, kid–”

Gouhin caught sight in his periphery as Riz downed nearly the entire jar of medicine.

“Whoa, whoa, hey, no! Kid!”

“I-I’m sorry, sir,” Riz coughed, choking the rest of the mix down. “I can’t…stand it…”

The entire subway tunnel shook, wobbling the train and sputtering the lights.

DING

Right after came the breaks, and the whole mess lurched, throwing the arguing masses forward as the lights went out, the train screeched to a stop, and all was chaos renewed.

The lights blinked back on, leaving everyone looking everywhere, as though answers were floating in the air like krill.

DING

“Folks, we have an issue up ahead; reports topside say a…uh, female wolf is standing downtown…ah, her…w-well, she’s growing even larger, causing her uh, w-weight to increase too far…it seems the subway line ahead has caved in from the pressure of her body weight…this can’t be real, can it? Seriously!? God–f-folks, we’re being told to pull up and connect to the mountain line out of the city, at track H3. P-please be patient, while we adjust our route…”

The angered mutterings resumed, and Riz began to break into an open sweat.

“Hang tough, kid,” Gouhin soothed, patting Riz’s huge shoulder. “Hard part’s over.”

It was probably a lie. It was definitely all he had to give.

About four minutes later the train resumed, moving toward the alternate track with that same undisturbed hum of effort. A few animals cheered in relief, but most were still grousing, and openly.

"This is unreal," the buffalo snorted, rubbing his temples the same as Riz.

"They can't just move the train by picking it up," a duck finally peeped.

"Why don't they just make the evacuation team gigantic, while we're all in crazy-land?"

"I don't want to hear about giants anymore!" a chameleon no one had noticed until now added. "Is this *really* as worked up as we're going to get? Who cares about the train!? There're literal gods topside, thudding around like it's home, and we're complaining about transit!"

"Of course it's crazy," a doe interjected, smoothing out her suit. "But what else can we do about it? We're the prey, down here. Maybe you're new to it, being a carnivore, but not us–"

"That's not fair," he shot back, getting a darker green.

"We're all small now," an old muskrat coughed, nodding very, very slowly.

"This keeps up, I'll need my own headache cure," Gouhin grumbled, turning another fruitless page of the book. "How're you holding up?"

"Folks, we're back on track, heh," the intercom crackled, smoothing out with a slight hiss. *"Next stop should be the Evermore South station, toward the Southeast Plains. Just hold tight, we're moving fast. Evac personnel should be prepped to take you into the nearest underground safety bunkers–"*

"Kid?"

Even over the drone of the train, Gouhin could suddenly hear it–*feel it*, even. It was something bigger than the machine, a drum beat, something anyone would find soothing if it weren't so…wrong.

It was like a heartbeat, only too big. Far, far too big.

And it was coming from Riz.

"You alright there? Talk to me."

“Ah,” Riz puffed, the bear clutching himself as he teetered in his seat. “I don’t, ah.”

Gouhin’s book finally lowered, cautiously. The heartbeat grew.

“You feel sick?”

Riz brought his hands up to his head, and Gouhin looked up to follow. An instant later, he knew what was so wrong with that–he was looking further up than before.

Riz’s hoodie crept North, pulling the bottom along until a thick mat of brown fur spilled out, boofing and swelling wider, filling the gap between his tight shirt and stretching pants. Both hands busied themselves with his head as he groaned, clutched it, and overtly *throbbed* bigger.

“Hey,” Gouhin started, not knowing how to finish.

“My…hah-head, I,” Riz growled, bursting larger by a sudden, violent foot in size. His sleeves tore open as the hoodie he’d squeezed himself back into on the way out of his place ripped away. “God! Ah, g-G-God! It–”

BRMPH

So help him, Gouhin felt the *air* move as Riz’s bulging form blew even larger. In one heartbeat Riz had gone from being 8 feet tall to 10, his head ramming up with a dull bump into the luggage rack, snapping it away like tin foil as his neck swelled wider. The shirt collar popped into a ‘V’ as his furred pectorals blossomed up, his hoodie sleeves traveling down his growing biceps as the shirt within ripped in two.

BWRMPH

By the time Riz’s head hit the ceiling, another growth spurt was bulging up through, blowing his torso so wide that his torn shirt and ruined hoodie splintered completely, pulling to scraps that forced booming muscles to pump forth. In a blink, those scraps devolved to shreds.

“MY H-HEAD”

That was the last thing Gouhin understood from Riz as his brown pectorals flared out, bunching up so big they dammed his vanishing muzzle. The panda scuttled back in his seating, jostling the nearest screaming animals as they tried to do the same.

“Oh, hell,” Gouhin muttered, just as Riz’s pants tore along the crotch, releasing a great curve of sex as the bear’s phallus stretched bigger, heavier, pulling ripping underwear up as his bulge overtook his thighs. “How in the hell–”

A moment’s confusion became pandemonium as the situation illustrated itself; by the time the doors to the next car opened and armed evac officers stepped in, Riz had become less a large bear and more a sheer wall of brown bulk consuming the interior.

Screams of smaller animals on the other side could be heard as Gouhin scrambled across the tram floor, finding and clutching the emptied medicine jar. As he did, the mass swelled yet again, larger and thicker still, ballooning into the grip bars until they bent in submission, followed by cracking windows and warping siding.

“S-stop!” one guard roared, taking aim at whatever his mind was trying to process as a target. “Stop, right now!”

“Get everyone out!” Gouhin bellowed, staggering to his feet just as Riz’s fur blew up against him, pushing him forward in agreement. “He’s growing! Get away!”

“RRRRRRRRHHH”

Already, the bus-sized bear’s voice was so much bigger, so much heavier. Whatever he was trying to say, Gouhin knew it wasn’t happy. It hardly even sounded sane.

“Open fire!”

“No, just run, dammit!”

A volley battered out of the rifle, peppering Riz uselessly, resulting in only an increasingly angered growl as the shaking muscles boomed even *bigger*. In an instant the car was filled entirely, little animals of all types plastered between the snapping walls and bending fixtures and brown-furred biceps, lats, traps, and a monstrous set of bobbling, bulging orbs.

The train lurched as the weight compounded within, until the snap of detaching cables and uncoupling links echoed after. The tail up to their car suddenly slid back and halted in the tunnel, leaving the higher cars free to travel ahead as Riz grew, and grew, and grew, and grew.

“The hell with this,” one guard shouted, turning and shoving his way out the door.

Gouhin helpfully pushed the buffalo and remaining guard out with him, just as Riz's girth rumbled bigger again, filling the opened doorway from the inside, then the windows.

"K-keep moving!" Gouhin ordered, commanding the shaken guards. "Everyone, go! Get them to the nearest exit!"

"W-what about you?" one guard shouted back, while motioning all the escaped citizens down the line.

"I need to–"

The entire car inflated out with a series of terrible metal and plastic screeches as Riz' continually expanded, his body getting too big to contain. Gouhin could only look back in time to see the whole mess blowing apart, unloading a tidal wave of male brawn as over 120 feet of brown bear spilled up, slammed the ceiling, then crashed back down toward him in a spread of pectoral doom.

A muzzle as big as a car bashed the tunnel floor, decimating the track, resting inches from Gouhin. Riz's vast black eyes were lidded, but when they opened, they weren't the same. Not even remotely.

"HHHHHHHNNNNGHNH."

"Oh," Gouhin gulped, starting back nervously. "I…I'm going with you guys, forget this!"

In response, two massive white eyes locked onto him, then the guards. A set of near-red pinpricks were all that remained of those black beads, laser-focused in what was clearly a now-blind rage.

Gouhin stumbled further back as Riz's muzzle swelled even bigger, his neck gorging on mass behind a growing head. His midsection grew back into the darkness as massive arms flexed and tightened and swelled, the bear already 160', then 210'.

"God…g-good luck, kid!"

That was that: Gouhin was ahead of the stunned guards, who mimicked him on a slight delay as everyone broke into a panicked run, leaving Riz behind as he snarled to life, shuddered, then blew up even larger…

And larger…

RAILWAY MAINTENANCE TUNNEL B-5

GOUHIN, 4:03 PM

"How on Earth," the old bear panted, slumping against the brick wall when he found he just couldn't run anymore. "How…did this happen?"

"Okay, old timer, talk!"

The panda looked to see an armed guard, pointing a shaking rifle at him, fearful and angry in equal measure.

"Huh?"

"You were with that bear before he grew to giant size…s-so how? What do you know?"

"Oh, God. Look, kid–"

"Just answer!"

The barrel got that much closer. Gouhin slowly reached into his bag, one hand staying up.

"I gain nothing by attacking you, okay? Keep that in mind. This is a book I'm getting."

It proved true, but the gun stayed where it was.

"I think that my friend there took way, way too much of an old medicine. Something inside of it caused the growth, I think. Okay? With me? Good. Great. So, in this book, I noticed a few elements worth looking into. One is very, very old. It happens to also be…"

He reached for the medicine jar.

"The primary ingredient in this."

"Well, why the hell would you–"

"I'd never actually used it before, it was a random purchase! I only broke it out for the kid's headaches, because it was the only thing I had on hand that supposedly had any pain killing

properties. Alright? I didn't know. For all I know, this stuff's never been used, or was discontinued, I don't know. I'm just guessing, at this point."

"W-well, then, how do you stop it?"

Gouhin finally took out a cigarette, no longer caring, and lit it up.

"I truly don't know."

BLACK MARKET HOTEL STRIP

COSMO, 4:35 PM

Even Cosmo had to admit it: it was likely time to leave.

Upon hitting a hefty 310' in height, the story had ended, the book had shut, and the rest of her life as a walking sex billboard was assured. Money had been literally hurled at her by male and female, herbivore and carnivore alike (and was *still* being hurled). She was effectively in charge of the entire block. No, the *entire market*. None of the crime families could have bothered the bulk-laden mountain of soft, furred curves. Who would dare?

Yet, just minutes prior, mid-dance, she had felt it. Her goddess performance was very nearly interrupted by a sweet, warm trembling, deep within. Her muscles had quaked with some unknowable ache as both excitement and terror rose up, filling the voluptuous giantess to her ears. No one down below among the mortals understood as she danced over the street, but at her core Cosmo knew full-well: she was about to *explode*.

"Hmm-hmm, time for a break, everyone," the monstrous okapi rumbled, playing off a gorgeous smile beyond her eclipsing breasts. "Give a girl a path, would you?"

They were all so small, she couldn't even tell them individually apart. It was just a tangle of wide eyes and wagging tails. Happily, that tangle parted for her.

"Thank you all. Feel free to watch me go."

Tiny sheers erupted as Cosmo's colossal feet *thoomed* forward, her hips booming right-left in a loud, echoing sway.

Hold it in, just hold it in. Give them all a minute.

How many nights had been so comically similar? Having to play off stomach pain, tiredness, bills and notices? How many nights had no one even considered that the dancer seducing them on the catwalk was walking out to a broken-down car?

The tingle swelled into a roar inside her, and Cosmo began to openly shake with pressure. She double-timed her lucious lumbering, just making it around the block in a tight squeeze, when it slipped loose. The okapi grunted softly, shuddered tight, and billowed out in all directions.

"HNNGH–"

Her brawn blasted bigger, throbbing hot and huge, stretching her fur patterns to new dimensions as her body burst taller, stronger. Her neck thickened in a swell of growth as her enormous eyes lidded, her shoulders booming wider, her rear pumping so large and wide that its supple bounds bumped buildings on either side. Glass snapped and bricks ground apart as too much female attacked their facades, her thighs exploding out to match her rump, her calves following after as her growing feet sank into cracking cement.

Three hundred and ten feet surged up to 350', then 390, the pulses instantly harder, deeper, more powerful and out of control. Her bosom inflated relentlessly ahead, bulbous teats overgrowing into thick pillars, her areolae puffing into small hills as she bit her soft lip and moaned through her nostrils, shaking worse and worse.

It wasn't stopping. It wasn't stopping–

"HA-HAAAAAAHA!"

She forced another step, feeling the street snap for it, pitching for balance as her growing girth was dragged along the cracking structures. She was filling the road, more and more and more, her tremendous triceps bursting through the building fronts as she expanded wider still.

Her beautiful muzzle tilted to the sky, ejecting soft steam as her head and hulking neck blew up above the rooftops, 420' rocketing to 460. Her hips bashed through the businesses, gouging out entire walls and signs as her lats swelled unstoppably, forcing her bulky arms up, up through the smoldering wreckage around her.

Massive traps clung to her billowed neck, jealous and wild, swelling about its base as her back muscles erupted in scope. Soon her arms blew up through the rooftops, the okapi titan more visible to the market by the second.

Forget a broken down car. At this rate, the *market* was fair game.

Still, all that compounding muscle had a use: step by thundering step, the female bullied her way free, crashing with a wall of smoke out into the open plaza near the front of the market. Bus-sized feet slammed the cobble walk, fissuring cracks and tilting street lights as the telephone wires wavered, homes and bazaar tents all shaking in confused fear as she arrived.

"C-COMING THROUGH!"

Control be damned, at long last; Cosmo broke into an overpowered stride the moment she was able to, debris flung out with her emerging hips and swaying bust. From up there, there was no way to properly tell who was in the way. With a 400-foot wide chest, her guess what was below was as good as anyone's.

That she stopped mid-stride and blew up again hardly helped.

Her muzzle scrunched in as her eyes rolled back, violent spasms rocking her amazing form as it heaved bigger, and bigger, and bigger. Great mountains of muscle pumped higher and wider across her 500-foot body as it trembled with heat, then billowed to 560' in one thick, gushing, horrid, wonderful push.

Good grief, am I dominating m-myself? Hah…haha…

"HUH-HAAH HAAAAH–"

Even Cosmo couldn't escape how Cosmo she was. Just the thought of being so commanding that she had to obey too made her *snerk* aloud, mid-burst, creating the oddest sound as her bulk constantly ballooned.

Heels bigger than houses demolished nearby tents, the side of her thick sole crashing into the old water fountain at the heart of the plaza. Her plump rear blasted so big that it thudded into the side of the nicer hotels, the ones at the front, sending shockwaves down the dwelling that shattered windows the entire way.

Her trunk-legs wobbled, weak on power, her figure detonating larger, higher still. 630' of herbivorous godhood hiccupped to 670 as she bellowed into the air, shook, and blew up past 750', rising up so large and proud that the recessed tiers of the Black Market could no longer conceal her from the city beyond.

On the upside, getting out was a snap. That snap just happened to be accompanied by a chorus of smaller ones as everything toppled and broke from her footfall.

In a surreal moment an okapi as big as a skyscraper thudded down over the market walls, up onto the city streets, abandoned cars leaping on touchdown.

“Hnh, w-where do I even go?”

Seeing ruin and wreckage over in the downtown district, Cosmo spied in the other direction, found peaceful looking mountains just beyond the city and river, and made the call.

WESTERN CLIFF RANGE, OUTSKIRTS

LOUIS, 4:44 PM

“How are we supposed to fix this!?”

From any other perspective, the enormous deer might have been talking to the horizon spanning sky-full of wolf fur belonging to the 30-mile high Legoshi, off in the usurped distance. But that would have been entirely wrong.

“Stupid, moronic carnivore dullard!”

A being 2,500 feet tall, a living half-mile of muscle and antler…and Louis was again a speck. A dead leaf on a tilted sapling, over a crevasse. He had been talking to himself, because there was no point in anything else. The wolf was too big to possibly hear him, *even him*, and Louis knew it. And that knowledge was acid.

“I get to my rightful place in this world, at long last, and–”

Louis stomped the earth, and it cracked below, denting down into the rocky plains. He took an impressively long breath, his pectorals creaking higher. He held it. Then:

“Okay.”

Rightful place?

“Hrm.”

Isn't that correct, though? Honest?

Louis refused to answer. If *he* had to be the one to say it aloud, then it wasn't really true.

"What cure could possibly bring him down from that kind of height?" he asked, changing tacks fast. "I wasn't sure what could shrink me back, at my size–"

When you were the biggest

The rumbling that had welled up inside Louis began to return once more, the more the idea boomeranged back at him. In fact, the harder he threw, the harder it hit.

"Mmnf."

Do you want to shrink back down? Be little again? Small?

"Of course. How can I lead at this ridiculous size?"

You know full well how.

His eyes darted up to Legoshi again, to the landmark he had grown into. The rumbling inside him roared up, his brown-furred muscles twitching and straining, his entire body caught in an involuntary flex.

Consider it a shortcut to the same thing. You get big enough, ***everything*** *is a shortcut. Or is it fine if he ends up ruling? Because one of you will. Think he'll do the job right?*

Louis' immensity shifted as the buck shook, seething and swelling out bit by bloated bit. Helpless against his own power, his biceps burst forth, his triceps and forearms groaning unstoppably. His lats flared hungrily, abs pulsing out, pectorals overgrowing up into his chin as he snorted steam and pressure and righteous rage.

Do you!?

"No."

Louis' amazing figure rocketed up in height, abruptly blowing up to an even 3,000' in one mad, aggressive blast of growth.

"NO."

The sight of Legoshi, of just his lower half filling the landscape, vanishing into the clouds was enough to do the trick. Louis pursed his lip and shook as more and more irritation boiled back up into fury, until his whole body overfilled and billowed even larger, and larger.

His feet grew until the outer sides of his soles curved like overhanging ridges, looming dominantly over the thin forests and boulders beneath them. Toes the size of the buildings he and Legoshi had previously matched curled into the terrain as they surged larger, higher yet. Both thighs boomed as too much tonnage packed his rising bulk, his shoulder blades, shoulders and arms exploding in compound bursts, overtaking more and more of his 3,500-foot frame.

A thousand feet had forced itself into Louis in less than ten seconds; by the eleventh, the first explosions hit. Even being a third bigger, he noticed.

It wasn't that Louis forgot Legoshi (how could he lose sight of the entire distance), but he did refocus as three very thin streaks of white tailed the air in front of him, arcing up past his thick antlers and looping back around.

The explosions had missed, astonishingly; in that moment, three violet smoke bursts popped nearby, blowing away to nothing in the higher winds. Just enough of the buck's mind reallocated resources away from Legoshi to comprehend what was next.

"NO!"

From the cockpit of the fighter jet, there was (ironically) only Louis. A forest of growing antlers rose mid-arc, bringing the tangle back up to the fleeing pilot, whose view of the deer twisted as he veered left. In seconds the male's back muscles raced along and receded; the jet corrected, aimed again, and fired.

"That's a hit! Got him!" Plane One crowed over the radio.

The other two jets had dodged right, but were looping back behind the first. By the time one bomb had gone off the other two sailed by, blasting the looming deer clear in the muzzle and neck. That same lavender smoke blasted loose, making Louis splutter and snort it back out.

*"GHAH! D-DAMMIT! Y…YOU–OH, THAT IS **IT**!"*

All the hard altitude the pilots had gained disappeared as even more deer bulk filled their sights, until the trio split off and banked farther away. As the smoke cleared, a mile-tall Louis remained, so much muscle ballooning out that it sagged over his colossal frame.

"The hell's the matter?" Plane Two nearly spat over the line. *"Those were golden! He's still upright, like it was nothing!"*

"He's more than twice as big now, is why!"

"The hell do we do, then? We've engaged hiOHLOOKOUT–"

Any notion of flies moving too fast for a giant to swat went out the window as Louis applied a street-length arm to Plane Three's airspace. A hand big enough to carry a ship terminated in a vast set of parting fingers, through which the afterburners saw him–only for the displaced air to send him into a spin.

"DAMNED LITTLE ANTS!"

A voice was youthful, still, yet proved so massive, so *eldritch* that it came out as the sound of two continents hugging or fighting; either way, there was contact. Not that it was their primary concern.

"He's fast! He's fast, holy–"

"–ep firing, Godd–"

A midair conga line of bombs dotted the lower skies, buffeting Loui's huge snout as he followed through.

"WHY…DOES EVERYONE…RESIST!?"

Tremendously big feet twisted the crust into circles as he pivoted, swung an ever-growing arm around, and swatted again.

"How can he be that fast!?"

"That's my whole payload, I'm out! Disengage!"

"But he's still–"

Fingers thicker than entire tunnels sliced the air, shockwaves sending One and Two's instruments into a rabid panic.

"It'll knock him out or it won't, but we won't be here!"

By the time Louis's feet smashed into their newer, deeper craters, by the time the violet plumes had left, they were gone, or at least had stopped attacking. At his size, who knew.

"Am I in charge, or aren't I!?"

Onward the buck fumed, pumping up past 1.5 miles, then 2.2, standing over 11,616' tall; the more he rambled and vented, the more he grew–and the more he grew, the harder it got to vent fast enough.

"Attacking me, really! Of all the idiotic, empty overtures!"

3.4 miles…

The anger kept building, too big for even him, his bulk ballooning terribly as he grew wider than taller, and kept quaking larger.

"If I was in charge, a true Beastar, it wouldn't be like this! If I was…big enough!"

4 miles…

"If I was…bigger!"

4.5 miles…

The cliff valley in which Louis hid was no longer a hiding place, but a hindrance: great rock faces that would have taken any animal hours to scale with proper gear struggled to come up to Louis' hips as he grew higher and wider. The valley trembled in his presence, for it. Thick forests barely inched up against his growing soles and bulging heels as they sank into the firmament, shoving rock and tree alike. Monstrous thighs caged portions of an erection that nearly reached his knees, his sacs inflating nonstop behind him, up against his booming rump.

*"Bigger than **you!**"*

This time, Louis was talking to Legoshi, still towering overhead and beyond.

At 4.8 miles, however, the proverbial fumes ran dry, and as angry as he remained, Louis' body stopped its expansion. Both gargantuan ears pricked up as he finally blinked, then looked himself over.

25,344 feet. Louis might as well have been two or three neighborhoods stacked vertically. With his muscle width, it was all the worse. Biceps peaked as high as mountains, diamond hard, yet somehow soft-tight and warm, imposing and inviting.

He brought an arm up and eyed it over, restraining a grin as it snuck through the ashes and embers, holding back a moment of juvenile delight at the thought of anyone trying to put him back in his old cage now.

See?

Still, one thing helped to smother that joy right back out. He turned toward Legoshi, then gasped as the turf wobbled like a single strip of alarmed sheet metal, making him pitch some.

Legoshi was moving. *Slightly*. The simplest little sitting adjustment had moved the entire countryside, likely well after the fact. The wolf's incidental aftershocks still were enough to bowl the great deer over.

Again, one ember remained, and glowed so bright it blinded Louis to anything else:

BIGGER.

SOUTHERN BARDO MOUNTAIN RANGE

BILL, 5:35 PM

"Outshone by a sheep. A sheep!"

The tiger moaned a little extra as he rested in a ball, propped awkwardly against a massive, rolling hillside. His ears barely managed to peer over its topside, a thin dirt road snaking in between them from the other side.

"H-how big is he, by this point? How much bigger than me is he getting?"

That Bill had chosen to hide after growing yet again spoke volumes to his state; that all he could focus on was Pina spoke a few libraries. It hadn't mattered when he had blown up mid-travel from 300' to 550', became too mortified, and hid. It hadn't changed anything when he'd outgrown the dip in the valley beyond the city, and moved to his current locale. Finishing his spurt at a whopping 650' meant nothing, and still didn't now.

He was bigger than Jack, he was pretty sure. Yet all Bill could occupy himself with was how much bigger Pina must be–and forget Jack. Just forget it.

Seriously, please, forget it

He might as well have not grown at all, if he was…what, third place? A bronze tiger?

"How messed up can this get?" Bill groaned, unable to enjoy the mighty bass of his earthquaking throat, or his boundless striped muscle. "I wasn't even going to prank him, I swear! I decided I wouldn't, so there's no need for punishment!"

Why would God even do this!?

"If I get big as God, I'm boxing their ears," he grumbled, fussing emptily to himself–right as the rumbling returned. "I'll–oh, OH NO NO–"

There was nothing for it: Bill's body was getting bigger, immediately.

"S-STOPPIT!"

Feline ears the size of stadium entrances whipped back flat as the vibrations assaulted his bulk, blowing it up and out as he watched in horror. Pulsations forced his furred chest so large and wide that they devoured the periphery, and all its comforts. He snarled on reflex and tensed, feeling his rumbling girth bulge into the cracking ground, his back swelling uncontrollably up, up the hill, his head shoving up into the open. Then, his thickening neck. Then, his shoulders.

"COME ONNNNNNN–"

There had to be somewhere he could hide, somewhere better.

His eyes opened to the view as it lowered around him, Bill gushing hotly to 690', then 720. A slight ways beyond the woods and plain lay a large body of water–a lake!

…a lake!?

Getting wet, to hide? The very idea made his fur crawl back, mid-spurt, mixing the sensations into something that made Bill shiver one way, then very-much another.

"OH…AHHH!"

Bill's body grudgingly moved, thundering with uncanny grace, hands and feet slamming the turf as he bolted on all fours. Not thinking matters through, his 100-foot long member battered and bapped and bobbled as it dragged and bounced along the earth, the tip shearing whole segments of forest and rock away as it bumped dumbly about. Oversized testes squeezed and warped and wriggled tight between massive thighs as he blushed crimson and dove for the water, ready for the terrible sensation of wet, cold, awful water all over hi–

"GAH!"

Bill hadn't said it; the tiger's muzzle couldn't have opened to make the sound. It was too wedged into a bosom big enough to accept him at all.

Confusion mounted into warm surprise as the tiger collided with what was absolutely a female, as his hands shot forth and bumped the inflated sides of two ponderous breasts, slipped against silky fur, and lifted two arms up in their passing–two really, really big arms.

A bodybuilder?

With breasts that big?

Then, and only then, the water hit. Both bodies mingled badly in the lake, rolling together into deeper and deeper realms, until they too were more or less submerged. The waters were still for roughly a beat when both giants emerged again, coughing and heaving out waves as a titanic okapi reared up over Bill, her chest consuming his head as her weight bore down on him.

"Guh-hah! Ah, what," the vast female huffed, shaking her head in shock. "What…oh."

Bill shoved until his head and muzzle popped free, though in so doing his hands had pushed against her arms, and the tiger instantly realized he was in fourth place, badly. She was not only bigger than him in size, but in bulk, too. In fact, she…she was incredible.

"Huh, hah," Bill gasped, looking up at the 750' okapi, making her several heads larger. "Holy shit! You're huge!"

"Haha," she chuckled, suddenly fine, as though she had never left whatever throne she seemed to be glued to. "You're alright, yourself. I came to avoid littles, and hit a biggun instead."

“I, ah,” Bill gulped, extricating himself a few (relative) feet from her as she smiled, already aware she was bigger than him. “H-hi! Haha! Fuh-fancy that, yeah! I suppose I don’t have to ask, but…did you just randomly grow, too?”

“Hmm,” she puffed, shrugging some, intentionally pressing her arms in enough to bulge her breasts out in a swollen dimple. “Something I ate, I think. Yourself?”

“Hah, er…yeah, actually,” he said, slowly, putting that much together. “Yeah, Pina and I ate, just before we both grew bigger–”

“Pina?” she asked, cocking her gorgeous head just so.

“Yeah, we both took food from…Juno, and…in minutes, we were growing!”

“Oh, the puppy?” she hummed, her ears perking up. “You know that wolf?”

“W-we go to the same Drama Club at our school, she’s a classmate. You know her!?”

Bill sat there, a big cat in big waters, suddenly absorbed in the okapi’s every word.

“Haha, we’ve met.”

“Then it was Juno’s doing, all along!” Bill boomed, his brow furrowing. “But why?”

“Hah!” she laughed, her breasts bouncing as a fit of giggles overtook her. Untold mounds of bulk shifted from it as all that femininity collided with raw, bulging brawn. Bill’s blush redoubled, as against all odds, and his own personal tastes…it was working.

“W-what?”

“I, heh, really don’t think it was her intention, honey,” she snorted, grinning. “I’m sorry. Aha-heh. Mmm. No, she was just surprised when we grew together. We both ate the treats she brought, when she was pumping me for information on winning her man over.”

Thoughts of a gigantic Juno ‘pumping’ her didn’t help Bill one cent.

“Bu-but that proves she had the same food that we all–wait, where is she now?”

“Hmm? She went to find her man, I thought. Impress him. Take control.”

Her thick nipples ballooned a bit tighter, painfully so, twitching openly, and Bill looked away with an even deeper blush. This, in turn, made the okapi grin even wider.

“Oh, now. A shy carnivore? This is a strange day, isn’t it!”

“I just respect women,” Bill sniffed, looking even more away. “You’re a woman.”

“That’s true.”

“Bill.”

“Well, the first guess was right.”

“N-no. Bill. I’m Bill.”

“That’s a cute name,” she added, just to have fun watching the tiger’s huge tail fluff into a nervous adolescent frazzle. “I’m Cosmo, Bill.”

“Were you trying to hide, too?” he asked, maybe too briskly.

“No. I was just making sure I was somewhere safe for everyone else, when I kept growing bigger, and wouldn’t stop. Glad you have a similar helping of sense.”

“T-thanks. I was making to hide here, when you–”

“Yeah, I didn’t see you until the end there. I was going to wash up a bit after the long walk out of town and across the river, when I ran into you, or vice versa. Sorry. I never would have thought a tiger would make for water. You must be desperate.”

“Hmm,” Bill scoffed, trying to rebuild. “I just figured no one would bother me there, is all. Strategy and the like.”

“Ah.”

“Mm-hmm.”

“Guess we’re bathing together, then,” she sighed, grabbing the massive male with her hands, making her larger arms swell with the slightest effort.

Bill’s fur bristled out until he looked like a worn-out loofah, and he jerked back.

“Wait, what–”

“Sure, honey. Turn around, I’ll help clean. Then you rub me.”

“HOLD UP–”

“Just rub me as tight and hot as you can, or I’ll slip and swell and bulge against you.”

Bill’s erection was suddenly all the way up to his pectorals, and he spun about to prevent her from seeing it.

“There we go, good. Good boy.”

“What the hell,” Bill muttered, biting his lip as unbelievably big, soft hands touched his back, just the slightest, silky bit, sending electric quakes down his spine. “Is, ah, t-this really the best time for this?”

“Who’s going to see us, kitten?” Cosmo soothed, beaming wider as she worked her slender okapi muzzle up against his ear, then huffed candied comfort into it.

Bill melted so bad he was nearly water, himself.

“U-uhm.”

Cosmo nuzzled a tickly circle in his ear, pulled back, and added a play-nip at the very end, tugging it back. Bill nearly did the deed right there, the poor male wholly unprepared for an experienced woman with time to kill. Possibly virginity, too.

Not that she could tell. *Could she?*

“We really should hide, Cosmo–”

“The lake gets a bit deeper, sweety,” she huff-huffed, her huge hands playing cartographer with the landscape of his sides, making him *whoop*. “Bet you’ve never had it done underwater, have you? Big, thick boy like you–”

“W-what’s this *boy* talk?” he grunted, pretty sure she could hear his heartbeat at this point. “You seem to think you’re with a grade schooler, here!”

That he kept trying to Adult just made the whole thing so much better for her.

“I thought you *men* liked to feel younger.”

“You’re thinking of an old man, lady–”

The okapi had Bill spun around like a wet rag doll, her muscles nearly twice his own. For a moment, there was no earthly way for Bill to tell if the look she flashed him over her chest as good or really, really bad.

“Cosmo, kitty.”

Bill gulped, completely exposed.

He was almost relieved when the jets shot past, overhead.

“Did you hear that?” he asked, his ears back. “What were those, jets?”

Cosmo’s ears wavered around, a herbivore tactic. A *prey’s* tactic.

“Yup. I think they found lover’s lane.”

“Well–”

The first explosion was strong enough to shove Cosmo down, her huge chest pushing Bill back underwater as the second burst hit the topside. Bill was still conscious, to be sure, but against a bust of that scale, everything still went black.

It wasn’t until their combined weight hit the lake floor, hard, that the ground cracked, then gave way in a rush of displaced water and loam, pulling even their bulk into it with a sudden rush.

Then, at last, Bill took it upon himself to pass out.

MOUNTAIN RANGE, TOPSIDE

OGMA, 6:10 PM

The ground was a ceiling, and that ceiling stood no chance against Ogma.

The buck ballooned up through shattered sediment and tilting trees as he grew out of control, bulging higher, wider, separating more and more earth in his passage. Partly digging, partly growing, the towering male managed his way topside as a building-sized palm slammed the grass, tensed for leverage, then swelled even bigger.

At 14,000 feet tall, it took some time for the red deer to fully enter the unready world; wave upon wave of thick-furred muscle pumped and strained, bloating larger from every flex, every push. Whole swaths of prime real estate segmented and parted as his mass relentlessly expanded against it, shoving everything away like nothing as Ogma's 1,780' foot landed.

A monstrous calf inflated larger as the huge male grunted, working his endlessly long shaft and sacs up from the sundered soil. The evening skies held no sway over the silhouetted as it rose, and rose, and rose, stretching and swelling hungrily against it.

16,400 feet. No, 17,200'.

"Mmm," Ogma snorted, blowing out hurricanes of loose dust and rock. "Better."

Immense shoulders rolled, and it was like the movement of the world itself. Great fields of soft fur rippled in time with his merest twitch, each throbbing muscle so full of power that for a moment, the rumbling deer might have burst for it.

"To think, I was afraid," he chuckled, calmly dusting himself off, feeling a hand bigger than a city street thumping his impossible bulk. "Still."

He took in cool, clear air, not hating the way it swelled his pectorals even larger, stronger, on and on and on.

"Hmm."

A thought hit; the towering buck glanced around quietly, seeing no signs of life. Melon was nowhere to be found, and all was more or less well. For him, at least.

"Good."

Following the promise of sunset, he quickly got his bearings.

"That way, then. Excellent."

Unbeknownst to him, news choppers the site of gnats took in footage as the enormous cervine stepped forth, ponderous and mighty, gigantic feet crushing down as he strolled through the high mountains.

They mostly obscured his sight of the land itself, but as he shuddered and swelled taller, wider, heavier, there was every assurance that wouldn't remain a problem.

UNDERGROUND

MIZUCHI, 7:07 PM

There had to be a way to get bigger. She had seen it herself.

"What's the trick to it?" Mizuchi grumbled, as if forcing the knowledge. "How do I get larger than them? Like that hybrid…do we have a special sensitivity to it?"

Naturally, the harlequin rabbit clung to her nature. Given she was stuck burrowing through untold tons of rock and dirt, somewhere deep underground, it was the only thing she had to hold onto.

"All this military crap, science garbage," she muttered, putting her 390-foot body to work as she tunneled her way to know-even-knows. "Just get me bigger than Haru, so I can punt her across the continent, and I'll be happy."

Empty or not, it kept her going, as she clawed through a seeming ocean of dirt, hating how it caked her perfect fur, hating the claustrophobia, hating how there was so much of it that she felt smaller than ever, being lost in it.

It all sucked. Haru, most of all.

Thoughts of Mizuchi covering the entire globe tickled her brain, giving her a smile at long last–it wasn't a nice smile, but hey.

"Sit on you, for starters, hehe," she mumbled, scooping out more dirt. "Sit on you and get so big that they planet's lost in my crack, and you with it, where you…nngh, belong–"

The endless soil ended, and abruptly, as Mizuchi popped out of a cement wall, breaking through into a large tunnel. It was just big enough for her to partially stand, as a good thump of her head informed her.

“Gah, damnit. Where.”

Her long ears flopped as she scoured the corridor, cement and siding and tracks underfoot. It looked like a subway tunnel, if she didn’t know better.

“Train line. Okay. Okay, good.”

Following either direction would be fine, she could find a larger terminal opening at some point, there had to be one.

“I’ll get back up above, and eat as much as I can, hehe.”

That much was her running hypothesis: the last thing she or Haru had done before getting huge was consume. It beat anything else.

“I’ll stuff myself so big that she’ll be toe-sized in comparison! Hehe! No, no bigger than my tiniest claw tip! We’ll see who’s laughing then! Hahah–AAAAH!”

The far right end of the tunnel blew open as a massive ball of grown fur bashed through, demolishing everything in one terrible go. Smoke battered Mizuchi before her brain could process what was causing it, followed by a thumping wall of warm, throbbing bulk.

A rumble rode the chaos as the tunnel shook, and she understood that one thing perfectly well: *a growl*. An unbelievably big, thick, deep growl.

Tired as she was, Mizuchi was a bullet. She wisely chose the left, pivoted, and booked frantically down the way, screaming a tangle of alien profanity as the quaking bulk pursued.

Whatever it was, it was *still growing*.

UNDERGROUND LAKE

COSMO, 7:10 PM

For all she knew, Cosmo was back in her dressing room, asleep in her chair before work.

Or maybe, she was in space, free-floating, a cosmic entity. Maybe she was a galaxy that dreamt she was a biological entity.

Heh. *Cosmos*.

“Wake up, already, come on,” a little planet muttered, far off and small.

Was she being attacked? Something was moving. It was her, wasn’t it?

“I swear, I’ll leave you here,” the planet groused, sounding bigger, closer by. Was it a nebula in a bad mood? Could have been.

Oh. She was asleep. Really, really asleep. That made more sense.

“HEY.”

Like a big bang, she suddenly *was*; Cosmo lurched to a seat, bleary-eyed, her unfair beauty otherwise intact. Despite being drugged by military artillery meant to stop armies, her sheer muscle made the motion seem easy–at least, to Bill.

“Ugh,” she huffed, sniffing hard. “Morning.”

“Yeah, hi,” Bill sighed, looking put-off enough to cover for his plumped out length, which he tried to keep hidden between his hulking thighs. “I think we were too big for the lake bed, it must have collapsed when we fell into the water together.”

“What, we actually fell…underground?” she moaned, shaking the drugs off.

“It’s not like it’s impossible,” Bill countered. “At least we can hide.”

“Heh, well. Granted. Though, it’s not like they can do a whole lot, other than annoy us.”

Cosmo was already up on her feet, popping her bulging neck, then her back.

“E-either way, it’s probably for the best,” the tiger concluded, looking away as the okapi’s gargantuan bosom surged out, mid-pop. “Need time to think, anyhow.”

“Oh?”

Bill leered at her, making sure she saw him do it.

"*Oh? Oh, what?* Are you really okay with this development? We're big! Super-big! W-we can't hope to live normal lives like this. Right? Doesn't this phase you a bit?"

"Well, sure," Cosmo purred, stretching her muscles casually. "But if you're thinking oh-so-very-hard, and all, think about this: we're not dreaming, meaning giants actually can exist, and do, as of today."

"R-right."

"Right. So, if this world suddenly accommodates gigantic beasts, against all logic…and we can't stop it…then, doesn't logic dictate that it's better to be the giant, in that case?"

"What?"

"Would you rather be the small one, I mean. Be honest."

Bill's black feline lip pursed, then flattened into a perfectly rigid line.

"Hmm. It looks like our world's changing, is what I'm saying, kitty. Priorities can and will shift as life comes. That's normal. I mean, what are you going to do, big strong man and all? Hide in a ball and beg life to go easy on you? Did that ever work when we were small?"

Now Bill was doing everything in his copious power not to blush. Maybe it was working, and maybe it wasn't at all.

"Okay, then, Captain Cope, you lead on."

"Hmm? *Us* , you mean? I was just going to go spelunking a bit, see what happens."

"What? You were just going to go off alone? Why not stick together?"

Cosmo blankly shrugged, turning to thud down the subterranean path.

"Sure, if you want."

Bill's blush increased, but he followed along anyhow. She probably just made her idea his, is what happened.

"Course I do," he muttered, ears whipping back.

For some time, it was silent. The cavern itself was surprisingly, *mercifully* open; rock faces had long eroded into curves, making bulged-out walls far off, with stone pillars stretching in all directions. If it wasn't for Bill's eyes, the darkness would have been insurmountable.

"Wait," Bill started, suddenly. "Shouldn't I lead? I have night vision, so–"

"Do I, honey, it's fine," Cosmo giggled. "Probably just as good."

"O-okay."

That giggle felt aimed, like a weapon.

"Otherwise I'd trip or stumble around by now, and you'd faceplant in certain areas."

That was definitely aimed.

"S-shut up."

"Hmm."

The cave system fed into an even larger branch as Cosmo squeezed her thick body through an opening, tumbling out into a vast lake, the path winding out around it like some bizarre beach head.

"Huh, a lake under a lake," Bill murmured, ears perking back up as he entered.

"It's not impossible," Cosmo added.

"Yeah, Yeah. *Lucky you're hot,*" Bill practically whispered.

"We have great hearing, too," she rumbled, dripping with satisfaction.

"Yeah, okay, haha," Bill stormed, getting exhausted from having to rebuild his manhood over and over and over. "I just think it's neat, is all."

"It is pretty–oh, what's this?"

She had stopped; Bill wandered around to her side, curious as any cat.

"W-what?"

“That, look.”

At their size, it would have been easy enough to miss, but sure enough, there it was.

“Construction?”

Machinery and cordoning tape, foot-high scaffolding and cracked rock littered the far reaches of the path, farther from the lake. Some had partially broken the lower wall, others looked to have been unloading debris. Tiny insect-trails marked where the treads had been, over and over.

A very small partition had been set up along the wall, peppered with miniscule photos of some sort of odd rock. Had the lights and generators still been running, it would have read clearer. A larger poster-sized image pinned to a whiteboard reinforced their best guesses.

“Pretty old, though, I think,” Cosmo hummed, kneeling heavily as she got a closer look. “Drilling for some sort of rock or mineral, up to a point. Hmm.”

“One of these track lines probably leads to whatever entrance they originally found. Guess they haven’t been here in awhile, though. Wonder if they found what they wanted.”

“Whatever it was, it must have been a pretty big deal,” Cosmo grunted, picking an entire caterpillar lifter machine in one massive hand. “Guess whose equipment this is.”

Bill got in close, squinted, then shrugged.

“The Horns Corporation. So? They handle half of everything.”

“Still, that’s money. Something worthwhile must have been here.”

Something sent a tremor out, just faintly; it was enough to snap them both to attention.

“The hell?” Bill wondered, looking about un-calmly. “What was that?”

“Tremor, feels like,” she replied, setting the toy-machine back down. “We should go.”

“Y-yeah. Uh, agreed, totally.”

As if in on the joke, the path narrowed, then outright ended, culminating in a high rock face that caged the lake in.

“End of the road,” she huffed.

“So, we double-back?”

Another tremor hit, closer, close enough to shake the cavern itself. Bill’s tail bottle-brushed to colossal size behind him as dust and the like cascaded loose.

“Okay, that’s legit at this point,” he fussed, turning back. “I don’t care how mellow you are, that’s not good!”

“Maybe there’s another giant up there,” Cosmo offered.

“They’d have to be insanely huge to make this racket, come on–”

At that, foundations began to shudder, then crack, then split apart in the distance. Rockslides crashed down into the lake, the outer wall–and, regrettably, they way back.

“Crap!” Bill balked. “We’re gonna get buried alive!”

“Well, calm down, let’s just move the debris and backtrack,” she said. “We’re big enough to manage it just fine, we can be out of here in a few minutes.”

“Y-yeah, er, right–”

That was when the wall behind them exploded.

UNDERGROUND LAKE

MIZUCHI, 7:31 PM

The wall shattered as the fur-storm caught up, pressing, then cracking, then smashing the trapped rabbit through the curve of the tunnel, through everything, until she was sent sailing through the smoke and out into an underground lake.

She could glean just that much as her gigantic body impacted the water, followed by countless articles of cast rock and detritus. Chunks of rubble as big as houses splashed down around Mizuchi as she figured out which way was up, then took it.

The terrible growl from before swelled into a bellow as the entire cavern wall broke apart, sliding and flung off of a growing bear muzzle. A titanic snarl was all there was as she turned in the water and saw it, mid-roar.

"G-geez!"

From chin to nose, the muzzle alone must have been her size. It could have swallowed her whole, with minimal trouble.

And it was getting even bigger. *And bigger.*

"No, no, no," she gasped, paddling in place, hyperventilating frantically. "Where–"

"Hey!" someone shouted, large enough to pull her attention to the shore.

It was a tiger, and something else. A herbivore of some sort, she didn't–

"HELP!" Mizuchi bellowed, as the bear muzzle pushed bigger, widening the devastation around the crumbling wall, shoving through into the opening behind her. "HELP ME!"

"Is that a bear muzzle!?" Bill gawked, as Cosmo thundered over to the fallen rock pile.

"We need to get out of here, come on! Hey, you! Rabbit! Come help!"

"Wh-what!?" Mizuchi sputtered, splashing angrily. "You help ME!"

The shaking only grew worse, the bigger the muzzle swelled; in seconds, the entirety of a colossal brown bear head crashed forth, an ever-thicker neck bullying through as he hollered in a pained rage. The massive chin fell heavy into the lake, kicking out a wave that hurled Mizuchi toward the land.

"T-thanks for nothing!" the rabbit barked, stumbling away from the bear as he progressively spilled out into the lake.

"Just help out, or we'll be crushed!" Bill panted, the tiger working feverishly, the huge okapi already putting her massive muscle into tossing boulders away.

They were both nearly twice her size. Priorities be damned, for just an instant, she could only notice the height difference.

“Come on, quick,” Cosmo rumbled, the humongous female’s brawn swelling from the strain of hauling tons of rock. “H-help out!”

Another tremor tore through as the far wall collapsed around the bear’s mass, his sinking body forcing the lake to rise from too much displacement, too fast. In ten seconds’ time the water was up to their huge calves, and still rising.

“He’s too big, it’s flooding us,” Bill wheezed, tossing another rock. “We won’t get out in time! Where else can we go, though?”

“Nuts to this,” Mizuchi whined, turning back and stomping awkwardly into the rising waters. “Later, losers!”

“Wait, what–”

Cosmo and Bill watched, stunned, as the smaller rabbit dove into the water. Even as the bear grew and grew into the lake, they could still see her silhouette descend down.

“Where the hell is she going?” Bill spat. “There’s no…wait!”

At that, he too trundled out into the rising lake, turning to Cosmo briefly.

“I hate this, but I get it, come on!”

“Get what?” Cosmo asked, cocking her huge head. Even then, it was kind of cute.

“Follow!”

The water was up to her bulging thighs as she sighed, stretched a little bit, took up a finer diving stance, and submerged. The far end of the lake was all bear fur at this point, and filling fast, its body temperature warming the cold water rapidly. Farther off was Bill, who was following behind the rabbit, who was angling away from the bear and towards–

A hole!

It wasn't particularly large, but it was an inlet, big enough for all three of them, plus change. Wasting no more time, Cosmo trailed behind, every one of them entering through as the space behind flooded with pulsing bear muscle.

By the time Mizuchi made it to the top of the other lake, the tremors were already there–just much softer. She was already at the rocky shoreline, shaking dry, when Bill emerged, then Cosmo.

"H-how?" Bill asked, the bigger tiger climbing out of the larger lake. "How'd you know that was there?"

"Saw it when I fell into the water," Mizuchi coughed, shaking off.

"That would have been nice to know, not going to lie," Cosmo sighed, joining the other two back on land (such as it was).

"I didn't think it'd be the way out," Mizuchi groaned, already irritated. "I want to go up, not down any further."

Bill's eyes narrowed a moment.

"Don't I know you?" he began, his tail curling about. "From Cherryton?"

"What, are you a student too?" Mizuchi sneered, as though returning fire. "So what if I am? What the hell does that matter, down here?"

"Let's not fight," Cosmo rumbled, calmly walking past them both. "Priorities, right? We don't know if the big guy back there is done growing. I say we don't find out."

"Y-yeah," Bill seconded. "Any rate, glad you're okay."

"I'm *not*," the rabbit snorted.

"I think we can get around this way," Cosmo interjected, thumping heavily down a path high and wide enough to accommodate them.

Bill tried several times to clear his nose, then swore softly and took after Cosmo.

"What's with you, then?" Mizuchi asked. "You're making annoying sounds."

“Guh, water in my nose, I think,” he replied, shaking his head.

“Well, it’s annoying.”

Bill moved a bit faster, mostly to get away.

“Funny,” Cosmo started, looking down the path, squeezing her bulk through massive stalagmite formations. “I could swear I smell something. Do you smell it, Bill? You?”

“Mizuchi,”the rabbit answered, more easily passing through at her smaller size. “And I guess something is kind of…familiar, yeah. I do smell it. A little.”

“What is it?” Bill asked, trying to sniff.

“I don’t know,” Cosmo ventured, “but I know I know it, and recently.”

“It’s almost like spice, like for food…” Mizuchi said, slowly, before bolting off ahead.

“H-hey, hold up!” Bill shouted, watching with Cosmo as the bunny took off.

“Where is she going?” Cosmo wondered.

A right, then a left; down, down, right.

There it was: the source of the smell, stronger now than before.

“Huh, huh,” Mizuchi puffed, the rabbit approaching a hunk of rock partially-embedded into the stone where the cave path forked. “Oh, this…this is it! Isn’t it? It’s the same. Haha. It’s the same, it has to be!”

It was the smell of the juice she had *borrowed* from her friend, earlier in the day. Only moreso, much more focused, more intense.

There had been something in the juice, obviously, and this cemented things.

“Oho, yes,” she rumbled, hugging into the immense boulder, itself slightly larger than she. “Yes, yes, yes, yessss–”

She wasn't going to let this get away from her. She still had a moment before those two bigger idiots arrived. Whether they'd put the same numbers together as her in time didn't matter–*they* didn't matter.

Her teeth got to it as Mizuchi bit into the massive rock, pulling, chewing, and finally breaking off a hunk too big for her mouth. She staggered back as it snapped, spat the chunk out into her hands, and quickly ate one much smaller portion. It was surprisingly hard to break down, and in its raw form it fought its way angrily down her bulging throat.

"Hghk!"

"Where did she get to?" Bill's voice echoed, nearer.

"Hnnnhk," Mizuchi grunted, swallowing hard.

"Hey!"

Bill was the first one to round the stretch where the cave path forked; after a moment's confusion, he approached.

"What's this? Wh…are you eating?"

Mizuchi chuckled darkly, gulping again, making the small chunk go down.

"So what if I am? Heh."

"...T-the rock? *This* rock, here? Ugh, why?"

"You'll see," Mizuchi replied, waiting for it to happen. Her fur bristled out slightly as her stomach began to twitch, then rumble ominously. "That's it…that's it! Haha! Grow!"

"Grow!?"

Cosmo managed to work her bulkier body in after him, her confusion just as palpable as Bill's as she watched the rabbit shake and tense. Mizuchi's body gladly explained everything as it suddenly ballooned larger, making the others take a step back.

"YESSSS!"

In a singular puff of expansion Mizuchi was already 450’ tall, rising up over the great boulder behind her, closed off by way of her widening hips. Her bosom rose up over her chin as she shuddered and grew further, curling her toes in delight as she passed 500’ even.

“Oh, hell,” Bill groaned, putting his arms out to shield Cosmo. Big as he was, she was easily thicker, and met the gesture with an arched brow. “That’s it, that smell! The food I ate!”

“Goodness, you think it came from…this?” Cosmo pondered. “But how?”

“Does it matter?” Mizuchi laughed, rumble-bulging up to 550’, her hips blowing out nearly as wide as she stood tall, bunching her plush rump bigger and tighter against her tail. “What ma-matters is, it’s all mine!”

“Oh, no,” Bill sighed. “Should we–”

“Yeah, we had really better,” Cosmo affirmed, as both of the larger beasts advanced on the growing rabbit. “Before this gets out of hand.”

Mizuchi opened her eyes to see the general shapes of both the tiger and okapi approaching, arms out. She snapped out of her revelry and made to shove the other bits into her mouth, when they pounced.

Their chests met hers, pinning her hands and forearms between humongous pectorals and breasts, smashing the remaining handfuls into powder. A large cloud kicked up between the three, making them break into coughing fits as they slammed Mizuchi into the boulder, kicking up even more dust in the process.

“L-let go!” Mizuchi snarled, blowing up even bigger against them. “I didn’t get this fuh-far, just to be stopped!”

“Stop thrashing, you moron!” Bill hissed, watching Mizuchi bulge bigger and bigger, surging up towards their own heights. “This isn’t the time for this, we’re still being chased!”

“That makes it the exact right t-tuh-tiiiii–”

Again, the trembling rabbit erupted in size, screaming in pleasure as her body exploded out against them both, shoving them back. At 610’, it wasn’t quite as easy restraining her. All things being relative, it was hard to remember that they weren’t tussling in a regular-sized cave, that skyscrapers would have only been slightly taller than them, on either side.

At 670 feet, Mizuchi was starting to push back, to the point where the 750-foot Cosmo finally leaned in and put her muscle in.

“Enough,” she calmly demanded, just barely tolerating. “This isn’t helping.”

“Y-you won’t say that when we outgrow that monster back there! You’ll t-thank me!”

Bill felt the tingling as he breathed more of the cloud in, that telltale heat rising within.

“Ah, crap.”

“What?” Cosmo asked, not looking away as Mizuchi blew up to 700’.

“I…I’m gonna–”

A paw as big as Bill’s torso smashed through, obliterating the narrow passage they had forced themselves through. It landed beside the tiger, knocking him, Cosmo and Mizuchi back as the stalactites fell from cracking rock ceilings.

The knockback was the one thing that kept them from being consumed as that same monstrous muzzle emerged, building-sized teeth and a massive curled tongue filling their sights.

“He’s even bigger!” Bill shouted, his striped bulk starting to groan as he grew atop the two females. “He’s bigger!”

“T-the rock, quick!” Cosmo roared, gesturing for Bill to help her up fast.

He understood instantly: the bear’s maw was right in the path of the boulder, and was wide open for swallowing.

“Go-got it!” he hollered over the din of the muzzle’s entrance.

“Help us, this time, for real!” the okapi ordered, making the 740-foot rabbit leap up with a start. “Otherwise, he’ll eat it all himself–”

That was everything and the box. In a second Mizuchi was there, covetously lifting the huge stone out of the rock face.

“Carry it together, work backwards!”

Cosmo's words were so big, so *close*; yet in the growing din of the bear's roars, it was almost impossible to hear. Still, as the muzzle snapped shut behind them, and as the smoke billowed around a snuffling black nose, the chaos and fury of it all provided ample instruction.

"Go, go!"

"S-shut up!" Mizuchi growled, working ahead with her back turned, facing them and the carnage just beyond. "You're over-lifting, stupid! Don't crush me!"

Cosmo's brow finally descended in irritation, just a centimeter.

"H-he's sniffing us out!" Bill wheezed, straining as they clumsily shared the load. "You think…you think it's meat sickness!?"

"Wouldn't you know better?" Mizuchi fussed, her long ears lowering down.

"I t-think it is," Bill huffed, nearly tripping. "He's super-sized, and meat-crazy, we're screwed! We've got nowhere else to put this thing, it's a straight shot so far!"

"We're just going to have to keep it and us from being eaten!" Cosmo said.

"Let's just eat it, like I wanted!"

"There's no time, come on!"

"Puh, then l-let *me* eat it!"

"Just keep moving, both of you!"

The ground beneath them split and fissured and snapped, in time with the crumbling of the ceiling overhead.

Cavern walls and ancient mounds all blasted to nothing as the bear's head and paws and monumental claws all bashed through, throwing rock and smoke and panic as they fled–until that very ground gave out.

UNDERGROUND, DEEP GROTTO

BILL, 7:40 PM

The makings of a high slope didn't help as they lost footing, pitched over and fell, rolling down the path with the boulder. Bill felt his muscles, felt how they were bigger and thicker every time they hit the ground, how his body was swelling larger throughout.

Brushing up here and there told him that, surprisingly, Cosmo was getting even bigger than he. One instant her growing rump was in the air, the next her chest, her shoulders booming massively strong as they thumped his sacs for a blink.

When they landed, the ground was already cracking. Bill wobbled to a stand, looked back, and knew why.

They had fallen into an even deeper level, finally wide open and yawning once again; even pushing 900', there was room all around to spare. That only offered so much comfort, as up above the slope disappeared, crushed into a crumbling mess as the bear finally broke through, in full.

Suddenly, Bill desperately missed the muzzle.

It was indeed a brown bear, a complete, hulking mammoth of a male. Two pectorals blew through the slope walls, crushing them away with no bother as he twisted his huge shoulder in, then the other, snapping at the air and forcing his pendulous member and mighty legs in with.

Bill was still only about as tall as the bear's ear to his upper chest, despite his latest spurt–meaning the bear had to have been roughly…6,000 feet tall. Just over a mile in height.

"RUN," Bill shouted, scrambling to recollect the rock.

Mizuchi was, too, but she was clearly trying to gnaw off another piece.

"It's wide open, now, forget the rock!" the okapi shouted as the bear crashed down onto their floor level, sending bigger cracks out past them. "It'll slow us down!"

The flooring drifted into islands as they looked down, seeing brilliant orange pockets of light flaring up between.

"Oh, come on!" Bill roared, as magma began to weep up to fill the openings, further forcing the broken slats of rock apart.

"He's too heavy, he's breaking it all apart!" Cosmo shouted back, leaping from one fleeing segment over towards him, as he tried to reach Mizuchi and the rock.

“***EM…”***

The trio looked back as the huge bear boomed something out, almost crying it.

“What the hell?” Bill gasped, leaping to a closer island, only a few away from Mizuchi. “Don’t you eat any more, seriously! You’ll grow into the magma, stupid!”

That, of all things, actually did make the rabbit stop and think.

“I-it’s still mine!”

“We’re drifting apart, here, guys!” Cosmo hollered, looking to find another portion she could use to bridge nearer to them.

“EMMMM!”

“Agh, what…”

Bill could almost make it out over everything, as the bear screamed something and thrashed forward, snapping at the air with jaws so big they could hear them shut. The magma spread into a perverse lake all its own, pouring and creeping toward the gigantic bear.

“He’ll get fried, at this rate!” Bill said, motioning to the molten rock.

“We can’t exactly move him!” Cosmo replied, taking a moment to let her island bump into another, the 1,100-foot okapi moving carefully to the next, without letting her weight flip it. “Just keep drifting away, all we can do is look for some sort of escape passage down the line!”

“WWWHHHHHHHYYYYYYY”

Yet again, something terrible pulled at Bill’s mind. Something atop all the pandemonium, all the madness. Something worse.

“What…”

“EMMMMMMMM!”

The magma reached the bear at last, sizzling on contact with his feet, sacs, shaft and lowered hands, making the behemoth roar so hard that the cavern shuddered around his bulk, his stunning muscles tensing from pain as smoke rose about him.

Yet, for all the agony he saw, as he drifted back, Bill realized something.

It was burning him, for sure…but there was no real damage. No burn marks, so seared fur, no blackening, no nothing. It was more like he'd been lowered into hot water without being prepared, more than his body suffering any actual wounds.

"What the shit!? G-guys!"

Cosmo and Mizuchi glanced back, and all three of them cried out.

The bear was wading in after them, his displacing mass pushing the magma lake higher as he went into it waist-deep; still, he bore no burns. The pain made his physique tense so tight that it exploded even bigger, and bigger, yet aside from nerve reception, he was fine.

"What…" Cosmo muttered, blinking her huge eyes in the distance.

"That's not possible!" Mizuchi helpfully balked. "That's lava!"

"Magma," Bill numbly corrected, before realizing. "Wait, he's still coming!"

Waves rocked out from his huge torso as he neared, massive biceps flaring, his chest blasting bigger over his muzzle. A monstrous erection bobbed up from the lake, so far out and fat that its head nearly shoved Bill's island off.

A second later, it did.

Bill leapt to the next island with a haggard wail, exhausted and hot, landing on it with enough force to push it towards Mizuchi and the boulder. He crossed over and hugged the rock, making the rabbit do her best attempt at a herbivorous hiss. She ballooned even bigger in reply, the effects of her growth spurt still steadily working.

"Hands off!"

"Hey, over here!" Cosmo yelled, making them both turn to look as she pointed away from the lake. "There's a path up ahead, look! Get over here, before we outgrow these!"

Indeed, they were all still getting larger; Bill hadn't noticed, in all the motion. His feet were swelling larger, both he and Mizuchi's bodies filling more and more of the unwilling island.

"How? I don't have a padd–"

Bill gulped, then looked down at his growing hands.

Would it really…Would they actually…

"Figure a way out, Bill!" Cosmo said, bluntly. "Man up!"

Bill grit his fangs and looked up. He sighed the longest sigh, winced, and knelt down, jamming a huge hand into the magma. Any hopes to play the act off evaporated as white-hot murder attacked, burning his hands into vapor–that was the feeling, at least.

A lifetime of feline flight behavior kicked in as he brought the hand up, steaming and all, and found it to be absolutely fine. Well, no, there was some slight burning on his fingertips…but that too healed back to normal in seconds, leaving Bill stupefied. A slight smile crept one side of his mouth into a dumb curl as he laughed. Then, *really* laughed.

"Holy–"

He knelt back down as Cosmo and Mizuchi watched, plunging both hands in. Again, steam escaped, and again the pain came–but it was almost bearable. The sheer pain kept him from keeping them submerged, but when he brought them back up, they were right as the rain.

Here goes

One motion at a time, Bill plunged his hands in, paddling gradually over towards the remaining portion of shoreline. It was a constant battle, countering every impulse to stop from the pain with the reality, such as it was, that he was ultimately unhurt.

Cosmo gasped, looking her own hands over, then back to Bill, understanding quickly.

"Are we all…that powerful, now?" she murmured, as her island thudded against the shore, and she disembarked with a massive *thud*. "You're almost there! Come on!"

"Gah, y-yup! Argh, on it! Ghad!"

Just as the tiger and rabbit outgrew the wobbling plate, it hit the shore; Mizuchi rolled herself and the boulder over to safety, kicking the island back, and leaving Bill to make a cat's leap free.

Being nearly a thousand feet tall now, Mizuchi finally managed to lift the entire rock herself; before Cosmo could help Bill to his feet, the bunny was already fleeing up the rock path, cackling like a wild hare.

"Damn it," Bill growled, just as the magma splashed up around them from behind.

"Bill!" Cosmo roared, shoving the cat away as the bear's gigantic hand came down.

She caught the hand and forearm, the 1,300-foot tall okapi just large enough to put her muscle to use. Though smaller, her bulk nearly matched the bear's in proportions, giving the female enough power to push back as he drew nearer to the shore.

Bill clutched a smaller island as it sailed by, dipped it into the magma, and pulled up as hard as he could, scooping a volley of molten rock up at the bear's face. He tossed Cosmo the hunk of rock as the bear stumbled backwards through the lake, and Cosmo put a mean spin on her throw, hurling the whole mass like a discus.

The bear caught it mid-stagger, trying to get the burn out of his eyes. It smashed him on the temple, and the ursine twisted back and crashed into the farther wall of the grotto, the entire thing caving in on him as he bellowed in anger and pain.

"She's taking the boulder higher," Cosmo panted, rolling her amazingly huge shoulders, her chest heaving distractingly. We can't let her–"

"Yeah, on it, let's go!"

UNDERGROUND, PIT

RIZ, 7:46 PM

For a time Riz lay there, half-buried under the collapsed cavern wall, residual rock still tumbling down onto the pile that covered him. The colossal bear snapped to as the magma spilled around him, burning and coursing past, spilling down around him into the opening in the cave wall his landing had created.

“RRRRRRRRHRRGH,” he slurred, his mental state a tangle of unevaluated miseries, rising to a stand and marching forth through the churning lake.

As he followed the path of the fleeing meat, as his sickness kept its sway, the lake began to slowly trickle through, falling down, down into the pit on the other side. Denting and torn metal siding bent out into the pitch, among the dangling chains and unoccupied, broken holding cells to which they were attached.

At the bottom of that deep, terrible hole, a monster slumbered. The creature measured over 6 miles tall, toe to horns, seemingly passed out from impact with the bottom, or from the pockets of gas that spewed up from the cracks his landing had made, prior.

Odors that would have poisoned or killed only knocked the beast out as it rested uneasily in the cloud–until the magma finally crept too close, and began to sizzle and burn at the monster’s feet. Somewhere, deep within its dark dreams, a perverse pleasure stirred.

The terrible pain ate at his body as more magma pooled in around him, yet his body wouldn’t melt or burn. The more it hurt, though, the more the creature growled in his sleep, his heartbeat drumming faster, his erection pumping up and up, bloating with horrid ecstasy as his entire body began to rumble madly…

WESTERN CLIFF RANGE

COSMO, 8:00 PM

The rabbit was already rolling the boulder along over entire forests as Cosmo and Bill peered up through the exit hole the rabbit had burrowed.

“Get back here with that, come on!” Cosmo shouted, her 1,600-foot body pushing free, with Bill’s 1,500’ self right behind her. “Stop!”

“Piss off!” Mizuchi yowled, finally stopping to catch her breath at over 1,300’. “I-it’s mine, you hear!? You think I’m going to let this thing go now? T-this is…hah, my ticket…to ultra-size!”

Bill proved faster as he pounced, connecting with a yelping Mizuchi full-force. They landed on the great boulder, blasting up more dust as they all came together and struggled.

“I have every right to it!” Mizuchi growled. “I’m the special one, here! Not you!”

The more dust they kicked up, the larger they grew; Cosmo shook openly as he bust inflated atop Mizuchi's, the rabbit trembling and gushing bigger under her, as Bill quaked and swelled out against both of them. The boulder vanished under surging fields of bunny fur, white and black patched stretching bigger as her body convulsed and boomed far, far larger.

For a moment she overwhelmed both animals, blasting up past 2,100' then half a mile, her ungodly hips and overblown thighs pushing Bill aside as her breasts pushed Cosmo's chest up into a tilt against them.

"All miiiiine!" Mizuchi bellowed, hiccupping to half a mile in size, then 3,000', the growth pumping more fervently into her as she gasped and screamed in pleasure.

A massive hand thudded down beside him, swelling rampantly in size, trapping the tiger between his forearm and hips, pinning in there as both relentlessly grew and grew.

3,500' ripple-boomed violently to 4,000, each spurt increasingly vicious and wild, the rabbit not remotely caring as she shook worse still.

Bill was already 1,900' when he forced Mizuchi's wrist away, seeing Cosmo billow up over Mizuchi in kind. All three expanded in greedy, randomized bursts, the okapi surging past Mizuchi at 4,200', her bulk slipping hotly against the rabbit as they grappled tighter.

"GET…THE ROCK…" Cosmo roared, her muscles erupting to ridiculous sizes, her strength climbing so catastrophically high that even the 4,500-foot Mizuchi could do little else but thump digits against it.

"I-I'm trying! She keeps…moving!:

The half-mile tiger shook so hard that he had to stop, before blowing up to 3,400 feet, versus the 5,100-foot rabbit and the 5,000-foot okapi. Thankfully, Bill managed at his size to reach far enough under Mizuchi, pulling the boulder free, and rolling it away over the thin landscape below.

Within moments Mizuchi's trembling stopped, and the rabbit was handily scooped up by Cosmo, both immense chests bulging into a firm, soft dimple as the still-growing okapi flung her over onto the firmament. Nearly a whole mile of female connected, detonating the turf into ruin.

Bill grew on, just the same, the tiger pulsing uncontrollably in size, his bulk screaming wider and fuller as he rose. His shaft swung free atop orbs so large that they neared his knees, his huge tail thrashing about to balance it all out as he bulged to 4,100', then 4,700.

It wasn't slowing down. Why wasn't it stopping!?

"Hey, calm down, Bill. Easy," Cosmo soothed, even as the hiking female ballooned bigger than he, inflating to 7,000 feet, then 7,700 after, pumping with overflowing power. "Just try to let it run its course, okay?"

"Gah," he huffed, feeling his trapezius blow up against his swollen neck, throbbing up to a full mile tall, then higher still. His feet bulldozed acre after acre as he trembled, his stripes stretching over cascading mountains of raw muscle. "I…I-I…"

"Bill."

One mile boomed hotly to 6,500'...

"Gah…"

"Calm down, Bill."

7,300 feet…

The weight of his own bulk pulled so much, yet was strong enough to keep upright, even as he roared and exploded *bigger*.

"Hey, kid!"

"WHAT!?" Bill snapped, suddenly stopping his spurt, leaving him at a towering 8,000'.

"Haha," Cosmo chirped, the female stopping her growth at 9,000', decently larger than even he had grown. "That did it, huh?"

Bill's blush back when he was under a thousand feet tall was suddenly nothing, compared to what he was sporting at that moment.

"Looks like we went a bit haywire, doesn't it?"

"Well, thanks to *her*, yeah. I wasn't trying to get bigger."

Bill blast-stepped carefully over a forest, reached down, and cupped the mighty boulder in one hand, holding it like a small ball. As he held it, he caught sight of Mizuchi, standing behind the bigger okapi, looking ready to strike at them; yet, she didn't, which was all the more bizarre.

"Don't even think about it!" Bill hissed, only to notice Cosmo wearing roughly the same expression as the rabbit.

"Bill, don't move," Cosmo began, as a great shadow overtook them all.

All of them, together, at once. Easily.

"BILL."

Despite the fantastic force of the voice, its bassy burst of sound, Bill figured out who it belonged to. After that much time together in the club, there was no mistaking it.

The tiger turned, blinked…then looked up.

Yup.

WESTERN CLIFF RANGE

LOUIS, 8:03 PM

The shockwave couldn't have been a coincidence. No way.

It hadn't been long since a tremendous quake had shaken through the terrain, stopping Louis along his journey down the range. He had looked to the evening skies, everywhere he could, but could only see the higher mountains beyond the cliffs. Something colossal had moved, or fallen, or been thrown, even…but all he could see was Legoshi, staying still, meaning it must have happened on the other side.

Until that dog had outgrown even *him*.

He had seen the canine at school, here and there, he was Legoshi's friend. Why in God's name a labrador had outsized the massive wolf several times over, Louis couldn't gather.

He had opted to move farther away, just to afford himself a better viewing, only to find the atmospheric haze had faded a good deal of them out–not entirely, but close.

And yet, here these clowns were. One of them he knew for sure.

"BILL," he rumbled, his voice a crack of thunder under too much deer muscle, making his throat boom softly from raw bass. "SHOULD I EVEN BOTHER ASKING?"

"L-Louis!?" the smaller tiger gasped, only a third his own size. "You…you're so…big!"

The buck did find himself grinning just a little bit.

"YOU WOULD THINK SO, RIGHT?"

"W-well, aren't you?" Bill huffed, perplexed.

Louis caught sight of the larger okapi, and nodded respectfully. Young or not, this was a *woman*, and he knew that much in life. The rabbit behind her? That was a girl.

"GOOD EVENING," the deer boomed softly. "YOUR NAME?"

"Cosmo," she calmly replied, giving a lesser nod back. A pittance, perhaps. It made him like her even more. "Pleasure."

"HMM. LOUIS. MIGHT I ASK WHAT YOU'RE DOING WITH THIS BOOB?"

"Oh, what!?" Bill seethed, stamping a massive foot. "That's what you have to say!?"

"PROBLEM?" Louis coldly asked, arching a brow. His bulk outsized Bill's by a healthy margin, and still would have if they were equally sized.

"Gh…mmmno."

"WHAT'S IN YOUR HAND, BILL?"

The tiger clenched up in renewed terror.

"Guh, ah, well–"

"HMM. LET'S HAVE IT."

“Huh? Oh, y-you don’t want this–”

“I SAW THE FIGHT, BILL,” Louis chuckled, cocking his head, tilting his immense antlers and ears. “THAT RABBIT SAID ENOUGH AT TOP VOLUME. HAND IT OVER.”

Bill did not.

“Well…w-what’ll you do with it, Louis?”

“HAVE IT.”

The hole that Mizuchi had left in the earth ruptured without warning as the bear blasted up into the evening air, bellowing in a continued rage:

“EEEEEEEEEMMMMMMMM! AAAAAAAAAGH!”

Louis cocked his head the other way, snorted, and hummed knowingly.

“RIZ, TOO?” he pondered, his massive arms bulging as he crossed them over his ridiculous chest bulk. “INTERESTING. WHAT IS HE, MEAT-SICK?”

“That’s…Riz!?” Bill finally shouted, stepping back in surprise.

“YOU DIDN’T SEE IT?”

“It was darker! He was bigger!”

“He’s still in a rage,” Cosmo said. “But we’re bigger than him now, more or less! We can take him on, if we all–”

Louis was ahead of them all in one huge stride.

Riz’s teeth found Louis’ hand as the far larger deer held him up off the earth, one-handed. As much as the bear bit, Louis held firm, choking the bear slowly.

“Don’t kill him!” Bill pleaded.

“I THOUGHT HE WAS TRYING TO EAT YOU. DID THAT CHANGE?”

“He was, but…I didn’t know it was him! Stop!”

Louis’ shaft swelled fuller and longer, and he didn’t care. A lifetime of restraint fell away as the idea came through that he could bully a *grown brown bear*. Still.

“HMMH. I WON’T KILL HIM. RELAX. WHAT KIND OF RULER DO YOU THINK I AM, HERE?”

“A…ruler?” Bill mouthed, looking to a confused Cosmo, as Mizuchi hid behind her bulk.

“RIGHT. I’VE HAD ALL DAY TO THINK ABOUT THIS. I’VE DECIDED.”

“B-but we–”

Indifferently, Louis reached up with his free hand, felt around in his chest fur, and brushed it, as though dusting it off. Seconds later, a loosed sleep bomb arced through the air, exploding on Riz’s muzzle. Several others detonated after, covering the thrashing bear’s head.

“What the hell,” Bill began, only for Louis to calmly brush his column-neck, letting other undisturbed bombs fall. Before he could react, he, Cosmo and Mizuchi were all covered in violet explosions.

When it faded off, all four parties were fast asleep.

“RIGHT,” Louis rumbled, letting Riz drop unceremoniously to the shaking ground. “GLAD IT STILL WORKED. I SUPPOSE I SHOULD BE HAPPY THOSE IDIOTS DROPPED SO MANY BOMBS. AND AS FOR THIS…”

Louis’ gigantic fingers forced Bill’s little hand open.

“CONSIDER THIS TRIBUTE, FRIENDS. HMM.”

Wasting no time, Louis opened his huge deer maw, flicked the enormous little meteor boulder onto his vast pink tongue, closed his jaws…

…and swallowed.

Almost instantly, the rumbling swelled within him, and this time, the deer accepted it wholly, without reservation, humility or hesitation.

LUPO VERDE MOUNTAIN RANGE, CENTRAL & WEST

JACK, 8:05 PM

It may well have been a dream, what was happening. Maybe he had just eaten something that didn't agree with him, had laid down, and was dreaming all sorts of insanity.

But at that moment, it didn't matter. Jack was big. Unbelievably big.

Bigger than Legoshi. Bigger than anyone, or anything.

It hadn't occurred to him before–frankly, why would it have? Him, tall? Strong? An actual, honest-to-gosh giant? It was madness. But by God and all, Legoshi was in his arms. *His arms*. At long, long, long last, his best friend was back–and looking up to *him*.

"I'm so happy, haha," Jack boom-boomed, his great voice an eruption of pure size that shook the evening skies and quaked the land far below.

Clouds played at his lower thighs like nothing, like a puddle in the road, meaning the mountains and valleys and forests, the roads and cities alike all were less than that.

"Haha, e-easy!" Legoshi wheezed, the 90-mile wolf being summarily pummelled by muscle and fluff, awash in spiking body heat. "Y-you're gonna crush me!"

"How'd you get so big, Legoshi?" Jack barked, excitedly wagging a tail longer than a river. "You look incredible, wow!"

"M-me?" he laughed, both nervous and overjoyed. "Look at you! You're monumentally huge! I can't even see all of you!"

"You can't?" Jack rumbled, nearly glowing from energy as he beamed. "Really?"

"Could you please tell Jack to ease up?" Haru asked, partially crushed in against Legoshi's tonnage, along with a buried Juno. "A b-bit tight, here!"

"Ah, everyone's getting crushed down against me, eh–"

"Hmm?" Jack hummed, ears perking up. "OH! OHMYGOSH!"

His leviathan-sized arms slackened just a bit as Gosha managed to slide down along Jack's fantastic bicep, the 3.5-mile reptile thumping into his much bigger grandson. It was almost enough to get Legsohi to zero in on the komodo, but being twenty-five times bigger made that tough going.

"Legoshi!" he shouted, drawing Haru and Juno's attention as he ran along and hugged deep into his blood's thick, warm fur. "This is incredible! To think, you were this big–"

Legoshi perked an ear, then twitched it.

"Is…ah, someone t-talking to me? Maybe?"

"Oh, I bet that's your–"

The world shook, cutting Jack short.

Everyone, from Jack to Legoshi to Haru to Gosha to Yahya, Pina and even the under-rumped Ogma stopped and watched the horizon as the shuddering grew, and grew.

"What in the world?" Haru and Jack both started, when the world got its answer.

"L…LOUIS?" Legoshi growled, baffled, at the sight of a deer, growing in the distance, many miles off. "Is that Louis!?"

Haru went slack-jawed as the buck pumped larger and larger, pulsing up…up…up…

"N-no way!"

The deer was growing, but at such a horrendous pace that each throb of his booming muscles sent out shockwaves, rattling the landscape and ruffling even Jack's fur each time the male grew. And grew. And grew. And grew.

And grew.

AND GREW.

Louis had gone from a 5-mile blip on the horizon to a 50 mile hulk, in just one hard, thick push of growth. The next loud pulse blew the cervine up to 160 miles, throwing out a meaner blast of displaced air as his muscles doubled in size, then doubled that, flowing off of his quaking form.

A phallus over 90 miles long and 40 miles around bulged grossly, billow-booming uncontrollably in mass and weight, so big and heavy that it forced his ankle-low sacs to the firmament, mashing them down as he trembled and roared, and blew up to 300 miles.

His profile didn't stop there, even as the clouds and mountains became razor-thin to him. The buck rumbled harder, in fact, energy crackling all around his throbbing bulk as his pectorals swelled to tremendous, frightening scope, his body spasming and shaking and glowing as he bellowed again, and blasted frantically *bigger*.

700 miles–over 3.6 million feet–hardly slowed to pause as the throbbing deer gulped, panted out hard, and trembled so much worse.

Some horrendous power overflowed out from him, surging up in nasty blasts of size as Louis flexed so hard that the skies blew out around him, his bulk swelling too big for itself as everything mashed and ballooned out of all sanity.

"W-what's…happening to him!?" Jack gasped, his ears flapping back as another concussive burst of air blasted past.

"I don't know!" Legoshi roared, only to feel the earth shift as Louis blasted hungrily to 1,600 miles, his feet collapsing the entire range as he rumbled taller, wider, bursting into the upper atmospheres, huffing clouds of pure energy as he kept stretching wider and wider and wider, yet.

"H-he isn't stopping!" Jack screamed, as another burst of size blew them all back, cities shaking, oceans rippling, clouds blowing out as Louis overtook the curve of the continent.

Down far below, underneath Jack's rump, Ogma smiled, and smiled wide.

"I was right, all along, was I not?" he rumbled, watching in muted delight as his son shook and strained and grunted and *BOOOOMED* ***BIGGGGGERRR***, bellowing like doomsday as he passed 2,000 miles in height, and kept rumbling harder.

"It's finally happening…he's ascending! Grow, my boy! Haha! GROW! Become the one fit to rule, even above Beastars! Become…a…GOD!"

THAT ONE TIME

Once, *just once*, Louis had nearly dropped his phone.

It hadn't been so much in public as around the corner of the music hall, inches away from the world. Too close. One hand had apologized to the other as it failed to snatch it in one go, instead bouncing the bottom rim and flipping the phone farther out toward the light. The second hand caught it, held, then jerked for no reason, none at all, nearly losing the phone again.

By that point it had been inches from the brick walk; there likely would have been zero damage were it to have landed.

Yet all the terror on earth had clawed up from nowhere and everywhere, clutching the deer's heart like a balloon in a vice, *about to fall just a few inches*. The height hadn't mattered.

The Louis that was supposed to have left the far corner of the Cherryton music hall had been stolen, spirited away, replaced by the same fawn that had lived in the same Dark market cell for so long that the grit in the air had never left his teeth. A little boy in a world of teeth.

Who should he have called, on the phone he had barely saved? Who *could* he call?

Not Ogma. No. Not ever. No one.

Despite being a tattoo, not even a millimeter of difference on his skin, Louis still felt the number printed on his foot. Every time he had ever stepped on it, it burned. Long after Ogma had taken him from there, from that captivity–and placed him into a cell so big he couldn't see enough enemies at once.

Not Ogma, damn it. No.

The boy grew back into the adult, by dint of sheer will. No one had seen the blunder, partial though it was. No one had seen the panic, seen him small, seen the number. No one ever would.

He drew a breath and kept it, all his, before callously blowing it out through his nostrils, his eyes lidded back low and indifferent. His mouth back to its rigid space between a forced smile and a sudden scowl, ready for either.

Yet.

Yet, that single moment of fear, that panic, from the needless, primal place–it left an afterburn, a hot chill, tickling through his spine. That lack of control, that abandoning of the self into the black pit, the ecstatic dread of its onset–it was a charge.

The obvious fears of being exposed, laughed at, *weak*, they failed to maintain that odd, perverse thrill. That wasn't it.

As Louis had straightened up and pocketed the phone, however, it hit. Everything in his rational mind pushed it back, but it was getting too big.

For all his training, tutelage and trials, for all the years of proper behavior, stringent tenets of aristocracy and all the control it demanded, the leash around him…the idea of being something that *couldn't* be leashed…the thought of being so powerful that neither herbivore manners nor carnivore force could stop him…

The charge hit again, and even Louis blushed.

That fire inside, that raw anger that had screamed so hard for so long that he could only hear it as silence–if he ever let it loose, in full, it would undo everything he and his 'father' had worked for, for so long.

Being a beastar, being an icon, an example, a patsy, a toy behind glass; being a victim, being a winner, being eaten, playing along with it all, while that fire screamed.

If he let loose and burned it all away, really *let it happen*…

Louis gave one exhalation; that was as close to a laugh as he would permit. He gathered himself the rest of the way, cleared his throat, and patted the phone, back where it belonged. Back in its cell, silent and comfortable and ready.

It was just a phone, anyhow. Just a thought.

He straightened his blazer, snorted quietly, and moved back into the game, a prime piece.

And yes, he knew what it would have been like, in some far-flung fantasy, had he *really* just let it all fly off and succumbed to it, to that fire. Sure. The answer was easy.

It would have been apocalyptic.

WESTERN CLIFF RANGE

LOUIS, 8:05 PM

A long-forgotten charge hit, in the moment.

It wasn't when he had swallowed the whole rock, fun as that was. Specifically, it was the moment, that stomach-flipping instant that the growth hit him. More specifically, the *ascension*.

"H-HUH," was all Louis got out, almost a laugh, before the explosion nearly tore his fibers apart with its percussive, concussive burst.

The fear, the millisecond of certainty that he was, in fact, about to violently unbind was replaced by a madman's delight that he was actually letting it happen. The only way to let it happen was to surrender, effectively becoming vulnerable to godhood.

The life he had yesterday was gone, anyhow. Any fool could do that math. The world was gone, along with it, a vast blanket of tiny city lights and bumpy mountains and upturned pasta noodle roads having become its new descriptors.

No one could see them, growing up, those bindings. Even as he rose in prestige, Louis had been bound, and knew it perfectly well. Now, unseen but felt, they strained, then whimpered in defeat at how unfair it all was, before banging soundlessly away to nothing, to air, through which the monstrous red deer rocketed higher.

He could have been in a bullet train and not kept pace with his own body as it swelled out of all control. A rocket might have done the job, until a single gushing swell of mass pushed him too large to compete with in any medium, his form stretching past 7 miles, then 8, less than a second's time having passed.

Ten miles, bigger than downtown itse–

Fifteen miles. Over 8,700 feet tall, and still he g–

Twenty-fi

Fort

Ninet

Louis' antlers cut the atmosphere as his growing head pummeled past, his bloated neck consuming the space around him, a bouncer crowding out the jealous heavens as he ascended higher, then wider. The landscape below dropped, and dropped, and dropped, and dropped, distinct grids of civilization slipping into speckled squares, crowned by the near-flatness of the horizon as he caught back up to the setting sun and squinted in surprise.

For every relative foot Louis grew, a stray inch subtracted; his monstrous feet lurched larger and larger, swelling furry heels bashing out greater gouges in the cracking landscape below. Geysers of untold pressure hissed and popped through spreading trenches, narrowly missing the slumbering forms of Bill, Riz, Mizuchi and Cosmo.

To his credit, Louis did try to look down as they were shoved back by toes as big as the supergiants beneath him. His vast ears twitched out as he struggled to keep his eyes open against the rush of lessening air around him; his chin tilted down on habit, only to bump dumbly against the ever-rising hilltops of his own pectorals. In fact, the world below was all but nothing, his sights setting only on the expanding reach of his chest as it heaved farther out.

360 miles. Just under two million feet tall.

Not that he had the exact quantifications handy, but somewhere deep and important, Louis knew enough. His foot was roughly 40 miles long, so big it could have been a small house to him, at his 4.8-mile size, just twenty seconds ago.

At 750 miles, 3,960,000', that foot was suddenly an entire mansion.

Louis shook, his mind reeling back on itself, fleeing and chasing and wallowing altogether as his antlers burst thicker, each one its own throbbing world tree, and still getting bigger, faster. His wall-abs exploded, full and huge and warm, struggling not to detonate as his lats surged and surged, bullying his torso-thick arms up so much that his shoulders mashed his billowing neck, and it was too much.

Teeth bigger than mountain ranges grit tight as Louis snorted out a snake-tail of glowing steam, his body starting to radiate too much power.

"GHG–"

1,100 miles. Nearly six million feet in height.

Hands as big as a small state shook wild as he forced them up, his geographically-big biceps blasting angrily in size at his slightest flex. Tension and friction cast sparks, igniting in the higher atmospheres into great, deific bolts of electricity, tickling and coursing through his inflating bulk as he closed his eyes and tried to moan.

He was too big to manage even that.

The realization hit at 1,400 miles, and Louis' erection blew up so screamingly, *painfully* huge, so blazing hot as it hovered over the entire coastline that satellite feeds had to switch off of infra-red at every monitoring console.

Hulking thighs boomed larger, casting terrible echoes as displaced air battered out over the terrain, blowing everything on land back as Louis simply grew too powerful to measure–and suddenly grew even *faster*.

Gargantuan furred orbs consumed his massive legs, flowing off of his 175-mile long feet, the limp bodies of the others idly shoved to the side in the process.

His vast rump flexed on instinct, casting more bolts of crackling power as the hemisphere rattled and bore his size, grudgingly, fearfully. A second time, Louis craned his muzzle down, the godly deer seething out golden smoldering smoke as he stood there and breathed; another errant flex sent hurricane-force gales loose as he snorted into his billowing pectorals, groaned out a thick earthquaking huff, shuddered, tensed, trembled, w-winced, an-and

BWWWRRRRMMMMMMMMBBBPH

Fifteen-hundr–sixteen hun–s-seventeen hu–EIGHTEEN H–

Louis' feet rolled right over mountains like nothing, collapsing what nature never could in a second. His heels rumbled bigger and wider, blasting the poor firmament to bits as they consumed the wilderness frantically, throbbing deep echoes into the world.

That '4' was over 160 miles long now. It would have crushed anyone that thought they could manage such a little number.

Never, ever, would Louis have entertained even a moment of this absurdity. Yet, as his erection ballooned as wide at the center-length as his entire midsection, as it wagged in dark glee over the ocean, the coast, the cloud banks, the cities, the ridiculous animals therein and their moronic rules…it almost happened.

Louis very nearly let it happen, but sent out a hard flex that capped his darkening crown all the way down at the end of his 1,350-mile long phallus. An entire interstate of sex was bulging out of his groin, yet it obeyed, allowing only one immense, burning, wonderful crystal rope to cast out into the cool of the evening.

Louis stood at such a psychotic height that even it and all its tonnage took nearly fifteen seconds to reach the ocean. Its impact sent a billow of steam as the water hissed, then went still once again, in respect of its superior.

The surge had continued, throughout, pulling his bulk down as it boomed taller anyway, dragging the far end of his swaying pillar-sex up, up with it, making it nod happily each time.

Finally, at just over two thousand miles, the wanton force of his own body forced it out: Louis bellowed, and everything across the world simply stopped.

Immense back muscles sparked as they collided, the over-built buck throwing his colossal arms back, chest up and out, every muscle throbbing out even larger from the strain of what would have been a good morning stretch.

The sound reached both sides of not the state, but the entire country, an aftershock suddenly crashing through sundered lands as he twitched and roared and shook. Only his feet were there, as far as the stunned populace could see, the under-curves of toes bigger than counties parting the clouds that dared to be in their path of growth. The vibrations alone from the utterance above send waves down into his huge soles, rocking the crushed planes deeper, still.

Horrifyingly, mid-bellow, Louis' impatient body saw fit to burst *even **larger***.

SITE DELTA WESTERN TRAM STATION, TOPSIDE

OPERATIVE T, 8:06 PM

The capybara saw only a few miles' worth of brush and rock when they emerged from the tram station hatch. Beyond that was nothing but a wall of lovely-soft yellow labrador pelt, consuming their entire world on that side.

"Okay, made it," T groaned, popping a very tired back as the scientist emerged. "Let's get this over to Ogma, before he manages to outgrow the dog."

"Unbelievable," the owl murmured, adjusting his glasses quietly. "I-in person, it…it's like seeing the landscape, but alive."

“Yup, yeah, it’s magic,” T grumbled, pulling the older male into the waiting tram on its still track, just as an aftershock rattled the entire world, putting them both to wobble.

“What in blazes!?” the scientist hooted, snapping back to the situation in alarm.

“I dunno, I guess the kid shifted a bit,” Operative T guessed, tossing the idea at the owl as she hustled him into the tram. “Let’s just move, come on!”

“R-right, of course! Yes!”

The owl stumbled over to the station’s power closet at the end of the overhead partition, got the door unlocked, and threw a switch. The lights to the partition went on, blinking to life in time with the tram interior as they both pushed in through its opened door.

“Emergency power seems intact,” he mumbled, throwing switches at the front console. “We can top-speed to them in a few minutes, tops.”

“Who…do we cure?” T asked, finally, making the scientist perk up.

“Yahya…he chose Melon, didn’t he?”

“He’s not here. Ogma is. And likely way, way bigger, right? Wasn’t that what the feed showed? I mean, Melon’s still buried at the bottom of Omega, so.”

“Fine, that’s fine,” the owl said, looking back out at the tracks as the tram rumbled towards Jack’s monstrous behind.

“Really?”

“We need a test, yesterday, he’ll do. Besides, he can’t fight back, trapped under that young man’s posterior, so yes. It makes sense enough. Considering.”

“Oh,” the capybara huffed, waiting for some unknown shoe to drop. “C-cool.”

By the time they had arrived, it really sank in that Jack was no longer the person of interest, but rather the destination itself. Vertical fields of gold fur became a forest, then an alien jungle of stretching follicles, some nearly a thousand feet long, bobbing carelessly in the sky as the great canine sat.

Far off to the right Jack's hidden spine fed out into a tail resting all the way back from which they had come, and then some, so thick that a hundred of the site tunnels could have been bundled together, over and over, and still not been a match for it.

She had never been so concerned about visiting a monument or canyon, because no site had ever *moved* before. One errant twitch, and they would both be flattened, along with the one cure. Considering how carefully the owl approached the looming behemoth, they were on the same page.

"There!" the owl chirped, his feathers fluffing out as he pointed. "Down the way!"

T saw it just fine, even in Jack's vast shadow: a set of deer-furred feet and hulking calves protruded from underneath the labrador's duff, mercifully opposite Jack's tail.

"Let's inject him before he gets any bigger!" she commanded, charging ahead over the rock and soil. "Or the kid, for that matter!"

More rumblings tore through the earth, forcing the pair to stop intermittently as they neared Ogma's feet. At the sizes they were now dealing with, it remained anyone's guess who was making it.

The buck's vast feet only got bigger, the closer they kept getting to them, until they too were spires of red fur and heat, stretching up beyond them into the evening haze. It took the most effort just to wriggle themselves past the advance guard of fur strands, a terrible wave of body heat slamming T as she felt through, then finally found skin.

"All the marbles, Doc!" she shouted back, sticking animal-kind's last hope in deep.

LUPO VERDE MOUNTAIN RANGE, CENTRAL & WEST

OGMA, 8:09 PM

All that the old buck could do, trapped under Jack's greater bulk, was watch as Louis transformed into more and more of the periphery, becoming his own land mass in the far-off distance. At that moment, it was all the old man wanted in the entire world.

Rather, it was *becoming* the world.

“An herbivore,” Ogma grunted, his godly body unhurt beneath Jack’s tonnage, but straining just the same. “And a deer, even. Fascinating. Hah, yes. Completely fascinating! I knew I picked the right son. And look at you, Louis. Just…look!”

The precious gap between their land and Louis was shrinking steadily as the quaking buck burst ever larger, ever stronger. Even Ogma, a creature 25 miles in size, could no longer make out the Northernmost end of Louis; he was less than a toy to the youth, something that the toy would have been holding.

The rocks he had known about, and for some time. The effects, simple conjecture from old stories of the war. The dawning madness of their truth, never.

But it was here. And if it was to be, then it was right that it be *his madness*.

“Grow,” he huffed, his composure ironclad in the face of the muscle bound buck towering over the curve of the continent. “Until there is no competition…until there is no reach that can come close to you. What is a Beastar, to a titan?”

Again, Louis bellowed, his pectorals threatening to explode as they gorged and swelled, blowing up over his chin, even as it tilted up into space. Lightning clashed and snapped from the speed-friction of his ascent, the lower atmospheres crackling in a panic as his growth stirred them. 2,200 miles, over *eleven-and-a-half million* feet of cervine glory boomed larger, still, unending, cyclic and horrible, the young male deliriously blowing up to 2,300 miles in one heaving lurch of muscle.

“Finally,” Ogma sighed, not daring to close his eyes, drinking in the sky-dwarfing god. “Finally, the right ruler made it. Haha, n-no need for politics, when you’re bigger than the ent…entire sy…hah.”

Something deeply odd interrupted.

“Mn.”

At last, Ogma blinked, then found the world expanding around him, as though a significant gust of air was let out from somewhere important, dwindling him lower. Then, lower, still. The vagaries of landmarks swelled into fuller detail, blotches growing into forests, canopies making themselves known in the dying light of day.

“What…”

He grunted, slipping down to 19 miles, then 15. The bulk of his form shrank in small but noticeable gulps as mountains cradled up against his muzzle, almost caging it as Jack's rump seemed to grow and grow atop him.

A moment's fear broke through as he realized what was slipping in, among the slipping out: normalcy. That same dull, dreary regularity was flooding in as he shrank, feeling the power bleed out as he whiplashed down to 8 miles, then 4. As fast as he had ultimately grown, he was dwindling even faster, the severity of the insult the only thing not leaving him as he frowned.

"No. No, wait. How?"

More and more of Jack's mountainous cheek smothered Ogma as he shrank, leaving the alarmed stag to his own fate as he finally clutched huge fingers to the ground and pulled, determined to extricate himself from that much weight on the off chance his invulnerability was also fading.

At 1 mile tall, Ogma rolled loose and crashed to the cracked turf, panting into the evening air as another great quake rumbled out. He gulped, panted, then looked up at Louis, now seeing only the underside of a curve that rose through the clouds. Louis' foot. It was still getting bigger.

"Huh, huh…good."

Ogma put what remaining muscle he possessed to use and rose to a stand, finding it more work than expected, in the wake of Louis' growth-quakes. Able to take a full stock of himself, the old stag found enough to smile about:

"Alright. Not as bad as I feared. Seems to have stopped, too."

His bulk was that of a champion bodybuilder–meaning he had lost a considerable amount; yet, something was anything. Then, the business:

"The cure. They chose *me*."

His frown was momentary, before he broke into amused laughter. Not being much of a comedian, Ogma simply put his huge hands to his hips and cackled, shaking his head.

"Perfect. How perfect is that? Hah, such a massive error! Why bother?"

He sniffed, grinning, before turning back to Jack. Even knowing what was there, Ogma still shuffled back a step, wide-eyed. The dog was…far bigger than he had imagined, even when pinned down.

"A state's worth of muscle atop me, and I was fine," he muttered, before nodding thoughtfully. "If he's that big, and I was cured…and I didn't see anyone coming from this side…they came from behind the canine."

His eyes shifted back and forth, the CEO back in his decisive mode.

"They couldn't see. The dog was simply too big, if they were normal-sized. Heh. Hah. They didn't see my son, then, how could they? Haha! How fortunate!"

He thudded around, folding his monstrous arms in complete confidence.

"They missed their chance to stop you…the cure didn't even shrink *me* all the way down! Mostly, I admit…but you, Louis…you would have kept growing anyway. I am certain of it!"

Almost in response, the horizon-disrupting buck roared into space, now over 2,400 miles tall, and still, *still* growing larger. His shoulders blasted wider, throbbing so powerfully that they trembled, his thighs erupting even larger than they as he pulsed with power. His feet consumed more land, smashing through the wilderness as they bulged and broadened and boomed out.

His phallus blew up through the lower atmosphere at around 1,000-1,500 miles high, given its sheer girth, his big toes surging past the stratosphere and into the mesosphere at 34 miles tall, all lower spheres already long conquered by his feet and heels. His bloated orbs rumbled and rolled out into the ocean as he stood over the entire Eastern coast, snapping the terrain and letting cold water rush in around his thick soles.

And, yes…Louis was still growing.

"Show them, Louis," Ogma snorted, watching as Louis's feet overtook the entire state, each one 300 miles long, then 310. "Show them what you would have shown them, as a Beast–"

Whatever crashed down behind Ogma, between the stag and the labrador, proved big enough to send Ogma toppling over.

"Looks like the cure went through, for the most part," Yahya chuckled, the gigantic equine storming over and taking the deer roughly by the forearm. "Funny, that you of all types would alert me by laughing. Didn't peg you as a humorous one."

“Humph,” Ogma started, not even resisting as the 3.75-mle tall horse handled him, getting both huge arms behind his bulky back, forcing the muscle groups together. “It doesn’t matter though, does it Yahya? Surely you can see, with that fantastic sight of yours. Isn’t it something? My Louis…has surpassed me. Surpassed us all! As I knew he would!”

“Yeah, yeah,” Yahya sighed, pulling the smaller buck to him, lashing his hands behind him with one of Jack’s massively long long fur strands. “Just shut it.”

“Hmph. You want silence? That’s fine. Actually, that’s perfect. Thank you. We should take a moment to drink this magnificence in.”

The horse was nearly four times the size of the giant buck, yet he too paled on sight of Louis, beyond them. In all senses, really.

“He…he’s a monster, alright, I’ll give you that.”

Ogma nearly swelled bigger from pride, nodding.

“Yes.”

“Tch,” Yahya growled, looking away for a moment. He spied the skies, then dragged the stag along with him, storming heavily over the forests and rivers and hills with no bother, heading opposite the insanity.

“Where could you possibly hope to take me, Yahya?” Ogma asked, in earnest. “You know full-well there is no jail suited for me–”

“Shh.”

The horse caught a glimmer in the upper skies, and grinned, waving up at it.

“Come on, Mienai, pick up the news reports,” Yahya began, waving harder, his immense bulk shifting back and forth rhythmically. “I need you to do something for me!”

The glimmer of the satellite high above changed, glinting as it moved to catch sight of the colossal horse. He gave it a moment to focus in, pointed to himself intently, and began to mouth something out for those behind the news station monitors, slowly and deliberately:

MIENAI. TAKE A CHOPPER NORTHWEST, RIGHT NOW…

LUPO VERDE MOUNTAIN RANGE, CENTRAL & WEST

LEGOSHI, 8:12 PM

Legoshi's mouth, for all he knew, might never have closed shut again.

"Legoshi," Jack muttered, the much-bigger labrador gulping loudly as he held the wolf, Haru, Juno, Pina and Gosha all at once on his mass. "I-is that really…Louis!? It can't be! N-none of us…can possibly get…that big!"

"I-I," Legoshi croaked, the 90-mile wolf only a third of Jack's size, Jack being only tenth of Louis'. "It…it has to be him! He was er, a-already a giant with me, earlier…"

"B-but he's…TOO BIG!"

"And getting bigger," Haru shouted, just to be heard. The rabbit was only a thirteenth of Legoshi's size, with Juno next to her at 5 miles, Gosha clutching at Legoshi farther down at 3.5. "Seriously, whatever this is that's happening, it isn't stopping. Isn't there anything we can do? I-if he just keeps getting bigger…"

"We'll all be flattened, that's right!" Juno barked, ears flicking back anxiously.

"We'd be okay, actually," Pina interjected, the 4-mile tall dall sheep climbing up over Legoshi's wrist with a tired bleat. "Ogma…whew, good grief. That crazy other deer grew all the way up into the atmosphere earlier, and he breathed in space just fine; he said something about becoming godly, and I mean…we're all up here breathing, too, right?"

Legoshi looked down, squinting.

"Pina? Is that you? You got bigger, t–G…G-Grandad!?"

"Legoshi!" Gosha roared, making Pina wince. "I-I'm here! Ah, I-I'm sorry to interrupt, it's just that I didn't want to, while you were with your friends, so–"

All the talk ceased as Legoshi's massive 9-mile wide hand sailed past, snatching the old komodo up high. In one instant he was hard pressed to Legoshi's endless cheek, the humongous wolf nuzzling in on him without hesitation.

"G-grandpa!" he squeaked, despite his size and bulk, a towering puppy for one second.

Gosha blushed through his thick scales, then closed his eyes and accepted, cuddling in.

“Legoshi!”

“G-grandpa, I saw you earlier today! You got even bigger since then!”

“Eheh, it has been quite a day,” the monstrous reptile chuckled, venom starting to quietly pool around his jaws as his emotions broke through a lifetime of stoicism. “But you’re even more incredible, aren’t you? Jack here, he was worried about you!”

“W-well, haha, Gosha was worried more than anyone, Legoshi, I swear,” Jack boomed up above, as though Legoshi really needed the support.

“Is now really the time for this?” Pina huffed, as another shockwave crashed past, this one so big that even Jack pitched sideways, carrying them all with. “Louis is still growing!”

One cervine foot slid, dragging a swath of ruin through the ocean as Louis hunched low and moaned into his own chest muscles, booming angrily to a stunning 2,500 miles, his body nearly 1,600 miles across with pure bulk. The only reason his feet hadn’t rolled right over the lot of the other giants was merely due to Louis’ positioning and stance, his feet hardly dipping into entire seas, as though it were a curving puddle. Which, really, it was.

Then, after all the maelstrom and ruin and sound and thunder, it all stopped. One last displacement rushed by the lot before an eerie, unhappy silence overtook all.

Louis’ phenomenal girth settled with a final, tight flex, before the god-deer twitched, flared his nostrils up in space…and let out a sigh of glimmering, golden smoke.

Louis stood, erect and swollen, at 2,600 miles tall. Twenty-six hundred.

The day had been a keeper, and then some: just that afternoon, the world had contended, rather awkwardly, with the arrival of giants as big as buildings. As if that hadn’t been the whole menu, they had to contend with mile-high beings by late midday.

Now, a new kind of night had fallen, and might likely remain for all time.

Louis stood atop the entire hemisphere, as a 325-mile long foot found the other side of the entire country, slamming down so hard that the globe tilted in slow motion. It alone would

have taken any of the military's escape shuttles about 5 hours to traverse, *at top speed*. The 4 he had worn so much of his life would have taken 3.5 hours to cross.

2,600 miles. Just under fourteen million feet.

Louis' head, all 339 miles of it, loomed over boundless pecs in the upper atmosphere, sucking it in coldly through a nose big enough to fit multiple cities in each nostril.

A state-sized hand reached slowly up, and up, and up, thumping wonderfully on a pectoral so massive it took almost all of his arm's reach to get to it.

He looked around and saw the world drop off to a humble taper on either side of him, the slope of the very planet his to judge, to embarrass with his own size. A pretender exposed, it seemed merely laughable now. Cute.

His erection billowed out as it hit him: Louis was a third the size of the entire world.

He was moon-sized. No…*bigger*, actually. ***BIGGER***.

"HMNH," he puffed, his smile returning in full. It crept even higher after, his glowing eyes crackling with power as he flexed again, just to feel it, just to feel his pecs surge obediently tighter, wider, blowing up against his neck and chin as he shuddered.

"He's so big," Jack gulped, biting his lip as he too stared up into space. "I'm not even a doll to him…but it feels like it's only right that we engage, right? At our size? We're the nearest to him in height."

"It's not like he's stopped being Louis," Pina sighed, ruffling his thick wool as he edged along Legoshi's arm. "Just talk to him, already."

"We're not saying he stopped being himself," Haru countered, looking down over her sheer bulk at the impressed sheep. "If anything, that's…probably the core problem."

"R-right," Legoshi added, backing her up from above.

"He must be a classmate, then?" Gosha added, as Legoshi glumly nodded.

“Oh, I’ll talk with him, it’s fine,” Juno chirped, pulling everyone’s attention. “We’ve done enough working together in the Drama club, I know how to talk to him. Frankly, I’m the only actor that doesn’t annoy him. No offense, Legoshi.”

“B-but I’m in lighting,” the much bigger wolf grumbled, looking away.

“Do you *want* to talk to him, then?” the female laughed, raising her brow, not hiding how nice it was to feel a little more in charge of the moment.

“Eh…that is, ah. No.”

90 miles tall or not, it was flat-adorable.

“I’m sure you could talk things out with him, Legoshi, have some faith in yourself,” Gosha chimed in, surprisingly firm. “I know it’s something you can do.”

“Eh, sir,” Pina started, clearing his thick throat. “He tends to just end up making Louis yell and fume a lot. Wouldn’t a better show of faith be to trust your grandson’s judgment?”

Gosha cocked his scaly head the tiniest bit, flicking his tongue, before nodding slowly.

“I see.”

“It’s completely fine, at any rate, haha,” Juno concluded, the huge wolf sliding casually down Legoshi’s arm, slipping over the ridges of massive furred abs, and leaping off onto Jack’s even bigger thigh. “Just let me smooth all this out, and make sure we’re good. I’m sure we’re all still friends here!”

“Should we maybe…stop her?” Haru mumbled, glancing up to Legoshi. “I know what Louis is like when he’s worked up. It’s actually worse when he’s faking self-control.”

Legoshi was nearly stupid enough to ask how she knew that, when the image of the deer leaving her garden shack hit him, and hit just hard enough to shut him up.

“You’re from Cherryton too, then?” Pina asked, stepping right up to the bigger rabbit.

“Oh. Oh, y-yeah, hah. Pleased to meet you.”

“Ah, you’re a student, like my grandson, I see,” Gosha laughed, getting only slightly closer to them as Juno thudded to the ground below, and sauntered toward the hulking god-deer.

“Ah, I…am, yes,” Haru stumbled, cutting Legoshi several very fast looks, even by rabbit standards. “Y-you’re Legoshi’s…Grandfather?”

“I am, haha!” the old lizard rumbled, suddenly doting and warm again. “Do you attend any of the same classes?”

“Eh, not as such, no.”

Legoshi’s massive face paled a few tones, a thick gulp slipping down a bulging throat.

“Ah, G-Grandpa, this is Haru,” he nervously wheezed, his ears whipping back as Jack watched from higher up. “Haru, my Grandpa, Gosha.”

Haru, seeing nothing more from Legoshi, withheld a sigh, and instead shook the smaller giant’s scaly hand.For the moment, there was sense enough in leaving it at that.

JACK, 8:15 PM

Being perhaps a bit too big to fully absorb the conversation below, Jack’s mind and eyes had started to wander over to Juno and her quest. He was just able to see over the massive curve of his shoulder muscles as the 5-mile wolf padded over the turf, looked over at the smaller Yahya (so *that’s* where he had jumped off to), spoke to him a moment, then continued on her way.

The math quickly unfolded in the labrador’s head.

520. Louis was five-hundred and twenty times Juno’s size, big as she was.

This was a terrible, *terrible* idea.

“Why is she okay with this?” Jack murmured, so huge that it still rumbled out powerfully, pulling everyone’s attention up to his sky-sized muzzle. “What could she possibly–”

Then, it happened. Juno reached the mountain range nearest the Louis’ landscape-toe’s outer slope, and stopped in place. As she did, Jack felt a tiny rumble start up, inside of him, rising slowly but surely in power, and his ears flicked back. It came, then went…for the moment.

“Uh-oh.”

JUNO, 8:15 PM

"Hmm-hmm, this should do," the wolf huffed, her massive tail swishing eagerly. "Let's see *any* male ignore all *this* for long…"

She brought a colossal hand up slowly, deliberately, and cupped her fat nipple tight. The other, the same. She exhaled as both hands compressed into the teats, bulging them in against swollen areola, until her torso-sized bust dimpled bigger, wider. Thick thumbs teased the rims of her trembling nipples as she bit her lip, grinned smugly, and began to *rumble* all over.

"T-that's right," she growled, narrowing her eyes. "You think I'll r-really let myself stay sidelined, all through this? Humph! How funny!"

Again, she squeezed, torturously teasing her burning flesh, tickling and tap-tapping and tracing her claw tips just over herself. Again, the body trembled, responding by stretching noisily out, twitching, then exploding out in size.

Far off, Jack gawked, watching intently as Juno suddenly *rumble-boomed* up a full, whopping mile in size–then, another. And another, still. At 10 miles in size she spread her heaving thighs wider, then reached down and played at her puffy crotch, her form rattling happily as she pushed its growth harder, and harder, and harder.

"Nowhere n-near big enough," she faux-pouted, wagging faster. "Let's…puh-pick up the pace a bit!"

Skyscraper-sized claws slipped into her vent, hooked, and touched the *scream*-region. Turns out, it was well-named.

"HuoaaaAAAAAH!"

10 miles rocketed, unceremoniously–even *angrily*–to 20, Juno's size doubling instantaneously. Her feet crashed down into the hills below, each one over two miles long and several thousand feet wide across the heels, upending tons of blasted dirt and crushed forestry as she howled. Her oversized bosom blew out even larger, rolling up, perking, then sagging gently by an inch against her growing rib cage as she let her tongue flap out, shuddered, and burst to 40 miles, doubling yet *again*.

Ogma was the first of the two to look, though Yahya followed right after.

"Hmm," both of them simultaneously snorted, each for different reasons.

“A trigger, no doubt,” Ogma muttered, more to himself, watching closely, before being pulled away by the bigger horse.

“Never you mind,” Yahya ordered, using his own vision to still watch from the periphery. “Just be a good executive, until the chopper gets here.”

“Melon had his own trigger, didn’t he,” Ogma continued, absorbed entirely. “Pain, it seemed. Naturally, the rock fuels its own baseline growth, we saw that…we’ve felt it, even. Hmm. Fascinating. Yet, this innate trigger…compounds it? No…sub-spurts? Hmm.”

“Quiet, I said.”

“Louis’ trigger is dignity, no doubt,” Ogma sniffed, “same as myself.”

“Or pride. More importantly, you have *no proof* of *any* of this. So hush up.”

“Yours must be justice or revenge, or some dramatic puffery, I imagine.”

The slightest tremble tore through Yahya at the thought of getting bigger, the more passionate he grew about catching wrongdoers and the like. Ogma chuckled, easily able to feel it race through the bulging equine.

“Hmph. Imagine me, towering over you so thoroughly, yet again,” the old stag murmured darkly, his body starting to shiver, his fur bristling up. “Wouldn’t that be something to be proud of, hmm?”

“You even *try* talking yourself up bigger, and I’ll just lay you out cold.”

The trembling in Yahya surged, his near-black muscles stretching bigger.

“Hmm, not enough to elicit a major reaction,” Ogma sighed, “but the path seems to bear out, doesn’t it? Good to know.”

Juno howled a second time, harder, making them both look as the female erupted bigger again, and again, plunging her entire hand into her lips as she blasted to 80 miles, nearly as big as Legoshi. She now towered with ease over the stag and horse, making Yahya gulp as he pulled his captive away with him.

“We’re moving,” he huffed, brusquely yanking Ogma along. “We’ll intercept the chopper instead, forget this.”

“If you say,” Ogma replied, dryly.

Juno looked back to see Jack, all of him, and smiled. At first, it was from knowing she was only a fraction of Jack’s vast scope, but as her sights narrowed to Legoshi, the wolf’s wide eyes staring back, her satisfaction skyrocketed.

“T-that’s muh-m-more like…iiiiiiit-tt-t!”

She screamed as her form exploded bigger, spreading her soft brown fur everywhere in aggressive pulsating bursts. Her breasts roared down toward her widening hips, thick nipples inflating too large, slipping wetly out from her grasping, growing hands.

Her rear pumped wider, wider, her vent sucking back against her entire fist as she surged to 160 miles, more than half Jack’s size, making the labrador jerk back as he scooted away. His massive rear dug through the ranges, scrubbing them with his impossible weight as he whined and watched Juno tremble, then blast up to 320 miles, soaring bigger than even he!

“A…a trigger?” Jack muttered, eyes darting as he watched her billow in size. “It’s a trigger! I-it has to be…what is it, emotional? P-physical?”

“How do you know?” Legoshi asked, his ears perking as Jack’s body began to tingle worse and worse.

“Basic observation, Legoshi, come on,” Jack groaned, before closing his eyes and scrunching his massive muzzle. “G-guh, it’s the only thing t-that makes sense, considering!”

Legoshi suddenly felt it, that tingle racing through Jack’s huge form.

“Eh, er, Jack…don’t tell me…”

The towering canine snorted out a blast of heat, then sighed.

“I-I got it, I’m o-okay, heh. I t-think. I just calmed down a little. Okay, working theory, Legoshi, but…I think we’re all growing at a certain rate, at intervals, no matter what we do. But, if we hit on specific triggers, each of us can grow further, up to a point. Juno didn’t keep growing, after all, I saw her. So…even if we’re totally still and don’t stimulate ourselves at all…we’ll eventually keep growing. But when triggered–”

Suddenly, Legoshi was the one trembling. Which made Jack tremble back.

"Gah," the gray wolf huffed, Haru hugging into him, Gosha staring in surprise. "Erf…s-so, just sitting still won't help much, i-in the long run, you mean?"

"Right," Jack moaned, throbbing harder, his pulses echoing against them all.

"Legoshi," Gosha started, the old komodo putting a hand on his grandson's bicep. "Do you trust this Louis character to take over like this?"

"Er," Legoshi mumbled, making a face. "I mean."

"So, no," the reptile finished, nodding calmly, even as he too began to rumble deep. "I won't tell you what to do, but…bigger or not, if you feel he needs to be challenged, then you should at least try."

"He's right, Legoshi," Haru added, cuddling in supportively. "We can reason with him, I'm sure of it!"

"Whatever we do, can we just not be huddled like this?" Pina muttered. "It's getting so warm, all this body heat, good grief. I didn't think we could be atop the planet, and still crowding each other out."

Legoshi bit his lip, the rumbling in him getting worse, and worse.

"Well…I mean, I don't want to start fights, especially with an herbivore…maybe we can just talk him down, then?"

At 350 miles even, Juno finished; given her enthusiasm, it was fairer to say that her body finished, and no amount of pleasuring would increase the latest spurt any.

"Oh," she moaned, licking her massive muzzle over hotly. "Can't we do better? Eh, fine then, fine. Hmph. I'll try again in a minute, maybe I just need a break to build back up, heh. Anyway…"

The state-sized female straightened up her huge back, her spine curving like a country-spanning river as her breasts bounced high and settled with the slightest wobble. Even

standing so close to the titanic deer, she only managed to come up to the nadir of Louis' shin. Still, it was nothing she couldn't work with.

"Louis. Louis! Down here, hey!"

Even to her, it was difficult to see the end of the male. Her eyes stole wincing glances of the buck's pillar-long erection, cast out over the coast for miles and miles.

"LOUIS! IT'S ME, JUN–"

The decibel equivalent of a falling truck slammed down onto Juno, nearly knocking her to the shaking firmament as pure sound attacked in response.

"GHK!"

Even the mountainous female wobbled, then took a pained knee as the force shot through her, down into the ground, an unsought full-body massage on overdrive.

She forced her head up through the pressure and roaring, to see what she thought was the near-transparent form of Jouis' muzzle up in space, moving up and down, the mouth opening and closing.

Words.

Words.

Louis was so powerful…*his words* were too big to hear.

METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT
FLOOR 57

MIENAI, 8:18 PM

The zebra's foot drummed the floor of Yahya's apartment like a piston as he stayed by the phone, breathing heavily. He had gotten more calls in the last hour and a half than he had in the past week, and not one of them was his boss's ringtone. He had stopped answering twenty minutes ago, having gone selectively deaf to the *breep breeps* on the dining table; as such his hearing went elsewhere, right to the mounted television nearby:

"And still nothing back from the city's officials regarding the escalating growth spurts of multiple confirmed giants; city evacuations across thirty eight counties are now confirmed complete, with surprisingly little to no injuries or fatalities repor–everyone, we have an update!"

At this the zebra whipped around, nearly toppling his chair, lasering in on the set.

"Experts here at our international satellite are reviewing footage of another giant, one that is addressing it directly! Ah, he…okay, we have validated the identity, the enormous horse is none other than P.D. figurehead and former Beastar, Yahya! O-onscreen comparisons put him at…t-three point seven-five m-miles tall…God. Ah, er, though we have no way of capturing audio from him, Yahya has been confirmed by our staff to be speaking to us. Lip readers translated his motions as thus:

Meany? T-take a chopper Northwest, right now. Bring the…cookie? I need a boost?

Hmm. Well, we're putting this out to Meany, whoever or wherever they are. Really, Sharon, a cookie?"

Another voice, a female one, answered more calmly:

"Likely Yahya attempting to wrangle an intensifying situation, Clark. My money is on him trying to subdue that deer. Hence, the boost he mentioned."

"Right, that. Folks, or to those just tuning in, reports have also included a male red deer, now standing at an estimated 2,500 m…miles–"

"He's the size of the moon, and nude, they all saw. He's standing on the entire planet like it's a big couch, if he even moves wrong, we could all–"

"Er. Folks, we here at Channel Five will remain at our posts until the bitter en–"

The station they were filming at, likely an underground standby, shook violently, lights rattling on and off, stands thrown, papers shuffling loose.

Mienai felt the same shock right after as the entire city rumbled and teetered in a wave of pure sound. Nine million thunderstorms tore through, raw bass and booming force battering the world, rising and falling, stopping, then rolling out again, over and over.

Lights flickered off across the city, now walled in with a chunk of the coastline between a vast, vast wall of fur; not one citizen could process that they were all literally in between one set of immeasurably big toes.

After a minute, more or less, the fury subsided, the city blinking back to life through the high rise windows. Mienai shakily found a table leg and pulled himself back up from under it as the report (shakily) continued:

"G-good Lord…Sharon, you…okay? Okay, I'm fine, I'm alright. Everyone? Okay. Okay, folks…we're being told that…just now…that was not an earthquake."

Mienai was already out the door, phone in hand, calling in the chopper. The TV played on after he exited, not bothering to close the door behind him:

"We're being told by space station observance staff that…t-that was the male deer, the buck. H-he was talking. T-to us…We're translating now, as fast as we can…p-please, stay in your bunkers, and be patient…"

THE ENTIRE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

LOUIS, 8:18 PM

"TO ALL MY LITTLE ANIMAL BROTHERS DOWN BELOW, ON THIS LITTLE PLANET."

Louis stopped for just a moment, struck by how insanely strong and huge his quietest words proved to be, in the uttering. He had even accounted for it, and still been surprised. His vast eyes lidded as he sighed out a cloud of energy, then calmly resumed, even softer:

"I APOLOGIZE. THAT WAS TOO LOUD. I'M STILL ADJUSTING TO MYSELF. BUT YES, HELLO. THIS IS LOUIS, HEIR TO THE HORNS LEGACY AND…*FORMER* CHERRYTON ACADEMY STUDENT. HEH. OBVIOUSLY, YOU ALL CAN SEE ME. YOU ALL ARE AWARE THAT THIS NEW PHASE OF ANIMAL EXISTENCE IS HERE, AND FRIGHTENINGLY FAST IN ITS ARRIVAL. WELL, I'M AS SURPRISED BY IT AS ANY OF YOU, I PROMISE."

This wasn't the school auditorium, but he was too well-trained in public speaking not to measure out his timing and beats. A single massive, smug smirk stole in at his own programming. At least it had some residual use.

"HMM. IT SEEMS MY CANDIDACY FOR BEASTAR IS NOW SOMETHING OF A MOOT POINT. FRANKLY…I COULD CARE LESS ABOUT IT. I THINK ANYONE WOULD UNDERSTAND, GIVEN ALL…*THIS*. NOT THAT I'M HERE TO TALK ABOUT IT, MIND. NO. I ONLY PREFACE THE REAL POINT: AS BEASTARS AND SCHOOLS AND COMMITTEES AND GOVERNANCE ARE NO LONGER RELEVANT–AND, LOOK AT ME, YOU **KNOW** THEY AREN'T–I HEREBY REPLACE MY BID FOR BEASTAR WITH A NEW TITLE, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY."

To be honest, Louis hadn't gone in knowing the word he would choose. In a rather brazen test of his own free will, he let it come on the fly:

"SAVIOR."

His erection was so far off from the space station and satellites that they had no chance of detecting how much bigger and harder it groaned, at the saying of that one word. Sure, the entire country and coastline saw, but what were they going to do?

"I WANT TO TAKE THIS SURREAL NEW MOMENT TO INTRODUCE MYSELF EN MASSE, AND PROPOSE A RADICAL REACTION TO THIS PHASE. I WANT THE GOVERNMENT, IN ONE LAST MATERIAL ACT, TO SEND A SPACE CREW UP TO ME. ALL THE WAY UP HERE, TO MY FACE. YOU WILL PROVIDE THE CREW WITH PROPER BREATHING APPARATUS, WHEREIN THEY WILL CONDUCT A TEST. ONLY THEY CAN CONFIRM A SUSPICION OF MINE, AS I CAN BREATHE EASILY UP HERE, BUT DON'T KNOW IF MORTALS CAN."

He had let the word slip out, and only chided himself for a millisecond.

"PLEASE ASCEND TO ME AS FAST AS YOU REASONABLY CAN, AND CONDUCT A FULL ATMOSPHERIC TEST. GIVEN THAT I CAN BREATHE IN SUCH LIMITED TO NO AIR, I SUBMIT THAT I AM PRODUCING MY OWN. IF THE TEST BEARS THIS OUT…I OFFER A NEW WORLD TO ALL OF YOU THAT ARE WILLING TO ABIDE IN IT. ME."

Louis could hear the chattering and clamour of his presumed audience in his head. There was no way there wasn't either an uproar or dead silence, down below. Either way.

“UNDERSTAND, LITTLE ONES,” he soft-bellowed, getting harder and tighter at the words he spoke next. “THE EMERGING PATTERN OF THE DAY IS PAINFULLY CLEAR: THOSE OF US THAT HAVE BECOME GIANTS ARE STILL GROWING BIGGER. RAPIDLY, IN FACT. AGAIN, BELIEVE WHAT YOU SEE. IN THAT SPIRIT OF HONESTY: I’M GROWING BIGGER. BEYOND A DOUBT, I WILL CONTINUE TO GROW. AND GROW. AND GROW. THERE IS NOTHING TO FOUND ANY OTHER IDEA UPON. I *WILL* OUTSIZE THIS PLANET, AND SOON. IF YOU WISH TO START A NEW WORLD, A *BETTER* WORLD, THEN PLEASE, CLIMB ABOARD. LIVE ON ME, AND I WILL SHOW EVERY ONE OF YOU A BETTER EXISTENCE! EVERY SINGLE HERBIVORE WILL THRIVE, AT LONG LAST.”

There was no use in delaying the qualification, after all. Best to rip the bandage off, quick and clean.

Far below, even the biggest animals had no hope of understanding the tonnage of bass coming out of Louis’ huge muzzle. Not even they came close to him–a thought that made his erection tremble at the tip with delight.

“THAT IS ALL. I WILL REMAIN RIGHT HERE FOR YOU, FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING AND INTO THE NIGHT. I RECOMMEND TAKING ONLY WHAT YOU FEEL YOU NEED, SUCH AS FOOD AND PROVISIONS. ONCE I AM POPULATED, WE CAN MOVE ONTO APPORTIONING BUILDING MATERIALS AND THE LIKE, SO THAT YOU CAN ALL BUILD ANEW ON ME. I’LL LEAVE NO GOOD HERBIVORE BEHIND, IF THEY’RE WILLING TO ADHERE TO ME AND MY STRENGTH ALONE. TO…SUBMIT.”

It was now or never.

“I’LL BE CLEAR, SO LET ME REPEAT THAT. ABANDON THIS ROTTEN WORLD IF YOU WANT TO UNITE WITH STRENGTH AND DIGNITY–WITH ME. UNDERSTAND, I WON’T LIE TO YOU. NOT ONE OF YOU. I DON’T NEED TO LIE. STAY HERE AND SQUABBLE OVER CARNIVORE RIGHTS AND HERBIVORE ETIQUETTE ALL YOU WANT, IF YOU INSIST, AND STAY SMALL, WHILE I GROW.”

Know when to quit. Best rule of speaking.

“THAT IS ALL. YOU ALL KNOW WHERE TO FIND ME. ALL PASSAGE TO ME WILL BE FREE. DON’T BOTHER CHARGING. MONEY IS NOW POINTLESS.”

To his own surprise–even astonishment–the fire inside roared even larger, free at last.

OUTER LUPO VERDE RANGE, EAST-ISH

YAHYA, 8:22 PM

Far below, on that same little petty planet, the horse waited.

The vocal cataclysms from on high faded grudgingly, the after-tremors lingering across a wracked horizon, leaving Yahya and Ogma to resume their impromptu trek. Yet again, he found himself having to force the stag along–not from resistance or trouble, but because Ogma kept looking back at the living tower his adopted son had become.

“He’s like a pillar into the heavens,” Ogma sighed, grinning crookedly. “A bridge.”

“He is big,” Yahya admitted, almost picking Ogma up this time.

“Really, Yahya, there’s no shame in being open about it. He’s astonishing, isn’t he? Everything a true herbivore should be, in a world such as this.”

“He’s just proof that herbivores can be insane, too.”

“Oh? You don’t even know what he was proposing up there, do you?”

“None of us could decipher that much sound. You don’t know it wasn’t something nuts. Tell me, does anyone get to be as big as the moon, and stay humble?”

“Haha. Perhaps not–”

“Finally!”

Ogma’s ears perked, the stag rearing his head back up against Yahya’s bulging chest, bumping antlers to overinflated pecs as the equine waved down a teeny glimmering light in the distance with a relieved whinny.

“I really don’t see what any help you call for can do,” Ogma muttered, just before he felt Yahya shove him away.

“Mienai! Get closer, and toss it in!” Yahya mouthed, so as not to alert Ogma.

The chopper drew in nearer as the zebra sat shotgun, hearing a reader in the back with binoculars read the horse’s huge lips.

“He wants us to toss it in?” the reader shouted over whining rotors, making Mienai gulp nervously. “What’s that mean?”

“It means, throw this into the boss’s mouth, once we’re close enough,” Mienai shouted back, pantomiming the actions to the confused employee.

“This thing? He…he wants a cookie!? Why!?”

“Just do it! We’re closing in!”

Yahya had been imposing, to be sure, during his entire tenure as a Beastar, as well as their direct superior; never had it been a more literal read than now, though, as the sky-consuming horse filling their visions, seeming to get bigger and bigger the closer they sped. Every few seconds it looked like they were set to crash right into his bulk, yet still he drew bigger, closer–they had to remind themselves that he was just that large now.

On Mienai’s orders a red flare shot out, just bright enough to signal Yahya.

“Hah, clever boy,” he snorted, understandingly opening his maw.

There was obviously no way to know if a 4-inch cookie was impacting his tongue, given he was 3.75 miles tall…but he knew Mienai was the sort to–

A green flare blasted, interrupting, and Yahya closed his enormous muzzle, flexed in preparation, then swallowed whatever had landed inside.

“Is this what we bothered to move away for, Yahya?”

Yahya hadn’t felt a thing, as expected, on swallowing. Still, he knew his staff.

“You’ll see, in a minute.”

It was considerably less than a minute before Ogma saw Yahya’s body began rumbling dangerously, deep and powerful within.

“Wait,” Ogma began, narrowing his eyes slightly. “Did…”

“Louis isn’t going to *stay* the herbivore overlord, Ogma. S-sorry–”

A thick, muffled boom swelled inside as Yahya pumped out in size, blowing up in front of Ogma with enough *oomph* to knock the deer off his massive feet.

"Y…you do understand, that won't be enough," Ogma huffed, the bulky stag getting back onto his feet, trying to get the words up to the growing stallion before they went inert. "Whatever you just took, it hardly looked large enough to give–"

Yahya's stretching hide groaned as he billowed clear up to 10 miles, visible undulations coursing through bulging muscle. The male's body blasted even bigger immediately after, uncaring, indifferent to the deer's logic as it ballooned to 25 miles, shook harder, strained out rubber-tight, then *exploded* to 50.

"WHY…NOT…TRRRRYYYYYY!?"

Yahya's words mingled with the further cracking of the earth below, his swelling black feet crashing down, and down, and down into deepening craters. Their rims spilled toward Ogma, forcing the deer to back away as the quaking horse's bulk boomed too large for his frame.

The sheer impact of his growth blew air back in hot waves, shoving the speck-sized chopper back into a whirl of panic. The pilot blocked Mienai's orders out as reflex took hold of the stick, the helicopter spinning wild as they went completely off course.

JUNO, 8:23 PM

"Don't you ignore me, Louis!"

There was a certain irony to the fact that Juno hollered this while looking down, effectively away from Louis. But God, it was all she could do.

The aftershock of the deer's words had been so close that the wolf's ears were still ringing for it, leaving her wobbling in place. Colossal as she was, Juno was still so tiny that simply being spoken down to hurt, forcing her to cover her lupine ears and wince at the landscape underfoot.

That, as it happened, was how she finally noticed them.

"Hmm?"

With Louis staying in place (per his unheard proposal) it was easier to realize what she was seeing: four giants were strewn around the vast deer's feet, poleaxed, out cold. Moreover, Juno *knew* them. Well, more or less.

"What in the…B-Bill!? Riz?"

There her classmates were, bear and tiger, as well as a female rabbit with a harlequin pattern she knew she had seen before, not to mention–

"Cosmo!?"

The massive okapi lay still, slumped sideways against the wall of Louis' foot, partially buried in thick brown follicles. To see her, of all animals, in any kind of submissive state was a bigger shock than anything else. And that was saying everything.

Compared to Juno, all four of them were minute, just large enough to be seen at all. Not one of them breached 2 miles in size, making Juno, well…*bigger*. They were nearly ants, really.

"Does Louis even know?" she wondered, before thooming over to the great deer's foot, itself just slightly larger across than she stood tall. "Let's see…if I'm very careful, I think I can…"

Remembering what Pina had said made Juno far less worried about harming them as she pinched down over each little giant, and gathered them up. It wasn't about being too rough, it was a matter of accuracy.

"Okay, that's three…"

As she leaned over the entire foot to reach Riz, her bosom mashing and rolling across immense toes, another blast of raw sound hammered down on her, buzzing through his foot and the earth itself.

She looked up, and saw two dark, brilliant eyes up in space, straining to get past the full bulk of an overloaded chest.

"E-eep!"

All pretense at confidence vanished as Louis' attention finally drifted to her–and even his attention felt like bearing a mountain.

“L-LOUIS!” she roared, or tried to, watching the deer’s vast eyes slowly blink. “I-IT’S ME, J-JUNO!”

There was no confusion in the god’s huge eyes. Just a kind of bemused tiredness.

There was just enough of his muzzle visible as it moved, before another burst of sound smashed down at her, making her huge legs tremble.

“AH…UH, I-I CAN’T…YOU’RE T-TOO BIG, LOUIS…”

Louis’ ears flicked; far up and away, the buck’s gargantuan erection bulged even tighter, its tip nearly unseen in the atmosphere. Given the reaction, it was clear he had heard that much.

A hand as big as her whole body descended, without asking. In seconds, Juno was ensnared in warmth, great fingers and thick palms covering her tight. Motion followed as she wriggled in the dark of his grip, before there was light and space and a sudden field of fur.

She shook her head and looked around, sitting on top of a set of pectorals so monstrous that the pillowed just the tiniest bit under even her titanic weight.

“CAN YOU HEAR ME BETTER, THIS WAY?”

“Ah, y-yes!” the toy-sized wolf answered, automatically.

Louis’ muzzle and eyes and ears and antlers were all she could see beyond his pecs, attached by a fantastically thick neck. All that mass shifted as Louis merely cocked his head again, lidding his eyes halfway.

“SO, YOU TOO THEN, JUNO,” Louis rumbled, his words vibrating up under her rear, through his chest. “THAT’S YET ANOTHER CARNIVORE THAT’S TOO LARGE.”

“W-well, speak for yourself,” Juno frumped, cutting a scowl. “You’re way more capable of damage, at your size, aren’t you?”

Louis’s eyelids rose, and a strange grin stole over his muzzle.

“HAH. SAY WHAT YOU LIKE. IT’S NOT LIKE IT MATTERS.”

Juno weighed a lot of things going forward very, very carefully.

“At your size, nothing probably matters anymore,” she huffed, switching tacts. “I had come here to speak with you, but if you’re just going to dominate…”

She could hear Louis’ erection swelling even bigger, far down below, sending a feedback pulse through his tightening muscles as he grinned wider.

“LIKE THERE’S A NEED TO. DIDN’T YOU JUST SAY SO?”

The wolf gulped, eyes darting. This really wasn’t going how she figured. Granted, she hadn’t figured far enough to have particulars, but she knew this wasn’t it.

“WHAT DID YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT, THEN, JUNO.”

“Ah. Erm. I want to know what you’re up to.”

“IF CLASS WAS CORRECT…I’D SAY, *THE EXOSPHERE*.”

Juno’s fears were dissolving as wave after wave of irritation broke through.

“I mean, what are your intentions, at this size! You’re so big, you can’t even move without reshaping the earth, so what’s your plan? Just stand here and be colossal? What about us, down below?”

“YOU DIDN’T HEAR? AH, TOO BIG. HRM. I’M GIVING THOSE THAT WISH TO START A NEW, BETTER WORLD TIME ENOUGH TO TRAVEL TO ME, SO THAT HERBIVORES CAN BE PROTECTED IN MY GLORY.”

At that, Louis sneered the slightest bit.

“AND, TO ANSWER THE REST…WHAT ABOUT YOU?”

“Huh?”

“I SAID, ‘WHAT ABOUT YOU’. YOU KNUCKLE-DRAGGING CARNIVORES CAN STAY ON THIS LITTLE BALL AND BEAT EACH OTHER UP, FOR ALL I CARE. YOU CAN DO WHATEVER.”

“Wah…w-we’re classmates, Louis!” Juno balked, openly.

“WERE.”

“Y-you really think the others will just let you boss the populace around, now that you’re in power?”

“YOU WERE ALL FINE WITH ME BEING A BEASTAR,” he boomed casually. “IS THERE SO MUCH OF A DIFFERENCE?”

“Yes!”

Louis kept grinning wider. *God, this was fun*.

LEGOSHI, 8:25 PM

“What?” Jack bellowed, his ears flicking up. “M-me?”

“You’re the biggest,” Legoshi offered, shrugging his huge shoulders. “Louis is literally the most likely to even hear you, right?”

“B-but you’re stronger!”

“Actually, you…kind of…are thicker than I am, now…”

So help him, Legoshi had the slightest blush, and Jack saw it. The labrador’s rumbling intensified terribly, rattling everyone else as he grit his teeth, wheezed, and started rumbling *bigger*. His thick hide blossomed out as he bulged all the way up to 310 miles, his bulk erupting to hulking proportions against pulling fur.

“I…gh, g-guess I a-am…”

Again, Jack shook, harder still, his muscle bound body groaning as it swelled out, and out. His pectorals burled against Legoshi, the shaking wolf hugging in tight as he too rumbled worse, spasmed, and *burst*.

“I-incredible!” Gosha gasped, clinging to his growing blood.

“This is really the opposite of what I meant,” Pina bleated, riding the boom of growth as Legoshi spilled bigger against Jack, blowing up to 160 miles, only for Jack to squeeze tighter into his best friend, blasting even bigger in reply, billowing loudly to 400 miles as the earth sank and snapped and crumbled.

“T-that means…so much…L-Legoshi,” Jack whimpered, his pink tongue slipping out as he made to dog-sneeze, but swelled tightly to 500 miles, instead. His back muscles detonated over him, his swollen yellow traps consuming his pillar neck as he roared into Legoshi’s pecs–just as the howling wolf exploded to 600 miles in one horrible gush. “T-to have…you say…t-that…”

“I-it’s the truth,” Legoshi moaned, only bigger than Jack long enough to say so, before Jack’s body groaned out larger, still, pumping and stretching wider, heavier, fuller, the labrador already 750 miles tall, his pectoral cleft swallowing Legoshi’s growing muzzle. “I-I’m sorry I wasn’t more available be-befHMMPH–”

“No, no, I didn’t w-want to interfere with you and Miss H…Haru,” Jack huffed, feeling Legoshi’s panting muzzle plunge bigger and deeper into his chest, the wolf’s upper pectorals blowing up under the lower curve of his own. “I j-just miss you–”

Legoshi howled so hard into Jack that the 800-mile behemoth trembled, making the blushing labrador howl up into space as Legoshi hugged him back dearly, shuddered, then exploded so massively that even Jack’s huge arms started to slide wider apart around him.

“I-I’m sorry I was so caught up,” Legoshi panted, the 1,000-mile titan’s muzzle rising up out of the dog’s cleft, his shaft pushing sideways against Jack’s as they hugged it out.

Haru had been shouting something throughout, the bulky female smothered between two surging walls of fluffed muscle and pure body heat. Pina, perhaps more wisely, had sim[ply clung with Gosha to Legoshi’s growing back bulk.

At 1,100 miles Legoshi stopped, giving off a last electric shudder as the landscape under and around them stopped shaking so hard. Jack, still a stunning 900 miles tall, pursed his lip and finally gave in, squeezing Legoshi lovingly-tight.

“I-it’s okay, heh,” the immense canine said, blushing. “How about we handle this together, then?”

Legoshi looked over at Louis, still considerably larger and stronger.

“Hehe,” he boom-chuckled, nodding. “Deal! Pack time!”

With that, both enormous males stood, and stood, and stood, each so large now that the simple act took time to commit to. The other giants hung on as Legoshi popped his back, making his abs and chest bulge out even larger before him, Jack dusting himself off as his golden bulk

twitched and rumbled. Their feet alone devoured whole mountains and valleys–at least what of them they could see, through so much cloud cover. Each of them could have had cities built on a hand or foot or *other parts*, and still have had room for road work and stops. They weren't just big, they required *planning* to navigate.

"Goodness, does it look different at this height," he murmured, still nervous, but managing. "It's like an alien world, isn't it?"

"It's home, is what it is," Legoshi replied, rolling his fantastically huge shoulders. "Let's go protect it."

That he made it through without any trailing off or stuttering made Jack's huge tail wag.

Mienai, 8:27 PM

"Oh, okay, okay," the pilot sighed, getting his air back as they sat in the chopper. "Everything checks, we're golden. Just went into kind of a tailspin there, from the pressure changes. I think those two dogs stopped growing, so…yeah, we seem safe to stay touched down for the moment."

"G-good work," Mienai muttered, the zebra still shaking as he clung to his seat, refusing to remove the buckle. "Wait, what dogs?"

"A wolf and a labrador, I think," the staff member behind them piped up, sounding strangely exhilarated. "There wasn't time to talk about it, sir, but…it's not just the deer out there. Or Yahya. Hopefully he wasn't smothered under those two, with how big they–"

"How big?" Mienai demanded, twisting around towards him.

"They…I dunno, sir. Not quite half as big, but close?"

"No wonder we didn't touch down for a few minutes there. I know that's height you're saying, not width…we should have been caught in their growth spurt…"

"We were blown pretty far off to begin with, actually," the pilot added. "Yahya's growth blasted us clear long before I pulled us out of the spin. Head start, basically."

"Ugh, this day," Mienai groaned, rubbing his temples.

“Don’t mean to pile, sir,” the staff member said, looking through their binoculars, “but I think someone had the same escape plan as us. There’s some kind of transit line farther off, a track, and–yessir, there! A tram is on the move, and it’s coming our way!”

Mienai’s ears twitched as the sound approached, then rose, then ground to a stop nearby, the train slowing down as it eventually passed them by and halted entirely.

The trio in the chopper watched (one listening) as the train door chimed, then opened, allowing an old owl and a capybara to climb out onto the dry brush.

“Hey!” Operative T shouted, waving the stilled helicopter down. “Hey, you! Help!”

Mienai’s ears perked again, before the zebra groaned.

“Oh, no.”

“M-Mienai, sir!” she blurted, saluting as she approached the chopper. “What in the world are you doing here, now?”

“Called over by Yahya, via an order over a surveillance satellite. You?”

“W-well, long story. This is a scientist from Delta, we had to book it on this military train-thing before those kids outgrew the entire area and smothered us. But sir, thanks to Yahya’s efforts, we did it! We synthesized a cure and brought it topside, we confirmed it works and everything!”

“What!?”

The zebra was out of his precious seat in a blink, stumbling out of the passenger’s side and grasping T by her shoulders, all as the owl puffed over, worn out and beat.

“I-it’s true,” the scientist said, nodding. “Data from the sister site proved to be adequate in creating a cure for the growth spurts. We were able to administer to Mister Ogma–”

“Then why in thunder didn’t you shrink all of them?” Mienai demanded, making the owl fluff out defensively.

“N-not enough cure to administer with.”

“Can you fly, sir?” Operative T interjected, suddenly intense. “If so, get us to wherever this bird wants! We can make more, ASAP!”

For the first time, Mienai softened. He went from grasping T to patting her shoulder, a smile starting up on his muzzle.

“Yes. Yes, yes we can! Hah! Excellent work, get in, get in! Where do you need to go?”

Far off, yet much too close, the ground shook. The newly-formed party turned to see the mountains crumble flat, clouds blasting high up around the heels of Legoshi as both he and Jack saw fit to stop standing and stretching up in space, and finally move.

“Anywhere else,” the owl huffed.

LOUIS, 8:27 PM

“REALLY?” the deer asked, cocking a brow high.

“That’s r-right,” Juno shot back, nodding fast. “They’re practically all gathered down there, on the planet; you just watch, they won’t just let you push the world around like this!”

“SO WHAT IF THEY ARE?” Louis rattle-spoke. “IF THEY’RE ONLY AS BIG AS YOU, THEN THAT’S…CUTE.”

“They’re all growing too, you know–”

“I’M SURE THEY ARE. BUT GIVEN THE PACE THROUGHOUT THE DAY…I DOUBT THEY’LL KEEP UP WITH ME. YOU CERTAINLY HAVEN’T.”

Juno fumed, wishing with every empowered fiber in her huge body that she could get bigger, right there and then. Even if that had meant pleasuring herself in front of him. Hell, maybe it would have flummoxed him, at least momentarily–

“HMM?”

Juno’s ears perked in time with Louis’ as the immense deer’s head turned to look down.

“OH. YOU.”

LEGOSHI, 8:27 PM

At 1,100 miles in size, Legoshi should have been a veritable god among animals. It wasn't so much that he wasn't–it was just, Louis was *godder*. At best, the towering wolf stood eartips with the red deer's upper thighs or groin, making it impossible for Louis' far, far larger shaft to keep out of Legoshi's periphery. Jack almost seemed to be standing behind Legoshi, partly out of admiration-tinge fear of Louis, and partly so the wolf blocked sight of that much maleness.

To Jack, Legoshi was actually slightly shorter than usual, as the labrador was that much taller, in context. Haru, Gosha and Pina all clung to Legoshi like the bugs he so adored; the same way Bill and company were bugs to Juno, they could only cling tight to the vastly larger male, hoping that he knew how best to handle being bigger than a third of the entire country, lengthwise.

It was a stretch. But then, a *lot* of things were stretching.

"I think he heard you, Legoshi," Jack muttered, shrinking back with a booming step as the deer glared down at them both.

"I'M NOT THAT SURPRISED YOU'RE HERE, HONESTLY, LEGOSHI," Louis rumbled, repressing a sigh, keeping it stored in his flared pecs instead. "JUST DISAPPOINTED."

"Ah, well," Legoshi stammered, fumbling his start, "I did notice you, y-yeah…"

"AND."

"Well, you know…don't you think you're getting too…you know, big?"

Louis just stared, waiting, his brow gaining weight as it slowly lowered in.

"AND YOU AREN'T?"

Legoshi sniffed, looking himself over.

"A little bit–"

"YOU CAME TO STOP ME. JUST GET TO IT, ALREADY."

“S-stop you?”

Legoshi and Jack exchanged looks as Louis’ brow fully knitted, a soft rumble building up inside of his mass as he waited, then huffed.

“GOOD–OKAY, LOOK. YOU’RE BIG ENOUGH TO HEAR ME NOW, RIGHT? THEN LISTEN: IT’S OBVIOUS WE’RE NOT LONG FOR THIS SHRINKING WORLD, SO I USED COMM SATS IN THE ATMOSPHERE TO PROPOSE A NEW ORDER. ALL HERBIVORES ARE FREE TO TAKE SHUTTLES ONTO MY BODY.”

“W-what!?” Jack groaned, stepping further back.

“You mean–”

“I’LL BE THE NEW PLANET, YES. JUST BECAUSE I’M STANDING HERE WAITING DOESN’T MEAN I WANT YOU TO WASTE MY TIME. IF YOU KNUCKLE-DRAGGING MEAT-BRAINS DON’T LIKE IT, THEN STAY HERE AND SIT ON THE ROCK. I DON’T REALLY CARE. I DON’T HAVE TO ANYMORE.”

Legoshi dug the words up, even as they buried themselves deeper.

“B-but that’s insane…”

“IT’S BEEN AN INSANE DAY, HASN’T IT.”

The rumbling built as Louis grew more agitated, by unsubtle degrees.

“Well…why can’t carnivores–”

“STAY PUT HERE AND JUST EAT ONE ANOTHER?” Louis finally roared, his muscles stretching angrily as pressure built up within him once again, rising and rising, making Juno gulp as she felt his heat spike under her. “AGREED, GREAT IDEA! BEST GET TO IT, AND LET THE GOOD ONES DO THEIR THING!”

“T-that’s not what I meant–”

“UGH, SHOO, ALREADY, WOULD YOU? GET LOST. JUST…GO.”

“Not going so good, is it?” Haru sighed, hugging tight to just one of Legoshi’s vine-thick hairs. “At this rate, Louis will brush him off the planet, to shut him up.”

“Would he really?” Gosha asked, hanging nearby, looking up at a female rabbit twice his massive size. “This Louis?”

Both she and Pina sighed, and nodded in sync.

“Legoshi hasn’t changed one bit, then,” Gosha laughed, still smiling up at the colossal male, an unmasked love seeping through. “I guess time at school and all the socializing didn’t do enough to help out.”

“Legoshi? Socializing?” Haru repeated, grinning some. “Well–”

Now Haru was the one rumbling, and badly.

“Oh.”

“Your turn, is it?” Pina moaned, swinging himself over to another follicle quickly. “You should move, Grandpa, before you get caught in the impact!”

“Oh,” Gosha murmured, blinking. “Haha, I suppose I ought–”

Haru erupted, there and then, an ocean of trembling bunny muscle bashing into the old lizard, sending him flying back as her breasts doubled in size, overflowing up past her mashed muzzle and flopping ears. Nipples big enough to kiss whole mountains flat buffeted out on either side as Gosha found himself consumed by rumbling fields of soft, colliding cleavage, lost to it as Haru screamed larger, and larger, and larger, and larger.

7 miles shudder-bulged messily to 18, her back bursting so wide and built and heavy that her old self could have stood across it, arms out, and still not bridged the distance they made. Nevermind the odds when she hiccupped and billowed to 50 miles, tensed tighter, tighter, huffed, then *boomed* to 140 right after.

Had she been on land, it would have been a dramatic explosion of muscle and curves and soft light fur; against Legoshi, however, she was only growing from a flea to an ant.

“Oh, good grief,” Pina huffed, the bulky sheep slipping from one follicle on accident, snagging another below just as Haru roared even larger, heaving in burning fits to 210 miles, filling the pace Pina had just vacated with untold muscle.

The rabbit was so full of bulk that her bust nearly vanished against the swell of the pectoral surges beneath them, only to explode so big afterward that they nearly blocked the rest of her; her muscles jealously exploded all the larger, shoving her pulsing chest up as she blasted up to 260 miles, shaking uncontrollably.

Her huge rump swelled lower and lower, practically chasing Pina down as he bleated and swung lower still.

"I-I've never been chased by a f-female l-like this," he gasped, his words drowned out as Haru frantically bellowed, spasmed harder, and exploded *even bigger*.

"I don't think this is working, Legoshi," Jack whined, shrugging his massive shoulders.

"I mean, I know," the wolf mumbled, "b-but we can't just leave, right?"

"WHAT ARE YOU TWO BABBLING OVER, DOWN THERE?" Louis snapped, staring the two dogs down, rumbling worse and worse. "DIDN'T I JUST TELL YOU TO LEAVE? GO ON! I PUT UP WITH YOU ALL THE TIME, SO GO!"

"N-no."

Jack was speechless first, though Louis went quiet right after. The deer's brow raised on one side, cocking incredulously.

"WHAT."

"N…no. You need to s-stop."

Louis just watched, gauging something he didn't see fit to clarify with words. When he did react, it wasn't in the way Legoshi saw coming. What was coming was something bigger.

Louis closed his eyes, flared his nostrils, then…twisted.

With a long, slow, surreal turn of the hips Louis swung his erection around, the tip taking time to bend and follow as it cut the upper atmosphere, swinging around over multiple beshadowed states as it passed like a meteor. Legoshi's eyes bulged for one instant as he understood, brought his huge arms up, and caught the brunt of the impact.

With the slightest of motions, Louis had interrupted the rebellion by letting his member swat the opposition, bumping the smaller giants away like nothing. Big as Legoshi and the stumbling Jack both were, the deer's erection was still just as big as them–a head bigger, it turned out. Monstrous testes dusted the abandoned edge of the coast as they moved, brushing the geography itself into a cloud as they did.

Legoshi's real scope of size had been muted in the wake of Louis', but as his 140-mile feet crashed back through the ruined terrain, hammering it more and more as he bumped into Jack, it was easier to remember how damned enormous they had become.

Toes as big as their home city dug into the earth, clenching as Legoshi regained his balance many, many miles back, Jack clinging to his thick arm to not fall over as they stabilized.

"D-did he just," Jack began, shaking all over from surprise.

"He did," Legoshi sighed, dusting himself off.

Were it a schoolyard, they would have been shoved a few yards back. At this scale, however, that stagger put over 1,300 miles of distance between them and Louis–effectively putting them halfway up the midwest of the country.

"Gosh, I hope evacuations kept going," Jack fussed, looking the terrain over nervously.

"It's been hours, I-I'm sure they're all below or in the air!"

"HOW PERFECT."

Both males looked back. Legoshi was the one who cried out.

"Oh!"

Louis plucked something soft and bulky and white up off of his massive length, holding it up by its neck.

"Is that…Miss Haru!?" Jack exclaimed, his ears rising up.

"Oh, no, no," Legoshi muttered, clenching his hands into fists.

"P-put me down, Louis!" Haru stormed, the 600-mile tall female trying to put all that vast muscle to fuller use as she dangled up by his chest. "This isn't funny!"

Juno grimaced at the sight of Haru nearly twice her size, and so much stronger…but she held words back, unsure of what to do as she remained on Louis' chest, *ignored*.

"YOU, HOWEVER," Louis started, the rumble subsiding as he grinned. "YOU CAN STAY, HARU. IN FACT, YOU'RE ENTIRELY WELCOME."

"I heard your nonsense a minute before, Louis," Haru groused, folding her immense arms so tight that her breasts bulged upward. "If you think I'm going to be party to any of it–"

"PARTY?" the huge deer chuckled, almost offended. "HARU…YOU'RE FIT TO BE QUEEN. YOU, I KNOW. YOU, I COULD TRUST. HERBIVORE WITH HERBIVORE. WHO CARES IF THEY ALL KNOW NOW?"

Legoshi put a nearly-finished equation together, solidifying what he had put out of his mind that morning at the Gardening Club. His fists tightened until they hurt.

"YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE SMALL. WEAK," Louis continued, his gargantuan voice lowering, warming. "IF I COULD RULE WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOU, IT'D BE…BETTER, I THINK. WE'RE INEVITABLY GROWING INTO SPACE, SO WHY NOT MAKE THE MOST OF IT?"

"Excuse me!?" Juno bellowed, at long last. "I'm right here!"

Louis looked down, without moving his head.

"WHAT ABOUT YOU?"

"EXCUSE ME–"

"Louis, forget her, and forget all this," Haru demanded, stony and firm. "If we can't stop getting bigger, and what's done is done, the best thing we can do is…just leave the planet. We should have kicked off out of orbit over an hour ago, it would've been the selfless thing to do."

Louis blinked, then smiled wider.

"SEE. I'M RIGHT. YOU'RE A VOICE OF REASON."

“I’m not being a part of some new-world supremacy,” Haru huffed, not an ounce of fear on the smaller rabbit. “And who’re you calling ‘weak’? Speak for yourself, if you’re so strong now. You don’t represent us. You never did.”

All the warmth drained right out as Louis’ brow crashed back down, all the way into a glare that could wither the Sun dead.

“...FINE.”

With that, Louis flung Haru off and out into the ocean, as though she were a dirty wrapper stuck to him too long.

“H-hey!” Haru yelled, the moment she impacted the ocean, angry and embarrassed.

Legoshi’s fur bristled so far out that he nearly seemed a third larger for it.

“L-Legoshi, let’s calm down,” Jack offered, pleading.

Some tiny, tingling little spider-thread at the back of Legoshi’s mind, one that had been straining tighter and tighter all day, *all his life*…snapped.

“LIKE I ALREADY SAID,” Louis grumbled, cold and removed, “NO ONE *HAS* TO JOIN ME IN THE NEW WORLD. ONLY THE BEST. AND LOOK.”

Far below, more and more blinking little lights rose in the darkness of the atmosphere, a small herd of them gathering as they slowly approached him.

“LOOKS LIKE THE BEST KNOW WHEN TO JUMP SHIP. HERE THEY COME NOW. HMH, THAT DIDN’T TAKE LONG AT A–”

Legoshi’s fist hit so hard that Louis’s massive jawline shook, gray knuckles embedding into the bigger deer’s cheek as he took a punch that could have shattered the hemisphere. The impact traveled miles and miles up through his antlers, his eyes closing, his neck snapping back as his entire body twisted from the transfer of momentum.

Legoshi seemed to leave the Earth as he remained airborne, willing his fist in deeper as the red deer thundered step by step out into the ocean.

All 2,600 miles, all 13,728,000 feet of cervine bulk slammed the ocean, crashing so hard that most of one ocean invaded the other. The entire planet tilted on an uneasy axis as aftershocks upset entire nations, power blinking out across the globe in a wave of darkness.

When Louis got both eyes open, there was Legoshi, fur flared out, a thorough and complete rage ballooning the wolf bigger and bigger atop him.

"DON'T"

At 1,500 miles, Legoshi's fist made a much bigger impression, the lupine swelling out of control as his right hook connected hard with Louis' face, making it whip the other way as the ocean floor cracked underneath them.

"YOU EVER"

1,800 miles–Legoshi's bulk exploded in a fervent series of blasting spurts, muscles overtaking muscles as his sex blew out against the deer's huge abs, up along his pectoral cleft, making the startled Juno dive into the water below as another bigger fist smashed into Loui's muzzle bridge.

*"**TOUCH** HER"*

Jack was *thooming* out into the displaced ocean after them, the labrador tackling Louis with a panicked cry of fear, pinning the deer's rising arm back down. At 900 miles, it turned out he was more than heavy enough to keep it there.

2,400 miles, and still growing, Legoshi pummeled Louis until the floor cracked.

"L-Legoshi, stop!" Haru bellowed, crawling over the entire ocean like it was a kiddie pool. "You got him, st-top!"

Louis' free arm begged to differ as it shot out and snatched Legoshi by his equally-thick, massive throat.

"I K-KNEW YOU…WERE WORTHLESS!" Louis bellowed, choking the wolf as he grew even larger over him, outsizing even the great Louis with another thundering burst of growth and bulk. "Y-YOU RIDICULOUS, STUPID, MANGY–"

"I got him!" Juno shouted, the wolf ballooning bigger, and bigger, over beside Louis's free arm. Even at 500 miles, then 700, the growing female struggled openly, nowhere near as big

or strong as the enraged deer. If anything, each flex of his arm nearly pulled her up out of the ocean as he strangled Legoshi, the incensed wolf not caring as he smashed Louis' jaw even harder, sending his head snapping back into the ocean floor yet again. Even still, Legoshi only surged bigger, and bigger, pouring off of the deer as his physique rumbled too big for the rest of him, blowing up so much that he looked ready to explode.

"K-keep him down!" Jack ordered, the labrador's body responsively growing and swelling the more he flexed and strained, as if growing to accommodate the struggle. To be fair, none of them had really had to, up until recently.

"H-hold on!"

Haru was just as big as Juno as the rabbit helped out, hugging Louis' massive arm alongside the wolf. Juno, pride be damned, took the help, and both growing girls pinned the arm down at last, prying it off of Legoshi as he furiously burst to 3,000 miles.

"We can't stay here like this!" Pina shouted, the Dall sheep rumbling as he tumbled out from Legoshi's fur, thudding down on Louis's belly, just between Legoshi's erection and the deer's. "Whatever you're all doing, just do it, and let's get off the planet, before it gets any worse!"

"I'm trying," Jack and Haru and Juno all said, each of them booming bigger against one another as they wrangled the enraged cervine.

"WORSE!?" Louis god-boomed, rumbling so bad that his fur bristled to match Legoshi's. "THAT'S ALL YOU *IDIOTS* DO, IS MAKE EVERYTHING WOOOOORSE!"

Louis's eyes glowed as his body shuddered violently, something terrible building up within him, the world shaking as the oceans around them stirred and frothed.

"H-he's gonna grow!" Pina fearfully baahed, even as he burst to 400 miles, Legoshi to 3,300, Haru to 1,300, Juno to 1,700, and Jack to 2,000. "P-punch him out or something, Legoshi, hurry! D-do something!"

"THIS IS EXACTLY WH-WHAT CARNIVORES DO!" Louis roared, his bulk burning hot as the pressure rose and rose, crashing so big inside that his hide visibly stretched out larger, throbbing, begging to detonate into madness.

"YOU'RE THE ONE TRYING TO TAKE OVER!" Legoshi shot back, fangs finally bared in full, still bigger and stronger at 3,500 miles, his body bulging up over the planet

steadily. “YOU PUT UP WITH US!? REALLY? WE PUT UP WITH EACH OTHER! THAT’S BEEN…THE ENTIRE…POINT!”

“Amen to that!” Bill shouted, the tiger leaping out of Juno’s fur as he blew up to 50 miles, then 90, doing his best to clutch (pointlessly) at Louis’ neck bulk. “Knock me out, will you!? I don’t care if you’re the club president, you’re going down!”

“OH, FOR–” Louis groaned, throbbing even harder as he thrashed.

“We’ll help how we can!” Cosmo added, sliding down Juno’s bigger arm and onto the deer’s voluminous pectoral. “Just keep on it!”

“C-Cosmo!” Juno yipped, wagging against Haru’s bulk.

“Is t-that Louis?” Mizuchi peeped, the rabbit staying buried in Juno’s fur, even as she too began to rumble bigger from excitement.

“We can all do this, everyone stay the course!” the growing okapi ordered, suddenly leading them all. “Keep your weight on him, take away his leverage!”

“WHO THE HELL EVEN ARE YOU–” Louis seethed, his skin stretching painfully as too much size welled up from his body, threatening to erupt out.

“You idiots!” Yahya roared, the growing horse crashing over to the party, getting bigger with every step. By the time he could be heard from the mainland, he was over 500 miles tall; in a fairer world, he’d have easily been the biggest there. “What’re you all trying to do, crack the poor planet!?”

By the time he reached the mess, Yahya was just over 600 miles tall and slowing to a stop as he neared one of Louis’ kicking legs, and lunged on it.

“Goddammit, stop!” he shouted, his growth kicking back in as his enormous muscles strained to contain that much angry deer. “L-last warning, kid!”

“Who the hell are all these others!?” Bill moaned, the tiger nearly knocked back as Louis’ muzzle vengefully thumped down against his growing mass. “I-is that Legoshi up there!? Holy shit! He’s huge!”

“STOP TALKING…ABOUT…LEGOSHI!”

“S-stay on him, up there!” Cosmo hollered, the shuddering okapi blowing up to 300 miles as she helped Bill keep Louis’ head pinned down. “We’re all getting bigger, if we keep it up, we all might outpace him!”

“I CAN HANDLE THIS!” Legoshi growled, shaking the atmosphere as he twitched and tensed tighter, between bursts. “HE’S MINE!”

“Legoshi, calm down!” Gosha shouted, the old reptile blowing up big enough to hug around his grandson’s monstrously thick neck. “T-this isn’t what I meant by standing up for yourself!”

“HE WON’T BE REASONED WITH, GRANDPA,” Legoshi blast-spoke, his eyes glowing the same way as Louis as the two stared daggers at one another. “STAY OUT OF THIS! G-GET SAFE!”

The mere idea of abandoning his blood made Gosha wince as the komodo ballooned to 400 miles, then 500, then 600, scales stretching tight as he snorted and expanded aggressively atop Legoshi’s spreading mass.

“L-leave!?” he huffed, his muscles erupting twice as massive around as he inflated to 800 miles, then 900. “W-what kind…of Grandfather…would I be…if I did!?”

“G-Gosha, sir,” Jack barked, still very-much Jack. “Please help us restrain him!”

Gosha slid down the mass of Legoshi’s back, thumping down onto both a dismayed Pina and a much larger Louis.

“Consider it…done!”

“IF YOU THINK I’LL–”

The old lizard was already edging up past 1,000 miles, making it far easier to scoot his growing bulk over Louis’, spitting a lake-sized wad of venom directly into the deer’s exposed face. It took only a second for Louis to shake his head in bafflement, then pain, the male snarling as well as a buck could as it burned into his eyes and mouth. A moment later, the deer fell silent, as did the rumbling.

“Oh my God,” Haru shouted, leaning away in shock as Louis snorted, coughed, then passed out entirely, his huge head resting heavy on a very wounded ocean. “What did you just–”

“I think he’ll be okay, Haru, wait,” Jack panted, grudgingly letting Louis’s huge arm go. “Like Pina said, we’re turning…I dunno, invulnerable. I mean, even gravity and the lack of air hasn’t slowed any of us down at all. Look, he’s still breathing.”

Indeed, the stilled deer’s huge chest swelled in and out as he rested, unmoving.

“Smart as ever, Jack,” Gosha chuckled, the growing komodo slipping off of Louis as he boomed up to 1,500 miles, power flowing out of his scales like steam. “It…didn’t seem like venom would kill him, but if it’s as strong as I am now, it would still h-have a punch.”

“Hey, Legoshi,” Haru soothed, patting up at the enormously huge wolf’s flared tricep, the mighty rabbit still getting slowly larger as she drew his attention to her, watching as his snarl finally slowed down to an embarrassed frown. “It’s okay, you did it.”

I…I GOT SO MAD,” Legoshi muttered, before blushing darkly. “JUST S-SEEING YOU THROWN LIKE THAT…”

“That was crazy!” Bill huffed, the 750-mile tall feline catching his breath as he joined Cosmo in slipping off Louis, into the waters below. “Look how big I got! Is this from fighting?”

“Or stimulation, maybe,” Cosmo offered, the 1,000-mile female brushing her flawless chest off calmly, somehow still composed. “We certainly shot up, didn’t we kitty?”

“Oh, still?” Bill hissed, wounded.

Mizuchi snuck off into the ocean, sourly measuring just how much bigger Haru was than her, still. Even though the rabbit was now roughly 500 miles tall, the stupid dwarf rabbit was far, far larger, *again*.

“Are you okay?” Gosha asked, going right past Yahya to Legoshi, letting the horse snort out a puff of genuine, buried hurt. “You’re not hurt?”

“Legoshi?” Jack chuckled, still shaking from the fight. “He’s bigger than all of us, sir, I’m sure he’s okay.”

Gosha still felt Legoshi over for damage, flicking his massive, road-sized tongue here and there. Legoshi blushed even harder, seeing Haru see it all happen.

“Why are we still on the planet?” Pina shouted, pulling everyone towards the smaller sheep. “Look around you! Good grief, aren’t we almost as big as the house, now? Shouldn’t we maybe move this party elsewhere?”

“Pina’s right,” Yahya cut in, thumping a colossal dark hand on his soft wooly shoulder, the horse’s 650 miles just shy of Pina’s 730. “We’re crowding the literal *world*; there’s too many of us, and we’re just too big. This got so badly out of hand, we need to…I can’t believe I’m saying this…leave the Earth. Like, now.”

Everyone went silent as the one thing heavier than them descended.

“But what about–”

Juno had been the one to start asking, but Yahya put up a hand.

“There’s nothing to grab, nothing to take with. Our old lives were down there, with the world we outgrew. You want to preserve what’s left, you move. We’ve been selfish enough as it is, having some petty fight on top of the world, while everyone’s trying to either fly off of it, or hunker down underground–”

At that, the mainland behind them *split*.

The remaining mountain ranges running the coastline and continent beyond opened like loose zippers, great troughs of upheaving rock tearing apart from one coast to the other. Each opening split further yet as something too big tried to bully up through each one.

“W…what,” Gosha started, only to teeter with the other giants in the ocean(s) as both side of one split, the fissure they had just been at not ten minutes prior, hatched a long, utterly immeasurable muzzle, whiskers and fur pushing free, up past the mountains, the clouds, *everything*.

“Oh,” Yahya grunted, before clenching up in a wave of terror. “Oh, oh no!”

“What is it, Yahya, s-sir?” Jack began, only to freeze in horror after. “Wait…is…is that really him!?”

So many miles away, that towing muzzle opened wide, stretching the sundered landscape apart around it. Magma wept around the rim of impossibly thick lips and teeth as a great mass of rock and stone revealed itself, within the jaws.

“Is that…” Bill ventured, unblinking. “Is that whole thing in there…”

“The mine we were stuck in,” Cosmo gulped. “The entire mine…”

“But i-if the rock we found came from…there…then…”

Yahya whipped around to face them both as Legoshi, Gosha, Haru, Pina and Jack all stared, concern rising faster and faster as the entire planet ominously rattled.

“What rock!?”

“Th-the rock that made that buck so big when he stole it and ate it,” Cosmo added.

“There was more under us, this whole time!? Damn you, Ogma!”

The muzzle was so big that they could easily see a sick smile as those monstrous jaws clamped shut, a volley of glimmering steam billowing into space as the ground snapped wider apart, revealing a thick, warm bulge sliding down an absolutely massive throat. The swallow alone rocked the Earth as a series of thick bulging fur mounds pumped and pumped, blowing up through more and more cracks as the entire hemisphere began to break apart, farther, and farther.

“W-where is Mister Ogma?” Jack asked, as the world shook more and more.

“Nevermind, I let him go, when I saw you needed help!” Yahya shouted back, just as the continent cracked in two, separating and segmenting against a tide of stretching patterns, etched into growing fields of thick fur–melon petals.

Each one loomed as big across as an island, adrift on a swelling sea of dusty fur. Yet, as the hemisphere crackled and blew open, they only grew bigger, still.

“E-everyone, off! Off the damn planet! Now!” Yahya boomed, just as the ocean on the other side of the party blew open, a bulging, booming phallus punching up through the split mantle, throwing magma and rock into space, so high they simply drifted into the black.

“How, jump?” Pina bleated, as the ocean beneath them crashed apart, replaced by a rising shelf of melon-leaf fur boomed up, carrying them higher and higher and higher.

“Just do it, do it!”

They all vaulted high, Louis remaining stuck to the growing gravity well of what they now saw were gigantic abs, the deer slipping between as their side of the planet…*hatched*.

"Melon!" Yahya all but screamed, in anger and astonished panic.

PLANET EARTH, NORTHERN HEMISPHERE

MELON, 8:36 PM

"YYYYESSSSSSSSSSS."

All that came out of Melon was a thick, tickling, gushing blast of power, in the form of a lust-crazed, ever-growing *boom*. An erection big enough to penetrate the planet and moon at once only screamed bigger, thicker, blazing with a need that hurt so bad that it was beyond delicious.

The entire mine slid deeper into his body as he forced it down, the monumentally BIG hybrid birthing out of the topside like a newborn God, blasting untold tons of the globe off of him like nothing as he swelled bigger, pulsing grossly into space at a mind-breaking, terrifying, unreal, unhinged, boundless size of 18,000 miles.

By the time he was free of the miserable world, it was already so much smaller than Melon that he could have stood just taller than two of them stacked. He'd have had room to rest his chin on the topside and let them all see.

A great blast of growth swelled through his straining body, still nearly too much to contain as it exploded the groaning colossus to 30,000 miles, then 55,000, his form almost instantly filling the remainder of the world with nothing but undulating, nude, tattooed muscle.

Horns over 900 miles thick flowed out into the void as he stretched in blackened delight, Melon's glowing eyes lidded to eerie slits in the dark as he felt himself over and grunted.

He had tasted it. The mine, that rock, all of it.

Hell, was it good. Hell was about to be everything, and so was he.

A gold glow crept over his bulk, flooding off of him in waves as he hissed in pleasure, trembled, and blossomed bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and *bigger*, still. He was so big, the curl of his smiling sneer was visible from countless miles away, where the party had been blown to by nothing but the violence of his growth spurt.

“HAH.”

The meager utterance sent the surviving portion of the planet sailing back, the fleeing shuttles all desperately firing thrusters to right themselves as the unhurt survivors, however many millions there were, all struggled to get out of the path of Melon’s unceasing growth.

At 100,000 miles tall–528,000,000 feet–the hybrid was impossible to see all of anymore, for anyone but Melon.

Even Legoshi, who had strained so hard through the tumble into space that he stopped growing at 7,100 miles–himself nearly as big as the Earth–was awestruck.

“W-who is that!?” the wolf balked, looking around as the others finished growing in the same fashion, for the same presumed reasons.

“The worst-case scenario,” Yahya grumbled, looking fully deflated, despite being covered in hulking horse muscle and over 1,150 miles tall. “That maniac just ate…an entire mine full of that stupid rock.”

“M-mine?” Jack whimpered, the 2,500-mile labrador finally smaller than Legoshi, even more so than he had ever been, growing up. “Did that much of it exist on Earth!? O-or was it a meteor impact, from ancient times?”

“Doesn’t matter anymore, kid,” Yahya growled, watching as Melon throbbed bigger in ugly, amazing waves, filling up even their periphery, literally blotting out *space*. “However it all got there, it went to him. He won.”

The last words landed hard as Melon’s body exploded to 150,000 miles, then 175,000,the size pouring into him as he blew out great clouds of power and clutched himself enviously.

Then, all that mass shifted.

Melon's head whipped forth, atop a neck many times wider than it, his chin nestling down into bursting pectorals as he caught sight of them all and showed teeth.

"THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE FAMILIAR. YOU G-GREW TOO, D-DID YOU, OLD HORSE? GUESS…YOU MADE A-AN ERROR, PUTTING ME DOWN THERE…WITH

ALL…THAT DELICIOUS ROCK, HAHA! FUH-FOOLISSSSSH HHHHAAAAAAAAU GHGHKKGH–”

A hideously huge bulge of growth rocketed through as Melon snarled and thrashed against his own power, clearly in pain from its sheer impact, and clearly adoring it all. The next blast of size blew the bulging hybrid up to 225,000 miles, his veins threatening to consume his tattooed muscles as he rolled his eyes and bucked his endless hips, letting his massive furred orbs balloon so large that the moon was soon lost among the follicles alone.

“H-he’s gone berserk!” Bill gasped, hiding behind Pina, who actually shielded the cat on reflex. “He’s lost it!”

“Ah, he was already like this, actually,” the massive sheep sighed. “I changed my mind, everyone–this is a dream. A bad one, but a dream. Feel free to wake me, already.”

“He’s so big,” Legoshi murmured, just as Haru took one arm, and Juno the other.

“Snap out of it!” Haru said, tugging the wolf back to his senses, such as they were. “Louis is still stuck on his body! We can’t just leave him there!”

“Screw him!” Bill blurted, his tail frizzing out. “He’s not in charge anymore!”

“It doesn’t seem right though, does it?” Jack added, only as big as a kid to Legoshi now, but still speaking up. “If this Melon is so terrible, what’ll happen when he realizes Louis is on him?”

“Would he–” Legoshi murmured, only for Yahya to intercept:

“Yes. He’d kill him, no compunctions. Absolutely. He was already a serial killer, before…this insanity.”

Legoshi snorted, lowering his head into his chest a moment. Then:

“Let’s go, then. We’re getting him back!”

MELON’S LOWER ABDOMEN

OGMA, 8:42 PM

“Hmm.”

The alien landscape of melon’s muscle groups stretched before the mile-tall stag, an ever-growing expanse of forest-fur, obliterated chunks of Earth clinging stubbornly to his gravity as they partially floated about him. Big as he was, Ogma was less than a mite, still wandering half-blind through the rising tide of fur strands as he went.

“To think, he found my deposits…to think, there was more in there, after all! Such a waste, going to a hedonistic lunatic like Melon. Had it only gone to you, Louis…”

He had seen the landscape heave once, then twice, over and over again, until the upturned mantle and crust had blocked all view from the land of his son as those other giants had assaulted him. Perhaps, maybe, his son was still around–only his odds at finding Louis among the growing jungle of Melon’s fur were lessening by the moment.

Far above the tangle of strands, shuttles could be seen gathering into a mess as they were pulled into a forced series of landings, off in the distance of Melon’s groin.

“Survivors, after all, hmm?” Ogma pondered, relatively unfazed. “That *was* Horns tech guiding the systems. Perhaps the whole ordeal wasn’t as punitive as one would fear, then…”

Just as he spoke, the strangest of tingles crept into Ogma, making him tremble slightly. It was the familiar kind of his last growth spurts, only…only something was very different…

OGMA’S RIGHT SHOULDER

OPERATIVE T, 8:42 PM

The chopper rested uneasily among the plains of the stag’s scented fur, the door kicking open as Mienai, the pilot, the staff member, T, and the old owl all unbuckled–carefully.

“Is e-everyone okay?” Mienai asked, at length.

“Seems so,” the capybara said, having trouble budging from paralysis. “Did all that really just happen? I mean…did the Earth just–”

“The Earth is still partially intact, from what glimpses I caught when we landed on sir Ogma. Sudden as that was that he wound up in our flight path.”

“Glad he did,” the pilot sighed, shaking some. “We didn’t have anywhere else to touch down, the freaking continent was breaking apart under us.”

“That’s it then, isn’t it, though?” the staffer murmured, almost whispering. “I mean…that’s it. We’re done. It’s over. The m-mother of all giants just blew up out of the damn planet, what’s it matter if there’s, what, 50% left?”

“Oh no, at least 70%,” the owl helpfully hooted.

“Who cares!?”

“What about the cure, then?” Mienai interrupted, looking back over his seat.

“It was on Earth,” T muttered.

“Can we…I dunno, go back?” the Staffer half-laughed.

“Fuel? Nope,” the pilot cut in. “A *rocket* wouldn’t get us back anytime soon, this is a helicopter. We shouldn’t even be breathing out here!”

“The giants have generated their own atmosphere, remarkably,” the scientist went on, nodding thoughtfully. “It’s just our dumb luck to be stuck on one now.”

“Lucky us,” the Staffer moaned.

“Is there any other way, T?” Mienai insisted, sternly. “Any way at all to make that cure?”

“Well,” the owl sighed, opening up his coat, and fishing into a deep side pocket. “The only way we’re getting that cure made is if we manage to find the facilities here on Melon’s body, with what fuel we do have left, and if the facilities are undisturbed enough, and still have undamaged generators for machinery power, hah. So…it’d certainly be a reach. Yes.”

“Well, let’s get moving, then,” the zebra said, flat and plain. “Take us up.”

“Seriously!?” T groaned, exhausted.

“Seriously. We’re finding the ruins, if they’re on Melon’s body.”

“But the fuel!”

“I only want you to take us up as far as Ogma’s ear, relax,” Mienai said, smirking despite his fears. “I have a proposition for him…”

10.

HORNS TRANSIT SHUTTLE, ROW 19, SEAT A

GOUHIN, 8:28 PM

"All passengers, prepare for ascent in one minute. Repeat, all passengers, prepare for ascent in one minute…"

If the world was really ending, then it should have been okay for Gouhin to have one last cigarette. Just one. But no, there above his seating row was that damned *No Smoking* icon, glowing mock-red at him. Its only real function at that moment was giving the panda something to hate, which admittedly did work out in the moment. It beat terror–marginally.

BING

"Insane, this is insane," a toucan nearby his seat droned, to the point of mindlessness.

"Let me off!" a leopard called out from far in the back. Comically, the shuttle door *whoosed* shut, right after, sealing tight with a pressurized hiss. "Let me off! I…I have to be there! I have to be with the giants!"

"Shut up, over there!" another voice shouted.

"N-no, don't you get it?" she wailed, panting. "It's supposed to happen this way! We're in the presence of gods! W-why are we fleeing? Let me out! I need to be there!"

"Oh, God, stop–"

"I n-need to be on them! Any of them! I…I have to be part of it!"

"Ma'am, I'm not going to ask," an armed canine began, already putting one shushing hand up. "Sit down, and be quiet."

"T-this is history," she moaned, shrugging uselessly. "Doesn't anyone care!?"

BING

"All passengers, prepare for ascent in thirty seconds. Please make sure your seatbelts are properly fastened, ascent will be high-force…"

"Where will we even go?" the leopard pressed. "What's the point? We aren't ready, we could never be ready for living, breathing, enormous gods–"

"Take your weird fetish, lady, pack it up, and sit the hell down," the guard growled.

Gouhin rubbed his temples, for all the good it did.

"She's right though," a lizard muttered, standing up as a tiny alarm bleeped on his seat belt buckle. "Where are we going?"

"Seatbelts, everyone, seatbelts," another guard barked, motioning at everyone.

"We're taking a Horns Corp. rocket to a lunar facility, okay?" the other guard huffed. "A mining colony is nearly finished up there, and it can easily take on several cities' worth of–"

"Need-to-know basis, and there isn't time to explain," the other guard snapped. "Belts! Now! Everyone!"

"It's not right," the leopard cried, openly, as the shuttle began to rattle awake. "I should be there…I should be with them–"

The toucan was openly shaking, worse than the shuttle.

*"I should be as **big** as them–"*

"BLASTOFF."

BING

Smoking was suddenly the last thing on Gouhin's mind, at long, brief last; the force of the takeoff was of such an order that the panda's vision sank back in his skull, the world seeming to blur as it pulled away, scared off by the roar of many rockets below.

Then, *up*.

Was this how it felt for Legoshi? To grow that violently?

This is what it would take, Gouhin told himself, somehow hearing through the screech of the boosters. *This is what it takes, to be above him now. He got that big.*

Legoshi is that big, now.

No…really. Someone you knew is now–

The thought, the idea, the very word stuck wrong in his brain, and refused to budge.

A god.

Would he still be a whiny, pushy idiot, though?

(*bing)*

It took a moment for the interior sound to exceed the hum of the rocket as it left the lower atmosphere, shooting up to the heavens at high speed. By God, it was real. Today was real.

"Holy shit, look! Look!"

Gouhin tried. There, beyond the crowded windows on seat H, was a blur of something showing through, something so big that it blurred with the horizon–but the horizon, it was not.

"It's fur," someone said, before all hell broke loose. "It's brown fur…it's that deer!"

"The one from the news?" a rhino bellowed, nearly smushing a rat as he leaned over him to look. "Oh my God, it is! He…I c-can't even see all of him, from here…"

"It's not fair!" the leopard groaned, not even looking. "It should have been *me* that big!"

"You'd die, stupid!" a buzzard replied, coldly.

"They aren't dead," she shot back. "I wouldn't be here…I wouldn't have been made to be here, if that power was mine. If I was that huge, and completely powerful–"

"Like you carnivores didn't already have power," a small pony whimpered.

"Excuse me?" the buzzard suddenly snapped. "We have to walk on eggshells around you, all the time! We never did a thing to bully you, and you still play the victim card?"

“Shut up, back there!” the canine fumed, storming back towards the farther rows.

“See?” the leopard fussed, louder. “What power are *you* talking about? You honestly think that comes close to even a fraction of…that, out there!? You think they’re as small as us and our stupid problems?”

A shockwave of displaced air shoved the craft, shutting everyone up as the entire thing pitched and wobbled, sensors tattling, the interior light dropping low.

“What the hell was that?”

“Out there! Look! They’re fighting!”

Half the shuttle windows were one fuzzy, colossal, sky-filling gray fist, slamming into the deer’s cheek hard. It had taken minutes for a rocket to even come close to reaching the deer’s head, he was so massive.

“Guess they have stupid problems, too, lady,” the rhino laughed, without it being funny.

At that, the small screens embedded into the backs of every seat flashed on, a video happily playing at the height of the arguing. Still, everyone watched.

“Cripes,” Gouhin murmured, as the Horns Corporation logo faded in over a serene deep green background.

“Good evening, everyone,” a tall, thin antelope spoke, dressed as a shuttle stewardess. *“On behalf of the Horns Corporation, we’re so excited to have you as our first flight to lunar outpost 0A-1! You’re part of an elite fleet, consisting of our transportation shuttle class, Andromeda 1-10, as well as our precautionary offense craft, the Ares! Our Andromeda sister ships should be close by, per protocol, so give them a wave!”*

Another blast of displaced air hit as the enormous bodies on the horizon slammed into the ocean, casting a wave out over the already-ruined coastline below. The shuttle quaked, hard.

“I’m Janine, your host for tonight’s flight. Our runtime will be PENDING hours and PENDING minutes, with full service dinner and snack options. Please, have your credit card or Horns Reward Program Diamond or Platinum cards ready for any dinner orders.”

That gray fur out beyond the shuttle…it was Legoshi’s. It had to have been.

"The pinnacle of space travel, the Andromeda shuttle line will be the standard in travel to and from our new installation on the lunar surface, as well as underneath! The end result of countless years of research and flight data, the shuttle can move up to 4,800 miles per hour with a seat load of over 500 each! You can expect to arrive within under three days on average, but we should have you there much sooner with our patented semi-cycle fuel burst technology! For more about this modern marvel, here's our president himself, Ogma!"

A hard cut to a well-groomed office stole the screen, forcing Gouhin's attention.

"Thank you all for placing your faith and investment prospects in the burgeoning Horns' space industry. Rest assured, you're in for a comfortable and speedy trip to Lunar Base 0A-1. The mining colony, opening late next year, is expected to boost job growth–"

"We're up past them! Haha, w-we made it!"

An aardvark was whooping and fussing over by his window seat, thumping the walls.

"They aren't so tall from here!"

"It's their planet, though," the leopard added, chuckling strangely. "It's their world now!"

"Not if they get nuked, it isn't!" the buzzard cawed.

"So please," Ogma continued, safe in the recording, *"enjoy your flight, relax, and be well. Remember–and this is a Horns promise–with us, you're always in good hands."*

"Oh," the aardvark gasped, before a lemur screamed.

Gouhin's ears went up.

"Oh, now what?" he began, when–

"What?"

"Th-the Earth. The Earth, the Earth, look!"

"What about–"

"God, look down!"

"Holy–"

Now half the shuttle was screaming, and screaming *hard*.

"It's breaking up!"

"Something's–"

"Something's…God! What is that–"

"WHAT IS THAT–"

Something shot up past the shuttle and kept rising, higher and higher. So much air moved that it simply scooped the shuttle back like a leaf on a river, flinging it off course as every single sensor screamed with them.

The cabin lights died entirely, leaving only orange beads to line the aisles between seats. Something out there not only rose, but…*swelled*. It was the only word. Something was ballooning at such a frantic clip, at such a magnitude of scale that they could all *hear it* growing.

In fact, that surreal rubber roar was only getting bigger. And bigger.

Maybe it was Legoshi. For whatever real good that would do.

Gouhin shut his eyes, let the proverbial chips fall, and fished out a cigarette.

MELON'S LOWER ABDOMEN

OGMA, 8:43 PM

"Hmm."

The rumble was sharper, deeper, much more so than ever before. The towering stag paused, patting the mountainous ridges of his abdomen, inquisitive despite the mounting sensations. Each internal tremor seemed worse (or better) as the day had gone on, but this…this was different. Angry, even.

Sir Ogma

The stag's vast ear flicked, tickled by something near, a gnat buzz of a sound. Given that ear was 220' across, about as long as an office building was tall, that was saying something. Or trying to, at least.

Ogma began to twist his huge head on reflex, thought better of it, and stopped.

Sir Ogma, please

The ground below that was Melon shifted the slightest bit, pulsing warmly under the deer's feet as he listened closer, before:

Sir Ogma, can you hear me? Is this thing…it's on maximum…hello?

"A loudspeaker," Ogma whisper-boomed, sending vibrations out through his bulky shoulder, rattling the infinitely small helicopter and crew. "Kindly identify yourself."

"Ah, er, hello sir! My name is Mienai, I work for Yahya. While airborne we were flung from the breakage in the crust, and wound up landing in your bulk. There's a doctor here with me from site Alpha–"

"Hah," Ogma rumbled, amused. "Might I hazard a guess?"

"S…sir?"

"That scientist…if you were over the break site a few minutes prior, then you picked him up from the middle of nowhere, meaning he fled site Alpha, meaning…you want another cure."

The stag allowed a heavy pause.

"Yes."

"That's optimistic. Friends, you saw the damage Melon did on his emergence. If you honestly think there's any chance to make more, then you'd need facilities. Ones still, maybe, left intact on the sundered geography, which is surely spread out somewhere here on Melon's body, on account of the gravity well his mass creates. Yes?"

"Correct, sir. We only have so much fuel to spare, and at your great size, your stride and pace would prove far more sensible to that end. All we ask is that you walk us around, please."

"And why would I want a cure, exactly?" Ogma finally asked.

"You see what's happening without *one, sir."*

"True. That's true, I do see it. More than even you do, in fact."

"Please assist us, then, sir Ogma. Yahya would be…indebted, deeply."

A big grin spread out along Ogma's great muzzle, and a chuckle got loose.

"Fascinating."

The rumbling blew up within Ogma again, suddenly, making the old male quake as his fur frizzled out eagerly, both upset and thrilled. A low pulse bulged through his muscles as he clenched on instinct, snorted, and grit his teeth. Soon, even they were rattling as his jaw tightened too much, his bulk starting to erupt bigger as his body finally, gloriously, *grew*.

"HNNNH…"

"Ah, Ogma, sir, what…"

"HAAAH…HAH…"

The slight dimple Ogma's feet made in Melon's bulk sank deeper as the deer heaved to 2 miles, doubling his size in one mad, plump, burning burst of growth. Vast toes clenched as they dragged over the immense hybrid's skin, tree-sized strands of fur pulling closer down as Ogma trembled and blew up to 3 miles, then 4, then 7.

"Y…YEEE-HEEESSSS…"

"Everyone hang on!"

Fields of cervine fur ruffled in joy as the elder stag made fists at his sides, billowing steam through flared nostrils as his pectorals kissed up at his muzzle, happy to be that overwhelmingly big once again. As it happened, he was glad too.

"I K-KNEW ITTTT…"

The cure had been successful on its test run, he knew that firsthand. Yet, the aftereffects were naturally anyone's guess. There was no way to know if it would work permanently or not. There was no way to know that it ultimately had an unwanted side effect all its own.

Ogma grunted dumbly as his shaking form swelled faster, throbbing to 15 miles in one hard push. His rump flexed painfully as his bulking legs spread out, his back muscles surging overhead in time with his widening neck. Biceps as big as small islands detonated larger, stronger, overloading the rest of his arms seconds before his triceps explosively caught up.

Sir Ogma please stop–

“THE CURE…BACKFIRRRRRES…”

He could feel it: if every growth spurt before had been one huff into a balloon, then this huff was ongoing. There was no slack between, just an ever-increasing pressure forcing him to stretch bigger, faster. There was no other reason on hand as Ogma billowed to 60 miles, quadrupling his size instantly, his muscles screaming out everywhere.

The cure worked. It shrank him back down to a decent rough point.

But it didn’t stop the actual spurts, and this one was feeding off of it, somehow, compounded dramatically by its presence. The reaction was delayed until the next spurt, but it was a *tremendous* one, in exchange!

Much as they had with Melon’s fur, Ogma’s follicles rose around the shrinking chopper, cloistering into a forest of dark, rust-brown fur. T sat sourly within the hull, hands over her head, eyes closed, waiting it all out. She was almost used to it by this point.

Mienai and the pilot, however? Less so.

A lifetime of stoicism cracked one telling degree as Ogma’s eyes widened, bright and bulging, waves of pure size bullying his upper body to preposterous scope. His lats inflated too wide, hefting his swelling arms higher as his shoulders exploded unevenly, his quaking thighs bursting so big they pressed flat together against his oversized sacs. He shook and shook, his pectorals blasting so large that they covered most of his torso and tilted his head back, his calmed shaft raging into a bobbing monstrosity as it bulged out ahead.

120 miles came and went, *boom-booming* aggressively to 360 without a moment’s thought or preparation. Dismissing his rising height, his midsection stretched over 500 miles wide, without his 300-mile-circumference biceps and 400-mile triceps, making the deer taller in width than anything as his muscles refused to slow down.

His horns swelled into a cosmos of thick, spiking branches, his neck pushing longer, thicker, then longer still, desperately stretching to allow more steaming muscle to pump through as he laughed, bellowed, and blew up to 870 miles in height, only managing to slightly even his proportions out in the process.

Had he really been happy with his growth, just an hour or so before? Really?

This…this was true growth. THIS!

Slowly, grudgingly, Melon's fur strands began to meet his eyeline. With another shuddering hiccup, Ogma tripled in size, blurring his vision just as it rose above the canopy of fur around him. His erection swayed hotly through the forest, brushing it as it throbbed uncontrollably larger still.

"M…MUHHHOOOOOOORE…MOOOOOOOOOOOORE!"

Sir Ogma was adjusting, adapting, and fast. The raw, wild pleasure compacted into something just as pure, but more manageable, something his body was getting powerful enough to hold better–which only left him hungrier for something worse.

At 2,610 miles tall (Just under 14,000,000'), Ogma was likely the same size of colossus Louis had grown into, earlier. Perhaps an inch bigger, in fact.

So this is what he felt, Ogma thought, cutting through his racing thoughts and darker inclinations and needs. *And still, he had composure. Haha. What a perfect specimen he is! I knew I had chosen well!*

Even in space, the shadow was unmistakable in its arrival.

Even in space, it could be heard, there in the breadth of Melon's own atmosphere, felt rumbling through his immeasurably vast body.

Even Ogma stopped to notice the hybrid's hand overhead, suddenly, a dark sky ready to fall–upon him. The stag looked back at his erection, saw the way it tickled and swayed through sensitive fur, and understood his error.

"OH–"

A hand over 28,000 miles long, big enough to hold three Earths like juggler's balls, slammed down onto Ogma, blowing pressure out as it hit. Concentric waves ruffled the fields as

the mighty hand slowed, then stopped shy of the turf; gradually, it raised, though not by its own volition.

Ogma put every single muscle to work, making his startling physique erupt nearly twice as big around as he puffed and strained. The hand, not quite fighting fully back, allowed it, curious and questing as the tiny deer pushed back against it.

The old stag had doubled in size yet again, reactively ballooning to 5,300 miles tall, and just as bulging across. The growth was slowing, though–he could feel as all force and focus went into his muscles, which soon shook as the heavy hand held there, daring him to push again.

Big as he had swollen, Ogma was still only a whopping fifth of the size of Melon's *hand*, at the most. The hand gladly reminded him of such as it started to easily push down, forcing Ogma's bulk to boom out as he openly struggled to hold it up.

"LITTLE BUG."

Melon's words were so large that they weren't so much heard as felt, as the concussive impact of his throat muscles finally made their way over to him.

Achingly, step by step, Ogma moved. Hands traded places, walking in a way, across the underside of Melon's palm as the deer pushed back enough to travel, if awkwardly.

The hand suddenly lifted on its own, leaving Ogma to tumble down into the waist-high fur with a hard cough and a gasp. When the tag glanced back, he saw that very same hand, building-high compared to him; three vast fingers arched out overhead in space, while a huge thumb curled against a single trapped finger.

Ogma had never been one for childish games or gestures, but he still knew what this was.

That finger released, and Ogma caught the flick full-force, flinging even his bulky body across the fields like he was crumbled paper. The deer stayed airborne for ages, spiraling this way and that, before catching Melon's outer hip with a hard smack to the head and antlers, followed by minutes of nonstop tumbling.

Ogma had been flicked the length of 40,000 miles, effortlessly, and was still only as far off as Melon's hips. It wasn't that the deer had been unaware that Melon was in fact bigger than

he; but now, as his invincible sides ached badly, he *really* understood how big the difference between them was.

"RRMN," he huffed, shaking his head, then thinking for a moment. "ARE YOU STILL THERE, LITTLE ONES?"

Of course, being several thousand times bigger than he had been when he could just barely hear them, Ogma realized there was no way of hearing them now. He was far too big.

"HMM. I-IF YOU ARE…YOU'VE GOT A DEAL. I WILL FIND THE LANDMASS, LEAVE THAT PART TO ME. WHEN I DO…YOU MAKE ME ALL THE CURE YOU POSSIBLY CAN! I WANT…*ALL OF IT*…"

OUTER SPACE

MELON, 8:45 PM

"LITTLE BUG."

It hardly mattered just who or what it was, or even that it had become big enough for Melon to detect, at all. He'd already forgotten the other specks floating nearby, in his dizzy state of deification. Mad euphoria was churning through his bulk like an ever-growing snake, coaxing geysering huffs from a muzzle big enough to swallow planets.

Mars could have rested on his tongue, six times over, before his cheeks would ever have swollen any. A neck over eight thousand miles wide bulged as he swallowed the idea up, just for fun, relishing every twitch, every rumbling spasm of muscles over 100,000 miles away.

A phallus over 193,000 miles long throbbed higher up in the void, weightless and warm, begging for Melon's touch. Any touch, really. A planet might draw close enough for contact if he was as big as he felt, as he saw. Knee-covering testes floated, godlike and proud atop enormous thigh muscles and stretched fur patterns, making it all the harder to see the bottom half of his own body.

It was slowing, he could tell. Melon rode it nonetheless, snarling in delight as a last burst pumped messily through him, bloating his untold brawn even larger as he silently boomed to 310,000 miles–over 1.6 billion feet tall, and just shy of a billion wide.

And he felt it. By God and Hell, he *felt* it!

“FINALLY,” the god-hybrid rolled, his pleasure at a crackling zenith. “I F-FINALLY FEEL IT…TAKE A LOOK, ALL OF YOU BUGS! OBSERVE THE UNOBSERVABLE! HAHA! TO THINK…THIS IS ALL IT TOOK, TOO! YOU SEE THIS, HORSE? HMM? HOW ABOUT YOU, YOU OLD SCALY GEEZER? THIS ANSWER ENOUGH FOR YOU? IS THERE ANY DOUBT NOW, WHO’S FIT TO RUN THINGS?”

Melon stopped, then laughed out a thick cloud of prismatic creation, flexing theatrically.

“NOT THAT I WILL, HAH. AH, WHY BE A GOD OF INSECTS? WHAT KIND OF SILLY WASTE WOULD THAT BE? NO. NO, YOU DON’T GET A GOD. NONE OF YOU.”

A tongue so long even spacecraft would need a day to traverse slithered out of his sharp teeth, the leopard-hybrid nearly touching himself as he laughed. It wasn’t a fun laugh.

“BUT IF ANYONE NEEDS A DEVIL. HERE I AM.”

He wouldn’t do it yet. For the first time in his miserable, pointless life, he could feel everything–and the proverbial peak of that mountain was right in front of him, wagging in joy, throbbing and bobbing in blinding need. But not yet. He wouldn’t end this new bliss that fast, he wasn’t an idiot.

“NOW THAT I FEEL LIKE YOU ALL DID, WHEN WE WERE TINY,” Melon began, grinning wildly as he twisted around in slow motion, “WHY DON’T I LET YOU ALL KNOW HOW *I* FELT?”

The pointlessness, the overpowering futility of it all–he knew exactly how to put it across to the world.

No…to the *universe*…

OUTER SPACE

LEGOSHI, 8:46 PM

“Oh, what’s he doing now?” Bill moaned, the tiger not able to notice or enjoy it as he trembled and blew up to 2,250 miles, blowing up behind a surprised Pina. “Is he leaving?”

“I don’t know,” Jack whined, looking up with the rest of the party as the looming leviathan bade his huge body to move. “It doesn’t seem to be toward us, though–Legoshi, stop!”

The wolf was already following after Melon as he put his muscle bound back to them and began drifting away. Only Jack and Haru dared to move forward at all , with him.

“What?” Legoshi rumbled, cocking his head curiously, sincerely. “He’s getting away, Jack, let’s go! Let’s move, everyone, Louis is surely still on him–”

“I can’t believe I’m saying this, kid,” Yahya sighed, bitterly, “but we might as well let him go, at least for the moment. You’re the biggest here, and he’s what, fifty times your size?”

“About forty-three, I think,” Jack added, making the horse snort out a groan.

“Point being, Legoshi, there’s nothing we can do to stop Melon anymore. He’s too big.”

“Well, we’re all still growing too, right?” Legoshi checked, shrugging his enormous shoulders. “We can catch up!”

“I don’t think his growth rate will let us compete,” Jack said, drifting over to the bigger wolf. “I know how you get when you lock in, Legoshi, but be realistic. We would have to outpace him by a wild margin.”

“And even if, then what?” Haru interjected, taking Legoshi’s arm softly, despite her being even more hulking than he, at a third his size. “The point shouldn’t be to just get the biggest, right? That’s just chaos. We need to find a way to just make him stop growing, first.”

“That bear,” Cosmo said, perking up. “The one in the mines–his growth spree stopped when he was knocked out by the deer…Louis, right?”

“When Melon broke loose in the site disposal area, he had been unconscious, right?” Pina asked, looking over to the bigger Yahya. “Was he growing, then?”

“No,” Yahya started, his eyes flicking back and forth. “No, he wasn’t. We already had an idea that sleeping or loss of function stymied the growing process, but…again, at Melon’s size…how could we make that happen?”

“Grandpa,” Legoshi yipped, like it was nothing.

“Hmm?” Gosha hummed, his monstrous scaly tail whipping into a soft wag at his name coming out of his beloved grandson’s muzzle.

“The venom!” Haru shouted, squeezing Legoshi’s thick arm as she grinned. “Like with Louis earlier!”

“But the amount we would need, good grief,” Pina muttered, the sheep suddenly rumbling all over, worse and worse. “U-unless we g-get the old timer here…super-duper colossal, w-we don’t have a cha–”

At that, Pina exploded in size, to a shocking degree.

All the pent-up tension and anxiety must have been on hold long enough, because it all gushed forth as Pina erupted from state-sized to *continental* in one mean blast. A great, hot bleat escaped as he blew up to 1,400 miles, wobbled, then hiccup-*burst* to 3,300, his woolly lats bumping Yahya back as Pina trembled harder still.

“Hey, no fair,” Bill growled, shoving uselessly against the ovis’s expansion, already smaller than he once again. “How big does he get to–”

“B-BUH-BBBBAAAAAAHHHAAAAH!”

Alarmingly, Pina wasn’t stopping; the bulky sheep’s muscles roared out defiantly, having no force to resist it anymore, flaring greedily as his erection plowed out ahead. 3,300 miles rattled so bad that it could be heard in his horns as he bellowed and *pump-boomed* to 5,100 miles, his neck wool boofing as his locks of hair flowed over his growing muzzle. Growing ears flicked, each big enough to bridge the width of Lake Superior, and only getting bigger as pure power blasted within him.

“S-should he be getting this big in one go?” Cosmo rightly asked, before she too began to tingle all over violently. “Ooh–”

“Uh-oh,” Jack gulped, drifting purposefully behind Legoshi’s bulk as Pina strained and writhed and snorted, then blasted loudly up to 11,500 miles!

“Whoa,” Legoshi huffed, watching Pina burgeon and bulge, the sheep’s chest eclipsing his panting muzzle as he trembled *even more*. “Well, we did want to start catching up, didn’t we? Isn’t this a good thing?”

“I…I don’t know!” Jack balked, licking his muzzle over nervously as Pina loomed over them all, shaking and glowing brighter, pulsing angrily as his muscles surged in and out. “I don’t know what any of this is, at this point, we’re getting out contr–”

“HHHHHHUUUUUUUUUUAAAAAAAAAAH–”

Pina, in response, shudder-rocketed *again*, bowling the group back as the Dall sheep gushed out in scope, billowing to 26,900 miles, oceanic wool smothering them all simultaneously as Pina’s neck ballooned to 5,000 miles across.

Bill angrily fussed as the backsides of Pina’s enormous sacs buffeted him further away, stretching hungrily against his frazzled fur as he pushed and shoved, only stimulating them more.

“I said I was sorry, Pina!” the tiger wailed, blushing darkly through his stripes. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry!”

Throughout it all Juno watched, keeping a distance, thinking. Pina’s eruptive growth spree aside, the wolf had been obsessively studying Melon, watching as the titanic being swam away through space itself.

Her ear flicked as she bit her lip, something from earlier welling up inside her, demanding an answer.

She had seen Haru cuddling up to Legoshi–that was fine. Honestly, the rabbit was alright, she had made peace with that just fine. This was something else.

Louis was still stuck to Melon’s gravity well, surely.

Louis, who was her superior.

Louis, who had completely blown her off.

Even the apocalyptic nonsense of the past 24 hours meant nothing in the face of that ever-present mania, that *need*, that was returning to her in full force. The changing of the world order hadn’t stopped Juno’s lust for recognition; it had merely stunned it.

It wasn’t about Legoshi anymore, if ever it had been. She had never even conceived of any living thing getting that big, ever, even up to before Melon exploded free from the planet’s topside. That level of scale was still too impossible to consider, until now. And, now that it was on the table…

She wanted it, desperately. *Wildly*.

The way everyone paid attention to her in Cherryton, the way they loved her so much. That nonstop high she got from it, from being that seen–it was enough to stiffen her monstrous teats as she chewed her thick black lip softly, shuddered, then snorted out her resolve.

Haru could have Legoshi, that was fair. She was a good bunny, she had earned it. Juno would settle for being a boundless, swelling Goddess, instead.

It'd be a win on both sides. *Her, in particular*.

"Pina, stop!" Yahya gasped, the 1,100-mile tall horse becoming an accessory atop the booming sheep's incredible form. "That's an order, dammit!"

"IIIIIII CUH-CAAAAAAAAAANNN'T–"

Throb after hot throb shook the male as he moaned the words out, gulped, then rattle-burst to 53,800 miles, so big that nearly seven Earths could have been stacked to match his height–never mind his width. His eyes flashed bright, cool and vibrant, an unreal glow rising through lidding eyes as he force-hugged his own bulk tight, pleading with whatever of that power was truly his for it to *stop*.

Which, mercifully, it did.

A jet of energy hissed from Pina's vast muzzle as his chin settled atop his pectorals, the sheer volume of his neck forced back into a bulge as he rested a moment.

"HUAAAH…AH, G-GOOD GRI-IEF…"

Legoshi, huge and powerful as he was, barely comprised the height of Pina's head, perched atop a hilltop-neck, itself set in woolly horizons of muscle. Even the wolf had no chance of seeing all of the sheep as he *baahed* softly, gulped, then sighed out a last glowing contrail.

"Alright, how?" Bill grumbled, swimming awkwardly about from behind all that Dall. "How the hell did Pina get *that* big!? What am I, a joke?"

Either the cosmos had a sense of humor, or Cosmo did, because a violent burst of supple, soft okapi fur burled out against Pina, bigger and bigger yet. Her growth was so fast that the

dappled patterns of her fur flowed together and animated, heralding Cosmo as she was instantly a fourth of Pina's height, then *half* it.

"Lookout–"

Jack barked what he could as all twenty-seven thousand miles of Cosmo trembled harder, tensing painfully as her head loomed over two mammoth breasts; she tried to get a word out, anything at all, only to huff harder as her body detonated messily, blasting to Pina's size, her monstrous bosom bullying him back through space.

"H-HEY!" Pina gasped, fumbling against Cosmo's colossal chest, moon-sized palms flicking, tickling and thumping her bulging nipples.

"H…HEHE," Cosmo squealed, flush with heat, somehow managing that controlling laugh only she could handle.

"I, uh…think we're all due, here, at this rate," Haru gulped, helpfully tugging Legoshi away as Cosmo moaned, wobbled, and blew up over even the sheep. "We better spread out!"

"S-seriously, this is a good thing!" Legoshi offered, floating off with the bulky rabbit as Cosmo's body expanded yet again, heaving hotly to 54,900 miles, then 66,300.

The okapi's rear blossomed behind her, bulbous and pert, tingling as it stretched wider, her thighs burgeoning into lunacy as they each surpassed the width of her torso. Her chest jealously countered as it overtook Pina, who began to wriggle in between the planetary spheres.

"NNNNH," Cosmo whimpered, her pathological control fighting for dominance as pleasure battered her quaking enormity. "MMMM…I…I'VE G-GOT IT…"

The shaking slowed, then stopped, until she had it all locked down tight again. Yahya and Gosha swam out around her monstrous body, unable to keep from looking her over for just a moment. She easily allowed it.

"H…HEH," Cosmo rumbled, looking far-less put off than her predecessor. "NOTHING TO IT. GRANTED, IT…ISN'T AS BIG AS THAT HYBRID IS…"

"No, but if we all are getting that much bigger, we can still crowd him," Legoshi concluded, wagging a tail big enough to hide entire peninsulas in. "We all just need to push ourselves larger to have a chance of stopping him!"

“If we don’t lose sight of him already,” Jack mumbled. “He *is* still drifting away.”

“All the more reason to push it faster! You should grow any second too, Jack–I bet you’ll be incredibly huge, heh! If only the guys at the dorms could see us! Especially you!”

“I-I guess,” the labrador replied, unable to keep from wagging as well. “Y-you really think so, though? Me?”

“I bet you’ll be looming over even me, haha! Imagine if we had been like this back on the playground, when we met!”

“Pwuh, we’re bigger than most of the planet, Legoshi! Really, now! Haha!”

The two celestially huge canines wagged up a frenzy together, warmly grinning, either despite or in spite of the situation.

“Guess that means we’re coming up next, haha,” Gosha chuckled, flicking a massively long tongue playfully. “Reminds me of our older times, both of us.”

“Us?” Yahya flatly replied, letting it bounce off the komodo.

“Well, why not?” Gosha countered, his civility undamaged. “Now seems like the time, doesn’t it? Together again? Maybe it’s not the best time, haha, but I mean, we’ve never been stronger, have we? Even back then–”

“Look,” the horse shot back, glaring near-death at him. “I’m not saying I’m not glad you’re okay. I’m not even upset that you’re here, too, like this. But you don’t get to just drift back into things like this. You left the cause and got married. You left the dream we both worked for. This isn’t some big, huggy reunion, Gosha. It’s serious. And yet, once again, you’re just laughing it off. It’s not fun! It’s justice!”

Gosha watched, and listened. The old reptile blinked once, then twice, letting his old friend go full-steam. It was only fair.

“I don’t care if it’s you, and I don’t care if it’s your grandson here, either,” Yahya continued, his voice choking more and more. “You’re all here as a team assist to stop a severely-overpowered criminal, and that’s that. We are *not* friends.”

Gosha’s eyes calmly focused on him, a massive smooth tongue dabbing quietly.

“Whatever you need, Yahya,” Gosha gently said, “I’m it.”

Yahya went just as quiet, long ears flicking in the blackness, before looking away without moving his head. A sour grunt might have escaped at that moment.

“Right. Okay, listen up! The sheep is right!”

“I…I AM?” Pina soft-boomed, from over in Cosmoa’s calamitously huge breasts.

“Really?” Legoshi seconded, before wagging faster. “We’re gonna make my Grandpa super-super-sized!? Can we!?”

Gosha was already rumbling all over, trying so hard to be cool for his kid. But it was impossible. Not even space could contain the aging komodo at that moment, seeing his Grandson like that. It had been a slip, he was sure–but there was his blood, a giddy kid again, the one that adored him almost as much as he still adored Legoshi.

“Haha, I-I’ll do what I can,” Gosha hissed cutely, his thick scales rattling as more and more emotion translated into more and more power, his body stretching subtly as it all kept building. “Just, everyone get behind me when I reach Melon, alright? You too, Legoshi!”

“R…right,” Legoshi barked, just as unable to hold back his surprise and excitement.

Juno was there again, just beyond Pina and Cosmo, paying exceeding attention to the komodo dragon as the plan sank in.

“If it doesn’t work,” Juno began, “we really should have a plan B in place.”

“Absolutely,” Yahya agreed, his voice steeled and confident again. “The whole idea here is to render Melon unconscious, and we can all clearly breathe and speak out here in space, meaning the whole ‘self-generating atmosphere’ theory seems true. In other words, we’re breathing, so he is too. We’ll need to be ready to do whatever it takes to obstruct his throat, if Gosha–if the venom fails.”

“Okay,” Bill growled, folding his huge striped arms. “We choke him out.”

“I suppose we could all go for his throat, worse case,” Jack added. “B-but we would all need to squeeze together, to even have a chance. His neck was just as massive as some of ours are, after all.”

“Goodness, such a plan,” Pina muttered, pushing politely off of Cosmo’s bust. “I guess it’s either that or we get as far across space from Melon as we can, and hope he leaves us alone. But I suppose no one’s interested in that. What a total carnivore plan, haha.”

“This isn’t *carnivores or herbivores* anymore,” Haru said, hugging Legoshi’s huge arm all the tighter. “We’re all in this equally, it’s sink or swim for us all.”

Legoshi met her black eyes a moment, and grinned wider.

“Yeah.”

“Okay, then,” Pina sighed, lidding his glowing blue eyes. “So, what’s the old-timer’s trigger, here? How do we maximize his size? Because good grief, he looks ready to blow.”

“Ah,” Gosha hummed, trembling harder as the party surrounded him. “Haha, I don’t really know what it is…when that Melon punk insulted Legoshi, it made me swell up considerably…but, ah…”

“What, Grandpa?” Legoshi asked, cocking his head.

“Well. Ahaha, I…before Melon snuck into the daycare I’d visit, likely to hide out from Yahya and the police…when I first went in, and all the kids cheered for me…”

Legoshi blushed deep.

“I ah, I…saw you there, Legoshi. Just a room full of my…o-of you.”

The old-timer rumbled so hard that they *felt* it coming out of his scales.

“You really saw that, Grandpa?”

“I…haha, well, I…don’t get to see you much, with you at school–which is good! You should be at school, learning, w-with all your friends…”

Those who knew Legoshi looked away, unwilling to say anything. Legoshi, however, grew beet-red in the face.

“And I…ah, I just don’t want to embarrass you–”

“Grandpa,” Legoshi interrupted, “I…I wasn’t sure…how to really–”

“Can we move this along?” Yahya grumbled, his dark bulk surging as he restrained his mounting anger.

“Right,” Gosha replied, nodding, his muscles vibrating as the growth built and built, reaching a fever pitch in the reptile’s stretching body. “It’s alright, Legoshi, you don’t have to justify anything to–”

“Grandpa, you’re amazing!” Legoshi roared, blurting it all out in an awkward, bassy burst. “Y-you’d never embarrass me! After Mom, I wasn’t sure how to t-talk to you, I was…I withdrew, but you…even now, you followed me into space…”

Gosha flicked his tongue too fast, his scaly brows titling up as he bulged worse and worse and worse and worse.

“You…y-you came to help me, without being asked or anything–”

“You beat down Melon, even giant-sized, sir!” Jack added.

“He did!?” Legoshi nearly howled, wagging faster. “That’s…that’s awesome!”

“W-well, I,” Gosha rumbled, his pecs flaring out ahead of him as his body screamed tighter, visibly expanding without growing yet. The pressure was going from promising to *scary* as the dragon rippled all over, glowing brighter still.

“Grandpa,” Legoshi yipped, grinning stupidly. *“You’re as cool as ever!”*

The old man’s stoicism snapped in two as Gosha’s tongue pushed out of a growing muzzle, bulging fatter and longer as he shook violently, spasmed happily–then *erupted*.

A wall of surging scales collided with everyone at once, blowing the party back as the old reptile exploded larger, and larger, and larger, and *larger*. Yahya’s great mane of black hair blew back as the unleashed pressure bashed his muscle, throwing him back in wide-eyed shock as Gosha went from 2,700 miles to 27,000, billowing tenfold times bigger in one hard pulse.

“HOLY,” Bill yowled, unable to finish.

In the afforded beat, that one second of relief, Gosha’s slamming lats receded one iota, before tense-blasting out to 73,400 miles, pushing even Cosmo and Pina away as his muscles fulminated freely. Scales as big as continents strained all the larger against them, sleek and

smooth and deeply warm, fur and wool dragging and slipping and sliding along stretching plates of polished, well-aged green. Legoshi caught Gosha's pectorals directly, bumping back with a surprised whoop as the old lizard's growing chin and lashing tongue flashed up, then vanished, leaving only the inflating immensity of his chest as he billowed to 127,000 miles, and kept growing onward.

Clawed feet pushed down, down through the pitch, moon-sized toes clenching in against a soft, ever-growing set of reptilian soles. His thighs boomed nonstop, hulking and heaving in tandem with his exploding arms and rolling shoulders.

M…My boy…thinks I-I'm…

It played on and on in the elder dragon's mind, his eyes shut in poorly-shuttered joy as Gosha's body relentlessly expanded. All the danger in the solar system was suddenly worth it as his only blood's approval, his adoration, billowed through him, blowing him up past 156,000 miles.

His tail swelled bigger and longer, almost cramping from the sheer tension with which it flexed, a muscle that couldn't stop tightening for the overload of happiness. He hadn't been any part of Legoshi's life for so, so long, that…that it–

B-WMMMMMMBH!

171,000 miles. Over eighty-eight million feet tall, without the tail. 21 Earths tall, and 25 wide from bicep to bicep.

"Go, Grandpa! You're HUGE!"

Gosha bit his tongue as it swelled bigger, shaking so hard he thought he would explode into stardust as the extra howl pumped him *even larger*.

198,000 miles. Gosha had surged past one billion feet tall. Nearly 25 Earths. A bullet train at top speed, never slowing down, would have needed two months and five days just to make it from one toe to his head. His treasured Grandson had stood 7,100 miles tall; to Gosha, it would have taken three-and-a-half Legoshis to fill *one hand*.

That hand was ready to hold him like a toy, a jewel, and just keep him forever. As Gosha gasped and exploded bigger, bloating up past 215,000 miles, he could have held about four.

His bliss at a heady, buzzing zenith, the swollen komodo huffed out his own cloud of streaking energy, letting the runoff spew loose as his tremendous body shook one last time, relaxed, and finally stopped growing.

"Bigger, Grandpa!" Legoshi barked, wagging wildly as he hugged into the towering elder's bulk. "You can do it! You can get even bigger!"

"HAHA," Gosha gently boomed, shaking his head up high, high above. **"I…I THINK THAT'S IT, LEGOSHI. EVEN BOOSTED, I THINK WE CAN ONLY GROW SO MUCH IN ONE GO…"**

"U-unbelievable," Yahya gulped, the huge horse several times smaller than Gosha's looming eye as he swam up towards it. "Unbelievable! It actually worked!"

"HOPE YOU DON'T MIND THE HELP," the titanic komodo joked, nodding down at his old friend affectionately.

"Wh…of course I…j-just get going, already! We'll ride along and try to trigger each other as big as we can, before you reach Melon!"

The huge lizard chuckled, nodding again.

"HAHA. WHATEVER YOU SAY. HANG ON EVERYONE! STAY CLOSE, LEGOSHI, ALRIGHT?"

"Of course, Grandpa!" Legoshi shouted, his thick tail slamming harmlessly against his Granddad's wide scales. "I've got you!"

"YOU'VE…"

The old-timer just beamed, wider than ever. He glanced politely about, flicking his tongue for everyone's scent, before flexing his staggering bulk tight, then bolting forward, shooting through space like a polished bullet.

"Whoa!" Haru yelped, holding onto Legoshi as he held on to his exceedingly grand Grandfather. "How's he t-that fast!?"

“That was quick thinking, Legoshi, praising him so much!” Jack laughed, half from what he said, and half from the nervousness with which he clung to Gosha. “You almost made him as big as Melon! We actually might have a solid chance here!”

“Hmm?” Legoshi hummed, confused. “What do you mean?”

“Well, you know,” Jack fussed, his labrador ears flapping as they careened along. “What you t-told him, just now.”

Legoshi blinked.

“But he *is* awesome! *Look* at him!”

Every time Gosha had read to Legoshi as a kid, tucked in and safe, all Legoshi could ever do was stare at his Granddad’s scales. Naturally, the lizard was bigger than him, so it was like a living mass of shiny gems. Now…with Gosha big enough to hug around all of Jupiter, it was secretly heaven. All there was now were scales, infinitely larger, shinier, everywhere…

The old reptile felt Legoshi squeeze in. From that moment on, no regrets could reach him.

MELON’S INNER THIGH

MIZUCHI, 8:51 PM

“Where is he even heading to?” the rabbit groused, having climbed one of the hybrid’s massive follicles of fur, reaching high enough to watch as planets passed along in the far, far distance of space. “He must have *something* in mind, he didn’t even hesitate…”

She was right about that much; Mizuchi had hardly had time to reach a strand of fur, anything at all she could grab on to, before the behemoth had taken off in whatever direction this was. It wasn’t like space had street signs.

As there was nothing in trying to figure it out, the 500-mile harlequin rabbit scanned Melon’s body, instead. It was only unfair to call it an alien world, because Melon was already so much bigger than the planets themselves. Saturn could have substituted the rough width of the gazelle-cheetah’s monumental, far-off testicles, and Venus could have fit in the tip of an erection so tall and so bloated that it nearly vanished out in the pitch.

Great plains of tattooed fur wavered, more from the force of movement than from any breeze, stretching on and on for as far as Mizuchi could comprehend. Being six hundred and twenty times smaller than the beast, she was less than a flea. She, the endangered one, the one bigger than an entire state.

It meant nothing. What male could satisfy a girl of that magnitude, anyhow?

"Mmn."

Then, she saw it. Rather, she saw *him*.

"That's…Louis!"

All the way over in the distance's edge, crumpled silent and limp against the base of Melon's rumbling shaft, slept the red deer, completely out.

"Yes! Finally, some luck!"

She sighed hard, then slid down to Melon's bumpy skin with a mute *thump* and made for the giant, determined to wake him. She could handle him, anyhow, she'd seen him around Cherryton, strutting and the like. Thinking he was so…well, big. But that was fine, actually; the bigger he was, the more protection she could get for herself.

MELON'S MID-ABDOMEN, WEST

OGMA, 8:54 PM

The tiniest little pff of green smoke caught his periphery, and the stag quickly understood why it had happened. It popped bright, blazed like a comparative firefly, then died, and Ogma turned in its direction and kept moving.

They had fired further up and around, over by Melon's looming left bicep.

They have flares, Ogma thought, grinning. *Which means they found a way to locate the facility, or the chunk of broken land it's still on. It's refreshing that I happened upon smart animals, for a change. A good omen, perhaps.*

From that point on, the deer kept wide-eyed, ready for the next flare.

OGMA'S RIGHT SHOULDER

OPERATIVE T, 8:54 PM

"That's…four left, in the emergency case, sir," Operative T said, having triple-counted, despite the easy math. "Two green, two red."

"If he sees red, he'd likely think it was a *wrong way* communiqué," Mienai snorted, thinking fast. "So that's really two preferable flares left, total. Then we need to only offer corrections when absolutely necessary. You're sure you've got the ping on the location, after all, over there?"

The owl was hunched over the device like it was his own child, unblinking as he turned the dials slowly on a small portable monitor, watching concentric digital rings tighten around a bleeping dot.

"I didn't imagine you had a locator in the emergency case, hah," he hooted, clicking his beak absently. "Any working station will keep sending out a distress beacon at high frequency, in any kind of explosive or tectonic disaster, and this certainly did the trick. The beacon is transmitting, and strong!"

"S-so, how far away did that section of land end up, on Melon?" T asked, leaning in.

"Assuming our boy doesn't get bigger any time soon, and increase the geography under us…er, Ogma, that is…ah, the coordinates…ooh, it's still a ways off."

"Estimates, please?" Mienai pressed, looking around the side of his copilot chair.

"Ah, given Ogma's stride, at his size? Couldn't say."

"But you're a scientist!" T whined, the capybara sagging lower.

"I'm not God, miss. This terrain is completely foreign, I have nothing to measure with. All this monitor tells me is if the dot is straight ahead, left, right or behind. My best guess is, it's resting somewhere near his far left lateral, possibly caught in a ridge of muscle, since it seems to be stationary at the moment."

"Right, sorry doc."

“We just keep straight for a little while, then gradually left for a bit longer. We should have enough for directional purposes.”

That was when the steady rhythm of Ogma’s gigantic steps changed, quickening into a thudding series of quakes that rocked the immeasurably smaller chopper over and over.

“The hell is–” the pilot started, prepared to turn on the machine and flee.

“He’s running,” Mienai said, plainly. “Save the gas, please. I think he’s more excited than we are, it feels like he’s double-timing it.”

“Good for us,” the owl laughed, either unfazed or in shock at the evening in general.

“Is it, though?” T asked, furrowing her brow. “Why would Ogma want to help us stop all of this?”

“There’s no sense in him letting an ultra-giant Melon go unchecked, is there?” Mienai posited, shrugging in his seat. “Why wouldn’t he assist us? It’s good for him, too.”

“Okay, but…back when he first grew gigantic and approached Site Omega, he seemed so enthusiastic about growing to mega-size. Just…odd that he’d contribute to stopping that size, long-term, when he’s even bigger and stronger than ever…”

“Do you think he–”

“He likely wants to shrink Melon, to knock out the competition,” the owl casually said. “There’s another possibility, but…I can confirm it during the batch synthesis, and be sure. No sense in bringing it up until I know better, and save a panic.”

T stayed quiet, but ultimately nodded.

“So, it’s not good news.”

“Haha,” the old bird continued, “it doesn’t matter, either way, at the moment. At his size, he could crush us. We need that cure, regardless of his own personal motives. So, we proceed. Once we finish the cure–assuming the facilities are intact–then we have two options: either we lie to Ogma and say we couldn’t make any, then escape quietly…or we actually trust him, and work together to cure Melon. If we can make more, then I say we shrink Ogma and Melon simultaneously, and prevent either party from acting any further.”

T stopped nodding, even though she knew it was correct.

MELON'S INNER THIGH

MIZUCHI, 9:08 PM

As stereotypical as it would have been on school grounds, it hardly mattered if Mizuchi hopped here. No one was around to see it, and any regular idiot that complained, she could crush flat. So, whatever; it was sure as hell faster this way. With all that raw power, it felt kind of *nice* to do it. *Freeing*. Hell, she could have bounded like this for hours if she really–

"Finally!"

She crashed down on both huge feet, huffing from mild exertion as Louis' form remained where it had been, settled in a heap of muscle against the foundations of a towering phallus, one that proved so monstrous up close that all she could hear was the rapid throb of its bulk.

She understandably hadn't accounted for it, and her attempts to shout the gigantic deer awake sank under the tonnage of Melon's throbs.

"Argh, stupid–wake up! Hey, you! Hey, stupid!"

Sure, Louis came from money–more than her own family's, if rumors were to be believed. But red deer were hardly *endangered*, and money was never 'special'.

"Dammit!" Mizuchi snarled, as best as a rabbit of any scale could, kicking Louis in his exposed side. "I'm talking to you! Don't you ignore me, you pampered idiot!"

Kick

"I'm sick of being toyed with! Giving me all this power…but putting me in last…stupid…place! Even Haru is…argh!"

KICK

"Doesn't anyone care about me!? What am I, garbage!?"

KI–

“KEEP THAT UP...AND I’LL *TOSS* YOU LIKE GARBAGE.”

The voice was big, thick and slurred, still heavily drugged by venom. But it was mad.

“Gah!” Mizuchi choked, leaping back so haphazardly that she fell back onto her ample rump. “Don’t scare me like that! What’s wrong with you!?”

“I’M AN INCH AWAY…FROM BEING *EVERYTHING WRONG* WITH *YOU*.”

Louis rose, and rose, and rose, wobbling as he forced himself into a more dignified stand. His hand went out on instinct, the 2,600-mile tall male leaning against the pulsating girth of Melon’s erection, too angered to notice it yet.

“WHAT IS…WAIT.”

Louis looked around, his face screwing in confusion, then horror. He looked down, felt his feet on pliable bulk; he glanced over his massive shoulder, saw the erection, and stumbled back, nearly crashing into the smaller bunny and joining her.

“WHAT…THE HELL. WHERE’S EARTH. WHERE IS THIS!? SPEAK UP!”

“Ah,” Mizuchi whimpered, losing all her nerve in a snap. “I-it’s somewhere, I don’t know where…somewhere here, probably, on this Melon-whoever-jerk–”

“A MELON?” Louis balked, rubbing his temples unhappily. “MAKE THIS MAKE SENSE, WHOEVER YOU ARE. FAST.”

“I go to the same school as you, stupid! Do you really not recall ever seeing the one and only harlequin rabbit on campus!?”

Louis removed his fingers from his temple, and shot Mizuchi a look so bad she wilted.

“Ah-hah, ah, M-Melon! H-he outgrew the planet a little bit ago while y-you were unconscious! This huge old lizard spat venom on you, b-but it didn’t kill you, it just knocked you out…but after that this Melon guy blew up out of the countryside, and he just kept getting bi-bigger and crazier! He got s-so big, that we…we’re on him now!”

“ALL OF US?” Louis growled, through grit teeth. “EVEN THE WOLF? LEGOSHI?”

“I…n-no, I left those idiots, and hitched a ride on Melon…w-why?”

“KOMODO VENOM IS **LETHAL**, THAT’S WHY,” Louis seethed, openly trembling with anger. “THEY REALLY SPRAYED ME WITH KOMODO VENOM!? **REALLY!?**”

Mizuchi thought, and thought. A bad door opened, and she walked right in.

“T…they did! I saw it all! That wolf said something about stopping you, w-whatever it took, so they tried to kill you. They must have thought it worked, because a-after Melon grew super-gigantic and flung us into space, they…didn’t even talk about you anymore…”

Louis stopped seething for a moment and squinted down at her past his monstrous chest, scanning her with a mean glare.

“PFF. WAIT, WAIT. LEGOSHI, WITH A KILLER INSTINCT? HARDLY.”

“Yeah? W-why else do you sound so drugged, if I’m lying?”

Louis looked away.

He pulled his lip back.

The rumbling began.

“UNBELIEVABLE,” the great deer boomed, his muscles shaking bigger across his stretching body. “HE REALLY DID…NO…I CAN’T *BELIEVE* THAT SOFT-SPINED *MORON* COULD…REALLY MAKE THAT CALL…”

He checked his muzzle, found it half-wet, and sniffed his fingertips.

Then, the rumbling grew. And grew. And grew. *And grew*.

“HE REALLY…DAMN HIM,” Louis bellowed, hissing reddening energy out through his teeth. “DAMN HIM! SOME STINKING HERO! IF HE EVER TALKS…I-IF HE EVER TRIES TO LECTURE ANYONE, OR ME, **EVER**–”

Louis’ fur darkened as his antlers creaked and swelled, his eyes glowing with blistering fury. His body rippled out in a bizarre cascade of growth as it tried to adjust, the deer *p-p-pulling* taller, his height surging up to 5,000 miles in one ugly, frantic shove.

“I’LL…CRUSH HIM…FLATTTTTT!”

Mizuchi gulped, sensibly backing off as Louis' growth rattled everything nearby; the deer hissed out a thick vapor streak as his neck ballooned twice as massive, the hard gush flooding into his bulging shoulders, roaring biceps and swelling forearms. His thighs burst out against each other, having nowhere left to grow as they hefted his ankle-low sacs out, forcing his ruddying erection higher past his inflated pectorals.

In one phallic bob, Louis was 11,000 miles tall, shaking in uncontrollable rage.

"T-THAT…MANGY…HYPOCRITICAL…"

To Mizuchi, the deer was mostly feet and sacs, the rest of his billowing figure obscured by Louis' rising shaft. There was no lust to the growth–rather, it was as though the excess wrath was forcing itself into it, bloating his over-tight sex into a kind of strained, agonizing mass.

This time the bobbing was so huge that she could feel it travel down, the most incidental of twitches forming shock waves that tickled through Mizuchi, through her feet, through the ground of Melon's bulk below them.

The red deer's skin pulled loudly as his bulk inflated, the heaving male already over 36,000 miles tall, and only shaking harder and stronger. Vast plumes of dark energy cascaded out of his nostrils, dusting his bulging pectorals as they stretched higher than his cheeks, pushing his bursting neck away as it too swelled beyond sanity.

"ALL OF THEM…IF I SEE THEM AGAIN…I'LL BREAK THEM ALL! IT'S NOT LIKE I NEEDED THEM FOR THE NEW WORLD! ESPECIALLY HI…H…HAAAAAAH!"

Again, violent growth stormed through the bellowing male, his body booming wider faster than his height, even at 52,500 miles tall; that put him at six-and-a-half Earths in height, and nearly 10 worlds wide, bicep to bicep. Just shy of a *sixth* Melon's size, and half the hybrid's shaft. Louis could have built whole cities on one follicle of brown-red fur, thousands of Cherryton Academies back-to-back-to-back…and he was *still* that outmatched.

"R-right," Mizuchi shouted, still back away, even as Loui's feet swelled past her on either side. "T-they all were in on it, clearly, sad as it is! B-but you know, this Melon–"

"WHAT ABOUT HIM!?"

The fist that interrupted hit Louis with such horrendous drive that even the deer went sailing offworld, flung on impact into Melon's shaft. He caught it on the shoulder, flipping out with a bounce into open space as an unfathomably big laugh broke out everywhere.

"SORRY, WHAT?" Melon thundered, an endlessly colossal horned head rising over inflated pecs as he finally looked their way.

Mizuchi snagged a handful of gigantic fur strands, holding tight as the force of Melon's punch grazed her, putting her into a temporary stupor as he clung.

"HAHA, DID I REALLY HEAR YOU RIGHT, OVER THERE? WHAT 'NEW WORLD'? I SWEAR, YOU HERBIVORES–THE ARROGANCE…"

Louis flexed every thick fiber on him in order to stop the tailspin he had been put in.

"WH-WHAT–"

He shook the hit off, his negotiable invulnerability working overtime as he drifted to a halt. Flung that far away, the massive deer could finally see his superior at full scale, and even his anger flickered off a moment on sight of him.

"THAT…THAT'S MELON?"

The hybrid was immense beyond any real point–that was the only way his mind could package what he was seeing.

It was a…what, a cheetah? A gazelle? He had carnivore teeth, and god-level bulk. How could any creature have gotten so big? No…so much *bigger?* Bigger than even him!?

"IT IS," the monster-sized deity spoke, rather blithely. ***"FEEL FREE TO OBJECT. YOUR MANNER, YOUR POSTURE…YOU'VE HAD AS MUCH POWER AS YOU'VE HAD TAKEN, I CAN SEE IT. YOUR***

MANACLES ARE SO MUCH NICER THAN THE ONES I HAD. I'M JEALOUS. REALLY."

The sheer insincerity was surely the point. *Still*.

"HMPH," Louis sneered, easily matching Melon's disinterest. "A LECTURE, REALLY? THIS BIG, AND YOU STILL HAVE TO TALK THAT MUCH? DON'T BOTHER CALLING *ME* AN OVERCOMPENSATOR, IF YOU HAVE TO KEEP RAMBLING ON IN ORDER TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION."

It was something else, watching anything that big react: Melon's grin curved all wrong in all the worst places as his vast eyes lidded to slits, rows of demonic teeth gleaming as he stifled most of a doomsday laugh.

"OH! GOOD FOR YOU, LITTLE MAN! HAHA, A CHIP ON THE SHOULDER AND IMMEDIATE OFFENSE-DEFENSE SWITCHING, A CLASSIC POOR-RICH KID DYNAMIC. HMM. CUTE! I HONESTLY DIDN'T THINK I'D GET ENTERTAINMENT FROM ANYONE, AT THIS SIZE. TOO BAD WHOEVER DRESSED YOU EVERY MORNING ISN'T AROUND TO SLAP SOME MONEY OVER YOUR WOUNDS!"

Louis' body resumed shaking as his godly blood boiled inside, screaming under the well-tempered mask that was his body.

"THANK YOU," Louis rumbled, his bulk swelling anew as he doubled in height, in one bulbous, pumping spurt. Nearly half Melon's size, the deer tensed and pushed his ludicrous pectorals out, smiling and glowering at the same time.

Melon snerked, cocking a titanic head in the far distance.

“HOW’S THAT, <u>CUTIE</u>?”

“THANK YOU FOR INSULTING ME AT THIS EXACT MOMENT, WHEN I’M IN THIS EXACT STATE. JUST WATCH, YOU HYBRID TRASH! *IT’LL BE **CUTE!***”

Even Melon widened his eyes as Louis pushed his body, throwing his head back against a stupendously thick neck as he roared into space, trembled with rage, and *exploded larger*…

MELON’S UPPER RIB CAGE

OGMA, 9:14 PM

Another tiny puff of green, aimed farther North, maybe Northwest.

“Good,” Ogma huffed, the bulging stag grinning lopsidedly as he pivoted to match its trajectory, then stomped along in that specific direction. “Very good–”

The world below interrupted as Melon moved. It wasn’t drastic, but it was enough.

Ogma nearly bit his tongue as the landscape shifted, the mountainous outer range of Melon’s rib cage pulling back as, far far away, the sky-sized arm on the opposing side pulled back, then jabbed out South, pummelling into something that the deer couldn’t see in time.

“What in blazes–”

Words erupted out of Melon’s huge maw, entire worlds away, but even being over 5,000 miles tall, they were just too big for Ogma to comprehend. It just hit him in a wall of sound as the beast’s body twisted again, this time bringing a looming pectoral under-curve his way.

Was Melon…leaning in!?

OGMA’S RIGHT SHOULDER

OPERATIVE T, 9:14 PM

“He’s growing again!?” the pilot howled, reeling in his helicopter seat as everything rattled around them, through them.

“N-no,” the owl spoke, his voice quaking for it, “the distance isn’t getting farther, it’s…closer! No, much closer! The location on his body is moving toward Ogma! Melon isn’t growing, he’s moving…leaning in, I would guess!”

“W-well, how close does that put it now?” Operative T asked, cutting off Mienai before he too could ask.

“I…it’s almost on us! I think it’s near the armpit or the underside of the pectoral, but it the lower pectoral collides with the upper rib cage, even if it just brushes here–”

“Ogma can grab it and close the distance! Do we fire another–”

“Wait until it’s nearly on us!” Mienai shouted, over the churning bulk below them, and below their ride. “Doctor, as soon as–”

“It’s right above us!” the owl hollered back. “Fire upwards at…exactly sixty degrees North of us! Now!”

MELON’S UPPER RIB CAGE

OGMA, 9:15 PM

For a moment, Ogma considered pulling back; the wall of tattooed fur was inbound, and fast, with no signs of stopping.

The last blast of green up overhead stole his thoughts as the flare detonated bright, and Ogma snapped to the target: at his size it took some squinting…but there was land. In fact, it was a modest chunk of it, lodged in a tangle among Melon’s incoming fur. Being over half the size of Earth, his being able to detect it meant it must have been nearly a continent’s worth of split land.

So much the better.

Illuminated in that tiny patch of green, it took only seconds for Ogma’s vision to make out the rest of the mass, and the elder stag understood the rest perfectly fine.

“Haha, clever,” he huffed, raising both mammoth arms high, intercepting the upside-down landscape of Melon’s pelt as it nearly touched down.

Patient hands waited, then struck, grabbing the entire mass out of the fur above with one smooth pluck. It hardly mattered that the landmass he found was bigger than a country–it still fit in just one gargantuan, careful hand. By the time Ogma had it lowered, it rested safe (enough), nestled in the small of an immensely large, warm palm.

"Hmm," he hummed, pleased. "Very good. Now, I trust you can see it, little–"

A red flare blasted, just barely visible to him. Truth be told, as a deer, his vision was never that amazing; but in terms of motion detection of any kind, he was a king. Amplified by whatever strange power flowed through him, through all the giants, it proved doable enough.

"Stop?" he pondered, before softly nodding, going stock-still. "Excellent. Consider it done, then. Good journey to you, and good luck."

He could only take it on faith that the tiny helicopter was already on the move. The deer had his hand up right beside the shoulder, in hopes of conserving their fuel with the shortest imaginable trip. Likely, he would be holding still for some time–a small sacrifice, at worst.

That's right, friends, he thought, suppressing a massive grin, his member bulging bigger in anticipation, despite himself. *The average flight time of a military-grade helicopter at maximum fuel efficiency, and my palm's proximity…I'll give you all a few minutes' time, to be sure you're there…then, I close my hand and contain you. Haha, you'll have to cure me first, then Melon…only I won't let you waste any of it on him! He would become cataclysmically enormous when the effect wears off, after all, that does me no good.*

No…no, all of that blowback…will be ***mine****.*

OGMA'S PALM, FORMER CONTINENT, SITE DELTA

OPERATIVE T, 9:18 PM

"We're set, assuming Ogma can stay still enough," the pilot gulped, his throat dry as sand at this point. "We have a little fuel left, thankfully, so…do what you all have to do, and when you get back, we'll get vertical, then cure Melon, then try to land on Ogma again and cure him."

"Before he tries anything," Operative T sighed, all but certain. "You *know* he will."

"That's literally out of our hands for the moment," Mienai replied, unbuckling. "Doctor, you lead, that device should–"

“We’re practically there, don’t worry,” the owl hooted, trying to unruffle his plumage as the doors opened. “It won’t be more than a few minutes’ travel! Most sites have an intentionally similar design, I know where to find the backup generators. They keep fully fueled at all times–”

“Great, let’s talk as we go,” the zebra huffed, strolling ahead, his walking cane extended.

“Of course, of course.”

Operative T took the oversized flashlight from the chopper emergency kit and clicked it on as they entered the site door. Given it had been bent into its frame by shifts in the building’s cracked exterior, they opted to smash the remaining glass and crouch in, instead.

Whatever sunlight had given them sight on Melon’s body, it was gone in here; considering how the landscape they touched down on was partially split in hundreds of places, with great spears of earth jagging up through broken mountains and slowly-draining lakes, it was a miracle the place was even upright at all.

“This way, sir,” the capybara whispered, kicking loose chunks of fallen cement away as the zebra followed. “Watch your step.”

“Appreciate it,” the zebra muttered. “Sorry, agent. I was too harsh on you earlier, over the phone. You’ve…done what you can, and then some, considering.”

“It was a tense situation,” T said, keeping ahead and clearing the path behind the owl.

“It still is, hah. But really, thank you for your service. I can imagine Yahya is pleased with you thus far.”

“He didn’t seem to hate how big he’s gotten, I’ll say that sir.”

Mienai paused, pursing his lip.

“That’s right…Master Yahya is…enormous, now. Hmm. W-when exactly did–”

“At Site Omega, sir. Yahya and this old komodo dragon both grew gargantuan, to combat Ogma. I can only imagine how big he’s getting by this point, frankly.”

“Hah,” Mienai sighed, deeply. “He’s outgrown us, then. I always knew he was bigger than I ever could be, but…this really punctuates the chasm, doesn’t it?”

“Well, sir…it doesn’t make us useless. We’re the ones who need to stop this insanity, and none of the giants are capable of that, despite all their new powers. It’s on us little guys, sir. Yahya needs us beyond all belief right now, right?”

“Hah. Of course.”

At that the lights flickered on, wherever functioning bulbs remained overhead.

Operative T looked over as the owl puffed his way back up from the basement stairs, a big grin edging around his beak.

“Got it! Let’s make a cure! Follow me, the lab we need is this way–”

“You already got the generators going?” T asked, brows high.

“It’s just a generator, miss. Certainly. Hah. Now, I’ll need your hands to make this move along quicker. If all goes right, with a few quick fixes to the ratios, we can have a mass batch ready soon.”

“H-how soon?” Mienai asked, hurrying along behind them as the owl scuttled down a long hall to the right.

“Haha, not even half an hour!”

“What!?” T balked. “S-seriously, that fast?”

“I know what to do, plus this site has better machinery! Let’s go, go!”

“Hey, things are looking up, sir!” T chuckled, suddenly alert again. “Who knows, maybe we can cure Yahya after! I bet he’ll be happy to see you, especially!”

Mienai let her go ahead, trying his absolute best to get the blush off his striped muzzle.

Yahya…bigger than entire planets…

It hadn’t been despair in the zebra’s voice, earlier. Not even close to it.

Of course, he would do his duty. Now, more than ever. But by God and all…before the curing phase…before this horrendous mess was as fixed as it was ever going to get…

If he could just *see* Yahya, that big…just for a moment…

The thought had never once had reason to cross his mind, yet here it was. Now, he couldn't cast it out, even in the face of near-certain doom.

"Hah."

How many other nobodies out there were thinking the same thing?

As he followed along, with the overhead lights active, and with them going deeper into the building, not one of the trio took notice of the descending darkness outside…

MELON'S UPPER RIB CAGE

OGMA, 9:28 PM

"That should be enough," he hummed, slowly closing his free hand down, sealing it against his open palm below. "There's no reason they wouldn't be rushing to get the cure made, if it's happening at all. This way, I hedge my bets."

To think, it was the tiny bugs that would prove his salvation, in the end!

Thoughts of how big the blowback would make him this time tantalized the stag as she maintained his stillness, a bulky statue of sorts in a plain of patterned fur.

Through that very fur something emerged, not far off, making Ogma glance over without moving his body.

"Hmm?"

There was motion, yet the mass was stationary. Given the nature of the past day, Ogma quickly surmised what that meant.

"Hmm."

Something was moving without moving–meaning, it was growing bigger. He squinted cautiously as a wad of fur billowed bigger, pulsing up big enough to spread the wheat-fur away, revealing a brown bear; it was smaller than Ogma, considerably. But the deer only had so much of an idea when the bear would stop growing.

Plus, it was still absolutely a bear, and instincts surged within him on sight.

Relax. He won't keep growing like you did, Ogma. Remember, you took the cure. So what if he's a carnivore? Look at you. The cure takes priority, man, stand your ground, and stay still. He doesn't even notice you.

The bear growled and thrashed as his bulky form rattled and spasmed, tensing into a swelling ball as he ballooned from the size of Ogma's ear to the size of his entire head, Ogma's estimations putting him at about 600 miles and up. The brown bear was suddenly the size of an entire country, at least, just like that–and he was still quaking *bigger*.

"Mmn."

This was less encouraging.

Worst-case, perhaps, he could be reasoned with. If he got any bigger, noticing the stag would be an inevitability. Ogma began to work out the best possible greeting and speech he could, when the bear broke through with a horrible, agonized roar of pain and confusion.

Oh. Oh, no.

That he was blowing loudly up to 1,300 miles wasn't the worst of it; nevermind that he could have hugged the planet with no trouble and met hands on the other side's oceans. It was the bellowing, the mindlessness inherent. The last two words any herbivore wanted to see or think together hit, and hit hard:

Meat-sick.

A grunting snuffle broke through as Ogma watched the growing bear sniff into the air, detecting something above the boundless scent of Melon's immeasurable self. The stag tensed, refusing to move yet, but entirely ready to, the moment that feral thing happened to notice he existed there, too.

Which is exactly what happened.

OUTER SPACE

LOUIS, 9:29 PM

There was just enough truth to the idea that the madder he grew the more he liked it that Louis couldn't fully absolve himself of it. That frustration only added to the fire, which helped that extra bit. Considering the red deer had blown up from 52,500 miles, over two-hundred and seventy-seven million feet tall, to a stunning 161,000 miles, *tripling his size* after a growth spurt, he should have been elated. Mad with his own power, in the best way.

At the moment, though, after ten minutes of effort, all Louis was, was mad.

Even being roughly half Melon's colossal size, even with biceps that outsized his own home planet, the deer couldn't lay so much as a hand on him. Every time Louis bolted forth through space, rearing back for a punch or a headbutt or anything, all Melon had to do was kick him right back. Over and over. He might as well have been a toddler fighting a high schooler over a stolen toy.

"YOU KNOW," Melon rumbled, his voice at least more manageable, **"I APOLOGIZE FOR DOUBTING YOU. THIS IS CUTE! YOU HAD ME WORRIED YOU MIGHT BE REMOTELY EFFECTIVE IN SOME SLIGHT WAY, FOR ALL YOUR BLUSTER."**

"SHUT IT!" Louis boomed, throbbing with anger, yet swelling no larger.

"NO NEED TO LASH OUT! IT'S NOT MY FAULT YOU RAN OUT OF GAS FOR THE MOMENT. HEY, MAYBE YOU'LL HIT ANOTHER BIG SPURT BEFORE I DO…BECAUSE MY SPURT…WILL BE TERRIFYING."

"WHAT NEED DO *YOU* HAVE TO TERRIFY ANYONE?" Louis shot back, panting as he drifted along. "WHAT, ARE YOU SO ANGRY AT SOCIETY THAT YOU'LL TAKE ANY SHOT YOU CAN GET–"

"YES."

A vicious rumble tickled through melon's godly physique as he snickered, licking his teeth over slowly. The slightest stretch stole through his huge bulk as he lidded his glowing eyes and snorted into his rising pectorals.

"ARE YOU REALLY GOING TO PUSH BACK? YOU'VE BEEN AT THE TOP, HAVEN'T YOU? PRETTY BOY, ALL POLISHED INTO A NICE TROPHY FOR THE

DINER'S CLUB SOCIALS. ANYONE AT THE TOP FEARS LOOKING DOWN, UNLESS IT'S ON LOWER LIFE FORMS…LIKE HYBRIDS. WHEN YOU LOOK DOWN, YOU CAN SEE ALL THE THINGS YOU DON'T HAVE TO STEP IN, EVER. WHERE ALL THE SLIME AND SWEAT ENDS UP."

Again, Louis charged, and Melon's tail whipped out instead, feinting a strike. When Louis blocked in its direction, the monster's enormous foot crashed into him, punting him so far back that Louis couldn't stop the momentum.

"WELL. THERE'S TOO MUCH OF ME TO COVER, NOW, HAHA. NO DRAINS TO WASH ME INTO! DO YOU, FOR ONE SINGLE INSTANT, REALLY NOT UNDERSTAND MY PURPOSE!? IT ALL NEEDS TO COWER! IT ALL NEEDS TO WATCH AS I OVERFLOW FOREVER, POURING EVERYWHERE! THEY NEED TO KNOW THERE'S *NOWHERE* LEFT TO GO, BUT ME!"

The deer slammed into something hard, feeling it nudge back through space a relative inch on impact. He wheezed through his own atmosphere, coughing, both thankful and bitter that his godhood only kept him alive for more humiliation.

He looked up to see Melon's body closing in, bridging their distance quickly.

"DON'T YOU FEEL IT, EVEN OUT HERE? I DID, RIGHT AWAY! IT WAS FAINT…BUT OH, IT WAS THERE!"

"WH…WHU-WHAT?"

Louis perked his ears, then turned around, bulb-eyed. The planet behind him was easily big enough to accommodate his mass, and then some, craggy as it was.

And familiar.

The feel, the smell. It…

"HEH, THAT'S RIGHT. IT ALL HAD TO COME FROM SOMEWHERE, AFTER ALL, AND THERE'S NO SOMEWHERE LIKE NOWHERE!"

The red deer gulped, his erection rising back up to where the tip kissed the surface, tickling and dragging excitedly up, up along its rocky span.

"I…IT'S…"

“IT’S EXACTLY WHAT I NEED,” Melon doom-spoke, towering over the exposed cervine. **“TO SHOW THOSE THAT REMAIN REAL DESPAIR. TO REMOVE ANY LINGERING ATTACHMENT TO THE OLD, ROTTEN WORLD. I COULD WREAK WHAT LITTLE HAVOC I COULD, AT MY OLD SIZE, ON EARTH…SHOOT, I COULD BREAK EVERYTHING APART RIGHT NOW, IF I REALLY WANTED TO BOTHER…BUT TO BREAK SPIRITS? THIS, RIGHT HERE. THIS IS HOW.”**

Louis swam back from it, despite the proximity to his foe, seeing more of it, taking it in.

God help them all–it was the rock itself.

It was an *entire planet* of meteor-rock.

“THIS’LL TAKE EVEN ME A LITTLE WHILE TO CONSUME, GRANTED. HEH. YOU CAN WATCH IF YOU LIKE. IN FACT, YES! STAY! I WANT WITNESSES, I REALLY DO. I WANT EVEN THE MIGHTIEST OF YOU GIANTS TO SCREAM, AS I BECOME TOO INSANELY BIG TO FATHOM!!”

“N-NO…”

A massive, thick chest bumped Louis from behind, thumping the mega-deer callously back into the rock.

“AH-HAH, YOU KNOW WHAT…SURE. *RESIST*. THAT’S BEST.”

Sheer closeness made it impossible to keep Melon’s monstrous pride from contact, leaving Louis pinned against the rock as he shoved it back. Again and again it thumped back against his enormous arm, pulsing, *laughing*.

With no other sight, escape or recourse left to him, Louis swung both legs forward, hefting his own member up high as he kicked into Melon’s looming abs.

“HMM,” Melon chuckled, barely able to observe over his chest bulk. **“FEEL FREE TO RESIST A LITTLE BETTER THAN THAT, HOW ABOUT?”**

“HAPPILY!”

Louis kicked, as hard as a deer knew how. The downside had been, Louis was only half Melon's size–but on the plus side, he was half the titan's size, and it was more than enough to push off, and gradually shove the entire planet out of orbit, along with him.

Melon's condescending laughter subsided as he opened his eyes again, saw nothing, and looked out as Louis and the entire mass drifted off into space.

"HUH."

There was less than no time to waste: the deer spun around, latched onto the rock, and opened his jaws as wide as he possibly could. The surface being too wide, too flat, he reared back, thought, and bashed the face with his antlers. Had it contacted poor old Earth, it would have likely been obliterated. The much larger rock planet just cracked politely, a few bits drifting off as debris.

Knowing better, at long last, what he was up against, Louis bit down on every single little morsel that came past, gulping fast, then smashing the crack again, desperately flinging more mites of rock off.

How much could this really help, before Melon was upon him again?

The hand would surely catch him in a second, in a thudding heartbeat.

Again, he smashed, pebbles starting to break loose for him to devour. Again, he ate, even though they hardly made enough matter to matter. He hardly detected anything on his tongue.

He bashed one more time, and larger fragments finally decided to blow loose.

If I can just get big enough, Louis thought, hammering the idea in over and over, to draw nout his rising panic. *If I can just get big enough, even if it isn't big enough to stop him…I can stall! I can get this rock away! I can eat it all–*

The hand had him, just like he thought. Just like that. It closed around his entire neck, wide as it all was, and fastened like a furred vice against it, stopping the deer cold as the planet continued to sail off without him.

"GOOD FOR YOU!" Melon purred, nodding with a pressed mock-grin. **"THAT'S NOT BAD AT ALL. HAHA. AH. I CAN APPRECIATE THE NEW WRINKLE HERE: DO I JUST TOSS YOU OFF? OR DID YOU MANAGE TO GET A LITTLE BIT OF THE ROCK FOR YOURSELF? OH, SHOULD I LET YOU GROW? JUST TO SEE? WHAT**

IF YOU GROW RIGHT NOW, WHILE I'M CHOKING YOU? GOODNESS, THAT WOULD ACTUALLY GET PRETTY UGLY, YOUR NECK SWELLING AS IT CRUSHES AGAINST MY GRIP…"

Louis wheezed, or tried to, but nothing got out. For a moment, the rules of space felt a little closer to applying, dangerously so.

There was actually a tremble, within, and for that same instant the deer feared Melon might be right. That tremble raced and swelled into a well known, almost-cherished pleasure as his body rumbled and spasmed with bursting power.

Melon calmly remained, holding tight, waiting to see for himself what would happen…

HORNS TRANSIT SHUTTLE, ROW 19, SEAT A

GOUHIN, 9:30 PM

The lack of screams or chatter informed Gouhin that, like a bad movie, he was the first one up. He didn't so much jolt awake as gingerly lean back into his chair, only to find gravity forcing him back down against a straining seatbelt.

"Nn."

A bent cigarette stuck to his lip, long dead, and there it stayed as he shook his head and willed his sight back into focus. The interior cabin was dark enough that it was nearly pointless, but at the moment it was the only goal he felt like achieving.

Silhouettes lay still in their chairs as far-off sunlight came and went, teasing through the windows on his side. Tree branches at noon? It wasn't noon. Was it?

No. No, wait. The shapes outside were all wrong, too simple; they were each like gargantuan poles wavering in silent winds. He sniffed, clearing out the aftertaste of his own menthol, when the scent barreled into his nose, assaulting him in a rush.

"Ah, what…"

The panda froze, then sniffed again. Dry as it was, his throat managed one unhappy gulp.

"It can't. Come on."

He twisted to the window and stared, smelling the full scent as he processed. He knew the smell, it was from earlier on in the day, back in the realm of sanity. It was both the fur and smell of the same brown bear at his office, before things went tits-up-a-thousand.

“Can’t be.”

He hadn’t woken up, that was it. Sure.

It’s not the kid. It isn’t Riz.

Riz’s bulk as it overfilled the train answered in his memory, and Gouhin grimaced deeper. The kid had been growing, that’s right. Pretty big, even. Were they really on him now? How? Had they really flown into him, or had he just gotten big enough to be in the way?

Wait. What the hell had the bear been standing on, then? Space??

A miserable groan rose elsewhere as Gouhin’s mutterings woke a chicken, who coughed their way into an accidental cock-a-doodle, waking nearly everyone else after.

“Are we there?” someone croaked.

“Why’s it dark?”

“Did we land? Oh hell, did we crash? Did we crash land!?”

There was no armed dog in sight this time, Gouhin was checking all over.

“What is all this, outside?”

Gouhin waited for it, closing his eyes.

Holyshitit’sfur

It’s not

It is look look

A giant! We landed in a giant’s pelt, look!

Something utterly enormous shattered the relative quiet, a series of deep *boom-boom-booms* from above and beneath them, from all around. The massive fur strands outside swelled uncontrollably each time, sending waves of confusion and force through the shuttle as it shuddered.

"It…it's growing again!" the same zealous leopard laughed, breathing faster in her chair. "I…I'm here! Haha! That's hilarious! It doesn't even notice us, does it!? Why would it?"

"Dammit, not you again! Shut up, over there!"

"Hahahaaaaahaaa! This is incredible! I can feel you growing! I can feel you!"

"Lady, I swear, if you don't get–"

The shuttle tilted in at the nose, shoving everyone forward into the seat ahead with a unified holler of panic. The ground under them moved, growing follicles brushing bigger as Riz' fur grew and bunched around the exterior, blocking more light as they rose.

"What's that!?" the chicken blurted, pressing his beak to the glass on the other side of Gouhin's aisle. "There's something out past the fur! It's a…it's another giant! He's way bigger!! It-it's a deer, I think! Like, a stag, maybe!"

"Hey, he's looking this way, but he isn't moving any…"

"He sees the giant we're stuck on, it's gotta be that!"

"That's Horns! It's Horns, it's him!"

"What!?"

"It's, it's the guy, him, from the video! The president of the damn company! Can't you tell? Look up at his face! I'm telling you–"

"It's not fair!" the leopard wailed, suddenly shifting attitudes. "He gets to be even bigger than our giant? One of us? The rich one gets more!?"

"That does it, lady, I warned you–"

Gouhin was already fussing at his seatbelt to intervene, when the forest around them shot up higher. The shuttle flipped nose-up from the force as Riz simply stood up, a terrible bellow-roar smothering everything else from much higher up.

The following cries melted into a gibbering nothing as the view of the gigantic Ogma Horns rushed at them–rather, their own giant was charging *him*.

Gouhin kept the seatbelt on after all, as the two masses collided, and the ship went flying wild and free between two walls of unthinkably thick fur.

MELON'S UPPER RIB CAGE

OGMA, 9:32 PM

So much for peace.

The bear had gone from a sniff to a grunt to a snarl to a full-on charge so fast that Ogma only had seconds to brace himself. The stag flexed with full intent, demanding his bulk strain as big and thick as it could. Assuming he wasn't completely invulnerable, it would be his only shielding against something close to his size.

"Damn–"

It wasn't the most delightful means of testing: Ogma could only raise both clasped hands up as slowly as time allowed, effectively letting the bear clamp his smaller jaws on the nearest thing to them–Ogma's huge outer thigh.

Unfortunately, some pain did manage to reach him; it wasn't agonizing, thankfully, but that it existed threw his older theories of godhood into muddier waters. Still, he felt far from dead, so Ogma kept his hands high and flexed even harder, his erection shuddering up higher as his thigh muscles boomed out against the bear's teeth, stretching his mouth painfully.

The bear doubled down, eyes glazed and empty, biting in deeper, challenging the flex.

Ogma had, being president of the Horns corporation, always been a senior member of its attached gymnasium and spa franchise. He was actually quite good at running, yet had never brought himself to partake in the lower fields of weightlifting. There was enough posturing to the public, to the point where straining and grunting and glowering like a fool had no appeal to him.

Something the stag had never needed ever rose up from a place he had never checked; his lip pursed up above as he dug his muzzle down into his pectorals, snorted, and *ordered* his body to be thicker, still. It was an employee, too, and he…he was the boss.

Once more, the stag's astonishing thighs burst larger, a nasty click escaping the bear's jaws as they stretched so tight that they became stuck, tension-caught on pure, bulging muscle.

"HNH!" Ogma said–*grunted,* even–his muscles exploding out in a hot bulge of size.

The bear's eyes boggled as he tugged back, suddenly unable to extricate himself from his bigger prey. Whether he was shaking his head 'no' or just trying to shake off, it hardly mattered.

That is, until the bear lidded his rolling eyes, shook, and rumbled up larger, again.

Ogma immediately willed his bulk larger again, but it only swelled a few iotas bigger for him, his vision starting to blur instead as overexertion let itself in.

No. Not like this. Not after all of this–

A foot several times bigger than Ogma slammed the firmament, burying itself with a harsh dimple against Melon's landscape-belly, just past the stag. The bear yelped, mid-growth, as an impossibly big sole smashed it flat against said belly, the ursine vanishing entirely from sight.

Despite the salvation and all, it proved so powerful that Ogma stumbled back, his bloodied thigh marked with the bite as he lost his balance and pitched back.

OGMA'S HANDS, SITE OMEGA

OPERATIVE T, 9:33 PM

The entire lab leapt suddenly, heaving the trio up off the cracking floor with it. Monitors and stands and racks and shelves shook in protest as the entire facility tipped hard right, sending them sliding along the tiles with a very upset rolling chair.

"Hang on!" Mienai shouted, bashing into the side of a counter with a grunt.

"Holy–Ogma's moving!?" T hollered back, just as the facility tipped back the other way, tossing them along just after. "What's he doing, out there!?"

“Doesn’t matter!” the owl hooted, fluffing up as he crawled back to a large monitor readout, clacking away as he typed fast. “We’re fast-tracking this as much as possible, so as long as we last another five or ten minutes, we’re fine!”

“Can I help any?” T offered.

“Throw…those two switches, on my mark, we need to reroute all the generator power into this mixer, it has to be a violent process to make this work quicker!”

“F-fine!”

“What’s all the extra typing for?” Mienai asked. “Isn’t most of this automated, once you input the mixing equations, or whatever?”

“It does, but I’m at a final input phase, and I’m…making some alterations! Just trust me on this, both of you! We just–NOW, NOW, THROW THEM!”

“Gah!” Operative T yelped, the short capybara having to lunge up to the switch panel.

“Good! We just need a few minutes, and we can save everyone!”

“Mienai, sir, come in!”

“Ah, r-report,” the banged-up zebra huffed, the radio already up at his muzzle.

“The shift, just now! The chopper, it…I got out as it was tipping over, it’s wrecked! It slid and crashed into a big rubble formation, sir!”

Mienai and T both stared at each other in horror, before:

“Tell him to make for the East rooftop!” the owl commanded.

“Why–”

“It’s fine, there’s always at least three helicopters there, fueled! Standard evacuation is by underground rail, they should all still be in the rooftop bay! Have him start one as soon as he’s there, I doubt we’ll be long behind!”

Mienai closed his mouth, nodded, and opened it again to make the call.

“Guess it’s not really over until the after party, huh?” T joked, laughing wearily.

“Hmm,” the owl replied, absently, staring at a screen over to the side.

“Oh, what?” Operative T groaned, approaching as it bleeped angrily. “What now!?”

“These sites are common targets for attack,” the owl sighed, rubbing his eyes. “They come equipped with monitoring systems planted well over a mile away.”

“WHAT.”

“...I think Earth retaliated, after Melon erupted free earlier.”

“Oh God, just say it–”

“Nuclear warheads are tracking him now, I can see them through the system’s deep space scanner. Well, less-deep, from this point, but you get it. They must have been launched right after our collective…departure.”

“But…well, how many?”

“Enough to destroy the rest of our world, several times over. All of them, really.”

“Really!?” T whooped, grinning wide. “Good! Ah, you had me worried! Yes, let Earth nuke his ass, then, that’s perfect! Well, I mean, I guess at his size, it…still wouldn’t be enough to kill him…at least it’d really, really hurt? Right?”

The owl gave her a look. It wasn’t a good one.

“Exactly right.”

OUTER SPACE

JACK, 9:34 PM

“Legoshi,” Jack began, tapping the far bigger wolf tentatively. “D…do you smell that?”

Legoshi paused, his ears swiveling to Jack, before flicking back thoughtfully.

“You caught it, too?” he asked, perking his ears back up.

“Y-yeah, it smells like…our food, earlier. At least, what I ate, which should definitely be what you ate, too. Well, not the food itself, but an ingredient–”

“The rock?” Haru gasped, looking around as they rode Gosha’s titanic body through space. “Where? I don’t see anything like it around, at all.”

Behind them, Juno tensed, her tail thumping involuntarily.

“I don’t either,” Jack sighed, whining. “B-but it’s close, seriously!”

“He’s right,” Legoshi added, snapping his focus out ahead of them. “It’s…it’s close! Closer and closer, even!”

“Is that it, out there?” Pina offered, pointing out to some space debris as it passed.

“No,” Yahya huffed, shaking his head. “It’s over to the far left. Gosha!”

“HMM?” the immense komodo rumbled, underneath them all.

“Hard left! Now!”

Gosha beamed, casually twisting his girth left, muscles churning silently under a sea of shimmering green scales. Yahya squinted ahead, but reflexively patted a single massive scale in thanks. A reptilian chuckle quaked through the old-timer’s body after.

“How are there pieces out here?” Jack wondered, before–

“There! Look!”

Legoshi already had one snagged in his hand, needing both to hold it all as it zoomed over into their flight path. Juno pushed in against him and Haru, grabbing another one for herself before anyone even knew she was moving.

Jack opened his mouth to speak, and caught one with a shocked gulp and a sputtering cough, before choking it down a bulging neck.

“G-HAH! AH!”

“It’s a free-for-all, I suppose,” Cosmo sighed, reaching out for a nearby drifter, only to have Bill pounce out past, catch it, then land in the huge okapi’s lap, stuffing it into his maw. “Oh, Bill, really!”

“HMMFH!”

“Forget that, I’m not getting any bigger if I can help it,” Pina sniffed, turning away.

“Don’t you want to stand a chance against Melon?” Haru asked, catching her own piece, with Legoshi’s help. He absolutely let her keep it, even closing her smaller hand around it. “We need all the help we can get!”

“Exactly,” the dall sheep replied, “you need to be extra-big, right? Why would I take that boost from you, when I can cheer you all on at this size? I’m just big enough to be heard, so it’s really a good deal!”

“I just want to be bigger, to be bigger,” Cosmo boomed, grinning slightly. “It’s not like we can go back, so why not keep increasing?”

“We can still shrink back, Earth should still be intact, overall,” Pina retorted.

“Maybe you can,” she chuckled, shaking her huge head. “But could you really go back to being a little toy for the world to bat around? Hmm, no thank you. I’ll take this.”

Bill thumped his chest, making sure it all went down, before hiccupping painfully.

“Ah, God, ow.”

“That’s what you get,” she snorted, hugging Bill to her massive body nonetheless.

“Everyone,” Yahya began, “eat whatever you have now, we won’t get a chance to boost up our sizes when we confront Melon in real time.”

“Right! But thith ith puhfict,” Legoshi hummed, talking dumbly through the chunk he was forcing into his muzzle. “Weh cun…mmmngh! W-we can take him on for sure, with this much of a boost!”

“Are you *really* Gosha’s kid’s kid?” the horse grumbled, before stuffing his jaws with a large hunk of rock, and chewing it slowly.

“W-what? What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Seriously, though, what could have caused this?” Jack asked, concerned. “Legoshi, think for a second, come on. Whatever amount landed on Earth, however long ago in our history…I mean, seeing more bits out here…what if the chunk that fell to the planet is just that? A chunk? As in, not the who–*OH, GOD LOOKOUT!*”

The entire party held on for all they were worth as Gosha crashed, head-first, into Melon’s vast backside, battering the shocked hybrid with such speed that even he went spiraling off to the side. Louis drifted into their view as he coughed and gagged, his face flush.

“Whoa,” Haru huffed.

“Louis,” Legoshi murmured. “He’s…even bigger, *again*…”

Indeed, the recovering deer proved bigger than everyone but Gosha, and by a good margin. Said komodo bounced back in space from the impact as they spoke, the entire party clinging to their mighty elder.

“AH, HE JUST APPEARED OUT OF–” Gosha mumbled, mutually surprised.

“YOU.”

The word came twice, overlapping. One was big, but the other was *even bigger*. Legoshi turned to see Louis as he approached, his aura alone pushing the startle wolf back against his Grandpa’s pectorals. Gosha, in turn, saw Melon as he laughed the word out, more incredulous than angered. The huge hybrid floated a bit farther out, busy with taking in the sights.

“L-Louis!” Legoshi fumbled, eyes bulging. “You’re okay! W-we came to rescue you!”

“HOW GOOD OF YOU!” the red deer hissed, looming closer still to the komodo, who glanced back and forth between both supergiants, thinking silently. **“COME HERE, AND LET’S HUG! LET ME JUST CRUSH YOU WITH THANKS FOR TRYING TO KILL ME EARLIER! BRING IT IN!”**

“Eh?” the wolf peeped, ears going flat-back. Jack was already wincing hard.

“Glad to see he hasn’t changed any,” Pina muttered, staying far back.

“Forceful type?” Cosmo asked, perking her ears, as Bill looked away sourly.

“DON’T BE SO MODEST,” Louis replied, continuously getting closer, getting bigger, to the point where they worried that he hadn’t reached them still. **“THERE WAS KOMODO VENOM ALL OVER MY FACE. WAS THAT AN ACCIDENT?”**

“NO,” Gosha sighed, the tinier party holding on as the reptile raised his bulging arms in a peaceful gesture. **“I’M VERY SORRY FOR THAT, THAT WAS MY DOING. I ONLY MEANT TO STOP YOUR FIGHTING, BACK ON EARTH. MY GRANDSON HERE, THE OTHERS, THEY AREN’T RESPONSIBLE. WE SEEMED TO BE GETTING SO STRONG THAT OUR BODIES COULD WITHSTAND ANYTHING, SO–”**

“SO, YOU ROLLED THE DICE WITH MY LIFE,” the deer shot back, no less incensed as he loomed, suddenly bigger than even Gosha by a head at 240,000 miles. Legoshi was so much smaller that four of him could have stood and barely made up the size of Louis’s head–forget his bulk. Only Cosmo and Pina were big enough to be toy-sized.

“AGAIN, FRIEND, I APOLOGIZE. YOU HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE MAD. I ONLY DID IT OUT OF DESPERATION, AND I WAS ALL BUT SURE YOU WOULD BE OKAY…FOR WHAT IT’S WORTH.”

“REGARDLESS…THAT IDIOT AND I HAVE THINGS TO SETTLE. AFTER THIS BIGGER IDIOT IS STOPPED. UNDERSTAND, LEGOSHI? WE’RE NOT DONE!”

Legoshi trembled, but it wasn’t from fear. Granted, there *was* a little in the mix.

“WHAT’S S THIS TRIPE?” Melon interjected, towering over them all effortlessly. **WHY SO GENTLE, NOW, OLD-TIMER? YOU WERE MORE FUN BACK WHEN YOU WERE BASHING MY HEAD IN! IS IT HAVING YOU PRECIOUS BOY HERE THAT’S DOING THE TRICK?”**

Gosha grimaced, glaring back at the larger beast with steeled eyes.

“ABSOLUTELY.”

Melon bit his lip as his smile grew jagged.

“THAT’S GREAT! HAH! OH, THIS WORKS OUT. THIS REALLY DOES. YOU CAN ALL WATCH AS I OUTCLASS YOU ALL AGAIN, ONLY MUCH…MUCH…MUCH WORSE! WORSE THAN ANYTHING IN EXISTENCE!”

“LEGOSHI, JACK, EVERYONE…PLEASE GET BACK,” the dragon gently asked.

Louis watched, through his anger, as a series of flea-sized flecks and a few larger animals vacated the towering lizard, falling obediently back through space.

“I DON’T WANT YOUR HELP, HANDBAG,” Louis snorted, preemptively advancing toward Melon. **“I DON’T EVEN WANT TO KNOW HOW YOU’RE THAT MORON’S BLOOD, BUT IT MAKES SENSE ENOUGH THAT IT’D BE LIKE THAT. IF YOU’RE AS DUMB AS HE IS, THEN JUST STAY BACK AND LET ME FINISH THIS.”**

Both Legoshi and Gosha grunted angrily, for the others’ sake.

“HAHA, WELL, HOWEVER YOU WANT TO SCHEDULE YOUR RUIN, IT’S FINE,” Melon calmly answered, going out of his way to put his bulky, tattooed back to them. **“I’M HERE TO EAT, NOT TO BRAWL.”**

Louis perked up.

“THE HELL YOU ARE!”

The instant the others had pulled back enough, Gosha shot forth, needing to wait on nothing else as he tackled Melon hard from behind. Louis threw his humongous arms up in agitation, slapping his own head, before taking after the old reptile.

“D…DAMMIT!”

The bigger hybrid took the brunt with a mixture of a laugh and a grunt, twisting around enough to plant his elbow deep into Gosha’s face. The elder took it, however, then slipped his muzzle back, opened his jaws wide, and bit into the exposed forearm. Melon stifled a happy snarl as his erection shook harder, throbbing even larger as he shuddered in joy.

“HARDER…COME ON, OLD-TIMER, HARDER!”

The colossus shook as his body began to rumble and stretch, pulsing bigger again as raw pleasure coursed through it. His free hand swung around and caught Gosha’s head, squeezing tight, forcing the surprised komodo’s jaws in *deeper*.

A giddy, dark growl erupted as Melon blew up to 340,000 miles, his huge muzzle curling into a wobbling sneer as his sacs exploded bigger against his thighs.

“S-SEE? LIKE THAT. GOT IT?”

Gosha snorted, the edge of his jaws forming a sly grin, despite the manner in which he was currently held. A thick gush of venom burst out of the bite wound, pouring down over Melon’s arm, soaking the massive strands of fur as he pumped literal oceans of it out.

Finally, Melon’s sneer sank into a confused curve, his ears flicking.

“*HMM. RIGHT, RIGHT, YOU HAVE THAT–”*

Louis landed a punch with such force that Melon’s head snapped away to the side, whipping audibly as a shock wave blasted everyone, hurling Legoshi, Haru, Jack, Pina, Bill, Yahya, Juno and Cosmo all farther out.

“S-such force,” Legoshi gulped, watching like a bug on a very, very big wall as Louis kneed Melon in the belly, just as Gosha grabbed the hybrid’s head and launched up into it with a cracking heabutt. “Incredible! Ah, we have to help out! Why aren’t we bigger yet? I mean, I started rumbling some, I know I did…come on!”

“It’s not always instantaneous, Legoshi,” Jack reminded, the smaller canine floating over to his best friend. “We just need to stay out of their way until our spurts hit!”

“I’m staying out of the way, period,” Pina huffed, putting his woolly hands up.

“We should try triggering them,” Yahya suggested, rumbling all over as it built up. “Get things moving. I’m not leaving my partner out there with that lunatic!”

“Right!” Legoshi seconded, mildly impressing the horse. “Let’s do that!”

“Maybe you are Gosha’s kid’s kid…”

“If all of us chip in, even if we aren’t as big as Melon, it can tip the scales,” Haru said, hugging Legoshi’s arm on the other side, her white muscles surging supportively. “Bill, Jack, Yahya, Cosmo, Pi…er, Juno…”

She looked around.

“W-where’s Juno?”

It only took a second of scanning for the massive rabbit to gasp.

“There!”

Sure enough, Juno was floating out and away from the group, towards some ugly, craggy planet out in the distance, far from the brawl nearby.

“Where’s she going!?” Bill groused, gesturing angrily out to her.

“Is she always this aloof?” Cosmo asked, cocking her huge head softly. “You all seem to know one another, so…”

“No,” Pina and Bill both flatly rumbled.

“I think she’s more interested in being center-stage, normally,” Legoshi added. “She’s definitely social and you know…l-likes attention, and…Jack, do you–”

“Smell that?” Jack huffed, sniffing again. “Yeah, that same smell, it’s super-close now. In all the fuss here, I hadn’t really paid it enough mind–”

“Oh, hell,” Haru started, the rabbit bulging with tension as she shot after Juno. “You all stay put, I need to stop her! I know what she’s doing!”

“W-wait, what?” Legoshi balked, bringing a massive arm up to rub his ears.

“Oh, hell!” Jack barked, ears perking up high. “Legoshi, she’s right! Miss Juno, she’s going for that big planet there! Look at it closer! I-it’s the rock!”

“What rock? Our rock!? There’s more rock on that planet!?”

Yahya went pale.

“That rock…*IS* the planet!”

“If she eats even a bit of it,” Bill gathered, “she…she’ll outgrow us all by leaps!”

“But if we eat it, we gain the advantage,” Yahya snorted, shaking with excitement. “Move! You all stay here and help Gosha! I’ll handle this!”

“Whoa, whoa, why you?” Bill groaned, immediately getting in the way.

“It’s personal!” the huge horse whinnied, thumping a billowed-out, black pectoral. “Gosha is my partner!”

“And he’s *my Grandpa*,” Legoshi added, joining Bill. “Let’s all just follow Haru–”

Louis’ far bigger body slammed into the party, scattering them into chaos as he sailed past, thrown by Melon with little effort. The 400,000-miles tall hybrid was slowing down as Gosha lizard-scuttled around his bloated bulk, biting his shoulder, then his neck; venom blasted out in crashing waves as he pumped more and more poison, trying to match the gargantuan male’s growth.

There was no going back–more so now, than ever. All the conjecture was gone, only cold reality left in its stead.

Somehow, it had to happen. Melon had to be knocked out, or *killed*.

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? BAHAHAHA!”

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…HHHHHHAAAAAAARDDDDUHHHRRRRR…"**

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 booooooomed 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 groused, 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 boobed, 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…SSSSSSSS!!”

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 hybri'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' 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-tined 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–"

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMM–

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!*

"DESSSSPAAAAAAAIIIR…"

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…ITTTTT…"

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-ssttooooopp

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 unthinkably 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-REALLY 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 MATTER, 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***.