

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

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

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

*All of it.*

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

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

She thought, then smirked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Wait.”

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

“C...crap!”

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

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

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

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

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

"Juno, stop!"

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

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

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

Haru broke into a stunted laugh, but recovered quick.

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

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

**"HAH."**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mizuchi’s face went from Sunshine to storm front.

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

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

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

**“SHUT. UP.”**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## ***OUTER SPACE***

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And larger.

*And larger.*

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

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

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

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

Another burst of venom, and another still.

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

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

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

Then, a little more.

"NNNN."

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

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

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

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



*Not dead not dead get up*

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

*Good enough!*

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

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

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

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

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

*“MELONNNNN—”*

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

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

“Uh. Lego...shi?”

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

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

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

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

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

Legoshi nodded back firmly, wagging so hard he shook.

“Right!”

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

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

## ***OGMA’S HANDS, SITE OMEGA***

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

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

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

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

“–the hell is–out there–”

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

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

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

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

“Slide down! To–of the h–way! Go!”

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

*“Here! We–here!”*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

They went quiet.

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

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

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

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

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

## ***MELON’S UPPER RIB CAGE***

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Damn. It.*

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

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

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

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

***"RRRRHN."***

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

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

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

*...Perfect!*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## ***SITE OMEGA HELICOPTER***

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

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

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

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

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

“You figured that out, before?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Then, he’ll shrink!”

“...No.”

“What.”

Mienai sat ahead of them, listening in grim silence.

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

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

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

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

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

“But—”

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

T went dead silent, and stayed that way.

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

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

“*Whoa!*”



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

“He’s moving!”

*“I know!”*

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

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

## ***OUTER SPACE***

### ***JACK, 9:52 PM***

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

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

As scientific as it sounded, really, it was the only thing that they could think to do.

“He’s...almost...out,” Jack groaned, pressing his 400,000-mile body against the hybrid’s, squeezing monstrous biceps in on Melon’s neck as his head bobbed, started, then swiveled back to life. “We need more venom, here, now! Please, Gosha, s-sir, wake up!”

“H-he’s completely crashed, Jack!” Legoshi answered, the 300,000-mile wolf having stopped shy of the towering labrador, holding Melon’s right arm down against spotted, swollen lats. “Grandpa! Can you hear us? Hey!”

The old lizard remained still, adrift in the distance, his chest rising and falling steadily as their struggles continued.

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

“Excuse me!?” the labrador barked, tightening his stupendous grip. “You did *not* just put it like that! T-that’s not cool, Bill!”

“Shut up, all of you! Who’s still–Pina!” Yahya shouted, the 420,000-mile tall equine clamping down on Melon’s thighs, straining his black biceps bigger and bigger to keep them in check. “Pina, listen! Go wake Gosha back up, and fast!”

The smaller dall sheep floundered through space towards the reptile, waving back in understanding. Yet, being only a fourth the size of Gosha, the quest proved a shaky proposition; Pina shook and prodded and shoved at the bigger reptile, here and there, to no avail, a puppy trying to bother a crocodile.

“Ah, just wake up, old-timer,” Pina moaned, a musclebound wall of wool shoving and rolling comically against the komodo’s bulked-out brawn, barely moving so much as a scale. “Just get up and do your thing, so we can stop all of this! I just want to relax!”

For all his pleading, Gosha remained silent.

“Agh, what do I do, here?”

He glanced back to the others as they struggled, as though answers would be inbound. The sheep muttered absently as he stroked his wool and fretted, until several clouds of dust puffed loose, making him wheeze as he snorted.

His ears perked up as he rumbled angrily, his body ballooning twice as big on the spot.

“Ngh! Hah, what was...w-wait, that smell...is that...”

He looked down on his own massive bulk, combing deeper, finding more bits and dusty granules of the rock as he scoured through his thick wool.

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

His huge little body began to swell further up as he pressed his wool to Gosha’s muzzle and shook hard, dusting the dragon’s face with all the powdered rock he could; within moments Gosha too began to slowly shudder, then violently quake all over...

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

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

“We just avoided another giant making contact with Melon, correct?” Mienai asked, clenching his seat pensively as the helicopter kept drifting back.

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

“Golden?” Operative T murmured, before perking up. “That dog, maybe?”

“What dog?” the zebra huffed, tensing more as the pilot kept turning the chopper away from the colliding walls of bulk.

“The one from the site bunker, the labrador we had in custody,” she explained, quickly, bumping against the owl as the helicopter swerved around, then sped back faster. “He was part of why we escaped when Melon outgrew the compound. Hell, that kid was the first one I bumped into back at Cherryton, on Yahya’s mission. Nice guy.”

“A student?” Mienai muttered, shaking his head sourly. “A student is the closest thing to a match we have, against that colossal lunatic?”

“He seemed like a good kid, sir,” T added, flush with sudden embarrassment at the reminder that she had dragged him into this mess. “I’m sure he’ll do everything to help us!”

“I don’t doubt his intentions,” the zebra replied, “but I doubt a dog can take down Melon. I’ve never seen a mean labrador, ever, so you’ll pardon me if I don’t faint with relief at the idea that he’s our only real hope—”

“He won’t be for long, should I be right,” the owl hooted, looking back from his seat.

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

“Speak of the corporate devil,” the owl cut in, thumping on his window. “It’s starting, Ogma’s growing! Look, back over there! Behind us! Haha, here we go!”

A partially-smothered groan swelled up between the yellow and brown walls as the stag’s overflowing muscles burst, bullying and billowing forth, rocketing through his rumbling form. It was deep, rolling and heavy, thunder and threat swelling up under thick, hot fur. Worse, it sounded absolutely *jubilant*.

“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 let some worry slip through. “Scary as it all seems now, burnout is the end game. His body is meant to explode bigger, so he’ll naturally start strong—*very* strong—”

Ogma’s growth was so overwhelming that they would surely have been dashed to nothing, had they remained in place to watch. A gigantic deer muzzle parted the walls as Ogma grit his teeth, shook, and inflated *massively*, that same telltale moan erupting as more of him gushed out, trembling and stretching ominously as the *true spurt* forced its way up from within...

## ***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 sluggishly thrashed, then sagged, the tension slipping from his prodigious muscles, his head unwillingly sinking into his oversized pectorals, nestling into the cleft as his growls grew soft.

“We have him, we have him!” Yahya wheezed, visibly worn out from containing Melon. “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 above.

“Yeah,” Legoshi seconded, clutching Melon’s immense arm. “Er, I mean, w-we don’t really have a prison to just stuff him into.”

“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 applies 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. The morals remain, but the greatest one is preserving life—small or big. That applies to us, or any populated areas he might endanger.”

“But *killing* him,” Legoshi sighed, “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 smaller doesn’t 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 if any of us get big enough, that potential invulnerability could increase, until we really are just...y-you know...straight-up, actual...gods.”

“And do you want *Melon* to be one? The biggest god, no less?” 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 don’t actually know if we can be killed. Melon might be unstoppable, in the long run, same for 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, on Melon’s enormous, unsecured sacs. Yahya’s amazing size still wasn’t enough to fully cover them, and a miniscule burst of mass appeared in its sloping underside, causing a minute, tickling impact.

Then, another burst, and another, and another, and another, and *another*. Wave after wave of sensation tickled up into Melon’s pair as the brown deer mass swelled out of control.

“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? Ah, 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 pointed out how every erection and nipple in sight tightened at the idea. It was the one thing that didn't require the bother of verbal consensus.

"Er, that one animal would get...beyond colossal, though," Legoshi huffed, trying to keep his composure in front of the group, fighting the baser implications of getting that immense. "M-maybe that's not a good idea. Right?"

"Either way, we have to let partially or completely go of Melon, to make it happen," Yahya grumbled, despite his own shaft swelling harder against the hybrid. "We have to keep containment up, until our next steps are set in stone."

"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 rattle 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 plowing ahead like a burning-hot demon, bulging fatter as his pectorals boom-shoved the canine back, and back, and back.

"I-I can't!" Jack whined, as Melon's pecs 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!"

"WELL, MAKE IT WORK! BE A GOOD DOG!"

*“W-would every...one...s-stop making...dog...comments!?”*

“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 crowded his growing frame, spreading every other giants’ arms and legs apart.

*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 chest blasted into madder and wilder dimensions. “Too b-big–”

“JACK, I SWEAR,” Yahya roared, even as he too began to feel his massive grip slip.

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...HMM, A 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 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 hips as they pumped and pushed right back 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 ASIDE. OR, ACTUALLY...STAY RIGHT THERE.”***

A hand just big enough to cover Yahya's upper body lashed out, catching the stunned equine dead-on. Clawed fingers swelled 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. MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR CAMOFLAUGE. OH, WELL. BEST WE GET ACQUAINTED."***

"WAIT! NO!"

With that, Melon's other arm moved (with Legoshi pitifully attached to it). Its 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 the erection back down over him. Now 1,250,000 miles tall, it proved just doable enough, leaving Bill's huge arms and legs exposed.

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

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

***"MM,"*** Melon hummed, finally lifting his bicep enough to see Legoshi clutching it, the wolf's arms and legs spreading further against its rampant growth.

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

Melon beamed.

***"HAHA, FUN. BUT NO."***

"Legoshi, h-hang on!" Jack shouted, before Melon flexed his chest too big, finally flinging the labrador off of him.



Melon watched Legoshi struggle, 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, terrified and stubborn, his comparatively small shaft riding 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 THING 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, 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? DON’T GET ME WRONG, IT DOESN’T ESPECIALLY MATTER IF YOU’RE HERE—I’M JUST WONDERING HOW YOU’LL REACT. EITHER WAY, HAVE FUN WATCHING!”***

With that, Melon turned back to the direction of the planetary 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 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, ISN’T IT, WOLF? SIMPLER? DID YOU KNOW THAT BEFORE THIS, ALL I WAS CAPABLE OF WAS MURDER? HAHA. IT***

***ALL MOVED SO SLOW, I SEE THAT NOW.  
THERE'S NO WAY THIS ISN'T PREFERRABLE.  
ONLY A LUNATIC WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND."***

Legoshi gulped as the bicep got too big to handle, his grip giving out 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—one familiar, yet just as alien to his database.

*Louis!?*

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

## ***OUTER SPACE***

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

Turns out, the stag had been correct.

Ogma's growth was of such a grotesque force 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 pumped out like balloons forced to hold waterfalls, fur and bulk rippling wild 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 thoughtless, 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. Given his state, he hardly cared.

The only relevant thing Melon had on Ogma at that moment was a sudden understanding, and only in the sense that the buttoned-down CEO finally got why the hybrid liked this so much. His prior growth still felt restrained, sensible, controlled, the way it had always been. In this moment, truth be told, *total abandon* actually made perfect 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 of Melon's size, despite all his growth, a baby at best—and the deer was still getting bigger than him. *Bigger than everyone.*

“R-REALLY?” Melon sputtered, the massive male pushing uselessly against Ogma as he heaved larger, stronger, throbbing with energy. 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 in reply.

For an abrupt moment both titans matched in size, Melon locking hands with the growing Ogma, the hybrid nearly as muscle-bound at peak. Ogma and Melon grappled with one another, with their own raging pleasure, groaning in unison as they evenly swelled, higher and wider, bigger and stronger and thicker. Great rolling mounds mashed and rubbed and rumbled, hotter, heavier, forcing them both back and forward at once as space shook around their mass.

“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! G...GROW!!”

Again, amazingly, Ogma obliged, and erupted higher.

The stag overtook Melon once more 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 about godhood, more so than he had ever guessed. The Sun itself barely even fazed him as it moved, the star submissively pulling towards the deer’s monstrous density and 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 forcing Melon’s down, their immense pectorals pressed in as his bulk overlapped onto the hybrid’s head. **“EXCEL...EXCELLENT, HAH. VERY GOOD. A WONDERFUL START!”**

**“WHAT. THAT’S IT?”**

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

**“IS IT, MELON?”** he rumbled back as he flexed, and ordered himself bigger once more. **“WHAT A PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO FIND OUT!”**

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.

***“AWW. FOUND OUT, DID YOU?”*** 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 overtaking over the deer’s 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 letting the question linger as he grew. 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 continued on towards the rock planet, closing the gap quickly at 4,000,000 miles...

5,000,000 miles...

6,000,000 miles...

## ***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 slow down. 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, at all. The more Melon grew, the smaller his options got.

*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, deliberate, slowed a precious extra bit by Ogma’s brief interruption. 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! Everyone did, granted...but this was *his* blood.

“Haha, go Grandpa! Go! Hold on!” Legoshi cheered, turning back to help, when:

**“KEEP GOING, LEGOSHI!”**

His grandfather’s huge voice blasted out as the komodo looked back, clear and focused, the old-timer helping to push Melon back as he snorted and shoved against his oceanic muscles.

“GO, KID!” Yahya shouted, the far smaller horse a toy compared to Gosha, and only able to push so much against Melon’s swollen bulk. “GET TO THE ROCK, IT’S OUR ONLY CHANCE LEFT!”

“R-right!”

“Legoshi!” Jack bellowed, the bigger labrador drifting in and 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 back warmly. “I *always* was. Fun as that’d be, growing with you at the climax and all, it’s obvious that you’re the one. It needs to be you that gets the biggest. I won’t take any of that precious size from you—”

“W-what?” Legoshi puffed, flicking his huge ears back in surprise. “M-me? Why me?”

“You’re the one between both sides, Legoshi,” Jack explained, kicking forward faster as the background-sized Melon pushed slowly against the party. “Plus, you’ve got to take care of Miss Haru, right?”

“I mean, y-yeah...but you’re important to me, too!”

Jack's entire body blew up to 500,000 miles at the kind words, the blushing canine sniffing as he compacted years of unaddressed, erupting emotions.

"I...you're my best friend, Legoshi," Jack nearly howled, his thick golden tail wagging. "But if I can't make sure you come out ahead, even if it's without me, then what kind of garbage friend would I be--"

"I'm not bailing on you again!" Legoshi shot back, making Jack's lips curl up as he whined with a surge of ardor. "Not ever again! We both do this together, or we don't do--"

Yahya was still plenty-big enough to be felt as the horse crashed into them; Jack's mighty arms parted as he tumbled forward, Yahya and Legoshi knocked sideways like clacking billiard balls in space. By the third flip, Jack caught sight of them being cast aside as Melon's towering form barged through. By the fourth, the hybrid was all that he could see, the beast closing in fast.

## ***OUTER SPACE***

### ***JACK, 10:08 PM***

A great mass of fluffy white met the labrador as he slammed into the great rock, bounced, and thumped into both softness and firmness, incarnate. He had made out the general image of a huge, muscular rabbit just before making impact--and, as he gingerly rose to a stand, he realized just who that rabbit actually was.

"Oh! You...you're Legoshi's friend!" Haru gasped, her ears perking high.

"Miss...H-Haru?" Jack started, the slightly taller behemoth straightening up. "Legoshi was coming here, instead of me, b-but--"

*"A little help!"*

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

"Whoa, that's a big rabbit," Jack muttered, suddenly reluctant to intervene.

"Er, yeah. Girlfight, sorry. Mizuchi's not willing to share the rock--even when there's this much of it to go around."

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

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

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

“Ah, I-I’m not so sure I can step in, Miss Haru, ahah,” Jack sheepishly blathered. “I d-don’t really think I could raise my hand against a girl—”

“Oh, man up!” Haru shouted back, wrestling against Mizuchi’s enormity.

“Seriously!” Juno added, the slightly-larger wolfess digging her feet into the rock face as she forced Mizuchi back a step. “Help out, already, puppy!”

“Why does everyone keep talking down to me,” Jack quietly moaned to himself.

“HEY, MUTT!” Mizuchi boomed, the hulking rabbit throwing Juno into Haru in one mean sweep. “GOOD INSTINCTS, ON YOUR PART! SMART BOY! STAY OUT OF THIS, AND MAYBE I’LL SAVE YOU A CRUMB OF ROCK!”

“Ah, w-what do I do!?” Jack muttered, biting his lip softly as he looked back to see Melon steadily gaining, getting larger and meaner the closer he came to catching up to the rock.

## ***MELON’S SACS***

### ***OPERATIVE T, 10:09 PM***

The past several minutes since Ogma’s eruption had generated utter chaos, throwing the poor helicopter this way and that, stuck in the gravity well of the monumentally huge stag’s body. Now, as the deer shoved back against Melon, they were caught between competing wells, being pulled back and forth between looming, planetoid cells, too small to even be considered in the same physical realm as they.

“We can’t get free of whatever the hell is happening!” the pilot yelled, fighting to be heard over the shrill sensor bleeps and emergency boops. “T-they’re getting so huge, I don’t even know where to fly anymore! W-we’re practically atoms to them!”



“Everyone, j-just hang on!” Mienai hollered, as the sounds of cosmically gigantic muscles pressing and flexing filled everything.

“I’m taking the next shot, everyone!” the owl roared, loading the gun awkwardly.

“What?” Operative T shouted back.

“It could be Melon out there! They’re already so big...if what little we have is to have any effect at all, all we can do is shoot now, and hope for the best! After a certain size, there’s no way the dosage will even affect them anymore, so it’s pointless to hold onto this shot!”

The larger mass shook hard left, suddenly, throwing Ogma (and themselves) away through space. Being smaller than even the smallest of the stag’s follicles, however, the chopper took no specific notice. It was just panic, pure and simple.

As Ogma’s infinitely larger body sailed along, it thudded into the rock planet, jostling it as it cracked partially, tilting it into a sharp angle.

Mizuchi, Juno and Haru flew up from the farther edge of the planet as Jack, closer by, slid in, bumping into Ogma’s bigger body. On impact, the stag drifted away, still stunned from the hit, leaving the impossibly tiny helicopter stuck in a new gravity well—Jack’s.

The owl, stuck against the interior of the chopper, fired blindly through its opening. Everything went shooting out directly into the waves of golden, thick fur, the shots vanishing within far larger pores as the canine absorbed the fullest possible dosage.

“I think...I got him!” the owl cried, barely registering over the wail of alarms as the pilot struggled to get them stable. “I got someone, at least!”

“L-let’s hope it works!” T coughed, as the four of them shook in exhaustion and fear.

## ***OUTER SPACE***

### ***JACK, 10:10 PM***

“Gah!”

Jack kept flat, his huge pectorals bulging as he rested on the tilting rock's face, waiting and hoping for some calm to come. It did not.

"Was that Mister Horns?" he panted, looking back up in time to see Melon towering over him entirely, a sneering muzzle just managing to be seen over the shelf of his furred, boomed-out chest overhead.

***"FOR A MOMENT, MAYBE,"*** Melon blast-spoke, grinning. ***"HE'S BEEN LET GO."***

"Oh, no, no," Jack whined, forcing himself back upright. "Y-you stop right there!"

***"ALRIGHT."***

There was, understandably, a pause. Jack gulped, flexed his thick bulk imposingly, and pressed further than he ever cared to.

"R-really?"

Melon shrugged his vast, swollen shoulders, casually bringing one hand up...to reveal a massive chunk of loosed rock.

*Oh no, Jack thought, freezing up on sight of it. Oh no! It must have broken off when Mister Horns was thrown into the rock!*

***"HANG TIGHT A MINUTE, PUP,"*** Melon rumbled. ***"AFTER THIS, I'LL BE SO BIG, I COULD EAT A HUNDRED OF WHAT YOU'RE STANDING ON. FEEL FREE TO COME STOP ME, IF YOU REALLY WANT TO BE A HERO—I WON'T TURN DOWN A FREE DINNER AND A SHOW..."***

Jack was trying, the entire time, to unfreeze. He really was. But he couldn't.

"N...no!"

*Move...MOVE!*

Wasting no time, Melon brought the rock up, ready to devour it, when—

***"DAMN YOU!"***

The words came not from Legoshi, nor Yahya, nor Gosha—but from Louis.

The red deer sailed past Jack, all 900,000 miles of him, leaving the smaller canine slack-jawed. At his size, with both hands, Louis 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 to count.

It was thankfully enough to make the 7,000,000-mile tall Melon reel back as Louis continued his offensive, one eye bruised badly, one antler snapped partially off. The deer pounded Melon's head in a blind rage, beating on the bigger beast relentlessly, his bloated bulk stretching loudly as his anger grew him bigger and bigger, stronger and thicker still.

***“YOU BOTHERED COMING BACK?”*** Melon laughed, shaking the hit off. ***“THAT’S JUST SAD. INDICATIVE OF THE ANGRY TYPE, GRANTED...BUT STILL, PLAYING TO THE STEREOTYPE LIKE THAT–”***

***“SHUT! YOUR! MOOOOOOOUTH!”***

Once more, the quaking deer boomed bigger, pumping catastrophically larger as he laid into Melon, blowing up from 1,100,000 miles to 1,800,000 in one nasty, throbbing burst.

Jack snapped back to reality, realizing he hadn't budged. As he willed himself to move, even just a tiny bit, Haru threw herself into view from the right side, flinging into the far-larger Melon along with Juno. Both females slammed into the drifting titan's shoulders, putting the cackling hybrid into a half-spin. Where Mizuchi had been thrown, when the rock was impacted, no one could really say.

Gosha and Legoshi both tackled Melon's arms together, trying to wrench the huge rock chunk out of the hybrid's clutches. Even together, both males hardly moved Melon's thick fingers at all, each a comparative tree trunk.

***“WHAT’S THIS?”*** Melon powerfully snorted, bringing the rock up again in his hand. ***HERBIVORES AND CARNIVORES, WORKING TOGETHER AT LAST? SO, THIS IS ALL IT TOOK, THEN? WELL, I SUPPOSE YOU ALL SHOULD THANK ME, YES? WHY DON’T YOU ALL WORK ON MY FINGERS TOGETHER? ISN’T THAT SMARTER?”***

***“I CAN DO THAT ON MY OOOOOWN,”*** Louis hissed, the 2,200,000-mile colossus nearing the same size as his Father as he brushed the smaller wolf and dragon away, prying hard.

“I...I have to help,” Jack told himself, sternly, though he still refused to move.

He could only watch on as Melon headbutted the huge little deer away, brought the rock up to his opened maw, and stuffed it right in. Then, horrifically, he swallowed it whole.

*I HAVE TO HELP!!*

Jack trembled from the effort it took to undo his paralysis, his golden fur bristling out as he strained and blushed and shook. As he did so, his body heat rocketed higher, steam starting to gush out in waves, his bulk rumbling terribly as something completely new overtook his bulk.

***WHAT WOULD LEGOSHI THINK IF I DIDN'T HELP!?***

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 7,500,000 miles of him shook as the mega-spurt began to build and build.

Jack's foot finally moved, sliding forward as the canine felt himself expand, massively.

Louis and Legoshi both hugged in over Melon's snout, trying to pry it open, to the rumbling hybrid's amusement.

Jack stifled a terrible howl as something tremendous blew up within him, too big to stop, too fast to fully understand. There was no planning as his prodigious muscles erupted out in all directions, the shaking labrador rocketing from 500,000 miles to 4,000,000 in one brutal blast of size, pumping him so large that he slipped off the entire rock, drawing the group's focus—Melon included.

"Whoa, Jack!" Legoshi yowled, wide-eyed, as Louis gawked. "Alright!"

***"CAN'T...SSSSTOOOOHOOOP,"*** Jack boomed, the spasming canine blowing up to 10,000,000 miles, instantly, rising higher than the mighty Melon by a whole head and bulging neck. ***"H...HUUUUUURTSSSS!"***

***"IT DOOOOES,"*** Melon growled, trembling harder and deeper, pulling everyone's attention back to him, even as Jack eclipsed them all. ***"E...ENJOYYYY...IIITTTT!"***

"Jack, quick, help us stop him!" Legoshi roared.

"D-dammit...reach down his stupid throat if you have to!" Louis bellowed, succeeding in lifting Melon's huge jaws a bit more.

Jack was already too big to hear it. The labrador boomed and swelled and shuddered angrily, more and more steam blowing off of his 20,000,000-mile form as it throb-throbbled, mounds of thick, overheated muscle gorging on power, his body too strong to be controlled as he tilted his muzzle high and blew out a great geyser of glimmering steam.

“He’s too struck by it,” Juno supposed, her bosom pressing tighter into Melon’s stretching fur patterns. “He’s no help!”

“Doesn’t matter, we stop him ourselves!” Gosha barked, trying to ready another blast of venom as Melon’s rumblings grew and grew, shaking everyone.

“The rock!” Legoshi roared, desperately. “Jack! Just, keep that rock away!”

That much, the dog heard. Through his shaking, Jack forced a nod; the 50,000,000-mile labrador was already so big that the entire party could have gathered side-by-side, and still not quite reach the full length of his shaking body.

On the one hand, this made collecting the smaller rock planet a snap.

On the other hand, Jack’s growing hands crushed it in, more and more, unable to stop flexing as too much power pumped through his exploding mass.

“D-don’t break it, you idiot!” Louis shouted, as Melon’s body shook too hard, a great glow building up around his frame.

“This chunk alone is still too much!” Haru shouted. “If we can just get him to open his mouth, one of us can get the rock back out!”

“Make him open his mouth, whatever it takes!” Gosha bellowed. “I can spit venom down his throat, if need be, it should work!”

Jack growled in frustration as his body kept blasting violently larger, the titanic dog so big that, at 80,000,000 miles tall, he couldn’t even see the action anymore. His pectoral tonnage made that much impossible, and he was only getting bigger, faster, more heat and steam blowing out as his shaking hands crushed the rock to powder.

*AT LEAST*, he thought, pleading with himself, *KEEP THE ROCK AWAY...EVEN I-IF...IT’S JU-JUST POW...DERRR...GUAAAAAAAAAAGH!!*

Still, Jack swelled, now over 100,000,000 miles tall. His head was over 7 Suns tall, at least, his overpowered body far larger as he helplessly crushed the rock more and more, rendering it finer and finer and finer, until it clouded and peppered his swelling fur, soaking in.

Juno lunged at Melon's ear, biting it, while Cosmo pulled on the other, but the rumbling swelled until they all were rattling, just through contact with Melon's bulk. There was no stopping what was coming. There just wasn't. If anything, the shooting pain made Melon's quivering shaft bloat even bigger, his sacs quaking as they expanded against his thighs.

Still, the entire party clamped down over whatever portions of Melon's pulsing muscle they could manage, and held fast. There was a singular beat, a sinister pause for emphasis, before the end broke through the line.

“It’s happening!” Juno groaned, shaking along with Melon’s body.

“Everyone, hold on!” Haru shouted.

“We have to stop this!” Legoshi roared, stuck on a tensing pectoral. “There has to—”

*B00000000000000000000000000000000MMM-*

Jack's mighty new size failed to impress as the wall of fur hit, and hit hard. A second later, and the only impression he made was deep into Melon's fur.

The hybrid's immensity became nothing, versus the first instant of new growth. In one straining, billowing push, the leopard-gazelle went from a god to something worse; his pectorals rounded into bulging curves that overrode his biceps at the sides, a rush of growing fur battering against everyone as Melon's unholy size *quintupled*. Then, it *octupled* that, instantly. Then, things got bad.

## OUTER SPACE

**MELON, 10:12 PM**

*240,000,000 miles—nearly 1.3 billion feet tall, and twice as wide across.*

In less than three seconds, Melon was so large that his height alone surpassed the (former) 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, even though the first spurt hadn't stopped yet. He was over forty times bigger, in just a few thrilled heartbeats—and his body was getting *worse*. The raw force of his shaking jittered the remaining planets, now meager flecks 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*.

### ***MELON'S RIGHT THIGH***

***JACK, 10:14 PM***

The labrador's body was stuck flat against Melon's nude brawn, whole clusters of muscle growing into terrible clarity of definition, only to swell to such scale that they once more became foreign, growing from hills to entire horizons.

### ***OUTER SPACE***

***MELON, 10:15 PM***

The doom-hybrid's 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 cosmic-sized legs as he throbbed out of control, blast-booming 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, his rump tightening as it swelled endlessly behind him.

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

***“DESSSSPAAAAAAIIIR...”***

His voice was too big to understand now, a language only gods could hope to even try to know, as the creature kept ascending, higher and higher and higher. With each instant, his comprehension of true power was torn apart and reformed, his mind pulsing with dark energy and cascading, unhinged lust.

***“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, if this was the apex. That was fine. 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 taller than his collective 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.

## ***MELON'S INNER THIGH***

***JACK, 10:16 PM***

The mighty Yahya was one *four-thousandth* Melon's size, at that moment. If the horse had been regular-sized, Melon would have been an entire neighborhood, possibly even a whole town. None of the others fared better 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. Legoshi fought to swim to the top of the fur on one engorged, bursting bicep.



Jack, by far, outsized the entire group. Even bursting to 125,000,000 miles (1.3 Astronomical Units), the labrador was less than a sixth of the hybrid's size—for roughly a split second. The great canine sneezed as the dust covering his body met his huge nose, then sneezed again, and again, and again, and again, and again, *and again*.

Then, the rumbling hit, building and building, and Jack nearly passed out as his body, all at once, decided to expand everywhere imaginable, at breakneck speed. Legoshi, Gosha, Louis, Yahya, Haru, Pina, Bill and Juno could only cry out a moment as the world of Melon, their current world, was summarily replaced with gold.

## ***OUTER SPACE***

### ***MELON, 10:16 PM***

The growth was so viciously fast that the G-forces 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.

*So, this was madness. Finally. Pointless, indulgent, **true** madness.*

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-boooooomed* 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 monster kept exploding larger, consuming everything in his fur's path. 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. It all hurt so perfectly. The summation of everything denied him, his entire pitiful existence—he had found it. And, if lucky, it would finally consume him, consume everything, *make him everything. It was all insanity, anyway! Why not finish the job!?*

*2 light years tall, and 8 wide. MORE.*

*7 light years tall, and 32 wide. MOOOOORE.*

The Solar System lost its place as Melon outpaced it, the beast casting off cosmic waves of raw strength, the power pouring off his raging girth as his erection finally trembled in preparation, bloating darker, longer, heavier against him. Then, at twenty light years tall, at the height of his pleasure and pain, at the very tip of his oncoming graduation, his peaking, his climax—he *stopped*.

And stayed stopped. Muscles trembled, then calmed, overloaded and hot as they were. His erection wobbled, confused, pleading to actually unload at long, long, long last.

***“WHAT...”***

Melon did his best to look around, finding only hints of space between the valleys of his own patterned muscle, and the reach of greater space, around him.

He waited a little more, and felt nothing. One ear flicked as reason slowly returned.

***“THAT...THAT’S IT, THEN,” he thundered, waiting. “THE FULL BRUNT OF THE GROWTH SPURT. HAH...I SUPPOSE I...CAN’T COMPLAIN. YET, IT WAS THERE. IT WAS THERE, IN ME! AH, SO CLOSE...I WAS NEARLY AT THE EDGE–”***

Something moved against him, suddenly, and Melon was intelligent enough to grasp that that was another impossibility, at his scale. That any of the opposition, that *anything alive* was large enough to be remotely felt against his body–

He blinked, then turned around.

The labrador was there.

*All of him.*

## ***INNER SOLAR SYSTEM***

***JACK, 10:16PM***

The canine couldn’t think straight. 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 Jack cried out, his body exploding so fast that there was the quickest brush of soft, warm fur on his, before he felt one small thing bump and cling to him...then another, and another, and another, still.

The tiniest little voice squeaked something as Jack’s body relentlessly detonated in scope, spilling frantically larger, biceps and lats surging and churning with growth as Legoshi and Louis both held on. Fur strands went from poles to trees to mountains to planets in sheer width, forcing the smaller supergiants to hold on for dear life as the billowing labrador raged larger.

Jack didn’t escape Melon’s plains of thick fur, so much as he erupted from them, quivering and straining as his glowing brawn billowed up, his body suddenly bigger than Melon’s sacs, then his whole torso.

Every restraint, every societal or self-imposed shackle—*every possible chain* that Jack had worn his entire existence snapped away in quick succession. Modesty, bashfulness, manners, self-doubt all were obliterated against the crushing pressure of raw, unfettered *want*.

The one thing every good boy was conditioned to deny burst through: selfishness.

Some lingering defense line buried deep in his core fought back against it:

Just like that, Jack was back on his bed, at Cherryton, in his dorm room, the way it had all started. He felt that first growth spurt rumble up through his lithe little body, changing him, changing everything. He filled the bed, snapped it flat, and swelled to consume the dorm itself. His mind still fled, putting him back in class at Cherryton, but he outgrew it in a flash, shoving that pompous teacher and fellow students against cracking walls with his body, with how amazing he really was.

But modesty rejected the idea that he was ever anything so special, and threw him even further back, as far away from his own enormity as it could go.

He was back in preschool, but that too was overwhelmed by waves of shuddering, growing muscle and fur, the distance from the playground he and Legoshi used to fight at being overrun by what he was now becoming. No matter where his rational self fled, there was too much of him to escape.

His real body arched out hard as his erection flared, blowing out longer and fatter over his shaking abs and rocking, widening hips. Entire cosmic zones cradled and brushed his sex as it groaned hundreds, then thousands upon thousands of times larger, his pectorals consuming his sight as space rushed into a streak of dwindling lights around his ever-growing muzzle.

This time—this one time—*he was bigger*. Him, alone. He was the target, the focus, the winner, the *biggest*.

One final dam gave out as he let an apocalyptic howl swell up his throat, only to catch and gulp it back down as his body blew up to 100 AU, then 1,000. In the space of a thudding heart beat, Jack had become so large that light would have taken almost six days—just under a week—to reach his ears from his toes.

As Melon surged out against him, Jack surged back, harder, his golden fur pulling taut as he ballooned a hundred times bigger, still, feeling his form warping from the sheer speed at which he grew against himself.

*100,000 AU, just over 9.3 trillion miles tall*

The vast labrador forced an eye open, seeing Melon looming thoroughly overhead, over twelve times larger than he. Even now, Jack was less than kitten-sized, in comparison—until a

sharp hiccup rocketed him larger, warping his grit teeth and massive traps, nearly rendering him spherical as pure force compressed his growing muscles.

*500,000 AU to Melon's 1,264,820—over 46 trillion miles tall, and nearly 100 wide*

Jack's muscles exploded into him as much as away, stretching his hide to unfathomable tightness as he relentlessly *boomed* bigger. Entire supergiant stars wouldn't have been more than specks against his fur; each one, a thousand times bigger than the Sun, would have been less than half the size of a flea, compared to him.

Only a few of the clinging party members would have been lucky to be ant-sized—and that was before Jack screamed even *larger*.

15.8 light years worth of labrador bulk billowed against Melon's huge body, suddenly only 2/3rds his size. He tried to speak, to even breathe, but his own mass crushed in stubbornly, demanding everything, taking everything.

*And larger*

The gargantuan hybrid bumped forward, turning just as Jack swelled to a whopping 50 light years, shaking and groaning as his erection thumped down on the shocked Melon, its vibrations rumbling through into his patterned bulk.

*AND LARGER*

**“YOU!?”** Melon gawked, cocking a brow as he drifted back—only to feel as Jack's bulbous orbs and undercarriage slammed right into him, once again, growing to fill even his vision.

Jack panted openly, unable to perceive anything beyond himself as Melon came into focus, the enormous hybrid shoving in futility at his monstrous sex. All Jack felt was a sharp blast of pleasure that fried his synapses and filled him with tickling, tingling heat.

**“HUAH,”** Jack hummed, the quaking canine already five times larger than he.

Just as quickly, Melon found his head overtaken by pulsing testes, Jack getting so big that the hybrid could *hear* his fur swelling over his face, atop it, backed by the basso rumble of swelling abs and surging pecs on high.

**“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 IS THIS EVEN...I ASCENDED PAST YOU! PAST ALL OF YOU!”

Jack’s body callously doubled in size, pumping past 200 light years, bumping him back again. And again. It didn’t matter how far back Melon fell, Jack kept growing into him, faster and faster and faster. The canine was already considerably bigger than even he, swelling up past 400 light years, his bulk drum-booming wider and wider, until Jack was twenty *Melons* tall, and nearly fifty wide.

So far as Jack knew, there was a simple answer. How he had gotten so big before absorbing the crushed rock dust, he had no idea, and frankly was in no state to think it over, beyond the obvious:

**“AB...SORBED...WHOLE...ROCK...”**

Any other day, or even hour, Jack would have politely explained things in paragraph form, gladly extolling his bountiful, helpful knowledge.

Melon’s fur dropped a shade. The math was easy to do, but impossible to take.

“ALL...ALL OF IT. YOU ABSORBED THE ENTIRE ROCK...AS YOU WERE ALREADY GROWING. YOU...HAH. HAHA.”

In that merciful interlude, Jack had blown up to 700 light years, his bulk inflating to horrendous scales. Not only was he not finished growing—*he was speeding up*.

**“D-ON’T...THINK I...C-CCCCANN S-STOPPPPP...”**

The hybrid let the implications sink in. Then, the rumbling came, hotter, so hot it burned within his taut 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 Jack’s 1,000 light year-tall self, and climbing.

**“NO.”**

Melon’s vast form throbbed loudly, heat blasting off of his swelling brawn as he forced his expansion harder, violently pushing his body as he neared Jack’s 1,200 LY height (75,889,200 AU). Pressed together, the two superbeings were roughly 400 times larger than their former solar system.

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

**“*BODY LANGUAGE, TONE,*”** Melon boomed, starting to bulge up beyond even Jack, his vast, horned head getting lost in his sheer muscle, **“*DO YOU EVEN WANT THIS, PUPPY? WHAT A COMPLETE WASTE OF POWER! IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN THE WOLF, OR THE DRAGON, IF NOT ME. YOU’RE LUCKY I CAN TAKE A JOKE! WHAT’RE YOU GOING TO DO, HELP ME ACROSS A STREET? BAKE ME COOKIES? PLEASE!*”**

At long last, a flicker of actual anger rose, shoving up through the pleasure, slowly filling the rumbling labrador as the insults continued, rising more and more and more.

**“*I KNOW EXACTLY YOUR TYPE, DOG. YOU’RE A PLEASER. THE POSTER BOY FOR THE STATUS QUO—WHICH, GIVEN OUR OLD WORLD, IS A LOW, FILTHY BAR. YOU GOING TO HUG IT OUT WITH ME? BORE ME TO DEATH WITH A BOOK REPORT? YOU’RE SO PROGRAMMED, YOU CAN’T EVEN THROW ONE PUNCH, I’M CALLING IT NOW. GO ON, CRUSH ME! BE A BAD DOG!*”**

Jack’s body grew furiously, boiling over as the anger rose, until his lips curled on their own accord, revealing teeth he forgot he even had as he caught back up to Melon’s stupendous, 5,000-LY tall body.

**“*I THOUGHT AS MUCH. SMART AND SENSITIVE REALLY DOESN’T SUIT THIS LEVEL OF POWER, RIGHT? YOU KNOW IT. YOU AND I BOTH. NOW, SINCE YOU CAN’T BE ANYTHING ELSE TO SAVE YOUR LIFE, BE A ‘GOOD BOY’, AND—*”**

**“*S...SHHSHHH...*”**

In response, Jack grew, and grew, bumping Melon back through the Milky Way as he trembled, wobbled, then erupted so...*so much bigger*.

**“*SHHHUUUUUUUUUT...*”**

4,000 light years ballooned to 10,000 with a terrible, rubber-stretch *boom*.

***“UUUUUUUUUUUPPPPP!”***

50,000 light years exploded to 400,000, then 900,000. Jack was over 300,000 average Solar Systems tall, and nearly 1,500,000 wide—and he was getting even bigger, even faster. Through it all, and as even the incredible Melon struggled against a wall of bulk, a final wall broke open—one he didn’t even know he had.

***“THERE’S...NOTHING  
WRONG...WITH BEING...GENTLE!”***

Melon was suddenly less than he had ever been, against the mountain Jack was becoming. Hell, he was hardly a shrub.

***“EVERYONE KEEPS ACTING LIKE  
FORCE IS THE ONLY THING THAT  
EVEN MATTERS,”*** Jack god-thundered, glaring down over bulging pecs.  
***“IF THE BAR’S SO LOW, THEN HOW  
ARE YOU STILL EVEN LOWER!?”***

The huge hybrid could only manage a few ineffectual swats at Jack’s overflowing fur strands as the labrador made to sneeze, before erupting so catastrophically massive that, in a great, dizzying blur, Melon was lost completely therein. *Even as he grew.*

Jack’s tell-off faltered, but only because his voice dammed in his ballooning neck as his back bulk blasted off behind him, on and on, his pecs and shoulders billowing into immeasurable yellow planes of ruffling fur. Then, terrifyingly enough—Jack let that colossal sneeze out.

Melon was a monster, to be sure, now over 12,000 LY tall, and three times wider. The Horns company rockets at their most advanced would have needed several lifetimes at warp



speed to circumnavigate one of the hybrid's shoulders. He was bigger than the world he detested, millions of times over, a god in the swollen flesh.

Yet, at the moment, he was roughly as tall as one of Jack's follicles—the short ones.

Whatever retorts Melon might have had, whatever cuts to Jack's temperament or beliefs, it didn't matter. In seconds, even forcing as much growth as he could, Melon was lost, vanishing into a pinprick on an indifferent landscape. If Jack had any last words, they would never have been heard anyway. He was just too big, now. And it wasn't stopping.

95,000 LY...

The entire Milky Way surrendered, the vast galaxy scattering silently around Jack's bursting body in a spray of beauty and light.

189,000 LY...

The granules glowed on as they all sank into his pelt, the dog's gigantic eyes glowing brighter as all that untapped power fed his expansion, more multicolored steam rising out of his billowing pecs and trembling biceps and thighs.

310,000 LY...

Through the space-shaking pandemonium of Jack's growth, the oversized dog wrinkled his endless yellow muzzle cutely, shook deep, and sneezed again. And again. And again.

## ***INTERGALACTIC SPACE***

### ***JACK, 10:21 PM***

On some baseline tier of his intellect, Jack knew he wasn't everything. Being the studious sort, he knew from class just how large the known universe really was supposed to be. As strange and wild as it was, knowing he was becoming bigger than entire systems, he still knew that there was more. It had become all about him, but he wasn't 'all', either.

But, as he saw frisbee-sized discs floating about, and realized each one was an entire galaxy, it sure didn't feel that way.

A tight cluster of dozens of galaxies collapsed into disarray as Jack consumed them into his waves of soft, gentle fur, the canine blooming with pure growth and power as it flowed forth. Spectrums of energy-light blew out past him, forming impressions of his body, which he filled seconds later, delivering on each new impression's visual promise of *more*.

His own arms no longer were capable of reaching the end of his chest, same for the shoulder blades. His thighs were so big they could almost successfully carry the mass of his furred sacs as they blew out and out and out, up ahead, trillions of AU away.

An erection so big he no longer knew where it stopped rumbled and swelled, on and on, widening mindlessly, giving his growth some extra place to stuff itself as he inflated up past 100,000,000 light years, and just kept growing. His body heat kept climbing, blazing, yet comfortable, cosmic clouds forming from the overflowing steam from his ever-growing bulk—which he instantly outgrew again, and again.

His friends.

His friends were so small now.

Legoshi wouldn't have even been big enough to measure himself, against Jack's  $5.87862537e+20$ -mile body. He would have been just under 2 *quadrillion times* smaller than Jack, at this moment—and Legoshi was a third the size of the Sun.

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 s-stop? Ever, again?***

The idea hammered at the labrador as he erupted beyond himself, watching and shuddering as his growth sped up, until afterimages trailed inside of his bulk, as well as beyond. He forced his lids down over bulging eyes as his massive body shot past 55,200 parsecs, then 110,000, feeling his muscles grow out and out past him, shaking with pure power as he relentlessly expanded through the local group void.

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

Jack was too big to object anymore. His throat wasn't able to manage anything against that much muscle, that much pressure blowing through his frame. He felt his own whimpers boom back down into him as he spread wider, larger, higher, blowing past 180,000 parsecs, then 240,000!

All Jack could do was occupy his mind as he detonated to more and more horrendous sizes; yet that was of little comfort, as the numbers for just how much smaller Legoshi was kept climbing into madness.

Another sneeze blasted down in between his inflated pecs, blowing Jack up to a full, whopping, staggering megaparsec in height. Rainbow-clouds blasted out from his bristling fur as he unfurled bigger, starting to become visible even in the Virgo supercluster. Where supergiant stars had once peppered his fur, so now did thousands of galaxies, adding to his glow as he groaned and sniffed, then sneezed again, even harder, bursting with a rubber-stretch and a low moan to 5 megaparsecs, then 30.

The entirety of the supercluster filled with steam as the trembling dog-god grew unchecked, his body heat spraying out musky clouds even faster, mimicking Ogma's own burnout—but on a monstrously greater, more vicious scope.

### ***LEGOSHI***

How could this be undone? Could it even slow down, at all?

***Beastars. Giants. Gods. I'm bigger than any of them, now.***

***I'm becoming everything. I could actually surpass everything there ever was.***

30 megaparsecs ballooned, painfully, to 80, Jack's muscles becoming so vast that his head and neck were lost in the shuffle.

***I overtook Melon, even. He must be subatomic now, to me. At least I put some insane distance between him and my friends. At least I did that.***

80 megaparsecs exploded with a tickling shudder, Jack booming up to 220 megaparsecs as the Laniakea Supercluster shattered around his bigger form.

***How, though? What chain reaction c-caused this? I'm growing from the rock, sure...b-but this heat, this steam...it's like I'm burning hotter and hotter and hotter...but I'm f-fine...***

Jack closed his eyes, held it in, and then blew out a thick serpent-streak of prismatic new life, gushing out clouds of pure existence as infinitely smaller chain reactions began, within them. A final, blasting sigh escaped as Jack shuddered and swelled, surging to 700 megaparsecs,

flooding clear through and overfilling the Boötes Void in a second, scattering the surrounding superclusters as he finally stopped fretting, and just let it happen.

*I...I'm fine. I'm fine, Legoshi.*

A surreal serenity crept in, through the blasting waves of growth, settling in as Jack slowly grinned. His muzzle was stuck between the over-swollen mounds of his pectorals, but he could feel it happening anyway. It was fine.

Legoshi would have told Jack to relax, anyhow, the dog knew it full-well. He would have been impressed, sure, no doubt...but ultimately, he would have still said the same: relax.

The more Jack thought on it, the more he grinned. He left his body rampage bigger, stronger, pumping and pouring and straining as he passed 2,000 megaparsecs, then 9,000.

*So...don't worry about me, please. I've got you, in me. You're all safe. I did it, I actually did it.*

Jack groaned hotter, bigger, spilling rudely across the observable universe, letting his erection tower higher and thicker, letting his biceps erupt into astronomical monstrosities, curling impossibly big toes happily as he accepted, at long last, that he could be the champion after all.

*Heck...hehe, the bigger I am...the safer you all are. That makes sense, right?*

Jack's body was in complete agreement. However true the sentiment really was, it didn't stop the pancosmic-sized labrador from expanding bigger, faster, his trembling bulk blowing up closer and closer to an actual, mind-breaking *gigaparsec*...

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

### ***OPERATIVE T***

“So, it's confirmed, then?” the capybara asked, leaning in towards the owl.

“I believe so, yes,” the avian slowly replied, nodding. “All the data we have since the growth supernova backs it up: the other giants concur that Jack was the one who grew bigger than Melon, *before* Melon's final growth burst. They agree that Jack was steaming at the time,

from burnout, the same way Ogma was. They all saw the rock planet shatter over Jack, at the same time, wherein he absorbed the whole mass into himself...”

“God,” T muttered, struck. “So, him taking in the entire rock, at the peak of burnout growth...”

“Heh, it was a perfect storm, yes. The burnout process went into a loop. Instead of reaching a point of stopping, the rock locked his growth in at its peak, and he just kept escalating, without ever hitting the final burning point. Instead of hitting a 10 and failing down to 0, he stayed stuck at 9.9, if you will.”

Lab technicians readied another gigantic sphere, a beeping green light in its center, loading it into a large cannon as they spoke. That cannon sat at the rim of a great platform, around which vast, vast seas of plush, scented wool sat, on and on.

“But, I mean, we *are* slowing it down, right?” she replied, rubbing her temples a bit. “These new doses you cooked up sidestep the burnout factor, so these new super-shots are just for shrinking purposes, only, yeah?”

“It is a full cure, haha,” the owl hooted. “It’s progress, but Jack’s growth got so far ahead of us while we all regrouped throughout the new system within his body...by the time we put together what bits of civilization we now have, well...he kept growing, throughout. Add to that, we have to throw a fraction of that dosage out a shorter distance, just to keep Legoshi quadrant-sized, as well as a long-range series of shots that make it all the way out of *him*, so that they can impact Jack.”

“And Legoshi is pretty stable, but...we *are* succeeding in counteracting *Jack’s* growth now, yes? You’ve been dodging me on a serious answer, and the other colonies are getting antsy at this point.”

“Hmm, that does track, doesn’t it. The answer is, yes. Studying the subatomic structures nearest to Legoshi’s body, we can tell that they’re gradually dwindling. Very, very gradually. Basically, Jack is so powerful that it takes constant batteries just to keep him inching a little smaller, instead of rocketing bigger than the known universe. Which, if we falter for even a day or two, he likely would...by a fantastic margin, haha. He’s remarkable!”

“Yuh-huh.”

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

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

The owl patted the smaller capybara comfortingly.

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

“Oh, I know. Doesn’t make it any easier to adjust to, though. It’s ludicrous, thinking we all survived a growth apocalypse, just to wind up colonizing giants that are within giants, within a super-giant. This is our world now, and it takes all the denial I’ve got just to keep from being overwhelmed. I think, to a point, some things are just too big to think about for long.”

“Hmm, true, a new world indeed. Woolier, too.”

“Yeah, at least we wound up on Pina. He’s so gentle with us. I’m glad we landed on such a sweetheart, for all his sass. But I need to go, sadly, 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.”

The old scientist just shrugged. He knew.

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

### ***OPERATIVE T***

“There you are,” the zebra spoke, briskly. “We can start today’s meeting. How is everything with production, over there on Pina?”

“On track, sir,” T chuckled, the idea perpetually striking her as funny. “We’re just about to set off another stunt bomb into Jack’s system. We think we can get it farther, with a much broader range of impact. I’ve confirmed we’ve got Jack’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. Haha, I can hear him swelling under us at this moment, it never gets old for me. You can tell his state from his scent changes, and don’t tell him I notice...but he’s *very* happy at the moment. So, I’m happy.”

“What kind of happy are we talking—”

“At any rate, great work,” the zebra cut in, unwilling to elaborate. “We’re expanding colonization steadily here at Yahya, since Yahya is expanding a lot faster lately. We almost have an upper pectoral terraformed, and the world populace here is in decent spirits. No one’s resorting to crime, knowing they live on the sheriff. Counseling remains constant between the citizenry and the other giants. Of course, Yahya hardly needs it, with his resolve. Haha. Oh, one moment...ah, that’s Gouhin on the line. We’re going on a conference call, alright?”

“Sure, sir.”

## ***THE LABRA SYSTEM, LEGOSHI 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’s not like it was ever infinite.”

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

“Sure,” 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 materials 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 the hell do I end 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 long...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. “I just got word on the line, here.”

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

“Cosmo, her world leaders and scientists, they got footage back from the generated probes around her...the 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, from the lab console. “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 our old 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, because. 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 starting to come in, and she’s...oh, she’s outgrown Pina! Ooh, 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 our giants here, inside of Legoshi, and beyond him?”

A pause.

“Okay,” Mienai said, “looks like Bill is the smallest, 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 Legoshi Quadrant, by a landslide, so...that puts him in the bigger sectors of Legoshi’s body...yeah, he’s growing, too! Wow, he...he might actually break out of Legoshi, at this rate!”

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

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

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

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

“Ogma is number 4 at 110 light years in size, pretty major still. Ah, he is...not listed, in terms of location. Hmm. I think he moves too much.”

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

“Noted,” Mienai continued. “And ah, 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. But thanks to Legoshi’s shrink regiment, we think they’re able to keep up with his general size.”

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

“Melon remains contained in a far emptier space, somewhere in Jack’s system. Everyone’s general pace seems to keep accelerating, outside of Legoshi, but the Jack bombs are designed to detonate the dosages as close to Melon as possible, effectively stunting him so much that Legoshi, Haru and Louis are all considerably bigger now, and too far away to be troubled, should he try and act up. Basically, we’ve figured out how to strand him deep inside of Jack.”

“Well, 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 in the same fashion, in Legoshi sector W-9993. So, we have everyone accounted for as usual, except the top giants, 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 LABRA SYSTEM, LEGOSHI 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 as he rode

another pleasant, bursting growth spurt. His wool stretched warmly for ages, the small patches of artificially-generated landscape shrinking yet again atop him.

“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, a lady! Heh, I need to clean up.”

He began smoothing out his wool happily, glad to see her again soon. Fingers bigger than red dwarves combed through his thick locks, his gorgeous cool eyes lighting up at the idea.

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, enjoying that she was big enough to do so, so easily. “AFTERNOON, DEAR!”

“JUNO!?” the sheep baahed, trying to not lurch back and upset his tiny civilizations. “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 down, 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 whole oceans of charm. “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—OR EVEN JACK!”

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 gushing push.

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

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

## ***THE LABRA SYSTEM***

### ***LEGOSHI***

It took everything possible to make it happen, but Legoshi was growing again.

The gray wolf strained, flexing every single muscle he could as Louis grappled with him, the deer surging even larger than he. The monumental cervine was over 10,000 parsecs tall, and

still swelling angrily as he pushed the 7,000-parsec Legoshi back, snorting powerfully as their biceps erupted larger, surging up over booming triceps as they struggled.

“Come on...Legoshi,” Louis growled, shaking bigger still. “This stupid idea won’t work...if you keep half-assing it!”

“I-I’m trying!” Legoshi boomed, the wolf’s thick fur frizzing out as he heaved twice as big, blasting over Louis in a single, thundering *boom* of growth.

“H-hey!”

“What!?” Legoshi huffed, his growing hands closing over the deer’s as he pushed back. “You just said I was supposed to try harder!”

*“I know what I said!”*

With that, the glowering Louis crept larger, evening out with Legoshi’s 14,000-parsec form. The two of them were nearly as big as the Milky Way, combined, and yet it wasn’t anywhere near enough. They each remained a mere granule compared to Jack’s cells.

“We just need to make each other madder, then,” Legoshi sighed, nodding sagely. “If we can just push ourselves into new heights, our bodies should really explode larger! Your antlers are silly looking! You...ah, you smell! Yeah!”

*“Oh, what!?”* Louis roared, nearly doubling his size in one monstrous burst of bulk.

“I don’t want to intrude here,” Haru began, the hulking rabbit floating over to the larger boys. “But maybe we should just let this all go. After all, Melon is nowhere to be found. For all we know, we maybe already outgrew him.”

“Or, we’re in him right now, and he’s still causing chaos,” Louis snorted, indignant.

“Right,” Legoshi added, the both of them cooling off as they agreed, then glaring at each other for slacking. “I get where you’re coming from, Haru, but I’m worried about leaving things as they are. W-what if Louis is right?”

“Stop making me like you, you stupid mongrel idiot!”

Louis was pushing four times Legoshi’s size, hammering the wolf with a mean right hook to the face. Invulnerable or not, it was enough to send Legoshi reeling back—before rumbling up

ten times larger than Louis, grabbing the deer with both huge hands as he grew larger than a galaxy.

“Stop sucker-punching me!”

“I didn’t tell you to let your guard down, you moron!”

Legoshi finally showed his fangs, bit by bit, as his body quaked and trembled, then blew up, and up, and up, and up, making the deer vanish deeper and deeper between growing furred fingers and widening palms.

Louis responded by biting deep into Legoshi’s finger webbing, making Legoshi roar as he detonated hundreds and hundreds of times *bigger*.

Haru yelped as a sheer wall of slate-gray muscles blew out into her, Legoshi’s tingling bulk flooding larger in all directions at once.

“Ack!”

The huge rabbit hung on tight as Legoshi boomed to the size of an entire supercluster, his teeth gritting as they swelled in his jaws.

*You just want to know, don’t you, Haru thought, clinging onto growing fur and shuddering fibers. You want to make sure it isn’t Melon beyond us...because you want to know that it’s really your friend, instead. You just want him to be okay.*

## ***EXTRAGALACTIC SPACE, PARTICLE HORIZON***

### ***JACK***

When Jack awoke, 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 labrador’s sheer scale. Sleeping had been the only thing he could do that passed what felt like time, at his size.

He looked himself over, and snorted gently.

**“Hmm. Almost the same size, still. Slowing down. Confirmed.”**

His immeasurable ears perked as he felt himself over, then nodded.

**“Slightly less bulk than before. Okay, not bad.”**

He had to keep reminding himself to talk, just to practice it, to practice structured thinking and reasoning. The more he focused, the less he felt the growth spurts rise. He was pretty sure he was actually stopping, lately, which was at least something positive.

So, calm he remained, despite it all. Even though his body filled nearly all the observable universe and that space was still tight for him. Being over 7 gigaparsecs tall and 21 wide, there was no escaping the constant presence of himself, locked in the tiny, silent sphere of existence.

**“Just don’t grow anymore,”** he huffed, snuffling pointlessly down over his nearly-vertical pectoral curve. **“I miss everyone. And eating. And games. And fun.”**

*And Legoshi*

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

*“Jack”*

He sighed, even as one colossal ear twitched lightly.

*“It’s you!”*

*“IT’S REALLY YOU!”*

Jack clenched, flinging over a trillion galaxies off of his fur as he gasped, and looked around him, scanning his own huge muscles.

With a supple burst of growth, a tiny puff of gray appeared, popping out from Jack’s deep pectoral cleft. The puff rumbled and burst even bigger, until Legoshi appeared, covered in muscle, and dusted with the flicked-about galaxies.

*But geez, was he small.*

**“LEGOSHI!?”**

**“ARGH!”**

The sheer tonnage of Jack's utterance blew the speck-wolf back, sinking him into warm dog fur. Jack clammed up tight, apologetically pursing his gigantic lip. Yet, his tail was already wagging so hard it hurt. He'd somehow managed to forget just how insanely strong he still was.

"I-I'm okay, haha!" Legoshi tiny-shouted, rising back up as he rumbled and blossomed bigger, again, getting easier to see. "I was worried I would never get big enough to catch up to you! I thought you were maybe Melon, hehe! You're so big, Jack! You're amazing, look at you!"

***“LEGOSHI,”***

Jack whispered from

far up above, succeeding only in making the wolf pitch for balance.

***“LEGO...SHI?”***

Legoshi may have become as big as several superclusters combined, but to Jack, he was still a bug, at best. To him, Jack's muzzle stretched on for infinities, a single black nose crowned on high by two gargantuan, kind eyes—eyes that were tearing up fast.

"Ah, I'm so glad it's you, haha," Legoshi bellowed, though it was just a tiny blip of sound in the grand scheme. "You're alright! You're really alright! I didn't want to lose you, after all that insanity we went through! Did you defeat Melon yourself? Did you—"

Two boundlessly larger hands softly, gently cupped around Legoshi as Jack wordlessly scooped the ultragiant up off his titanic chest. A planetary thumb touched down on him as the labrador rubbed him flat to his palm, just holding him there, doting on him silently as he sniffed.

***“HUH, H-I  
THOUGHT,”***

Jack whined, overcome



completely. ***“I-I THOUGHT I  
WOULD NEVER  
SEE YOU AGAIN,  
LEGOSHI!”***

He just kept him there, his friend, his brother, the colossus vibrating deeper as his emotions broke through. Becoming universally immense, it turns out, had no bearing on his feelings. Legoshi sank into said palm, hugging back tight at the monstrous thumb, letting Jack do whatever he pleased.

“Jack!”

Jack’s body rumbled harder, and harder still, the more he let it out.

***“I NEVER  
MEANT TO GET  
BETWEEN YOU***

*AND MISS HARU,  
I'M SORRY! I  
JUST, I WAS...I  
WANT YOU TO BE  
HAPPY, LEGOSHI,  
I REALLY  
DO...BUT I  
DIDN'T WANT TO*

# ***BE ALONE, EITHER...***

“It’s my f-fault!” Legoshi howled, the shared impact hitting him just as hard. “I ignored you, and you’re all I had as a friend, a real, serious friend, and I...I—”

Legoshi burst so big that he filled Jack’s mighty hand, the both of them howling so hard that the membrane of the universe rattled for it.

Down on Legoshi’s massive, sprawling muscle, Louis sat, sourly huffing in irritation as the greater bulk of the canine met the wolf’s, mashing into the grumbling deer as he was caught between Legoshi’s pectorals and his jaw.

“Stupid carnivores,” the red deer growled, as a smaller Haru patted his looming cheek.

“I know, but it’s sweet,” the bulky rabbit offered, soothing Louis as the two larger males rumbled more and more and more. “Might as well let them have this moment, yeah?”

“Rmph. Whatever. Just as long as they don’t go and—”

With that, Jack’s partially-slowed body exploded, steam and color and heat pumping out as the crying, howling, overjoyed *good boy* ballooned to absurd size, breaking through the entirety of the observable universe.