

OUTER SPACE, ROCK PLANET

JUNO, 9:41 PM

At last. At long, *aching* last, Juno found what she had always wanted, her entire life.

All of it.

The female touched down with all the grace of a kid who already knew what was in the gift box, her muzzle all smiles as she surveyed the land. *Her land.*

“Mine,” she sighed, her tail frantically beating against both cheeks as she wagged. The word trembled out, having been held back for so long behind false modesty and restraint. “All mine! Haha, I can’t believe my luck!”

She thought a moment, before her smirk curled higher.

“Well, it’s really *everyone’s* luck, not just mine. I’m just getting to it first, is all. Once I’m bigger than reason, I’ll gladly help the others out. Everyone will see me as I truly am after that, in all directions—whether they’re coming or g...g-g...GGH...”

The sheer thrill proved enough to trigger a spurt as Juno let her body erupt in size, heaving in lustful bursts as her 3,900-mile body shot up to 9,300. Hot rumblings pumped every swelling inch of her body larger as she hugged herself tight, and simply let it happen.

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

Juno’s happiness overfilled, spilling over her 22,100-mile body as it bulged out, curves exploding into furry mounds of heat as her rump boomed wider, her thighs inflating to twice the width of her shoulders. Her bosom overtook her torso, inflamed nipples sagging heavily, milk dribbling out in tickling streams down her sloping breasts. Her tail fluffed into a frazzle 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 lewd glee, as if letting the roar of joy out would stop the buildup within her body, or let the air out of the balloon.

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

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

That she was about to eclipse it all by such a margin made her clench as her sex blew up between her legs, burning with need as it puckered larger, relishing its mounting insatiability.

110,000 miles.

She was so big, she could have held even Legoshi like 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 an apple—

Eaten! Right! I need to get started here, what am I doing!?! This isn't even the best part!

The 140,000-mile Juno stopped, blowing a plume of colored steam out as her spurt concluded, leaving her to preen over her sheer grandeur...before ultimately pouting.

“Hum...I just ate a chunk of that rock before...you would think I'd be *much* bigger. Reality's still trying to keep me from full glory, it seems. But I can fix that right up, at this new size, can't I! Why don't we just see!”

Juno wriggled her absurdly amplified rear as she thudded down onto both knees, arched lower against her bulging chest, then growled in frustration.

“Hmm.”

She pushed down against herself again, and again. Yet, there was no getting around it. Or rather...around *them*.

“C...crap!”

The consensus was in: her breasts were in the way. Being nearly half her entire size now, the wolf's bust dimpled cutely against her full weight, the overloaded mounds wobbling as she struggled to get her mouth lower. Her chest shoved back like it thought she was playing around.

“Okay,” Juno snorted, letting her chin sink into her cleavage as she recalculated. “Okay, not a problem...”

She slid back up onto her rump, ears twitching, then got upright; she stomped hard, the impact cracking the rock below, a bit. Then, with a harder stomp, a little bit more.

Each slam of her massive soles would have been enough to destroy worlds; it wasn't that she *wanted* to, of course; hell, in a populous area, that would have cost good worshippers. Out in all this handy desolation, however, there was no need to hold back.

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

As far as setbacks went, these were nothing. In moments, she would have it! She would finally, *finally* have it all—

"Juno, stop!"

"Ugh," the wolf moaned, gingerly turning to see a far tinier Haru bounding over in a low-G hurry. She wasn't even toe-sized to the wolf, now, and Juno had to admit that it was absolutely adorable. Almost worth the bother, even.

"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, and leave the rest alone..."

"Haru," Juno said, surprisingly gently, thudding around to face her properly. "Sweetie. Let's not fight about this, okay? Hmm? We get along, right? Why don't you have a little, even, enough to calm you down? I can just have the rest, and that way you won't be totally lost on what I become! You and Legoshi can just enjoy each other, *on* me! Don't worry, haha, I will ab-so-lutely 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 more chaos—"

"Oh no, see, I figured that out," Juno rumbled, wagging anew. "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 as a shadow swallowed them from behind. 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 thundered, the overloaded bunny smirking coldly; all told, she was a wall of 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 walking punchline, Haru?” Juno asked, looking away from the glowering giantess intentionally.

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

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

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

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

“Look, Steroids,” Juno cut in, “could you go off and overcompensate somewhere else? My good friend and I were talking.”

Mizuchi’s face went from sunshine to storm front.

...“YEAH? WHY DON’T YOU TWO MITES DO IT SOMEWHERE ELSE, AND CLEAR OFF OF MY ROCK? GO ON, SHOO. I WENT THROUGH HELL TO LEAP ONTO HERE, AND I’M NOT SHARING.”

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

“It’s hardly *yours*, Steroids,” Juno retorted, hands to her vast hips. “And pro-tip, one girl to...hmm, ‘another’? If you’re really special, you don’t have to say how special you are. If you need a billboard to be noticed, then you already failed, yeah? Everyone just ends up remembering the *billboard*. Especially the gauche ones.”

“SHUT. UP.”

“Haha, you’re already about to cry? God. 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? Lemme guess, single-digit: is it a twin?”

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 this much fun to weigh against it.

“Ooh, it is, isn’t it? How embarrassing!”

Mizuchi answered by raising a handful of broken rock as if it were a warhead.

“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 an inch. “So, you *do* take garbage from others? I guess garbage bins *are* billboards, of a sort. Garbage needs attention, too, come to think of it!”

Juno was still up to about chest-high, compared to her. Maybe she could hold her own long enough, if it really came to blows. Truth be told, Mizuchi was an unqualifiable hulk of a female, and she hadn’t released her enraged flex once in all this time.

“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, INSTEAD OF MEAT.”**

Juno remained unimpressed, on the outside, her acting practice suddenly worth its considerable weight. The wolf could already feel the rumble behind her, and redoubled her attitude as sounds of Haru’s 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 didn't wait for Juno 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, staggering even Juno as Haru grew, and grew, and grew.

Mizuchi thumped back as the dwarf rabbit overtook her size, grit her incisors, then blew up bigger, well beyond even her rival.

Boulder-shoulders and inflated breasts framed a monstrous fluffy neck, Haru's head stranded in the center as her traps detonated above it, her biceps pleading for relief as they burst tighter above swollen forearms. Her thighs *boom-boomed* in percussive rhythm as they billowed, just barely supporting her size as she rocketed to 230,000 miles tall, then stopped at last—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 big hand scooped her up, astonishingly careful and unbearably soft. Much like with her plants, Haru carefully set the wolf elsewhere as she grinned, then cut a withering 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? IF YOU HAD JUST SEEN EVERYONE AS EQUAL?”**

Mizuchi groaned, shaking the hit off as she rose to both massive feet.

“YOU'RE THE ONE THAT DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! YOU WERE NEVER ALONE LIKE I WAS! THERE'RE THOUSANDS OF YOU IN A SINGLE, DIRTY HOUSE! I NEVER HAD ANYONE BACKING ME 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. **“YOU COULD HAVE KNOWN WHAT IT FELT LIKE, IF YOU JUST MET OTHERS WITH A LITTLE BIT OF HUMILITY!”**

Juno cleared her own throat, for once not to draw attention; this one time, she was content to sneak off entirely unseen. When she felt far enough away for comfort the wolf whooped in delight, wagging faster as she resumed breaking more and more of the rock beneath her apart.

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! I won't forget you, honey!

She had offered it as placation, earlier, but that rabbit really did deserve a major reward, at this point, and Juno meant to keep her word as a beneficent goddess. Really, if anything, she *had* to eat her fill now, it was only right. How else could she keep her word?

A greedy handful of rock shook in her grasp as she eyed it, shaking with unbridled want. Juno bit her soft lip, twitched, and shoved it all in with a giddy shudder. She swallowed.

Then, she swallowed another handful, and another. And another. And another.

Yes. YES.

It couldn't come fast enough, even as the anticipation rose to match her greed; mercifully, her body offered a compromise.

“Guh-HAH—”

A spasm clutched her spine as Juno felt the rumbling within, something so big that it refused to fit a second longer, gritting her fangs as its vibrations rattled her fangs. Fur bristled and fluffed, her tail quaking, both ears flattening in dread. Yet more rock stretched its way down her throat, damming her whimpers as her trembling hands broke off moons, then whole *planets* worth of it.

More

Her jaws nearly distended as Juno forced it all in, a party of cracking grit and crunching, candy-like fragments. Sugared thoughts helped to cover the actual taste, but in the end, it was mad, insensate lust doing the work.

All back muscles surged in hard unison, straining Juno's hide as her rump exploded bigger, swelling over her ballooning thighs and widening calves. Her breasts expanded across the wreckage below as the wolf gulped, shook, and burst over *everything*.

Hands big enough to hold a dozen moons clenched deep, cracking the rock as her body relentlessly flowed, spreading like lava over diminishing turf.

MORE

A pink velvet tongue slipped out of her maw, the digit over 10,000 miles long, longer than three of her own home continents lined in a row (and still growing). Teeth big enough to dwarf the highest mountains ten times over gleamed as her nose twitched, nostrils flaring in joy.

Juno caught her own scream as her tingling body tensed into diamond-hardness and blew up past 500,000 miles, then 600,000, consuming more and more terrain; her bulbous rear slammed without warning into the startled rabbits, hurling them off the rock as her body grew too large for anyone. One planet-sized foot slipped out into space, then another, the expanding female losing all ground as her shaking form exploded larger, and larger, and larger, and larger, and larger.

Her muzzle was already back in space as her booming breasts crashed into the rock, splitting it as her fat nipples erupted thicker, hotter, tighter, straining openly as mounting pressure attacked from within. Hot milk gushed into battered crevices, power-blasting them open as her lactating broke everything even further apart.

Even then, even as her body gushed out in size, even as she passed 750,000 miles from shoulder to shoulder, even as her vision twisted and blurred from sensory overload, Juno opened her mouth even wider. Her grasping, ever-growing hands found purchase of one monstrous segment of loose rock, then another, nearly shattering each from the force of her body's shaking.

Like you aren't going to, she told herself, through it all. Like you aren't eating the whole thing on your own. That'd be insane. Forget the panic. Gods don't fear.

Juno forced both hunks of rock down her maw, not waiting. She wouldn't wait or ask for or be denied *anything*, ever again.

Frighteningly, even at the back of Juno's mind, some untouched little mote of worry blipped a note of panic as the wolf's shaking grew worse and worse, rising into a cacophony of rumbling curves and wobbling breasts. For that millisecond, even Juno feared herself, that she might simply detonate with raw energy, and blast into flawless, godly dust.

What actually happened was much, *much* worse.

OUTER SPACE, JUNO'S RUMP

HARU, 9:45 PM

Some unknowable force shoved the mighty rabbit mid-struggle, some mighty impact flinging her and Mizuchi off into the blackness of space. What it could possibly have been, Haru couldn't guess—for maybe a minute.

The harlequinn roared out her confusion, releasing an angry bellow that Haru could hear, but was unable to properly trace to any visible source as space flew around her. Both rabbits saw one another through the tumble, but it was Haru that suddenly looked back with widening eyes.

"Holy—"

That was all Haru managed as both rabbits were slammed again, buffeted in a wave of supple, fluffy fur, an outer strata that ended in a thud against hot flesh as Juno's rump caught them. The numbers worked themselves out fast after that:

"Juno!?"

It had to be the wolf. Everyone else that was gigantic was surely too far away. Her ass had blown them off the whole rock—and had grown so big as to close the gap it had created, right after. In fact, it was clearly still growing. There was no other explanation for why Haru was pinned to the mass, a muscular gnat lost in a surging sea of fur. It was increasing so quickly, at such frantic speed, that both females remained unable to remove themselves, brought (unwillingly) along for the ride.

A towering tail swelled out beyond the canopy of fur as it rose and rose, getting so titanic that its end was no longer visible to the rabbit, *even at 300,000 miles tall*.

Oh, God, she did it, Haru realized. She had put it together already, but the idea was too big, too terrifying to fit in her mind. But it was coming in, one way or another.

She's really eating it all. All of it!

To her compounding surprise, Haru admitted she wasn't that surprised.

There was no way she could stop it, at any rate. Even as Haru tensed and boomed up one last bit, pumping to a fantastic 330,000 miles tall/400,000 wide, she was helpless. And, if

Mizuchi kept on at roughly the same pace, there would be no help from her, either—wherever on Juno’s growing body she had wound up. That sure mattered a lot less right now.

“OH...GEEEEEEZ...”

All Haru could possibly do was hold on tight, because the shaking suddenly deepened underneath her, crescendoing from distressing to *cataclysmic*...

OUTER SPACE

LEGOSHI, 9:49 PM

Gosha was struggling as Melon boomed even bigger, the colossal hybrid gaining more than ground as his muscles rumbled bigger, thicker, his grip overtaking the reptile’s hands as they two titans grappled.

“Alright, I’m eating the rock, and that’s final!” Yayha ordered, the horse forcing a nod both authoritative and threatening. “You all go help Gosha—”

The massive equine tensed mid-command, his ears perking upright as a vicious shiver snaked through his black bulk, state-sized muscles starting to pulse and tighten in tandem.

“I’ll go and...hrnh, a-and eat the...”

Legoshi, Bill, Pina, Jack and Cosmo gawked as Yahya lifted his muzzle up, snorted, and blossomed larger, interrupting himself as a tidal wave of dark muscle cannoned out against the lot of them. Yahya’s whinnying muzzle slipped behind booming pectorals, the horse’s shoulders shaking and pumping into planetoid bulges on either side. The ominous drumbeat of growth built to a head as the male’s towering form breathed bigger, held, then blasted out, *hard*.

Pina loosed a bleat as a member bigger than he was tall bullied past, bumping and rubbing his wool; the sheep spun forward from the friction before bouncing like a ragdoll up the side of Yahya’s incoming sacs, the black orbs stretching like rubbery silk against him.

“G-good grief, wait—”

Yahya’s testes sagged bigger, tighter, expanding loudly over quaking knees as the growing equine heaved and burst, 1,100 miles rapidly scaling to 42,000, then 98,500.

The mighty Cosmo twisted about in attempted flight, only to grunt as Yahya's trapezius ballooned into her, the quaking colossus already taller than she—and still growing.

“HUH-HUHAAAHA,” Yahya blast-huffed, his muzzle rubbing awkwardly against the wall of his own rising chest. “GHUAAAAAAH!”

“D-dammit,” Bill hissed, pushing off of the horse's magnifying erection, wiping his mitts off on his own furry bulk. “Why does everyone else g-get so big...”

Legoshi and Jack swam back through space, narrowly dodging Yahya's flared tip as the equine detonated even larger before them. Rowed black abs pumped, stretching and bursting under perpetually-booming pectorals, fantastically-huge biceps creaking as they framed it all.

“It's escalating!” Jack growled, his ears perking in the void. “Like, a lot!”

“Yeah! Finally!” Legoshi laughed, wagging faster as he too began to quake powerfully. “Not a moment too soon, huh?”

“Uh, d-doesn't this seem a bit much, even for us, Legoshi?” the lab asked, before he too began to rumble ominously. “I think we're all too close to each o...oth...therrrr...”

Bill drew Legoshi's attention, suddenly blowing up behind them both. The growing feline's hands shoved Yahya's erection away, bumping Pina back towards the wrestling Gosha and Melon in the distance.

“Whoa!” the trembling wolf yelped, only to turn back to see Jack exploding higher and wider, getting to the spurt before him.

“Haha, yeah!” Bill roared, the tiger pulsing angrily in scope, pushing and swelling and bulging to 7,000 miles, then 24,000, booming warm and flat against Yahya's stretching hide.

Legoshi's enthusiasm waned momentarily as Jack's body burst to 53,100 miles, shoving the wolf back, only for the growing Bill to catch him a second later. Bill inflated to 83,000 miles, looming over even Jack, half Yahya's fantastic size. With a panicked bark, Jack shot up to 110,000 miles, cramming his golden muscle deeper into Bill.

“I tuh-told you...WE'RE...TOO CLOOOOSE!”

Legoshi struggled against the twin walls, dimpling deeper and deeper between the growing abs, their mutual sexes unable to detach as they rubbed and plumped and throbbed, the contact impossible to avoid, and even more so to deny.

At 215,000 miles, Yahya was a god, a tower of pure, dominating brawn. Even thicker around than Gosha or Melon, the horse shook harder, laden with too much power; his bulk twitched and groaned as muscle clusters bulged against one another, generating cosmic storms of static as he flexed harder—just to do it, just to *feel* it.

“BETTER,” he boomed, not bothering to hide his grin as he closed his eyes, knickered, and burst up to 340,000 miles in one nasty spurt. “MUCH BETTER!”

Unburdened with worry for his comrades, Yahya turned in space, nostrils flaring over his overgrown chest, his triceps mashing against his lats. Cosmo (now only a fourth his massive size) kicked off his bulk, not even budging the equine as she drifted to relative safety.

“I suppose this is all getting a bit unhinged,” she murmured, though her huge eyes stayed willingly glued to the spectacular male.

“I-it’s not like it’s a puh-problem,” Bill replied, the tiger passing her titanic size as he swelled up to 140,000 miles, on Yahya’s side. “We wanted this, remember?”

“I wouldn’t have hated having more of y’all’s share, though,” the okapi sighed, watching nearby as Jack gushed taller, thicker, surpassing the grimacing tiger at 195,500 miles.

Between the dog and the cat, Legoshi was already growing, quickly as big as the entirety of Earth at 9,000 miles. He could have snuggled the full globe, arms wrapped about the equator with little trouble, were his focus not elsewhere.

Compared to Bill, however, Legoshi was half the size of his hand. With Jack, it was even worse, as the labrador’s palm could have fit three Legoshis, no trouble—and that didn’t even account for muscle mass.

Had the wolf been normal, Jack would have been a large house—and Yahya, a whole mansion, plus the yard. And those tended to be held as ‘pretty big’, back when big was still *big*.

Dark planes of girth shifted as Yahya brushed them all back, even Bill and Jack, leaving further confusion as they began to drift away from Gosha and Melon.

“Right, as I said,” he boomed, nodding happily as he shook-burst one last time, straining and billowing up to 450,000 miles—bigger than Melon, by a head. ***“You all put that new size to use, and go detain Melon! Quickly!”***

“What!?” Bill balked, ears flicking back against his huge, striped neck. “Why not you? You’re the biggest now!”

Yahya’s erection tightened to the point of pain at the words, leaving the horse to try and keep his delight contained.

“Only by so much, kid,” he snorted. ***“You together can handle this, give Gosha the extra edge. Go on, already! No arguing!”***

“Y-you’re really still going to the rock, sir?” Jack asked, even as he blew up bigger than Bill, the 250,000-mile lab shaking with overblown muscle. “Together, we all could—”

“Damn straight, I am! I can consume the rock way easier, like this! Melon’s going to get bigger if there’s more struggle, and it’ll take more to subdue him! I need to be supersized, even to all of you, otherwise we’re just going to stay stuck in the same cycle!”

“I can still do it,” Cosmo started.

“Wait. Does anyone smell that?” Jack quietly mumbled, looking about.

“Good grief, I’d rather just get bigger, if it means I don’t have to take on Melon,” Pina added, finally able to push his tinier self off of the looming horse.

“SHUT IT! IT’S DECIDED! I KNOW HOW TO LEAD, SO I...I-I...”

Having already been facing out into the rest of space, Yahya was the first to see.

Bill, Jack, Cosmo and Legoshi were left to figure the rest out as a vast sea of brown overtook them, without any effort made to *actually* move. Yahya’s pectorals caught the bulgy brunt as the wall billowed uncontrollably, spilling out on either side as it swelled against him.

Before any of the party could speak, the wave swept them up too.

Gosha found himself facing Melon's surging chest muscles as the growing hybrid gutter-boomed larger still, pumping loudly in size against the smaller dragon, leaving the old-timer only half his staggering size of 800,000 miles—nearly the size of the Sun.

“Supposing you had enough venom to stop me for even a minute,” Melon mused, the vibrations of his speech thundering within his flared chest. “What then, Gramps? My end game is simple, clean...but what will you do? You’ve nowhere to live, nowhere to go!”

“Heh,” Gosha snarled, more from strain than attitude. “Haven’t thought that far, in all honesty! One thing...at a time!”

His hands nearly vanished as Melon's grip overwhelmed them completely, the grappling seeming to only encourage the hybrid's growth spurts.

“No, no, none of that,” Melon chuckled, his voice so thick and dark that it was like doom itself. “Thinking, structure, all that waste. No, reality had its time. The old world is out! You thought that law and order were overwhelming? Just you wait! I’ll overwhelm *everythi—*”

The komodo and hybrid were themselves flattened as a great sea of soft brown wolf fur swaddled them without permission, smothering and steamrolling the giants as a forest of growing fluff overtook all.

“Wh-o co-uld poss-i-bly—” Melon stammered, the wide-eyed behemoth looking everywhere as he and Gosha finally broke their stalemate, vanishing through growing follicles. *“S-someone is...this big—”*

“An-st-grow-ng!” Gosha hollered, their voices more and more drowned out by the din of stretching, pulling growth.

“Obv-sly,” Melon huffed, indignant, though not because of Gosha. *“Bu—who? A—ho-w? Wha—uld have ma—any-one this—”*

The two males struggled against the terrain as the mass billowed faster, growing with such monstrous fervor that they could no longer hear anything else, or even produce one single cogent thought. Only one thing partially managed to penetrate the mounting panic:

It was getting worse.

“Le-o-sh-i!” Jack roared, wincing as the G-force of the giant's growth spurt pushed him deeper in, for all his muscle and size. “Wha—ppenin—here!?”

Legoshi held on tight to Jack's huge tail, ears flat, doing his best to answer—but no one had ever grown so big so fast as to create a spurt-storm of a roar like this. Still, the wolf's senses were as much in tact as any of the other giants—meaning his sense of smell was just fine.

"It's...J...Juno!!"

MELON, LEFT PECTORAL

OGMA, 9:55 PM

The old stag felt it all, without the benefit of perspective. Melon was clearly moving—rather frantically, in fact—forcing Ogma to hold on tight to overgrown strands of fur as his home base hybrid compressed. Oceanic patterned-fur muscles strained, to no apparent effect, unable to fight the invisible force as the gnat-sized Ogma finally looked up. Impossibly larger patches of fur sprouted higher over him, over the world Melon had become.

Someone was *clearly* bigger than Melon, and then some. Someone brown-furred.

Melon's curses and wheezes only registered as indecipherable quaking to the deer, and as Melon bumped against Juno's mountainous areola and spun out, Ogma was flung off like a guided missile through space, suddenly free of Melon's gravitational pull. It was a short trip.

All of space twisted as Ogma watched Melon shrink away, lost in a sea of fur, fur covering a swelling, heavy mound, then two—

Breasts!?

There was no time to react as the deer glanced back and gasped, seeing the approaching sight of a planetary wolf muzzle, with dark-brown nose and thick, shining lips rushing to intercept him.

Unfortunately, those lips descended into a massive maw, allowing a gargantuan set of fangs and a boundless, darkened tongue within to yawn wide as the infinitely larger female cried out in delight, and grew even further.

SITE OMEGA RESEARCH RUINS

OPERATIVE T, 9:58 PM

Everything spun as the pilot pulled the stick toward himself with a streak of profanity.

Ogma's massive body, their home turf, was suddenly nowhere; the entire facility flew separate from the chopper, spiralling sideways into increasingly unknown blackness. Neither Ogma, Melon, nor the planets or stars were there to offer any explanation, leaving the broken complex and the hunk of land it was on stranded in *nothing*.

"What the hell's happening out there!?" Mienai shouted, leaning hard against a cracking hallway. "Wh-why are we moving!? Is it Ogma, or Melon?"

"I lost y'all!" the pilot roared over the walkie. *"We've been thrown, no doubt about it!"*

"Well, where to?" Operative T asked, bracing herself in an opened hall locker as the entire facility interior shifted over and over.

"I don't know!" Mienai groaned, slipping down as the hall tilted higher, thumping into a water fountain. "But either we're on someone else's body now, or Melon's moving!"

"Worse than that," the Owl hollered, although more to be heard, than from panic. "Look ahead, down the hall, to the exit doors! There's no light of any kind now! Can't you feel the heat increase? The humidity seeping in, that increasingly odd scent? I fear we're...in someone's orifice. Namely, a mouth!"

"Oh, don't even!" T wailed, steadying herself as the facility slowed its tilt.

"Who could be that big!?" Mienai asked. "You don't think that Melon found us out?"

"There's little doubt, given what we've been seeing," the scientist hooted, nodding. "I don't know if Ogma escaped these jaws, but we certainly didn't."

"Well-hell, then," T hollered back, grabbing the vials of finished antidote out of her backpack. "Let's get to a window, and blast all the cure down Melon's throat! Forget bothering with Ogma!"

"But we don't know that it's—"

“Whoever it is, we’re being *swallowed whole*,” T interjected, making the owl go quiet as the building shifted yet again in the black. “Priority One, yeah?”

“If he’s that big, though,” Mienai huffed, standing on the side of the basin as the hallway went full-vertical, “Will all three doses do anything to him?”

“It works on a chain reaction,” the Owl answered, from up the hall. “But it accelerates, the more spread out it is when applied! At his size, granted, it might take a considerable while...but sooner or later it would have to outpace his system’s growth—”

Again, the building shook, a huge crack webbing through the floor and ceiling. Another one crossed it as the hallway broke further apart, the heat spilling in rapidly as the three braced.

“Hey! You read me? I think you all stopped flying, you’re...drifting! Yeah, I can see the exterior lights flicking, you must still have a little backup power on site! Hang on, I’m approaching you now!”

Mienai’s ears perked, the zebra nearly consuming the walkie as he shouted back:

“We’re heading up to the Eastern rooftop—”

“Roger that, boss! I think from here, with my spotlight, I can...yeah, I got it, I can see the hangar! Get on up there, tout de suite!”

The pilot flicked a final switch on the chopper console, quieting the last of the bleeping alarms. He sank back in his seat, sweat trickling down from behind his lowered visor as he let one hell of a sigh go out to pasture. Happily enough, none of the tired trio made it up the rope ladder into the helicopter in time to see him panicked.

“Welcome back, welcome back,” he coughed, playing things off as T, Mienai and the Owl climbed aboard, and slammed the side door shut.

“Too close...that was too damned close!” the pilot grouched, steering away as the others watched the research site dwindle away in the dark, until the helicopter’s spotlight could no longer find it. “Hope you got what you needed, because that’s not something we can just repeat.”

“We sure did, hah,” T laughed, reaching into her pack for the case. “Time to shrink this creep for good!”

“Hopefully so,” the Owl chuckled, nervously.

“You chuckled,” T flatly said, glowering. “Why’d you chuckle like that?”

“Well, it was a rush job. I mean, it should be fine, it...yes, it’ll work. The alterations I made should create a heightened burnout effect, much like with Ogma before...only it pushes the process into overdrive and exhausts the body, breaking the cycle of growth at the climax.”

“So, you made it to where they’ll get way bigger, anyway!?” Mienai snorted.

“Well, yes, considerably bigger, in fact,” the avian defensively muttered. “But it will burn out, as a result. It’s the only way on short notice I could imagine, to stop the growth cycle. It’ll have to get worse before it gets any better, regardless. So long as it’s introduced between growth spurts, the body should react to it properly.”

“But, they’re so big out there, we don’t even have a way to tell if they’re spurting or not,” the pilot challenged. “So, we have no way of knowing if that’ll be in our favor or not...”

“Correct.”

“Mmmf,” the zebra growled, rocking uneasily in his passenger’s seat.

“F-fine, then, if it works in the long term, it works,” T murmured, rummaging through the bag. “We just fire these vials off, and hope luck and timing is on our side. Just seems really risky, to m—”

The interior of the chopper grew cold as the three males all waited, then turned to her.

“What?” Mienai started, his eyes darting in dawning worry.

“T...they were here.”

“WHAT?”

“T-the vials,” T moaned, the capybara shrugging sharply, as though it would help. “They were here! Here, in my bag! I know it! You all saw me put them back in!”

Mienai glared.

“W-well, you did!” she sputtered, pointing to the Owl.

“Actually, I didn’t.”

“Operative, so help me, if you left them—”

Everything around them shook as the blackness groaned, then collectively moved. All of space, so far as they knew, pulled back as something too big to hear, too huge to understand happened, all at once.

If they *were* in a mouth, then that mouth was swallowing.

OUTER SPACE

JUNO, 9:59 PM

This was it. This was the entire reason Juno had been born, had ever bothered to exist as a willful, independent entity. Her huge throat surged as she inhaled trillions of asteroids and countless moon formations through her flaring nostrils, held it there, then gulped.

This.

There was nothing else. Nothing else mattered. Nothing else *ever should* have mattered.

Juno was no longer just colossal—nothing so laughable as that. Miles alone no longer did the job as the surging female relentlessly expanded, passing 33,700,000 miles in height, and 50,000,000 at the hips without so much as a thought. The Sun itself was nearly a fortieth of her size, making it slightly smaller than a tennis ball to her.

Neighboring planets were barely marbles, at best, all of them drifting submissively into Juno’s plush fur as she opened her maw wide and screamed in complete, giddy triumph.

Her body responded by immediately blowing up bigger, quivering as it doubled in size instantaneously, the growth bashing her senses to fiery embers as her breasts inflated to half her entire body’s scale. Incalculable volume flooded the quadrant of space as her stiffening nipples throbbed bigger, fatter, bloating to dark nubs as her areolae puffed out over her chest.

At 67,400,000 miles tall, Juno’s 8,425,000-mile hands slapped the sides of her booming bosom, the wolf squeezing in so tightly that the top and bottom curved into aggressive bulges.

Her height now eclipsed the distance from the old Earth to Venus, Mars and Mercury, at nearer celestial orbits.

Most of the mighty titans were ants to her now; less than that, in fact.

Less than cells, even, she thought, sneering cutely, a horrid blush blazing on her endless, soft cheeks. *Less than less than that!*

The words couldn't fit as they came up, forcing Juno to messily groan as she hiccupped past 202,200,000 miles, swelling beyond one entire astronomical unit, then *two*. Melon, huge as he had grown, was over 250 times smaller than her, making him a comparative bottle cap to her. *Smaller, really.*

Her breasts now covered two-thirds of her mass, milk tickling loose as it dribbled in telltale flecks, each drop bigger than entire moons.

At 808,800,000 miles, Juno was nearly the same distance in height as the Sun was from Saturn, on average orbit. Given that she was over 900 times the size of the Sun, to her, it only meant so much. It was now a third the size of a grain of comparative sand, and was still diminishing against the female's wet, gushing glory. Soft, sweet musk poured out as her trembling curves quivered and blasted wider, fuller, thicker, rounder, heavier, on and on.

Not only had all of that transpired in seconds, but that very same shaking was only worsening as Juno's vast eyes rolled back, now possessed of a terrible, celestial glow. Multi-hued clouds steamed from her bulging nethers, cascading streaks of crystalline nectar, her burning juices slicking her thighs as she dug all ten fingers into her eruptive breasts, trembled, and—

GUH-BMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMBMMMMBMMMMBBBMB

The distance from the Sun to Uranus (1.8 billion miles) was shattered as Juno exploded past, overtaking the gap to Neptune (2.8 billion) two seconds after. 30 whopping astronomical units' worth of female wolf suddenly imposed itself upon the Milky Way's structure, momentarily unnoticed against its splendor.

The idea of being only a 210,000,000th its size would have bothered her tremendously, were she not so busy escalating her mad, pumping growth. It didn't matter where everyone was, on her geography—only the idea that they all witnessed it, feared it. *Worshipped it.*

Are...you watching...L-Legoshi?

Maybe the wolf was sorry he'd gone with Haru, and maybe he wasn't. Maybe he and she were huddled, safe on the boundlessness of Juno's raw glory. Maybe they were both kneeling prostrate, glorifying the wolf goddess' rightful ascension. It hardly mattered, it was just fun to imagine, between the jackhammer blasts of nerve-frying bliss.

30 AU wobbled and tightened and ballooned to 300 (27,890,000,000 miles), as if punctuating the half-finished thought. Still, the flood increased. Still, she swelled.

Haru...Bill...Pina...C-Cosmoooooo

300 AU shotgunned to 3,000, her vast, soft toes digging into her soles, each digit big enough to house every planet and moon in a group.

278,890,000,000 miles. In terms of transportation (in so far as the old world understood), Juno was already 74 years tall—nonstop travel by rocket, top speed. In less than a day, the female had grown to such a ludicrous degree that she was a literal *lifetime* tall.

The burst had only been ongoing for roughly fifteen minutes, but Juno had magnified 1,992,071 times larger than before. The Sun was nearly 317,000 times smaller than her, now—roughly three times smaller than one of her cells. No other animal came close to that, regardless of how fantastically big they had become before. To them, Juno was everything.

Horrifically, it was still, *still* getting worse.

Which was fine.

All these years, all this time, Juno had been silently dying—dying to fill that hole, to fill herself, to know what she was complete. Legoshi could have filled it; for a time, she was so sure he would have, that he was the answer. But that was a child's wish.

Now, though, it finally added up. It all made perfect sense.

The hole in her had never been the problem. After all, all the attention in the world wouldn't have been quite enough to fill her.

The hole *was the answer*.

It wasn't complicated, either: all the hole wanted was *more*. The more her mind settled on that aspect, the more blessed sense it made. If anything, it was the perfect relationship, one that

even Legoshi could never have really offered her. She understood this perfectly, and it had picked the exact right vessel to harbor it.

It wanted it all, and she wanted it to want even more than that.

The moment she grasped this, her growth multiplied *tremendously*.

JUNO, INTERIOR

OGMA, 10:03 PM

“Mrgh.”

The ride was over, more or less, leaving the vast deer stranded in a silent drift. Having blown up to 4,000 miles in size—half the size of the entire planet Earth—Ogma found that he was *still* lost, likely subsumed within something so big that space (as he understood it) was simply gone. No...*replaced*. Something big enough to replace *space* had him now, and that was that.

There was no freefall, no momentum yanking the elder to ground, and no ground to impact against; there was only a windless motion, no accompanying sound besides the throbs of growth coursing through whoever he was in. As far as he knew, whatever was happening, he was definitely *not* floating.

Whoever this is, their body's density should obliterate me, the stag thought, both for orientation and for some scrap of structure. *Further proof of invulnerability, surely. I'm either in some internal freefall, or am being pulled toward the body's core. How absolutely fascinating—*

A deep *boom* rocked innumerable, faraway cell networks as an even larger growth spurt coursed around him, the bodily mechanics shaking with such force that Ogma was flung back for it. The great deer pinwheeled, unable to pull himself out of the tumble, until he finally hit something with a dumb, listless bounce.

A plain of black fur was there—then not—then back as Ogma thudded against it, muzzle-deep in thick black fur. Given the ongoing breadth of the field the stag was, at best, the size of a large housefly. *Surreality atop surreality*.

“Ah, finally,” Ogma muttered, the verticality of the mass becoming horizontal, from his perspective. “Something good and solid.”

The ground below him pushed out, then retreated in, making the surprised deer ride the wave as a towering black mass loomed overhead, then crashed down on him.

JUNO, INTERIOR

YAHYA, 10:03 PM

Yahya grunted, absently swatting his bulked-out shoulder. The horse sank steadily alongside a boundless expanse of cartilage, flexing in a show of preparedness for anything as he scoured the interior, back and forth.

“There’s no way I’m completely alone, here,” the 410,000-mile tall equine said, channeling his worry into a furrowed brow. “Whoever grew into all of us, it shouldn’t have scattered the ranks that badly. Surely we all slipped through their pores in roughly the same general area...the same funny-smelling area...god, what is that—”

A bug of some sort scrabbled about on Yahya’s palm, calling on his reflexes.

“Gah—”

Yahya’s ears pricked high as he lurched back, then brought his palm up. The squint that followed was lengthy, but ultimately worth the bother.

“Wait. Ogma?”

Another squint, then a flick of an ear.

“Well, I’ll just say it. I didn’t expect *this*.”

The communicate didn’t exactly translate; to Ogma, the raw vibration coursing through Yahya’s hand consumed everything. The rumbling words that blasted out after were too large to attempt to piece together. A sweeping wave of Ogma’s little arms was reply enough.

“Ah. Too big. Okay.”

The hint of a grin struck Yahya, he couldn’t help it. The horse’s oversized phallus pumped a little bigger, far below, the reminder of his sheer size ever-palatable.

“Hmm...well, then, I suppose it’s just us, until we can regroup with the others—though at the rate of this body’s growth, I fear everyone’s been spread out too far. I was hoping otherwise. Still, I’m glad for the company. Hope you don’t mind mine.”

Ogma simply sat, cross-legged, in the valley of Yahya’s palm, proffering a resigned nod.

“OH, I DON’T MIND ONE BIT.”

Yahya nearly flung the deer from his hand as he wheeled about to the sight of a horizon of melon-leaf patterned brawn. Said tattoos covered an abdominal fortress that consumed Yahya’s view. A great shelf of pectorals waited overhead, nearly hiding a massive set of teeth.

“...God dammit,” Yahya growled, the horse grudgingly facing a hybrid twice his size, and even thicker around. “Again, you grew?”

“THAT OLD HANDBAG OF A LIZARD PUT UP A FIGHT,” Melon rumbled, popping his monstrously thick neck. ***“SO YOU CAN BLAME HIM FOR WHAT’S NEXT.”***

Melon brought one immense, planet-crushing hand up, claws and all, and brought it down with unmistakable intent. Yahya had space enough to kick out first, shoving himself off of Melon’s untroubled bulk. The slash caught nothing as the horse flew back, striking a battle stance as best he could.

“You’re still bothering with this whole maniacal schtick?” he snorted, huge fists raised (to Ogma’s chagrin). “You really think that has any meaning, at this point? Look around you, Melon! We all got swallowed up, here! What’s the point of trying to dominate now?”

“SAME AS IT WAS, YESTERDAY,” Melon chuckled, shrugging infinitely huge shoulders with calculated nonchalance. ***“THAT GENUINELY MAY BE THE ONE AND ONLY CONSTANT GOING HERE. WHAT, YOU JUST GOT THROUGH SAYING EVERYTHING IS DIFFERENT, BUT YOU STILL WANT A MONOLOGUE?”***

Yahya gave it about as much thought as it deserved.

“Fair enough. Talking to you any further sounds exhausting as hell, anyhow.”

“POOR YOU.”

“Heh. The old world is gone, Melon, like you so unsbtly put it before. All that matters now is her.”

The horse blinked, eyes shifting away in a moment of genuine confusion. His fists lowered one comparative iota.

“HER?” Melon huffed, wrinkling his muzzle like it was a foul smell. **“WHAT ‘HER’?”**

“Guh, no-nothing, no,” Yahya sputtered, fumbling the words out fast. “No.”

He shook his head hard, then closed his eyes.

“You finally noticed it, sir?” a familiar voice broke in, compelling the horse and hybrid (and deer) to glance farther off into the distance.

“Jack?” Yahya coughed, shaking his head yet again as the massive labrador drifted nearer. “Is that you, kid? N-noticed what?”

“The compulsion, sir,” Jack answered, rather plainly. “The urge, you could say.”

Melon alternated rapidly between morbid interest and crushing boredom—but he listened.

“What urge? Look, I already have Melon on my hands, I don’t need a pop quiz—”

“Her, Yahya, sir,” Jack elaborated, grinning. “Juno. I think it was Bill that first caught it, funny enough—you’d think it would have been Legoshi or myself! It’s safe at this point to assume Juno consumed all the rock while we were debating taking on Melon; she grew at such a phenomenal rate that we had no chance of avoiding impact with her body, but the pheromones must have been blowing out ahead of her in waves—”

“I’m sorry, kid. What.”

Yahya rightly balked, his expression and Melon’s unwittingly the same.

“The exposure had to be immense and sustained for beings our size to be affected, haha...but I’m positive, sir. We’ve all been exposed to massive amounts of Juno’s pheromones. It was only a matter of time before we all became influenced, to some degree or other.”

“I...” Yahya sighed, grimacing. “I’m not saying that’s all bunk. I don’t even know up from down right now. All I still know is, Melon is trouble, and I won’t let him threaten Jun—”

Jack patiently let the rest come out on its own.

“I mean, her. No, I mean...the wolf, right? From earlier, the female?”

Jack nodded. Now, it was Melon’s brows that knitted low.

“So, Juno is the biggest, at the moment?”

“Unquestionably, sir. I think we’ve all come to understand and accept that she’s outclassed us by a mindbreaking power. She’s basically becoming space, to us. And we’re enormous, haha.”

Yahya gulped as best he could through a very dry throat. He was practically half the size of the Sun. He could have crushed worlds with a meager flex, a twitch. Power he would have sold his soul for back in the old world, times itself, times itself, over and over. He was a paragon, a hulking, nude, swollen god.

But the kid was right. Damn it all, he was absolutely right.

Worse, still, Yahya had to will himself to get mad about it. A moment later, he hardly minded the idea at all.

Wait.

“You said, ‘we’, kid?”

Legoshi was beside Jack in short order, blown up to roughly the labrador’s stupendous size, having drifted over in due course. Haru, Pina, Bill, Gosha, Cosmo and Mizuchi came into view beyond the males, all calm, all quiet, all nodding in gentle agreement.

“What are we, brainwashed?” Yahya asked, meaning it. “What is this?”

“Not so much controlled, as compelled,” Cosmo added. I think we all just found someone bigger than ourselves to pull for. Better to rally behind something, right? Unification?”

Yayha’s fists were lowering by degrees, all throughout.

“I...suppose.”

“IF THIS IS ALL MEANT TO THROW ME,” Melon boomed, interrupting, “THEN IT’S A SOLID B-. YOU’RE REALLY ALL GOING TO SWAP CONFORMITIES, THAT FAST? THAT EASILY?”

“You’ll fall in line,” Louis replied, the deer looming at nearly Melon’s vast size, the others parting the way for his entrance. “It’s not like you’re immune.”

Melon sniffed. It was meant derisively, but the problem was, he sniffed again, harder. Something was breaking through.

“HM,” the hybrid hummed, narrowing his eyes while they were still good and cold. ***“AND IF I CUT THROUGH THE TROUBLE BY OUTGROWING HER?”***

“You can try,” Louis puffed, shrugging his huge bulk. “You should. It’ll be funny.”

Melon’s brow knitted deeper.

“Being a bigger acolyte is a good idea, actually,” Legoshi barked, wagging fast. “We all could stand to cover more area, heh. B-bigger guardians for Juno, right?”

Yahya turned back to Melon, grinning very, very oddly. Even Melon leaned back.

“That is funny,” the equine said, nodding slowly. “In fact, the idea of Melon, of all creatures, following along like a happy good boy...that’s *hysterical*.”

Now, Melon was falling back, just in such slow paces that even the hybrid wasn’t quite aware of it—until he stopped. He answered only with a reactive flex, bulking his enormous physique up to its apex. When he did deign to reply out loud, it was in iron-cast words:

“I’M PLENTY HAPPY.”

With that the giant advanced, claws out, teeth bared, and eyes wide. The opposing party shifted, took up their stances, and answered in kind.

OUTER SPACE

JUNO, 10:11 PM

Juno's titanic arms slid up the booming curves of her breasts as they grew, sagging from the scope of her heaving nipples and gushing milk. The nearly-spherical mounds outsized even her, the wolf's hips blowing out to nearly a third of her height as she curled her toes, flung her head back, and howled in rapture.

360,000 astronomical units tall—425,000 across the chest.

33,464,090,000,000 miles.

176,690,395,200,000,000 feet tall.

5.7 light years tall.

Juno stood, or floated, at just over *22 trillion Earths* tall. Even if every single one of them were stacked atop another per second, it would have taken nearly 70,000 years to make the comparison complete. Sadly (for the hypothetical workers), Juno wasn't intent on waiting for any results; to the contrary, she didn't even last ten seconds.

6 light years barrelled into 13 as Juno's size more than doubled, the force of her growth kicking up shockwaves that rattled a small fraction of a quadrant of space as she swelled and shook. Knowing that the next cosmic metric of measurement wouldn't stay adequate to her growth just made her body rejoice with more spurts. Her rump tensed in anticipation as her bosom expanded even wider in response; despite the flowing geysers of milk, the release was less and less able to match the pressure.

Rivers of cream pumped loose, tickling down the curves of her bust and caking her upper belly fur as she pressed her slicked thighs tighter, squeezed her trembling form deeply, and blew up faster, blasting to 50 light years as heated musk steamed off her curves.

It wasn't enough. It was so wonderfully *not enough!*

“MMMMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRE—”

A sort of godly cow's low escaped from her bulging neck as Juno tried to speak. Asteroid fields millions of AU away scattered as her body, already snubbing physics, created external pressures of its own. At 900 light years tall, the generated shock waves pummeled through space, walls of pure force raging out in concentric, invisible volleys as she rocketed larger. Each wave she cast was dispelled seconds after as her body inflated to catch, then surpass them.

“MMMMMHMMMMHMMMMMMM—”

Juno's raging form creaked angrily as its boundaries expanded too fast, straining with a strange rubber groan as she seethed with growth. Her bulging hips hammered forth, drum-beating to 3,000 light years wide, overflowing through the shrinking quadrants as her vision warped and pulled, blurring into a delirium of lust that tore through her nude figure.

5,000 light years tall, 14,000 wide at the bust.

44,000 light years t-no, 66,000...100,000!

It was speeding up. It was s-speeding up! And u-up!

The darkness of space and its intermittent patches of color washed away in a storm of light as Juno began to rapidly emerge from the Milky Way itself, suddenly swimming in it, then swearing its brilliant luminescent disc like a Summer skirt.

With a tingling hiccup, of all things, Juno outgrew it.

The female outsized the entire galaxy with a supple huff and a twisting smile, her hips casting it all into a spray of light, only for its remains to be instantly recollected into her fur as she quintupled in size, moaned lower, and dectupled that after.

9,000,000 light years tall—only one-ten-thousandth the size of the observable universe.

It seemed like a lot, until Juno screamed and exploded bigger, and bigger, and *bigger...*

THE LOCAL GROUP

JUNO, 10:13 PM

Andromeda and Triangulum were comparative grains as Juno's rumbling nipple bulged between them, scattering the mighty galaxies with no thought.

Another pulse of growth attacked, Juno's vision slipping into darkness yet again as her body stormed larger, and larger. Waves of heat pumped through her trembling mass, blowing torrents of honey out of her overloaded, slippery thighs.

Twenty-four million light years tall, and still, Juno grew.

Her evergrowing hands, each bigger than galaxies, had no idea what to do with themselves, or with the rest of her. Clutching a breast was an exercise in futility; her fingers only spread painfully wide, every time she tried to hold their growing spans.

Her skull shuddered, her vast ears sailing back as Juno's back arched, ejaculate spattering out over her shaking legs in long, arching jets, only for the wolf to feel her arousal overflowing anyway, no amount of relief enough to save her.

Her vast mouth opened as a tongue over 9,000,000 light years long flopped out, waving through space as Juno hugged herself, climaxing five times in succession, detonating larger each time, compounding her pleasure to the point of insanity.

Soft soles plunged down through the Cosmic Web, flossing hundreds of galaxies between her toes as though she had dipped them into a bubble bath.

Her bellowing howls grew deeper, fuller, lower, the bigger Juno grew, until they put space to a nervous jitter around her.

She wanted to stop. She wanted to continue. She wanted to savor it. She wanted to blow right through it. She wanted to erupt, to contain, to hold, to explode to bits.

She *wanted*.

Eyelashes bigger than entire galactic clusters crashed down as Juno's gargantuan eyes lidded low, then shut. The 800,000,000,000-light year tall female snorted and rumbled and strained, forcing one shattering god-word out, and pure calamity followed:

“BIIIIIIIIIGGGGGHHUUUUUUURRRRRR—”

INTERGALACTIC SPACE

JUNO

All that could be seen in the stretches between superclusters and deep space was fur.

Rolling, swelling, endless fields of brown, scented, gorgeous, flowing fur.

Two claws, each large enough to scoop hundreds of thousands of galaxies, plunged into titanic nethers, only momentarily damming the flood as it gushed. Juno, now over five billion light years tall, and thirty billion across the hips and chest, finally allowed herself to try teasing—just a little bit of playing. Just to see.

What she had grown into at that point became a mirage, a faint afterimage, against what even an *attempt* at masturbating made her.

Just like that, Juno was half the size of the universe. Granted, it was the observable part, but the moment still hit.

What she had been ten minutes ago was a joke—less than a joke. An insult.

What she had been a day before was almost intentionally erased from her overloaded mind, jettisoned to make room for every scrap of processing power, all of which jabbed into a burning singularity for *more*. It was no longer a matter of being unsatisfied; Juno now raged against the concept that she wasn't *unsatisfied enough*.

She wanted more *want*. She needed more *need*.

Her body stuttered, vibrating with rising frustration, even as her fur bristle-fluffed into the boundaries of the universe, stuffing against an unseen membrane, crashing in waves of soft silky brown as it began to stretch out around her.

Her breasts surged higher over her muzzle, trapping it hotly as milk and seed burst everywhere, flooding the increasingly-tight confines of...well, everything.

She was out of breath, so much so that she couldn't even cry out anymore, couldn't fill her burning lungs. Her body hardly cared, callously pumping bigger still, the membrane pulling and pleading for mercy as she doubled in size, then tripled, forcing the bubble from 93 billion light years to over 200 billion, then 600 right after.

You don't understand, Juno thought, her milk and juice pooling up to her chin as she shuddered harder, and climaxed dozens of times in a row. *You can't understand! I...I-HI'M NOT BIIIIIIIGGGGGHGH...N'HUFFFFFFFFHHHFFF*

As it happened, the known universe wasn't keen on understanding. All that happened was a final, terrible *pop* as the membrane broke in one key point, and suddenly vaporized.

Then, it got bad.

MULTIVERSAL FOAM SEA

JUNO

There was only a *boom*.

Suddenly, there was Juno.

Then, too much of Juno.

The goddess billowed out of control, blowing through innumerable universal clusters all coalesced into a sea of tiny, glowing spheres, scattering everything like she was in a pool. Effectively, she more or less was.

Dozens of gigaparsecs pumped into Juno as she bellow-howled hotly, the sea quaking with her growth. Her rump matched her enormous chest, the masses sandwiching the female's torso and swollen thighs as she climbed to over 600 gigaparsecs tall, and 1,000 wide.

It was getting worse, faster, harder. Meaner. *Better*.

She couldn't even reach her own teats anymore, meaning Juno could only cry out as her bulging nipples blew milk unattended, burning and tickling at the same time.

42,000 gigaparsecs tall, 80,000 wide.

Juno imagined Cherryton, on Earth, in the old universe, with everyone crowding outside to watch the skies, knowing she was bigger than it. Bigger than *their* space, *their* puny reality. She was so humongous now, that *space was in her*.

Again, her fingers plugged deep into her vent; this time, she got all four in, fighting against the spray of fluids as she caught a firm rub of her clitoris—

3 teraparsecs

She forced both hands in, stretching her sex painfully, two colossal, growing thumbs pinching into her bulging pearl—

900 teraparsecs

The foam around her shrank to a fine paste, then crepe paper that crumpled against her surging body as she only grew bigger, faster. Whole universal superclusters were hardly even the size of cells now, and she was *still* growing.

Another membrane snagged her throbbing curves, but Juno blew right through.

330,900 teraparsecs

Juno was so big that the numbers didn't matter anymore—nothing did, really; but that was paradoxically what mattered the most. How long would it have taken a Horns shuttle to travel across her body now? How many lifetimes, just to cross one of her thick eyelashes?

It might have taken them as long as reality itself had been expanding, since the Big Bang—well, the *first* Big Bang. She was going to go bigger. She had to. There was genuinely nothing else she had going for the time being.

JUNO

6 MINUTES EARLIER

Melon emerged with a deep gasp, the hybrid rumbling up big enough to appear above the canopy of fur over Juno's collarbone, for a few fleeting seconds.

"HUAH, HAH," he panted, gulping, before opening his eyes and surveying what lay beyond him. "WHAT..."

Despite all the signs of a long battle, despite the bags under his gigantic eyes and scrapes all over his muzzle, even Melon stopped. He just stopped, and saw.

It wasn't that the wolf was there. It was that there was no end to her, to be seen, or comprehended in any form. Multiversal cleavage rolled on beyond, filling his view as he sat there, unblinking, a gnat to a gnat to a gnat on a god.

It wasn't the first time in his life Melon had been stunned to silence (if not calm), but it was immediately the most staggering on the list.

"I went...and fought my way up to...what size am I, even," he pondered, looking his unbelievably huge bulk over in muted wonder. "And this is the result, is it?"

No one answered, except a violent tremble that blew Juno's landscape-body even bigger, the fur starting to surge right back up to reclaim Melon. In the few seconds it took for the godly hybrid to be recollected, Melon ran a huge hand over his horns, sighed, and let out one last thing:

"Heh."

JUNO

LEGOSHI, LATER

It had been some time since Legoshi even dared to guess his size, with so many applicable metrics gone now. He sure felt huge, that was a nice constant. He had finally grown fast enough to make it topside, where he could truly bask in Juno's raw divinity. Sure, the fur strands still towered infinitely high above him, but he was up there, with *her*.

"Do you ever wonder what would have happened if I had gotten hold of all that rock?"

Legoshi glanced over at Haru, who padded up alongside him, just a head shorter than he, and even bulkier yet.

"Hmm?" he grunted, ears perking calmly.

"You heard me, Legoshi," she continued, grinning wider. "What if I had gotten as big as she's become now? What would you have done, then?"

"Hah, er, probably the exact same thing as I am now. I'd just want to be with you, even if it meant being on you."

"That's sweet. You're sweet."

The two of them strolled along casually a while, content in the quiet, with only the stray rumblings of Juno's body as it swelled yet again under their feet.

"She's really ballooning up today," Haru laughed.

"She is! I didn't think she'd still be growing, but here we are. Not that I'm complaining."

“Exactly. The pheromones Jack talked about must be overflowing, haha. It’s odd, not minding it, isn’t it?”

“If even Louis is okay with it, then I think the rest of us can be, too.”

The fur swelled higher and higher, the bases of each follicle thickening into tree trunks as Juno boomed into infinity, all around them, her warmth spreading up and up as her body billowed on and on and on and on.

“We should see Grandpa in a bit,” Legoshi mused. “Even with Juno’s influence, I think part of him still worries that I’m not happy here.”

“Well, crazy as it all is, it’s not like we can go back,” Haru sighed. “I do miss Cherryton sometimes, though that’s probably just straight-up old world nostalgia talking. It’s strange that this wound up being the simpler deal.”

“Well, heh, t-the old world was crazy, too.”

“Ugh, yeah. I wonder what the old home world is even up to, at this point.”

“Probably just hanging around in one of our gravitational wells, I bet, safe and sound,” Legoshi offered, beaming. “As long as they get their own peace, I’m okay with it.”

“Yeah.”

The rumbling intensified, instead of dying down, making them both hug one another for balance as Juno grew, and grew, and grew, and *grew*.

“Yikes, she’ll swallow us back up in a minute, at this rate,” Haru muttered, looking up as the wolf’s fur overtook everything. “Back we go, I guess.”

“Least we go, together,” Legoshi replied, wagging all about. “Let’s go say hi to everyone, and update them—”

“It’ll be the same thing we always find out: she’s getting even bigger.”

JUNO

How long had it been since she had become everything? Juno couldn't recall anymore.

Was she really everything there was, or ever would be? She wasn't really sure. She just knew the last measurable thing other than herself vanished into her growing fur ages ago. Since then, it had been a progressively nastier series of *booms* blowing her up into absurdity.

And it was good.

Unable to feel where she began, or even ended, Juno simply swelled onward, faster and faster still, cascading with a godly glow, a silent serenity punctuating the rumbling growth spurts as she sighed into her endless, heated cleavage, grooming herself over lovingly.

The next spurt multiplied her size by a googol. The next spurt was a googolplex times more powerful. She didn't bother trying to think just how powerful the next one was going to be, let alone one a year from now, given the progressive rate.

Actually, scratch that—she *did* think about it. It just made her grow even faster.

Shadows of her old mortal existence came and went, between the crashing bursts of lustful joy and pressurized growth. A certain appreciation had developed over the months of spurting, the way that a teenager turned adult might look back at dull times with a newfound affection. That world didn't even exist anymore, it was so small—but the memories did.

In time, the logic and reason of the life before seemed increasingly silly, set against her new perspective. It was a pleasant kind of silly, however. Besides, she could always treasure it without having to go back to it.

She would never go back, never give up even a stray inch of her size. In response to the very idea, Juno rumbled even harder—so hard that she shook herself into afterimages, releasing a booming howl as she tensed in on herself, orgasmed all over her thighs and knees, and erupted all the *bigger*...