

"I'll overload him--maybe he'll burn out..."

"I'll overload him--maybe he'll burn out!" Hardware said, sure of himself. "If I can overwhelm him, that'll be that!"

"You're crazy!" Steelwill retorted, struggling to even budge the massive thigh muscle of Mumbo-Jumbo's mighty leg. If anything, it was simply pulling her up and up along with it, as it grew bigger and thicker.

Quicksilver started to object, but suddenly held his tongue.

"Let him!" he said, making the other two go silent in shock. "We aren't even slowing him down, he's already too big!"

"But he'll get even bigger!" Steelheart shouted, clutching impotently at the rising bulge of the minotaur's bicep as it expanded.

"Right--but we have no other plan!"

"Yeah, yeah," Hardware grunted, already pulling the trigger. "I wasn't asking for your feedback, you metal morons!"

The ray cannon blew out a burst of energy, which blasted against Mumbo-Jumbo's stomach, and trailed up, up along his abs and golden chest, stopping right at Mumbo's roaring, opened mouth, so that the beam poured directly into it.

"That's the way, you thick-headed bull," Hardware mumbled, as the power flow on the cannon's readout charged darker and darker, more and more intensely concentrated. "Gonna put you to bed with too big a meal, too quick! Heh!"

Pleased with his own intellect, Hardware fired on and on, and Mumbo-Jumbo, all 50 looming feet of him, eagerly, hungrily accepted it. His mouth seemed to keep stretching wider as he gulped and gulped, his shining, metallic body rumbling and rippling ominously, inside and out.

"I can't watch," Steelwill moaned, letting go of the thigh as it suddenly erupted larger against her, practically shoving her back. Steelheart kept hugging the groaning bicep, even as it doubled in size, stretching and squealing as his metal self rubbed and shrank comparatively smaller against its growth.

Quicksilver let go as Mumbo's neck billowed bigger, longer, pushing his growing head higher still. Hardware simply adjusted, and kept tilting the beam higher. Mumbo shook and bloated out with bulk, more and more, before gulping, and detonating BIGGER!

"Ack!" Steelwill cried as, with a great gust of pressure-blasted release, smoke blew out, and only managed to obscure a small portion of the bull's body as it rocketed higher, taller, bigger!

Quicksilver glided backwards as fast as he could, watching as Mumbo-Jumbo's bulky back-brawn erupted larger, seeming to widen and spread his shoulders apart, as his neck pumped higher into the air. Mumbo-Jumbo must have already blown up, in those few scant seconds, to triple his size!!

"Come on, you doddering dope," Hardware growled, blasting longer and longer, angling higher, feeding the gluttonous giant more and more power. "Blow a fuse, already!"

But nothing blew, other than Mumbo-Jumbo's height and might. The 120-foot bull gulped bigger and

bigger quantities of energy into himself, stretching and booming up steadily, before trembling dangerously deep again.

"Move, everyone!" Quicksilver said, before--

B-BOOOOOOOOOOM!!

Mumbo-Jumbo's body shot up larger, frantically bulging with power! He tripled in size yet again, in one thick, bursting lurch of growth, his muscles gorging in all directions with a single, symphonic *throb* of all-consuming lust. The growing bull gasped and huffed and stuck his growing, shiny tongue out, rippling and moaning all over, gulping in more and more, trying to lick it up into himself faster!

"It's not working, you fool!" Steelwill bellowed, zooming over to Hardware, who kept stubbornly blasting away, even as he had to tilt all the way up and back away from the encroaching, massive feet swelling out bigger on either side of him, cracking the terrain under massive heels and smooth soles. "Stop firing!"

"It'll work!" Hardware roared, blasting on, squeezing the trigger even harder.

The 360-foot titan mooed out his pleasure, as a towering bulge of dark metallic flesh plumped forth, jutting rudely out from between his thighs, pumping and firming as it bobbed further out. A heavy duo of taut, drum-tight testes boomed out underneath, mashing and grinding down against his thighs with a marriage between groaning metal and thick rubber. Already, that huge mass was tingling in the open, along with the rest of him, as the monstrously big bull shook all over, once more, worse and worse and worse.

"Hardware!" Quicksilver shouted, coming down to land beside Steelwill, turning to her. "We need to stop him, this isn't going to play out the way he wants!"

"Agreed!"

"I said, it'll work, you silver schnooks! Watch!!!"

Hardware let the intensity of the ongoing beam climb higher, dangerously high. The darkened energy output gauge blazed near-black on the cannon, which sputtered and shook in the alien's grip, bursting wave after darkening wave of power into the towering nude male. Steelwill had seen what was cresting loose, and had tastefully turned away. She only peeked again once.

The building-sized behemoth of a bull blew up and tripled in size, again, bursting to a stunning 720 feet in size! His balance teetered with the rushing bursts of muscle, and he sank down onto one massive knee, shaking the turf, then settling down onto the other, in a full kneel. He was quaking terribly with power, huffing and licking through the beam, as hardware adjusted to keep firing into his mouth.

"Hardware!!!" they both shouted. Somewhere up atop the enormous hill that was Mumbo-Jumbo's bicep, Steelheart was crying out the same thing.

"Shut up!"

Down one massive red-copper hand slammed, then another. Mumbo-Jumbo's overgrown pectorals bulged down, mashing his humongous penis and sacs flat to the crumbling ground, as he lowered his enormous golden muzzle, his mouth still wide open, as his shaking body tremored the landscape, putting them all in a dance for balance as he loomed over the two grounded

Silverhawks, and threatened to quickly do the same for Hardware. He still, STILL kept blasting, and the quaking minotaur's body began to bloat out even worse, until...

The Mirage swoops in, to save the day!

Mumbo-Jumbo, big as he was, seemed mostly occupied with swatting away the bug-like Silverhawks as they darted and swooped about him, more annoying the gigantic bull than anything real. When the ray cannon began to warm up and face Steelheart, however, Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous eyes shifted back over to him, to the light emanating out from the center of his gigantic clenched fist.

"We'll see how tough you are, when the playing field's even!" Steelheart growled, his fingers scraping frantically around, trying to fully squeeze the ray cannon's trigger, when instead, something interrupted.

Mumbo-Jumbo's massive bull-head suddenly pitched forward, as something big enough to matter slammed into the back of his neck. Even at 375 feet, as big as one of the office buildings in downtown Bedlama City, it was enough to shove the bull into a teeter, then a stumbling crash below. His huge, thick pecs blasted the ground to crumbling bits as he landed, bouncing hard on his own overgrown muscles, then sliding to a smoldering, dusty stop.

The hand relented on landing, and Steelheart found himself tumbling free from loosed fingers, each as big as steel beams. The ray cannon clattered beside him, and the uncompressed trigger let the thing die down to a stillness.

"What in the world!?" Steelheart panted, collecting himself, as a familiar whine streaked overhead, and the Mirage sailed along in triumph--with a somewhat-dented cockpit.

"Bluegrass!" Steelwill whooped, before flying down to her twin brother. "Looks like we can still pack a punch!"

"Y...you said it!" Steelheart laughed, until the bull's titanic fingers swelled steadily larger, bigger and longer, subtly cracking down into the ground as they spread out in subtle spurts of growth.

'He's still getting bigger,' Quicksilver rightly surmised, as he came to a landing near them, and brought his wrist communicator up close. "Bluegrass, open the bay door, quick--we're coming aboard!"

"Sure thing!" Bluegrass's Southern voice replied, over the line.

"Let's get moving, before he manages to get all that bulk upright!"

Both twins nodded, following him up into flight. The ray cannon remained there, forgotten, on the ground, beside Mumbo-Jumbo's now-enormous hand, before it dug into the ground even deeper, the weight forced there as the huge bull started to get back up.

The hallway door to the interior of the Mirage slid open, and the tired trio stepped in, moving toward the door to the cockpit.

"We need reinforcements, right away," Steelwill said, dusting herself off midway. "Mumbo-Jumbo's getting too strong!"

"Who do we call, though?" Steelheart wondered aloud. "Professor Power? By the time we get a hold of him, who knows how big that bull will have grown?"

"Professor Power is our long-term shot," Quicksilver said, thinking fast. "He knows all there is to know about the artificial sun, he'd know how to maybe deactivate that...*thing* that Mumbo-Jumbo swallowed. I say we hail him, try to see if he can shut it down via remote, and then call in every available enforcement agency down on Bedlama if he gets off that moon..."

The cockpit door slid open, and Bluegrass stood there, arms crossed, blue armor and 10-gallon hat on full, folksy display.

"Sounds right t'me. I'll get on the horn, pronto."

Down far below, as the Mirage blasted its thrusters and tore off beyond the atmosphere, Mumbo-Jumbo was still pushing all that huge muscle, grunting and snorting great streaks of smoke, as he forcibly shoved the ground and hefted his 430-foot body back upright.

As he did so, however, something happened...

Mumbo-Jumbo is going to grow way bigger--RUN!

Everyone on board the Mirage--Quicksilver, Steelheart, Steelwill, Bluegrass, and even Hardware--all went silent. The very air about the ship seemed angry, vibrating with dread. They all spied out through the cockpit, watching the last contrails of smoke smolder out and fade, until there was only the deep crater Mumbo-Jumbo had fallen into moments earlier.

Hardware was the first to start backing away, until his backside bumped the cockpit door.

"Oh, no," the stout alien moaned, shaking his head. "No!"

The vibrations grew worse, and they all realized, at the same time, that the air wasn't shaking. Oh, no.

It was sheer vibration. From below. The landscape was quaking so terribly, they felt it from the lower atmosphere of the satellite moon. Down below, far down, they began to notice entire pillars of rock and high mesas all start to quiver and snap, the fall to the terrain with smoky crashes. From above, it was like a table full of stacked coins being shaken by something angry. Something *big*.

"W-we should go," Hardware gulped, his palms and back flat to the back wall. "We need to go!"

"Uh, boss..." Bluegrass started, silently agreeing, as he turned to face Quicksilver. "You reckon Hardware there may be right--"

The surface of the moon, the entire horizon, cracked open. They all looked as that same horizon below them suddenly bulged straight up, crackling and crumbling, hunks of land miles wide slipping like little clumps, sliding off of a vast, sky-filling mass of metallic hide. On the far left, a thick, dark spire punched up into the air, another one mirroring it over on the right side of the entire valley. They went up and up and up, clear past the ship, and the bulging mass of hide boomed up deafeningly through the crust, as it surged free.

The cataclysmic emergence shoved so much air that the Mirage started to wobble, and Bluegrass, on reflex, suddenly punched the reverse thrusters.

"Oh, Lord--hang on! Hang on!"

They all fell forward against the pilot's chair as Bluegrass pulled the ship back, back, back, just as they watched the sky fill with a titanic ridge of gold. Under them, the end of the ridge kept plowing up, higher and higher, at such an angle that the ship just barely missed being scooping up from below as two multi-mile nostrils boomed up high, snorting out a doomsday gale of sheer power.

The end of the muzzle was so big, they couldn't tell where it ended, on either side. Monitors from the ship's exterior cameras all bleeped on, revealing a vast column of a neck pulsing and swelling underneath, widening more and more of the spreading crater, until one massively immense copper-red shoulder bulged free, breaking an entire mountain range into bashed-off dust.

Another monitor showed the other shoulder booming up into view, filling miles and miles of barren landscape. A zoomed in camera revealed an old outpost, abandoned to a mesa over a mile high; beyond it, the vast and raging sea of copper-red shoulder boomed bigger and bigger toward it, groaning and surging and inflating too fast to even think of stopping. It crashed into the entire mesa, which only reached about a fourth of the way up the colossal shoulder, smashing it to bits like it was nothing.

The ship kept zooming back, no time or care available. Bluegrass pulled the controls so far out they might have gone through him, as the others cried out and hung on.

The muzzle and chin alone towered overhead, even above and beyond the Mirage--and still they pulled frantically back, as an incredibly vast, bulging set of upper-pectorals burst up through the shattering crust, swelling nonstop, ballooning angrily bigger against entire mountains and plains, demolishing them, as the bulbous golden curves roared up, up, threatening to impact them and scoop them up just as much as the muzzle did.

"Comeongirl!COMEONCOMEON!!!"

The Mirage was now only relative feet from being snagged up or even smashed into by the immense, far-reaching girth of those pectorals, which just kept on emerging, further and further out. They seemed too big even for the state-sized behemoth emerging from the moon.

The monitors kept zooming out with the ship, yet still had trouble keeping just one bloated gold bicep fully onscreen. Odometers panicked and spun as the ship alarms went off, and the Mirage just managed to zip, top-speed, past the sloped curve of the chest as it finally, fully broke free. Shoulders as big as entire cities became slightly lost in the atmospheric haze as Bluegrass tried to not only back up, but pull up higher as well. There was less and less ground to land on, and what was below...

...What was below, now, was Mumbo-Jumbo.

What was above, was Mumbo-Jumbo. To the far, far left horizon, was a single bulging, overpowered bicep and shoulder. On the right, the same--only worse, now that the second had passed for them to look.

The rear-view cameras blinked to life, and they all saw (except Bluegrass) the bulging swell of cracking landscape, many mile in the distance behind them. That mass cracked like a dark egg as a monstrous, sky-puncturing, massive tip blew up, forced higher and higher by an ever-swelling erection, firm and billowing, pulsing with power that only gods could know. And it just kept growing, higher and fatter and wider and heavier. Vast mounds surged up beyond it, as Mumbo-Jumbo's billowing, oversized testes boomed up through the crust, further demolishing that entire span of the moon.

The readouts spat forth on printing paper, folding in on itself as more and more pumped free on the console. Quicksilver struggled to reach it as they kept zooming backward, and what he did manage to reach was beyond horrifying.

"What-wh-what's it say?" Steelwill hollered, having to shout over the burdened roar of the ship's engine. "Quicksilver!"

His eyes scoured the sensor readout, again and again.

"Two..."

"What?" Steelheart yelled, trying to lean nearer."

"Tryin' to concentrate, here, fellas!" Bluegrass wailed, knowing the ship was hurting, and hating having to throw her into high speed anyway.

"Two hun...Two hundred miles..."

Steelheart looked sick, and not for the same reasons they all had, up to now.

"He's...two hundred miles tall!? That's not...pos-possible!"

"He *was* two hundred miles," Quicksilver said, grimly lowering one sheet, and looking at a newer one. Hardware was cowering in an ugly little alien ball, not even opening his eyes anymore.

Beyond the cockpit dome, there was only the rising tide of those impossible pectorals, followed now by the climbing, widening ocean of Mumbo-Jumbo's billowing abs and heaving sides. More and more of the vast bull kept pumping up out of the moon, bigger and bigger, and bigger and BIGGER...

"Four hundred miles...n-no, five..."

"Get us out of here, Bluegrass, old buddy!" Steelheart pleaded. "Turn us about and punch it!"

"There ain't time enough to manage turnin' around! Consarned growth is too fast! We'll get smashed on his body if we try!"

"Six hundred miles!" Quicksilver groaned, goin through the escalating printouts, which piles unhelpfully at their feet.

The numbers beat down over his senses, weighing all of reality down fast. 600 miles!? He had grown 300 times bigger, in one spurt!? He had been trouble at 7 feet, back in the past...He had been dangerous at 150 feet, a true giant...but t-this...this was...

3,168,000 feet

That would make the head looming up into the upper atmosphere over 300,000 feet in size...and that wasn't even the muzzle...

His hand alone? What...75 miles!? big enough to hold several cities in a clutch!?

No. No, it wasn't possible. None of this was.

At long last, though the entire growth spurt had only taken roughly twenty seconds (to them, a small lifetime), Mumbo-Jumbo stopped his horrific explosion of growth. The air swelled out past the Mirage as it started to sputter and groan, and it was only after the enormous base of the country-spanning, ground-splitting erection below and behind them began to pull away from their sights that Bluegrass understood, and started to uneasily ease the wheel back in.

Shaking, he turned the controls, and the Mirage began to circle around and pull away, twisting that unbelievably big, golden, sky-sized torso out of their sights.

The readout had finally stopped, as well, and Quicksilver shook his head, staggered on every possible tier of his being.

"770 miles," he muttered, wide-eyed. He turned to them in a slight daze, uncharacteristic of his usual steely self. "Mumbo-Jumbo is now...770...miles...tall..."

Over 4,000,000 feet t--

STOP, he ordered himself.

His foot alone is half a million feet long

ENOUGH.

The numbers paraded by, uncaring of his plight. Maybe it was his mind pulling back together. Maybe they had gone nuts.

"Go, Bluegrass," Quicksilver said, plainly, as his composure arrived intact. "We need to get to space, completely. We have no idea how bad the next one will get."

Hardware didn't bother getting up. By the looks of it, he had passed out entirely on the floor of the cockpit.

They grudgingly blasted off toward space, and it took that long just for Mumbo-Jumbo's over-muscled body to even appear to shrink away from them. Their rear camera revealed it: the vast bull had grown so big that the entire moon was only maybe four times larger than him. He was bigger than a small continent, now.

"We need all the help we can get, and now," Steelwill sighed, as they sped off toward the nearby orbit of Bedlama.

Mumbo-Jumbo huffed, and the moon shook. His muscles twitched, and blew up even thicker, on reflex. he nuzzled down on his overgrown, arm-length pecs, and snorted in pleasure. He hadn't blown up, after all. He'd managed it.

That meant he could get *bigger*...

He twisted his enormously huge neck, and saw a perfect target for the taking...

Mumbo-Jumbo, slowly growing, attempts a climb...

"You think those two will wait for the rendezvous with Mon*Star's cronies?" Steelheart mused aloud, watching the gigantic Mumbo-Jumbo bend down and pick something tiny up. "That must have been the original plan: steal the goods, then hide on this abandoned old rock and wait for the pickup."

"Something tells me their plans changed," Quicksilver answered, staring through the outpost station window, seeing the figurine-sized bull nod at something, then turn toward them, and start walking nearer. "Soon as we can hail the Mirage, we'll contact Commander Stargazer, and figure out what can be done about this minotaur menace."

"About that," Steelwill spoke, making them both turn to the console she had been trying to operate. "What little systems here are working, like the backup lighting, is due to an emergency generator. It must be solar-powered, to still be operable, like this. But it won't power much else."

"But an emergency generator would surely power the radio," Steelheart said.

"It would...but there's something wrong, here. Some piece that's missing, on the console. Maybe it's the capacitors or some bad tubes, but I can't get this thing working."

"So, for the moment, we're on our own," Quicksilver said.

The three went quiet, as the sounds of enormous feet thudding into the terrain steadily grew more and more audible, outside.

Mumbo-Jumbo's size rose with each mighty, booming step; each crashing footfall seemed heavier, deeper, louder. A hilltop caught a foot that was big enough to squash an entire road, then buckled and crushed down flat as the full weight of the growing bull sank mercilessly down onto it.

By the time that foot lifted, it had grown even larger, from 40 feet long to 45, give or take. Mumbo-Jumbo had swollen up to such a scope that that very foot could have crushed his older self, back when he had been merely *big*.

Up, up atop a trapezoid 410 feet high, Hardware cackled and hawed, readying his ray cannon, as the mesa their foes had fled to came closer and closer. His feet kept pulling wider as the golden span of muscle kept trembling, and booming wider, stretching and spreading out in size. He watched the land slowly sink lower and lower, the higher his partner-in-crime swelled.

For a moment, Hardware even pondered turning the cannon on himself...but that would have only done so much, wouldn't it? It was the combination of it and the miniature sun 2.0 that had made Mumbo-Jumbo a near-god.

The bull stomped to a halt at the base of the mesa, craning his bulging, thick neck back as he glared up toward its edge. He had billowed up to 450 feet, making him utterly gargantuan in size and muscle...but, compared to the mesa, he might as well have been a kid staring up at a high fence--no, a whole building. The landmass had to have been what, 10, 12 times his height, even now?

"Well?" Hardware growled, stomping pointlessly on the lane-wide portion of Mumbo-Jumbo's traps. "Git!"

Mumbo-Jumbo snorted out something between annoyance and dutiful understanding, then reared one humongous bulging arm back. His opened palm slammed the base of the mesa, fingers digging

in deep. The other followed suit as the bull's colossal foot thumped flat to the plane, and he reached high and dug hard into the next manageable portion, until he was literally climbing up the wall.

The impacts barely registered up above, at first. Then, they became clearer.

"Do you feel that?" Steelwill asked, as a few leftover report papers shook on the console counter top, then scattered to the floor on the next. In seconds, the windows of the top tier of the outpost station were twitching, then rattling ominously.

"He's coming up!" Steelheart said, backing away from the windows. "Does the generator let us use any perimeter defense mechanisms, at all?"

"I'll check down below," Quicksilver said, glancing over a station map on the wall as quickly as he could. "The main generator needs fuel and a restart, down on the...first tier! You two, stay on your wrist communicators, for my signal. When I say so, throw the console switch, and turn on the outpost defense systems."

"Which one?" Steelheart asked, as Quicksilver opened the station exit door.

"All of them!"

The impacts were getting worse. There would only be so many more, before Mumbo-Jumbo would be on top of them, and tearing the place apart.

Thankfully, Quicksilver was able to take a full leap off the railing, and land all the way down on the first tier of the rig, without being harmed. With that time cut off, he darted into the power station housing.

Another impact. This time, it shook the entire station.

"Come on," Quicksilver muttered sternly, ordering himself to focus. He slid a marked tray of power cells out from the unit wall, took them, and changed them out of the primary generator, tossing the burned out cells to the floor.

"Quicksilver, I don't mean to badger you," Steelheart said, over the wrist communicator, "but it's getting pretty close, up here!"

He slammed his silver fist into the primer button, once, twice, then used the other hand to shove a stubbornly-fixed old lever up, up along its rail, until it snapped to place, and a low hum rose.

"Quicksilver, do you--"

"I copy!"

He pressed the core power switch, and it whirled sluggishly to life. Quicksilver ducked back out, shouting through his caught breaths:

"We're on! We--"

A huge crash tore through the topside of the mesa, rattling the entire rig. Pipes clambered and jittered anxiously, but held, as dust scattered down from the ceilings.

"I think he's here!" Steelheart said, over the line. "What do we do!?"

Quicksilver thought, and thought fast...

Mumbo-Jumbo risks landing on Bedlama, in the ocean...

His confidence spiked into full-on arrogance, and the mighty Mumbo-Jumbo let himself fall through space, pulling deeper into the orbit of the vast planet of Bedlama. If the *Silverhawks* had failed to stop him, then he was as good as gold. Nobody else stood a chance against him, this big.

And he could get bigger.

The gigantic cyber-bull laughed to himself as he tucked in, forcing his overgrown muscles to bulge tight against themselves, and continue his plummet down.

The other ancillary moons and mechanical satellites whizzed past as he picked up speed, his metallic body starting to heat up. That heat went from a tingle to a hard burn, superheating his thick body as it shot through the spheres of the orbit, getting faster, still, until he was like a gleaming, nude bullet.

That bullet pinged into the ocean waters with such force that a huge spire of spray blasted up as he slammed the waves, and spun about in the underwater depths. His huge muscles sizzled against the water a moment, before he started to cool back down, then kick and swim his way up, up to the surface.

Mumbo-Jumbo bobbed there, in the ocean, for a moment, contented with his unilateral victory. In the near-distance, a small object registered, passing sluggishly along the horizon. He squinted.

Ah. It was a luxury cruiser. A big one, too. Way bigger than him.

Thinking on it, the entire ocean did make him feel miniscule again. It wasn't much welcome a thought. Huffing, the undeterred giant of a bull took the small crate and stuffed it in his muzzle, for safekeeping, so he could begin swimming toward the boat with both arms.

Sure enough, the liner was so big, compared to him, that it was like someone had pushed an entire skyscraper over, and put it out to water. No one even seemed to notice over the gradual sunset as Mumbo-Jumbo came up behind it, following in its contrails, pondering what criminal activities he ought to enjoy first, with his newly-giant size.

Boats like these tended to run on a combination of fuel cells or, if he was lucky, a full-on generator. Thoughts of feeding on either made him shudder, and he thoughtlessly swallowed the entire crate, right there and then, having forgotten he had put it there at all...

To Penal Planet 10, to lock Mumbo-Jumbo up and remove the sun

Penal Planet 10.

The entire planet, a prison colony, home to some of the most foul and unsavory criminals in the entire galaxy--even some from outside of it. It was the very same place from which Mon*Star and his vile gang had once escaped.

It was that very same place that Mumbo-Jumbo was currently being hauled to.

By the time the Mirage touched down on the vast heliport of the outer-rim of Penal Planet 10's central hub, Warden Lockdown was already there, waiting for them. Something between a yellow, humanoid insect and a featherless bird, the Warden stood rigid and patient, watching calmly as the famed ship set down, and came to a still on the pad.

"Well!" Lockdown began, walking up to the back of the Mirage as its bay door opened, and the Silverhawks appeared, leading Mumbo-Jumbo out. "I didn't expect the first runaway back home to be the bull!"

Mumbo-Jumbo growled sluggishly, teetering some between Steelwill and Steelheart, three triple-bonded nets all wrapped tight around him. Lockdown took Quicksilver's hand, and shook it rapidly.

"On behalf of the galaxy, I say, good work! You Silverhawks are truly something!"

"It's nothin'," Bluegrass joked as he walked by.

"Well! Nothing is certainly not, by definition, something, is it?"

"I think he was just playing around, Warden," Quicksilver explained, as they all were guided into the central hub complex, down a series of hallways, down an elevator, then a high-tech atrium. The whole way, Lockdown kept talking.

"...Now, Professor Power is en route, already, given your communique...oh, right this way...he'll be assisting in the removal of the item from Mumbo-Jumbo's body, wherein I have been assured it will return rightfully to him. Then, it's the deepest cell we have, for this sorry steer!"

Whatever they had hit Mumbo-Jumbo with, it was strong. The intended aftereffects lingered terribly, making the huge bull's vision sway and blur, and his body half-limp. He couldn't even flex one muscle, so he practically had to be walked by his loathed foes, step by step by step, down hall after hall. It was beyond humiliating.

"They got Mumbo-Jumbo," some prisoner muttered, from a passing set of cell bars. "They took Mumbo-Jumbo down!"

"That crony?" another shot back, laughing. "Who cares?"

Anger built rapidly at the back of his mind, but a vast wall of cotton-thick disinterest persisted, blocking it off--damming it up. Mumbo-Jumbo couldn't much care about anything as he tottered and stumbled around, even as the calls and jeers of cellmates on either side of the endless hallway rose, getting louder and louder.

"Wash-up!"

"Guess they got you by the horns, huh, Jumbo?"

Steelwill sighed. Bluegrass laughed to himself.

"You Silverhawks ain't nothin'!"

"Pass the bull over here!" another prisoner boomed, his voice huge. "I could whoop him quicker than all of you pansies, together! Haha!"

That little spark of muffled anger grew inside Mumbo-Jumbo, as they turned to the left, and went down a set of long stairs. Through the mesh covering overhead, the rest of the central hub splayed out beyond, building after building, all crammed with criminal scum. A massive courtyard separated the stairs from the other buildings, though only a few inmates were actually below, in it.

At the end of the stairs, was a sort of sub-building, attached to a much larger detention block, bordering one side of the courtyard. The double-doors slid open, and the Warden issued them all in.

"Sorry for the journey, Silverhawks," Lockdown sighed politely. "We intentionally keep the worst sorts as far from the one point of egress off Penal Planet 10 as possible."

"Understandable, Warden," Quicksilver agreed.

"Yes, well! This way, please. You will find our medical bay quite up-to-code, given the size and volume of our population...as it were..."

The Warden entered a large, cylindrical room with various consoles and monitors lit up all round its bottom rim. Workers clad in medical body suits looked his way as he snapped his alien fingers, and motioned for them to ready a huge operating table, in the center. They did so, silently.

"We shall hold him here, under sedation, until Professor Power arrives, yes?"

"Sounds good, Warden, that's just fine by us."

"Splendid, splendid. Well! Let's get him strapped in, then. Oh, and you all, keep those nets on him. Better safe than sorry."

The technicians nodded in their suits, and took Mumbo-Jumbo from Steelwill and Steelheart. They gladly let him go, and watched as the smaller techs laid the giant bull back onto the table, then strapped him in.

Mumbo-Jumbo's eyes rolled back indifferently, even as the growing anger and frustration under the sedative urged him to break free.

The table mechanically angled up slowly, Mumbo-Jumbo's huge bulk settling against it as it whirled to a stop, then turned to face away from the consoles and monitors. Buttons were pressed, and the Silverhawks watched as the monitors switched to digital readouts of Mumbo-Jumbo's insides, heartrate, body temperature, et al.

A large, cannon-like appendage lowered from the ceiling, a high-tech mechanized digit that angled down at Mumbo-Jumbo's body, and began to buzz to life.

"Now, we will take his vitals in full, and scan an x-ray of his system, as per Professor Power's orders..."

Warden Lockdown nodded, and the technicians turned more dials. The x-ray beam hummed louder, and louder.

Mumbo-Jumbo's lazy white eyes fluttered awake, suddenly...

Mumbo-Jumbo...burns out! Hardware was actually right!?

Mumbo-Jumbo's power climbed and climbed, even as the growing, engorged god-bull lowered himself closer and closer to the ground. He gulped in as much of the now-tiny stream of energy that he could, from the ray cannon, to the point where his billowed-out bulk began to overwhelm even his 1,200-foot body.

Quicksilver made to stop Hardware, but the determined alien lurched away, snarling.

"Hands off!"

"The plan backfired, Hardware!" Quicksilver pleaded, as Mumbo-Jumbo's building-sized snout grew closer and closer to them. "We need to run!"

"Humph!"

"That does it--"

Quicksilver, every bit as through talking as Hardware, took off in the opposite direction of the overgrowing bull--yanking Hardware along, by his coat. The alien stumbled and kicked, angry and confused, but still kept the gun firing, even as the colossal muzzle and chin and penis-tip all burled into the spot they had just been at, demolishing it.

"Leggo!" Hardware moaned, firing on doggedly.

Quicksilver was ready to reprimand Hardware through and through, when an odd thing occurred.

Mumbo-Jumbo snorted and huffed, his body tripling in size, again--only this time, most of it was his muscles. The light spilled out from the bull's mouth as he surged bigger, past 2,000, pumping with bulk; his shoulders crowded up, mashing all the way in against his bursting neck and rising back muscles, which started to swallow over most of him. His pectorals heaved too big, forcing his bloated penis to crumble through the sundered moon's surface.

His rear blew up as his thighs and calves erupted to monstrous proportions as he surged all the way past 2,500 feet, roaring and blasting light from the metallic seams of his muscles and joints. He burst out even bigger, his muzzle and horns and mouth becoming lost in the detonating growth of his muscles.

"Whoa!" Steelheart said, flying away fast. Quicksilver watched as he flew, Hardware still in tow, still blasting away, overfilling Mumbo-Jumbo, until he looked like some insane parade balloon, ready to blow apart.

Rather than blow up utterly, as he surged on and on, past 3,000 feet, the glowing seams of Mumbo-Jumbo's over-stressed body began to sputter, flickering, as whatever power was building inside abruptly fluttered on and off, starting and stopping, too overwhelmed to function.

"It's...working!?" Steelwill muttered, flying over on the other side of her twin brother. "I don't believe it...he can't keep up!"

With a last, moon-quaking burst of power, Mumbo-Jumbo blew up to 3,300 feet, then 3,600 feet! He was more a pile of mountainous muscles all mashed and billowed-out tight together, than a humanoid. With a last, guttering bellow, the light went out, and Mumbo-Jumbo collapsed heavily to the aching landscape, spent.

As they all stopped their escape, the Silverhawks and Hardware lowered back down to the terrain, and watched. Sure enough, Mumbo-Jumbo was down for what sure looked like the count. His muscles gradually, slowly shrank, as though he had been perpetually flexing throughout the growth spurt, and was finally relaxing them, until the immensely huge bull was merely as built up as an overachieving bodybuilder, instead of...well, what he was becoming.

"Well," Quicksilver started, wiping his brow. "I guess you were right, Hardware. Hard as it is to believe, it worked."

"Eventually," Steelwill sighed, still coming down from the panic of fleeing.

"Hmph," Hardware sneered. "You underestimate me, as always."

That was when the light *tink* of something metallic hit the ground, near the three of them. Before the light flash banged loose and blinded Quicksilver, Steelheart and Steelwill alike, they realized it was a flash-bang grenade.

"What!?" Quicksilver said, before teetering, then passing out on the soil. The other two had already faded and fallen, until the only one left standing anywhere on the terrain was, of all types, Hardware.

"Hehe, you thought I was teaming up, did you? Stupid, stupid," Hardware snorted smugly. He walked past the Silverhawks as they slept, heading for the living mountain range of bull that was Mumbo-Jumbo. "Unforeseen as this all was...it does give me a few good ideas..."

Mumbo-Jumbo grows TREMENDOUSLY!!

Villain or not, one fact of life remained inescapable: when something 50 feet tall comes at you, and you alone, you might very well run. Or, in Hardware's case, you may freeze up.

There wasn't even time to speak, let alone properly react, as the hulking Mumbo-Jumbo bore down on Hardware, suddenly taking up the entirety of his view. The hand he had just blasted persisted through, as the beam from Hardware's ray cannon kept blasting away on the bull's chest...then midsection, the bigger he grew. It slammed down, open-palmed, like a wall, and the other gigantic hand did the same, on the opposing side. Hardware leapt in place from the force of Mumbo-Jumbo's hands as they impacted, and enormous fingers curled together behind him, effectively caging him there.

"W...wait..." Hardware gulped, backing up anyway, bumping dumbly into those gigantic fingers. At last, he let go of the trigger. "Wait! Mu-mumbo-Jumbo, stop! We're p-partners!"

From beyond the cage those huge hands formed, he could see Mumbo-Jumbo's looking muzzle up above, sneering. The massive bull knelt down heavily onto the soil, and quite purposefully let the tip of his phallus thud onto the ground, just long enough for the head to rest flat, just shy of the shaft angling up the slope of his full, dimpled sacs. They jostled and adjusted with lewd rubber-metal squeaks and pulls, before the tip rested at the front of the 'gate', as if waiting.

...Waiting? As in, on Hardware? Had the big moron listened to him?

"Er, uh," Hardware stammered, quickly relearning how to speak coherently. "Right...good. G-glad...glad you listened, after all. Now, first thing--"

A thick snort cut Hardware off, clearly disapproving. The stocky dwarf-goblin cleared his throat, blinking, before seeing Mumbo-Jumbo's huge muzzle overhead, hovering above the hands--above *him*.

"W-what, then?"

Hardware looked ahead, and saw mostly the tip of that gigantic dark erection, throbbing thoughtlessly before him. The head alone easily reached his chin.

Again, Mumbo-Jumbo snorted, giving an impatient nod at Hardware, down below.

"HRRRMPPH."

"...You...oh, uh...o-okay, then," Hardware said, chuckling nervously, his self-preservation in very, very high-gear. "I-if you really want..."

He nervously inched closer, and set the ray cannon down. He put both hands on Mumbo-Jumbo's pulsing tip, and gulped, before working up the nerve to see things through, and start caressing it over. His alien palms circled the tip, making its metallic bulk swell receptively, lurching thicker and firmer as he lavished his barely-willing affections on it.

"H-how's that? Eeh? Be-better?"

Mumbo-Jumbo's huge white eyes fluttered, and the titanic bulls blinked a few times, before sighing in frustration, and growling after that. He shook his gigantic muzzle, huffing out some smoldering demand from above, and Hardware cowered back into the hand-cage.

"What!? What, then?"

One of those huge, red-copper thumbs attached to the massive hands suddenly jerked down, as if pointing to something. Hardware flinched at the motion, before looking down, and seeing the ray cannon, laying there.

"You, ah..."

Hardware gulped. Hard.

"But...I was already...I mean, what could...do the job any better than when I was blasting you, before?"

Unfortunately for him, Mumbo-Jumbo already had an answer. He shifted his slowly-growing body, now 70 feet in size, despite his bulging crouch...and bucked his huge hips, thrusting and dragging his oversized member toward Hardware, so that the tip bumped him.

"You're kidding," he gasped. An angry bellowing *moo* said otherwise.

Hardware was shaking, now, but he did as he was told: he took the discarded ray cannon back up in hands, aimed it at the eagerly awaiting tip, and started to pull the trigger. Mumbo-Jumbo, still impatient, thrust again, just so, so that the tip lurched forth and swallowed the entire ray cannon, along with Hardware's hand and forearm--all right as he had pulled the trigger all the way back!

"What!?" Hardware bellowed, trying on reflex to pull out; it was no good. No good!

"HHHHRRRRHHRRRRRUUUURRRRFHRRR," Mumbo-Jumbo rumbled, smiling wide up above, as the beam tickle-rippled, shaking violently, then blasted out a massive, uncontrolled burst of energy, which flooded into Mumbo's erection, dead-on.

The huge bull's eyes went nova-bright, flaring wild and huge, as his rumbling body trembled and shook and spasmed, immediately overwhelmed. The 100-foot bull's body tensed in on itself, even as his muscles burst forward, his core flexing and straining with impossible power...before it happened, and happened devastatingly fast.

Mumbo-Jumbo simply *exploded* in size.

The landscape heaved lower, sinking in a sudden, booming crater, as Mumbo-Jumbo's shining, glowing body blew up, skyrocketing bigger in all directions. His backside burst up over the rest of him as the quintupled in size, instantly, his groaning feet plunging too big, too deep into the terrain, his rear bulging out and out into the high air, as his erection swallowed more and more of Hardware, until the alien was fully stuck, wedged inside the swollen slit.

The 500-foot giant roared to the cosmos in shuddering, huffing delight, tingling and quaking with raw, lewd need. His pens burlled out against his own joined hands, parting the fingers as they caught the swelling tip. His shaft caught as well and was forced to momentarily bulge up into a throbbing curve of metallic, groaning flesh, while his testicles grew into two hot-air balloons' worth of gleaming mass. The tip boomed too big, even for his own growing arms and hands, and it punched clear past, shearing away yard after crumbling yard of ruined rock and soil, all as the bull's chest muscles exploded down, heaving and sagging and bulging against the curving, over-fattened girth of his penis.

His biceps erupted up, his triceps and forearms pulsating larger, stronger, **STRONGER!** His

shoulders boomed so huge that they almost met, swelling up against his trapezius on either side, nearly consuming his neck, before his neck and upper back boomed bigger than them, forcing them to groan as they spread wider apart.

Mumbo-Jumbo licked his muzzle over and puffed and *mooooooaned* loudly, before booming even bigger, and doubling in size--quaking and groping his colossal, overgrowing penis on its bloated, smooth, shining sides, before he gulped and panted, and roared, doubling that size, then doubling it, again!

4,000 staggering feet of nude, over-aroused bull spread over the landscape of the moon, starting to shake the hills and cliffs and spires with his sheer vibrating growth. He rolled his bulking shoulders and clutched his erection, feeling it suddenly triple in mass, overtaking even his massive size as it strained bigger, fitfully bulging, growing heavier and hotter as it crushed down over the plains.

He hiccuped and shook, tensed, and blew up yet again, the power raging inside him, bigger and bigger, making him *octuple* his massive size on the spot!

32,000 feet--over 6 miles of musclebound cow--consumed the valley. His rump and soles and huge heels dragged along the ground, smashing miles of moon-land, bashing and crushing whole canyons, flattening them with no effort at all as he kept growing and stretching and booming. His sacs began to push his huge bulk higher as they outgrew him, and his penis thump-thudded and boom-smashed, bigger and bigger, over an entire mountain range, destroying it as it pumped and fattened and quivered with joy.

Still, the blast kept on coming, flashing away violently within the slit of Mumbo-Jumbo's towering tip, itself measuring over 2,000 feet high.

"RRRRR," Mumbo-Jumbo huffed, trying to speak, even as pleasure devastated his senses, his mind afire in godly bliss. "HHHHRRRRR!"

He blew a fireball bigger than a small town out through his flexing nostrils, before the ever-growing titan trembled and boomed, *dectupling* his tremendous size!

Over 350,000 feet of naked, glowing, hot-steel muscle and sex overtook the horizon, spilling over it with phallic growth and heaving bulk alike. The panting god-bull trembled and cried out, but couldn't get far, as his overloaded muscles burst again, bigger and bigger, stronger and stronger, and he blew up to double that size!

The moonscape whined and moaned, taking on too much, too fast, cracking and snapping and crumbling as a vast stormcloud of ruin blew out around his orbs and feet and shaft. It began to gust out wide, but Mumbo-Jumbo's trembling body strained tight, and blew up over it, too, as he doubled his size again!

Over 1,400,000 feet, 265 miles of bull covered the landscape. Entire cities could fit on just Mumbo-Jumbo's testicles, which dimpled high up against the caging girth of his thick, bulging, golden thighs. His eye alone was bigger than a tiny island, set on a lake-sized muzzle. His chest overtook his chin, his back muscles crowding his neck and horns, and still--*still*, the colossal bull bellowed and pleaded for more.

Forget petty crime...forget good and evil...he was becoming more!

He shook and snorted and moaned something terrible, as he doubled in size again...and again...

The Mirage--and they're dumping something out onto him!

Just as soon as the whole debacle had arisen, a new one arrived, hot on its heels--though to Hardware, it looked increasingly like salvation, as much as he didn't like the idea.

High up above, beyond even Mumbo-Jumbo's mighty height, came the Mirage, the Silverhawks' lousy ship. If it was there to get him away from Mumbo-Jumbo, however, he could let its presence go. Preferably, with him on it.

Mumbo-Jumbo, clearly, felt different on the matter.

"RRRRRRURRRURRRR!"

A hand big enough to cover an entire wing of the ship swatted past, narrowly missing as Bluegrass swerved away. A sub-bay door along the bottom of the ship slid open, and all at once multiple crates of some unknown material dropped down overhead. One by one, they collided atop the humongous bull, as a great hiss of release and an explosive burst of cold spread out over him.

"What--"

was all that Hardware could manage, before a freezing cloud overtook both Mumbo-Jumbo and himself. The mists parted slowly, revealing a frost-covered, ice-blocked hunk of minotaur, frozen stiff. Hardware's ugly mouth hung open in a snarl of renewed anger and surprise as he remained there, halfway between twisting for freedom from Mumbo-Jumbo's ballooned-out pectorals, and a roar of general disapproval.

"Do you think that was enough?" Steelheart said, peering out through the bottom door of the ship's cargo bay.

"Let's hope, because it was all that we had," Steelwill sighed, turning to Quicksilver. "At least it's slowed things down to a crawl, if nothing else."

"Which means we can't assume we have the luxury of time," Quicksilver replied, moving out into the main hall of the ship, toward the cockpit. The others followed.

"So, who d'we contact about this here mess first, boss?" Bluegrass asked, as he turned around, blue armor, red bandana, 10-galloon hat, and all.

"Hail Commander Stargazer," Quicksilver said, briskly, as he entered the cockpit. "We need to reach Professor Power, and *now*. If anyone will know how to undo whatever...all that was, down there...it'll be him."

"Sure thing! Gettin' on the horn, pronto!"

Down below, however, something odd was starting to happen. The frozen hunk of bull and trapped alien didn't move, outright...but there was the slightest hint or suggestion that something wasn't quite right there...

The Mirage crashes headlong into Mumbo-Jumbo

Something big screamed through the air, like the cry of some giant, metal hawk, before the entire Mirage slammed, nose-first, into Mumbo-Jumbo, catching the bull in the side of his golden chest.

Even standing 300 feet tall, the building-sized bull bellowed in absolute pain and confusion, knocked instantly down to the moon's terrain with such force that the impact blew up a mountain of smoke and dust that filled the air. The after-impact sent lingering tremors snaking through the upset soil, and as the smoke eventually cleared, Mumbo-Jumbo lay splayed and unconscious on the turf, his half-firm erection thumped down like a sleeping animal over his humongous thigh. Atop him lay the Mirage, still roughly two-thirds the size of the gigantic bull; its bay door swung down behind it, the edge of the angling door thudding softly onto the upper base of the bull's bloated shaft.

"Sis!" Steelheart called out, coming into a landing down on Mumbo-Jumbo's swollen hip. "Sis! Are you okay?"

"Y...yeah," Steelwill sighed, climbing up doggedly onto the high curve of the bull's gleaming torso. Quicksilver landed down on the looming perch of Mumbo-Jumbo's pectoral, looking down over everyone, then turning to inspect the Mirage. It and he both rose and fell with the knocked-out bull's every inhalation, making the landscape that was his golden hide stretch and expand, up and down.

"Glad you're both alright," he sighed, thumbing back up to the ship. "We better get onboard, and fast. We have no idea how long we put Mumbo-Jumbo out for."

"Ri-right!" both stammered, following him all the way over to the base of that colossal, warm shaft. They set down on its bulky girth, stepping over huge, snaking, metallic veins. As they stepped up onto the cargo platform, their motions seemed to tickle down into it, as the tremendous member stirred and shifted, stiffening out from a snake to an oak, pulling the bay door and part of the ship with it as it plumped.

"Get in, get in," Quicksilver said, motioning. "We might be waking him up!"

The twins climbed in, as carefully as they could, and the bay door shut behind them.

"What do we do, now?" Steelheart rightly asked. "He's so big, I don't know how we can stop him, once he's up again..."

"And that's if he doesn't start growing bigger, again, when he does wake," Steelwill added, fearfully, as they moved into the main hall, then up to the ship's cockpit. Bluegrass simply sat there, in the pilot seat, lifting up part of his 10-gallon hat long enough to scratch the blue armor around the back of his head.

"Well, I figure you'll all tell me just what the heck's goin' on, here," Bluegrass sighed, turning to them, as the sight of a massive muzzle and a flopped-out metal tongue rose and fell, outside of the dome. "So, whenever y'all are ready to do so..."

"Once we're airborne, sure," Quicksilver replied. "Can you still make that happen? You hit him pretty hard."

Bluegrass stared at them, unblinking.

"...He was pretty big."

Steelheart was beaming. Steelwill was less amused.

"Seriously, though, Bluegrass," she said, briskly. "What's the damage?"

"We'll see."

The Mirage began to shift its thrusters, which blazed hot over Mumbo-Jumbo's gigantic hide, heating it bright red in patches--not enough to hurt the massive cyborg, it turned out. The ship wavered in the air as the thrusters shifted again, and the wings swiveled up and down, in place.

"I'm thinkin' we got lucky," Bluegrass chuckled, as he tilted the steering wheel, and gently guided the ship up higher. "Fasten your seatbelts, y'all!"

The Mirage climbed higher and higher, leaving the colossal Mumbo-Jumbo behind. His 300-foot form sank lower under them, seeming to shrink steadily, before the Mirage coughed, and staggered, in mid-air.

Bluegrass tried to push the Mirage higher, when the ship staggered again, and even slanted, threatening to drop back down.

"Stabilizers've had it, maybe," he mused, looking over the console readouts. "Thrusters on the back and upper left ain't lookin' so happy, either. Shoot. Was hopin' it wasn't that bad."

"What's it mean, for us?" Quicksilver asked, glaring grimly out the cockpit dome window.

"Means, we can stay in the air, but I don't think we'll be gettin' enough lift to get clear of the atmosphere. Not without some repairs a-some sort. We can't make it to space, is the short version."

"Can we repair it, here?" Steelheart asked.

"This was a mining colony for Bedlama, back in the day, wasn't it?" Steelwill said, bright with the onset of a good idea. "Abandoned or not, a lot of older technology is probably still here. We can search out a mining town or a refueling depot, and maybe manage some repairs."

"Beats nothin', I say," Bluegrass agreed, in the most dryly Southern manner possible. "What say you, boss?"

Quicksilver was already looking the scanner over, on the ship console.

"No signs of life are probably anywhere here, anymore," he muttered, leaning in. "But the technology may have some lingering energy signatures. Can we track one toward a town or depot?"

"Heck, if it gets us outta here, you bet I can manag--"

A thick, powerful snort interrupted, down below, making everyone freeze. They moved to the window of the dome, crowding poor Bluegrass and his chair, looking out and down as best they could.

"He's coming to," Steelwill grumbled anxiously. "We had better move!"

"Hang on tight, then," Bluegrass warned, as the Mirage sped forward...sort of. It was managing a modest airspeed, but the occasional tic and tingle of the interior made them all lurch nervously as the ship sped away from the rumbling snort and bellow of Mumbo-Jumbo, who was now surely awake...and *mad*.

"Get the rear-view on," Quicksilver said, as a monitor flashed awake. There, behind them, rose the humongous sight of Mumbo-Jumbo, all steely muscles and a white-eyed, godly glare.

"He's a big boy," Bluegrass gulped, trying to put on a little more affordable speed.

"And getting bigger," Steelwill groaned, pointing to the screen. Even as the ship put what distance it could between them, it was obvious that Mumbo-Jumbo was still slowly creeping up in size. He must have stood 350 feet tall, as big as an older building in one of the cityscapes of Bedlama. With one boom back behind them, they could tell that Mumbo-Jumbo had taken a step. Another boom followed, faster. Another, faster. And faster. And faster.

"Shoot-heck an' holler," Bluegrass growled, pushing the poor Mirage a bit faster. It whined and rattled, and he grudgingly let the speed slip back a little.

"He's going to catch up fast," Steelheart said. "Where do we go!?"

Quicksilver studied the topographical readouts onscreen, and quickly decided...

Mumbo-Jumbo eats all the cells he can get! Time to GROW!!

As he pondered out his limited options, Mumbo-Jumbo felt the ship start to vibrate with the growl of its engine, before liftoff happened, and he could tell they were all going airborne.

Why? Where was the leader-hawk? He hadn't come back...

"I repeat, get to space," Quicksilver said, over the console of the Mirage's cockpit. "I'll rejoin you all up in the outer-orbit of Bedlama."

"Er, okay, boss-man," Bluegrass said, slowly. "But uh, can I ask why? Ain't it better to just all leave, together?"

"I haven't apprehended Hardware, yet. He couldn't have run far off. But with that thing inside of Mumbo-Jumbo, I don't want you all waiting for me. Get him off-site, and quick!"

"Yessir," Bluegrass said, turning to Steelheart and Steelwill. "Welp, you heard the man! Off we go!"

At that, Bluegrass flipped the com link off, and turned halfway to face the twins.

"That sound okay by you two?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

Back in the cell, the overgrown bull lurched and staggered about, trying to keep his balance as they rose higher into the moon's atmosphere. The crates, secured by a small brace on the cell floor, jostled and jittered, but stayed fairly steady during the liftoff; they did better than Mumbo-Jumbo.

The big bull huffed and grunted, vying for balance, straining the sorry remnants of his net as it strained and whined for mercy against his thick bulk. He was already so big, his head was at the ceiling, meaning his movements were bigger--meaning he either had to be very careful, or not care at all. Both, in a way.

Mumbo-Jumbo growled softly, putting his newly-grown thighs and calves to work, as he lowered his huge bulk down toward the floor. He nearly crept down to the top crate, as it only reached up to around his thickened waist, and took another power cell out of it with his teeth. He ducked his head back against his bulging neck, and swallowed it down easily. The tingling was already starting by the time he had downed another, and another, openly feeding now. His muzzle dipped down into the crate like it was a feeding bag, the huge bull losing count of the quantity he was ingesting, and not at all caring to count.

Power.

Power!

Raw, shattering, sizzling power filled Mumbo-Jumbo, inside and out, in a contained explosion that boomed up and pumped him out, his body roaring bigger to keep it all contained. The back of his neck and trapezius ballooned up hard into the ceiling, mashing it, then bulging up into a tight press, as his knees shook and swelled right down to the floor of his cell, as his calves rumbled and bulged out under his swollen thighs. Both feet plowed awkwardly back over the floor, bumping and skidding, before colliding with and pushing pushing up into the back wall. The net caught one last time, whimpered, and snapped apart.

He nosed about the crate, even as his muzzle surged too big for it, so that its borders snagged and

hugged his snout, even as it bulged bigger within it. The crate itself bulged reciprocally, following in the dance, even as its central sides began to snap away and part, letting gusts of the bull's fevered snorts rip loose, before it shook, bowed, creaked...and blew open, leaving the cell-filling brute to chomp the entirety of the one below, and start forcing it into his muzzle.

Quick. Quick, quick. They'll be here. They'll hear.

...So?

Mumbo-Jumbo's pectorals and knees warped the bars steadily as he expanded against them, too big to properly contain anymore. A thick, fleshy pillar of excitement buried free at the very thought.

Let them! Humph!

The bars bent outward over the hallway floor, egg-shaping slowly, as bigger and bigger mounds of pulsing golden muscle blew out between them, parting them, bending them, toward and away from one another. The cell ceiling buckled upward, coughing out dust, as the section cracked an outline around his growing bulk, which blew up aggressively into it, cracking out a further layer, cratering wider and wider as his mass forced the earlier rings up, up, and up.

The crate was only stuck in his muzzle so much longer, before the bars strained and wobbled from stress, as his sheer bulk and brawn and pumping sex demanded every stray inch of space for itself.

He swallowed, and the real rumbling started.

"What in Limbo is that?" Steelheart asked, feeling the vibrations begin to tingle out through the ship floor, then the walls of the cockpit. "Do you feel that?"

"Yes," Steelwill said, apprehensively. She turned and opened the hallway door, and gasped.

A wave of throbbing, bulging pectorals had blown clear out of the overstuffed, cracking cell's boundaries, and had spilled, tight and warm and smooth, out into the hallway, filling it rapidly, like a tide of muscle that only grew larger and angrier per second. Somewhere within that mass, tucked far back in those tidal pectorals, was a bullish short of rage and joy.

"He's...he's growing!" she stammered, stumbling back for only a moment, bumping Bluegrass's pilot seat.

"What do you--"

Steelheart started the words, then saw, and just let the rest go.

The entire hallway was quickly crushing up, down and out, as more and more billowing bull-muscle erupted, bulging and booming in heated, throbbing bursts of unstoppable growth. His body heaved and heaved, as the sounds of the cell walls smashing apart, then the sounds of something huge punching up into and filling the back hall and cargo hold, more and more. They might as well have inflated on of those maximum-size giant weather balloons, *inside*. Only, the balloon was winning, and fast.

Sirens helpfully pealed, shrill and mean, first back in the hold, then in the cockpit--though one of them could be heard breaking apart, as too much bicep smashed it flat against heaving, cracking hull walls.

"He's getting too big for the ship!" Steelwill cried, as a portion of Mumbo-Jumbo's huge forearm bulged into the opening of the cockpit door, bulging and bulging further and further in, in a wave of dimpled-out, metallic bulk.

"Doggonit!" Bluegrass moaned, pushing unresponsive buttons, as the ship wobbled in space. He tried to bring it down steady, despite it all, but a wave of growing muscle burst clear through into the cockpit, filling it meanly, shoving Steelheart and Steelwill back against the sides of the dome, while Bluegrass and his chair were rammed forward, forcing him to push on the wheel. The ship bolted as best it could out, further into space, well-past the rendezvous point of the moon's atmosphere.

"Get...yer visors...onnn!" Bluegrass groaned, as Mumbo-Jumbo's booming heartbeat pounded in and out, caged within his rumbling, still-growing body, which angrily swelled even bigger, and bigger!

The ship began to blow out into mass, bolts and fused joints pinging loose, glass cracking and shattering. The wings snapped off and bent away as a monstrous penis jutted, tented, then blew out of the bottom of the hull, near the Mirage's landing gear. A pinched-in section of rump boomed out of the back, even as the ship carried itself farther off, before it took one last groaning, shuddering swell, split too far, and blew apart in space!

A two-hundred foot colossus of a bull spiraled free, nude and gleaming and thick with gorging muscle, through the cosmos. The wreckage scattered in all directions as the growing minotaur drifted off, uncaring, feeling himself continue to bulge bigger in the void.

Bluegrass spiraled too, even after the rude exit; it was tough to right himself with one arm (his other hand was busy holding onto his 10-gallon hat), but eventually he managed it. He looked about, his cybernetic visor down over his face, and soon caught sight of the twins, who were hand-in-hand, to keep from flying off from each other.

"Whew! That' one bull I ain't ridin' again," Bluegrass joked. Neither Steelheart nor Steelwill laughed.

"What about Quicksilver?" Steelwill asked.

"What about the ship?" Bluegrass shot back, a hint of buried sadness bobbing up through the humor.

"What about us?" Steelheart correctly asked.

"I reckon we got to send fer help, before we can help ol' Quicksilver," the cowboy Silverhawk sighed, swimming through space over to a hunk of debris. "The block box here's got itself a transponder...we should get us an emergency pickup shortly!"

"Do you think this was all Hardware's doing?" Steelwill asked.

"I doubt it," Steelheart replied, as they drifted there. "You saw the way that runt ran off, before. This is all as big a surprise to him as any of us."

"So, what now?" Steelheart asked. It hardly needed explaining.

That's why Bluegrass did, anyway.

"...We wait."

Meanwhile, Mumbo-Jumbo had righted himself through the tumble in space, and was letting himself drift freely, swelling and enjoying his growing body and power and size.

His chest was almost impossible to hug around with his own arms, huge and thick as they were--but that was a game he didn't mind multiple tries at, as he tingled and blew up even bigger, his trajectory putting him in range of..

The ray cannon blasts Mumbo-Jumbo, instead...

"Let's...nng, s-see...how you like...th-this," Steelheart growled, readying the ray cannon for full-fire, against himself.

"Wait...what are you doing!?" Steelwill shouted, circling by the bull's gigantic hand, seeing more or less what her twin brother was preparing to try and do.

Mumbo-Jumbo perked up, at the words. Still smart enough to put a few numbers together, he turned away from trying to swat down Quicksilver, and saw what was happening, in his occupied fist. He squinted down as the ray cannon began to whirl loudly, then went wide-eyed at the understanding that it was about to fire.

"Don't try and stop me, sis!" Steelheart wheezed, as the bull's enormous hand crushed in on him even harder. "I'll shrink back after I deal with this overgrown--"

A terrible shadow spilled over him, before Steelheart found the gun and the better part of his arms gone, consumed, lost in between the 390-foot minotaur's closing lips. In his shock, he cried out, and the cannon blasted wild and free...into Mumbo-Jumbo's closed muzzle. The huge bull drank and drank, suckling away on the tiny ray gun, feeding...and feeding...and feeding...

"Steelheart!" Quicksilver said, swooping over to help. He zoomed in and crashed all of his bulk against the bull's jawline, but merely bounced off, as Mumbo-Jumbo's shaking body began to rumble and twitch with too much power.

"Stop firing!" Steelwill said, landing on Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous, quaking wrist, trying not to slip on its smooth, golden span. "Let go!"

"I--nng, I c-can't!" Steelheart groaned, as the suckling bull began to vibrate with energy, still drinking in more and more blasts. "I'm...stuck!"

"Hold on!" she answered, kneeling down on Mumbo-Jumbo's house-sized hand. She clutched at the bulky width of just one clenched copper-red finger, and tried desperately to pull it open, even just a little bit.

Quicksilver was already on his wrist communicator, trying to hail their ship, the Mirage, when it happened. All of the trembling, building and mounting within the bull came to a brutal, blissful head, and the miniature sun swelled inside of his gleaming metal body. Muscles firmed and tightened, before the bull lifted his quaking gold muzzle up and mooed out in absolute pleasure, when he--

B....B-B-BUH-BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!

400 feet of muscle-gorged male cow erupted, on the spot, in a violent and explosive gout of throbbing, hot growth. Biceps blew up and out, almost walling his own body in as they inflated, before the same burst blew his triceps and shoulders out to match. His backside roared up loudly over him, crowding into a great, stretching mound of bulk, before his pectorals boomed out beyond his shaking hands and blimping forearms.

His neck doubled its width, angrily ballooning, as his thighs exploded bigger and stronger, his calves flaring out with metallic squeals of growth. A bloated mass of sex pushed out between his hulking thighs, before it pushed further, and further, extending to a full, meaty mast. Its bobbing tip burned with need as it rode out the explosion of that one single, sudden growth spurt, having rocketed Mumbo-Jumbo's quivering girth up to 500 feet.

Steelheart was practically lost, having vanished along with the ray cannon down, down into Mumbo-Jumbo's grip. The growth alone was enough to force Steelwill into a backwards tumble, where she fell onto her back and had to slip and slide, riding the massive side of the bull's thumb as it grew, and grew, and grew.

And, more frighteningly, Mumbo-Jumbo wasn't done growing. Not at all.

The bull spasmed and licked his metallic muzzle over, before his huge, milky eyes rolled back, and with a dull throb of need, he trembled and blew up even bigger, bloating and swelling all over with thick, straining, shining muscle. His arms doubled their already-terrible girth, his penis pulsing firmer and longer before himself, looming long and full and hard below the growing fist.

His ever-growing feet sank and sank, tearing lower and heavier and deeper into the cracking terrain, even as the bull grew higher and higher over the smaller hilltops of the valley, lurching aggressively taller and wider with sheer bulk.

550 feet...670 feet...

His lats threatened to swallow his back and arms, forcing the bull to raise his thick, flexing muscles up over his over-wide neck and billowed-out chest, making him creak all across the skies. Two massive orbs boomed out under his maleness, expanding too rapidly to contain.

"Steelwill!" Quicksilver called, having trouble flying around the totality of Mumbo-Jumbo's growing body. "Steelheart!"

740 feet...900 feet...

Mumbo-Jumbo was swelling up into a living skyscraper, now, easily as big as the mid-level buildings of greater metropolises and cities. His feet could have crushed mansions uptown, and his rump may have filled a stadium. And *still*, he was growing.

"Can either of you hear me? Gah...come in, Mirage! I said, do you copy? Bluegrass, come in!"

"What in tarnation's goin' on over there?" Bluegrass finally answered, on the other end of the communication line. "Issat...is that big ol' thing...Mumbo-Jumbo?"

"Yes," Quicksilver said, fast. "We need a pickup, and now!"

Mumbo-Jumbo finally exhaled, loosing a thick streak of flame and energy, which comingled eerily in the air, sparking and burning at the same time. Raw power swelled again within his heaving chest, which burgeoned out so far that his own massive, growing hands failed to grasp it completely, even with his humongous arms fully extended out. His muscles were crowding themselves, his stiffening member pulsing out farther than them--and the shaking was getting *worse*.

The only upside was that, in his ecstasy and haste, the throbbing bull's hands had opened to allow him to stroke and clutch at his own chest bulk, meaning he had dropped both Steelwill and Steelheart. Currently, his thick fingers were dragging along the outer swells of his own pectorals, making the 1,000-foot bull huff and snort and moan greedily, his voice booming through the air as he groped himself and shook.

Quicksilver flew down toward the twins, intercepting them as they took to flight and missed impacting the ground. From the height of Mumbo-Jumbo's fist, the fall was still high enough to have done some serious damage...and that was back when the bull was just enormous. Now, as they all flew off and could hear and sense, Mumbo-Jumbo was putting even that massive size to shame.

"We need to leave, right now!" Quicksilver said, as the twins zoomed along, on either side of him.
"He's...just too big, now! We're not a match for him!"

"But we *could* be," Steelheart said, still getting his breath back, as the other two watched him smile...and pull up the ray cannon. "I'm pretty sure we can switch the poles on the amplifier, here..."

The bull roared again, and they all, perhaps foolishly, looked back on reflex.

Where they had flown high enough to reach Mumbo-Jumbo's head, at 1,100 feet, they now saw that they only reached the bull's...

Mumbo-Jumbo decides to wait, overhearing something VERY interesting...

What Mumbo-Jumbo lacked in higher-capacity thought and function, he made up for in more than pure brute strength: he had *instinct*. And the good Lady Instinct said, *stay put*. So, the big bull did. In a fit of inspiration, a thought hit him, and the bull did the most intelligent thing he could manage, and tried to look smaller. More normal-sized. The net was still clinging to him enough--maybe they'd not notice, if they passed him by.

The cargo bay door *whooshed* open, suddenly, and the bull pretended to be out cold, as Quicksilver rushed down the hall, past his cell, and right to the door of the cockpit. He heard it open up.

"Hardware got away," he said, catching his breath. "Bluegrass, set a course for Starship Casino; Melodia and Mo-Lec-U-Lar picked him up in the Limbo Limo before I could reach him. I know that's where they're headed, though!"

"Probably tryin' to hide out with Poker Face, I figure," Bluegrass sighed, shaking his head. "That gamble ain't gonna pay out!"

Mumbo-Jumbo snorted softly, thinking quickly (by his standards).

"Buckle up, y'all, we're off to the bright lights!"

The Mirage whirled to life, and with a subtle shift in the hull and a lurch up, the ship took to flight, and left the small satellite moon of outer Bedlama, for the reaches of Limbo, and the casino planet.

All throughout the voyage, no one checked back on Mumbo-Jumbo. That made it awful easy for the thickened-up minotaur to sneak another whole power cell out, and stow it in his mouth. He would swallow it when it best served him. Even holding it there, a few humming traces of energy tickled and teased him, making his huge muscles tingle with want.

Not yet, the big bull thought, slowly. *Let them take you to shiny planet. Lots and lots and lots of lights there. And lights, they mean power...*

Still, his body cried and shuddered, begging for more. Begging to get bigger, yet. Begging to grow. And grow. And grow...

By the time the ship's systems bleeped awake to alert them, Mumbo-Jumbo could tell: they had surely arrived. The hull of the Mirage shifted again, slightly, and he could feel the landing gear move and slide open, before the ship set down onto the surface.

"Remember, we're probably not too wanted, around here," Quicksilver warned, as they all stormed down the hallway, toward the ship's exit. "So, be on your guard. I alerted the Copper Kid and Hotwing, who should be en route now. An all-out assault on the casino capitol won't work, but if we sneak in..."

"What about him?" Steelwill asked, suddenly. Mumbo-Jumbo's cell had gone dark in the trip, meaning they couldn't as easily tell he had grown some before takeoff. That suited the bull fine, for now.

"Hmm, right," Quicksilver mused. "Bluegrass, can you keep an eye on Mumbo-Jumbo?"

"Sure can," he sighed, stretching. "Lets me keep an eye on the Mirage, anyhow."

"Okay, then. Steelwill, Steelheart, you're back in action with me. Ready?"

"And willing," they both said, in twin-like unison. They all nodded to Bluegrass, who tipped his hat as they exited out through the cargo bay back door.

"Well, big fella, just you n' me, now," Bluegrass said, as he went back into the cockpit, and began to play a few riffs on his guitar, Hot Licks. Not that the bull really cared. Music was stupid.

But being bigger...that was good. Very good.

The thought had infected his dull-witted mind, making the bull quake with need. It was time, this was good enough.

The bull swallowed the power cell, and began to tingle all over, hotly...

Mumbo-Jumbo GROWS, taking the blasting ray cannon into himself!!

The more Hardware blasted, the bigger Mumbo-Jumbo understandably grew; still, the comparatively tiny alien seemed shocked when that bulging muzzle blew all the way out toward him. It was enough to make Hardware lurch back defensively, just a little, despite his bold-faced bravado.

It was all that saved him.

A set of gargantuan teeth appeared, covering the entirety of his immediate view, before two fields of golden metallic lips closed around the ray gun, and held it as it kept blasting--without Hardware's help.

"H-hey!" Hardware wailed, stumbling back, pulled into a slight spin by virtue of being tugged that hard. His backpack had slipped right off in the process, and the entire mess was now in the bull's growing maw. "Give that back, you immense, ignominious idiot!"

Mumbo-Jumbo shushed Hardware with the merest of snorts, blasting him back and buffeting the landscape in a wave of smoke and dust.

"No!" Steelwill cried, watching with Quicksilver, as Mumbo-Jumbo gulped the ray cannon down his thick, golden gullet.

"The ray cannon," Hardware panted, stumbling back across the turf in a mounting panic. "The trigger...I felt it as it slipped away from me...it's s-stuck!"

Cybernetic or not, the Silverhawks were partly-real enough to feel their stomachs sink to their ankles.

"Then we need to run," Quicksilver said, numbly, as the bull's shaking suddenly grew and grew, and grew. The moonscape shuddered for it, as Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous body remained down on both hands and knees, his monstrous phallus crushing heavily over his sacs, which bulged inward between his huge thighs--all of which sank down deeper into the groaning terrain as the bull moaned, and trembled even worse.

"Steelheart, move!" Steelwill shouted, all the way up at wherever on the bull's mountainous bicep her brother might have been. "Get to the ship! We have to go!"

Hardware gulped and staggered away, eyes whipping back and forth in total fear. Quicksilver darted his way, and took to flight, scooping the miserable alien up by his arm.

"Ow! Quit that!" Hardware growled, snapped back to reality. Such as it currently was.

"Quiet down!" Quicksilver said, as Steelwill and Steelheart took to flight, behind him. "We don't have time to argue! That thing is still feeding Mumbo-J--"

"MMMoooooooooooooooooooo!!!"

Behind them, Mumbo-Jumbo didn't just grow. Not this time. This time, as the ominous silence filled everything, that one flicker of stilled tension, the eye of the storm...Mumbo-Jumbo suddenly *raged* bigger.

"Whoa!" Steelheart shouted, as a concussive blast of released air rushed out, and Mumbo-Jumbo ballooned, all at once, from a hilltop into a full mountain.

His muscles all sang and creaked in unison, billowing uncontrollably, overtaking his body as it rocketed higher, wider, bigger! 1,300 feet ballooned, angrily, to 4,000, in one second's time!

His rumbling bulk inflated and stretched, too much muscle blowing up over him; his outer thighs bumped into high mesas, which only momentarily bore their girth, before the muscles exploded bigger, pouring up over them as they held, then cracked, then shattered away submissively, letting his form blow clear through.

Hillsides and valleys were all flattened to an awful equality as Mumbo-Jumbo puffed out his pleasure, then shook and blew up to a staggering, mind-boggling 12,300 feet, in another thick, bursting push of growth! In less than ten seconds, as they all frantically fled, Mumbo-Jumbo had grown from feet to miles. Nearly two-and-a-half miles' worth of nude, gleaming bulk dominated the moonscape as Mumbo-Jumbo crowded it, covering more and more of it with himself. Still on his knees, the quaking god-bull opened his maw, letting some of the amplified ray beam blow loose...before he found and nuzzled his own erection, nosing its nip. He plugged his muzzle with it, closed his glowing eyes, and happily, literally, blew himself bigger.

"This's insane!" Steelheart yelled, having to resort to it just to be heard over the rising tide of muscled growth behind them. Mumbo-Jumbo's satisfied snorts and grunts weren't helping, either.

"The ship should be nearby!" Quicksilver shouted back, behind him, as the bull's shadow spilled over them, bathing them in a freakish darkness.

Mumbo-Jumbo was blowing up, alright. The more he pumped of the firing beam into his shaft, the bigger it bloated, under his bulk. It swelled like a dark life raft, surging out, as his testicles boomed and boomed and boomed behind him, bigger and bigger and bigger! They totaled a mountain range as they inflated into the skies, rising over, then crushing back down hard as the entire landmass snapped flat.

Over 7 miles, nearly 40,000 feet of golden-copper bull filled the entire valley, itself, like a shallow bowl or dish holding too much food. Overflowing, even.

His snorting muzzle pushed harder and harder, milking as much as it could of the overwhelmingly overfed tip of his raging erection. The length of his shaft began to glow at the center, radiating with some slight opacity through the mass of his own growing member, as the energies built and built.

"There!" Quicksilver said, as they cleared a high ridge near the lip of the valley. "There it is!"

There indeed was the Mirage, looking ready to take off all on its own. Their pilot, Bluegrass, would never abandon them, but from the ship's language, he certainly did have leaving on his mind.

As they boarded, the entire starry sky of space became harder to see, as Mumbo-Jumbo's pumping girth billowed higher and wider, replacing it solely with himself.

The quivering bull grunted and groaned and hummed his throaty, metallic best, as he blew into himself, ballooning bigger in ceaseless, angry explosions of growth. 22 miles, big enough to cover an entire city; nearly 120,000 feet, where half a minute ago, he had only been over 1,000. Skyscrapers were less than his fingers, with feet the size of small lakes, and toes that could fill stadiums with ease.

And the growth was *getting worse*.

"No time to explain!" Quicksilver said as he entered the cockpit. Hardware was just-as-quickly tossed into one of the two holding cells in the Mirage's main hall. He stumbled over to the bars, angrily complaining in the background; Steelwill and Steelheart ignored him. "We need to get clear of here, fast!"

"Roger, boss-man," Bluegrass said, taking the wheel. The ship rose as quickly as it safely could, and on his side of the cockpit dome, Bluegrass could see it. He could see Mumbo-Jumbo out there, his knees and lowered pectorals and sex and sacs all ballooning rapidly out across the...well, *everything*.

"We need to get clear faster," Steelheart said, poking his head into the cockpit doorway. "He'll outpace us, with how fast he's growing!"

"Can't lift much quicker, sad to say," Bluegrass muttered, as the Mirage kept rising.

As high as it climbed, every passing second, Mumbo-Jumbo blew up bigger, rising even taller than they. And, as he groaned and erupted from 50 miles to a stunning 100, in one explosive boom of size, his sex's towering undercarriage closed in on them, smashing the moonscape to powder underneath gigatons of muscle and stretching metal flesh...

"Wait...I have a BETTER idea," Hardware says, readying the ray cannon...

The idea came immediately, riding the tails of his last words. His grin stretched wide over his stocky face.

"Hehe...no...wait...I have a better idea!" Hardware crowed, charging the ray cannon back up loudly. "Hold still, Mumbo-Jumbo!"

The enormous bull huffed out his lingering anger, and let Hardware point the cannon at his neck. The charging of the ray cannon made Mumbo-Jumbo's huge white eye swivel down over Hardware, and the moment the bull saw, a colossal grin spread over his muzzle. Down hundreds of feet below, that gargantuan metal phallus stirred in excitement.

"Let's see them hide from *this!*"

The cannon blasted out another burst of energy, which soaked deep into the bull's already-thick, gigantic neck. Mumbo's eyes fluttered receptively, as his entire body trembled and quivered and tensed deep...then began to surge up even bigger!

"Looks like they saw where we landed," Steelheart grumbled, as both he and Quicksilver watched the towering Mumbo-Jumbo suddenly creep larger once more, faster. "Hardware must mean to get him on us as quick as possible..."

"He does make for a good weapon," Quicksilver sighed, thinking fast.

"Bad news," Steelwill sighed, walking back over to them both. "This console's had it. The whole station's likely running on whatever backup generator they may have. Likely, it's solar-powered, but that's not power enough to help cover everything here."

Quicksilver watched on as Mumbo-Jumbo quivered and trembled, taking one gigantic step forward. His foot impacted the ground, and even from all the way over and up on the mesa, the tiniest of tremors found them. Then, the bull blew further up in size, maybe clearing a good 400 feet.

"...What about the auxiliary assets?" he asked, turning to Steelwill. "Like, say, site defense?"

"I saw a repairs invoice for three ground turrets and a mine launching system, here on the property..."

"Can they run, at least?"

"...I think they can," Steelwill slowly replied, suggesting a smile.

"Come on, Mumbo-Jumbo, faster!" Hardware growled, blasting away at the ballooning minotaur. He could feel the bull's huge muscles swelling and stretching underfoot, pulling Hardware's soles farther away from each other, so that the stocky alien kept having to readjust. "Get to it, and get to *them!*"

"GRRRRURRRU," Mumbo-Jumbo boomed, surging up past 450 feet in height. His bulging muscles heaved out, pump after stretching, metallic pump, booming over his increasingly high form. His feet sank deeper still into the dirt, each time he brought a progressively bigger, heavier red foot down over it. 450 feet quivered and blew up to 475, then clear up past 530, in a thick burst of such power and speed that it made Hardware wobble with vertigo.

Another step, then another. Impressive as he was becoming, Mumbo-Jumbo still had to look high up just to see the top edge of the mesa as he stormed toward it. Something like a pang of envy stabbed at the back of the growing bull's thoughts (such as they were), at the sight of part of the landscape looming over him, still. Making him feel small.

Bulls didn't care for challenges.

"Are they set?" Quicksilver asked, as Mumbo-Jumbo, now twice as tall as before at 650 feet, stomped nearer and nearer. His footfall was growing unmistakable, much as he wanted to mistake it for anything else. A simple moon-quake would have been preferable.

"Online and ready," Steelwill said, giving a thumbs up. "But, these cannon turrets are laser-based...do we really want to be hitting Mumbo-Jumbo with more? What if we just feed him bigger?"

Quicksilver smiled.

"Way ahead of you, Steelwill. Aim exactly where I guide, okay? Ready..."

Mumbo-Jumbo tingled and huffed with poorly-restrained pleasure, the bigger the beam's blast pumped his huge body. Power coursed through his every quaking, metal inch, his bulk billowing out with raw energy. With every step, he grew and grew, surging all the way up to a frightening-but-awesome 900 feet...then, as he came halfway to his goal, 1,000! Entire small buildings could have been crushed under his feet, and he stood muzzle-high to some of the more modest skyscrapers on Bedlama's major cities. He could even see the mesa steadily shrinking down to meet him over time, though at a mile it was still easily several times his height. For now.

"That's right, you big oaf," Hardware sneered, pleased with himself. "Once I blow you up big enough, you reach over the edge and smash those puny Silverhawks to dust--"

Something blasted down at them abruptly, from above, cutting his bragging short. A green defense laser shot down ahead of Mumbo-Jumbo, like a warning shot from some old pistol, fired pointlessly into the ground.

Mumbo halted, mostly out of confusion. At 1,200 feet in size, he was so high up from the turf that he needed to squint his huge white eyes to understand what had happened.

Then, he laughed. It came out as a bullish, metallic rumble that shook Hardware like a mote of sand on a golden tank--which, really, he was.

"That...was a defense turret blast," Hardware snarled, looking up at the mesa, watching it steadily shrink lower toward the massive, 1,500-foot bull. "They stumbled on some rig armaments, did they? Humph! Like it'll help! You know what to do, Mumbo-Jumbo!"

The enormously big minotaur sneered and puffed fire a moment, cockily stepping forward, when a mine launched into the air, and stuck right where the laser had stuck, a few seconds before. It landed just before the fall of Mumbo's foot could complete itself, then detonated. The cracking terrain of the moon's crust tumbled out under the foot, which sank into the breaking crack; in effect, Mumbo-Jumbo tripped.

The bull roared out a bellow of embarrassed shock as over 1,800 feet of muscle and horns plowed headlong over itself, and slammed, muzzle-down, into the booming, breaking soil.

"That's a mark," Quicksilver chuckled, nodding back at the twins, who high-fived their silvery hands together. "The topographical maps don't lie, about those shallow patches of the crust."

"Knowledge is power," Steelheart said, as they readied another volley.

More and more lasers shot out, and more and more mines launched onto the marks they designated. Mumbo brought a colossal hand up from the smoldering crater he had crash-made, and on landing palm-flat, it caught another mine, which blew up and cracked the crust further.

"Mumbo-Jumbo, stop!" Hardware bellowed, over the rising bursts and devastation. The bigger the bull swelled, laying there in his own spreading crater of weight, the more freshly-laid mines he detonated, on contact, The more explosions there were, around him, the more the crust sank away, plunging the 2,100-foot behemoth and all his countless tons down, down into the moonscape.

There was a terrific *moo* of rage as the colossus sank into the crumbling below, and an immense geyser of smoke blew high up into the starred sky. Quicksilver turned to both twins.

"Let's pot that big old plant, what do you two say?"

Steelheart wasted no time in launching the mines. All of them.

The rims of the great crater, nearly half a mile wide now, were pelted and peppered with explosions, each set off by laser blasts, making the soil above break into a full landslide; ton upon ton of dirt fell and gathering over the fallen Mumbo-Jumbo and Hardware.

"Think that'll stop him?" Steelheart sighed, at last, as the smoke outside cleared.

"We aren't doing a burial, or anything," Quicksilver said, slowly. "So...no. But it should slow the big fella down, considerably."

"What do we do with that bought time?" Steelwill asked. Quicksilver started to reply, then thought. Instead, he went back to the topographical map on the station wall, and studied it.

"We hope that Bluegrass saw all the commotion, and heads over to help pick us..."

Quicksilver heard a soft blipping from a device on his metallic hip. He removed it, pushed a button, and his face sank.

"Hmm."

"Hmm, what?" Steelheart asked.

"The Mirage was attacked by space pirates, while we were on mission. The tracker shows it moving outside of the local sub-system. I think we're on our own, until we can hail Commander Stargazer, or one of our old allies."

"Grand theft and kidnapping?" Steelwill gasped. "They got Bluegrass *and* the Mirage, and we're stranded here, with that rampaging giant? You're kidding."

"Not one bit, sadly. Okay...there's a large mining town over on the Southeastern quadrant. They might have something we can hail the Mirage with, some better equipment. We need to move, either way. That hole won't stay filled for long."

"They have a transport shack down on the lowest tier of the rig," Steelwill began, already moving to exit. "I say we take whatever rides they have, and get moving toward the town."

"Agreed," both men said, nodding. "Let's move!"

On their way down the rig, the entire moon twitched, just slightly. Then, it felt like it was all moving, at once. The three Silverhawks looked to each other, then double-timed it to the shack, as the rumbling grew worse...and worse...

The Limbo Limo--Mon*Star's pickup has arrived for them...

In all the excitement (in all possible meanings), Mumbo-Jumbo had forgotten what he and Hardware had been sent out to do, in the first place: steal the amber amplifier and the new, miniaturized artificial sun. They were supposed to beat it to the abandoned moon satellite of outer Bedlama, and wait for the rendezvous.

And now, he realized, the pickup had arrived.

Melodia, in her two-toned green hair and musical note shades, pop-rocker dress and skirt, was driving; even with the shades covering her eyes, her expression of total surprise was clear. In the passenger's seat of the Limbo Limo, a large, spaceship-styled car of sorts, sat Timestopper. The young man wore a shock of orange hair to match the shock on his face, at the sight of a trapped Hardware--plus the 180 towering feet of Mumbo-Jumbo, caging him in!

"What's this?" Melodia said, peering out over the steering wheel, through the windshield. "Is that Hardware? Is that...M-mumbo-Jumbo!? What happened, here?"

"What are they, fightin'?" the juvenile Timestopper added, looking to Melodia for a moment, as though she might have some kind of answer.

"Forget that! How'd Mumbo get so Jumbo?"

Mumbo-Jumbo grunted indifferently, and reached out for the car, swiping slowly at it. The Limbo Limo rocked sideways, dodging.

"Hey! What's with you?" Melodia snapped, veering through the air angrily. "You stupid bull!"

"You think he's gone rogue, since he's building-sized?"

"Must have! Oh, Mon*Star won't like this..."

At that, she leaned higher over her dashboard, and finally looked down below, to see Mumbo-Jumbo's hips...and the pendulous, massive member swinging, free and heavy, through the air. It was bigger than the entire car, and still growing thicker and longer.

"Ooh."

"You two idiots, get me out of here!" Hardware roared, as Mumbo-Jumbo's trembling pectorals bulged bigger, again, surging warmly and powerfully up against him, crushing him tighter. "Quit your blasted yammering, and help!"

"Hey," Timestopper said, as Melodia steered the car the other way, avoiding the bull's even-bigger hand. "We've got that instant-portable warehouse, remember? For...whoa! For if the mini-sun got unstable, right? Let's use it on him!"

"Is it big enough to work?" Melodia asked, before seeing Mumbo-Jumbo's huge hand coming for them, again.

"How should I know!? I never used it. Let me stop time, and get it set up around him. If it's big enough, when I unfreeze, you hit him with the car, and shove him back into the box!"

"Fine, fine! Just get to it!"

"Gimme a minute," Timestopper said, smirking wickedly, as he pressed a large button on his chest plate, to which was attached a specialized stopwatch with a digital readout. The numbers 1:00 appeared, and began to tick down; the moment he started it, all time beyond himself and Melodia stopped dead, freezing the moment and everyone in it with an eerie silence. Mumbo-Jumbo might as well have been a statue. A really, really big, nude statue.

Timestopper leapt out and landed down below, running over behind Mumbo-Jumbo. He took out a small box, turned a dial on it to 'maximum', and threw it over. It thumped down, then erupted into four walls and bars, made of a soft material that kept expanding, like rising dough. It rose higher than Mumbo-Jumbo, by a decent amount, so that once the material hardened and firmed to something like plastic or concrete, the giant bull could have easily still fit inside of it.

"Perfect," Timestopper sneered, whistling for Melodia's attention. She turned from the bull's colossal frozen erection, and nodded in irritation.

"Yeah, yeah, I see it! I mean, I see you!"

The clock on his chest reached zero, and Melodia hit the gas. The car barreled forward, ramming hard into Mumbo-Jumbo, just as time unfroze. The impact was so harsh it rocked the giant bull off of his feet, shocking him as he finally blinked. To Mumbo-Jumbo, it had all happened in less than a blink--literally.

The bull crashed back as Melodia and her car bounced off of his bulging chest; he fell onto his huge back, and the instant-warehouse door shot up and sealed itself with a quick flash of heat from hidden sensors, until the entire thing was sealed up tight, bars and all.

"There, easy!" Timestopper said, dusting his hands as he walked back to the car, which landed on the moonscape for him. "Nothin' to it!"

"What!?" Hardware roared, from up inside of the huge cage, which Mumbo-Jumbo strained against, fuming and baffled. "What did you fools do? You left me in here, with him!"

Mumbo-Jumbo seethed with anger. *He had finally gotten real power! Finally!!*

"Eh, nuts to them both," Timestopper grumbled, climbing back into the car. "Use the tractor beam, and let's tow them back to Mon*Star, already. We got a reward comin'!"

"Hah, sure," Melodia cackled, flipping a switch on the dash. A beam shot out and enveloped the huge warehouse-cage, and as she steered the car up into the atmosphere, the cube started to lift up as well, trailing behind, as they turned and took off into space.

Once the Mirage arrived, the Silverhawks found traces of only stomped-in footprints, and nothing else. No Hardware. No Mumbo-Jumbo, either. No one at all.

"What in the..." Quicksilver started, looking out with Bluegrass from the cockpit of the ship. "Where did those two go?"

"They were here for a meetup, I figure," Bluegrass started, thinking. He adjusted his 10-gallon hat over his blue armor-clad head, and sighed. "You think they got picked up, despite things goin' sideways?"

"Probably. I think you're right."

"Where y'think they're takin' ol' Jumbo-Jumbo to, then?"

Quicksilver glared out into space, already certain.

"...Mon*Star."

The Mirage takes the nuclear option, and bombs Mumbo-Jumbo, while it still can!!

"Tar-nation!"

Bluegrass forced the ship steady as it hovered over the crater, which shook worse and worse below. The rumbling tore through the surface of the punctured moon, making entire plains and mountains quake in fear as they continued to deepen.

"Only one thing that could be," Steelheart said, as Hardware groaned and balled up tighter in the back of the cockpit.

"Get us out of here, already!" Hardware sobbed. "Why aren't you idiots going!?"

"Shoot-fire, that's seconded here," Bluegrass said, as the rumbling far below kept getting worse and worse. "What're we stickin' about for?"

Quicksilver stared out of the cockpit dome, worried.

"He's right," Steelheart said, moving up beside him. "You were ready to leave a moment ago, so what's going on?"

"We will...but, I'm thinking, there may be one last thing we can do, before we go..."

Steelwill was the first to respond.

"Wait a minute, Quicksilver...you can't be serious..."

Steelheart wore a confused little look, before it hit her, too.

"No...you're serious? You want to use the package, back in the cargo hold? But that was for delivery...that bomb's supposed to be dismantled!"

"I can think of a quicker way to get rid of it," Quicksilver said. "Better, too."

"You want to detonate a decommissioned doggone ol' warhead on the big guy?" Bluegrass said, genuinely shocked. "Ain't that a lil'...extreme?"

Down below, a roar boomed up, so big and powerful it rattled even the Mirage. The crater bulged upward--the entire thing, and the surrounding landscape, beyond its rim. Something big was swelling up, down there, so big that the crater no longer fit it. Mumbo-Jumbo was still growing!

"It's an extreme situation!"

Steelwill was already headed back to the bay. Clearly Mumbo-Jumbo had plead a stronger case than anyone. Clearer still, everything about Mumbo-Jumbo was getting strong, now. Too strong.

"Bluegrass, get us over the center of the crater," Quicksilver ordered, "and fast."

Steelheart began to say something, when Hardware cut her off:

"Do it! Yes! Do it, now!"

"He was your comrade in arms, Hardware!" Steelheart shot back, disgusted.

"Was isn't now, is it, Silverhawk? Blow the big buffoon sky-high, for all I care! Save us! It's for the good of Limbo, or whatever, right?"

Quicksilver was too busy watching, as Bluegrass augured the Mirage out over the crater's epicenter, even as the coppery mass of bulk within it strained and bulged, pushing the entire rim wider as it ballooned up from the surface.

Steelheart bit her lip, then grudgingly turned and joined her twin in the cargo bay.

"Door's open!" Steelwill yelled, from the bay, as the mechanical rush of the door followed. "Say the word!"

"We ain't ever done some'n this...major," Bluegrass said, quietly, as he stabilized the ship, and held their position over the growing sea of muscle below. "We're with you, boss, if it saves the galaxy n' all...just, uh, say the word."

Another bellowing oar shook the moon, hard. Quicksilver took a deep breath, and held it.

"Drop it!" he yelled.

The sounds of something big scraping the cargo bay floor answered, then ceased, as they all watched the old warhead tumble out of the cargo bay door. It sailed down, down, as the Mirage pulled up, up--and fast.

The payload whistled through the lower atmosphere of the satellite moon, as the massive mountain range of muscle billowed even bigger, and Mumbo-Jumbo began to finally bash up free. As a cow-muzzle big enough to swallow up entire cities filled the skies below, the bomb hurled nearer, and nearer, until...