

JUMBO MUMBO-JUMBO

Master Copy

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PROLOGUE

Out in the farther reaches of space, through the silence of ancient stars, two bodies collided. They weren't celestial bodies, by any means, as they moved with intent: one to protect, and one to destroy.

"That's...enough...out of...you," Steelheart growled, struggling to slow the charge of his opponent, a towering behemoth of a bull, though humanoid, a minotaur of metal and copper and gold, glimmering over bulging muscles. Two huge onyx horns crowned its bovine head, the tips aimed dead-on to the Silverhawk holding them at bay. "Just because crime doesn't pay...doesn't mean...you can charge!"

Though a man, Steelheart was plenty a match for the musclebound bull. His cybernetically-enhanced silver-clad body strained, then pushed forward, the Silverhawk forcing the great bull slowly back. Steelheart's feet plowed forth over the turf of the satellite moon, as the bull's feet skidded grudgingly back, vying for a foothold.

"Put that meddlesome meathead away, already, Mumbo-Jumbo!" shouted Hardware, as he retreated back a few yards, blasting with a large space-ray at another Silverhawk, who nimbly darted around the volley. "We can't be detained here--especially not by some second-string SilverHawks! Mon*Star would string us both up!"

Mumbo-Jumbo replied with a metallic, throaty bull-roar, and surged back against Steelheart's advance.

"Oh, no you don't!" Steelheart growled, forcibly twisting the bull's head by its dark brown horns.

Hardware, a stocky, dwarfish kind of goblin with an armament pack and ray gun, grumbled sourly and kept firing away at his opponent, Steelwill, Steelheart's twin sister and comrade-in-arms.

"Hmph!" he snorted, ducking behind a boulder to avoid Steelwill's armor-mounted lasers' blasts. "Not enough firepower--I'll have to use this!"

He quickly pulled a long device out of his backpack--Professor Power's amber amplifier, capable of powering the galaxy's vast artificial sun. He attached it to his ray cannon, and the weapon whirled angrily to life, its power bar going from a neon green to a volcanic orange. In his other hand, he held a small glass container, within which rested a tiny sort of glowing bulb, no bigger than a night light.

"Come out, Hardware!" Steelwill called, landing close by. "The game's over!"

Hardware did indeed step out. He held the small glass container up in one hand, smirking evilly, as he kept his cannon pointed not at her...but at the bulb within it.

Steelwill glared at him, coolly assessing the situation; she saw what he was aiming at, and her composure was suddenly lost.

"Wait...that's!"

"That's right," Hardware gloated, stepping back slowly. "I believe this is the prototype artificial sun 2.0 you were called here to save! Yes?"

Steelwill's cold silence answered. Hardware smiled wide.

"Sis, what's...going on, over there?" Steelheart shouted, as Mumbo-Jumbo began to push him back.

"He...has it! He has the stolen new sun! It's...miniature..."

"For the moment," Hardware corrected, tapping the container with the tip of his ray cannon. "One blast of the amber amplifier, and I overcharge it!"

"But...there's no telling what might happen to it!"

"I have a decent idea, actually," Hardware sneered. "I could pump it up until it blows, and takes us all out! Want to find out if I'm right? Hmm? Or do you want to let us both go, and spare the entire quadrant?"

"He wouldn't dare!" Steelheart growled, suddenly digging under the bull's huge pectorals; he took a grip on Mumbo-Jumbo's sides, then hefted and flipped him up overhead. The bull crashed down on his back, defeated, snorting and bellowing in total rage as he struggled to right himself.

"We can't take that chance!"

"If you don't sis, then I will--"

Already, Steelheart was turning toward Hardware. Being every bit as big and built as the bull, he was easily an intimidating sight. Hardware, lurched back with a stunned little start, before glowering, then scowling outright.

"You'll what!?" Hardware thundered, pulling the trigger. "Make me overload this thing?"

At that, a power so big it shook the ray cannon blasted out, bombarding the canister and miniature sun within. The bulb that was the new artificial sun vibrated in the case, then began to glow brighter, and brighter.

"You don't even know how much power you're feeding it!" Steelwill shouted, stepping forward. Hardware pulled the trigger tighter, and blast-fed the unstable sun more and more power.

"Then you're even dumber for egging me on! Now, back off!"

He blasted on and on, the little bulk growing not only brighter...but bigger. It swelled to a golf ball, then a tennis ball, all while the container shook worse and worse in

Hardware's hand. Both siblings stepped back, as a groggy, furious Mumbo-Jumbo wobbled to a stand, behind them. Steelheart spun about with a twist, no hesitation; a small compartment in his cybernetic forearm shot out a thick wire-cable net, which whirled forth and erupted against Mumbo-Jumbo. The wires burst out and crisscrossed, webbing into a tight net. The bull roared in anger, twisting his bulk to get free, but only his copper hands were left mobile, outside of the net.

"Now," Hardware snarled, "you let us go, and we'll deliver the sun to Mon*Star, and that'll be that...the little baby sun here will probably calm right back down, so long as it doesn't have power to feed on...so, what'll it be? Do we all 'calm down', or n--"

The kick to the back of Hardware's head was enough to send the dwarfish creature pitching over, so that he landed face-down to the terrain. The ray gun and canister both flew loose as he crashed and skidded, revealing Quicksilver, the SilverHawks' team leader, coming down from an attack-landing.

"Hope I didn't miss too much," he said, smiling knowingly.

"Just in time!" Steelheart sighed, relieved. Steelwill, however, was already moving.

"Quicksilver, grab it! Grab that canister!"

The thing was rolling and bouncing free over the turf, each impact shaking and angering the overloaded little sun more and more. As all three SilverHawks bounded for it, it thumped a small stone and flipped high into the air, colliding hard against Mumbo-Jumbo's huge, net-clutched chest, so that the container cracked, then smashed open on impact.

Steelwill's hands were outstretched, grasping too early for something too far away.

The angered minotaur's bellowing continued, throughout, meaning his bovine mouth was wide open--meaning the uncaged, throbbing, pulsing mini-sun flew right into its path, and vanished down Mumbo-Jumbo's metal gullet.

Quicksilver was already ahead of them both, his legendary speed almost enough.

Hardware looked up from where he lay, in time to see.

Mumbo-Jumbo's maw closed, and with a thick, powerful gulp, it was all done. He had swallowed a tiny, unstable sun, in one motion of muscle. The bull snorted, his white eyes widening in some measure of confusion and surprise, before he shook his muzzle and finally stopped moving. He seemed to be processing the moment, just as much as anyone else on the scene.

The confusion only lasted so long; in seconds, an odd, tingling rumble began to

grow, building and building, climbing into a low, ominous trembling within Mumbo-Jumbo...

- 1). Mumbo-Jumbo slowly starts to grow*
- 2). Mumbo-Jumbo EXPLODES bigger!*
- 3). Mumbo-Jumbo doesn't seem to grow at all*

Mumbo-Jumbo slowly starts to grow

The SilverHawks, guardians of the Limbo galaxy and protectors of its many inhabitants, were used to rushing into danger, sometimes headlong. Their courage and speed were well-known variables in the great equation of the system.

Yet, as Mumbo-Jumbo's body began to tremble and spasm and stretch loudly, bullying and tensing in thick bursts against the net, even the three of them started to back away.

"What...what is this?" Steelwill asked no one. As it turned out, no one knew.

"Get back, both of you," Quicksilver warned, as Mumbo-Jumbo shook worse, then planted his huge feet and clenched his metallic, smooth muscles tight.

"Something's happening to him!"

The bull's eyes were bulbs, bulging and glowing unnaturally bright. The energy inside him kept building, a bizarre pressure billowing out in waves that bulged out and forced his stretching metal muscles, so that they swelled and ballooned angrily in size. His feet spread wider as they crept larger, the net starting to pull too tight against thick, heaving, golden thighs.

His abs pumped out eagerly, catching and stretching the net loops, as his sides swelled against his groaning biceps, pushing them further out as they expanded stronger and larger against the net, which kept drawing tighter, only for his pectorals to burst hotly in mass, adding to the struggle and strain.

"He..." Steelheart stammered, gathering loose, crumbling words. "He's getting bigger..."

As though the admission were some music to the bull's ears, Mumbo-Jumbo reciprocally bellowed, roaring out with something between his own disbelief, and mounting, utter joy.

"You aren't kidding," Steelwill mumbled, stepping further back. "What do we do?"

Quicksilver wasn't paying attention, it seemed, rare as it was. He was already storming over to the startled Hardware. His hand lashed out, and clutched the diminutive do-badder up by his coat, so that his ray gun dangled loose on its connective tube, attached to Hardware's backpack.

"How do we reverse it?" he asked, quickly and sharply. "Can you make it stop?"

"Er," Hardware muttered, genuinely confounded. "I uh, I don't..."

Mumbo-Jumbo trembled and blew up a few inches larger, in a thick, stretching

surge. His nostrils flared as a gout of flame erupted, and he ballooned even bigger, steadily, inching up and up before their stunned eyes. The net began to catch too tight, forcing his metallic muscles to semi-bulge and dimple out through the loops. The overall shape of the net was forced out into a bulging sphere of agony as it constricted the still-growing bull, who vengefully flexed against it.

His golden biceps blew up in mass, his shoulder heaving bigger, heat pouring off of the bull as he towered a whole foot taller than the SilverHawks, all as the poor net groaned, and let one overtaxed loop snap loose.

"He's gonna get loose, we don't have time for this!" Steelheart shouted, barreling defiantly into Mumbo-Jumbo. Big as the man was, once the Silverhawk impacted, the big bull didn't so much as flinch. If anything, the vibration of the impact seemed to ripple through his shining body, and it reverberated out with another eruptive spurt of growth. "Got to get him subdued...now..."

Steelheart's arms were still able to manage a full bear-hug, his fingers lacing together behind Mumbo-Jumbo's swelling back muscles--but it wasn't to last. Mumbo-Jumbo's muzzle was already a full head taller than he, leaving the worried warrior standing only up to his inflating chest.

"H...help, sis!"

Sure enough, his laced metal fingers were slipping loose. More and more pumping metal muscle kept piling on, spreading Steelheart's grip too wide. Even his toes began to leave the ground as his hold of the bull pulled him up, up off of the firmament.

His head only reached Mumbo-Jumbo's stomach, and his own feet were suddenly, frighteningly finding purchase on the bull's, like he was a child dancing around on their Father's feet.

Mumbo-Jumbo finally deigned to look down, and he shuddered as he did so. Just the movement put his chin down against the rising, bloated curvature of his huge pectorals, which swelled eagerly up against it, as his back muscles and deltoids groaned and heaved bigger behind him. The next snapped loose at another junction, the stretching cables moaning loudly as he outgrew them in terrible slow-motion.

"I...I got him!" Steelwill said, uselessly clutching the bull's growing leg. It was a column of golden-copper muscle, getting thicker with each uncontrollably bursting second of rumbling, heated growth. Quicksilver watched, but only for a moment. In the next moment, he had Hardware up with both hands.

"How do we fix this!?" he demanded. "How do we stop it?"

"I...it's a sun..." Hardware gulped, thinking fast. "I, uh...it might burn out, in

time..."

Mumbo-Jumbo was twice his old size, and still shuddering with pumping growth. He roared and flexed harder, bloating his muscles out another inch, then another, over-pumping them on top of his growth, so that the pockets of bulk dimpled even further out of the loops on the net, which snapped, and popped, and tore, more and more, letting bigger bursts of golden bull boom free.

"How much time?"

"I don't know! The artificial sun needs constant power to recharge, so..."

1). Quicksilver decides to fight! Maybe they can wear him down!

2). Quicksilver decides to call a tactical retreat, and FAST!

"I'll make him big enough to crush you all!"

"I'm thiiiiinkiiiiing," Hardware said, closing one eye, and squeezing the trigger on the ray cannon, "I'll make him big enough to crush you all! Haha!"

"Hardware, you fool!" Steelwill shouted, as the three SilverHawks tried and tried to corral the massive minotaur. Standing upright, even the mighty Steeheart would only have reached from Mumbo-Jumbo's collarbone to his horns, meaning they had little to no luck managing dominance. They might as well have been wrestling a small building.

"Hardly!" Hardware shot back, before pulling the trigger all the way in. "He's on MY side, remember? Heehee! Eat up, Mumbo-Jumbo!"

The bull didn't need telling, slow as he could be. The beam shot forth, colliding and soaking rapidly into Mumbo-Jumbo's gigantic pectorals.

"Oh, no!" Steelwill groaned, holding on tight, on sheer reflex. The others did the same, feeling the instantaneous rumble and rippling of the bull's metallic skin.

"Grow, Mumbo-Jumbo," Hardware ordered, blasting the shaking bull more and more, feeding him ridiculous waves of power. "GROW! GRIND THEM ALL TO SILVER-DUST!"

Mumbo-Jumbo quaked violently, snorting and huffing in erratic gulfs of breath. His chest heaved in and out, then began to only heave out, bigger and bigger. His muscles ballooned against themselves, his body and height seeming to tighten and condense on itself a terrible, odd moment...

Before Mumbo-Jumbo *detonated* bigger.

"MMMMWWWWWWWWWWWHHHAAAAAAUUURRRR!!"

His bellows blasted out of him as his golden torso expanded, billowing uncontrollably, his abs and lats flaring out in messy, explosive spurts. His pectorals blew up over his chin, forcing his roaring muzzle back, and Quicksilver's remaining grip slipped out along the golden contours of the bull's widening neck. Where they had at least managed to wrap around most of the neck, Quicksilver's arms now parted wide, going flat out on either side along the back, and only the back, of Mumbo-Jumbo's billowing neck bulk.

Back-muscles as big as whole boulders burst even bigger, the increasingly-defined ridges pushing up under his silver feet, spreading them, making him scrabble awkwardly to keep on the bull as he kept erupting larger.

Feet as big as vehicles tensed into the turf, crushing it away as they flared twice as

big, heels heavier than ships sinking deeper as they swelled, hot and flat, to the ground.

Steelheart felt his grip spread much the same over Mumbo-Jumbo's colossal, growing bicep, as it went from a bed-sized mound to a veritable hilltop, making him slide down its curves as his copper-red shoulder heaved bigger, beside him.

"Gah! Can't...hold..."

Steelwill wisely let go of the huge thigh as it swelled too big for her; she darted off, cybernetic wings spread open, and flew off, narrowly juking away as something big introduced itself, just missing her as it emerged from between the growing god-bull's bloated legs.

"Oh, my!" she gasped, turning back around in mid-flight, and understanding what had almost hit her.

A penis. A dark, throbbing penis, big as a tree, and still growing bigger, fattened and pulsed its way forth, jutting rudely out from between the bull's colossally big, growing legs. Below it, two unbelievably big balloon-orbs boomed free, jostling the plump member in an almost-cute manner, before the masses all settled and continued to grow.

Mumbo-Jumbo, moments ago an intimidating sight at 40 feet, was suddenly *terrifying*. He had, in that one moment, in those few seconds of blasting and feeding, shot up to massive proportions. Given that each Silverhawk was only as big as a pinky finger now, Hardware easily guessed that his overgrown cohort must have stood over 150 feet tall, now, a true giant.

"That's the way, Mumbo-Jumbo! Get them! Destroy the SilverHawks, and *we'll* be heroes!!"

Mumbo-Jumbo roared, and the entire landscape shook.

"We need to pull back!" Quicksilver shouted, letting go of the colossal bull's vast neck. He slid down the high slope of a back muscle, hit the upper ridge of a gigantic golden shoulder blade, and leapt, taking to flight. "Quick, everyone!"

Steelheart grudgingly took to flight, as did Steelwill, and they all arced in the air and took off to the left, booking fast.

They almost weren't fast enough.

A massive hand broke their ranks, parting the trio to a scatter as Mumbo-Jumbo's huge fist jabbed forth. The other fist swung in a gigantic hook, nearly colliding with the startled Steelwill.

"Whoa!" she shouted, trying to right herself.

"Keep moving! We have to outpace him!" Steelheart shouted back. "Go! Go!"

Mumbo-Jumbo was still growing, albeit much more steadily, like before. Hardware watched as the 175-foot titan stormed angrily after them, laughing hysterically in victory.

"Haha! Turns out my quick thinking was lucky, after all!"

Unable to get clear, the SilverHawks resorted to blindly dodging, as the massive bull's reach was too big, and still getting bigger. A pair of dark bull's horns, as big and wide-across as an average transport ship, sailed by, nearly gouging Steelheart.

"Yow! Too Close!" he cried, sent into a spiral. He crashed onto the ground and skidded to a bad stop.

"That's it," Quicksilver said, to himself. He darted and circled back behind Mumbo-Jumbo, picking up speed as he went. He turned and went into an intentional freefall, aiming for the back of Mumbo-Jumbo's massive ankle. As the bull reared back and lifted one huge leg to step on Steelheart, Quicksilver slammed into the other, full-force, having worked up enough momentum to actually budge the thing.

Mumbo-Jumbo bellowed in surprise as he tilted too far back, mid-step, and went tumbling head-over-rear. The resultant crash was like a bomb going off, across the landscape. The entire moon was small enough that it rattled through with the impact. A vast storm of dust blew out, in a concentric series of rings.

Hardware fell over from the fall, then shielded himself angrily as the dust-clouds blew past, then settled again.

"Rrrrgh!" Hardware huffed, dusting himself off as she stood again. "You gargantuan goofball! They're getting away!"

Indeed, as the slowly-growing bull shook the fall off, his body swelling out over the crater his mistake had created, spreading it out further against his 200-foot body, he saw.

The trio of winged warriors were most certainly getting away. By all appearances, they seemed to be flying out toward a small blipping light, on the moon's horizon--an old outpost, most likely. They were all abandoned, out here, though. It wouldn't do them any good.

"There!" Quicksilver said, pointing to the outpost station. "It's all the way up on that mesa! That'll buy us some time to contact the ship and have it come pick us up!"

They alighted on the outer deck to the main station, positioned up on three tiers of rigging, itself sitting atop a high cliff face, overlooking the moonscape. From there,

even the huge Mumbo-Jumbo looked more like a big toy than anything they had just barely escaped from.

"Get inside, you two," Quicksilver ordered, following them in. "Steelwill, hail the Miraj, quick! They'll be after us soon enough. I don't think our own communicators are in range anymore, so we better hope their equipment does the job."

"Right!" she agreed, finding the console. As she punched buttons and turned a large dial, Quicksilver watched. Steelheart joined, behind him, watching on through the gigantic station windows, seeing Mumbo-Jumbo get back up onto his huge legs, far away, dusting his overgrown muscles off, his erection throbbing into a high, lewd bob, from sheer anger.

"Yikes. He doesn't look happy," Steelheart mumbled.

"This mesa has to be easily a mile up off of the surface level," Quicksilver soothed. "We'll just keep an eye on him. Big as a building he may be...but he'd still have a heck of a climb, getting here."

He was right about that much: they could both see Mumbo-Jumbo slowly, *slowly* surging higher, taller, thicker still. He roared silently into the air, rumbling and bloating larger, though it seemed like it was by comparative inches.

The 330-foot bull was beyond infuriated. His every tantrum-fueled stomp crashed and snapped and destroyed more and more terrain, making Hardware stumble into a stabilizing dance.

"Stop that, you idiot!" he snapped, having to roar to be heard. "Pick me up, already! Come on!"

The monstrous bull-man snorted and growled, seething, but he ultimately obeyed. He knelt all that overpowering bulk down, extended a hand big enough to hold a small freighter ship, and let Hardware awkwardly clamber aboard it. He reached the palm, motioned for up, and Mumbo-Jumbo obediently lifted him up, up, up, up, all the way to his shoulder, where he deposited the dwarf-like goblin.

"Right," Hardware sniffed, glaring all the way out to the outpost, up on the high mesa. "You've got a climb ahead of you..."

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

2). "WAIT...I have a better idea," Hardware says, readying the ray cannon...

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 Miraj, 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 trapezium 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 trapezius. "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 countertop, 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 try 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 whirred 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...

1). *"Turn all defense systems on, now! Don't let Mumbo-Jumbo get in!"*

2). *"Wait...let him come closer...we'll trap him IN the defense net, and escape!"*

"Turn all defense systems on, now! Don't let Mumbo-Jumbo get in!"

There was no time to waste, even a few minutes ago. Now, it was desperate.

"Turn all defense systems on, now!" Quicksilver answered into his wrist communicator, as he exited the power station and ran back up the rig stairwell, toward the top. "Don't let Mumbo-Jumbo get in! Use everything this station has, that you can find! I'm on my way up, don't wait!"

Steelheart must have thrown the appropriate breaker or switch, because a great green dome of energy suddenly loomed up into a defense matrix that covered the entire rig. For all intents and purposes, it seemed like the green dome covered nearly all of the cliff's edge, along the mesa.

"That's square one!" he heard Steelwill say. "Starting anti-craft artillery!"

As he made his way up to the second tier of the station, Quicksilver saw multiple laser turrets rise up out of mechanized portals on the ground; all of them whirled, turning in unison, to face the oncoming colossus. As they did so, two mighty horns crested the rim of the mesa, and a massive golden bull's head reared up into sight.

"Fire at the ground, where he shows up! We can break it, and make him fall!" Quicksilver shouted, leaning over the railing of the stairwell between the second and third tiers.

Mumbo-Jumbo's head rose to the sight of not only a dark-green dome of energy about the little rig, but of several tiny gun turrets, which clicked and whirled to face him. Before he could blink, they all opened fire, blasting and peppering the huge minotaur's looming face.

"HRRRRRR!?"

Mumbo-Jumbo jerked back, nearly flinging Hardware off of his shoulder in the process. The alien dwarf clutched a smooth metallic bulge of muscle, trying to hold on.

"Gah! Hold steady, you idiot!" Hardware snarled, only to observe as Mumbo's body began to quiver and quake all over, tingling under his little feet. "You stupid...hmm?"

The more the lasers blasted him, the more Mumbo-Jumbo began to moan and shudder, almost *happily*.

"The lasers are hitting Mumbo!" Quicksilver said, as he pushed in through the top tier station door. "We want to shoot out the ground around his fingers, not feed him!"

"I know," Steelheart said, clacking keys and turning dials. "It's automated! I didn't know! I can't control their aim, it's based on the target's movement!"

"Can we shut it off, then?" Steelwill asked.

"Not without losing the defense grid dome!"

Outside, the groaning bull's body trembled, then billowed bigger, and bigger. The more the lasers blasted him, the more he huffed and nuzzled into the blasts, resting his growing chin on the mesa. He lashed out his massive metallic tongue and licked the beams up as they blasted away, making his 480-foot body ripple and heave out to 500 feet...520 feet...550 feet...

His growing soles slipped as his size and weight increased, making the massive minotaur hang onto the edge of the mesa, and let his dangling feet surge lower and lower down the wall.

"Hah...hahahaha!" Hardware cackled. "Perfect! Feed on, Mumbo! Get so big, you can crush that stupid dome with your bare hands!"

Like the bull needed to be told.

Mumbo-Jumbo opened his maw and glommed down over a turret, suckling away happily, letting it blow him up bigger still. His pectorals heaved bigger and stronger, grinding and swelling into the wall of the mesa, as he surged past 580 feet, then 630, his body taking up an eighth of what had moments ago been 12 times his size.

"Hang on," Quicksilver said, thinking fast. He darted back outside and ran along the railed walkway surrounding the top tier. He stopped at one corner, aimed down at the turret, and shouted, "Turn the systems off!"

Steelheart did the math, and understood, because there was a whirr, then the dome fell away. In that second, Quicksilver aimed his cybernetic, shoulder-mounted lasers down, and blasted one turret, then two, then three, making them all sputter out and die.

"Back on! Back on!"

As soon as he had hollered it, Steelheart threw a switch, and the matrix reformed around them, brining the green defense dome back to life. That left one turret, but it was farther away and out of his aim. Better one than four.

Mumbo-Jumbo finally stopped sucking, and blinked his eyes open again, realizing the sweet flow of power had died down to a trickle. At a whopping 670 feet, he was still considerably bigger than before, and the emboldened bull snorted and reached

one massively muscled arm up. It slammed down on the edge of the mesa, and the minotaur began to force himself up over it, his muzzle rising up over the entire rig, his chest filling the SilverHawks' view from the top of the station.

"Hang on, everyone, he's on the offensive!" Quicksilver shouted, as one arm stayed to the topside of the mesa, and another rose high, high above. The hand atop it made a fist, and that fist crashed down, hard, onto the defense matrix. It impacted, and the entire rig shook like thunder. Tremors bounced and rumbled down and around through the green dome, but it held.

"She's holding," Steelwill said, looking out at the flexing pectorals beyond the green dome. "For now!"

"Do we just stay here, and let him keep attacking?" Steelheart asked.

"He might burn himself out," Quicksilver mused, watching intently, as Mumbo's gigantic fist raised again, and bashed down harder. Again, the rig shook.

"Even so, do we all just stand here and pose, in the meantime?" Steelwill asked. "What's the long-term plan to get out of this lousy moon?"

"I know!" Steelheart said, looking around on the console. She must have found what she wanted, because she was already stepping over to another panel, and pushing several buttons. "We can't hail the Miraj by radio...but we can still get Bluegrass's attention!"

She pulled a large, handled lever, and a massive spot light flooded on outside, near a disused tarmac on the site. She turned a dial, and the floodlight began to turn side-to-side, its beam strong enough to penetrate the dome, and cast an odd, green-tinted beam into the skies.

"Good thinking, sis!" Steelwill sighed, grinning, even as another huge impact shook the rig. "He'll see this, for sure!"

Another impact hit the dome, even harder. This time, the energy matrix fluttered in and out, and a cold wave of fear came rushing in.

"Uh-oh," Steelwill added.

"Let's hope he sees it fast, then," Quicksilver muttered...

1). Mumbo-Jumbo breaks through!

2). It holds...but will it hold long enough to let the Miraj rescue them?

Mumbo-Jumbo breaks through!

Mumbo's massive fist raised higher, gaining more speed as it slammed back down onto the energy matrix dome, making everything shake harder still within. The lights wobbled in their old fixtures overhead, dust raining down in waves, as Quicksilver steadied himself, then turned to Steelheart and Steelwill.

"It's not going to hold," Steelwill said, grimly. "We need to get moving!"

"He's right, Quicksilver, we need to get away!" Steelheart added, as the pounding on the dome continued, escalating in violence and frequency.

"Okay, then," Quicksilver sighed, looking briskly about. "Grab flares from the emergency boxes, if you can find any! We'll need to re-signal Bluegrass as soon as he can lose sight of Mumbo-Jumbo!"

"Right!"

They tore the box off of its mounting on the walls, and Steelwill carried it under his arm, football-style.

"Easier this way!"

Quicksilver didn't bother to argue, as the colossal bull's roars shook the air inside, rattling the windows. On the next hard impact, they all warped and cracked.

"Go, go!" Quicksilver shouted, as Steelheart tried the exit door. The knob rattled dumbly, the remaining stubbornly shut, as though it had long-fused to the molding. She elbowed into it, but again, it refused to budge.

"No good, it's warped shut!" she huffed. "The damage to the building's put too much weight on the doorway!"

"Lasers!" Quicksilver said, doing just as quickly as he spoke. He spun about and blasted the windows with his shoulder-mounted lasers, blasting the glass free as the entire rig shook again, then began to bend left, tilting the floor and ceiling. Desks and papers and chairs all skidded back to the tilting corner as they pitched for balance, then wobbled their way toward the opened window frames.

Beyond them were Mumbo-Jumbo's massive, hulking pectorals, shining and tinted through the shuddering dome, which blinked off, then back on, once more.

"What direction?" Steelheart asked, as they climbed out and onto the exterior walkway, leaning onto the bent railing.

"The next time it blinkers out, go Southeast," Quicksilver said, as the bull's fists raised high one more time.

Bluegrass steered the Miraj over a ridge, clearing the valley; as he did so, the valley

was kind enough to reveal Mumbo-Jumbo there, in all his nearly 700-foot glory, holding onto a high mesa with one huge arm, the other murderously raised.

"Bluegrass here, I repeat, Bluegrass here!" the blue-armored SilverHawk spoke into the radio, using his free hand to guide the hip closer. His 10-gallon hat tipped too low, and he nodded his head to force it back up, so that he could better see. "Do y'all read? Quicksilver! Hey! I see Mumbo, he's fixin' to—"

At that, the matrix slipped away, then reappeared just after. Mumbo's hand crashed down, smashing the matrix so hard that it shattered outright, letting the huge fist bash down into the station, smashing it in as it collapsed into a smoldering heap of doom.

"No!" Bluegrass shouted, swerving the Miraj away. "Do you copy! Hello!"

1). Quicksilver, Steelheart & Steelwill don't answer...are they really gone?

2). Bluegrass sees a flare nearby...but so does Mumbo-Jumbo!

Quicksilver, Steelheart & Steelwill don't answer...are they really gone?

The cowboy SilverHawk was never at a loss for words, and that much remained technically true—if anything, Bluegrass had too many at once.

"Repeat, this is Bluegrass, here...Quicksilver, Steelheart, Steelwill, any-ol' body! Anyone down there copy?"

The Miraj went in closer, on the off chance or hope that he might see a silver streak as his comrades flew away to safety, but still, there was nothing. In his intensity, Bluegrass drew too close; as impossible as it seemed, it took him time to realize that the 700-foot cyber-bull nearby was perhaps getting too close.

"Anyone! Hello! Do you—"

From the far left came something enormous, and fast. Bluegrass pulled up, and the Miraj narrowly missed as Mumbo's gigantic red backhand sailed past, in attack. The backhand preceded a spin as Mumbo-Jumbo twisted his huge body around, filling the cockpit window with a massive, furrow-browed glare.

"Their ship!" Hardware shouted, pointing uselessly ahead. "Finish the job, Mumbo!"

"HRRROOOOOOOOOUUUUURRRU!"

"Heck!"

Bluegrass swerved away as Mumbo leapt off of the entire mesa, bulging arms outstretched, vast hands opened, clutching for the fleeing Miraj. Both colossal mitts slammed together, nearly closing tight on the ship as it darted further away, then turned and broke into a full retreat.

Mumbo landed, and the entire valley shook as it received his tonnage. His feet blasted down into the cracked turf, spraying loose stone and dirt as he left two sinking craters down in the terrain, letting the aftershocks dance away from the epicenter. Hardware, still trying to right himself after the surprise leap and landing, was clearly in less of a good mood.

"Ugh! A...After it, you big oaf! Don't let him get away!"

Being down and off of the mesa, even at such a huge size, Mumbo-Jumbo was suddenly far less of a threat, and Bluegrass clearly understood, given how high into the lower atmosphere he had risen up to. The Miraj stayed well out of reach, and was starting to circle back over toward the devastated remains of the station, up on the mesa.

"C'mon, you guys, answer," Bluegrass pleaded, over the radio. "Gimme some kinda sign, else I'm comin' down there to look, myself!"

When no one answered he bit his lip, checked the readouts, and grudgingly lowered the Miraj down at the collapsed site.

"What do you mean, *no!*?"

Hardware lobbed the question at the far bigger Mumbo, as though it were a live grenade. The colossal bovine huffed in irritation and, frankly, some fatigue, the spare grumble or grunt escaping between attempts to gather his breath.

"H...HRRRRHRRR!"

"So what, if you have to go back up again? Big deal! If they flew up there, that's where we're going! You're the one who thought it was so smart to jump off of it!"

Hardware stamped his stubby alien foot on the broad bulk of Mumbo's shiny trapezius, not that the mighty bull noticed it.

"HRRRRR RRR GHRGHN."

"Huh? Well..." Hardware muttered, taken aback. "O-of course, I could just make you bigger! I was merely just...shut up!"

With that, he angrily whipped the ray cannon at Mumbo's enormous, thick neck, and blasted the bull, letting the beam soak deep into his bulk. Mumbo's vast eyes fluttered gladly, a thick puff of pleasure blowing out of his maw as he started to tremble all over, then rumble, then grow...and grow...

His head rose higher and higher as Hardware blew him up bigger, feeling and watching his legs spread apart as Mumbo grew underneath him, raising him up higher and higher, along with.

"I'll just shrink you back after, anyhow, so who cares," Hardware murmured, still half-anxious. "Just enjoy it, for now..."

Mumbo-Jumbo's massive feet crushed bigger and heavier, sinking into the cracking rock of the moon as his ankles bulged wider, thicker, his calves bursting larger, his thighs and hips blowing out stronger and fuller.

His abs pumped out with raw definition, stretching his metallic hide tighter as his lats bloated bigger, rubbing and shoving up under his swelling triceps and bulging biceps. His pectorals boomed out before him as the bull billowed up past 750 feet...790 feet...830 feet...

"RRRRRRRRRRRR...RRR..."

His eyes rolled back in dark joy as he felt his thick member pulse bigger, fatter, bloating and pushing longer and larger out between his growing leg muscles. His sacs bobbed further and further down, lowering heavily, even as they grew higher with him. He licked the air happily, flexing his arms, forcing bigger and wider peaks as he swelled uncontrollably in size.

His rear bulged out as his back-brawn exploded bigger, spreading like fire across his swollen backside. His neck erupted thicker, power tingling through his body as it blew up past 900 feet...960 feet...1,110 feet!

Mumbo snorted and shook before rumbling deep, making Hardware blink in confusion, just before his humongous body lurched up bigger, spurting up a whopping 500 feet, in one thick, trembling burst. The bull lowed in ecstasy, now over 1,600 feet in size, more than twice what he had been a moment ago.

"W-whoa!" Hardware growled, steadying himself against the shock of the eruptive growth spurt. The bull's body was only tingling worse and worse, underfoot, making the already-diminutive alien gulp in fear. "Maybe that's...g-good enough--"

Before he could rightly finish, Mumbo shuddered and mooed out a bellow of delight as his erection bobbed high, and his tingling, quaking form blew up again, surging hot and messy and huge to a throbbing, monstrous size of 2,300 feet, in one rude explosion of lust. And still, his muscles were throbbing faster, deeper, the panting colossus fully erect as he moaned and whined in bliss.

"HHHHUUURRRRRROOORRROOO!"

Hardware caught sight below of Mumbo's staggeringly big erection, itself nearly 400 feet in size, big as a building. Naturally, he looked back up, sporting an impossibly dark blush.

"H-hey, now, Mumbo! Eyes on your work!"

At that the outright-fearful alien stopped blasting, leaving Mumbo one last shuddering bulge of growth, until the massive bovine shook off and huffed, looking himself over proudly. Not even half an hour prior, the bull had been a big bruiser, the tank of the Mon*Star mob, at about seven feet.

Now, he was 2,900 feet. Ton upon ton of swollen, tight muscle crowded his body, gleaming with stretched copper and gold. He had looked like a bodybuilder before, easily, but this was...the body of a god.

Yet, as Mumbo looked ahead, and saw the mesa still a little under twice his size, his huge grin slipped away, and a sour frown replaced it.

"RR?" he rumbled, his voice shaking the cracked ground around his cratering feet.

"I stopped, you idiot, what did you think?" You can practically leap up the mesa, now! No problem!"

"RRRUUUUUOOORUURU!"

"What problem!? No, there isn't! Quite wasting time!"

"BRRRBRRRR!"

"Bigger!? You're huge enough! There are skyscrapers that only reach your chest, and you're still whining!?"

Mumbo snorted his displeasure, but kept his rumbling to a low minimum. Still, an increasingly agitated little spark of anger was alight (and starting to burn brighter, the more Hardware yelled at him).

"Right...now, get up there, and make sure to finish them all! The Miraj should be the size of a toy to you, now! So, move!"

The Miraj touched down in a hurry atop the mesa, and in seconds Bluegrass was out of it, stepping onto the terrain, holding his hat on his head with one hand. He looked the wreckage of the site over, saw that virtually nothing was left standing, and sighed bitterly.

"Aw, come on, guys," he said, to no one. "C'mon, now. Don't go leavin' the show without me, like this..."

1). Bluegrass digs, until he finds his answer...

2). Hardware pushes Mumbo-Jumbo too far...

Bluegrass sees a flare nearby...but so does Mumbo-Jumbo!

"Come back, SilverHawks, this-here's Bluegrass, your blue buddy and high-flyin' wiseacre! Bluegrass, lookin' for his pals, over! Y'all read? Anyone?"

Silence answered, over the radio. Hopefully, it was the only thing dead.

"Shoot..."

He took the Miraj in closer, careful to hang back enough so as not to tip off or disturb the gargantuan Mumbo-Jumbo.

"Lordy, that bull went and got awful big! That's just about close enough to the last thing anybody here needs..."

He swung the Miraj around the valley, stubbornly trying to spy the topside of the mesa and the smashed-in station, all without getting Mumbo-Jumbo's attention. The big bull was sifting through the ruins with one huge red finger, snorting callously as he scoured the wreck for the same thing as Bluegrass.

That was when he caught sight of it: a small, blazing little red dot, burning down below, behind the high mesa, on some smaller formations.

"What in...tarnation!"

Bluegrass whooped inside the cockpit, on sight of it. It was a flare, no doubt about it. Two more popped up, and the smiling cowboy tipped his hat brim and chuckled.

"One pickup, to go! Y'all got it!"

As he lowered the Miraj down for a pickup, something enormous shook the landscape, so much so that even the air was disturbed—and Bluegrass felt it all.

"Wuh-oh..."

He looked back from the cockpit and saw the 700-foot tall bull sliding down, down along the high mesa, looking in a rage. His bull-roar followed as Bluegrass picked up the speed, trying to touch down faster. Mumbo had seen, for sure—meaning expediency was now King.

He was somewhat closer, but not enough to give space and time to land, gather them in, close up, and lift off properly...so instead Bluegrass took the radio receiver, pressed the speaker button, and spoke.

"ATTENTION, Y'ALL," the speaker on the Miraj boomed, as the three SilverHawks down below watched it come closer and closer. "WE GOT COMPANY,

AND I CAN'T RIGHTLY SET THE GIRL DOWN, SO YOU GOTTA COME AND MEET ME HALFWAY! THE BACK DOOR'S OPEN FOR Y'ALL! COME ON!"

"Guess we have to run interception, here," Steelwill laughed, shaking his head.

"Works for me," Quicksilver said, grinning, as he, Steelheart and Steelwill all took to flight, letting their metal cyber-sings spread out, and the rockets in their feet take off in flight.

"He doesn't look happy about this," Steelheart shouted over the passing air current, motioning mid-flight to Mumbo. The massive bull was slamming down against the mesa's wall, and was starting to stomp destructively over toward them, looking ready to kill. "Maybe we had all better pick up the pace!"

Whether by fortune or fate, Mumbo stopped. One humongous foot crashed down over a dip in the valley, smashing an entire field of clustered boulders to dust, before the bull began to grimace or wince, his eyes closing, as his entire body began to rumble ominously.

"He stopped!" Steelheart shouted, as the Miraj zipped past them in the air, then started to slow down for them. The back bay door swung open mechanically, slowly, but the three airborne SilverHawks kept their attention on Mumbo-Jumbo.

"But why?" Steelwill asked. "Vertigo?"

"Doesn't matter," Quicksilver said, turning back to the Miraj's open portal. "We just need to escape, for now!"

"What's going on?" Hardware grouched, looking the shuddering bull over as he teetered over the landscape, starting to huff and moan heavily. "What is this? They'll get away at this rate, Mumbo!"

"GH...HRRRRR..."

Mumbo's massive body suddenly began to tremble and tensed tight, making Hardware's eyes widen...

1). Mumbo-Jumbo grows even bigger!

2). Mumbo-Jumbo doesn't grow any...so why...

It holds...but will it hold long enough to let the Miraj rescue them?

The defense dome held, blow after powerful blow; Mumbo-Jumbo, naturally, took the resistance of the matrix personally. The nearly 700-foot cybernetic man-beast roared and shook with effort, straining impossible biceps as he brought his fist up again, and crashed down harder. The dome trembled, shaking the entire station angrily, but it all remained standing.

Out through the station's top-tier windows, Quicksilver, Steelwill and Steelheart all watched, seeing the huge bull's chest swell and flex and tighten as blow after blow hammered down.

"So far, so good," Steelwill muttered, gulping.

"Come on, Bluegrass," Quicksilver murmured. "We don't have much time left to work with here..."

That was when Mumbo-Jumbo stopped hammering away, and saw the spotlight filtering up through the defense matrix. He snorted, understanding soon enough, and covered the spotlight with his hand, which was easily big enough to do so.

"Crud," Steelheart growled, throwing the switch, and pulling the lever beside it. The spotlight whirled and shifted, alternating over to the side, and Mumbo glared in irritation, covering its new spot with that same hand. "He just keeps covering us! As long as he...*wait just a minute...*"

Quicksilver watched with Steelwill, as she moved the spotlight again.

"RRRRRRRR," the gigantic minotaur rumbled, visibly more angered, as the beam moved again. It moved once more, and Mumbo covered it, snorting steam, only for it to move yet again, like a bug he just couldn't catch, despite all his newfound power and size.

"Leave it, Mumbo!" Hardware yelled, stomping on the bull's swollen copper-gold trapezius. "Get to cracking that stupid dome!"

"HHHRHHNNHHHRRR!"

"So what?" Hardware roared back. "Who cares if their ship sees it!? Look at you! You're immense now! Just swat it away! Let it come!"

The light moved again, and Mumbo grudgingly let it do so. He made ready to rear up his fist and strike the matrix again, when Steelheart thought fast, threw the lever, and threw the beam of light directly into the bull's eyes, making Mumbo twist away

and roar in shock and anger. Blinded, the gigantic bovine pitched backward and slipped.

His grip on the mesa's topside gave, and he went tumbling down the entirety of the much taller wall, slamming down hard on the cracked landscape below. Hardware was thrown clear off, wailing and cursing and flailing his entire way down.

The sheer tonnage of the crash shook the mesa, quaking up into the station, jittering its interior lights and rattling the window panes, until it all died down—along with the dome. The green matrix sputtered out and died, and did not return.

"Great thinking there, sis!" Steelwill cheered, high-fiving Steelheart. "Hah! That's showing 'em!"

"Quick thinking, for sure," Quicksilver said, smiling, "though the only downside is, we're defenseless now, should he climb back up."

"And he sure will, knowing Mumbo," Steelheart agreed, nodding. "So, I guess—"

"We had better split from here, and fast."

The roar of an engine mercifully rose in the distance, getting closer and closer yet. The three SilverHawks ran to the windows and spied the horizon, before Steelwill pointed out toward a small object zooming nearer to them.

"Now, there's a sight!"

Sure enough, it was the Miraj!

"Supposin' y'all might want a pickup?" a Southern voice drawled over the ship's exterior speaker system.

"We might!" Quicksilver laughed, running outside to wave their pilot down.

As they all piled out the entire mesa shook, and shook badly. Down below, Hardware had landed, bouncing hard on Mumbo-Jumbo's bloated pectorals, and the amber amplified ray cannon had blasted a thick beam directly into Mumbo-Jumbo's chest, feeding the groaning minotaur, making him rumble and shudder terribly. Hardware laid there, poleaxed, his finger squeezing the trigger on and on, blasting more and more and more and more into him...

"That doesn't sound good at all," Steelheart said, as the Miraj steadily came down to a landing on the mesa. They ran down the stairwells of each tier of the station as the Miraj's bay door opened at the back.

Mumbo moaned and lowed, hot and huge, unable to control himself as raw power gushed and bulged its burning way into his body. His huge muscles trembled and puffed and swelled, tense and tight and radiating heat, before he licked his muzzle over, whined deeply, and tensed in on himself. His flexed out bigger, bulkier, the

rumbling shaking the entire valley worse and worse, the buildup getting unfathomable as more and more just kept pouring into his ragingly big, aching body.

"HRR...R-H-HHHUUU-HHH..."

His panting escalated as he stretched openly, his bulk starting to strain thicker, before he hiccupped and grunted and gulped, shaking and groaning in an almost fearful delight, before he...b-before he...

"HH...H...R...RRRR...RRRRRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUU- "

"Get to the ship!" Quicksilver yelled, moving the two other SilverHawks along in a sudden panic, as the station shuddered and the mesa quaked, the rocks and boulders starting to rattle and dance in place.

"C'mon, doggies!" Bluegrass shouted over the speakers, as the opened bay door awaited them, ready and beckoning.

Behind them, Mumbo-Jumbo's roars grew bigger and deeper, meaner and hotter. The bloating bull shudder-gulped and spasmed and twitched, his body desperately preparing for the building, throbbing explosion of growth pumping inside it!

Hardware blinked groggily, coming to, just in time to see the beam still pouring out of the ray cannon, into Mumbo's swollen, gilded pectorals.

"Wh...huh?" Hardware mumbled, before his eyes widened. "Oh...oh, NO!"

Mumbo's eyes were aglow with too much power, the bull's shuddering body openly quaking and rattling with too much energy.

"RRRRRRRRRRRRUUUUH...HHRRRRRRHHHN!!"

Hardware let go of the cannon, but it was too late...

1). Mumbo-Jumbo booms up bigger!

2). Mumbo-Jumbo grows...and grows...and grows...and grows...AND GROWS...

Mumbo-Jumbo booms up bigger!

"All aboard?" Bluegrass asked, the blue-armored, 10-gallon hat wearing SilverHawk both bothering to turn around as the other three piled into the Miraj's cockpit with him. "Cause I figure we oughta mosey, and fast!"

"Mosey away, buddy!" Steelwill said, as the rumbling overtook the entire mesa. For all any of them knew, it was overtaking the entire valley.

The back bay door closed, as the thrusters blew hot and started to force the ship up off the shaking terrain, leaving bouncing rocks and shaking boulders to their fate. The abandoned station shuddered, poles and wires tumbling loose from busted fixtures, plate glass cracking and splitting apart as they rattled away.

The Miraj was a sorely-sought relief, by all means; still, the speed of their departure left enough to be desired, to warrant a mention:

"Uh," Steelheart began, as the rumbling below was getting worse and worse, more and more audible below.

"She takes a second," Bluegrass interjected, somewhere between comforting and defensive. "We're still golden, up here!"

"RRRRRRRRHHHHUUUUUUUUUUUU00000000AAAA!!"

The sound of Mumbo-Jumbo's growth spurt came like a cannon blast, an explosion, and its effect was tantamount. In a sudden, bursting gush, the 700-foot bull's metallic body and swollen muscles all erupted bigger, detonating in scope.

His body lurched and trembled, then billowed violently out over the landscape, steamrolling the landscape under bulk. His rear and backside crushed a deepening, widening crater into the turf, spreading out in a rising rim of dirt and rock. His neck blew out thicker, his pectorals surging so high that Hardware was forced down against them by sheer force.

Mumbo's singular roar grew bigger and heavier, basso rumblings that quaked the rock formations and standing spires, before his bloated red shoulders bumped, then crashed through them in a series of surreal snaps and pops. His hips grew wider, thicker, his abs bulging higher, his lats billowing hungrily underneath his swollen, ballooning triceps and peaking biceps.

His red heels blew growing trenches through the lunar surface, scouring great gouges away as his metal calves and thighs exploded bigger, and bigger. His sacs blew up

and up, tightly bursting in mass, groaning and stretching, hot and full and heavy atop his quaking thighs and knees. His erection thundered up, up into the air, booming bigger, and bigger, and bigger, longer and thicker and fatter, its tip pleadingly throbbing in dark joy through the sky.

"S...sssss...t...tooooooop..." Hardware growled, unable to functionally speak, as the force of Mumbo's rapid growth pushed up against him, displacing air as the formerly-giant bovine boomed past 1,000 feet...1,300 feet...1,600 feet...

"Where we headed, Boss?" Bluegrass asked, starting to ready the systems for space travel, as they rose high enough.

"Anywhere but here!" Steelwill shouted, pointing down and out of the cockpit window. "Look at that, down there!"

They already *were* looking; it was way too hard to miss it, in action.

Mumbo kept bellowing, his lowing cry of bliss going haywire as his bursting body surged clear past 2,000 feet, then 2,500, nearly half a mile now, and spreading like a poured liquid over more and more of the satellite moon's crumbling surface.

"H-he still can't reach us from there, y'all," Bluegrass coaxed, nervously. "Seriously, the sooner I know where t'go, the sooner we'll go there!"

"Set a course for Bedlama, then," Quicksilver ordered, gathering himself back up. "Anywhere on the planet that we can land. We need to contact Professor Power, right away!"

The 3,000-foot bull moaned hotly as he felt his shaft bulge too big, even for himself. Massive hands slapped happily up on either pulsing side of his bloated member, metallic and smooth against his red copper mitts and dimpling fingers.

On and on he bellowed, greedily stroking far up the length of his begging penis, then back down to the growing base, squeezing and teasing, playing with a surprising affection on his engorged girth. His sacs tensed over his knees, starting to tremble and tighten with strain.

His 3,300-foot body trembled in delight as he tickle-rumbled and snorted a thick burst of steam from massive, flaring nostrils, as his orbs tensed in tighter, rumbling ominously, something enormous building within.

His hands crushed in on his overgrown phallus, making the ruddy tip swell bigger, receptively bloating with desire as his member started to buzz, then shake outright in his huge, growing hands.

As the Miraj angled and circled into its projected flight path, up above, the

3,500-foot behemoth gulped and bit his metallic, golden lip, lidding his glowing eyes as he tingled and swelled on final, *boomphing* burst, cried out, squeezed tight, and let it all...l-let it all *rumble* up into a bulging, burning wad of...o-of...

"RRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUO000000--"

A tremendous volley of semen blew out, blasting like a torrent, spattering down in a sloppy rain around him. The rope itself heaved high into the air, blowing up into a huge, arching streak...that impacted directly against the Miraj, throwing the covered ship into a sudden tailspin in the skies. Another thick gout slammed into its tail as Bluegrass hollered and fought against the spin, trying to correct something that was far too wrong.

"Whoa-ho! Hang on, y'all!"

- 1). *The Miraj crashes!*
- 2). *The Miraj maintains liftoff, only...*

Mumbo-Jumbo grows...and grows...and grows...and grows...AND GROWS...

The Miraj slowly lifted up off of the mesa as the SilverHawks flew up into the opened bay door. Given the circumstances, they fully understood Bluegrass's decision not to stay put and wait for them to walk in.

The cowboy SilverHawk's instincts were on point, as the moment they departed the mesa, it began to shake and crack and split open, letting the emptied station topple in on itself, sinking and sliding down into the burgeoning cracks in a pillar of smoke.

The Miraj's shaky liftoff put it into a wobble in the air as the remains of the proud mesa crumbled down into a smoldering heap of rubble, scattering and tumbling and rolling down along what the SilverHawks realized was a single, monstrous digit—a bulging testicle.

"Holy moly," Steelwill gulped, looking down from the cockpit. "There's no way...he's getting that big, down there!?"

Mumbo-Jumbo was, and worse than that.

The mooing giant's massive body had detonated larger, spurting and spilling and pumping past 700 feet; where they were looking from, Mumbo-Jumbo was already over a whopping mile tall, and still growing bigger.

Mumbo was in a state beyond ecstasy, and it was climbing higher and higher still. He bellowed and shook, rattling and rumbling, as his enormous, nude body shuddered and tensed, then boom-*boom-BOOMED* bigger, on and on.

His opened maw roared freely as his gilded pectorals burst up over them, consuming much of his growing torso. His shoulders ballooned like red copper boulders on either side of his inflated neck, as his lats bulged to impossible sizes under his expanding arms.

His golden thighs burst out larger as his sacs swelled over his upper-lower body, consuming his thighs and knees, as his erection bulged forth into the heavens, bigger and bigger, taller and higher and fatter, throbbing explosive beats of hungering growth through the skies, already a half-mile high, and still growing.

"M-mumbo, stop it!" Hardware wailed, the now-speck-sized alien stuck by sheer concussive force to the bull's bloated muscles. "En-enough!"

But Mumbo-Jumbo wasn't stopping. Quite the opposite, in fact.

"HHHNNNN...R-RRRUHURRRHHNN...HNNNN!!"

The billowing titan blew up over more and more of the surface of the moon, collapsing the terrain flat as his 3-mile body pancaked it all down flat, then further into a crater. He rumbled and panted and cried out, massive and masculine and hot, before spasming and trembling and booming twice as big, in one enormous, thick spurt!

His feet crashed through a smaller mountain, smashing it from one into two, pushing clear through to the other side as his 6-mile body consumed the valley, crushing boulders and hills and formations and dips into a unified, powdered ruin.

His heaving stomach bulged higher as he panted and gulped, groaning loud and full and happy, before twitching and hugging in on himself, wrapping his overgrown forearms and biceps tight around his surging chest, only to feel it all stretch and explode bigger, screaming out as he erupted to 12 miles...then 24!

His towering penis wobbled almost cutely, drunkenly in the air, swaying in the skies as it adjusted to its flaring size and heft. The Miraj circled away, a gnat against an oak tree, trying to escape from the sheer speed and voracity of Mumbo-Jumbo's sudden growth spurts.

"I-I'm tryin', I promise!" Bluegrass sputtered, adjusting his 10-gallon hat anxiously. "He's growin' too dadblamed fast!"

"Just punch it anywhere!" Steelheart suggested, *loudly*.

"Just get us to space, Bluegrass!" Quicksilver ordered, as the Miraj adjusted, blasted its thrusters, and tore further away, not even bothering to go up just yet. Up was all they had kept trying to climb, but Mumbo's penis kept widening bigger and bigger, and kept getting too close for comfort.

"M...M....um...bo...ppppllll...llleaaaase..."

Hardware's microscopically small pleas went undetected, as the infinitely smaller alien tried to move across the ever-changing landscape of Mumbo's bovine pectoral. The curves flattened progressively into a single, vast plain of hot, smooth gold, stretching on and on and on and on, rumbling and bulging louder and wider under his tiny, tiny self.

The 48-mile god of a bull just kept growing, and Hardware couldn't figure out why, for the life of him. Had he blasted the dumb bull that much!? Really!?

The bull boom-bellowed, rumbling out in jubilation as the pleasure kept mounting and tumbling, spilling and smothering and bulging and filling his shaking, musclebound body.

His eyes glowed as bright slits, burning through the lids as he threw his head back into the crumbling series of mountain ranges, smashing through them easily as he huffed and swelled and grunted and burst even larger in size, spreading everywhere as he blew up to a staggering, terrifying 96 miles.

In moments the bovine colossus had swollen up from the size of a building to a city, then several, and now...*now*, Mumbo was almost the size of a very small state.

Compared to the 3,000-mile diameter of the moon, it was still paltry...but the bull just kept moaning, kept stroking his quaking nudity in lewd glee, groping over his sky-high pillar of an erection as he bit his lip and snorted, closed his eyes, trembled ticklingly, and...AND...

1). Mumbo-Jumbo climaxes, just as the Miraj escapes

2). The Miraj is almost in space...but Mumbo-Jumbo's growth is getting...

"Wait...let him come closer...we'll trap him IN the defense net, and escape!"

A small trap door at the back of the power station shed caught Quicksilver's eye, on his way out, and he stopped to read the sign stickered to the floor, in front of it:

ESCAPE HATCH

"Change of plans," Quicksilver said.

"What?" Steelwill yelled, over the wrist communicator line. "Are you saying we--"

"Wait...let him come closer...we'll trap him IN the defense net, and escape!"

"But..."

"I found an escape hatch, down below! I'm coming back up, fast, and as soon as Mumbo-Jumbo tries to attack the station, we'll turn on the defense matrix, and escape down the hatch! He'll be too big to follow!"

"How do you know this place's defense system--" Steelwill began, only to have Steelheart interrupt on his end:

"It has a standard-grade energy shield! Dome style! It could work!"

"That's that, then! I'm coming up, be ready!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's long climb was over; the 480-foot bull swung his heavy bulk up over the lip of the mesa, and pulled himself topside with a deep huff. He stood to full height, still managing to tower over the entire rig, which made it only up to about his chest.

"HRRRRHRRRRHR," Mumbo-Jumbo puffed, cracking his huge knuckles.

"That's exactly right, you colossal cow!" Hardware cheered, triumphant. "Smash those ridiculous do-gooders into pancakes!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's huge fists raised up to strike from above, when everything around them went dark green. His fists thudded against something overhead, slightly higher than he stood. When Mumbo looked back, he saw the interior curves of a massive, rig-covering energy matrix; he was in the dome, with the station, and his confusion was palpable.

"HRRRN?"

"What the...a defense dome?" Hardware pondered. "Why would those fools

activate it now? We're already..."

Hardware's smug face sagged under the weight of the realization.

"...Oh."

"The matrix is up," Steelheart said, turning to face Steelwill and Quicksilver.

"Out we go, then, fast! Follow me, while they're still confused!"

The trio shot out the exit door of the top tier, and flew straight down onto the base level. There was only a moment's flight before they heard the roar.

"There, Mumbo! There they are!" Hardware yelled, pointing out from atop the giant bovine's trapezius. "They're on the move!"

Mumbo-Jumbo bellowed and sent a hugely muscled forearm sailing out, crashing through the top tier of the entire rig, smashing it away into a wave of ruin. Glass shattered, steel squealed, and pipes clattered and rained down around the SilverHawks as they landed, turned, and scrambled into the power station shack.

Undeterred, Mumbo brought both hands up, and smashed down hard on the mid tier of the rig, demolishing it as his bulging biceps and shoulders flexed bigger.

The impact tore down into the power shed, trembling the machinery and generator, but it didn't stop the SilverHawks from heaving the door to the floor hatch up, and climbing down, down, down into the rocky tunnel below.

"That's two, I felt," Steelheart said, trying to climb down faster. "That only leaves the base level above us!"

"Yeah," Steelwill said, as they descended. "We better clear this tunnel fast, before the next impact, otherwise we--"

There was indeed a third impact, much harder and deeper. A wave of dust and debris coughed down through the rim of the hatch door, which they had thought to shut on the way through.

Untold tons of destroyed construction fell into a pile over it, sealing them in. Even still, the three clutched and swayed on the rung of the escape hatch ladder, before their grips failed, and they all tumbled down into the pitch.

Back up on the mesa, Mumbo-Jumbo was in a complete rage. He snorted and bellowed and continued to bash down on the debris, flattening it deeper and deeper into the crackling, ruined ground.

"Enough, you imbecile!" Hardware roared. "They must have already had a way

out of here. They caged us in!"

"HRRRRRRRR!"

"Relax, you dolt! There's a way out..."

1). *"I'll pump you so big with the ray cannon, the dome will break..."*

2). *Mumbo-Jumbo is too enraged to listen, and tries to pump himself free*

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

The idea came immediately, riding the tail 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 quickly 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 enough power 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, for the site's defense systems?"

"I saw a repair 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 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 in 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 far below.

"That's a mark," Quicksilver chuckled, nodding back at the twins, who high-fived their silvery hands together. "The topographical maps aren't kidding about those shallow patches in 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 turf, 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 poured 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 Miraj was attacked by space pirates, while we were on our 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 Miraj, 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 Miraj 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 right now."

"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 at each other, then double-timed it to the shack, as the rumbling grew worse...and worse...

- 1). Mumbo-Jumbo erupts, as they head for the Spire Canyon*
- 2). Mumbo-Jumbo erupts, and they head over and artificial lake to slow him down*

Mumbo-Jumbo erupts, as they head for the Spire Canyon

The shaking of each one of Mumbo-Jumbo's mighty steps before had been intimidating. What was emanating up out of the moon as the SilverHawks bolted down the stairwell of the outer rig was downright *terrifying*.

"There!" Steelwill shouted, pointing out over the lowest rung of railing, toward a small monorail station at the end of a standing and loading bay. "That must have been the work line for the colonial commuters, back in the day!"

"Right! Double-time it, you two!" Quicksilver ordered, as they vaulted the last of the stairs and ran onto the platform.

"The power's on, thankfully," Steelheart sighed, relieved, seeing the lights flickering on inside the monorail cars. "All we have to do is throw the control switch at the front!"

They piled into the main car at the front, then forced the driver's area door open. Steelheart pushed past, and found what she needed: a large two-sided lever, which she immediately pushed up. She pushed two buttons, and the cars all began to stir to life, then chug slowly along the track, gaining speed.

"How's it looking, back there?" she asked, making both Quicksilver and Steelwill bustle out through the door, into the main car.

"Nothing yet," Steelwill said, gulping, as they both scoured the moonscape through the windows. "I think we're clear! Get us up to top-speed, sis!"

"On it!"

The rumbling grew worse, deeper, as if overhearing them succeed. As the monorail sped along the old, weathered track, toward the mountains in the distance, that rumbling broke into a violent tremor, making even the landscape quake ominously.

"Whoa!" Steelwill bellowed as, through the windows on their side, the moonscape itself cracked up into a row of rocky daggers, leading all the way past the train, out toward the canyon. Quicksilver saw a similar one crack out along on the other side, and suddenly, from each one, a vast mass of gold and copper crashed up, splitting the terrain open as a titanic forearm and fist fissured up through the planetoid's surface.

"Good grief," Quicksilver said, lurching back in shock, at the sheer scope of each arm.

That's what they were—his arms. Each one must have been half a mile long, from fist to emerging biceps and monstrous shoulders, far back behind them. Beyond the mesa, Mumbo-Jumbo's glowering face and long muzzle loomed up, up above the entire mesa, over the now comparatively-miniscule rig. Pectorals as big as small mountains loomed up to follow, splitting untold tons of luna apart as a bull the size of an entire town emerged...and boy, did he look *mad*.

"He must be...what..." Steelwill stammered, trying to absorb what he was witnessing, as the tiny monorail sped along its track. "Miles in s-size!?"

"More than that," Quicksilver said, comprehending. "At least 5, 6..."

"What!?" Steelwill shouted, making Steelheart look back out her driver's side window. She regretted it instantly. The ugly truth was, Mumbo-Jumbo wasn't merely a part of the horizon—he *was* the horizon.

"Get us out of here, sis!" Steelwill roared, from the other car.

"I'm at top-speed, already!" she hollered back.

The speck of a monorail sped along the track, easily buried in the great shadow of the giga-bull.

Mumbo-Jumbo growled and shook his huge head, blowing out a thick blast of flame from his nostrils, fuming. Poor Hardware had to hang on through a hook he had thought to attach to a great seam between the bull's overgrown muscles, hanging on for dear life as Mumbo loomed over 3 miles up from the crater of his crash.

"Gah!" the stocky alien wailed, hanging on, letting the ray cannon dangle from the backpack around his stubby shoulders. "H-hold still, you gigantic goon!"

The 30,000-foot minotaur trembled with anger, huffing and roaring, the moment he saw the little white ant of a monorail moving farther away, toward the nearby canyon, framed on either side by towering mountains larger than he, still.

"I uh, I think he sees us!" Steelwill gulped. "How close are we to the colony station?"

"Almost!" Steelheart said, leaning onto the car's control console, as though it would help them any.

"Just hang on!" Quicksilver said, as they felt the landscape shift and rattle; Mumbo-Jumbo was moving.

The great bull bellowed and reached out for the fleeing vehicle, his huge pecs mowing down over and crushing the entire rig and mesa that he had had trouble scaling

just minutes ago. A hand bigger than the entire rig descended from on high, and its reach was all too close for comfort!

"Come on, come on," Steelheart growled, throttling the controls hard. The monorail whined and shook from exertion, rumbling unsteadily on the tracks, as Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous hand met its full extension, and gigantic red fingers closed into a vast, tight fist, narrowly missing the monorail as it started to groan and chug unhappily, complaining.

"Almost!" she hollered, as the tracks led into the base of the canyon, weaving around the majority of the spires therein.

"Made it! Haha!" Steelwill whooped, thumping a palm up onto the roof of the car in joy. "Great handling, there, sis!"

The crash of multiple spires answered, making them all turn to the windows in time to see that same enormous hand, punching clear through spire after spire, bashing, breaking and scraping into the canyon itself. A forearm so big and thick with golden muscle that it nearly filled the width of the canyon pushed further in. Spire after rocky spire snapped and fell away, a great booming rush of smoke blowing out past the monorail cars, rocking their ride as it narrowly missed a crashing segment of rock, and sped on.

"Station B-12, 1 mile," a monotone voice crackled over the monorail PA.

The entire moon seemed to heave up and down as Mumbo-Jumbo's colossal hand presumably impacted out beyond the canyon, slamming the crumbling terrain. The busied hand slid destructively back out of the canyon interior, leaving them be.

"Guess he can't reach," Steelwill shouted, before something else crashed aggressively into the canyon, instead of the hand.

A penis big enough to crush over a large, wide river shoved in, bashing rock edifices and spires to nothing as it punched through. The entire region shook, and the monorail nearly brushed the looming upper bulge of Mumbo's phallus as it shot past them, huge and fat and hot. Its throbs alone drowned out the SilverHawks' cries as the monorail zoomed along, the bulge of the penis only missing them by virtue of being so high up from the turf that the lower curve missed them entirely.

"Station B-12, approaching," the PA warned, though it was nearly impossible to

hear clearly, over the booming throbs as the penis withdrew some, paused, then thrust in even deeper.

More and more of the walls of the canyon were shorn away as the geographically-massive cyber-bull humped and ground, thrusting the canyon wider and deeper into ruin, cracking its mountainous walls with no effort as he snorted and growled in fury.

The PA dinged, at long last, the monorail coming to a shuddering stop on its track. The three tore out, piling onto the shaking platform, dodging falling boulders as Mumbo's penis loomed overhead, swallowing the skies, and throbbing up fatter and heavier. Its under-curves bulged closer and closer down toward them, the pulsations getting faster.

"Get inside!" Quicksilver roared over the devastation and sound. They all flung themselves through the glass windows of the station, plunging inside, just as the undercarriage of Mumbo's penis ballooned too big, and swelled to crush down on the entire platform.

"W...we made it!" Steelheart panted, wobbling to a shaky stand, even as the station lights fluttered in and out, and the walls began to crackle angrily. All that dark cow-shaft was still throbbing away, rhythmically bulging and burgeoning against the structure, the more the massive, sky-high bovine pleased himself.

"Not just yet," Quicksilver said, as they broke into a run down the lobby, leaping the turnstiles, and turning to bolt down the hallway, toward the ticket office and entrance.

The throbbing grew and grew and grew, pounding, overwhelming, as the towering Mumbo-Jumbo rocked his powerful, 5.6-mile tall body, his knees cracking the landscape, his shaft swelling uncontrollably huge, filling the entire canyon with metallic meat. His sacs slapped the mountainsides as he snorted and shuddered, determined to destroy the SilverHawks at all costs...in the quickest way he knew...

(Continued)

Continued

Mumbo-Jumbo huffed and moaned, panting unashamedly into his overgrown chest, his chin resting on pectorals so big they pinched all the way up against his jawline, bulging out against his overgrown shoulders and biceps and forearms. His massive hands, big enough to crush several skyscrapers together, rested on the topside of the canyon, the bull's humongous body overshadowed by the higher mountains on either side.

Can't run, Mumbo-Jumbo thought, sneering evilly. *Mumbo...big! Bigger than all!*

The self-flattery had multiple purposes; every time he dwelled on his own staggering size and bloated, tight, lovely-huge muscles, it forced his already-aroused shaft to billow even bigger, painfully huge and tight.

It ballooned even bigger, yet, making even Mumbo wince cutely as it stretched and pleaded to blow, only to double angrily in size and girth. Its bulging, fat sides crushed in against the canyon walls, grinding them wider as his sex kept rumbling and swelling beyond him, a beast on a snapping leash. And that beast doubled in size again, scarily, the tip straining-tight, screaming, hot and heaving and full with need.

Bigger...

Mumbo licked his muzzle and mooed, tensing and flexing his insane muscles tighter, forcing them even bigger, demanding more and more still. His penis roared bigger, over twice as big as Mumbo was tall, pulsing so powerfully that it rumbled through the crust and over the mountain ranges surrounding the canyon formation...

BIGGER...

"Faster!" Quicksilver ordered, as the three of them blasted the long-rusted doors of the ticket office open with their shoulder-lasers, running past the opening. "I think Mumbo's going to t-try and flush us out!"

"With what?" Steelwill said, panting, as they ran through the wide open lobby, toward the exit doors.

"What...do you think?" Steelheart panted, as they crashed through the doors, exiting out into a long, long hallway, seemingly carved out of the mountainside itself.

Deactivated autowalks meant to cut down on foot travel extended down as far as any of them could see, and just as Steelheart's words hit home, Steelwill put the equation together. His face paled.

"Faster!" he roared, taking flight. The tunnels proved wide enough for any masses walking or moving at a calm speed, at floor level; flying, however, was messier. Steelwill nearly hit the ceiling and the emergency lights, fighting to even out in the limited space.

"Seconded," Steelheart sighed, grudgingly following suit, and taking to awkward flight.

Quicksilver groaned, but nodded to himself, and took to flight as well.

The three of them constantly threatened to collide into each other, until they worked out a better flight formation, and sped along over the autowalks and wall-mounted benches and restrooms.

"Don't stop!"

DON'T...S-STOP...

Mumbo-Jumbo's self-coaxing was bringing the giddy bull to a shuddering head, his sex swollen beyond all sanity or control. He licked helplessly at his own bulging chest muscles, golden and tight and -metallic-smooth. Each snort and puff blew out in a huge cloud of steam as he trembled and moaned into himself, stroking off harder, faster, against the cracking canyon walls. His tip ballooned too big, spasmed, darkening hotter and tighter, before...

BIGGER...B-BUH-B-BU-BIIIGGG...HUUUUUURRRRRRUUUURRRR-

Either his sex or his head was going to explode! It was coming! It...IT WAS

***"MMMMMMWWWWOOOOOUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAA
AAAAAAGH!!"***

A thunderclap of seed blew forth, an atomic bomb of thick, white, burning-hot ejaculate blasting loose into the canyon. Waves of fluid battered out against the overtight canyon, filling it like a rocky condom. The little room there funnelled the payload, forcing seed to fill every crackling crevice, including the one down below, where the monorail station fed into the side of the canyon, and the mountains beyond.

The interior walls of the station warped, cracked, and buckled out, weeping spurts of ivory that shot out, flowed down, and began to flood the flooring, before a full wave of pressurized semen blew forth, crashing through the walls, filling everything. Pillars snapped, bent out, then broke apart as the waves of seed rose higher and higher, rapidly filling the poor station to the brim, and beyond.

Mumbo bellowed hard into his pecs, quaking with need, blasting more and more violent bursts of release. His muscles strained and swelled as his backside flexed

hard and his rump squeezed. hips as wide as several dams combined slamming recklessly into the outer canyon, over and over.

Sacs as big as his lower body swelled uncontrollably, somehow getting bigger and fatter and heavier against his swollen hot thighs, instead of diminishing, even as he blew loose an escalating gush of fluid.

BIIIIIGGGGGGGUUUUURRRRRHRRRHRRRRRR!

The rumbling swelled to deafening down below as the SilverHawks kept flying, as fast as their cybernetic rocket attachments allowed. Far, far behind them, the doors to the entrance of the monorail station bent out and bowed, then cracked and snapped off, pinging away off of tired old hinges, as the waves and waves of overflowing seed gushed out into the long tunnel, pouring forth, catching up with the fleeing heroes.

"It's coming!" Steelheart shouted.

"Please, say you mean past-tense!" Steelwill begged, not wanting to look back as the semen began to gush underneath them, spattering and covering the autowalks, burying them under a thin flood of white, which continued to grow higher and higher under them.

Dust coughed down from the ceiling of the tunnel as they kept flying at top speed, having to rise higher toward the ceiling as the river of fluid surged ever-higher, toward them.

"H-how much does that bull have to give!?" Steelheart gasped.

"He's going to blow the whole mountain up into a volcano, at this rate!" Steelwill moaned, as the river filled up over half the height of the tunnel, and kept rising.

"Just focus!" Quicksilver shouted. "We're almost there! Look!"

Up ahead was light, indeed. Faint, but there. The hallways finally ended, at long last, leading up into a series of escalators and stairs. They concentrated, even as the whole mountain shook ominously and the world below quivered. They banked up into a high angle at the foot of the escalators and charged up, up, up, as the sticky river of semen crashed into the base, then started to pile and rise higher and higher, chasing them up the entire way.

"Almost, almost!"

"Prepare for impact! We're gonna hit the doorway and crash through!" Quicksilver shouted, just as the entrance of the escalators evened out for them, and they impacted the glass around the doorway, shattering it, and smashing clear out into the open!

They all shook and wobbled to right themselves; unable to, the three SilverHawks found themselves swirling out into the open valley, hugged around by the mountain ranges, before the ground rushed up to greet them, and they crashed hard.

Behind them, a fantastic geyser of seed blew out of the entryway, gushing and spattering everywhere around them. They shook off the crash and teetered to a collective stand, in time to turn back around and see what was going on, from a new perspective—and that perspective was not flattering. Well, to anyone except Mumbo-Jumbo.

The bull was looming up from the other side of the canyon and mountains, swollen with muscle and blaring out a great, dominating bellow-moo of lewd joy. Semen kept on blasting out of the station entrance on their side, gushing over the ground and parking lot and light poles and abandoned vehicles outside, pouring out wider and wider still.

The canyon itself was leaking great gouts of seed, soaking white and thick into the lake beyond it. The huge bull huffed and mooed and moaned, gushing more and more and more and more, impossibly.

"Good grief," Steelheart sighed. blinking.

"Let's not mention this in the mission debrief, later," Quicksilver muttered.

"Agreed," both chimed in, instantly.

1). Mumbo-Jumbo thinks he got them, and moves on to bigger things...

2). The SilverHawks try to use a nearby radio station, but it alerts Mumbo-Jumbo

Mumbo-Jumbo thinks he got them, and moves on to bigger things...

"Let's move, quick," Quicksilver said, already starting to step back across the far end of the overflowing parking lot, filling with runoff of the steer's seed. "While Mumbo's still, er, *enjoying* himself. Better escape while he's distracted!"

"Right!" both Steelwill and Steelheart echoed, at once.

The three of them broke off into a run, hoping their comparative tininess left them impossible to see, for the 6-mile tall bull. A large crop of trees bordered the property, and they were all-too happy to hide within it as they ran.

"I know it's unfamiliar turf," Steelwill panted as they darted around trees and bushes, "but isn't there still somewhere we should aim to go?"

"Did you see the edge of the lake, on the other side of the lot?" Quicksilver began, keeping the lead. "On the other side of the rim, by the base of the mountains...I saw tourist traps. Hotels. If we have any chance of spotting a radio, it's going to be there...maybe they have a functioning spaceport still standing, who knows..."

Mumbo-Jumbo finally felt the torrent dying down, down, steadily, slipping from a river to a stream, then a tickling trickle...then, finally, a still. An exhalation so big it could have stripped an entire forest blew loose as Mumbo fluttered his huge eyes and let his chin sink pleasantly into his inflated chest, almost shivering with how nice it felt just to be that wantonly thick. Tight. Warm. Smooth.

"RRRRRRHRRRRFHL, HRRR," he lowed, basking in a nearly-unfathomable afterglow. His lingering rage and frustration were far, far away, buried under an ocean of satisfaction and ego.

Gooooood, Mumbo thought, sighing internally, deep down. *Better good-good. Haha. Showed them! Showed them all! Mumbo biggest. So biggest and tightest...*

"RRRR."

*But...what now? Mumbo got SilverHawks. Mon*Star praise Mumbo, for sure.*

"HRRRHRRR..."

*Eh. Forget Mon*Star.*

..."RR?"

Forget Boss. Boss all tiny, now. Everyone tiny, now. Mumbo big, remember? Really really REALLY big!

Already, the bull's spent shaft was twitching, rapidly losing its flaccidity.

Wait, no...others come. Already here, maybe. Come to collect Mumbo and Hardware. Where Hardware?

Mumbo-Jumbo finally blinked, then craned his massively thick pillar of a neck, looking around dumbly.

What about him? Let them find Hardware. Hardware stupid, anyway. Yell at Mumbo a lot. Lots of lots.

A mad little snort jetted out of his huge nostrils, Mumbo licking his own muzzle over, as though a dog licking old wounds. Odd as the little slip of hurt was, for such a stupendously big god of a minotaur, it nonetheless lingered.

Hmph. Yeah. Let them show up. So what? What they possible do to Mumbo?

Smiling, the enormous bovine finally huffed and nodded, pushing off on the topsides of the canyon, forcing his monstrous bulk slowly up, up into a stand. His already-towering body rose to tremendous heights, as nearly 32,000 feet of naked male bulk stood. He dusted himself off, flexed his massive arms, and watched with a greater smile as the peak of his golden bicep stretched out, pushing high up, and staying there as he relaxed it.

...Right.

He turned around, his colossal feet slamming the moon's surface so hard that the terrain quaked out aftershocks on top of aftershocks, as he walked. Step by crashing step, feet as big as skyscrapers rose up, littering off acres of crushed rock, before smashing down into a deep, ugly crater, farther ahead. Tectonic whining answered as vast cracks and columns of smoke blasted up into the air, hissing and coiling like furious snakes, unheeded as the immense bull passed.

Despite his relishing each powerful, booming step, despite the way that miles and miles of terrain splayed out before him like a blanket, something started to gnaw on his thoughts, until the dimwitted colossus finally put it together:

Hmm. Moon boring.

The bull grunted out a thick sigh, then blinked...and looked up to space.

Hmm...but if Mumbo leave...Mumbo go anywhere he like...

Sure, but how leave? Moon still bigger. Way bigger. Maybe...if Mumbo jump?

1). *Too late—Mon*Star's cronies show up, and they aren't happy...*

2). *If Mumbo-Jumbo figures out how to get even bigger, he can leave...*

The SilverHawks try to use a nearby radio station, but it alerts Mumbo-Jumbo

The rhythmic crashing of Mumbo's hips against the far end of the canyon rumbled all the way through, coursing underfoot as the fleeing SilverHawks felt tremor upon tremor. The unsavory flood of the bull's climax kept pumping out through the entrance of the station, gushing out through the small vein beyond the rock face of the formation, on and on.

"We *really* should leave," Steelwill sighed, looking away.

"Seconded," Quicksilver said, briskly, as he scanned the periphery beyond the station lot. "Looks like there's an artificial lake separating us from...a hotel...buildings...it's a tourism spot, over there, look!"

Sure enough, across the far waters were a cluster of buildings and attractions, all gathering to interrupt the dark base of the mountains behind them.

"That means a spaceport wouldn't be very far from where the money would have been," Steelheart added, suddenly close to hopeful. "What are we waiting for?"

The other two SilverHawks had already spread their metallic cyber-wings in reply, their arms raised to allow it. The rockets in their feet ignited, and the trio blasted off across the lake at top speed. They checked throughout their passage up over the canyon, where the looming specter of Mumbo-Jumbo remained, far off, but not so far, given his 6-mile height.

"I don't think he sees us, at his size," Steelwill said, as they sped along, just over the surface of the water.

"Let's hope not," Quicksilver said.

The lake yawned ahead for only so long, and in roughly a minute's time they had alighted at the intersection of a large boardwalk, leading toward the streets and buildings and homesteads beyond.

"There," Steelheart said, pointing out. "See the insignia? That's Beldama's space travel logo, I'd recognize it anywhere. Come on!"

On the inside of the spaceport, there were pillars and rows and desks for checking out and buying tickets and bags, etc. They pushed on past the low-lit, silent lobby, searching for anything looking even remotely like a radio.

"Do you think any of them will still be operable?" Steelwill asked.

"If not, there're bound to be parts nearby, in storage," Steelheart replied, unfazed. "I can get one working, no sweat."

Mumbo-Jumbo had never known anything was capable of being sustained for so long at time—especially an orgasm. His enormously huge, heavy sacs had tightened and clenched, somehow bigger now than before his release.

The bull huffed in deep, rolling waves of bliss, feeling himself pressing hotly against the entire canyon, so big that his burling penis stuffed its interior beyond all tightness. He blasted and blasted rope upon rope of seed, grooming his own heaving chest over, as though it were his own ego he was stroking.

It might as well have been, because Mumbo was certain of his own godhood.

Even as the bursting rivers of fluid kept blasting loose, hot and tickling against his flared tip, even as the raging torrent finally, finally died down to a happy stream, then a tingling trickle, his satisfaction with himself remained wholly undiminished.

"RRRRRRR...RHR..."

He let loose a sigh that rattled the entire terrain, licking his muzzle over smoothly.

Heh, good. Good! he thought, smugly preening, flexing his bulk idly, and feeling it surge out bigger in response to his lusts. *Mumbo show stupid little SilverHawks! Nobody bigger than Mumbo, now...no one!*

At that, as he snorted a huge burst of air in delight, something alerted him to the far periphery, out beyond the canyon he had filled. The bull blinked, then squinted, seeing something...beeping? It was beeping. A light, over in a little city-town, all the way over by a lake on the other side of the canyon. It was blipping on and off, over and over.

Place empty, though, Mumbo thought, before he slowly began to furrow his brow, then glare daggers. *That mean—*

"GH...HRRRRRRR...RRRRRRRR!!"

With impossible force and strength, Mumbo-Jumbo managed to plant his enormous palms on the canyon topside, push, and lift up off his knees, to a towering stand.

"Yes, Bedlama, I read you! This is Steelheart, of the SilverHawks! Do you copy?"

The trio of SilverHawks gathered around the radio, rapt. A hiss of static persisted.

"...This is Bedlama defense forces, tower V-4, copy."

Steelwill restrained a cry, but slapped his twin sister thankfully on the shoulder, making her shush him anyway with a waved hand.

"We are currently stranded on one of your satellite moons, mining ops, we are

occupying a radio at the Inter-Space Flight Spaceport, by the lake. Requesting evac from the incoming coordinates!"

"Roger that, SilverHawks, we're more than happy to! Requesting coordinates..."

At that, the entire building shook once...then twice. Three of them went dead-still, eyes wide in dawning panic.

"...Do you copy, Steelheart?" the voice over the line asked, crackling anxiously.

1). *"Mumbo's heading here...we need to vacate, and right now!"*

2). *"Quick, before Mumbo arrives...get them the coordinates!"*

Mumbo-Jumbo erupts, and they head over an artificial lake, to slow him down

The way down the stairs was quick; the way the entire surface of the moon was shaking, no one among the three fleeing SilverHawks seemed intent on staying close by. The railing shook, the rig jumbling around in place, so that all three tiers wavered nervously overhead. The very air grew heavy and still as the vast rumbling underground grew worse, and worse, and worse.

"There's a monorail platform, over there," Steelwill started as they touched down on the ground tier floor. "We should use that!"

"The power isn't on," she panted, running the other way, toward a medium-sized building, labeled TRANSPOR SHACK. "We need something with its own fuel supply!"

Quicksilver forced the door open, letting the others go in. He followed as the overhead lights blinkered on and off, among the moonquakes.

"There!" Steelheart said, pointing at a short row of airborne gyro-skis. "The skis should do it!"

She ran past, grabbed a digital output gauge, and let it smack against each ski as she passed, as though a stick along a picket fence. Several were no-reads, but four of them bleeped from red to green, and she gave a small cheer.

"Okay, we have at least three fueled, come on!"

"Good work!" Quicksilver said, as the shack shook, throwing dust here and there. The lights went out, and only the luminance from outside gave them a chance to find and mount their rides. All three revved up to life, seeming to work fine enough to suit them—not that it was a time to be picky. "We're off! Follow my lead, both of you! We head for the canyons!"

"Right!" both said, in unison.

The floor wobbled and quaked terribly, as they all switched the anti-gravity thrusters to low, and hovered over the foundation.

Quicksilver glided out, careful not to hit the top of the door as he exited. The twins followed, and as soon as they were out, the hover setting on the thrusters was cranked up to maximum, and they shot up above the rig, taking off into flight toward the canyon to the North, surrounded by mountains on either side.

"You know," Steelwill said, coming up close to Quicksilver. "We honestly could have just flown!"

"These are a lot faster, and they'll save us some energy!" Quicksilver replied. "Now, keep up the speed! We need to reach—"

At that, the very ground heaved. A fantastic tract of moonscape crackled and bulged high into the air, splitting apart, as an enormous length of dark, metallic flesh boomed up into the air, spraying rock and boulder alike everywhere.

"Holy—"

Whichever of the SilverHawks had said it went flying back, veering violently off course, as the ground kept splitting wider and wider, cratering out angrily, to allow a swollen hilltop of girth to jut up and throb loudly into the skies.

It heaved longer, bigger, pushing painfully, furiously farther out beyond them, and as they watched, what was clearly a single tip, a head, surged and groaned and crashed back down, so titanic that its impact smashed the entire opening of the canyon, bashing it to rubble, and blocking it off. Behind it, a member as long as a small town quivered and swelled, bloated and fat and huge, further spreading the cracked landscape out as it bulged and throbbed.

"That can't be," Steelheart gasped, as the trio steered away from the monstrous digit. "It...it's that much bigger!? How big does that make..."

All three looked back, unwisely, and saw for sure. For sure, Mumbo-Jumbo was there, emerging in maddening slow-motion from the ripped-open wound in the moonscape, towering high over the mesa they had fled from, high over the now-tiny station they had escaped. It wouldn't have been big enough to stretch across a nipple, had the bull any to show on his sleek, gigantic body.

"MMMWWWHHHRRRRRRRAAAAAAUUURRRRRR!!"

The bull's bellow parted the artificial skies, blowing the speck-sized SilverHawks back, forcing them to adjust their flight patterns once more as the very air rattled and shook, everything drowning in the explosion of Mumbo's roar.

His pectorals quivered and blew up bigger, and bigger, pumping out beyond his arms, which exploded with growth on the sides. His lats blew up under his growing arms, forcing them to rise destructively, bashing his golden elbows on smaller mountains, blowing them apart to dust as he rumbled and snorted, quivered...and blew up bigger!

"Gadzooks, he's immense! How did he blow up so much bigger, so fast!?" Steelheart gasped, unblinking.

"Don't know," Quicksilver grunted, turning the gyro-ski about, and steering frantically to the far right, toward an artificially created lake. "But we desperately need to keep our distance! Come on!"

As the three zipped away, Mumbo-Jumbo caught sight, and glowered like all hellfire. He had blown all the way up from 2,100 feet to over 120,000—over 24 miles! Even 60 times larger, even grown so big and massive that his penis sank and swelled over the valley itself, he was still able to notice them running.

Hardware frantically hung on with his magnetic boots, which he had thought to strap on, once Mumbo began to take his tumble down into the moon, minutes earlier. The entire time, he finally noticed, the ray cannon had been firing away, errantly blasting the huge bull throughout.

"Uh-oh...that's...Mumbo-Jumbo! Wait! Ah, you're too big! Can't you even hear me!?"

Hardware, already a runt compared to Mumbo-Jumbo at normal size, was less than a mote of dust now, stuck to the bull's enormous copper neck. To him, it was just a nearly-flat, boundless plain that creaked and shifted loudly, as the vast minotaur slammed a huge hand to the surface, then another, and destructively pulled himself up out of his own huge crater.

His fat testicles bulged and dragged over the landscape, blasting through hills, smothering valleys, bloated and warm between his huge moving thighs. To all concerned, it was as if an entire city was on the move. A very angry, yet very aroused city.

"HRRRRRRRR...RRHRRHRRRRRRRGH!!"

"No, s-stop! Waitamminute, you moron!"

The air had grown quiet again, as the three SilverHawks had put enough distance between Mumbo-Jumbo and them to suit. They were nearing the rim of a great lake, replete with a few nearby islands and a bay packed with old fisherman's residentials and even a dilapidated resort over on the far-off side.

"Think we lost him?" Steelheart shouted over the rush of air, at Quicksilver.

"Let's hope...we're so much smaller now...maybe he didn't see us splitting off!"

Then, as they zoomed out over the lake, seeing their own reflections keeping time, they saw something else, overhead, beyond them. Something in the sky.

A penis, bigger than life, was crashing down through the air!

"Watch out!" Steelwill roared, as they all parted ways, narrowly dodging as the colossal bull's erection *thoomed* down, huge and loud, into the lake. A vast wall of spray kicked up, displacing untold volumes of water out onto the smaller islands and bayside strip. Even in a full lake, the bull's intruding member only sank about halfway down.

Back behind them, half-lost in an atmospheric haze, loomed Mumbo-Jumbo. The bull's hand splashed down just behind them, only missing by acres.

"Faster!" Steelwill shouted, zooming back around the tip of Mumbo's descended penis, to find them again. "We have to lose him!"

"How!?" Steelheart shouted back, as they saw a great shadow spill over them, over that section of the lake.

Mumbo-Jumbo buried both hands forward in the lake, submerging them part-way, as he knelt into the waters behind, and covered them with his own body, down on all fours. He snorted a vast explosion of flame from his nostrils, making them all duck down to the water's surface to narrowly fly under it. His erection throbbed up from the waters, casting off streams of it as he shook it one way, swinging it around, nearly clubbing them to bits as it swung wild.

"Hold on," Steelheart said, getting an idea. She kicked off of her gyro-ski, letting it sail back in the air behind her, so that it lodged squarely into the slit in Mumbo-Jumbo's looming penis.

She glided over to Steelwill, who knowingly steered to meet her, so that she could grab around his torso and hitch a ride on his ski, holding tight. She turned, and fired blast after blast, not at Mumbo-Jumbo, but at the lodged vehicle. One blast struck true, and it blew up in an angry little fireball of an explosion. Granted, at such a stupendous size, it didn't at all hurt the massive minotaur. But then, that wasn't the idea.

"What was that for?" Steelwill asked, understandably.

"We need a distraction!" she said back. "What's the one thing that could take up that big goon's thoughts?"

The explosion rocked through Mumbo's sensitive, half-submerged shaft, making the huge bull clench up and boom out a sudden, embarrassingly low moan of joy. Pleasure wracked his shuddering metal body, and for a few moments he was lost to a quivering series of huffs and puffs.

"RRRRRRRR...R..R-R-RRRRRRRRHR..."

"Goodness, sis," Steelwill said, turning away with a blush.

"Well, I know, but...what else was there?"

Still, sure enough, the moaning bull's joyful lapse proved enough, and the two vehicles sped off toward the lake's end, where a mountain range big enough to hide in presented itself...

(Continued)

Continued

Hardware wobbled and swayed, the miniscule dwarf-alien only holding onto Mumbo-Jumbo's sky-high body by his magnetized boots. The landscape below pitched and swung as Mumbo-Jumbo lowed and snorted, unable to help feeling himself in pleasure.

"What," Hardware stammered, looking out over to the far right, across the wide lake. Mumbo's massively bulging arm lifted up from the disturbed waters and settled on the swollen tip of his erection, making the enormous god-bull tremble in delight.

"RRRRRRR...RUUUUUUUUHURRRURRRR..."

"What are...oh, you can't be serious!" Hardware roared, his voice hardly even a whisper of a squeak to the groaning bull. "Get a grip on yours—er, no, wait, don't!"

Mumbo lidded those colossal white eyes to happy slits as he flexed his nostrils and moaned, squeezing tight on his sensitive head, making it bulge receptively as its metallic flesh dimpled and swelled against it.

"Do you even hear me, you big, bullheaded lummox!? Stop that! There's a...a t-time and a place! Compose yourself!"

Mumbo opened his enormous maw, happily letting a long, metallic tongue flump free as he groaned aloud, shaking everything, and parting the clouds. His chest twitched, his rear flexing powerfully, as he felt his way down, down the massive expanse of his bobbing, huge shaft, tickle-touching and groping on it. It bulged even larger in response, as his titanic red copper-hand played with it, down, down to his billowed-out testicles. Each one was a mountain, smooth, bulged and tight, like two metallic, gargantuan water balloons displacing untold volumes of the lake, where they rested.

"HHHHHHHRRRRHRRRRRRR..."

"D-don't you even care about getting those lousy SilverHawks!? Hey! Hey, darn you!"

Hardware grumbled the rest to himself as he took the amber amplifier and

fussed with it, removing the amplifier from the ray cannon's chamber, and switching its polarity over into the negative.

"Ignore me, I'll...what's what, and who...around here, you..."

Mumbo boom-mooed as he bit his golden lip and rubbed humongous slow circles over his sacs with both loving hands, his gigantic eyes rolling back as he threw his head up and bellowed, making the entire landscape creak.

Hardware snarled and pointed the ray cannon square at Mumbo's bulbous neck, then fired off a massive and prolonged blast.

Slowly but surely, the colossally huge cyber-minotaur began to rumble, then lurch down, in a thick reverse-spurt, the size sucking out of him as he dwindled a full smile smaller, and quickly.

Yet, such was Mumbo-Jumbo's childish delirium of bliss that the bull didn't stop to notice something was off until he had shrunken all the way down to a meager 10 miles. Sure, it was still over 52,000 feet in size, mind-breakingly large compared to what he had started out at...but after tasting such fruits, it was impossible to go back, and Mumbo boomed out a roar of fury and panic and confusion, all at once.

"RRRRRRRRUUUUOOOO!?! HHHRRR!?"

"Maybe you'll listen to me now, you moron!" Hardware snapped, as Mumbo continued to heave smaller and smaller, to 8 miles, then 4 miles. "Or can you still not pay attention to your obvious superior!?! Huh?"

At 1 mile, Mumbo's fretting escalated, to where the huge bull was looking himself over, over and over. His neck still being so big and thick around, it was impossible for the shocked bull to locate Hardware, who remained magnetized there, firing on and on.

At 1,000 feet, Mumbo was submerged halfway down into the lake, and had lost most of his fight. He sagged against his own hulking muscles, sighing in dejection, and it was then Hardware finally seemed able to reach him.

"You feel like listening to me, again? Hmm?"

Mumbo blinked, then sighed deeper, finally understanding.

"...R."

"Alright, then! Now, you listen up! Listen good, Mumbo! There's no point in overpowering you so huge and strong, if you don't go after those stupid SilverHawks! What else are you gigantic for?"

"...RRR. RR."

"Good! Now, get marching to those mountains, because that's where I saw them head, while you were...playing around!"

Finally, Hardware stopped blasting, leaving Mumbo-Jumbo at a meager 500 feet in size. He switched the amber amplifier back to positive as Mumbo-Jumbo trudged sulkily through the lake.

"And don't you whine about it! 500 feet is plenty big, already! I'll pump you bigger once we get nearer to the mountain, then you do your actual job, you hear? Those SilverHawks fled so quick, they probably don't know you're smaller for the moment. We're gonna sneak closer, then get you big enough to crush them, before they can fly off again!"

Mumbo stomped along, nodding grudgingly. All the while, though, his mind was racing as fast as it could.

Get gun, his own brain told him. Get gun, and no more told be small. No more being stopped getting big...

1). Mumbo-Jumbo goes for the gun right away

2). Mumbo-Jumbo waits until they reach the mountain to make a moo-ve

Mumbo-Jumbo goes for the gun right away

"This is ridiculous," Hardware grouched, trying to crack his nearly-nonexistent neck. "I shouldn't be having to babysit you, at any size, Mumbo-Jumbo!"

The 500-foot bull restrained a low growl as his irritation spiked, trudging sourly-along through the lake. To have been blown up so big...so gloriously, ridiculously big, then have all that size and might taken away, right after...it was too cruel to even consider.

"No moping, I said!" Hardware bellowed, making the bull's titanic brow furrow lower as Mumbo glared. "You should be thanking me!"

Taken down as many proverbial pegs as he was, Mumbo-Jumbo was still gargantuan; it shouldn't have been such a surprise to Hardware when the ambient light of the moon faded, quickly, and the skies themselves grew dark.

With an unfair speed two monstrous, looming fingertips descended, metallic and round. They pinched on either side of just the tip of Hardware's jacket and backpack, effortlessly hoisting the tiny alien up and off of his hide.

"Buh-bwuh, hey! Wait! S-stop!"

Hardware's miniscule cries went unheeded as the landscape zoomed and curved around, throwing the stocky dwarf into a spin as he twirled between the massive digits, only to look up at the boundless geography of Mumbo-Jumbo's golden snout.

"W-what's the idea, here, Mumbo?" Hardware bellowed, or tried to, given how much his jacket collar choked him, with his body weight pulling against it. "P-put...me down...r-right now--"

"RR."

The unsubtle grunt blasted out, shaking Hardware's entire world, rattling him in his bones. He gulped, blinking rapidly, trying to look like he hadn't winced in terror at the force of the bull's smallest utterance.

"Absolutely n-not!" he growled, kicking uselessly in the air. If anything, it just twisted him around more between those gigantic fingertips. "I said when we get to the mountain, and no sooner, you understand me!?"

"RRRRRRRRHR!"

Suddenly, Hardware's overall awareness of loud, and how loud loud could be, was violently amended. His eardrums wailed as the blast of percussive sound blew past, sending him further into vertigo as he dangled and spun the other way.

"Guh! I...ooh, I'll...shu-show you what's...oogh!"

He sputtered, spitefully adjusting the ray cannon, raising it blindly as he kept spinning all the way left, paused, then started to twist to the right, in the same fashion.

"I-I'll...shrink you down...to a dot!"

Mumbo's eyes widened as the ray cannon blasted freely, the beam shooting out in a drunken line through the air, this way and that. It grazed Mumbo's muzzle only incidentally, making the humongous bull lurch back in fear...only for him to momentarily ripple all over, tense up, then bulge a few hundred feet *larger*.

"RRRRRNHN?"

Mumbo's momentary flash of fear melted into delight as he realized it: Hardware had switched the amber amplifier all wrong, mid-spin.

"Ta-take this, you lousy, n-no good, ugh...w-when I get you small enough, I'll-guh-I'll stomp you to bits! I'll b-blame it on the S-s...SilverHawks...no one will care, either! Don't bother b-begging! I swear you'll pa-pay for--"

Mumbo-Jumbo huffed, smirking cruelly, before opening his bovine maw wide, and simply dropping both Hardware and the still-firing ray cannon into it. He shut his muzzle, licked it over, and snorted out a malicious burst of air.

Stupid Hardware, he thought, dusting his massive hands dismissively. *Now, for real bigging t...to...b...*

Mumbo's eyes widened as wide as they could go, then somehow that much wider, after. An ugly, deep rumbling began to swell up within him, cascading in surreal waves across his gigantic, musclebound body.

"R...RRRRRRH...RRRHR..."

Thick cables of electricity webbed and danced along Mumbo-Jumbo's metal bulk, tickling his body as it started to shake ominously. Forks of lightning crackled off of his dangling erection as it barely skimmed the surface of the lake, traveling out over the waters, before Mumbo watched the vast digit balloon aggressively out, expanding in one sudden bulge to twice its size.

"HHHH...HNNNNHHN..."

The huge bull's shoulders and neck boomed bigger, swelling like waves over himself, before his biceps erupted bigger, stronger, bursting out like exploding mounds of gold as his lats blew up and out, mashing into his growing back muscles. His pectorals billowed so massively that it rocked him backward, his hips swelling wider as his thighs ballooned bigger in the water below.

His globes blew up and up, parting the lake, sending ripples out in rings as they kept expanding. They bobbed like growing islands in the water, half-buoyed and smooth-tight, their lift-up pushing his heaving erection higher up as well.

His entire body caught up to his muscles and sex as Mumbo lurched up, up, to 1,100 feet, the bovine shaking with pleasure, too much power and growth, too fast. He quaked and gulped and m-m-mooded out lewdly, feeling his erection boom three times larger, as his muscles exploded everywhere, and his trembling body blasted up to triple its size!

Yet, the shuddering was getting worse...and the lightning was gathering all over his nude, gleaming muscles...

"HHHHHHHNMNNH...RRRRR...HHHHRRRRRRRR..."

3,300 feet rumble-boomed angrily up to 12,000 feet...the electricity was getting worse and worse, and the entire lake was stirring with the sheer vibration of his buildup...

"I don't think we're being followed," Steelwill panted, as the three SilverHawks touched down on the artificial forestry hugging to the side of the mountain. "Or if we are, they're doing a lousy job."

"Either way, we keep moving," Quicksilver said, as they ditched the two remaining skis, and took to moving through the woods. "We ought to find some place soon, maybe one of the old mining towns..."

"You just get me near a radio, and I'll take it from there," Steelheart said, as they ran along.

"Remember, Mumbo-Jumbo's still enormous, so if we make too much fuss anywhere, even at his size, he could spot us, so we go quiet--"

The land under their feet shuddered, making all three of them slow to an unwanted, pregnant pause. The shuddering continued, then somehow managed to get even worse.

"You don't suppose..." Steelheart began, when something happened to the horizon; what happened was, it vanished. Or moved higher. Something of such an enormity was swelling up over the terrain that it momentarily registered as only some blob or mass, too big to be taken directly in.

In the same way one might observe the grand canyon, the three stopped and gawked, watching, as the body of Mumbo-Jumbo boomed up higher and higher into view. They had flown practically half a state away, going at high speeds, and even from such a distance, they came to understand not only who it was, but who it was, in great and terrible detail.

"Holy smokes," Steelwill slowly said.

The bull must have stood over *50 miles tall*, well over a quarter of a million feet tall, easily dwarfing his enormity from earlier. His bulk had swollen so monstrously that each muscle seemed fit to explode, throbbing and heaving bigger and bigger against every other one, as he brought up fists as big as small towns and flexed, making his chest muscles boom under his chin, his shoulders bursting out just before his biceps overwhelmed them out of sight.

"MWRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUUAAAAAAAAA—"

The moon itself shook as they felt the tremors catch up to the mountain, shaking the forests around the SilverHawks, who could only cry out in shock as Mumbo's body trembled and shook and hiccuped, billowing angrily as he doubled his size...shook...and doubled again, and again!

The roaring bull's body surged up high into the haze of the artificial atmosphere, before his bloated pectorals and gargantuan palms slammed catastrophically down to the turf on either side of the mountain ranges. They all shook, flinging countless rocks and boulders and townships off of their foundations—the SilverHawks included.

The 400-mile behemoth groaned all over as he rumbled, looming on his palms over the entire landscape. Pectorals big enough to build a whole state on heaved as Mumbo panted and huffed and moaned, wracked by agonizing glee, only to shake even worse overhead.

"Wh-what do we do!?" Steelheart balked, cast in the same looming shadow as Steelwill and Quicksilver. "He's right over us! His chest could...could crush...us..."

Quicksilver intended to tell her to run for all they were worth. He certainly had the thought, at the moment.

That was until he and the other two saw Mumbo's shaft, ramming out along the terrain toward them. A tip bigger than reality burled over the crackling landscape, smashing everything apart as the bull's bloated erection ballooned bigger, and bigger, crashing their way.

Before any of them could react, that great, pendulous member crashed up against the base of the entire mountain range, easily 80 miles long and 15 wide, crushing the thin sheet of forestry flat as even the rock and moon shattered under its weight. Its speed of growth was such that the girth was already up the mountainside and arcing over the peak, before the entire mountain crushed down in a blasting burst of smoke and debris...

Yet Mumbo-Jumbo seemed to take no notice, as he groaned his way into a booming MOO, and trembled, and quaked, and tensed, and doubled in size again, to 800 miles...2,400 miles...

(Continued)

Mumbo-Jumbo waits until they reach the mountain to make his moo-ve

Much as he hated it, a small but insistent part of Mumbo-Jumbo sounded off the loudest—surprising even him:

Hardware worked up, mad. Wait him calm again. Wait. Let him think Mumbo dumb and comp...compla...on his side. Then, do it. Take ray blast gun and make bigger...and bigger...and bigger...

The 500-foot bovine's erection nearly swelled back up to full mast, but as with his head, his sex showed just enough restraint to work things out as peaceful.

"...RR."

"Good," Hardware growled, nodding authoritatively. "Now, get to the getting, while it's gettable! March!"

The enormous cyber-bull caught a growl in his throat, one that would have blown Hardware's away. He snorted it out, and obediently took a massive step forward, thudding down into the lake, toward the mountain range ahead.

Can't mess up, Mumbo thought, increasingly focused. Got do right, right away, or Hardware know. If Hardware know, Hardware get real mad, shrink Mumbo more...

"Whew, I don't see any bulls swallowing the horizon," Steelwill huffed as the three SilverHawks touched down on the forested slopes of the mountainside, buried in a swath of man-made trees and bushes. "Strange as it is to be sayin' that danged sentence, aloud..."

"There's got to be somewhere better we can hide," Steelheart said, looking the forest over. "At his size, hiding down here won't mean much. He could just smash the whole area flat, if he wanted to."

"What we need is a radio to hail someone, anyone," Quicksilver said, already pushing forward through the brush. "That means we need a town, or a mining quarter, or spaceport...though the spaceport, honestly, was probably back there, by the rim of the lake."

"Right," Steelwill sighed. "So, we need somewhere that works, but isn't under Mumbo-Jumbo's shadow."

"What say we just pick a direction, at this rate?" Steelheart suggested, shrugging her cybernetic shoulders. "It's more important to move, if we can't figure somethin' good outta committee."

A singular impact shivered through their feet, interrupting. The trees overhead swayed once, scattering a few leaves, and their gazes went from above to below, following the leaves down to the view of the moonscape. Something big was cresting over the upper ridge along the mountainside, clearing the valley below...and, big as it still was, it was, to their surprise, considerably less big than they were all expecting. When fleeing something as big as an entire city, something as big as a building no longer carried the same scale of terror.

Still.

"He's smaller," Steelheart muttered, visibly taken aback. "Way, way smaller...how?"

Quicksilver squinted, then pursed his lips as another impact tremored up through the mountain.

"Hardware."

"If he's still with Mumbo, then he must have shrunk him down," Steelwill added. "Which means he still has that ray cannon on him."

"Which means he can blow Mumbo-Jumbo back up to size, when he wants to," Steelheart gasped, understanding. "We're not even remotely safe here!"

"True," Quicksilver said, "but it also means we can easily flee, if Mumbo gets bigger again. We're still hidden. What if we rush them before they can catch us?"

"And do what, charge the bull?" Steelwill balked. "That's a crazy play! We'd still bounce off of him like peas from a peashooter!"

"Not Mumbo," Quicksilver corrected, turning to the twins. "Hardware."

"The ray cannon!" Steelheart said, her eyes widening. "We can turn the whole thing around if we could just get a hold of it!"

"Exactly. No need to run, if we can blast them down to size."

Another tremor reached, then another. Down below, the massive bull was storming closer and closer, nostrils flaring, chest heaving, muscles gleaming in the pale light. Quicksilver's metallic wings extended back down along his arms. He rolled his shoulders, and took a breath.

"We can't miss," he quietly said. It was more like an order than a warning. "One shot is all we're getting. Understood?"

The twins both looked at each other, then nodded to Quicksilver, suddenly and entirely resolved.

"Say when," Steelwill replied.

Mumbo-Jumbo rumbled as he stomped along the valley, having stepped out of the lake earlier. Water dappled out a telltale trail from it to him as he shook, out of nowhere, and began to rumble even deeper, suddenly lost in some odd pleasure.

"RRRR..."

Hardware blinked, then looked the quaking bull up and down.

"What is...oh...oh! You're growing again, are you, Mumbo? Well, you had better keep your wits about you, you hear!?"

Just as Mumbo-Jumbo began to rattle and shake all over, his muscles bulging in anticipatory joy, something less-expected happened...

1). The Miraj crashes down onto Mumbo-Jumbo, interrupting!

2). Mumbo-Jumbo swells up much bigger than Hardware expects

"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!" Steelheart 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!" Steelwill shouted, clutching impotently at the rising bulge of the minotaur's expanding bicep.

"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," Steelheart moaned, letting go of the thigh as it suddenly erupted larger against her, practically shoving her back. Steelwill 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!" Steelheart 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 your stupid fuse, already!"

But nothing blew up, 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-BOOOOOOOOOOOM!!

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!" Steelheart 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 in pleasure as a tower 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 Steelheart, 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. Steelheart 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 1,080 feet, as big as one of Bedlama's medium-height skyscrapers! 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!" the alien shouted, indignantly impatient.

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. 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, who still, STILL kept blasting, making the quaking minotaur's body bloat out even worse, until...

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

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

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

Mumbo-Jumbo's power climbed and climbed, even as the engorged god-bull lowered himself 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 moved to stop Hardware, but the determined alien lurched away with a nasty snarl.

"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!" Steelwill 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!?" Steelheart 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," Steelheart 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, Steelwill and Steelheart 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 that was Mumbo-Jumbo. "Unforeseen as this all was...it does give me a few good ideas..."

1). Hardware shrinks Mumbo down to pocket-size...with the sun still in him

2). Hardware decides to climb aboard and hijack Mumbo-Jumbo, himself!

Hardware shrinks Mumbo down to pocket-size...with the sun still in him

Hardware hastily swapped out the poles on the amber amplifier, inserting the negative end forward, instead of the positive. He clicked it into place, then activated the ray cannon once more.

"This should do the job, now that he's out," the alien said, finding it awfully easy to take aim at Mumbo-Jumbo. Anywhere he pointed, there was bull; Mumbo's golden muzzle alone stretched out far on either side of Hardware, who pulled the cannon's trigger, and blasted a long, long burst of inverted energy into the gaping minotaur's mouth.

As it turns out, it didn't take all that long for the effects to kick in: Mumbo-Jumbo's colossally big body, well-over half a mile tall, began to quiver, then sigh down in size, lurching a few hundred feet smaller...then twice as small, down to a 'mere' 1,600 feet. Hardware peeked back at the SilverHawks, who were still passed out on the soil, then kept at his task, blasting away.

Mumbo-Jumbo laid there, dwindling down rapidly in the ruins of the crater his own body had created, seconds before. 1,000 feet trembled and slipped down, down to 700 feet...400 feet...

"Getting there," Hardware murmured, as Mumbo-Jumbo shrank down past 100 feet, then 50...40...30...20...

Once he reached his normal size, Hardware paused. He stopped firing, but didn't put the ray cannon away, or turn it off. He seemed locked in a fit of sudden inspiration, and was listening to it intently.

"Hmm."

Hardware grinned maliciously as an idea hit—and he resumed blasting. Mumbo-Jumbo shrank down even further, now smaller than ever before, deflating down to 5 feet...4 feet...3 feet...2 feet...

He was no bigger than some street mutt, and still getting smaller. It was the first time Hardware had ever, *ever* seen Mumbo smaller than him. 10 inches...8 inches...5 inches...

"There," Hardware said, stopping. He walked over to the toy-sized bull, still passed out, able to easily fit into Hardware's hand—which is just what happened. "Got you all to myself, now!"

With that, he stowed the unconscious mini-taur in his coat pocket, and checked the SilverHawks one last time, before walking off casually to the rendezvous point.

As the Limbo Limo touched down, Hardware stood alone, the story already worked out in his head. He walked over to the vintage car-styled spaceship, and hopped into the backseat, as the driver, Melodia, turned back to look him over.

Even in her punk-pop-rock ensemble and skirt, even with her musical-note shades over her glasses, under that shock of two-tone green hair, Hardware could tell. He knew she was glaring.

"Where's the new sun at?" she asked, briskly.

"Mumbo-Jumbo's got it."

"And where's Mumbo-Jumbo at?" she sighed, growling slightly.

"The SilverHawks got him. They took off a minute ago. If you'd gotten here on time, we maybe could have fought them off!"

"Don't lecture me, you stocky little troll!" Melodia snapped, taking the Limbo Limo up into the atmosphere. "You're the ones that failed Mon*Star!"

As they drove, Hardware grinned a crooked little grin. In his pocket, the miniscule Mumbo-Jumbo rested, still wiped-out, still silent.

Oh, Hardware thought gleefully, have I got plans for you...

*1). Hardware sneaks Mumbo into Mon*Star's lair, for a hostile takeover!*

2). Mini-Mumbo sneaks free into space...but he's still shrinking!

Hardware sneaks Mumbo into Mon*Star's lair, for a hostile takeover!

"Mon*Star's gonna break you in two, you know," Melodia snarked, sing-songy and smug, as the Limbo Limo veered off into the deeper blackness of Limbo. "It's the only way you could possibly get any shorter."

"Har-har," Hardware sneered, rolling his beady eyes. "You just let me worry about Mon*Star."

"Oh, darling, *I will.*"

The car-ship swerved again, leading down, down into the dark jewel that was Brimstar, home of the notorious gang, led by the terrible crime boss, Mon*Star. It nearly glowed with red malice, a crimson eye left permanently open, staring out from space. It was into the star-like opening on its surface that they flew into, sinking down, down into the dread heart of the planet.

"Your funeral awaits, ugly," Melodia chirped, uncaring, as she touched the car down on the landing strip outside of Mon*Star's tower.

"Big deal," he huffed, taking the ray cannon with him, when Melodia pulled it back by the strap.

"Uh-uh. This sucker is going straight to Mon*Star. You just go on in. Have fun."

"Humph."

Hardware felt his pocket once more, making sure that Mumbo-Jumbo was still out cold. He smiled, and headed into the tower.

Let her keep it, he thought. I have contingencies.

Inside were several other cronies of the mob: Mo-Lec-U-Lar, the shapeshifting spy and assassin, Buzz-Saw, a robotic thug with circular saws for hands, Yes-Man, Mon*Star's slithering naga-like toadie, and Windhammer, a cross between an elf and a merman, wielding a large tuning fork. Timestopper was among them—just as he had been hoping.

Good. This will work, then.

The five thugs turned to face Hardware as he entered, alone. When Mumbo-Jumbo didn't follow along, there were snickers and murmurs aplenty—they just weren't from Mon*Star.

"Well, Hardware?"

The craggy growl of a voice belonged to none other than the Lord of Limbo, Mon*Star. He sat on a high throne at the back center of the interior, scowling with his one good eye. An ornate eyepatch covered the other, a mane of dark hair surrounding his semi-feline features and sharp teeth. That same foul fur covered his large body as well, making him the kind of intimidating that never diminished.

It was that very intimidation that Hardware, just this once, managed not to cower away from.

"Mumbo-Jumbo has been taken in by the SilverHawks, my Lord," Hardware began. "The sun is with him, I'm afraid."

Mon*Star kept glowering from his red throne, unblinking. The other five kept muttering to themselves, unnerved, ready to catch a slice of whatever hell was possibly headed their way.

"So, you've failed utterly, then?" Mon*Star rumbled, glaring even harder, somehow. "On all possible fronts, it seems!"

"For the moment, only," Hardware replied, defensive. "The SilverHawks are en route here! Melodia only beat them over here due to the route she took, and that the Limbo Limo is a much lighter, faster craft. I come with warnings! We should prepare!"

"DO NOT PRESUME TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO, HARDWARE!"

Mon*Star's voice came out so big and deep that it made all present shrink back in fear. Even hardware still flinched. He told himself he did so as an act, even if that was only a half-truth.

"M-my apologies! I only meant that battle might be our only option!"

Hardware quickly eyed Timestopper, who was yawning, also feigning indifference over on his end of the crowd. The dwarven alien restrained a grin, readying an extremely small device in his other pocket.

"Hmph...yes. Very well, then," Mon*Star mused, growling lowly. "Then prepare, we shall! Yes-Man!"

"Y-yes, boss!" the lowly green-skinned man-naga said, saluting.

"Prepare the transformation beam!"

"Right away, boss!"

Mon*Star leaned back in his throne as Yes-Man snaked his way over to a large console, and began to press buttons. The apex of the tower suddenly parted out, sliding away, to reveal the stars of space up above them.

As it finished, Mon*Star began his chant of power:

Moon Star of Limbo...give me the might...

Hardware turned slightly toward Timestopper, and clicked the button on the device in his pocket. At once, the large mounted digital clock on the teen punk's chest blipped on, blinking a 1:00 readout.

...the muscle...and the menace of...

Timestopper noticed the clock turning itself on, and balked in shock.

"What in the—"

MON...STAAAAARRRRRR—

At that, before anyone else could say or do anything, the clock on Timestopper's chest moved down to :59, then :58, counting down its seconds.

"Eheehee! Perfect!" Hardware crowed, removing Mumbo-Jumbo from his pocket. He removed the device with his other hand, pointed it at Mon*Star, up on his throne, and pushed the button.

A soft aura enveloped Mon*Star, and Hardware lifted his entire feline body up off of it and lowered him down, the gravity around the crime boss nullified entirely.

Just as he had exerted force on Timestopper's clock's button, Hardware now exerted it on Mon*Star, lowering him down to a seat on the floor, below the steps to his high throne.

:31...:26...

"Now, your turn, Mumbo-Jumbo," Hardware chuckled, clearly well-pleased with himself. "Go take your seat!"

With that, Hardware used the small device to cover all 5 inches of Mumbo up, and gravitationally lift him up, up to the throne.

:15...:11...

He set Mumbo-Jumbo down, put the device away, and quickly waddled away from the main throne room, all the way down to the entrance hallway.

"We'll see who ends up on top, you louse," Hardware muttered vengefully, as the clock finished its countdown.

:03...

:02...

:01...

Everyone remained as they were when time resumed, with the exception of Timestopper, who patted himself over in surprise, and Mon*Star, who fell out of his seated position and tumbled back-flat to the floor.

"W-what in blazes!?"

He bellowed in shock as the Moon Star's beam shot down through the opening in the tower, blasting the passed out Mumbo-Jumbo, still tiny, still set upon the throne...

1). It...doesn't work!?

2). Mumbo grows incredibly powerful and huge...why is Hardware happy?

3). Mumbo changes into an unstoppable, growing beast...he's too strong!

It...doesn't work!?

"Weeheehee," Hardware chortled, having absconded to the safety of the entry hall, behind a tall pillar. "Come on, Mumbo...soak it all up, and clobber those morons for me! That obedience module I placed in you should leave you doing exactly what I want you to..."

On the Moon Star's beam poured, bright bloody-red as it settled over the tiny Mumbo-Jumbo, who remained slumped and asleep, a toy limply sagging in the corner of Mon*Star's mighty throne.

Hardware seemed the only one paying real attention as the other cronies had all taken to rushing over by Mon*Star. The humanoid feline growled angrily, rising back up to an undignified stand.

"WHAT IS THIS NONSENSE!?" the tyrant roared, looking in confusion around the floor of the throne room. The others all gulped and backed away, having realized their mistake in approaching their Boss when in a rage. "WHO DID THIS!?"

When no one answered, Mon*Star finally did the same as Hardware, and looked back up the stairs to the throne, where the beam poured away, unattended.

"Come on, already," Hardware muttered, his cocky grin slipping away gradually. "Come on, grow!"

The stocky alien backed away slowly, so as to avoid detection, when he felt himself bump into someone behind him at the mouth of the tower entrance.

"Where're you going, in all that commotion?" Melodia asked, confused in the moment. She looked over the dwarf's head, saw the raging Mon*Star wobbling to his feet and rubbing his rear sourly, then glared down at Hardware. Only for her, there was a smile to go with it.

"What'd you do, this time?"

"N-nothing!" Hardware stammered defensively. "Not a..."

"Not a what?"

There it was—the ray cannon! Melodia hadn't put it away, it was still on her!

"Ragh!"

"H-hey!"

Hardware put everything he had into lunging on Melodia, and yanking the ray cannon off. The strap slipped out, lifting her arm up, and with a final pull the little alien tumbled back, cannon in tow, snarling happily.

"There! Haha!"

With no hesitation, Hardware turned the gun on himself, cranked the setting, and fired away. The beam poured into him, making his eyes narrow to slits as wild energy filled his body, tingling and hot, making it all throb and rumble, before Hardware began to grow larger, before her.

His bulky body swelled wider, then higher, his pointed ears twitching happily as he ballooned bigger, stretching his beat old jacket tighter and tighter, pulling the buttons and warping the seams until they began to split against his groaning shoulders.

"W...whoa..." Melodia gasped, stumbling back, not bothering to get up.

She scattered back hastily as Hardware surged up to her height, then higher, snorting and laughing as he felt his backpack straps pull tighter and wider, before the fabric ripped and popped away.

The backpack tumbled down behind his growing feet as his pants began to rip and shred away, the leggings tearing up the vertices of bulging thighs, leading up to a pulsing, massive bulge bursting out against the taut contours of his pants. She saw the lewd girth of his sex as it bulged even bigger, and bigger, heaving in a hot bulge that caught in the middle, shook, then blew up even bigger, until a massive, stubby penis tore loose and swung high among a wave of tatters.

"HAH!" Hardware finally boomed, his head pushing up, up against the arches of the hallway's vaulted ceiling. The trembling jackets popped one button like a ricocheting bullet, then another, before the sleeves erupted open, and the back ripped down the center, revealing a nude, 30-foot giant that was formerly Hardware.

Melodia was already tearing off down the stacks of junk and black debris around the courtyard of the tower, out into Brimstar's unhappy plains. With a rattling series of cracks and breaks, Hardware forced his gigantic nude body angrily around, smashing and snapping and battering the pillars and walls and ceiling with his own bulky mass as he faced a very hocked crowd of both cronies and leader.

"HARDWARE!?" Mon*Star bellowed, his confusion instantly melting into fury. "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS!?"

The Moon Star faded off again, and the column of dark energy faded with it, leaving Mumbo-Jumbo alone on the throne, miniscule and spent. Hardware glared up at it as he tore his way destructively into the main throne room, blasting the walls and molding out with him as he stomped nearer.

"HUMPH," the now-massive dwarf alien snorted, irritated. "I CAN'T BELIEVE IT DIDN'T WORK. NO MATTER. PLAN B, IT IS!"

The smaller cronies all backed away nervously. The sight of them doing so, of them being the small ones now, made Hardware's wares hard. His plump shaft bobbed

high up in a pleased nod of affirmation as he shuddered, snarled, and purposefully loomed over them, over 50 feet tall now. The ray cannon stopped firing, staying firmly hidden and safe in Hardware's semi-clenched fist.

"THIS WAS YOUR PLAN?" Mon*Star growled, dusting himself off. He remained put, shoving an accusing finger up at Hardware. "YOU THINK MAKING YOURSELF LARGER WILL INTIMIDATE ME, YOU OVERGROWN GOON?"

"IF IT DOESN'T, MON*STAR, I CAN ALWAYS GET BIGGER, AND BIGGER, UNTIL WE SEE WHAT *DOES* INTIMIDATE YOU! HAHA!"

A massive foot slammed down, just shy of Mon*Star, shaking the entire throne room. Pillars wobbled and dust blew loose as the tremors faded off, leaving only himself and Mon*Star. Cracks danced out along the flooring, ominous and legion.

"WHEN I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, HARDWARE, I'LL--"

Said foot impacted closer, hurdling Mon*Star flat to the floor. More cracks split out underneath, the entire room shaking once again, as Hardware loomed over him, seeing the tyrant's head and mane sticking out from between two gigantic toes.

"OH, YOU'LL DO *WHAT*?" Hardware bellowed, laughing. "JUST WHAT WILL YOU DO TO ME? HMM?"

The other cronies had fled, along with Melodia, but Yes-Man remained. The green naga gulped, hiding behind the power console near the throne stairwell, and it was to that console he quietly slipped, unseen. He looked back anxiously, then slithered to the trap buttons, and mashed down on one in particular.

A huge trap door slipped open, but to his horror, it wasn't quite wide enough. All that happened was Hardware roared in shock as he felt one foot slip down into it, the other still wide and large enough to have missed it entirely. All it did was force Hardware down into an awkward slip, partially lost in the opened death trap.

"W...REALLY!?" he snapped, glaring daggers down at Yes-Man, at the console. "YOU SNIVELING WORM, YES-MAN! WE COULD BE RID OF THIS WRETCHED RULER!"

"I, uh," Yes-Man fumbled, snaking his way back to the wall as Hardware brought the ray gun back up to himself.

"YOU, UH, NOTHING! IF THAT'S HOW IT IS..."

Again, he blasted himself, and again, his rumbling body shook and trembled, tensing in, then blowing up even bigger...and bigger...and bigger...

"YES-MAN, YOU INEFFECTUAL IDIO--" Mon*Star boomed, as Hardware's remaining foot swelled up over him, smothering the last words as the alien's leathery soles surged bigger.

"SHUT UP, ALL OF YOU!" Hardware roared, as he ballooned larger, his growing shoulders basing into crackling pillars, his head pushing higher and higher up toward the tall ceiling. 60 feet burst hotly to 70 feet, shaking and panting, the aroused giant's growth speeding up as he growled and swelled with power and size. "I'VE HAD IT! THAT'S IT! THIS WHOLE LOUSY PLACE IS GOING BYE-BYE!"

At that, the floor cracked and moaned, then started to buckle lower. The cracks deepened darkly as Hardware's 80-foot body grew heavier and heavier, bigger and wider, before the entirety of the floor itself suddenly heaved lower, making Mon*Star, Yes-Man and even Hardware all go wide-eyed. It all sank lower as Hardware's rumbling body blew up loudly, stretching and bulging, to a full 100 feet, when—

CRAAAAAAAASSSSSSSH!

The gigantic Hardware, Mon*Star, and Yes-Man all tumbled, screaming and flailing, down, down, down into the abyssal dark, falling far down into the pits of Brimstar. Only the half-crumbling remains of the tower still stood, a gutted shell, with only a few cracked columns and the stairwell and throne left.

Among the silence, at long last, the cronies all came back, nervously surveying the gaping hole that was once the floor.

"He sank," Windhammer muttered, in shock. "The place looks one good impact away from collapsing in..."

"It wasn't just Hardware that sank, though," Melodia said, looking around. "Yes-Man...and Mon*Star, too...they're all gone..."

"Meaning...the throne is *mine!*"

Mo-Lec-U-Lar had said the last words, just as he morphed into a large beetle, which flew over the gaping hole, toward the throne. As the other henchmen and woman shouted their anger and disagreement, a terrible rumbling arose—but it wasn't from the hole.

Something suddenly swelled up into view, from high up on the throne itself. Just as Mo-Lec-U-Lar had landed its growing bulk swelled up over him, flattening the shocked shapeshifter against the throne as it billowed bigger and bigger, becoming clear.

"Mumbo...J-Jumbo!?" Melodia hollered, pointing, as the bull's dozing body bulldozed bigger and bigger, bulging from toy-sized to ship-sized, growing out over the stairs, crushing them.

His huge feet and dangling legs swelled out over the hole, heel slamming the far walls of the tower's shell, getting bigger, and bigger. His head pushing up the back side, his nude body shaking and growing and filling everything, until the entire tower,

cronies, and Mumbo all tumbled down into the same hole, leaving only a blasting pillar of smoke and rubble...then nothing more, at all.

THE END

Mumbo grows incredibly powerful and huge...why is Hardware happy?

Hardware stayed as well-put behind the hallway column as he possibly could, given his wide dimensions; a wily grin snaked all over his alien face, barely restraining a nasty snicker at the sight of his leader on his rear. It was where he belonged.

"Right...now, Mumbo, do your thing...absorb it all," he whispered, secretly willing the miniaturized bull slumped over on Mon*Star's throne to balloon with power. As it turned out, he was more right than he ever would have dared guess.

"WHAT WAS THAT NONSENSE, JUST NOW!?" Mon*Star bellowed, wobbling fairly unceremoniously to a stand. "WHAT HAPPENED!?"

"I, uh," Yes-Man warbled, slithering nearer, all as the Moon Star's beam continued cascading down onto the throne overhead. "I don't ah, k-know, Boss..."

"Y-you just crashed down here, all of a sudden," Buzz-Saw droned, shrugging his robotic shoulders.

"I KNOW THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, YOU METAL MORON! WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS HOW, AND RIGHT NOW!"

Among the chaos and chatter, the beam continued pouring away, on and on, until it finally died down, and only Hardware saw its fruits come aggressively to bear.

"That's right," he murmured, glaring, yet smiling wickedly at the same time, as two metallic red heels suddenly began to peek out over the edge of the throne, surging out bigger, longer. "Grow..."

A singular fleshy digit snuffled up over the edge, as the feet and calves sank toward the bottom, two swelling metallic mounds bulging bigger and tighter under it. Beyond the flaring head of his firming penis, Mumbo-Jumbo's horned bull-head began to creep up into view, as the cybernetic minotaur slept-grew his way up against its backrest, suddenly half as big as Mon*Star; with another thick, hot tremble, the bull lurched violently larger, swelling up to double that, making him fill the entire throne snugly—then less and less so.

"R..."

Mumbo-Jumbo's eyes fluttered, then blinked, closed...and opened wide, as untold power rumbled within him, making the bull snort awake with a low growl of pleasure. He *boomed* bigger, overflowing in size, so that his stretching metal muscles burst out over the arm rests and sides, as his head lurched higher and higher up over the back, until the entire throne, easily big enough for the mighty Mon*Star, was only as big as a child's booster seat.

The bull rattled and twitched, and boomed twice as big, still, ballooning so big that the throne warped out, quaked, then blew apart, allowing his huge metal rump to thud down and swell over the top of the stairwell.

"Weeheehee!" Hardware laughed, openly dancing in a little sloppy circle, as the 30-foot Mumbo grunted and hugged himself, feeling his muscles all bulge receptively against one another, groaning and creaking tight. His heels thumped down, down along the sides of the stairwell, bumping and swelling against them as he rumbled and blew up twice as big, again, pouring like molten gold over the stairwell and throne, so that he was sitting on the entire thing like a chair.

High pillars of foul red rock met his growing thighs as he passed 60 feet, shuddering and moaning happily. The cracks formed within only a second of resistance, then grew much worse.

"HR...RRRH-HRRR-R..."

One massive foot crashed down beside the cronies and Mon*Star, shaking them, making them all turn and stop their chatter, at the sight of Mumbo-Jumbo, looming up high over them all...gigantic...and getting...bigger!

"WHAT," Mon*Star gulped, stepping back, mowing through his own underlings in his shock. "IS THAT...MUMBO-JUMBO!?"

"It is, indeed!" Hardware bellowed, stepping out from behind a column by the entrance. The crowd of baddies turned to him, wide-eyed, before Mon*Star wheeled on him in a much more dramatic fashion.

"YOU DON'T LOOK AT ALL SURPRISED BY THIS INSANITY, HARDWARE...IS THIS YOUR DOING!?"

As he spoke Mumbo-Jumbo's shaking feet swelled even bigger, spreading over the cracking floor of the tower chamber, making the other cronies all stumble away in fear. Mumbo blew a thick happy snort, shaking and quaking, then booming up even bigger! He cleared 120 feet, and kept blowing up thicker, muscles all pumping disproportionately massive and full, creaking with power and smooth, heated girth. His toes curled along the floor as his erection boomed even larger, bobbing firm and high over the stairs, only to let the prodigious member slap back down over them, partially thumping down on his bloated metal globes.

The stairwell cracked as he moaned and groped heedlessly on his own pectorals, feeling them grow, feeling himself swell with hot pressure and delighted growth!

"So what if it is, Mon*Star?" Hardware crowed, puffing smugly. "So what if I made sure to give everything the Moon Star has to Mumbo, while you were unawares?"

"WHY, YOU FILTHY LITTLE TROLL!" Mon*Star hissed, rearing back in a blind rage. His dark mane fluttered with overflowing malice as he tensed up, bulging his still-impressive bulk as it flexed out against his thick fur. "I'LL TEAR YOU APART!"

"Mumbo!" Hardware shouted, clapping once, and only once. When the mountainous minotaur blinked, then instantly rose from his crumbling seat and *thoom-thoomed* over to Mon*Star, a gargantuan hand outstretched, Mon*Star finally understood the situation as much as he needed to.

In a second, the 160-foot behemoth had Mon*Star completely within his red-handed grasp. Fingers as big as small trees swelled on and on around the tyrant, making him thrash and snarl, though to no avail.

"LET...M-ME GOOOO!"

"Mmm...no," Hardware said, plainly. "No, I don't think that I will! All you louses, surrender! Otherwise, Mumbo eats Mon*Star whole!"

The other underlings all grumbled, unsure of what to do, looking at each other in sullen resignation.

"WHAT ARE YOU IDIOTS WAITING FOR, AN INVITATION!?" Mon*Star roared, incensed. In response, Mumbo-Jumbo's hand swelled even bigger over him, smothering out his words as he vanished in the bull's palm.

"See?" Hardware continued, waving a dismissive hand. "To my point! Does anyone here approve of his leadership? Be honest."

Mo-Lec-U-Lar and Buzz-Saw looked at each other, then shrugged.

"And you, Yes-Man?" He treats you worst of all!"

The green naga sighed, then slowly nodded.

"Okay, then. I'm taking over this-here operation! Any complaints?"

He cut as mean a glare as he could to the others, who all looked to him, then up at Mumbo-Jumbo. The 200-foot bull glared back at them, nodding his allegiance to Hardware, and though he had finally stopped growing bigger, the threat hadn't diminished one single bit.

"He won't help you," Hardware sneered, thumbing up at the huge bull. "He answers to me! I already modified the big brute earlier, when it mattered! Hehe, he's loyal to the core! Right, Mumbo-Jumbo?"

Mumbo bellowed out a huge low of approval, his back muscles bulging gladly against the ceiling of the tower, itself, nearly too big to be contained therein.

"And I'll make you bigger, Mumbo...much bigger! Heehee! You'll crush everyone in our way, won't you, my big friend?"

Mumbo shuddered at the words; his thick erection boomed out loudly, stretching bigger, filling heavier and thicker as it wobble-nodded in lustful agreement...

1). Melodia is still outside, and she has the ray cannon...

2). No one is able to stop the huge bull, or Hardware

Mumbo changes into an unstoppable growing beast...he's too strong!

Deep within a cold sleep, something began to filter into Mumbo-Jumbo's body and thoughts, slowly and surely, filling it with heat. The miniaturized cyber-bull twitched, at long last, as the Moon Star's beam continually blasted away, covering him and Mon*Star's throne in ruby-red light.

The passed-out bovine groaned all over as his metallic body fed freely, soaking up untold energies, until his toy-sized frame began to finally shudder and convulse, spurting a stray inch larger...then another inch...and another...

His heels dragged along the seat of the throne as he steadily filled more and more of it, his eyes starting to flutter open absently as he grew. The back of his horned head charted an awkward path up along the backrest as it pushed higher, the bull swelling from a doll to a large animal, until his elbows bunched against the throne seat's corner, his swelling sacs rolling out along its flat surface as his heels started to dip over the edge, out onto the air.

"R...RRR..."

In seconds, Mumbo-Jumbo was half as big as he had once been, nearly four feet in total, leaving him as big as a child; with a deep, pleasant shudder, the bull grunted and bulged twice as big, suddenly as large and proud and muscled as he had ever been. The throne was a perfect fit as he rumbled happily, coming out of his seep, borne from one stupor to the next as he blinked drunkenly, shook all over...and doubled in size, again!

"RRRRHR!"

What...happening...

Mumbo's thoughts were a soup, words and concepts sloshing around in a black pot, but it hardly mattered. One constant was clearly well-pronounced:

Good. GOOD.

On and on the quaking cow rumbled, his moans slipping out as his nostrils flared, and his 16-foot body ballooned up over and around the throne, feeling its armrests catch and pinch against his expanding metal hips, as his legs and throbbing erection and globes all burgeoned free, pouring out everywhere in scope.

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS FARCE!?" Mon*Star roared, as the sour tyrant hobbled his way to a stand, scraping as subtly as possible for dignity. He rubbed at his rear, glowering around at his shocked cronies, who all stared in blank shock, mute with confusion and fear. "WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!? I

DIDN'T JUST MAGICALLY TELEPORT OFF OF MY THRONE, DOWN ONTO MY..."

To punctuate his point, Mon*Star turned and pointed up at the throne. The others obediently looked up with him, and everyone's jaw went mutually slack at the sight that awaited them, up atop the high stairwell.

"Is that..." Buzz-Saw started, cocking his robotic head, before stepping back in fear. "Holy smokes, it--"

"It is!" Mo-Lec-U-Lar added, stumbling away in a less-ceremonious manner.

"Mumbo-Jumbo!" Timsestopper gasped.

Indeed, the huge bull was there, residing with progressing severity atop Mon*Star's cracking throne. The 30-foot bull huffed and mooed out in dark glee as his pulsing metallic muscles bulged bigger, stretching and booming wider and heavier and huger as he hugged against himself, feeling every bit of him grow and grow and grow.

"WHAT!?" Mon*Star bellowed, stomping his own throne room floor in a sudden rage. "WHAT NONSENSICAL INANITY IS THIS!?"

Mumbo-Jumbo groaned, hugging himself tight as he rumble-boomed bigger, blowing the struggling throne apart in a spray of ruined debris and smoke as he burst up to 60 feet. His feet kicked far out on either side, heels bulging over the heads of the crowd below, before they both swung low, the toes scraping the floor, then tapping down, just before another growth spurt trembled out through the nude, musclebound male. It grew worse and worse, making Mumbo's enormous girth shake openly, lewdly, tingling down his long, pendulous, stairwell-smothering shaft.

"HRRRR...R...H-RRRRHR..."

"STOP THIS AT ONCE, YOU MOANING MORON" Mon*Star roared, incoherent with anger. Hardware watched throughout from behind the entrance hall pillar, stifling the biggest, most satisfying laugh in his alien life. "I ORDER YOU TO STOP GROWING!"

"That's not going to happen," Hardware finally saw fit to say, stepping back out. Mon*Star wheeled on him in a lash, glaring all-death and fire. "Mumbo's nowhere near done growing bigger--are you, Mumbo-Jumbo?"

"RRRRRRRRRR!!!"

In response, the bulging bull boomed twice as big, suddenly, *angrily*, exploding larger in all directions. His throbbing erection burst out along the crumbling stairs, its metallic, darkening tip shooting forth, narrowly missing the crowd and Mon*Star. Mumbo's head bashed clear up into the opening in the ceiling, ramming it, bashing it

wider apart, so that more and more of the Moon Star's beam poured onto him, making him soak up more and more power, too rapidly.

Over 120 feet of swollen, naked arousal and might quaked and huffed and heaved, filling the throne room. His bovine knees and hulking thighs battered up against cracking support pillars, snapping them in seconds, heaving drywall and dust everywhere as his billowed-out testes rumbled and blew up and up along the floor, pushing and shoving cronies left and right as they cried out and panicked, struggling against their swelling, smooth, reflective mass.

"STOP THIS, MUMBO! I COMMAND YOU!" Mon*Star gasped, pushing ineffectually against Mumbo-Jumbo's cascading sacs and looming penis, which burled hungrily against the hallway entrance, stuffing it full, just as Hardware stepped out of the tower, avoiding it all.

"Not likely!" Hardware laughed, shouting back into the rumbling, cracking tower from outside. "He's under my control, you see! I say when he stops! Hah!"

Then, to even Hardware's surprise, the entire tower shook openly. Then, it shook worse. And worse. *And worse.*

"HHHHHRRRRRRN..."

The voice within was so big, so overloaded with power, that even the ground of Brimstar rumbled under Hardware's feet. He looked down, then back up, just in time to go flying back as the entire tower bulged out, cracked, then blew apart!

"Bwah!"

Hardware tumbled and rolled a few times, thumping to a stop. He scrambled up to his feet, wide-eyed and coughing, and turned to see something he instantly knew he was wrong about, and had been. There was no controlling what he saw.

Mumbo-Jumbo wasn't Mumbo-Jumbo anymore. Not exactly, at least.

The bovine colossus had blown up from 120 feet to over 600, in one bulging burst, and the effects of the Moon Star were escalating. His minotaur body shifted and groaned as Mumbo's muzzle rose, spewing a thick blast of fire into the air above, just as his legs shook and wobbled, then a second set of legs sprouted out behind them, pushing the rear out as it steadily elongated into a full set of feral, over-muscled thighs and calves. Four legs stood over the ruins of the crumbled tower, making the minotaur part centaur!

"What the..." Hardware gulped, scattering back and away from the heaving, hulking giant, seeing the monstrous girth of Mumbo's bloated-out sacs and humongous erection bobbing and swelling between all four digits. Up beyond them remained Mumbo's torso and enormous arms and neck and head. His muzzle loomed

so high up that it was almost imperceptible over the mass of his billowing pectorals. "Mumbo, what's happening to..."

Then, it clicked. Hardware looked up, up, even higher than the rumbling behemoth, to the beam of the Moon Star, itself, out in space.

"Oh, no," he cried, slapping his own forehead. "No! It's not stopping...why isn't the beam stopping? T...that should have been a brief power-up...Mumbo, you have to stop feeding! I...I order you to stop!"

"RRRRRR."

Mumbo's voice erupted like a volcano, overflowing with some primordial, terrible power. The bull-taur shook all over happily, smiling a cruel smile; his eyes grew a deep, violent red as he trembled more and more, clutching up on his thick chest, snorting out fire. His quartet of gigantic copper-red feet all shuddered worse and worse as the power kept pumping into him, forcing him to wobble and spasm and quake, tense up tight, and...and...

BMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMBMMMMPHHH

In a heartbeat, Mumbo's trembling body exploded bigger; the 600-foot gargantua blew up four whopping times in size, erupting in a messy, hot, thick burst to 2,400 feet. His feet spread out cratering gouges along the turf, toppling piles of junk and blackened scrap as they mowed through everything.

His penis bobbed low, bashing increasingly huge holes into the terrain as it *thump-thump-thump-thumped* along, bigger and bigger and bigger.

All four heels paused only long enough to sink unceremoniously deeper into the cracking ground and settling dust, giving Hardware time enough to break out of his defensive huddle and look up under Mumbo's looming taur-belly...before the shaking increased!

He huddled in deeper, shouting in terror, as the quaking bull-taur's entire body tensed deeper, throbbing out his fat erection, before Mumbo b...b-b-b-*BOOOOOOMED* bigger, again, bursting with a wave of phallic heat to over 2 miles in size...7 miles...14 miles...25 miles...44 miles!

"STOP!" Hardware screamed, as the ever-growing beast huffed and moored and roared, his muscles booming bigger, his rear pushing out wider.

"GHRUUHHHHHHUUUUUUOOOOOOOAAH!"

All hell broke loose as the moon's devilish beam blasted Mumbo's quaking bulk, changing it more and more as it grew darker and crueler and bigger.

His horns darkened deeper and began to curve out into ram-like coils of doom, all of Brimstar quaking as the god-bull panted, snorted, gulped, shuddered, and *B-BBB-BB-BOOOOOOOOOOOMED!*

1). The SilverHawks arrive just as Mumbo fills up all of Brimstar, big as a planet!

2). The SilverHawks arrive as Mumbo outgrows Brimstar...and goes for the Moon Star!

Mini-Mumbo sneaks free into space...but he's still shrinking!

Hardware sat in the passenger's seat, scheming away as Melodia prattled on about all the trouble she was going to enjoy seeing him get into with Mon*Star.

I've already reversed the poles back to 'grow' on the amber amplifier, Hardware thought, making sure his plans were perfectly aligned and set. I blast Mumbo-Jumbo awake when the time is right and the heat is off of me for failing...then set him loose inside of Brimstar, taking over! Heehee! The alterations I made to his body before Melodia showed up should ensure I remain untouched!

The stocky alien was so enamored of his own cleverness that he failed to notice that Mumbo-Jumbo had already woken up. The 5-inch cybernetic minotaur snapped to with a grunt, trying to understand what kind of leathery cave he had gotten lost in.

"rr?"

Even his own voice felt...small, to him. Lighter. Less heft. He felt himself over, noting with a sudden and sour disappointment that his bulky muscles had returned to what they had always been before. They were still large, sure...but to taste better and not get it anymore, ever again? That was too cruel!

The mini-bull slipped out, wriggling free from the pocket, which he quickly understood to not be a cave, but part of...clothing!? Clothing of what? What could possibly ever be big enough to...to...

Mumbo gasped and lurched back against the high wall of the Limbo Limo's vinyl seating, looking way, way up at a towering Hardware.

What...what happen? Mumbo-Jumbo panicked, scooting away. *Hardware bigger? No. No! Mumbo, Mumbo the bigger one!*

He spied around himself, and saw the interior of the Limbo Limo, bigger too than ever before.

Mumbo...not big. Hardware not big, either. Mumbo...small!? NO!
MUMBO...SMALL! TINY-LITTLE! HOW!?

He kept scooting back, bit by cautious bit, until he nearly fell off of the edge of the seat, having to instead hug around it and crawl between it and the belt and the inner door, going around to the other side, and hopping over onto the backseat. There, sure enough, was the ray cannon, with the amber amplifier still in, on the plus-position.

Hardware shrink Mumbo!? Stupid Hardware! STUPID HARDWARE!

Fuming, the toy-sized bull started to take a hold of the ray cannon by its huge barrel, only to realize the obvious: it was actually way too big for him to use. How could he compress the trigger and stand in the beam?

Figure out later! Mumbo told himself. Get free! Take gun, and get free, or they take away!

Mumbo-Jumbo (now so-called) hugged the barrel and forced the gun silently across the seat, restraining his anger out of necessity. He moved it slowly over to the door, forcing it with all his tiny might to angle up against it. He climbed the ray cannon, stood on the door rim, and tugged it steadily, cautiously upward, toward him.

When he had it all the way up and out, its greater weight sank down against him, making the little bull grunt and tumble off of the ship, out into space. Nobody even noticed.

He spiraled out through the void of Limbo, holding onto the gun for dear life by its strap.

Think, stupid! Mumbo ordered, summoning all of his remaining smarts.

He held on by the strap, tingling, then feeling himself shrink down another half an inch, suddenly.

Ack! No! Stupid smallness! No! Do good thing, quick!

At that, Mumbo-Jumbo acted. The bull climbed the strap all the way up to where it was closest to the trigger guard. He grabbed its rim with one tiny hand, held the strap with the other, and forced the strap through the loop of the guard. He slipped down another half inch, leaving him a meager 4 inches, making him hustle to thread the strap through further. When finished, Mumbo was 3 inches tall.

When he was sure it was enough, Mumbo crawled past the trigger guard, took the fed-through strap portion, and pulled it along with him to the back of the ray cannon; in effect, he had threaded and looped half of the gun's strap through to the other side, so that when he tied the fed end of the strap around the back handle, and pulled it tight enough, the trigger was caught in the middle, and the pulled strap forced it back, effectively firing the gun in a perpetual blast. He tied the remainder of the strap off, and got to it.

Hurry, hurry, hurry!

Mumbo mooed in an escalating frenzy as he felt himself shudder, then slip another full inch. He watched and felt the strap swell bigger by comparison, again, seeing the finish line push farther away as the ray gun got that much bigger than him.

Still, the panicking bovine crawled hand-over-hand along the molding of the gun, along its chamber, toward the tip, all as it kept blasting freely in space, aiming at nothing, since there was practically nothing around to hit.

Mumbo reached the end of the spinning, blasting ray cannon, and made ready to leap into it...

1). Mumbo-Jumbo misses, and the ray hits something else...

2). Mumbo-Jumbo makes it, and lets the gun blast him bigger...and bigger...

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The stocky alien was so enamored of his own cleverness that he failed to notice that Mumbo-Jumbo had already woken up. The 5-inch cybernetic minotaur snapped to with a grunt, trying to understand what kind of leathery cave he had gotten lost in.

"rr?"

Even his own voice felt...small, to him. Lighter. Less heft. He felt himself over, noting with a sudden and sour disappointment that his bulky muscles had returned to what they had always been before. They were still large, sure...but to taste better and not get it anymore, ever again? That was too cruel!

The mini-bull slipped out, wriggling free from the pocket, which he quickly understood to not be a cave, but part of...clothing!? Clothing of what? What could possibly ever be big enough to...to...

Mumbo gasped and lurched back against the high wall of the Limbo Limo's vinyl seating, looking way, way up at a towering Hardware.

What...what happen? Mumbo-Jumbo panicked, scooting away. *Hardware bigger? No. No! Mumbo, Mumbo the bigger one!*

He spied around himself, and saw the interior of the Limbo Limo, bigger too than ever before.

Mumbo...not big. Hardware not big, either. Mumbo...small!? NO!
MUMBO...SMALL! TINY-LITTLE! HOW!?

He kept scooting back, bit by cautious bit, until he nearly fell off of the edge of the seat, having to instead hug around it and crawl between it and the belt and the inner door, going around to the other side, and hopping over onto the backseat. There, sure enough, was the ray cannon, with the amber amplifier still in, on the plus-position.

Hardware shrink Mumbo!? Stupid Hardware! STUPID HARDWARE!

Fuming, the toy-sized bull started to take a hold of the ray cannon by its huge barrel, only to realize the obvious: it was actually way too big for him to use. How could he compress the trigger and stand in the beam?

Figure out later! Mumbo told himself. Get free! Take gun, and get free, or they take away!

Mumbo-Jumbo (now so-called) hugged the barrel and forced the gun silently across the seat, restraining his anger out of necessity. He moved it slowly over to the door, forcing it with all his tiny might to angle up against it. He climbed the ray cannon, stood on the door rim, and tugged it steadily, cautiously upward, toward him.

When he had it all the way up and out, its greater weight sank down against him, making the little bull grunt and tumble off of the ship, out into space. Nobody even noticed.

He spiraled out through the void of Limbo, holding onto the gun for dear life by its strap.

Think, stupid! Mumbo ordered, summoning all of his remaining smarts.

He held on by the strap, tingling, then feeling himself shrink down another half an inch, suddenly.

Ack! No! Stupid smallness! No! Do good thing, quick!

At that, Mumbo-Jumbo acted. The bull climbed the strap all the way up to where it was closest to the trigger guard. He grabbed its rim with one tiny hand, held the strap with the other, and forced the strap through the loop of the guard. He slipped down another half inch, leaving him a meager 4 inches, making him hustle to thread the strap through further. When finished, Mumbo was 3 inches tall.

When he was sure it was enough, Mumbo crawled past the trigger guard, took the fed-through strap portion, and pulled it along with him to the back of the ray cannon; in effect, he had threaded and looped half of the gun's strap through to the other side, so that when he tied the fed end of the strap around the back handle, and pulled it tight enough, the trigger was caught in the middle, and the pulled strap forced it back, effectively firing the gun in a perpetual blast. He tied the remainder of the strap off, and got to it.

Hurry, hurry, hurry!

Mumbo mooed in an escalating frenzy as he felt himself shudder, then slip another full inch. He watched and felt the strap swell bigger by comparison, again, seeing the finish line push farther away as the ray gun got that much bigger than him.

Still, the panicking bovine crawled hand-over-hand along the molding of the gun, along its chamber, toward the tip, all as it kept blasting freely in space, aiming at nothing, since there was practically nothing around to hit.

Mumbo reached the end of the spinning, blasting ray cannon, and made ready to leap into it...

1). Mumbo-Jumbo misses, and the ray hits something else...

2). Mumbo-Jumbo makes it, and lets the gun blast him bigger...and bigger...

Mumbo-Jumbo misses, and the ray hits something else...

Just as he leapt, to Mumbo-Jumbo's instant dismay, a passing hunk of meteorite bumped the handle of the ray cannon from behind, making the weapon suddenly tilt up overhead. The beam sliced by overhead as the passing hunk of rock thumped dumbly against the now 2-inch tall Mumbo, and at his dwindling size, it may as well have been a boulder.

NOOOO!

Even the mini-bull's roar was adorable (if difficult to hear) as he drifted away from the ray cannon slightly, still able to slow the meteorite, then push back, so that it drifted indifferently down and away.

"Rrrrr...r-rrrr," Mumbo sputtered, panicking, as he trembled and slipped down to 1 measly, laughable inch in size. He started to swim his way through space, only to look ahead and see as the ray cannon continued to spin backward in place. The beam kept sailing back, then under, so that it caught—of all things—the very rock he had pushed away.

The humble hunk of meteor rumbled, then blew up, and up, ballooning so large that it suddenly was ten times as large, an *actual* boulder, big enough to match the size of the Limbo Limo. A second later, and it had swollen another ten times larger! Its growth stretched its craters wider and deeper, and one caught the spinning ray cannon, practically gulping it down as it kept expanding.

"Rooooorroooogh!"

Mumbo wailed not only over his mistake, but over the fact that a rock that had been softball-sized seconds ago was now as big as a building, and growth-drifting his way! Over 300 feet of meteor slammed forward into the tiny bull, crushing his metallic body flat to its rocky surface, which trembled and swelled even wider under him.

Mumbo bigger, not s-stupid rock!

Mumbo-Jumbo gasped and pushed up, just as he felt himself tremble-shrink down to a mere half an inch. The steady tilt of the growing, spiraling rock continued, and in a fit of inspiration and fear, Mumbo pushed off, letting the growing meteor tilt along without him. In effect, once the bulging rock caught back up to him (simply by swelling up to 3,000 feet), Mumbo found himself being swallowed up by the same massive crater that had taken in the gun.

"Hrrr!"

Sure enough, there it was, far, far down below, caught in a growing crevice in the center of the crater. Mumbo roared and scrambled down, down along it, feeling the crater's curve swell even wider under him, teasing him, laughing at his efforts to get successfully closer to the gun.

COME ON! Mumbo pleaded with himself, panting and frantic.
COMEONCOMEONCOMEON

Through sheer determination Mumbo did manage to fall down into a tumble at such speed that he momentarily outpaced the crater's growth, and felt himself crash-thud into the gun.

This, in turn, dislodged it just slightly, the tiny impact enough to make it fall down into the ever-growing gap of the crack it was embedded in. Mumbo clutched the strap, now mere centimeters tall, bellowing a little squeak of terror as it and he slipped down, down into the network of rock and holes that were the meteorite's insides.

The meteorite itself was now easily classifiable as a meteor, and then some. The blasting beam kept forcing the petite rock bigger and bigger and bigger; by the time Mumbo had reached the ray cannon, it had swollen to a groaning, massive 5 miles in size. By the time Mumbo and the gun had fallen through the crack, it had billowed up to 60 miles, bigger than several cities, combined—and it was still growing.

COMEONCOMEONCOMEONCOMEOWWWWNNNN

Mumbo's trembling grew worse as he whined and moaned, slipping down into a meager millimeter in size. The ray cannon thumped against another tangle of rock, and kept on stubbornly blasting away, the core of the amber amplifier getting hotter and hotter, the longer it operated.

The color of the beam itself grew darker, more intense, and as Mumbo desperately leapt into it, the core began to shake all over, and what slammed into the nearly-nonexistent Mumbo sent the bull into a mindbreaking stupor of raw, terrible, primal *power*.

At first, unsurprisingly, the cry was imperceptible.

"—rrrrrrRRRRRRRRRR**HRRRRRR**—"

In a blink, Mumbo's rumbling body spasmed and shook, then erupted bigger. His head and horns smashed into the rocky interior of the meteor as his metallic pectorals blew out before him, bursting larger, stronger, fuller. His shoulders bulged angrily against the curves and craters as his erection boomed out happy and huge, full and long and throbbing as it jammed itself carelessly down another hole, and rapidly overfilled it, bigger and bigger.

YYYYESSSSSSSSSSSS...

The meteor itself was gaining some notoriety as it zoomed along in space, its sheer mass suddenly forcing the attention of the nearest planets. Those worried messages and calls spiked into terror as sensors across the quadrant saw it suddenly rumble-boom bigger, spurting up from 400 miles in size to 4,500! Bigger than an average moon now, it kept on lumbering across Limbo, stretching with swollen rocky girth, trembling on and on as it narrowly passed planet Dolar, then burst to a terrifyingly enormous 70,000 miles!

Mumbo moaned and mooed away lustfully as he felt the rocky interior snap and crackle, breaking even mid-growth against Mumbo-Jumbo's more fervent, overpowered spurts. The bull had no gauge for how big he was getting, but he felt it. He felt HUGE! *SO HUGE!*

In actuality, over 100 miles of Mumbo resided deep within the growing egg of the meteor, which was now half the size of several passing planets, all of which went into a frenzied panic as they watched it sail past, then tremble and boom so big that either of its sides could have nearly scraped their own, at over 400,000 miles in size!

Slowly but surely, the still-growing monstrosity of a rock kept tilting, as Mumbo-Jumbo panted and hiccupped, then exploded vastly larger, crushing and snapping the rocky insides flat as his muscles gorged and groaned and grew, his 3,000-mile body raging and aroused, throbbing bigger and stronger against more and more of the interior, before he licked his own swollen metal pectorals over and snorted, then burst hotly up to 10,000 miles!

SO BIG...S-SO BIIIIIIIG! BUHB-BU-BBBBBIIIIIIIIIIIGGGGG!!

Ahead, floating out in the darker depths of Limbo, rested the foul, red planet, Brimstar, home of none other than Mon*Star and his evil posse of do-badders. The cruel tyrant and his ilk had been waiting impatiently for word back on the heist of Professor Power's goods, and despite the calm of space, things inside were far louder, and less-calm. Every fuming word from Mon*Star within the center of Brimstar built toward a head as something far, far bigger than the entire planet hurled on, closer and closer still.

Mumbo-Jumbo's entrapped penis burred and bulged, swelling and bunching out into growing pockets of girth as more and more holes and arches of rock caught and caged it, only for one after another to crackle and blow apart, as Mumbo's growth rocketed freakishly faster, within.

MMMMMOOOOOOOOORRRRRE, Mumbo-Jumbo rumbled to himself, seething with power and nude, metallic muscle. *MORE!*

MMMMMMM...H-MMMMMM...MMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOO-

At the height of the 30,000-mile bovine's roar, the tilting meteor trembled and boomed out to a whopping, absurd size of over 1,000,000 miles. Mercifully it had grown so large that, as it bore onto the tinier planet of Brimstar, it passed into one of its gaping craters, drifting harmlessly within.

The normally-impressive 11,000-mile diameter of Brimstar proved cute compared to the monster-sized meteor, but it was big enough still to crash directly into Mumbo-Jumbo's head, clocking the 50,000-mile titan square in the face, and knocking the bovine out cold. As it happened, the infinitely-smaller ray cannon was crushed flat, instantly, leaving both Mumbo and the meteor at their massive respective sizes.

On and on the concussed bull went, unconscious, stuck inside of the oversized meteor as it kept drifting farther and farther out and away from Limbo, to who-knows-what stretch of infinite space and silence.

In all the time it would take Mumbo to overcome his concussion, if ever it would happen, all of Brimstar and its terrible cargo kept drifting away with him, lost in confusion and fear, too small to understand that they were pressed up against a jawline of their own Mumbo-Jumbo, grown impossibly big, rendered impossibly useless and limp as they kept on drifting, on and on and on, leaving the SilverHawks and the rest of Limbo to wonder where, exactly, the worst of the galaxy had bothered to go...

1). Mumbo and the ultra-meteor drift into a strange new realm...

2). Mumbo and the rock drift into a gargantuan star, absorbing it all...

Mumbo-Jumbo makes it, and lets the gun blast him bigger...and bigger...

What Mumbo-Jumbo lacked in brains, he made up for elsewhere; after all, every other muscle in his metallic body, he knew, and knew well. He had no way of knowing the brain wasn't a muscle, because his brain was *almost* as dumb as the rest of him.

Like the ray cannon itself, it was close enough.

Mumbo sussed out the speed of the gun's drift through Limbo, understood when he had to jump...and did so. The miniaturized bull sailed up into the arc of the blast, still ongoing, and let it do what it did. As it contacted, the bull's trembling slippage slowed, stopped...and violently reversed.

The cybernetic bull's roar was drowned out by the sheer force of his own growth, almost crammed back down his bulging throat as his body exploded out in size. The pillar that had, to the miniscule minotaur, been a massive pillar suddenly slipped down to a tickling thread battering his muscles, as he burst up to his normal size, in one thick, shuddering *boom*, then shuddered worse.

GOOD, Mumbo thought, summoning a lifetime of accumulated vernacularity. *GOODGOOD!*

His biceps boomed out with basso eruptions, swelling wild and huge against the sides of his burgeoning golden pectorals. His abs walled out in a thick, creaking bulge, trailing a hot and pulsing vertices down toward his erection, which filled and throbbed out into a painfully humongous, arm-length pillar of virility.

His testicles bobbed down, a fattened mound of tight, bloated sex that groaned and stretched out over his hulking inner thighs. His back bulk blew out in a wide, draping mass of muscle, under a bulging neck, above a swollen metal rump.

In a single beat's time, Mumbo-Jumbo leapt from his standard height up to 580 feet, as though he had surged up exactly as big as he had, going from a stray inch to 7 feet. As he roared out into space, hands slamming down on either side of his overfull erection with smooth, solid *slaps*, he felt his tip thrust out and ram the blasting ray cannon squarely into a passing meteor, smashing it apart.

Just as sudden as the pleasure had come, it faded, leaving the over-aroused bull in a huffing, panting confusion. Clarity attacked his joy until he shook off the lust and heat, and snorted some more of it out in a cloud of steam.

"RRRRHR...R?"

Mumbo-Jumbo licked his muzzle over, still huffing out a few blasts of happy heat, before slipping his humongous red copper hands off of his throbbing mast, and looking around space a moment.

No more bigging?

No. No more.

Done?

Mumbo done.

A moment of deflation hit, but it was hardly the kind that could hope to shrink his sheer, glimmering bulk.

Big though! Mumbo big!

"HRRRHRRF," the hug bull giggled, wriggling in place a moment, nodding his powerful, gigantic, house-sized head. It was true.

...What now?

Mumbo-Jumbo blinked, slowly, then brought a colossally huge arm up, his bicep screaming bigger and tighter as he scratched the back of his head...then down on his huge rear, rumbling thoughtfully in his overgrown throat.

It was a good question.

Hardware and Melodia gone, he thought, snorting. Find them? Was in Hardware pocket...why?

*Who care? They GONE. Gone away, stupid. Let them be go. Mumbo free! Mumbo...mmm...Mumbo BIG! Do whatever Mumbo want! No have to be bad, because Mon*Star scary-say you have to!*

So, what Mumbo do, still?

...Be bad.

The bull sneered out a nasty grin, wiggling worse. Incalculable muscles creaked and groaned, rubbing across each other, as Mumbo-Jumbo started to swim through space, looking this way and that, spying out for whatever interested him, whatever looked fun.

As he soon surmised, correctly, even at nearly 600 feet in height...space really was a lot bigger.

...Mumbo bored.

Mumbo know.

When find place to stomp?

Dunno.

Space boring.

Mumbo know.

Just then, something passed the bull by; even being as big now, it was easy enough to detect the smaller thing's movement, across the darkness of Limbo, itself. The bull squinted, then went wide-eyed...

1). It's the Limbo Limo...and Hardware's driving like a maniac!

2). It's...a tour shuttle...but for whom?

Hardware decides to climb aboard, and hijack Mumbo-Jumbo, himself!

Hardware wasted zero time in switching the poles on the amber amplifier, readjusting the negative to the front. Behind him lay the wiped-out SilverHawks, still unconscious, and before him lay the poleaxed, landscape-filling Mumbo-Jumbo. The big bull was over half a mile in size, meaning that no matter where he aimed, he would easily hit the mark.

"Now, to shrink you down to something more manageable," Hardware muttered, pulling the trigger. The ray cannon whirred to life, then sputtered, shook, and winded right back down. "What in the...what is this?"

He fidgeted with the thing a moment, before huffing, and putting it away.

"Must've fried it. Hmm."

He looked the enormous bull over, thinking. Even Mumbo-Jumbo's muzzle was like a small stadium, resting there agape before him. Beyond it was an ocean of downed metallic muscle and girth, silent and still at last.

"...Okay, then."

Hardware slipped his magnetic boots on, and took it upon himself, somewhat grudgingly, to walk up to Mumbo-Jumbo's chin, grab on, and scale up his lower jaw, up the sides of his nostrils, all the way up to the bull's enormous muzzle bridge. He caught his breath, looked down below to check that the SilverHawks were still indeed out, then hiked up the bridge, toward the forehead. The normally-small, jewel-like orb set into Mumbo's forehead might as well have been an entire ship.

That was it; that was the right place to take control.

"Heheh, brilliant," Hardware smugly said to himself, as he fished a medium-sized metal disc out of his backpack. He set it onto the jewel-orb, adjusted it, and fixed it there, stepping back to observe his handiwork. He then dusted his hands off, then dug around for and retrieved a two-handed remote, which he activated with a few presses and a loud *beep*. "If I can't have that accidental size, myself...then I'll just have yours, *for* myself!"

He pressed another button, and Mumbo-Jumbo's eyes fluttered open, then went eerily wide.

"HHHHR."

Even by Mumbo's cybernetic standards, he sounded robotic. The wakened bull rose stiffly, like some massive, mechanized zombie, rising all the way up to his full height

of 3,600 feet. Far, far below his looming muscles and sex was the moon's surface, upon which lay the miniscule SilverHawks, now less than motes of dust.

Hardware remained in place, up on high, secured to the bull's forehead by a few cables and suction cups running from his backpack, which he still had on.

"Weeheehee! Excellent, Mumbo, excellent! Now, as for those pathetic do-gooding SilverHawks, down there...finish them! Now! While we have them where we want them! Then, you're going to make me the new ruler--of all of Limbo!"

"RRRRRRRRR."

Mumbo-Jumbo thoughtlessly nodded, making Hardware tense a little as he acclimated to keeping up with the giant's movements. A gargantuan foot rose up off of cratered firmament and hovered menacingly over the SilverHawks, who could only lay there, asleep, unaware of the towering doom just overhead!

1). A mysterious other Silverhawk intervenes!

2). The SilverHawks are...doomed!?

A mysterious other SilverHawk intervenes!

"Yes, that's it, Mumbo," Hardware cackled, from up on high, still magnetized to the enormous bull's metallic forehead. "Crush them...crush those puny little SilverHawks into dust! Hehe!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's foot hovered over the unconscious SilverHawks, so big that it could have stepped on an entire modest-sized building.

"RRRRRRRR."

Mumbo's monotone voice rumbled as the foot lowered callously down.

That was when the flash came, just underfoot.

Being so high up, Hardware could only make out the sound of it.

Mumbo-Jumbo's pectorals and back and shoulders were so overgrown, so thick, that seeing completely down beyond them proved impossible. Still, the stocky dwarf-alien had heard something—and something wasn't nothing.

Regardless, the gigantic foot connected with the surface, and the ensuing boom shook everything for half a mile. When the dust cleared, only Mumbo's foot remained there, cratered deep into the split crust.

"Well?" Hardware roared, impatient.

Mumbo remained silent, unblinking, awaiting input.

"Oh, right...er, yes, move your foot, Mumbo, and let's see the see damage..."

Hardware operated the remote, making Mumbo actually move further back from the stomp print. He would have to remember to pilot his every move, from this point on; this included making the big bull lean over, so that Hardware could see beyond the huge shelf of his pectorals, and better observe an empty impression stamped deep onto the turf.

"What's this?" he growled, squinting down. "Nothing? Did he really flatten them into nothing?"

He operated Mumbo, looking around as the bull looked around, two gigantic feet slamming the shaken terrain as he turned this way, then that.

"*Hmm...*"

"Come on, SilverHawks...wake up!"

Quicksilver's eyes blearily opened to the ghost of a voice. He could almost see who was talking, yet part of him already knew.

"Flash...back?"

His eyes adjust to the sight of the green-armored SilverHawk, comrade and friend from the future, staring back at him. His owl-like ears crowned the armor on his head, making it impossible to think that it could have been anyone else.

"Looks like I got here in the nick of time!" Flashback sighed, relieved. "You were all about to be squashed flat again!"

"Whu...again?"

Quicksilver stood, wobbling, as Steelheart and Steelwill began to groan and awaken. He could see they had all been moved away, behind a large series of cliffs. He could hear Mumbo-Jumbo's huge body, the way the overgrown muscles all shifted and heaved, and knew that the behemoth was still nearby. For a precious moment, that didn't matter.

"Before I showed up on old Stargazer's orders, in the future, you had all been crushed by Mumbo-Jumbo. I thought I was going to arrive with a few more seconds to spare. Sorry it was still so close."

"So, you came back to save us?" Steelheart asked, getting onto her feet as well.

"More than that," Flashback said, suddenly that much more grim. "I'm here to help you stop Mumbo-Jumbo and Hardware, before things get too out of control."

"Hardware? He...that's right! That little worm stunned us!" Steelwill growled.

"I meant to arrive before he took over Mumbo-Jumbo. See, after he hijacks Mumbo, at his sheer size, he easily takes you all down. Then, he launches an attack on Mon*Star, to eliminate his competition, and take the mob under his own control...only the mob tries to mutiny later, and he eliminates them, too."

"But, surely, the Bedlamian defense force, or Stargazer, or the other SilverHawks..." Steelwill started.

"They all fight back, yes. But Mumbo-Jumbo keeps growing, and growing. With every confrontation, the bull ends up not only on top, but much larger and stronger. With Hardware controlling him, there aren't mistakes. It's his brains and Mumbo's brawn, together."

"Well, how big does he end up getting, if he isn't stopped?" Steelheart asked.

"You don't want to know."

"Try us," Quicksilver said, calmly.

Flashback sighed deeply, nodding.

"...He *doesn't stop* growing. After reaching planetary sizes, Hardware finally makes one fatal mistake, and overloads Mumbo-Jumbo. It ends up being too much, and Mumbo-Jumbo's growth escalates beyond all sanity. Even Hardware hasn't been

found for over a year, in my time. We've all been living on Mumbo-Jumbo for a long time, so long we forgot anything else. Every minute, we can feel him growing around us. Professor Power believes that, at the time of my going back to help out, Mumbo's grown to the size of at least 55,772,750 light years...several hundred times bigger than all of Limbo..."

All three SilverHawks went dead-silent and wide-eyed, trying to comprehend the numbers. Those numbers were simply too big to fit into rational thought.

"Limbo...is smaller than...Mumbo's pinky?"

"Smaller than his pinky-tip, many times over. And time is still passing, in *my* timeline, too. That means even as I speak with you here, time is moving forward there...meaning he's still growing bigger than *even that*. If the bull makes one wrong move, we could all be wiped out. It's sheer dumb luck that our galaxy and others haven't been brushed clear through to dust yet, by a false move or twitch."

"Well..." Steelheart gulped, thinking fast. "'W-we can stop it though, if you're here. We'll nip this insanity in the bud, now. Right?"

"That's why I'm here, yes. See, Professor Power has a theory that's much scarier than what's happened, up to my current timeline. He theorized that Mumbo-Jumbo's growth is accelerating faster and faster. If Mumbo's growth isn't stopped, at some point, the bull will outgrow the universe itself."

"That's crazy," Steelwill mumbled, blinking. "Just...no. Is that even a thing?"

"It is. And I'm afraid it gets even worse. If he grows beyond the universe, then he would spill over into the multiverse. If he grew so fast that he outpaced everything, he would outgrow *time itself*."

"Gadzooks," Quicksilver said, quietly. "He would grow through every timeline. Even here."

"In theory, at least," Flashback added. "So, if he's correct, then the future is an even greater enemy to us. We're racing the clock here, as well as in the future."

"There's no way Mumbo's growth could get that fast, that soon, though, right?" Steelheart asked, desperate for some kind of comfort. "So, we can still stop it now."

"That's the idea."

"Then what're we talking for?" Steelwill asked, shrugging impatiently. "Let's go knock that tin-can bull out from under Hardware's stubby feet!"

"Hmph," Hardware snorted, looking back down to Mumbo's huge head and looming muzzle, beyond. "Forget them, then! We've got bigger things to take care of, you and I! Heh! We're getting off this stupid rock, and heading to Mon*Star, for a little chat about the new chain of command..."

With that, the alien readied the ray cannon, aiming it at Mumbo's forehead...but a thick, hot rumbling swelled up within the minotaur, all on its own, and the controlled bull's erection still flared out fatter, longer and heavier, bulging between his legs as they bulked out, and his muscles roared bigger. The rumbling built and built as Mumbo ballooned twice as large, in one huge, sudden, booming burst!

"W-whoa!" Hardware cried, flailing in place, as he helplessly rode Mumbo's growth spurt higher and higher up. *"Easy! Easy, Mumbo! Hmm...looks like you're growing, on your own...rather, the sun's blowing you up bigger, the bigger it gets...hmm..."*

He looked out from Mumbo's even-larger body, now towering at 7,200 feet, over 1.3 miles tall; the landscape was theirs, at such a monstrous height, and finally, Hardware bothered to look up to space.

"Heh, right, roll with it...it's all to my advantage, anyway! Okay, Mumbo-Jumbo...let's see if you and I can leap up out of his lousy rock..."

(Continued)

Continued

The towering monstrosity of metal and muscle and sex that Mumbo-Jumbo had grown into was beyond imposing. The bull had blown up in short notice to a veritable living mountain, albeit a smaller one, making him as viewable from across the moonscape as any other landmass. Copper-gold muscles the size of stadiums bulged out glimmering-smooth as Mumbo slowly, mechanically shifted, lowering down into a great, shadow-casting crouch.

His humongous red feet crushed down into the already-battered turf as he creaked, thighs and calves bloated bigger. He tensed, eyes milky-white and unblinking, unthinking, awaiting the next phase of his task. Which Hardware, it turned out, was happy to issue:

"UP WE GO!" he crowed, triumphantly pressing a button on the remote.

Silently, the bull heaved an unthinkable amount of bulk, ton upon ton of bulging male girth, and he leapt clear off of the planetoid's surface, toward the heavens. Boulders as big as buildings crashed down off of his heels as he departed the firmament, to the bull being less than specks of incidental dirt. The turf quaked on impact, sending vibrations far out underneath the SilverHawks' feet.

"Whoa!" Steelwill gasped, his voice rattling, as they all looked up beyond the cliff to see Mumbo's massive form sailing up through the atmospheres. "Is he..."

"He's trying to abandon the moon, the old fashioned way," Steelheart said, glaring with worry.

"We can't let him leave!" Flashback ordered, terror slipping through his stoicism.

"Right," Quicksilver offered, "we need a real plan, here. What can we do?"

That was when something big landed nearby, pulling their attention away from the vaulting colossus.

"Y'all have been harder to find than a vegetarian in a barbeque!" a familiar Southern voice drawled, echoing out of the PA system of their ship as it finished settling from its descent, a wave of dust clouding out. "How about I give you fellas a ride?"

"Bluegrass!" Steelwill shouted, grinning wide. "Boy, are we glad to see you guys!"

"Nothing's more welcome than a Miraj," Steelheart joked, already heading toward the ship as its back bay door slid open.

"Come on, Flashback," Quicksilver said. "We have work to do."

Finally, Flashback smiled, if weakly.

"Right! To Mumbo-Jumbo!"

"I've got a better idea," Quicksilver replied, winking. "We need Bluegrass to get us somewhere specific, and fast..."

"That's the way, Mumbo-Jumbo," Hardware sneered, in gleeful defiance of the moon's artificial gravity. "Just a little further, and we're out into space!"

"RRRRR."

Close as they came to the slow and steady drift of space and the freedom beyond, it was unmistakable when the bull and Hardware slowed, stopped, then began to sink back down toward the moon.

"Gah, almost," Hardware snorted, going wide-eyed after. "Uh-oh..."

How many tons did Mumbo-Jumbo weigh, at this point? 4,000,000? 5,000,000?

Something over a mile in size, slamming back down, with that much weight...

Hardware gulped and scrunched himself down defensively, preparing for the magnitude of the impact. Just as he did, Mumbo dumbly crashed back down with both feet, crushing down on the moon, cratering down, down into a widening pock-mark that crumbled past shifting, sliding hills, crumbling mountains and valleys, everything nearby sinking down as he sank.

A concussive burst of displaced air blew up through the devastation, flinging everything crushed down away, blowing a thick ring of ruin out of the rim as the vibrations tremored up, up along his bulging metal muscles, all the way up, up, up to Hardware.

Astonishingly, all the alien really felt was a loose tingle. The rest of the shock had been absorbed by Mumbo-Jumbo's sheer bulk.

"Er...huh. Wasn't so bad," he muttered, before looking around. He went pale.

"...Huh."

Mumbo only rose halfway up out of the massive crater his landing had created. The monstrous bovine's nostrils flared, snorting away the rising cloud, his impossibly big chest swelling out powerfully with the slightest of breath. His immense erection wobbled with the aftershock, swaying almost comically out ahead of him, still diamond-hard and fat. The bull hardly even noticed his own crash.

"Heh," Hardware suddenly laughed, thinking it over. "Hehe! HAHA! You crushed them flat! That landing...there was no way those puny SilverHawks could have gotten far enough away, that fast. Not without a major ship engine at high output! Well, that's serendipity for you, isn't it, Mumbo?"

"...R."

"Well?" Hardware growled, glowering. "You did it, you nimrod! We crushed them together! It's a happy mistake, so...you know...be happy!"

Hardware fiddled with the remote, and Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous cow-muzzle grew a broad, proud smile.

"There."

The smoke cleared finally, and again Hardware looked up to the heavens of Limbo. Such as they were.

"Right. Okay...once more! Put everything you have into this one!"

"RRRRRR," Mumbo rumbled, still wooden, even with his forced smile on.

The huge bull crouched again, his muscles ballooning even bigger as he tensed tighter, painfully tight and thick and primed, like a gargantuan copper coil.

That was when it hit—that was when Mumbo wobbled, blinked, then collapsed in place. More accurately, Mumbo-Jumbo *slammed* down, and slammed down hard. The crater received him as his massive muscles crushed down onto the crushed turf, grinding down, down against it. It wasn't that the bull had fallen, by some mistake. Hardware immediately understood that much, since a fall would have simply left them there, normally. This...this was pressure. Massive, distorting pressure.

Gravity.

GRAVITY

"T-Those...m-meddling..." the stubby alien yowled, trying to get his jaw to work against the increasing force barreling down on them both.

The artificial gravity, he thought, raging in his paralysis atop Mumbo's head. *They got to the artificial gravity generators! No! No, no, no!*

"Okay, that puts the bull in the pen," Steelwill said, giving the thumbs up, as he and Steelheart stepped away from the generators in the large, abandoned factory on the outskirts of a nearby mining town. "Gravity's up as far as it can go, for two sectors—miles of landscape, more than enough to keep him down."

"And we hold him there until Professor Power arrives, to put a stop to it," Quicksilver added, giving a thumb's up to both the twins.

"And all done while Mumbo's still small enough to be held back by gravity, too," Flashback sighed, nodding thankfully. "That's sure some fast thinking!"

"So, you'll be heading back to the future, after this, right?" Steelheart asked.

"Yeah," Bluegrass drawled, the blue-armored cowboy SilverHawk adjusting his 10-gallon hat. "No more threat to have to stop, right?"

"Well, that's the thing," Flashback started...

1). *"As long as Mumbo-prime never grows into time itself, we should be safe..."*

2). *There's an interruption...Mumbo's growth is...responding to the gravity!?*

The SilverHawks are...doomed!?

The three SilverHawks laid helpless upon the surface of the satellite moon, down for the count. The shadow of Mumbo-Jumbo's colossal foot hovered overhead, more than ready to stomp down.

"That's right, Mumbo, do it," Hardware commanded, piloting the enormously massive bull by remote. "Crush those miserable SilverHawks down into the dirt!"

Mumbo grunted in compliance, unblinking, and lowered the foot. The digit, easily as wide as several city blocks and as long as a small skyscraper, connected with the surface of the moon, crushing it down into an ever-deepening crater of destruction. Cracks lanced out through the crust, splitting and spreading, furthering out into ugly, gaping web of cracks.

The foot settled and stayed there, even as the tremors of the impact rocked across the valley.

Hardware paused, letting the vibrations finish rumbling up through Mumbo's towering body and overinflated muscles. He blinked, then cleared his throat, and operated Mumbo's foot up, bringing the huge minotaur back to a proper stand. There was no way to easily see over the massive swells of Mumbo-Jumbo's pectorals or shoulders, so Hardware piloted Mumbo's gigantic palm up to him, so that he could magnet-walk over onto it, and be lowered safely down to view the damages.

"Well, then, let's just see," Hardware muttered, walking toward the webbing between two titanic red fingers.

He peered out beyond them, and looked into the foot-shaped crater Mumbo had hammered into the landscape. He made something of a face, for a moment, before pulling back. It wasn't kind enough to be pity—more like disgusted relief.

"Oof. That'll do it."

"RRR."

Hardware operated Mumbo's hand, lifting him back up to the bull's great forehead. The dwarf snorted derisively, then looked up.

"Right. Well. Can't believe I'm actually able to finally say it, but...HAHA! So long, SilverHawks! Weeheehee! Finally! We did it, Mumbo-Jumbo! And we're going to do so, *so* much more, at that! Haha!"

Only the moon's silence answered, until:

"...RR."

An unsubtle tingle rippled through Mumbo-Jumbo's massive body, making Hardware stop his magnetized little happy-dance on Mumbo's forehead. It grew steadily worse, deeper, stronger, gathering up into something ugly and huge within the cyber-bull.

"Hmm?" Hardware started, blinking in confusion. He looked down, and saw how even his magnet boots were starting to buzz, then shake, as Mumbo's tingling swelled up to a full tremble, then a mean rumble. "W...what is this? What's going on?"

"RRRRRRR."

Mumbo's monotone voice answered, as the resounding 3,600-foot bull's body tensed in, shook, tensed tighter...then *boomed* bigger, billowing angrily up in size!

"Whaaa!"

Hardware rocked and pitched, staying stuck on Mumbo's forehead as he watched it stretch out wider and wider, pushing up higher into the skies. The huge horns went from pillars to towers, growing out farther into the atmospheric haze as they spread wider on either side of him.

The jewel on Mumbo's forehead swelled from a hill into a mountain, widening and bulging higher, creaking along with his head as Mumbo's body ballooned bigger, the muscles below raging larger, thicker, bigger!

His neck nearly doubled its staggering bulk as his shoulders erupted out broader, heavier, his biceps bursting out hotly, his triceps and shoulder blades and forearms all heaving out in explosive blasts of growth.

His thighs bulked out as his shaft dangled lower, throbbing out fatter and bulkier atop two inflating sacs, as his feet swelled bigger over the terrain, crushing more and more in their path. His heels bumped hills and boulders and smaller cliff sides, crushing everything under-bulk as they grew and grew and grew.

4,000 feet blew up to 4,300, then 4,700. The lowest of the artificially-made cloud banks began to approach Mumbo-Jumbo's head, his muzzle pushing out farther and longer beyond the growing ridge of his head, itself a great golden-copper plain of mass. Hardware found himself hunched down in a defensive crouch, riding it out, as the bull's body kept expanding and groaning loudly, thick with too much muscle and power, yet still drinking in more and more!

5,300 feet trembled and *boomed* up to 5,800, then 6,100 after.

At over 1.3 miles, finally, Mumbo-Jumbo stopped growing, and came again to a halt. His musculature had practically doubled in girth, giving him boulder-arms and a massive chest and backside. One cloud brushed the very tip of his dark horn, he stood

so high. Compared to him, Hardware was just that much more of a speck. A grain of salt, practically.

"Ho," Hardware gasped, finally breathing again. "I, uh...okay. You're still a growing boy! I see! This is good. Oh, this is very, very good! For me! Heehee! Mumbo-Jumbo...you and I are getting off of this measly rock. We have an appointment with all of Limbo!"

"RR."

1). Hotwing and the Copper Kid arrive, to deal out justice!

2). Mumbo can't manage a leap-off, so Hardware sets out to make him even bigger

Hotwing and the Copper Kidd arrive, to deal out justice!

"And I ain't heard nothin' since," a Southern voice spoke over the radio, half-static, half worry. "Ain't seen hide-nor-hair, since they disembarked the Miraj!"

A golden cybernetic hand took the receiver from a smaller hand, equally metallic, only copper-hued.

"Well, how long have they been gone?" the owner of the golden hand asked, bringing the receiver up to his human face. The rest of him was gilded in armor much like the other SilverHawks; only his pointed ears made him really stand out beside them. Well, besides the pointy-eared pilot beside *him*, the Copper Kidd.

"Maybe a half-n' hour, tops," the Southern voice spoke back. "Heck, Hotwing, I'm gettin' halfway-to-nervous. And outta all of Limbo, that's the place I don't much-wanna be."

"I hear that, Bluegrass," Hotwing answered, his brow knitting in contagious concern. The Copper Kidd looked up, his somewhat elongated face resembling a young mime's, with a pointed crown for the tip of his armored head. Hotwing tried to mask his rising concern, but the Kidd clearly caught it. That the illusionist SilverHawk would have to try that hard was telling.

"That's why I figured I'll put out the feelers, buddy," Bluegrass continued, over the line. "How close are you and the Kidd to these coordinates? We're talkin' outer Bedlama here."

"If there's trouble, we'll be there pronto," Hotwing added, nodding firmly. "You tell them that, if you see them before you see us, partner."

Back the receiver went to the Copper Kidd, who put it away without looking—his eyes were on Hotwing.

"You know where to head, Kidd," Hotwing said.

The Kidd whistled in his native sonic language, fired the thrusters, and punched the drive to maximum.

"Now, how to escape the artificial gravity well," Hardware hummed, musing out loud, since it was always more fun to be heard talking tech. "We could rummage around and stomp everything, until we catch whatever sector houses the anti-gravity generators, and just float off like nothing..."

Mumbo-Jumbo just stood in place, eyes wide and unresponsive.

"Hmm...at this size...perhaps you could simply work up enough force to leap off...with time to think, I imagine you could do best...oh...up there! Yes, that mountain range would add a bit of height to your leap, where the atmosphere would be weaker..."

Something whistled by, swerving fast and tight past the backside of Mumbo-Jumbo's absolutely gargantuan neck. Hardware felt enough wind blast by the top of Mumbo's spacious forehead to make him perk up.

"What the...what was that?"

He looked about, confounded, before something big enough (to him) whizzed by the bull's looming muzzle, circling back around. A sudden barrage of blasts burst out of it as it went, narrowly sailing by Hardware, who cried out and ducked low, letting the beams cast off into the skies.

"Who...w-who could possibly even be here, to...GAH!"

He focused, and at last saw the Miraj, the hated ship of the SilverHawks, circling back around to resume firing.

"I dunno what sort of voodoo nonsense y'all have got goin' on here, making that dadblamed steer as big as a mountain," Bluegrass's voice blared, from the PA system of the passing ship, "but it better not have a thing to do with my friends not pickin' up on the party line!"

"Oh, buzz off, Bluegrass!" Hardware snarled, his anger reignited as recognition settled in, unwanted. "Smack that buzzing little mosquito out of the sky, Mumbo!"

The remote flicked one way, then another, sent into a tangle of motions in sequence. In response, the dormant cow-god jerked to life, those unblinking eyes training suddenly on the Miraj.

"RRRRRRRRRR."

A fist as big as an entire office building swung hard through the air, slicing it as it shot narrowly by, almost grazing the Miraj's wing. Bluegrass cursed and put the ship in a spin, ejecting several gas canisters in a spiraling, spreading smokescreen.

He adjusted in his seat, the blue-armored cowboy SilverHawk fixing his the 10-gallon hat and red bandana around his neck.

"That's the way y' wanna dance? Time fer a hoe-down!"

He throttled the engine and spun the nose over, twirling in the air, before punching back through the cloud, dive-bombing the indifferent minotaur, who turned last-second and elbowed the Miraj so hard that it nearly broke in tow, in mid-air. Bluegrass, certain he could have spooked the dull-witted behemoth, only had an instant to note how Mumbo-Jumbo hardly seemed to care. Instead Mumbo had reacted like a full-on robot and attacked, and it was Bluegrass reacting in a panic.

The pilot seat unclicked from the floor fasteners and polygrip molding, then ejected (with him in it). Bluegrass soared upside-down through a maelstrom of spinning landscape and flashing bits of gold and copper brawn, the cowboy bracing throughout for impact—

When he felt the backrest of the pilot seat slam, then *thump-thump-thump* its way messily down the length of a shaft so large, it could have been a runway for *carriers*.

He rolled to a stop, nearly toppled on his side, only for the chair to thud back down normally, albeit atop the span of a swollen, monstrous erection, easily half a mile long, and maybe 900 feet thick around. He blinked, understandably, then started to try and undo his seatbelt as the metallic flesh under him throbbed eagerly, on and on, despite Mumbo's overall-cold reactions, so far up above.

"Any landing you can walk away from," he joked, or tried to, even though the SilverHawk was openly shaking as he tried to undo the straps to his seat.

As he fumbled, however, the massive bull and his bulging shaft all suddenly stopped, and returned to an impassive, rigid stand. That it was, and nothing more.

Bluegrass paused in confusion as the towering giant made no moves against him. The hesitance that followed plagued Bluegrass, making him stay put in suspicious disbelief that things were actually over.

"Is...is that all, then?" he balked, fussing with the strap, only to feel as the bulging erection underneath shrank a little inward, growing a little less full as the scene calmed...so much so that his seat, still on the farther reach of the shaft, began to lower down with it as it bobbed.

It skidded farther out still, making the cowboy panic anew.

Just as he felt the shaft dip low enough and bow slightly, the chair and he himself both pitched back, bumping against the high, huge rim of the bull's tip. It caught him, but only for a moment, and before he could joke further, he felt the chair slide to one side, then felt nothing but wind as, to his horror, he pitched clear off, and fell toward the firmament far below.

At what he figured must have truly been the actual last second, his screaming fall stopped, and abruptly at that. He hovered in midair, suspended, before being turned around, and let down gently to the moon's surface, unharmed.

"What in the name of..." he stammered, looking around wildly, until he saw a ship land, a smaller one, one he knew. His relief was tenfold as the doorway opened, and out stepped both Hotwing and the Copper Kidd.

The Kidd was waving hello, and Bluegrass surely did wave right back, but Hotwing was less focused on them. He kept looking up at Mumbo-Jumbo, concentrating hard.

"You alright, Bluegrass?" Hotwing asked, not looking away from the sky-filling titan. Even his immense, skyscraper-sized feet were a bit too close, still though they remained. Maybe that was why the golden SilverHawk was so intense with his business.

"Y-yeah, thanks to you fellas," he sighed, nodding. "Y'all are more welcome of a sight than a hard Summer rain!"

"I had to let you down quickly, so that I could keep my focus on Mumbo, here," Hotwing explained, and the Copper Kidd wandered the few extra meters toward Mumbo's foot, knocking curiously on the towering copper toes. "I was watching you take Mumbo-Jumbo and Hardware on and realized Hardware was up top, taking control."

"Yeah, I saw that little booger, up there. Didn't know he was controlling Mumbo, though."

"Well, I have them both under my power, for now. They've been hypnotized into paralysis, until I give the explicit order for them to return to activity. Until then, they should stay put."

"How long can you hold them like that? Long enough for us to find the others? I'm sure that Quicksilver, Steelheart and Steelwill are around somewhere..."

"Until I give the word? I mean, they'll stay this way, probably. I'm just being sure. Plus, I can only do this for so long...I just want to make sure they're as under as I can get--"

The rumbling was quick, and it was terrible. The frozen bovine's massive body began to quake all over, worse and worse, until the forestry and hills and boulders and pebbles all around his huge feet began to vibrate, then jitter and dance, as the terrain shook violently.

"What the," Bluegrass said, just as he and Hotwing and the Kidd all looked up—in time for Mumbo-Jumbo's paralyzed body to tremble-tense in on itself, rumble, then *BOOOOOOOOM* bigger! His shaft plunged out farther and higher, his sacs expanding loudly over his swelling thighs, as his unmoving head and neck and shoulders grew and grew into the heavens.

His enormous feet swelled out in an explosive burst of growth, plowing clear over everything in their path—including the three SilverHawks who had landed there moments before. Everything was wiped out as the frozen Mumbo-Jumbo stayed

standing, growing bigger, and bigger, and bigger, until only he remained visible on the moon, even as he pushed 5 miles...then 10...then 50...200...

The lunar surface crunched down in deepening waves of chaos as Mumbo-Jumbo expanded beyond madness, surging into the upper atmosphere. His feet sank through the surface, crushing into the globe itself, yet with every lowering his body rocketed all the larger, compensating brutally as he swelled past 500 miles, and still kept growing.

“W-whoa!” Hardware squealed, slipping and streaking loudly down Mumbo's growing forehead. “Hold on, Mumbo, stop! T-that's too much!”

The remote slipped and slid down the bull's city-sized muzzle as Hardware clung tight, having to use both hands. Down, down the remote sailed, smashing to bits on the bursting plains of Mumbo's gilded pecs.

Another gross shudder stole through Mumbo's robotic form as he expanded twice as large in one thick, hot blast of growth! At over 1,000 miles tall the entire moon began to sag in space, weighed down by a beast nearly a quarter of its size.

Hardware had lost all control as Mumbo snorted volcanic steam, shook, and ballooned up to 2,000 miles, stretching into a musclebound continent of bulk. His pectorals flared out endlessly as his shoulders erupted thicker, heavier, hotter.

The moon sank lower and lower as he reached half its scope. His fantastic weight broke completely through the surface, and the mooing colossus' mind returned to him just as his body crashed into the moon itself.

Said moon plummeted into the path of a bigger planet, and as Hardware and a highly-confused Mumbo all cried out, that moon collided with it.

All parties were obliterated on contact.

Big as he was, even Mumbo was destroyed against its mass.

The crater that was imprinted on the planet remains a complete mystery to historians, to this very day.

THE END

Mumbo can't manage a leap-off, so Hardware sets out to make him even bigger

Unthinkable tons upon tons of metallic bull-muscle clenched as Hardware piloted Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous body.

The bovine robotically squatted down, his movement precise, his feet crunching further into the moon's topside as his calves and thighs ballooned even thicker, tense with untold power.

"Up we go!"

Hardware pressed a button on the remote, and Mumbo vaulted straight up, like a copper bullet, piercing the veil of the atmosphere apart as he soared. Up and up they both flew, the iron grip of artificial gravity slipping as he streaked higher, closer and closer to the haven of cold space.

The thick chips and plates of the crust that had shorn away in the liftoff sprayed out in the air, clattering down loudly in big, heavy impacts, as gravity reclaimed them. It was only a second later that Mumbo rejoined them, too.

Red-copper feet the size of skyscrapers blasted back down as nearly 1,000,000,000 lbs. of bull-bulk slammed into the moon, cratering out a huge, ugly rim of expanding destruction over the landscape.

A pillar of smoke as big as Mumbo-Jumbo's whole leap blew up into the atmosphere, mimicking his ascension.

The impact threaded the terrain like a pack of snakes, rumbling out in an angry, disruptive wail of creaking plates and cracking rock, until it all finally died off into an eerie silence.

There, half-knelt in the center of the crater, remained Mumbo-Jumbo. The cyber-bull snorted deeply, his expression every-bit as mechanical, as unchanged as before the attempt. For all the cow knew, he hadn't jumped over any moon, at all.

Hardware knew, however, and the irate goblin did the reacting for him.

"Bah!" he coughed, waving away the lingering dust with a stubby arm. "No good...the big dummy weighs too much...stupid square-cube law. Figures, there's still a law we can't easily break."

"RR."

"How do we actually leave this stupid rock, then?" he pondered, tapping the scaly fold in his chin. "How? Self-powered liftoff should be doable...it's just a matter of how powered that self is..."

At that, he brought the ray cannon back up, and pondered a little better, a little clearer. Measures, risks, and countermeasures to his own measures trailed by, until he took a deep breath, and nodded.

"Yup, that's the best option," he muttered, fumbling with the amber amplifier. "Enjoy, Mumbo, because we're stepping up your bulking routine—and then some!"

He aimed the barrel down at the unblinking bovine, then blasted a huge payload of growth beam down squarely into Mumbo's forehead. It was mere moments before the bull's metallic body began to react, and even without Mumbo's senses, the body itself took the news just fine.

Rumbling tics and twitches began to cover the bull, all 6,100 feet of him, making massive biceps and triceps tingle deep. His hips creaked and his knees shook, his enormous toes digging into the crater, before he again began to violently explode bigger, and bigger.

"That's the way," Hardware growled, grinning crookedly, as he felt his magnetic boots slide wider atop Mumbo's growing, stretching hide. "Grow...grow!"

Mumbo's gold-copper body greedily obeyed, swelling, bulging and billowing up larger, in a single, thrusting burst of growth.

His back muscles erupted larger, smothering up against his bloating neck and booming red shoulders. His arms, already immense, surged tight and loud, groaning and creaking as they blew up disproportionately larger, and stronger.

His bulked-out pectorals screamed as they inflated wildly in size, ballooning out before him, further and wider and heavier, heaving angrily with raw growth.

His thighs burst wider as his trembling shaft punched forth, booming, bulging and burgeoning to absurd, even frightening lengths. The tip pulled drum-tight, ruddy and swollen in dark joy, wobbling in the air over his expanding testicles, which sagged and surged and bobbed down lower and lower, creeping over his knees.

His muzzle pushed longer and longer, higher and bigger and broader, until it was all that Hardware could see.

Out in the horizon, the stocky little alien could see one towering horn, obscured in the haze of the distant atmosphere. By the time he turned to observe the other one, it was even bigger, even farther out. The sheer sound of Mumbo's growth rattled up into him, making the increasingly-tiny dwarf quake uncontrollably.

Still, the beam poured on, as Mumbo-Jumbo billowed up from 6,100 to 8,400 feet...9,600 feet...11,000 feet!

- 1). *Hardware stops at 12,000 feet, leaving Mumbo doubled in size*
- 2). *Hardware's thinking distracts him—and Mumbo's growing faster...*

"Figure something out, then, to get us clear!"

"Figure something out, then, to get us clear of the spurts!" Quicksilver said, as the mooing god far, far above them and to the sides of them loomed.

His thighs caged the fleeing ship in on either side of the crumbling moonscape, which rapidly caved lower and lower as Mumbo-Jumbo's weight climbed higher and higher atop it. The only way forward was just that—forward!

"I'll put on all the speed she can take," Bluegrass said, grimacing with the strain as he pushed in harder on the wheel.

Every jet forced the Miraj to scream away from the swelling, semi-trapped testicles, which boomed closer and closer toward them, all as the great shadow of the bull's ballooning penis roared out overhead, bigger and bigger, longer and longer, threatening to come crashing down and crush them all between the sacs and shaft.

The vast Mumbo-Jumbo pumped bigger, still, heaving up to 200 miles, in one thick, messy burst of heat. Metal muscles roared and boomed uncontrollably, the bull huffing and nearly whimpering in echoing moans of bliss, as he trembled and blew up to 300 miles...400!

"He's gettin' too guldered big, too fast!" Bluegrass growled, pushing the Miraj faster yet. The ship creaked and whined, shaking from exertion and friction, but the further half and tip of the penis kept lurching out to reclaim them, never letting them out entirely, lurching and swelling bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger!

"We can't get out," Steelheart said, looking the console over. "It's not possible...the spurts are exponential! It's a miracle he hasn't overtaken us already!"

"He won't!" Bluegrass said as the ship shuddered, stuttering towards failure.

Mumbo-Jumbo suddenly hiccupped, trembled, and hugged his thick penis all the way up against his bulging pectorals, heatedly huffing over the swollen tip, lost in a crashing eruption of pleasure and need. Amazingly, this opened the skies to them, and they all saw at once.

"Quick!" Quicksilver said, pointing up. "Get us out of here--"

With that, Mumbo-Jumbo's 700-mile body quiver-quaked, tensed, tensed...and boomed so big that he rushed up in a leap of size, growing to a third the size of the entire moon, itself! His sacs blew out over everything, bumping the Miraj and pulling it under the sloping curve of his huge, rumbling orbs.

And still the huffing, bulk-bloated bull roared, bellowing into his trembling, body-sized erection, squeezing it needfully, stroking himself off as he sat, over 1,000

miles in size, teasing himself into a heated frenzy of self-loving lust. His muscles groaned against each other as he fluttered his huge white eyes and began to nuzzle and groom his trembling tip over and over and over...

1). Mumbo-Jumbo climaxes, destroying most of Bedlama

2). Mumbo-Jumbo blows up into his muzzle, pumping himself HUGE

Mumbo-Jumbo climaxes, destroying most of Bedlama

Mumbo bellowed out the happiest roar imaginable, a sound so big that it ejected from his 5,280,000-foot tall body like an airborne quake.

The moon shook, snapping further apart under Mumbo's body, itself only three times larger now than he as he stroked his bloated sex up and down, cuddling it tight against his overblown, smooth, shining pectorals. Metal creaked metal as the cyber-bull's bulk squeezed, making Mumbo huff and moan out into space, mid-lavishing.

The break in his growth spurt allowed Bluegrass to punch it, and the Miraj finally managed to scream away to relative safety, out in the void of Limbo.

"Made it!" he cheered, sighing after. "Shoot-fire and heck, was that mighty close!"

"Ah, I think there's still a problem," Steelwill said, pointing out of the cockpit dome. The others stopped celebrating long enough to stare out past it, and come to an unwanted understanding.

The moon, a satellite of Bedlama, was occupied by Mumbo-Jumbo. The bull was facing Bedlama, from that very moon they had all just escaped. Mumbo's stroked erection was flopping back down, too big and heavy to hold up. It's tip was throbbing and groaning, bloating bigger and thicker and hotter—and that tip was facing Bedlama.

"Good gravy, if that bull uh, does this business," Bluegrass started, then stopped, clearing his throat in a bid for modesty, "he'll blast right onto the planet!"

"It gets worse," Quicksilver said, as he noticed Mumbo's body starting to rumble up again. "Look!"

A cyber-bull looming up at over 1,000 miles in size, a size already mind-breaking enough, began to spasm and shake and huff hotter, deeper, licking the air as he tilted his head back and began to boom even *bigger*.

Great volleys of flame and steam shot out of Mumbo's flared nostrils as his pectorals bulged further out ahead, his arms swelling up into huge boulders of muscle, crowding each other, stretching over-tight and aching, wonderfully full. Pleasure cascaded off of him in heated, self-important lust, making Mumbo-Jumbo boom-moo and balloon twice as big, in one terrifying burst, surging up past 2,000 miles.

His erection rumbled out bigger, lurching and quavering and bobbing and bloating, too, too full of girth, too big to control, even for him. His testicles swelled out like oceans, smothering the cracked curvature of the moon as he lurched even larger, and blew up bigger than it, now over 3,000 miles in size!

"He ain't stoppin'!"

"Get us away, Bluegrass! And hail Bedlama, right now! His eruption's going to be way bigger than we just anticipated! They need to know, right now!"

"R-right! Bedlama defense force, channel 65-D, do you read? This is Bluegrass, of the SilverHawks! SilverHawks, hailing Bedlama! For Pete's sake, answer! Do you copy, Bedlama! Y'all need to evacuate!"

Mumbo's panting grew faster, deeper, his rumbling body billowing up even bigger. Muscles exploded forth across his swollen body as he moaned and howled and grunted, dragging his growing fingers across his sex, dimpling against his metallic, throbbing phallus.

"HRRRRRR," he huffed, his backside and shoulders ballooning, crowding against his thickening, bulging neck, as his lats expanded up hotter, bigger, pushing his triceps up even as they bloated wider, and wider, and wider.

"HHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGHRRRRHRRR!!"

He trembled and gushed with raw size, growing up past 4,000 miles, his frantic growth climbing to a fever pitch as he pleased himself more and more, becoming more frenzied with need. The poor moon cracked in two under his rump, and those two pieces cracked and split and broke away, the entire moon shattering off into a spray as Mumbo callously blew up to 7,000 miles, then 9,000!

Biceps so big they blocked all view of space crowded the Miraj's sights as it fled back, more and more. Bedlama was a huge planet, overall, at least 280,000 miles in diameter. Compared to Mumbo-Jumbo's size, the globe was a full-on mansion. But that was a fast-closing gap...

"Bedlama defense forces, copy," an alien voice finally said, over the line. "We copy you, SilverHawks! We have sightings on multiple feeds nationwide—is that Mumbo-Jumbo, out there!?"

"Darn right, it is!" Bluegrass said, half-busy managing the ship's escape flight. "Listen, that bull's growin' faster than a Spring weed, and he's uh, aimin' to...you know...blow."

"What do you mean, b...you're *kidding*," the voice said, momentarily distracted from the obvious panic on Bedlama.

"He's about to blow...uh...at y'all."

"WHAT!?"

"Y'all need to evacuate, pronto, y'hear? Get off-world, right now! The bigger Mumbo grows, the bigger his impact will be! He ain't done by a long sight, either, so git!"

"R-roger! Roger that! We'll use Professor Power's warp grids to relocate, r-right away! Thank you! O-over and out!"

"How long do you think it'll take for them to organize the escape flash on the grid?" Steelheart fretted, turning to Quicksilver.

"No idea, sadly," he sighed, looking back out, as they could see Mumbo's bicep exploding even larger in their periphery. Honestly, Mumbo was *becoming* the periphery.

Mumbo boomed and bellowed and shook, rattling with growth. His raging body rumbled and surged out, blowing the ever-growing bull's size up to 14,000 miles! Hands the size of small countries and continents slapped his overinflated penis, drumming on it, teasing and touching it, making it swell so big and fat and tight that it nearly hurt.

The tip wobbled as his sacs bloated bigger, spreading his huge thighs apart rapidly as he floated in space. If anything, the big bull was drifting closer and closer toward Bedlama, dragged into its gravitational well. That only brought the trembling, bucking erection nearer, still, its tip burning hot and swollen.

Mumbo-Jumbo bit down on his lip and threw his head back, blowing out clouds of vapor and flame as his chest rumbled and exploded out bigger, and bigger, his arms detonating with mass and size! His thighs heaved too big, crushing cutely in on his expanding orbs, squeezing on them, forcing a sudden, ugly bugle of pressure to knot up into his billowing shaft, making it balloon to double its horrifying size!

"RRRRRRRRHR...HH-HRRRUUUHRRR...RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!"

"Brace yourselves!" Quicksilver shouted. "He's going to b—"

B-BBBB-BUH-BBB-BOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSHHHHH!!

A big bang of semen blew out, a cannon-fire of white cream blasting out from Mumbo's bloated, screaming tip, bursting out in a thick geyser-spray of release! The torrential blast of seed shot forth, crashing directly into the surface of Bedlama, as Mumbo roared, mid-orgasm, and blew up twice as big in size, pumping viciously up to 30,000 miles!

His climax swelled even larger, stronger, battering into and blasting away entire chunks of the planet. Entire districts, states, geographies, lakes, rivers, mountain ranges,

all were blown off the map as the spray crashed into the planet, blowing a widening hole in its sundered crust. Entire countries and the tiny cities therein were blown to soggy dust as Mumbo kept roaring and gushing, his thick penis bulging in waves of release, his hands crushing helplessly, adoringly down on his overgrown pride.

They could all only watch (from as afar as they could keep getting), seeing the larger planet being battered gradually apart. More hunks of crust and landscape splintered and blew away into space as the terrible climax blew on and on, until a much larger, magma-glowing crack birthed out from its sides, spreading over the entire hemisphere. Those cracks grew and multiplied, deepening, before the pressure became too awful, and over half of the globe snapped apart and blew away, revealing a seed-spattered, blazing core.

At last, Mumbo's release stopped, slowing to a thundering, echoing trickle, then nothing at all. Only Mumbo remained, bloated and heaving with satisfaction, looming over everything but the remaining third of Bedlama. He licked his muzzle over, panted hard, and shivered in pleasure, over 150,000,000 feet tall, and still too bulky for his own good. A spent, massively huge penis floated out in front of him, half-resting on the bull's colossal, hefty sacs.

"By Gar, he went and did it," Bluegrass muttered, awestruck with horror.

"Did they...did they make it in time?" Steelwill asked.

1). *"I think so...we had better check, and see to the survivors..."*

2). *"We'll have to hope they did. Right now, we NEED Professor Power to stop Mumbo!"*

"I think so...we had better check, and see to the survivors..."

Quicksilver watched as long as he could, so that he could think. Still, it was a time for much, and thinking was only the half. He swallowed, took a breath, and turned from the cockpit dome to his comrades. The looks on their faces matched his, but that was no reason to waver.

"I think so...we had better check, and see to the survivors..."

The three of them nodded, not turning around. It was best that way, as Quicksilver alone saw the distance-spanning Mumbo-Jumbo behind them, roaring out his triumph and smug pleasure, a shining god of muscle and impossible sex.

"W-where is the nearest relocation point supposed to be?" Steelwill asked, clearing his throat as he went to a readout on the cockpit console.

"Over in the dark nebula quadrant, it's not far at all."

"This-here's Bluegrass, again," Bluegrass sighed, holding the radio receiver close. "If, ah, any of y'all are still on site, on Bedlama, come back and let us know, would ya? Otherwise, we'll be pushing on to confirm successful extraction of all y'all Bedlamian amigos..."

Only static answered as Bluegrass and Quicksilver anxiously watched the blown-open, wounded Bedlama floating there in Limbo, beyond Mumbo's 30,000-mile body.

"...Repeat, this-here's Bluegrass, hailing Bedlama...any-ol' body, hello..."

"Are we close enough to run a scan on the remainder?" Quicksilver asked Steelheart, who bit her lip, and shook her head.

"We'd need to fly over the surface for a proper inventory, I'm afraid..."

"I see...let's make it fast, then. Bluegrass, switch over to the radio coordinates when Steelheart gets a lock on them, then get a tally of the survivors."

"Roger that, Hoss!"

Mumbo-Jumbo loosed a huge, godly sigh, trembling all over in momentarily stalled lust as he floated in space. The ray cannon continually blasted away inside of him, however, and his reverie hardly lasted.

As the Miraj passed him by at top-speed, less than a silent gnat in comparison to the bull, the SilverHawks continually skimmed the surface of the planet, scouring it

over for any leftover life forms. Mumbo was not only too big to possibly take notice, but he was much too big to ever come close to caring anymore.

"HRRRRRRRN," he huffed, lowing and licking himself over as his member began to rapidly balloon back to firm, full, angry, delighted fullness.

Untold pleasures cascaded through him as he caught his powerful breath, twitched, and already began to quake again. The rumbling intensified fast as he fluttered his enormous white eyes and clutched needfully against his swollen pectorals, blowing out a huge burst of giddy air as he started growing, again.

His biceps blew out beyond his shuddering chest as the bull mooed out into Limbo, exploding out in size, in all directions. His feet sank lower as his calves, thighs, rump and hips all billowed uncontrollably bigger, and bigger. His shaft pushed painfully out ahead, suddenly every bit as long and mighty as his entire height as Mumbo surged to 40,000 miles, quake, huffed, snorted, moaned, rumbled...and *boomed* to 50,000...65,000...80,000...100,000...

His back bulged out over the rest of him, his thick golden neck bursting impossibly bigger, wider, longer, pushing his roaring head and sleek bovine muzzle and horns higher, and higher.

125,000...

"GGHHHN..."

150,000...

"HRRRRRRHNNNGHNNN!"

175,000...

His colossally bloated, shaking penis began to rumble and rattle, quaking violently, as a thick wad of translucent fluid jetted out, ejecting in a thick, hot, snaking gush of pre-seed, the bull's arousal instantly hammering back on him as he cried out and squeezed his beast of an erection.

210,000...

250,000...

"Anything, this time?" Quicksilver pressed, looking over the surface of what sad little mass remained of Bedlama, in the distance. Everything standing registered as a series of puny dots scattered over a cracked and crumbled civilization. Rivers of upset magma wept over the cities and mountains that still stood, covering them, as small tectonic disruptions continued on through the landscape.

"Nothing, at all," Steelheart said, sighing. "But in the good way, I think. We can't linger here, Quicksilver."

"I know," he said, putting his hands up. "Just had to be sure as we could possibly be. Bluegrass, you have a lock on those coordinates?"

"Yup."

"Have you hailed anyone yet, at the evacuation points?"

"They're all accounted for, so far, but the count's gonna take a hot minute. Bedlama had a thing fer having a population."

"Okay, let's move, then."

"What about Mumbo-Jumbo?" Steelwill said, at last. "We can't just leave him to do as he pleases! What if he keeps grow—"

A terrible rumble somehow found them, rattling through the Miraj like a storm. Somehow. *In space*. They all went cold and looked out through the cockpit windshield at the remainder of poor, blasted Bedlama, saw what was quickly rising up over the other side of it, and they all lurched back in total fear.

"No!" Steelheart gasped. "You can't be serious!"

Even on the other side of the planet, or the surviving third of it, Mumbo-Jumbo could now be seen—easily.

The groaning, roaring bull's body was exploding bigger, furiously growing, uncaring, unstoppable. Beyond the cracked frays and edges of Bedlama and its cooling core and caking swaths of semen, Mumbo's muzzle loomed, high, high up, nearly lost behind the rising, bloating bulges of his pectorals, which stretched ever-higher, boomed ever-wider.

Biceps bigger than a whole planet rumbled and boomed out even bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger, flaring tight and full as their golden bulges swelled out on either side of him, nearly caging the growing bull in between.

A penis bigger than his entire overgrown arm pushed up beyond Bedlama, as well, spasming and hot and pleading for relief, already. What remained of Bedlama caught the brunt of his growing shaft's under-bulge, pinching its sad remains between the under-base of his penis and the upper-curves of his ballooning metallic sacs.

"Go, go!" Quicksilver commanded. "Punch it, Bluegrass!"

"R-roger that!"

The Miraj spun around and blasted at full throttle, streaking away in a terror as the remainder of Bedlama, its full 90,000 miles, cracked further apart, bunching in against the rising weight of Mumbo's penis and testicles. His orbs alone were bigger, each one the size of Bedlama, at its former glory.

That each sac had swollen down over the bull's knees meant that Mumbo-Jumbo was just over 1,100,000 miles tall, and *still growing*.

"H-he's not stopping!" Steelheart shouted, over the roar of the ship's stressed engines. "He just keeps growing!"

The remainder of Bedlama wheezed out a cough of dust, microscopic cities and buildings and forests and ships and everything, in a cloud of barely-recognizable nothing, before the cooling core exploded, and a wave of sticky red spattered against Mumbo's endless sex, just before the base of his tremendous shaft kissed down on his overgrown orbs, bobbling a member over 1,300,000 miles long, and a staggering 200,000 miles wide. Bedlama would have made one fine bulge going down its length, had it ever had the chance to go out with even that much dignity.

"HHHHHHHH...HRUUHHHHUHRHHH..."

With a final, horrible rumble, Mumbo-Jumbo tensed in against himself, burying his muzzle and chin deep in the pectoral cleavage of his throbbing, over-swollen chest, huffing against the shiny gold as it bulged up against his entire snout and head, competing against his bulging neck, shoulders and biceps, pouring out over his huge forearms, until...*until*...

"HHHHHHHHHHHHH—"

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMPH!

In a singular burst of release, Mumbo's growth spurt capped, doubling the monstrous god-bull's size, blowing him up to a moaning, mooing, climaxing 2,250,000 miles! His quaking penis swelled dark and deep, straining out, bloating twice as thick around, veins screaming along his pulsing metal girth, before spewing out a messy, titanic, blasting load.

Mumbo wailed into his own trembling pectorals as he flexed his immense rear and bucked in surreal slow-motion, blasting an even bigger and wilder eruption of volcanic seed into space...

When the Miraj finally had to force a slowdown (or explode from engine overheating), the SilverHawks found themselves in the middle of an entire armada of ships. Different clusters bore different planetary insignias, a precious few of which included Bedlama.

"They rallied," Quicksilver said, relieved. "Looks like our Bedlamian friend wasted no time setting up a counter-strike for Mumbo..."

"Good," Steelwill said, finally grinning a little bit. "Let's get in touch with the alliance warships, and throw in!"

"Everyone?"

The voice was familiar, over their channel, and the SilverHawks all looked to the radio the moment they heard it.

"Everyone, please, jump onto channel Beta-17, please! This is Professor Power speaking, from the Bedlamian refuge! I've just arrived! I've been apprised of this terrible situation, and I think I know how to help put a stop to Mumbo-Jumbo's growth!"

(Continued)

"We'll have to hope they did. Right now, we NEED Professor Power to stop Mumbo!"

The musclebound, mooing titan filled the horizon of space, and from the cockpit of the Miraj, Quicksilver knew the numbers weren't in their favor at all. Them, versus a 30,000-mile, cybernetic minotaur-god? Not likely.

"I don't like the idea much," Quicksilver sighed, turning away from the afterglow-addled behemoth. "But...we'll have to hope they did. Right now, we *need* Professor Power to stop Mumbo!"

"But, we don't know if they all made it..." Steelheart started, only for Quicksilver to give her a look, and a shake of his head.

"I know. But, look out there. Mumbo is turning into a cosmic force. He's unstoppable, and he could blow up even bigger and stronger in a second. The priority is finding some way to take him down, before he gets even harder to tackle. Time is crucial, understand?"

The three of them bit their lips, and nodded quietly.

"Okay. Thank you. Now, we need to get the Professor on the horn, right this minute! He needs to know everything!"

"Already on it, Jefe," Bluegrass said, handing the receiver over to Quicksilver.

"Professor Power, this is Quicksilver speaking! We SilverHawks have a terribly important matter for you, and it can't wait..."

Mumbo-Jumbo's mind was a fog, a different one than the usual. An infinitely better one, for one. His once-impressive physique had been annihilated in a wave of rampant growth, leaving him a nude, overpowered colossus, swollen with bulging mounds of gold, gleaming muscle and copper.

Biceps as big as entire moons twitched on his sides, his arms unable to fully rest flat against the overgrown curves of his lats, his triceps fat and tight and enormous behind the biceps. Fantastically huge shoulders of red copper rolled atop them on either side, jostling the tidal bulk of his trapezius and monstrous neck.

He snorted out his pleasure, then finally saw fit to look down, down over the vast slope of his chest, at the ruined chunk of what remained of Bedlama.

"HRRRRN," he laughed, only to shudder as the vibrato bass of his own utterance tickled and teased up and down his body, tingling his bloated bulk with a thrilling jolt.

His spent penis, still over 7,000 miles long, soft, rapidly began to rumble, jerking into a happy bob or two, before it and his entire body started to rumble again, worse...and worse...

"NNNN...HNNNNNNNNRRRRHHNNGH...NNNN!"

"Gracious!" Professor Power gasped, over the line. "Swallowed, you say?"

"That's right, Professor, the ray cannon and the amber amplifier, whole. It was still firing, according to Hardware, the trigger jammed."

"And my prototype sun was inside him, already, as well?"

"That's right."

"GRACIOUS, NO...the chain reaction caused would be...geometric...n-no, exponential!"

"Which one's worse?" Bluegrass asked, from the pilot seat, as the Miraj sped along through Limbo.

"The second," sighed Steelheart. "A *lot* worse."

"What can we do about this, Professor?" Quicksilver asked, turning away from their talk. "There must be some way to stop his growth, maybe even shrink him back down! When we escaped him, he was over 30,000 miles in size, and—"

"W-what!?" Professor Power gasped, over the receiver. "How large was he?"

"30,000 miles..."

"And you said he had only swallowed the ray what...five, ten minutes before that?"

"Yes, that's right. Maybe ten."

There was a moment of silence.

"...H-here's what I want you to d-do, SilverHawks," he said, crackling back over the line with a terrified, croaking voice. "Ah, yes...p-please, intercept at this coordinate, I am in transport. We can meet up on board the Miraj, and yes, uh...oh, gracious, he...Mumbo would be...no, that wouldn't work, would it? He would already be..."

"Be what, Professor?"

"T-too big...Mumbo will be...you see, the rate of growth...with the measurements and time span you provided...his growth rate is far, far, far worse than I was about to conclude, moments ago. So much worse! This...I...I have a way to stop his

growth, then shrink him, yet...if he had only been as big as a planet, by the time we collaborated and could act..."

"But, he was nowhere near as big as Bedlama, when we—"

"You don't understand, my friend. You don't...Mumbo is likely already bigger than a planet. Considerably. *Vastly*."

This time, the cold silence was on their end.

"H...how much bigger is he, you think?"

"How long has it been since you escaped his sights?"

"About...6 minutes..."

"Mumbo-Jumbo is now likely...h...half a million miles in size...and growing bigger, faster..."

"That can't be right!" Steelwill said, nearly falling back. "No way!"

"That's a conservative guess...see, it will take another ten minutes for you and I to intercept, even at top safe speeds...then that makes 16 minutes back...even if we intercepted, in those ten minutes, Mumbo might be so big that Limbo will be doomed, even if we halt his growth. I have only so many of the energy-routing discs to even use...if Mumbo had been maybe 1,000 miles, maximum, we could have made coverage enough to make a real difference...but at half a million miles...gracious, no, he'll be much bigger by the time we meet...I'm afraid everything we throw at him would hardly stem the tide of his exponential growth spurts..."

"So...there's just nothing we can do?" Quicksilver asked, grimly.

"I...I have no idea what could be big enough to deliver that much siphoning on Mumbo-Jumbo's body, even at his earlier scope...that was all that I had..."

"What about going to the source of the problem?" Steelheart asked, perking up. "What if we stopped the sun, instead of worrying about Mumbo's actual body?"

"The same dilemma, I fear," Professor Power answered back. "I have no idea what could sap that much power out of the sun, at the sizes it has surely swollen to..."

1). *"But what if we froze it?"*

2). *"Did...did you feel that, just now?"*

Mumbo-Jumbo blows into his muzzle, pumping himself HUGE

One stupendously thick copper-golden arm wrapped around the topside of Mumbo-Jumbo's erection, itself wider than his hulking leg; the other arm wrapped about the lower middle, and the 1,000-mile tall bull pulled it close, hugging his body-sized shaft hard against himself, feeling it throb and swell, groaning with a puppy-like tremble against his heaving, warm, thick pectorals.

The more the enormous bull teased and licked and nuzzled his own head, the fatter it bulged, stretching painfully, *perfectly* over-tight as its metallic skin strained to contain its girth.

Fingertips wider than small states dug into the thick erection, dimpling in on it as he clutched the lower rim of his huge tip and stroked on it, huffing into it, bucking into it in big, needful lurches. His testicles swelled and bulged, mashing gently up, up along his thighs, rubbing and rolling like water balloons up against them, as the poor moon struggled to accommodate his sheer size, cracking under-rump.

"Good grief," Steelheart gulped, turning away from her view in the Miraj's cockpit. "I would've said he was enjoying himself enough, a few minutes ago, but this..."

"Just like a villain, for you," Steelwill sighed, looking just as much away in embarrassment. "No moderation at all."

"More like total abandon," Quicksilver said, grimly. "Forget what he's doing, it's why; that big bully's letting go of all concern for anyone else. I don't just mean he's being inconsiderate, I mean, he's about to crush that entire moon! And Bedlama is right there, beside—"

Mumbo-Jumbo interrupted, without even trying to. As far as the monstrously vast cyber-bull was concerned, the SilverHawks weren't even there anymore. To be fair, we wasn't far off. The Miraj wasn't even a speck anymore, in comparison to the tremendous bovine. Instead, he concerned himself with himself, and placed his muzzle flat over the bulbous tip of his head. He welled up, stretching and groaning wider with intake, before...

"Wait," Bluegrass said blinking rapidly. "Is uh, is he fixin' to—"

Mumbo-Jumbo welled as far up with air as he could, held, wiggled against the crumbling moon—and blew into his erection, hard, and deep. The effect was instantaneous: the air rushed through, further flaring up the internal sun's heat, making it burn bigger and bigger. In turn, Mumbo-Jumbo's biceps and thighs and shoulders and backside all suddenly ballooned out, wider, thicker, and bigger, all over.

"GOOD GRIEF!" Steelheart said, fanning herself.

Mumbo kept on blowing, his trembling body inflating up twice as big, in one thick, booming pump. The 2,000-mile tall behemoth flexed his new-grown muscles, bigger than ever, even for his own size, and blew harder into himself, keeping the seal on his inflated tip. Again, Mumbo-Jumbo rippled and tightened, then swelled up and out, lurching twice as big, yet again, surging to a staggering 4,000 miles!

"I uh, think he's stoking his own bellows," Steelwill said, anxiously backing away, despite being in the relative safety of the cockpit. "Shouldn't we attack, or something? Isn't there anything we can do?"

"Heck, if we dropped a warhead on him, it'd be less than a lil' ol' bee sting," Bluegrass said, shaking his head fearfully. "I got no idea how we're supposed to make him quit..."

And quit, Mumbo-Jumbo did not.

Another huffing blow, and Mumbo billowed up, and up, and up, loudly stretching and bloating larger. His pectorals expanded out against his hugged-in shaft, which itself was bulging too big to hold. Pockets of shaft boomed out around his hugging arms, throbbing and giddy with want.

His chest muscles gorged bigger, straining so big and tight that they contoured further out around his shaft, threatening to push it out so far with them that his huge, growing arms couldn't fully reach anymore; yet still, he grew, blowing himself up twice as big, *again!*

The moon vanished under his swelling cheeks as Mumbo roared bigger, spurting up past 12,000 miles. Other smaller moons and satellites began to drift obediently closer to his growing bulk, drawn to his escalating gravity.

Asteroids bounced like large molecules against his swollen, bulging bicep, which bulged even larger as he blew again, and again.

His erection bunched out into three massive swells and a tip, which curved awkwardly up, getting too big, too tall to be kept in Mumbo-Jumbo's maw. Still, he stubbornly licked and nosed into it, blowing again, shuddering and booming up to 24,000 miles!

Over 126,000,000 feet of Mumbo burgeoned and groaned all over, spreading bigger and thicker through space, muscle atop muscle. Big enough now to hug Earth to his midsection like a child, Mumbo-Jumbo was beyond colossal; the only body he paled to, in comparison, was Bedlama.

The 280,000-mile planet still outsized him by a fair bit, but as Mumbo-Jumbo's muzzle slipped off of his tickled, throbbing, pleadingly full penis, and it whipped back up beyond his maw, it didn't look quite like a good enough gap.

Mumbo sighed, not at all dejected. If anything, the looming god-bull was shaking with happiness and raw, lewd need. His penis was pulsating openly, throbbing out pressure and heat, and Mumbo-Jumbo had zero-point-zero interest in leaving it unattended.

"Oh, now what?" Bluegrass moaned, watching on as the vast golden field of metal muscle shifted and moved away from them—and toward Bedlama.

- 1). Mumbo starts to frot away on the entire planet, working himself to climax*
- 2). Mumbo gets transported away by Bedlama's technology...but to where!?*

Mumbo starts to frot away on the entire planet, working himself to climax

The frail remnants of the crushed-in moon drifted back submissively as Mumbo-Jumbo put some slight effort into moving up and off of it, out into space. A slim tail of terrain trailed after his rump as he coasted steadily nearer to Bedlama, those few bits of moon pulled along by what was quickly becoming a gravitational well. Given that there wasn't so much distance between Bedlama's South ocean and the former-moon, the SilverHawks had little time to really react.

"He's heading right for the planet!" Steelwill said, wide-eyed. "We have to warn them, right now!"

"Bluegrass, get the radio—" Quicksilver said, only to see Bluegrass with the receiver already (literally) well in-hand.

"This-here's Bluegrass, of the SilverHawks, hailin' the Bedlama Defense Force! Hey, fellers! Get me Brigadier Brightlight, pronto! Y'all got a heap of trouble headin' your way!"

Right away, a familiar alien voice crackled to life, over the receiver:

"Greetings, SilverHawks, this is Brigadier Brightlight, here. What seems to be the...what? What is what? What readings?"

"Brigadier, y'all got trouble, I said!" Bluegrass repeated, as the other three SilverHawks gathered in, looking out the cockpit to see Mumbo's fantastically big body barreling on a path of impact. The bull opened his enormous, bulging arms, muscles flared and ready, his huge erection wagging out in front of him as his sacs overfilled his thighs.

"Something is indeed on the approach, yes," Brigadier Brightlight muttered, clicking his squid-like beak on his end in sudden anxiety. "But what could...zoom further out! GOOD GRIEF! Bluegrass...is...am I looking at...something living!? But it's so big! Is that...MUMBO-JUMBO!?"

"Yes, sir, it sure is! Listen, y'all gotta evacuate, and quick! It may look like Mumbo's fixin' to belly-flop on y'all's ocean, but the tides alone...you ain't safe, even over on land!"

"Everyone!" Brigadier Brightlight could be heard shouting. "Everyone, listen! Inform Governor Xander that we are initiating escape protocol X12! Ready Professor

power's teleportation grid network, full power, that's full power! We want full coverage! Immediately!"

"Let them know he's almost there," Quicksilver ordered, leaning over the pilot seat.

"Y'all don't have long." Bluegrass said, quickly. "Whatever preparations y'got to make, make 'em, and fast!"

"Don't worry, SilverHawks! We're on it now! We have countermeasures, in case there're any delays, upon im—"

The SilverHawks all looked up to the periphery as Mumbo-Jumbo's gargantuan body slammed into Bedlama, blunt and huge and flat. Shockwaves did indeed flare out over the ocean, rocking back a series of massive concentric rings, which crashed out into the gulfs of multiple continents at once, flooding over the coastlines.

"Holy mackerel!" Steelwill groaned, unable to turn away.

"I don't see any flashes from the escape grid yet," Steelheart said, looking here and there from the dome. "They must still not have it ready!"

They watched as Mumbo's body, having landed larger, at just over 30,000 miles, unfurled and luxuriated lewdly on top of Bedlama's mighty curves. His rear bulged high as he bobbed in the ocean on his erection and sacs, which were still of such tremendous size and mass that they all easily rose out of the entire body of water, even as his thick phallus and sex and muscles all settled heavily on the cracking ocean floor.

The bull pulled back at length with his rump in the atmosphere, parting it as he arched up, then thrust down, bucking and grinding his massive penis slowly, happily, destructively along the ocean floor, shearing away the crust in angry waves. Through the silence of space, they saw his muzzle swing open as a series of mounting puffs and groans escaped his maw, the bull quaking with overflowing need.

"I thought he was bad before," Steelheart whispered.

"Every time you say that, I think the bull's gonna do worse, at this rate," Bluegrass said, clearing his throat.

"Come on, everyone, get out of there," Quicksilver muttered, glaring down at the poor, violated planet.

Mumbo-Jumbo snorted, blasting up huge pillars of water, casting cruise-liners and naval brigades and tourists all away in a wash as the 33,000-mile, ever-growing colossus stroked himself off.

Mumbo's absurd frottage brought him closer and closer to total joy, his white eyes rolling back happily as he bit his lip and trembled, then burst another 1,000 miles larger, then another.

Faster and faster Mumbo ground and moaned, his enormous orbs dragging back and forth, gouging out a deepening crater along the crust.

Coastal cities all wobbled and crashed in on themselves as entire skyscrapers snapped and collapsed, crashing and sliding down each other or over entire blocks, smashing to bits in tiny clouds of dust. The mountains rattled and broke, vast segments of ancient rock splitting and separating as the crust began to buckle under the thrusting male's motions.

His sacs swelled, and swelled, and swelled, disproportionately inflating against his thighs and rear, widening the bedraggled stretch of destruction as he clenched everything, every state-sized muscle, groaning and mooing out into the skies as he shuddered all over, and felt the massive knot bloat in his erection, pumping its way up his sensitive, arm-length erection, when...

1). The teleportation grid works, just in time!

2). The teleportation grid appears, all right...but not where expected!

Mumbo gets teleported away by Bedlama's technology...but to where!?

"Bluegrass, fast as you can," Quicksilver stared, turning from the sight of the bulging golden-copper planetoid of a bull. "Get a line open with Bedlama, and hail Brigadier Brightlight! They need to know what's heading their way!"

"Roger-dodger!" Bluegrass replied, snatching the receiver up. "This is Bluegrass of the SilverHawks, hailing the Bedlama Defense Forces! Pick up, pronto, y'all!"

"Come back, SilverHawks, this is Brigadier Brightlight," a stern alien voice answered, crisply. "I imagine you're hailing us to warn of an impending crash, by what appears to be...Mumbo-Jumbo, big as a country?"

"You bet the barn I am!" Bluegrass said nodding to himself. "The sucker's closin' in on y'all like a hog on slop!"

"Indeed, he is! We see him now, Bluegrass, thank you all for the warning!"

Bluegrass looked up to Quicksilver, who blinked in muted surprise.

"So, y'all ain't a mite worried, down there?"

"Oh, it is a shocking sight! It is, indeed. But, we have countermeasures, despite the insanity of what's approaching. We will definitely be asking for more information on how that criminal grew to such a stupendously large stature, once we've dealt with him."

"Dealt?" Quicksilver asked, leaning in close enough to reply.

"Professor Power has worked with us on several occasions, perfecting certain tech," the Brigadier responded, coolly. "I think you'll find it impressively sufficient to even *this* sort of task! By all means, watch..."

That, they did, silent and waiting, as Mumbo-Jumbo's body trembled and burst out, swelling even bigger through the drift of space. His muscles roared out in mass, bulging up in angry pockets of throbbing girth and golden, stretching bull-hide.

"He's getting even bigger, again," Steelwill muttered, glowering. "Whatever they have handy that can take someone that big out of the game, it must be good."

"I guess we'll just have to trust our allies on this one," Quicksilver said, cocking a brow.

They saw Mumbo-Jumbo rumbling and booming, growing and groaning and gushing up larger, stronger, on and on. The mooing god shuddered and burst out

again, and again, lurching messily to twice his size, nearly 50,000-miles, making him almost a fifth the size of the entire planet, when, out of nowhere, it happened.

"What in the heck is that?" Steelheart asked, pointing out.

Between Mumbo-Jumbo's hulking girth and the planet, there was a violent flash of green, glowing light, a burst that went from a singular point to a branching, spreading web of energy. It cascaded out at top-speed, splintering and weaving an intricate network of threads, forming a massive, ever-expanding grid of power—a net.

"He's going right into it," Quicksilver said, starting to grin. "They're going to ensnare him!"

"But...Mumbo's been feeding off of energy," Steelheart said, worriedly. "Do they know? What if contact just makes him even bigger?"

"She's right, Quicksilver, they wouldn't know that part!" Steelwill added, nodding.

"Bluegrass," Quicksilver started, only to find the cowboy was already picking the receiver back up.

Yet, before anyone could talk with anyone, of any species, Mumbo collided with the net. They all twisted away on reflex, shielding their eyes with a unified wince as the net and Mumbo-Jumbo exploded into a green, neon flash that filled everything.

When the light finally faded off to normalcy, all the SilverHawks saw was Bedlama, space, and nothing else. Nothing out of place, nothing in danger of imminent impact. No net of glowing energy—and, most of all, no Mumbo-Jumbo.

"What...happened?" Steelheart balked, scouring the horizon with wide eyes. "Where did Mumbo-Jumbo go to?"

"Bluegrass—"

"On it! Hey there, Bedlama, ol' pal...Bluegrass, again. Listen, fellas, we just saw something that we don't even know how to describe. Shoot, I can't muster the right words to save my life, here..."

"Haha, that's understandable!" Brigadier Brightlight laughed, over the line. "What you just witnessed was Professor Power's mass transportation energy grid. It was a quick means to evacuate the planet, in an emergency. At maximum power, it could have covered all of Bedlama, and rerouted the populace to predesignated safety zones, near and far."

"Incredible," Steelheart said, approaching the pilot seat. "That would require an insane energy output!"

"Quite right," the Brigadier echoed, clearly restraining pride. "Hence the Professor's coming to us with the idea. Our generators were fully up to the massive task!"

"Wait a minute, though," Steelwill interrupted, from behind them all. "So, if that means you transported Mumbo-Jumbo, instead of evacuating yourselves to those predesignated zones, then...well..."

"Where is Mumbo-Jumbo?" Brightlight finished. "Smart question, my friend! Yes, we had to think rather quickly on that problem. Frankly, it doesn't fully leave the matter resolved, as Mumbo-Jumbo was clearly increasing to even greater size..."

"Tell us you didn't send him somewhere populated, at least," Steelheart pleaded, suddenly struck with the idea of it.

"Oh, no, never," the alien said, over the line. "No, we cast that bull as far into the depths of Limbo as we were capable of. We set the coordinates for an uninhabited quadrant, outside of even Limbo. Mumbo-Jumbo should find himself quite alone, and marooned."

Quicksilver thought a moment, his relief slipping away.

"Brigadier Brightlight, I have to echo one thing you just said...though I'm loathe to do so."

"...You worry he will grow and grow, as well, yes?"

"Yes, exactly. If left unchecked...he might get so big that he winds up able to reach back here again."

"Yes, that is a likelihood...which is why we're sending something else to those same coordinates, right this moment..."

1). *"Our best warships—we'll make sure the bull is put out of commission!"*

2). *"A small ocean's worth of EMP bombs, to knock him out!"*

"We Have no Choice...Land on Mumbo-Jumbo! We Ride his Body, Instead!"

"So, here's what," Bluegrass said, brusquely. "There's no way I can get enough lift to clear that bull's bulk in time, less'n we throw out the thrusters and risk a burnout."

"No, don't," Quicksilver said, watching as Mumbo-Jumbo's muscles grew to oceanic scope, consuming the landscape under them as they rose, bursting into great mountains that loomed over them. The bull's penis alone throbbed out mile upon mile upon mile, pulsing and pumping to fill his hulking legs, the combined girth of his surging sacs and his shaft forcing the moon's surface to crumble lower and lower, crushed deeper and deeper in as Mumbo quivered and blew up to 150 miles. "He's like a living landscape, at this size—practically becoming a landmass...which means we're safer off trying to land."

"Say that again?" Bluegrass asked, tilting his hat.

"Yeah, what, now?" Steelwill repeated, peering back into the cockpit as they flew onward over canyon-like bulk.

"We have no choice," Quicksilver said, anxiously. "We land on Mumbo-Jumbo! We ride his body instead, and use his gravitational pull to keep put!"

"But that's just—" Steelheart began, pressing past her twin brother in the hallway.

"Heck, it's the only thing that'll *maybe* work," Bluegrass sullenly admitted, as the bulging groans of Mumbo's bloated muscles swelled to a roar outside. "We plain ol' can't outpace him, much as I still don't like it! Welp, brace yourselves, everyone! We'll sure have some stories, if'n we live to tell 'em!"

Bluegrass scanned the terrain, having to remind himself that no, the moon had not turned to gold—rather, it had all become Mumbo-Jumbo. A thigh muscle bigger than an entire mountain range twitched and bulged, swelling aggressively nearer to them, and the beleaguered pilot decided to go ahead and make the play.

"That's smooth enough to suit. Here goes..."

Frighteningly, there proved no need to descend. All Bluegrass really had to do was steer towards Mumbo-Jumbo's horizon-sized body and hover for a second. One second was, in fact, just barely enough time.

The brunt of Mumbo-Jumbo's vast golden thigh muscle boomed up to meet them, thumping up so powerfully that it shook the speck-sized Miraj and all those onboard with the impact. The entire ship heaved up with Mumbo as a dizzying wave of body heat attacked, nearly pinning the entire crew to the flooring from the force.

"Just hang on, until he stops growing bigger!" Quicksilver ordered, as they all heard the rumbling groan of the bull's ballooning body, growing out hot and huge in every direction.

Mumbo blew blast after blast of the swallowed cannon's beam down into his erection, blowing it evermore disproportionately colossal, against even his own 200-mile high body. His loving embrace drew it in against his overfed pectorals, tight and thick, bobbling them as his fingers dug in and dimpled into the bulge of his shaft. Over 1,000,000 staggering feet of bovine glory spilled and heaved and boomed out and up over the surface of the moon, consuming it faster and faster.

His heels dug deepening trenches down into the turf, cracking the crust, plowing through low mountains in a series of tiny explosions of burst rock. His testicles inflated too big for his legs, big as they still were; the rounded masses rolled over hills and valleys, snapping and crushing the landscape flat, then flatter still, as his weight skyrocketed to horrifying realms.

Mumbo-Jumbo's head roared higher up into the moon's artificial atmosphere, then up beyond it, the huge bull arching lower and lower, bulging out and down against his own growing muscles, in order to keep blowing into his shaft, feeding it to lurid, imposing, and ultimately stunning sizes.

"W-when the heck's he gonna stop!?" Bluegrass asked, his voice rattling as the entire ship shook from the vibrations of Mumbo's growth spurt.

"He isn't slowing down, that's for sure!" Steelheart shouted.

"All we can do is ride it out!" Quicksilver replied, as the ship seemed to shrink from a speck to a microbe, utterly lost on the immeasurable golden plain of the bull's single muscle.

Over 220 miles above (Mumbo had ballooned up to 300, by that point), Mumbo's city-sized hands traveled up and down the squealing, rubber-metal length of his pulsating arousal, lidding his glowing eyes as he nuzzled and blew into the overinflated tip. His fingers tented in pleasantly against its growing bulk, stroking it, teasing it, letting those miserable little SilverHawks see it all, if they weren't already smashed to bits. The bull hardly cared.

Mumbo too big for them to stop, the bull groaned, internally and externally, as he rumble-boomed bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger. Mumbo too big for anyone to stop. And Mumbo...mmmnn, grow BIGGER...

1). They fire on Mumbo's erection, to drive him to climax and stop his growth

2). They hang on tight...but Mumbo isn't stopping his growth...

They Fire on Mumbo's Erection, to Drive Him to Climax and Stop his Growth

The readouts on the console spoiled angle after surreal angle of Mumbo-Jumbo's boundless muscles, all towering into infinity as the shuddering ship rode out the bull's terrible growth spurt. Quicksilver struggled to stay standing, holding on to the back of Bluegrass's chair as they all felt the pressure of their ascension increase.

"Even sta-stayin still is t-too much!" Bluegrass growled, trying to stay cool.

"Sucker's gettin' too big, too fast, we're gettin' shoved up at top speed!"

Quicksilver thought fast, then blushed. Finally, he sighed.

"Which way are we facing, Bluegrass?"

"The...the u, part that...aw, the you-k-know what!"

"...Fire on it."

"Aww, say *w-what*, now?" Bluegrass balked. "Fire on the County Prize!?"

"Quicksilver, you can't be serious!" Steelheart shouted, over the rumbling *booms* of Mumbo's growing muscles, under and far beyond the ship. "I mean...just...no!"

"Do it!" Quicksilver ordered. "E-everything we've got! Make him finish his b-business early! He's cloud-headed and wild, right now! Just do it! He won't stop until we make him stop, and this is...i-is how!"

The Miraj's beam cannons all glowed awake, the noise of charging still muted by the groans of Mumbo's growth bursts.

Beyond them, the bull was still blowing energy beams into his own erection, billowing his musclebound, nude, gold-copper body all the way up to 500 miles, showing no signs of stopping.

"RRRRHR," Mumbo lust-growled, cascading in all directions as he shook.

As soon as the charge was ready and set, the Miraj opened full fire on the side of his bulging shaft, from down on his endless thigh. Everyone closed their eyes, already making sure to forget what was about to happen, the moment it finished.

Mumbo's gigantic white eyes rolled back in peak-pleasure as they blasted away at his penis, tickling and teasing it terribly, the power soaking in and fueling further growth. Mumbo, hazy and hot, hardly cared to invest in enough thought as to why it was happening. He had much bigger things in hand.

The Silverhawks all braced within the micro-sized ship as Mumbo groaned, then roared into his tortured erection, which flared twice as big, almost punching into his muzzle from the sheer size and violence of its growth.

Even compared to the trembling, enormous, 800-mile tall supergiant, Mumbo's erection was suddenly far bigger, almost impossible to hold anymore. His thick red fingers dug and dragged along its girthy bulk, slipping away as it bulged even bigger, flaring up into space like a throbbing tower of desire.

"RRRRRRRRRRRRHHRRRH!"

Mumbo-Jumbo licked the air around him like a huge dog, unable to fend off the pleasure attacking his senses. His pectorals and lats and shoulders all trembled as he tried to hug its bulging sides, hardly able to reach even that far about the 1,300-mile member.

His head threw back as he roared, feeling his testicles bulge up beyond the cage of his thick, golden inner thighs, pumping, pouring and plumping tight and heavy as they rumble-rolled over his own legs, smothering them. They both ballooned into a nearly-single mass, swelling uncontrollably bigger and bigger. They steamrolled beyond his knees, then his ankles and feet, pinning them down to the crackling and breaking surface of the moon as Mumbo bulged up to 900 miles in height, his penis now double his massive size, and still growing faster, as the ship kept firing away.

Mumbo panted and cried and roared and whined, snorting and shaking his head atop an utterly enormous neck. His tongue lolled out cutely as he closed his eyes and furrowed his metallic golden muzzle, bellowing steam as his towering erection pushed forth towards the dark embrace of the cosmos.

"This's nuts!" Steelwill moaned, as the ship collided against the widening wall of the base of Mumbo's boundless shaft. "In every possible way, even!"

"He's almost there!" Quicksilver shouted, over the sheer din of growth.

"How d'you even know?" Bluegrass shouted back. He was genuinely asking.

Mumbo roared, his maw opening wider as the beam shot loose from it, into the heavens. He tilted back, and it struck the stammering, swollen peak of his bloated tip, feeding it even bigger! It heaved and strained and surged angrily higher, three whopping times as long as he was tall, at over 3,000 miles!

A penis over 15,000,000 feet long, bobbing and throbbing, fat and bloated and trembling with lust, before his moon-covering sacs billowed twice as big, his entire sex threatening to consume him!

Mumbo shuddered and gulped, then MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOed out a final cry of delight and delirious arousal, striking his penis again, as the Miraj kept firing, and his penis...boomed...and b-boomed...a...a-and...boooooommmmed–

GGGGGUUUOOOOOOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSHSSSSHSHHHSHHH!!

1). Mumbo-Jumbo finally comes down to his senses, at 1,300 miles in size

2). Mumbo-Jumbo keeps on gushing, more and more...and he's still GROWING...

Mumbo-Jumbo Finally Comes to his Senses, at 1,300 Miles in Size

A great, spattering pillar of white geysered up into space, blasting frantically high and wide from Mumbo-Jumbo's erupting, trembling tip. The bull winced and buried his muzzle against its throbbing bulk, nuzzling in hot and deep as he moaned into it.

In response, the colossal penis rumbled and blew harder, the great streak of semen spiking higher as the volume increased. Testicles big enough to smother small countries swelled tighter, and tighter, as though the relief of the orgasm invited further opportunities for them to misbehave and grow.

"RRRRRRRRRRGGGGHNNNNNNNNNNHRNNNN!!"

Mumbo's roars of tortured joy shook the moon over badly, quaking the mining colonies and transportation hubs and artificial forests and lakes and mountains and valleys, as the bull shuddered and surged one last time, ballooning up to 1,100 miles, then 1,200, stopping at 1,300!

White fluid snaked up in ropes through Limbo, lost to the lack of gravity, while thick hunks of lower runoff splattered down in a heavy rain across the moonscape, painting more and more in ivory.

"Good grief!"

The words might have come from Quicksilver, Steelheart or Steelwill, at the same time. In the fracas, it was impossible to tell.

"Good thing the fella wasn't out to stud," Bluegrass joked, though even he gulped nervously after.

The Miraj held fast as a few large blots of cream sailed down past, colliding messily with the bull's monstrous muscles around them. Even as the raw pressure of Mumbo's growth slowed down the climax was still spraying loose, on and on and on, with only Mumbo's slightly-diminishing orbs proving any progress was being made at all. They insistently remained drum-tight and swollen, even as they gradually reduced, shuddering a little smaller every few seconds.

"Y'all feel that?" Bluegrass finally asked. "The force exerted on the Miraj, it's slippin' away..."

"Punch it, Bluegrass," Quicksilver immediately ordered. "Everyone hold on! We're escaping, while we have a shot!"

No one needed to be told anything more as Bluegrass fired up the engines, and kicked on the thrusters.

Up, up the speck-sized ship climbed, higher and higher. Even at maximum output, the going appeared slow: Mumbo's bloated sacs seemed to take forever to rise past, allowing their field of vision a chance to take on more—namely, the immense bull's bulging shaft, belly and elbow. Progress was progress.

"This isn't really helping to make Mumbo less intimidating," Steelheart sighed, as it took half a minute just to lift up to the bovine's forearm. "It's like lifting off next to a mountain atop a mountain, atop a mountain..."

"Good enough," Bluegrass said, abruptly. "That's vertical enough for now! Forward-time!"

The Miraj's aft thrusters blazed hot, and the ship blasted away at top-speed.

The one virtue of Mumbo's vice, the upside to his lust, was that the bull was so busy squeezing on his massively oversized member that he had no sense that his prey was getting away. Likely, he wouldn't have cared, had he even known.

The bull huffed and nosed tenderly, yet forcefully, against the topside of his rumbling penis, grooming and kissing away at it, feeling it tremble back like a giddy lover. Thick pockets of shaft boomed out between his embracing arms, dragging them deeper in as they spread wider apart. Biceps the size of states cuddled in against the ballooned-out walls of his pride as it bucked up, spurting out pillar after pillar of semen up above him.

His humongous, landscape-crushing thighs pressed in tight against his sacs, rolling their firm upper-curves back and forth, massaging the heavy beasts in gratitude as he huffed and mooed sweetly, dominating everything, shuddering in poorly-hidden delight as his erection dominated *him*.

The undetectably small Miraj kept pushing on, adding mile after mile between it and Mumbo-Jumbo's horizon-filling body, before it angled and streaked up into the bounds of Limbo, off into the freedom of space.

"Okay, that's gotta be a safe distance," Bluegrass said, easing off on the controls. "Looks like stayin' cool and sittin' tight saved our hides, after all, Hoss!"

Quicksilver nodded, grinning slightly.

"It worked up to now, thank goodness."

"What now, though?" Steelwill rightly asked. "Just look at him, down there. Mumbo-Jumbo's an absolute juggernaut now! How do we stop a minotaur as big as an entire continent?"

"On our own? I don't think we have prayer," Quicksilver sighed, shrugging. "That's why we need all the help we can get. That bull is going to become all of Limbo's problem quickly, if he's allowed to get much larger than he already is."

"Suggestions, then?" Steelheart replied.

When the volumes of release eventually stopped (and they *did* stop), the moon was nearly covered in seed. Entire swaths of its former countryside—mountains and parks, houses and roadways, lakes and tunnels, on and on—everything was painted off-white. *Very off*. Sections of towns and railways that old commuters would have spent an hour traversing to work were buried, humbled by nothing more than Mumbo-Jumbo's casually splattered payload.

The only reason it wasn't worse down below was because the rest had all painted Mumbo-Jumbo.

"GGGGH...HHHHHHGH..."

Mumbo huffed his last, before letting the heft of his spent penis slump forward, pulling his massively muscled golden arms out in their efforts to catch it. Just holding it up proved tough as, even flaccid, the bull's organ remained bigger than he himself. Over 2,000 miles of metallic meat sagged ahead, making his hands and digging fingers slip here and there, struggling to contain a bulge so wide and fat and hot that he couldn't fully hug around it, even soft.

Having come to enough to remember himself Mumbo-Jumbo blinked, then shook some of the pleasure off and looked around. From his seat, he could see the slope of the moon on every available side, having grown so large that his vantage was the same, no matter where he twisted his fantastically-thick, huge neck.

He was a third the size of the *entire moon*.

A sly grin spread over his gleaming copper-gold muzzle, the bull smiling stupidly, gleefully at the realization that he was simply that colossal, that *BIG*.

A new thought followed the last one in a hurry. Normally, it would have killed Mumbo's smile on the spot. Instead, the bull smiled even wider, his milky-white eyes widening with inspiration.

Mumbo still not big enough, had been the former. *Stuck on dumb little moon*.

The latter, however, had a simple and delightful solution:

Mumbo swallow pew-pew thingie, gonna grow again...but not want wait for growth...Mumbo mouth go pew-pew earlier...so...

Experimentally, Mumbo-Jumbo opened his mouth, to find nothing ejected.

He *was* right, it had been blasting out power, like a growth ray magnified to his proportions—it just wasn't doing it now. He hummed, cocking his enormous head on his thick and powerful neck, before snorting impatiently.

Make work!

Mumbo started to feel around himself, fingers bigger than cities tapping around on his swollen abs and metallic hips. His patience slipped further away as he growled, balled a colossal red fist, and punched himself in the stomach.

MAKE PEW!

1). The gun is reactivated! Mumbo abuses his sex with the beam, more and more!

2). The gun gets obliterated, causing a chain reaction inside...

Mumbo-Jumbo Keeps On Gushing, More and More...and He's Still Growing...

The monstrosity that was Mumbo-Jumbo's erection practically *howled* as it blew loose, casting off a thick, terrible column of rumbling, blasting seed. Some demonic, overwhelming pressure bloated the sides of the shaft out, bigger, fatter, heavier, the nearly-uncontainable payload forcing Mumbo's pride to burst even more disproportionately massive around his hugging arms.

Vast pockets of metallic sex swelled out with rubber groans and creaks, forcing both gargantuan arms out further apart around it. In response, Mumbo gulped and panted, pleadingly licking his muzzle over, snorting in and out as his huffs grew deeper and deeper—vast clouds of steam to compliment the storm of his climax.

"GUH...G-GGG-GGGHHHHRRRUHHHGGHH..."

Fingers big enough to carve canyons struggled for a grip, slipping, streaking and tickling futilely around the billowing pillar as it blew an even bigger, messier load into space. The topside of his own sex bullied up against his chin, catching it, pushing Mumbo's entire head up and away as it pushed bigger and bigger against his chest, neck, and fully-lifted jawline. Just like that, all Mumbo could see was space up above, and the increasingly huge waves of semen as it geysered higher and higher.

"NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNRRRRRRRGH!"

Mumbo whined and whimpered, helpless despite his power and size, overwhelmed by his own erection's demanding, endless growth. Mumbo whined and whimpered, feeling his fingers digging stress lines as they slipped out, the bull losing purchase of a penis too wide for his own embrace.

His golden testes *boomed* out ahead, overtaking his legs in a weighty ocean of tight, stretching sacs; there was less than a shaking second before they burst even bigger, and bigger, overtaking his feet, swelling and plumping beyond them, out onto the cracking landscape of the moon below.

The Miraj, still trapped by the sheer vibrations of Mumbo's growth, could only stay in place, stuck, as the curves of Mumbo-Jumbo's orbs billowed out closer, and closer, and closer, surging like the tide against both immense thigh muscles, getting too close for their comfort (such as it even was).

"H-he ain't gettin' better about this," Bluegrass said as the shaking overtook the entire ship and cockpit. "I'm g-gonna stop firin'!"

"I didn't think...t-the force of it...w-would be this..." Quicksilver stammered, trying to stay upright by grabbing the pilot seat's backrest. "I did-didn't know--"

Mumbo cried out into the heavens, and the heavens went silent in fear.

The monster-bull hollered burning doom as he blew out a thick burst of fire and energy, rumbled all over, shook terribly, tensed in tighter, flexing every enormous muscle—then *DOUBLED* in size, *completely*.

1,000 miles of growing cybernetic minotaur muscle bulged up to 2,000 in one frantic, hurried, ugly blast of released size. Muscle clusters mashed and collided, grinding bigger against each other as his titanic sacs boomed out even larger, crashing, creeping, and crushing their way down, finally smothering even the small pockets of space that had remained between muscle ridges. The moon hardly fared better as Mumbo's titanic rump blasted bigger and bigger, heavy and hot as the cracking surface slipped unwillingly higher up in between his shining cheeks.

The spaces now lost included *exactly* the spaces that had kept the Miraj safe. Mumbo didn't even notice. He was occupied with the cataclysm of his climax, which alarmingly grew worse...and worse...and worse...

"RRROOOOOOOOOAAAAAAGH!!!"

His bovine bellow was nearly drowned out by the rumble of his spurting erection, which uncaringly expanded even wider, even larger and longer and harder, growing so diamond-firm that its throbs began to actively hurt. Each bucking pulse blew a dizzyingly larger geyser of burning cream, each blast jetting farther out into the painted void of space.

Mumbo-Jumbo's arms finally slipped away, letting the stubbornly-swollen penis *boom* up and up and up and up, rising, trembling, spraying, rising, trembling, *booming*, spraying, more and more! Waves of his own fluids caked its stretching, metal-rubber girth, adding a lewd sheen to its hot expansion as it trembled to a panic, spasmed, and GREW.

The nearly-worried bull crashed down, his colossal back muscles casting a doom-shadow over the remaining moonscape before slamming down hard, millions of tons of organic, nude metal bashing a crater into the moon, which was only slightly-larger than him now. The impact cracked the planetoid straight through, a line of ruin lancing down the center, until the moon, after a brief shudder, snapped clean in two underneath him.

In response the roaring cow shook worse, closed his eyes tight, and *boom*-roared as his entire body tingle-spurted and blew up to 3,000 miles...

...Then 4,000, overtaking the cracked remains of the poor satellite moon.

All Mumbo could do was slap one growing red copper-hand up against the burgeoning side of the base of his shaft, then the other on the other side. The quaking erection roared back, dominant and callous, meanly swelling out even BIGGER against them. So far as the god-bull knew, the erection was daring him to try and hold it.

Mumbo-Jumbo's panting intensified so hard that the 5,000-mile tall demon nearly passed out from pleasure, quaking and puffing. His huge eyes rolled back as he trembled and winced, grinding his teeth and snorting as his 7,000-mile long, 500-mile wide penis bellowed and rumble-blew an even stronger geyser of burning-hot seed into space, casting wave on wave of white up into the pitch.

The defeated moon drifted off awkwardly, letting Mumbo's ballooning form sag slightly into the grip of cold space. The slight motion just edged the beast further into wild, wanton release.

"H...H-HNNNNNRRRRNNNNNNHNNNNHNNN!"

Patches of thick white fluid splattered over Mumbo's perfect golden-copper body, painting his smooth acres and miles of muscle over in ivory. One coating became two as he roared again, blasting off another thick, ever-growing pillar-beam of energy, the same as before. It flew out into space, as though casting off excess pressure and power, lest the bull explode outright. And still, *still*, he grew, and GREW.

His testicles rumbled and *boomed*, swelling like vast, drum-tight globes out into Limbo, nearly as large around as he was tall. His toes and copper soles dragged and dug against the growing balloons, teasing them, making his output increase even more as his sore metallic tip swelled even fatter and tighter, blasting out vast oceans of semen as Mumbo foolishly checked his towering pride. His mouth opened still, the enormous beam escaped again, blasting forth. It hammered the already-screaming tip, and his erection burst twice as big, instantly...then twice as big as that...

Mumbo's vast feet clenched, toes curling painfully against the undersides of his titanic sacs as his erection flared agonizingly larger, pushing up into space past 14,000 miles...30,000 miles...70,000 miles!

The 10,000-mile bull's body grew lost against the totality of his titanic member as it just kept bursting out, messily blowing monstrously huge ropes of spattering white into the void!

One neighboring moon, even as big as Mumbo, suddenly found itself wildly overmatched as a cannon-blast of seed smashed into it, blasting away its crust like a firehose impacting brittle clay, tearing chunks of it into nothing as the groaning, growing, climaxing bull swelled larger, still.

"HNNNN...H-H-H-HHNNNNH! GH...G-GH-GGGGGHH..."

The bull was far from the master, despite his own power. His demanding erection blew even greater volumes of cascading semen out into space, caking and then obliterating the entire moon to messy bits as his trembling body blew up to 30,000 miles! His muscles all strained tight, mid-growth, and his erection exploded to a staggering 100,000 miles in length, and 11,000 in width, overfed as the pressure funnelled hungrily into it.

And it was *good*.

Bedlama's planetary defense forces quickly mobilized, blasting out into space with several portions of an armada. All the readouts back home kept repeating was that there was something way too big to be alive out in space—and that it was very much alive. And getting very-much bigger.

Hundreds of thousands of well-trained troops rallied for the cause, their myriad ships shooting proud and free through the void, towards glory.

Then, they saw him. In fact, even from a hundred AU away, they saw.

Though it looked like a swarm of gnats to Mumbo, or less still than even that, the alien craft daringly pressed on. Mumbo barely took note, but the armada sure took note of him. The gravitational pull was sudden and brutal, and in moments the entire fleet was much closer than they were ready to be, much faster than they thought.

Somewhere in the vast plains of Mumbo's back swollen, shaking shoulder blades, the fleet took up attack positions. Warships and motherships and bombers all spread out, focused their attacks, and opened fire, hurling out thousands upon thousands of bombs, lasers, electrical cannon discharges, disruptor waves, everything they had.

The bliss-battered bull mooooooooooed out, almost pitifully, as the attacks peppered his body, tiny and tickling, only serving to further the bovine's climax.

Haaaaahaaaaa, Mumbo thought, or tried to fully think. *YESSSSS!*

His erection quaked, wobbling fat and huge in space, before swelling madder and mightier than before! Its metallic, fleshy-girth *boom-boom-BOOM-BOOOOOMED* out, bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and *bigger*, 200,000 miles...

...350,000 miles...

...500,000 miles!

Even Bedlama began to panic, its alien people unceremoniously cast into a frenzy as they watched the groaning minotaur blow up bigger yet, his penis nearly twice as long across as Bedlama's planetary diameter.

Mumbo's backside detonated in size, as well, his body heaving out furiously to 100,000 miles in size and 90,000 wide, obliterating the entire fleet to flashing little *blips* as he outgrew their attack zones.

The bull, already swallowed up in raw pleasure, felt his mind starting to snap as the raging, rumbling ripple and tickle of his orgasm somehow increased ten-fold, making his roar shake space itself as he billowed up even bigger, blasting up to 500,000 miles tall, his 1,800,000-mile erection blowing even more seed into Limbo as Bedlama was suddenly pushed out of orbit, its surface smashed to scattering pulp against Mumbo's ballooning sides. The flying cities and valleys could only watch as the reflected back at themselves from the mirror-gleam of Mumbo's tremendous metallic muscle groups.

The howling bull-god thrashed against himself, lost among his own spraying sex as it trembled against him, groaned its demands, and tremble-*BOOMED* even bigger...and bigger...

The nearest planets could only flee in droves of ships, a mass migration starting everywhere as Mumbo swelled and *boomed* and roared in maniacal victory.

His vision finally started giving out as his other senses became overwhelmed, his 5,000,000-mile erection so long it spanned multiple planets, from hilt to throbbing tip. It blew more and more seed as the mindless, pleasure-killed bull kept growing, and growing, and growing.

The Silverhawks only made it so far, even with the Miraj's top flight speed, before Mumbo reappeared in their viewfinders.

"No," Quicksilver groaned. "No! Bluegrass, get us out of here!"

"No good, Hoss," bluegrass counter-groaned, as Mumbo's body filled the viewfinder screen immediately. Every time it auto-zoomed out, Mumbo silently bellowed and blew up to fill it yet again, his body catching up rapidly as he literally consumed space itself.

The readouts didn't give any comfort as the system's measurements kept updating: 5,000,000 miles tall/4,600,000 wide...14,000,000 miles tall/17,900,000 wide...33,000,000 miles tall/63,000,000 wide...

"W-what do we do, then?" Steelheart asked, desperate for a good answer.

Sensors blared red all over the ship.

55,000,000 miles tall/270,000,000 wide...

"We hang on!" Quicksilver said, just as the Miraj was slammed from behind.

Out, far out in the lesser-seen or wanted reaches of space, the foul planet of Brimstar floated, seeped in the collective evils of its master, Mon*Star, the boss of bosses, the cruel crime lord of Limbo.

It had once also been Mumbo-Jumbo's home world, back when worlds meant anything at all to Mumbo.

The infinitely smaller gang all panicked and raced for safety as Mumbo's bulging body swelled to fill the entire background of Limbo. He had blown up so fast now that it had only taken seconds for the godly bull to grow from a vague golden dot to their whole horizon.

A second later, there were only the twin curves of the topside of Mumbo's immeasurable sacs. A terrible shadow fell over Brimstar, now a mote of dust, then suddenly even less than that, as an evergrowing erection slammed down from on high, wedging the entire mess between both great, growing masses.

Mumbo wasn't even aware of his sheer triumph over his old ruler as he opened his mouth and let the growth pour loose. His head was forfeit to his island-wide neck, itself stranded on an ocean of pumping gold bulk and rumbling, colossal orange-copper shoulders. He wasn't stopping—not ever again.

MMOOOOOORRRRE

The billion-mile colossus nearly blew apart as his metallic skin whined, pulling into a screech of hot insanity as he stretch-bulged out of form, bursting 100,000,000,000 miles across as his 5,000,000,000-mile body struggled to catch up, rendering the bull-beast nearly disc-like as he gushed seed freely filling the quadrant with seed...

Then the galaxy...

Then beyond...

THE END

They Hang On Tight...But Mumbo Isn't Stopping His Growth...

"The ray cannon Mumbo swallowed has *got* to overheat and burn out, at some point, even if only temporarily!" Quicksilver loudly reasoned, as the Miraj rattled with the rising rumble of Mumbo-Jumbo's unstoppable growth. "Then we'll get away! We won't be detectable at his size, so as soon as it relents, punch it!"

"We're already on the same ol' page, Quicksilver, worry-you-not!" Bluegrass said, straining to speak as the ship rode out the bull's colossal growth spurt, outside.

Mumbo's thigh swelled into a boundless, flat plain, an expansive field of endless heat and shining metal brawn. If the muscle was the field, the erection's base was the mountain, and it just kept on climbing higher and higher into the skies (which were nothing but triceps and abs, and the hazy suggestion of pectorals up in space).

Mumbo-Jumbo mooed deep, swelling out everywhere, inflating bigger and bigger atop the crumbling valleys and mountain ranges of the moon, smothering everything under his firm rear and calves.

At 400 miles the bull's pectorals burst out ahead of the rest, tightening as they butted against his throbbing penis, making him snort and rumble in bliss. On and on he blasted, letting the ray beam within him blow into his inflated erection, more and more. Its thick metallic skin stretched painfully as it kept flaring thicker and thicker, the tip booming and bulging hotly against his muzzle as he blew harder, willing for more still.

Can't stop Mumbo, he thought, shuddering in utter, evil joy. *No one stop...Mumbo...n-never s-stop...*

A small spacecraft modeled after a vintage convertible sailed down into the open-eyed aperture on the planet Brimstar, sinking down into its foul core, where a tower sat among a great valley of ruins and debris. It was at the base of this tower, the lair of the sinister crime lord, Mon*Star, that it touched down, and came to a rest.

Melodia, femme fatale of the Mon*Star mob, hurried out and slammed the driver's side door shut behind her. Her punk-pop skirt ensemble ruffled as she ran, her black-white stockings shifting, her high-heels clicking, her two-tone shock of green hair wavering over her music-note shades as she entered the throne room of the tower, caught her breath, and looked up the stairs, to the throne, where her boss sat, waiting.

"Mon...Mon*Star," Melodia panted, gulping. "Bad news!"

"What's the meaning of your barging in here, Melodia?" Mon*Star hissed, the dark-haired titan leaning forward in his throne. The feline features of his face scrunched cruelly as he cut her a glare, which his eyepatch hardly diminished. A mane of dark fur consumed most of his head, the straps of said eyepatch buried within it. "What's so important that you had to return from your rendezvous, without any of what you were sent to get?"

"That's...that's just it, Mon*Star," she wheezed, straightening up, as the other cronies of the mob appeared around her. "I was there! I just had to warn you!"

"Warn?" he snorted, scowling. "Me!?"

"It's the mission, about stealing the miniature sun from Professor Power!"

"I know my own assignments, Melodia!"

His voice shook the throne room as he growled. She winced, and the shades couldn't hope to hide her fear.

"It's M-mumbo-Jumbo, Mon*Star! Something happened! When I got there, that big bull was bigger than ever! Huge! He's growing larger!"

Mon*Star looked ready to bellow again, but stopped, genuinely surprised.

"...What?"

"Like I said, he's gigantic! He must have been a mile tall, when I cruised around to the pickup point! And...a-and then, he just got bigger...and bigger! And bigger! He w-was still growing when I escaped the moon and came back to tell you!"

"How big was he, when you left, then?"

She pursed her lips, the gloss of her punk-rock lipstick sticking together.

"...At least 100 miles, 150, tops."

The other cronies all blinked and mumbled, awestruck. A few looked incredulous. Melodia noticed.

"I'm telling the truth!" she snapped, glaring at anyone that wasn't Mon*Star. "It was all right outside one of the moons by Bedlama, right? So, check any feed from there! I'm telling you!"

Mon*Star regarded her, narrowing his eye menacingly, before he nodded down to Yes-Man, his half-male, half-naga toadie.

"Let's see it, then, Yes-Man," the crime boss sighed.

"Y-yes, boss!"

Yes-Man gulped, then threw a few switches on a console, and several generators opposite the throne along the far wall lit up into a holo-screen. A dire looking newscast was indeed on:

*"We repeat, the criminal known as Mumbo-Jumbo has indeed been spotted on an outer moon of Bedlama! For reasons that top scientists are still debating, the cybernetic minotaur and known member of the Mon*Star mob is rapidly growing in size, at a terrifying rate! Readouts estimate his current size at 500 miles, and steadily climbing higher! Bedlama defense forces' Brigadier--"*

"Incredible!" Mon*Star finally said, his eye wide with interest. "Absolutely incredible! What power could possibly have blown that dimwitted tank up to such an unfathomable stature? He could crush cities to dust with a finger! He could snap a small planetoid apart! Unbelievable!"

"I saw no sign of Hardware," Melodia continued. "D-do you think it was something to do with him? He did have that amber amplifier with him, so..."

"The amber amplifier never made anything *that* big," Mon*Star hummed, thinking. "But I intend to find out the rest of the equation, hehe! I'll get it from Mumbo-Jumbo, firsthand! Yes-Man!"

"Yes, boss?" the naga nervously said.

"Prepare the transformation beam..."

An odd, deeply unsettling grin stole over Mon*Star's face as dark inspiration hit.

"Only this time...let it *continue* to strike me!"

Yes-Man balked openly, lurching back at the idea. Melodia and the other members of the mob all gulped together.

"Y...you're certain, boss?" Yes-Man stammered, afraid to ask, but more afraid not to. "I-isn't it dangerous to take too m-much?"

"OF COURSE! I CAN SURELYHANDLE IT! HAHA!" he roared, shaking the pillars around them. "How little you think of me, Yes-Man! Now, pump me up with all of it! I intend to match that stupid bovine, go there, myself, and *make* him tell me--by force, if he's forgotten who's boss!"

He watched on, smirking evilly, watching the holo-screen show Mumbo's body rumbling up even bigger, still, as the ceiling of the tower chamber opened up, and the red glow of the Moon Star shone above him.

Yes-Man threw the proper switch, and it began.

"Moon Star of Limbo," Mon*Star chanted, looking up to it above. *"Give me the might...the muscle...and the menace of...MON...STAAAAAARRRRRRRAHAHAHAHA!"*

At that, the red glow of the Moon Star blasted down a summoned beam of energy that struck Mon*Star, flooding into him...only it kept flooding...and flooding...and flooding...

"YESSSSSS," Mon*Star huffed, awaiting the usual transformation, where his furred muscles would shed out, and a hard amber armor grew up over him, covering his entire body like a spiked suit of armor. His feline-like face and muzzle would then be covered by a cruel helmet, its metallic teeth locked in a snarl over his mouth, spikes pushing out of his cranium and forehead.

This time, however, that simply *didn't happen*.

The cronies all looked to each other, waiting for it, yet it wouldn't come. Something else was happening, this time.

"MORE," Mon*Star roared, as his furred body began to rumble ominously, all over. "MORE!"

Yes-Man blinked out of his confused stupor, and pulled the switch down further. The beam amplified tremendously, bursting down onto Mon*Star's body, soaking untold amounts of power as it did.

"Why isn't he changing?" Melodia muttered, stepping back.

"He usually changes because of taking in the right amount, I guess," Windhammer (another nearby crony) mumbled. "It must change when he ups the ante? I mean, I don't know—"

"RRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!"

Mon*Star's bellow made everyone jump as they watched him start to finally change. His fur grew even darker, a bloodied red, as his body suddenly surged out, throbbing bigger, in a mean push of billowing muscle. His fur spread hotly as he shook and swelled up another foot in size, then another. His feet started to spread wider across the base of the throne as he trembled, closed his eye, and blew up three more feet, then ten more, leaping up bigger and stronger in increasingly violent spurts.

"TO THINK...I NEVER TRIED...THISSS B-BEFOOOORE..." he boomed, chuckling deep within an expanding furry chest. "MMMMOOOOOOORE, YESSSS-MANN...M-MUH-MOOOOOOOOOOORE!!"

The 20-foot tall leader huffed and moaned, clutching himself with bulging, ever-bigger biceps, his spiked shoulders swelling uncontrollably as he surged up to 25 feet, then 30.

Yes-Man hesitated, genuinely fearful, before closing his eyes and nervously pulling the switch all the way down, with a hard thud. The beam increased dramatically, strobing awful red lights across the interior.

They Mon*Star gang shielded their eyes as Mon*Star's body rumbled deeper, then exploded in size! His bulking legs slipped and grew down, down the sides of the throne's high stairwell as a thick, lewd member pushed out into view!

"W-whoa!" Windhammer gasped. Melodia's shades rose.

Their boss' member flumped forth, soft and heavy and full, swelling bigger and longer and hotter as it pulsed down the steps, filling the width of the stairs. The gang members could only gawk in stupefied shock as their leader expanded beyond himself, rumbling and chuckling and arcing his growing back in undiluted pleasure.

"H-he's still getting bigger," Windhammer gulped.

"You think!?" Melodia snapped.

Mon*Star's furred back blew up into the ceiling, forcing his maned head up, up against the cracking opening, letting the beam soak into him even faster, the closer he grew toward it...

"YYYYESSSS...Y-YEEEEEEHEEEHEEEESSSSSS!!"

He bloated bigger, rapidly filling the throne room, shoving his tiny minions aside as he filled it all with his own mass, 100 feet surging to 130...

150...

180...

*1). Mon*Star outgrows his tower...but it isn't enough to take on Mumbo*

*2). Mon*Star gets too big...he isn't stopping...is the Moon Star next!?*

Mon*Star Outgrows His Tower...But It Isn't Enough to Take on Mumbo

The outer shell of Mon*Star's tower began to tremble ominously, cracks latticing along its edges and curves. Protrusions snapped and tumbled loose as something enormous bulged against the interior, until the tower itself began to part, twist, and burst open. Its masses broke into defeated segments, scattering away as pockets of furry bulk exploded free.

Chunks of debris slammed to the ground as some of the fleeing minions managed to escape through the front; Melodia, Buzz-Saw, and Yes-Man emerged from the crumbling tower, turning back in time to hear a rumble of bliss rattle out, growing bigger and deeper by the second:

"MMMMMM...MMMooooooooooooRRRRRRRE..."

Inside, Mo-Lec-U-Lar, a shapeshifting humanoid made of yellow spheres, found himself struggling against a monumentally huge penis, its tip burling bigger and hotter and fatter against his stomach, grinding him against the far wall as he thumped his tiny fists against it—something that merely served to drive the lust-fueled Mon*Star wilder.

The huffing tyrant swelled harder, thicker, bursting and bursting and *bursting* up into the cracking ceiling and walls, snapping pillars, pushing the remaining ones to the splitting walls.

Timestopper, a young human, found himself overtaken by a humongous set of dark, swelling testicles, which ballooned greedily over him, over the floor, between his shaking, swelling thighs and growing feet, which pushed harder into the front walls as the entire tower shook, cracked apart, and—

B-DOooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooMMM!

Everyone and everything went flying back from the force of the explosion as the entire tower blew apart, sending debris and villains flying off across the plains and trash mounds of Brimstar's interior valley. Hard landings met curses as cronies rolled and thumped to many stops, left coughing and wobbling upright in the passing heaps of cast-off dust.

When Melodia stood and dusted herself off, the cloud parted fully, and when she looked up—well, she suddenly wished she hadn't.

Mon*Star was there, now, where the tower had once stood—all 600 feet of him.

He stretched his overgrown muscles, his soft shaft pulsing harder, thicker, bloating gladly as it swelled to firmness between his furred thighs. His heels alone were bigger than any of them, any of the trash mounds that rose around them in the

periphery. Mon*Star's bare feet loomed overhead, dark and heated and cruel; beyond that were towering knees and bulging calves and a vast wall of furry abs. Still, they gawked, looking higher and higher up to see a now-colossal, oversized set of pectorals. Just past them, their leader's massive maned head tilted into view, smugly overlooking the shelf they formed.

"EXCELLENT!"

The single word rattled the ground, trembling out through the valley as Mon*Star raised a massive clawed hand and dusted his bulk off, smirking evilly. That same smile melted into a sneer as he glared down at the terrified underlings.

"THAT'S A GOOD START, GEHEHEH!" he boomed, slowly rising up to a stand. His erection slapped down in a heavy, slow-motion swing, pendulous and full, the tip tapping down near his knees. He took in a huge gulf of air, swelling his chest out even larger. It did not lower, when he exhaled.

"Y-you are certainly impressive, B-Boss!" yes-Man squeaked, down far below, making the humongous mobster blink. He looked down at the naga, who cowered back on reflex. "B-but ah, what...what do we do, to get you to Mumbo-Jumbo?"

"HUMPH! LITTLE FOOL! YOU EXPECT ME TO CONFRONT THAT BLUSTERING BULL, WHEN I'M THIS SMALL!? NONSENSE! IF MUMBO-JUMBO IS 500 MILES TALL, THEN IT WON'T DO TO BE SMALLER THAN HIM...OR EVEN THE SAME SIZE! NO..."

His fat erection bobbed up, throbbing bigger, tighter.

"NO...NO, I'LL BE BIGGER...*BIGGER THAN HIM!* IT'S ONLY FITTING! IS HE THE LEADER? HARDLY! PAH!"

The others all winced from the sheer size and sound of Mon*Star's roar, covering their ears in anxious reflex. Their towering leader huffed indifferently, then looked around the valley, thinking.

"B-but the console for the transformation chamber..." Yes-Man started, only to lurch back as Mon*Star brought both his hulking arms up, his palms open in a plea to the stars above.

"MOON STAR OF LIMBO..."

The others far down below all collectively gulped, stepping back in sudden, escalating fear.

"GIVE ME THE MIGHT...THE MUSCLE...AND THE MENACE OF..."

Again, the vile moon so high in space started to glow.

"H...he's summoning it, anyway?" Yes-Man gasped, snaking farther away, faster than the others could run. "Oh, n-no! Nonono!"

"MONNNNN...STAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHAAHAAHAAAAR!"

- 1). Mon*Star absorbs more of the star, getting even BIGGER...*
- 2). Something suddenly interrupts, cutting the Moon Star off...*

Mon*Star Gets Too Big...He Isn't Stopping...Is the Moon Star Next!?

A foot the size of Melodia's Limbo Limo slammed down, putting the throne room into a mean quake (and narrowly missing Melodia herself upon landing). No materials had a chance to clatter down, however, as Mon*Star's growing backside and furred shoulder bulged up against the ceiling above, pinning the cracking debris in place by dint of sheer muscle.

"MOOOOOO-OOOOOOORRRE..."

His feline face retreated as his pectorals *boomed* out, forming prohibitive cliffs as they ballooned, fluffing out against his chin. His back muscle arched as his 210-foot body trembled and billowed even bigger, passing 220 feet, then 240. His spiked shoulders rumbled tight against the interior walls, casting out massive webbing cracks as his humongous rear sank over the throne and stairwell below. His mane kept thickening and bristling out, framing his huffing muzzle in dark, boundless fluff.

"W-we gotta get out of here!" Mo-Lec-U-Lar, a shapeshifting humanoid composed of spheres shouted, stumbling over a still-swelling foot. "Abandon tower!"

"He's lost it!" cried Buzz-Saw, a fully-robotic thug with circular saws for arms (both of which buzzed in agreement as he followed Mo-Lec-U-Lar). "I'm outta here!"

"Y-yeah, forget this!" Melodia groaned, creeping on all fours along the cracked floor as Mon*Star's body cast everything in shadows.

Something huge bumped down on her back as she neared the exit, propelling her—either helpfully or maliciously—to the tower doorway. She cried out as a gaping slit kissed her backside, her arms reflexively spreading around a monstrous, flared tip, attached to an erection so big it consumed the entire hallway. Beneath even that mass, a thunderous pair of swollen testes cracked through the floor, shattering everything.

Melodia flew out of the tower with an undignified shove, pitching over onto the rust-red turf. She staggered to a stand and vaulted forward, running like mad as the entire tower started to rumble behind her, snapping and splitting completely apart.

"MMMM...M-MMM-MUH-M-MOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRE..."

The voice was *so much bigger* and deeper now that Melodia and the other fleeing cronies had to remind themselves that it belonged to their boss. The tower rattled and snapped from halves to quadrants, smoke blasting through the openings as a huge bulge of fur spread out. Another tuft burst out of another explosion as the entire tower surged out, warping and crumbling as a monstrous shaft swelled through the front, bloating bigger...and bigger...and bigger... and...AND—

DOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!

Melodia felt the turf slip out from under her as all of Brimstar seemed to scream. A great rush of air hurled shattered chunks of debris, leaving only a terrible shadow that kept spilling forth over everything—and *everyone*.

"MMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRE!!"

Mon*Star's voice was now a storm, blasting across the hollowed inside of Brimstar, quaking and toppling mounds of heaped junk and disturbed aggregate scraps. The diverted gang fell to their knees in total abandon and fear as they felt the vibrations of Mon*Star's growth getting worse and worse.

The beam kept pouring down throughout, and Mon*Star took, and took, and took. His already-increased muscles stretched with explosive force, disproportionately swelling as he panted openly, feeling his pectorals *b-b-boom* bigger, his biceps and shoulders surging with too much power. His building-sized feet crushed wider and deeper into the crumbling soil below, thick toes curling in sinister, unhinged joy. His maned head rose higher and higher as his quivering body blew up past 800 staggering feet, then rumbled and burst to 1,100!

"Boss!" Yes-Man wailed, the now-miniscule naga dangling from Mon*Star's flared, ruddy, massive tip, where he had been hanging on from since the tower's destruction. "Boss, p-please! Stop!"

But Mon*Star wouldn't stop.

The beast shuddered out a hungry groan before shaking all over, tensing tight, and raging up even larger, swelling with a teetering blast of growth to 1500 feet, then 1,800. His shoulders rolled out bigger and broader, his erection forcibly pushing down past his growing knees, bobbling atop an inflating pair of furred sacs. The former tower would only have made it up to his shins now, leaving the supergigantic tyrant a titan of bulk, looming lewdly over the landscape.

His rear flexed as his massive penis bobbed higher and higher, getting fuller and heavier, firmer and longer out ahead of him. He slapped both enormous palms over his pectorals, squeezing viciously, just in time to feel them swell forth into them, spreading his clawed fingers as his bulk expanded out even more massively.

He had always been thick and strong, to be sure, but now...now, he was looking more and more like Mumbo-Jumbo, more like a bodybuilding colossus. His lats crowding up into his triceps as they grew uncontrollably, as his triceps counter-bulged spitefully bigger against them. His hips widened as he rumbled and moaned, closed his eye, and heaved up twice as big, doubling his already-massive size in a blink! Displaced atmosphere rushed out in waves as his rattling growth pummelled the air away, his

physique outpacing his frame in tingling gushes, making his enormous toes dig deeper into the tortured terrain.

Those below who hadn't fled far enough felt the quaking as Mon*Star's feet swelled so big, so fast, that they bashed down deeper into the breaking soil as Mon*Star's weight surged and surged and surged. Unfathomable tons of muscle blew up around his body, spreading his thickening hide tighter as he grunted and shivered and stroked his chest and stomach over, snarling in delight.

"NOT...ENOUGH..."

The words echoed over the land as Mon*Star hissed and trembled all over, his humongous knees knocking loudly as something tremendous kept building and building inside. The ray kept pouring down until Mon*Star clutched his head and roared, shaking—then, with an eerie pause, the 4,000-foot behemoth *exploded* bigger.

In one tick's time, Mon*Star erupted violently, his body tripling in size, in one ugly, heated spurt of growth. He fell with a deafening crash to both growing knees, slamming his shaking palms on the firmament as his 12,000-foot, 2.2-mile tall body ballooned out, blowing up four times bigger on the spot!

His spreading body crashed through miniscule heaps, small hills and mountains, pushing everything back in a rumbling wave of devastation as he billowed at high-speed, swelling with a mind-ripping rush of pleasure to over 48,000 feet—over 9 whopping miles in size!

"MMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO..."

Mon*Star's body interrupted his boom-speak as it tensed in and quivered and tingled and shook and erupted *again*, quintupling in size!

His muscles burst everywhere, crowding against each other as the feline titan groaned and blasted up to 45 miles in size! The trembling only grew worse and worse as his erection plunged heavily into the ground, itself nearly 3 miles in length! The tip blew out a thick streak of clear fluid as he panted and gulped, then started up a deep, booming, ragged laugh.

"BIGGER...TH-THAN...MUMBO...BIGGER!!"

His body obeyed, wracked with torturous delight, and rumble-*boomed* so much bigger, so fast, that Mon*Star's vision blurred into a rush of colors. His knees spread out, digging growing gouges as he expanded up to over 300 miles in size, his 1,584,000-foot body moments ago a meager 10 as his elbows bashed through valleys, shattering desolate mountain ranges. His gargantuan member tunnelled meanly through the crust as he huffed hotly, moaned for more—and got it.

With a joy that made his erection jet forth more crystalline pre, Mon*Star felt himself rumble deep, and *boom, boom, BOOM* bigger!

300 miles swelled out of control, none sought, as the fiend erupted to 600 miles...3,200 miles...7,000 miles! 10,000 miles! The terrified gang could only ride the waves of thickening fur and billowing muscle as their boss stopped being a regular living creature, and simply became a *planet* in and of himself.

The inner borders of the hollowed globe finally reckoned with his endless muscle, matting the forests of growing fur flat to it as he grunted, then laughed with enough power to shake the planet...which, he realized, he was filling up.

The thought made him blast fluids out in gushing, messy waves, caking his hulking thighs as he curled in tighter, crushing untold muscles in on themselves as they tensed even tighter in some primal anticipation; they tensed even harder and shook all the worse, knowing he was about to grow...

"GGGHRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAA..."

Brimstar's insides, already full, started to crack and strain, making the blood-red exterior of the globe start to crack outward, then bulge in ugly pockets of ruin. There was a perceptible pause, a sliver of a beat, before Mon*Star's bloated bulk trembled too much, shook too deep, and the tensed-in mass of furred muscle and spikes exploded bigger, again...and again...and again...

Mon*Star's twisted mind condensed into a singularity of horrid want.

10,000 miles swelled unstoppably bigger, bursting to 30,000 miles...

80,000 miles...

130,000 miles...

His reddened member flared all the way up to his now-immensely oversized pectorals, blowing streaks of seed over himself as Mon*Star roared a cosmos-shaking roar and hugged himself tight, determined to feel it all—to feel himself—as he rumbled and *boomed* even bigger!

250,000 miles...

"MMMMMMMMMOOOOOORRRRRE!!!"

His chest and back muscles grew to such a magnitude that even his godly arms could no longer reach their borders. Just as he moaned out his heated lust, the sensation finally stopped, leaving Mon*Star as big as a whole planet.

No...BIGGER.

Only a few planets could have matched his size, now. The power rush caught up with his after glow as he laughed cruelly, letting his throbbing shaft blast out ugly, quivering oceans of seed into space.

Despite it all...despite the wanton, mind-breaking power in his twitching, bulked-out, planetary body...another thought crept in and interrupted:

"BUT HOW MUCH HAS MUMBO GROWN, COMPARED TO MYSELF?" he wondered, his voice rattling the void with its sheer power. He looked with a sneer at the bright object blazing over in the distance...the Moon Star, itself!

*1). Mon*Star is interrupted...by Mumbo-Jumbo!*

*2). Mon*Star devours the Moon Star whole...*

Mumbo-Jumbo's Growth Skyrockets—It's Too Fast!!

"Fire all the thrusters at maximum, if you have to, Bluegrass," Quicksilver ordered, "just get us out of here!"

"Y...you got it, boss! Hold on to whatever y'all got!"

Quicksilver did just that, as did Steelheart and Steewill, behind them. Even Hardware grabbed the bars to his cell, suddenly less-invested in complaining about his capture. The thrusters all blasted hot, *too hot*, and the ship tore up into a climb at a frantic clip, fast enough to where they could all see Mumbo-Jumbo's enormity lowering, at last, instead of constantly rising up over them. Not that the bull's raw bulk wasn't trying.

"That's the way," Quicksilver said, hanging onto a seat. "That's good! We're making up some space! If we can just—"

"I dunno, here," Bluegrass muttered, watching on as Mumbo-Jumbo's erection sank lower, revealing more and more of the growing bull's sky-choking abdomen. As they kept rising toward a set of horizon-spanning pectorals, however, the Miraj lurched, then canted awkwardly as the thrusters blazed, and the first of several ensuing sirens began to *bleep* and *skree* to life. "That-there means the thrusters are losin' out on us! They ain't gonna last forever, the pace we're puttin' 'em on!"

"I know, but keep them going!" Quicksilver shouted back over the rumbling of Mumbo-Jumbo's echoing growth and the din of the alarms. "We have to clear the moon, if we're to have any chance of getting away!"

The rumbling grew worse and worse and worse, out beyond and around and above them.

Mumbo-Jumbo snorted and nosed into his erection, hugging it so close that it bulged in against his huge muscles, parting his bulky chest muscles as he squeezed its body-length mass tight and shuddered, and huffed, and blew harder, until...until...

"HHHHHHUUURRRRRRRURRRR—"

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMPH!!

The groaning bull's body erupted in a fit of growth so strong that a storm of displaced air battered them, throwing the Miraj into a panicked spin. The 230-mile tall behemoth's body *exploded* larger, tripling its fantastic size in one gushing burst of hot, shaking, delighted growth. His muscles boomed forth indiscriminately, heaving and

creaking, straining his gold-copper hide tight, making him flutter his white eyes in joy as he blew harder into his erection, pumping it up bigger than himself!

The underside of the base of Mumbo-Jumbo's shaft blew out through the skies of the moon, looming toward the Miraj as it spun out. Above it was an erection so large they couldn't see the tip of it anymore, lost in the haze of the atmosphere. Below was the pinching cleft of two swollen, mashed-tight orbs, drum-smooth, hot and heaving underneath. Between the base of the penis and the swelling curves of the upper-testicles, the poor Miraj was suddenly trapped.

BBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMPH!!

Mumbo-Jumbo's roughly 700-mile body quivered and blew up to over 3,000 in one horrendous blast of growth. His over-taut muscles blew ballooned through everything, the bulk of the moon collapsing on itself in a tremendous spray of dust as Mumbo bulged bigger against it, crushing it in like nothing as he swelled to match its staggering size!

"We can't get—" Bluegrass started, before the Miraj, less than a microbe now, was caught between the rising bulges of Mumbo's inflating sacs, which swallowed them all up in one thick, unforgiving leap of size.

Mumbo-Jumbo shook like doomsday, moaning and grunting and huffing as his penis outgrew him massively. His dark sacs bulged up over his thighs, pinning them to the curvature of the moon, which he outgrew rapidly as he blew into his sex, heedlessly pumping himself bigger, and bigger...

5,000 miles...11,000 miles...40,000 miles...

His shadow began to spill over the larger moons neighboring the orbit of Bedlama. The planet itself, over 280,000 miles in size, still greatly outclassed the huffing, shaking, overstimulated bull...but for how long, was anyone's guess.

Over 420,000,000 feet of throbbing, nude minotaur floated in space, radiating heat, groaning with metal against metal as Mumbo-Jumbo pleased himself, no longer caring about petty crime, nor mob bosses, nor insults to his intellect.

None matter, he thought, groaning into his oversized tip as his erection boomed twice his size, stretching painfully huge and tight. *What can them do to Mumbo, now?*

Lost in total abandon, the alien citizens and nations of Bedlama could only watch in stunned horror as the bull heaved all the way up to half the planet's massive size, blowing and blowing, his muscles over-expanding beyond all sane realms of proportion.

He fed and fed, bloating bigger, his rump bulging through nearby moons, shoving them aside as it bullied toward Bedlama's upper hemisphere. His biceps roared out against his ballooning shoulders, his neck threatening to overtake his head as he blew and blew, feeling his penis tremble and scream for release.

Yet, Mumbo-Jumbo wouldn't stop. He refused to slow down, even as his body warped and groaned and whined, swelling out too large, too quickly, even for him. His billowing bulk stretched, seams of metal between muscles threatening to split as he trembled and wiggled and blew up to match Bedlama's enormity, ignoring the tension and strain that wracked his godly form.

His pectorals bulged so far out that they pushed the brunt of his shaft away, making him fight to keep his muzzle attached to the oversized head. His huge arms lost purchase of the shaft, so he stroked his overtight, girthy pectorals in big, groaning circles, only to feel them both burst out tremendously before him, g-getting so big...*so gloriously big!*

"HHHHHHRRRRRRRRR..."

He tremble-bulged in all directions, blowing up to *twice* Bedlama's awesome size, casting his full bulky shadow over it all.

Stop, some smarter part of him ordered, flatly.

No, he told himself, writhing in pulsating bliss. *No ever stop. Ever!*

560,000 miles...over half a million miles in size, alone...

He shuddered at the thought, his penis lurching horribly, wonderfully tight and full. His orbs blew up to part his huge thighs and calves, his feet stroking their round bulging curves as they grew unstoppably bigger.

N-nearly 3...b...bub-billion...feet...tall!

STOP!

Mumbo felt multiple items bumping like pebbles against his endlessly-growing girth; he felt them bounce off stupidly, only to pull back in and magnetize to his surging metal muscles as his gravity well grew more and more massively around him.

Planets.

Those puny motes were *whole planets*.

The pleasure that tingled through Mumbo in electric currents was beyond any pleasure the bull had ever even tried to conceive of in his silly existence, up to now.

S-STOP, DUMMY!!

Instead, Mumbo-Jumbo pressed his muzzle in, big enough to swallow a dozen planets now.

NO ONE TELL MUMBO WHAT-DO EVER AGAIN!

ESPECIALLY...MUMBO-JUMBO!

Instead, that magnificently humongous muzzle swallowed as much as it could of his own tip, and Mumbo-Jumbo blew into it, furiously...

1). Mumbo-Jumbo goes too far, too fast!

2). Mumbo-Jumbo can contain it...he'll grow forever! BIGGER!!

Mumbo-Jumbo Goes Too Far, Too Fast!

Bedlam was unified only in chaos now, trying to keep what remained of their society together as Mumbo-Jumbo relentlessly expanded beyond them...and under them...and *over* them. The strange, terrible fate that had minutes earlier claimed the mighty SilverHawks was repeating itself—only this time, it was an entire *planet*.

Unbothered, the cyber-bull kept blowing more and more power from the swallowed ray cannon down into his thickening penis, letting it balloon out of control between his massive arms. Golden-copper muscles swelled hungrily, fully tight with energy, and Mumbo flexed every straining fiber just to clutch and stroke and play with his titanic erection. The mass itself was as high up as the bull's muzzle, which kept matters simple as it let him blow and blow, the leftover growth churning out into his body as it stretched up to 600,000 miles tall, then 700,000.

The glans flared as they swelled, growing so big that Mumbo's muzzle dimpled down into its slit, while the rest of the head puffed up around his jaw. His chest and lats billowed out, metallically groaning as they mashed against bigger, heavier groups, all colliding and swelling against one another as he surged up to 850,000 miles.

More, Mumbo-Jumbo stubbornly willed, drunk on his own roaring over-growth. *More! Moo-more! MOOOOORE!*

His backside angrily heaved up behind his thick neck, swollen with pulsing muscle. His testicles blew up tighter, dimpling between his inner thighs (on which the teeny Miraj still rested) and the base of his swollen shaft. His huge hands trailed up and down, tickling it with a perversely needy sort of tenderness.

No stop. No stop, not never ever. Mumbo...grow...FOREVER...

Mumbo nuzzled hard into his overgrown erection, bulges of metallic flesh swelling with rubber squeaks and squeals against his slipping grip, burgeoning past even his own huge muscles. His fingers tickled the skin relentlessly as he tried to reestablish a grip, stroking it too much, making the bull lid his eyes to glowing white slits as he blew on noisily, stretching to over a mindbreaking 1,000,000 miles tall.

More and more of the nearest planets and moons drifted closer as Mumbo shook and jittered with the onslaught of power, soaking up too much of it to handle properly. His raging muscles *boomed* too big, too full, consuming the majority of his body in a sudden bloat. He kept on blowing, just the same, undaunted; if anything, the pressure of his bulk swelling over itself just made him shiver in delight.

BIIIIII...GGG...GGGGGURRRR...

He snorted, hiccupped, and blew harder, making his 1,320,000-mile body surge with a rushing bulge of growth to 1,480,000 miles in one thick push, then 1,790,000! His red-copper shoulders boomed up over his head, riding the tidal growth of his trapezius and back as his thighs erupted even bigger, shoving his body up higher as his feet and rear erupted through space.

The once-imposing planet of Bedlama was now only slightly larger than Mumbo's huge head, and his growth was only increasing faster, casting cataclysmic waves of released pressure through everything as he moaned.

Still, he kept blowing, on and on and on, stroking and teasing his trembling erection, making it spasm and buck in his precarious grip. He unwisely squeezed it harder, making the excess pressure blow out through his arms and sides and shoulders and neck, ballooning them impossibly wide under his jawline.

Bedlama's panicked citizenry rang every possible alarm, floods of crowds jostling in the tiny streets as a looming chin towered far, far overhead, completely displacing their once-friendly skies. To either side of the horizon, that chain was framed by the neverending slopes of both stretching chest muscles, hazy from their vantage on the other side of the planet's atmosphere.

And still...*still*, he kept blowing!

MMMOOO...M-MUH-M-MUHH-MMMM-MMMOOOOOOOOOOOO!!

A *far* worse tremor rose as his body stretched out too tight, rippled, then *boomed* twice as big, exploding his bulk up to a stunning and terrible 2,500,000 miles! Mumbo-Jumbo's body trembled even deeper, energy bolts starting to fissure out of the seams in his huge muscle clusters. The gathering power-lightning shot forth from his quaking body as it strained, groaning all over, and blew up *twice as big*, again!

MOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMOREMORE

Mumbo-Jumbo's frantic pleading with himself increased as his 5,000,000-mile tall body eclipsed the occupied quadrant of Limbo, his bulk bulging out against countless gravitating planets and civilizations, all at once. More light fissured out as Mumbo uncaringly welled up, wriggled his boundless rear—and blew the biggest, thickest blast of energy he could manage into himself.

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

His erection billowed out wider than his own torso, screaming with growth as it bloated too big, too fast, too full! The metallic hide of his shaft pulled over-tight as his

penis inflated even wider, even bigger, light lancing out of its throbbing sides in warning waves.

His body rumbled and rippled and wobbled before expanding further out to 10,900,000 miles, before the huffing, moaning, uncaring bovine blew and blew, shooting light out everywhere. It didn't matter. Mumbo was too big to care about anything but being even bigger, and all else was nothing more. He was getting bigger than consequence, and he only blew harder, just to spite it further.

His body creaked one bit too much as something vital finally split open, and the bull closed his eyes and roared like all hell. His bulk eclipsed him, blowing up from individual mounds into a centralized, gleaming, glowing mass of overblown metal muscle. That ball surged even bigger, becoming a full-blown sphere.

Mumbo trembled, literally lost in himself, no longer able to stop as he swelled and swelled and swelled and–

BBBB0000000000000000000000000000000000MMM!!

The explosion sent everything flying back through space, regardless of size or density or mass, a hurricane of cosmic release, a miniaturized big bang.

When it all finally cleared, there were only the fragmented remains of over a dozen planets, still survived, but broken up and splintered, scattered by unbelievably huge, cosmic-sized bulk.

Yet, for all that size and might, Mumbo-Jumbo was nowhere to be found, destroyed by the power he so wantonly craved. The SilverHawks, to Bedlama's now-legendary fears, had yet to be found.

Some optimistically insist that they were merely propelled out of the bounds of Limbo by the force of Mumbo's eruption, while others...well, remain *unsure*.

What everyone has stayed sure of, however, was that the massive Sun that had taken Mumbo-Jumbo's place would forever be a testament to the largest and most terrible villain all the known worlds had ever seen—and hopefully, ever would again.

THE END

Mumbo-Jumbo Can Contain It...He'll Grow Forever!! BIGGER!!

The shining bull's body—already so tremendous—exploded so much bigger so quickly that it was beyond all rational belief.

Over half a million miles' worth of aroused bovine stretched and ballooned out in all directions, naked and golden muscles expanding in heated bursts of growth. In that one single blow, Mumbo-Jumbo had swollen from 560,000 miles up to 1,980,000, nearly *quadrupling* in size!

His biceps crashed against his outer chest, grinding and swelling, rubbing and groaning against each other as his shoulders erupted bigger still! His phallus surged longer and fatter, plumping so jealously huge that it parted his hands and spread his fingers, which dug into the rubber-metal flesh in rapture, dragging in and stroking hard.

He shuddered openly, letting it happen, letting his rear bulge out as he curved his musclebound back and mooed hungrily into his tip, flaring his nostrils so big that smaller moons pulled near and vanished into them, before blowing harder into himself!

M...MMMooooooooooooHOOO...MU...MUHH-MU-MOOooooooooooooOORE...

No more failures. No more embarrassments.

From anybody.

Ever. Again.

Every foiled plot, every smack of punishment from another crony of the mob. Every curse from Mon*Star over his defeat by the SilverHawks. Every missed attack, every insult from the do-gooders, and his own cohorts. Every single thing wrong, every wrongdoing floated and buzzed and stung at the bull's mind, teasing him relentlessly. He teased his erection even more aggressively in turn, pushing back against years of abuse and embarrassment and frustration.

He was the powerhouse. He always had been. So why all the losses? Why!?

Bigger, Mumbo huffed, gulping and growling, blowing himself up all the way to a terrifying 5,150,000 miles in size. *BIGGER! Mumbo BIGGER than them! BIGGER THAN ALL THEM!*

The formerly-massive planet of Bedlama had dwindled throughout, slipping down from a nearby planet to a house, to a balloon, to a medicine ball, to a humbled little bouncing ball, small enough to fit in the small of just one of Mumbo-Jumbo's looming palms (which thankfully were busy pleasing his massive erection).

With all signals from the Miraj gone and radio silence persisting, the Bedlama defense Forces skipped with the bother of retaliating, and instead set to work frantically

trying to get Professor Power's emergency transportation-warp grid up and running at full power, as soon as remotely possible.

New alerts and city-wide sirens blared warnings about preparing to abandon the planet, citizens urged to grab only what was needed for the leap. Natives across the hemisphere all fled their homes and hustled along to the designated warp sites, some foolishly looking up at nothing but a gaping set of nostrils where the skies used to be. They were too wide to allow sight of either one's borders, both sides vanishing off into the horizon as the planet shook, making everyone duck and scream.

Mumbo huffed through his nostrils, blowing the planet back slightly, before he inhaled, pulling it even closer back toward himself. Bedlama's entire axis tilted forward as it began to roll in ominous slow motion, nearing those inhaling nostrils as Mumbo-Jumbo's pectorals bulged bigger and tighter, swelling warmly against his own shaft and cradling the underside of the whole tiny globe.

Then Mumbo blew yet again, letting the beam within blast and blast and blast, and those caught on the rolling ball of rock could only watch as the shifting skies of Mumbo's body rumble-*boomed* even bigger, and bigger, quintupling in size!

Over 25,000,000 miles tall, nearly 136,000,000,000 feet in size, Mumbo-Jumbo towered over the now-speck-sized Bedlama, his muzzle alone dozens upon dozens of times larger than it. Those at the designated warp spots could only observe as the golden sky shone, mirroring their tilting planet back at them, before the planetwide transport countdown began, blaring the numbers...

10...9...8...

Mumbo blew yet again, and his creaking penis screamed bigger, bloating out against his thick, humongous arms, crowding his inflated biceps and forearms as his testicles *boom-boom-boomed* unstoppably, outgrowing even his magnitude. His mighty golden thighs spread wide, dimpling down against the sacs as they bulged into a mass so tight and full that it almost became one single bulge—which boomed twice as big! Vibrations from his throbbing orbs rumbled North, quaking his muscles and shaking Bedlama as though it were a mote of pathetic space-dust. To the poor planet, it all translated into a planet-quake of furious severity, moving mountains and shifting its plating in crashing waves of change.

7...6...5...4...

Mumbo howled and mooed and panted into his own erection, squeezing on it as he bulged up past 90,000,000 miles, with sacs over 140,500,000 miles wide groaning below him. His taut orbs nearly swelled to fill the space between Bedlama and Automata, big enough to bridge the distance of the two planets!

They swelled out, still, even larger, fuller and heavier, floating in space as they indifferently shoved multiple marble-sized planets further apart. Mumbo's fingertips, each wider than most of the caught world's diameters, dug eagerly into his flared penis, making Mumbo whine in heated, rumbling bliss.

The machines cross Bedlama rattled with effort as a glowing network of green energy flickered awake, covering entire cities simultaneously.

3...2...1...

There was a fantastic flash as the entire population of Bedlama was teleported off to its farthest destination, appearing with a collective cheer in safety, all the way over on Earth and its satellites, which proved enough to contain the overflow of that many refugees. Bedlama, left to spin on as a comparative grain of sand to Mumbo-Jumbo, simply vanished, pulled fully into the snorting beast's infinitely larger muzzle.

And *still*, Mumbo grew.

The moaning bovine blasted into his own pride, on and on and on, not slowing, not stopping for a moment. His muscles soared out everywhere, entire tiny planets rolling up against them as his gravitational well grew and grew. Over 230,000,000 miles tall now, Mumbo's quaking body began to appear to more and more colonies and worlds across Limbo, creating a wave of Limbo-wide panic as they all saw what was happening, less-and-less-far away.

And still, he grew...and grew...and grew...and grew...*and GREW...*

Mon*Star and his cronies, waiting for word back on the foul planet Brimstar, all noticed an unknown force shake through space, making the entire planet rumble as it passed. The foul tyrant and his mob could only register the shaking a moment before some cosmic oddity loomed up into view, and all of Limbo seemed, to them, suddenly gone from sight.

Instead, there was only a great throbbing darkness, before a vast slit opened up, itself bigger than all of the red planet was wide!

The mob fell into a terror as the godly slit gaped wider, glowing within with wild, crackling energy as the tip of a penis over 143,500,000 miles wide swelled forth to claim them.

"RRRRRRRRRRRR..."

Mumbo's voice boomed so big that it didn't even register to the tiny little planet, as it drifted gradually into the rapidly-growing slit. The mob couldn't understand as a vast golden mass lowered back down, too laughably small to comprehend that Mumbo-Jumbo was intentionally leaving his erection open, just so that he could let all of Brimstar hover in the opened slit, and so that he could place his looming, opened maw right back down over it, sealing the planet inside, in the doing.

The mob and Mon*Star all went into a blind panic as Mumbo wiggled his impossibly big muscles in preparation and inhaled yet again, swelling out all the thicker with inflating muscle and bulk.

Consider this...Mumbo resignation! the bull wrathfully thought as he let the ray blast burst loose, tunneling down into his erection. The mighty beam washed down on the planet, making everyone therein tremble and shake...then grow...and grow...and GROW...AND GROW...

Their confusion melted into pleasure as their swelling bodies all collided, biggest of all Mon*Star. They all groaned and blushed and ballooned, bigger and stronger, all fed so much energy and power that they filled the tower at Brimstar's core, bursting and blasting through pillars and the throne room, cracking the tower, blowing it apart, making them all rub and grind bigger and heavier and stronger.

They swelled so massive that their combined weight broke through the crust and flooded the interior of Brimstar; the planet itself shuddered, then bulged bigger, swelling massively as the growing, huffing, panting cronies and boss within grew, too. Each of them were bigger than entire planets, overflowing with power, more than they had ever conceived of in their lives.

At 5,650,100,000 miles in size, over 29,800,000,000,000 feet, Mumbo was still easily able to get both hands around his erection in time to feel all of Brimstar balloon bigger, swelling to the size of a ball, stretching and bulging against the outside of the bull's massive erection. Both hands clasped on it from without, feeling it all bulge, feeling the rumbling growth feeding his former partners bigger and bigger and bigger...

"RRRRRRRRRRRRHR."

With that, the bull squeezed in on his own member, and the newly-grown, almighty Brimstar sank down, down, forcing the wonderfully tight bulge lower, and lower, and lower, then back up, then down, letting them all grow and grow and grow,

stretching his sex nicely. He huffed and blew again, and again, masturbating with the entire planet as an internal toy, until his trembling, overwhelmed erection bucked and strained and swelled, trapped momentarily by the expanded giga-planet Brimstar had blown up into.

The lower half of Mumbo's phallus widened like a metallic water balloon as Mumbo arched out with mad lust, gargantuan toes curling tight as the pressure kept spiking within—until something gave inside, and the bellowing bovine blew out a messy, cataclysmic eruption of bursting semen, gushing free in a spray that shot out like a torrent across Limbo! The stunned, pleasure-addled gang of giants shot out into Limbo with the payload, each of them absolutely colossal by normal means—yet mere germs to Mumbo! Indeed, the climaxing male was already towering over them by a ludicrous margin as his growth kept erupting higher, and higher, and *higher...*

1). Mumbo's spurts only get faster, as Limbo struggles to stop his growth

2). A strange new SilverHawk appears, with a last-ditch effort to stop Mumbo...

Mumbo's Spurts Only Get Faster, as Limbo Struggles to Stop His Growth

Not ten minutes earlier at Hawk Haven, Commander Stargazer hadn't been having the best day. Then again, it hadn't been the worst. That unsought honor was withheld until about minute eight.

The venerable SilverHawks' headquarters was every bit as majestic as them; it was more sculpture than structure—an enormous hawk carved out of metal, wings spread as it nested into a massive meteor. Its wingtips gleamed, its breast flared proudly as it gazed into space, its totality utterly, awesomely *just*.

Then, came the shadow.

Given the expansive darkness of Limbo, that was a difficult feat, but there it was. If anything there was more of it by the second. Stargazer didn't know *what* it was, as he started out through his lobby-floor office, but he knew it was *there*.

"Now, what in blazes..." the old veteran grumbled as he left his office, wandered over to the front of the lobby, and checked the nearest window.

His bald head (and furrowed brow) complimented the gold-plated eyepiece hugging the left side of his face, his cybernetic arm raising in confusion. Despite the technical upgrades, the old man still wore a white button-up with rolled sleeves, with a set of suspenders as tough as he was holding the rest together. His brow refused to unfurrow as space itself continued to darken, the usual silence replaced by some humming mass—by some *thing*.

And whatever it was, it was getting closer.

"You feel it too, Commander?" Hotwing asked, entering the lobby from the other hall. The gold-plated SilverHawk looked just as concerned, his tall ears pointing out on either side of his head.

"Yeah, well. I'll level with you, Hotwing," Stargazer muttered, not looking away. "I was sure hoping this was just one of your illusions, gone wrong."

"D'you think it has anything to do with our comrades, out there?" Hotwing asked, stepping closer. "I mean, they aren't returning any of the Copper Kidd's hails..."

At that, the entire station rumbled, then rocked to one side and the other. It leaned harder, and stayed leaning as the sensation of movement overtook Hawk Haven, and it began to drift through space on its own.

"What the," Commander Stargazer said, jerking back in shock. "What's happening!?"

That was when he saw it better, and started to understand—to the extent any poor mortal could ever try to.

"Good gravy!" he shouted, lurching away, then pressing into the window, wide-eyed. Even his cybernetic left eye-scope whir wider. "It's...it's Mumbo-Jumbo!"

"What? What is he thinking? Is he *really* coming at us alone, out in space?"

"No," Stargazer gasped, at length, as the Haven rumbled worse. "He *is* space!"

Even then, at the worst of times, Stargazer's gift for understatement thrived. Mumbo was somehow *bigger* than that. Considerably.

At minute nine, when things had really registered, Mumbo-Jumbo had been roughly 400,000 miles in height, and nearly as much in sheer brawny width. His enormous erection had already begun passing underneath Hawk Haven by then, so big and lengthy that the tip was well past them by the time Stargazer saw.

Just as minute eight hit, he watched Mumbo-Jumbo roar and shudder and screamingly *boom* bigger, swelling like a rushing tide of hot, impatient, bursting growth.

"Oh, boy," Stargazer gulped, stumbling away from the window, now suddenly his worst enemy. "We need to get moving, Hotwing, pronto! Grab the Kidd, now! We gotta vamoose!"

"But, you said—"

"That stupid bull's getting even bigger! Go!"

Mumbo's roar finally caught up, throwing the Haven into a rattling quake as the pleasure-addled colossus reached out over the microbe-sized Hawk Haven, grabbed his bobbing erection back up, and brought it all the way back up to him. Over 770,000 miles tall now, Mumbo was so big that the Hawk Haven might as well have been a grain of rice on planet Earth (were he the Earth).

With the incoming bulk of Mumbo's cuddled shaft Hawk Haven drifted dumbly in between, until it was caught entirely, and smashed to silvery nothing against Mumbo-Jumbo's burgeoning, growing, swollen belly, gold obliterating silver. All the majesty and justice of the years, the beacon in the night of Limbo—dusted.

Not that Mumbo ever cared to notice that he had wiped out his enemies' famed stronghold with no efforts of deduction or detection, at all.

Thankfully, mutually undetected were Stargazer, Hotwing and the Copper Kidd, who all flew away at top-speed in a secondary scouting ship. Even having exited

from the Haven's bay within under a minute's time (a new SilverHawk record), it still only proved enough to forestall outright death.

Instead, Mumbo's body simply drew them into it, albeit nowhere near as violently. The sheer gravitational pull of the huge, growing bovine proved too much to escape from, and backwards they all drifted, even firing all thrusters to the brink.

"Decrease the gravitational velocity with counter thrusters!" Stargazer ordered as the Kidd, a child-sized, copper-plated alien from the Mime Planet, piloted the craft accordingly. Just because the Mimes didn't say much, didn't mean anyone could say he was a lousy pilot.

"H-how can this be happening?" Hotwing balked, strapped in tight to his seat. "If he was smaller—and I mean, *way* smaller, I could have maybe used some sort of illusion to stop him, or stall him...but..."

"We get it, Hotwing," the Commander gruffly sighed. "He's just too big. Heaven knows how this nonsense even started! One of Mon*Star's stupid schemes, gone wrong, I figure!"

The Copper Kidd gave a low whistle, presumably agreeing.

"At least we're slowing a little bit," Hotwing sighed. "Though I dunno what'll happen once we get stuck on Mumbo's field fully."

"Well, I got my gun," Stargazer growled. "Whatever good it does."

"What about the others?" Hotwing finally saw fit to ask.

"If I have half my instincts left," the Commander replied, "I imagine we'll be seeing them somewhere on Mumbo, too."

All they could do was watch as entire moons and planetoids zoomed by in the periphery, countless celestial bodies all drawing helplessly closer to Mumbo-Jumbo's expanding bulk. The bull bellowed and blew another overgrown blast of energy into his overinflated erection, making his sacs boom out through Limbo far, far, far below their ship, his towering chest bulging far, far, far, far, far, far, *far* up above.

There was no way to tell when or how Mumbo-Jumbo dealt with the tiny planet Brimstar, by the time he had grown close enough to it. Stargazer couldn't even fathom where on Mumbo any of them even were, by then.

"Hey, Kidd," Stargazer began, breaking the descending, eerie silence. "Over there, you see it?"

The Kidd whistled *yes*.

"Holy mackerel," Hotwing said. "Found our first pulled planet!"

Indeed, a smaller planetoid drew close enough to be seen, one of the only ones that had remained fairly intact in Mumo' ever-growing field. There they had landed, seeing other refugees already there, panicked and afraid, not understanding what was going on, or why the entirety of one side of space itself was golden.

They understood even less when all of spec seemed to contract, shudder pleasurably, then burst out bigger, rumbling and roaring and hot, throwing off fantastic body heat as a penis many, many astronomical units away flared too big, too full, too teased, and finally gushed a torrential big bang of semen. To them, the ground beyond their planetoid was just stretching on and on and on, convulsing with spasms of hot, loaded joy and pumping girth.

Mumbo roared into Limbo as his 7,000,000,000-mile body bucked and swelled impossibly, the bull's already-staggering muscles heaving bigger, clustering and bulging into supergroups as they throbbed in time with his member. The fattened, ruddy digit sprayed out devastating geysers of seed, teased into madness, and somehow gushing even more madly by the second. Vast waves of white blew loose in horizontal pillars, finally blasting the last of the ruins of Brimstar out into space in sticky masses.

Yet, the bull wasn't stopping. Not even a little.

It was getting worse.

His output increased as his gasping huffs and quaking moans escalated, getting bigger, deeper, stronger. His chest billowed out past him as his neck expanded wider, crowding his huge, rolling shoulders. His monstrous testes flared all the bigger, spreading his bulging thighs, calves and feet out, out, out, wider and wider still.

Any races or planets still far-enough away to see stared in awestruck horror as Mumbo-Jumbo ballooned *larger*, blowing up and *booming* everywhere, blasting more and more fluid into the heavens as he moaned.

He doubled in size, in one thick, agonizingly lovely burst, pushing past 14,000,000,000 miles, then snorted and buried his muzzle in between his thick, golden pectorals. He relentlessly moo-huffed into the vast cleft, feeling his pectorals boom up over his jawline and chin as he gulped, blew another humongous rope of seed, then *tripled* in size...then shuddered, quivered and closed his eyes tight. He sprayed out two more bucking blasts of seed, shook into diamond hardness, tensed past that...and moo-*BOOMED* to quintuple his size!

Then sextuple that!

The blast of energy swelled to horrific width as Mumbo mooed into himself, hammering his over-inflated, rumbling chest with the ray beam, making it explode so wide that he suddenly couldn't find the end of them, or feel the end of his bloated shoulder blades, behind him. Still he climaxed, harder, messier, billowing through the confused galaxy, more and more planets quickly drawing into his 1,260,000,000,000-mile tall body...

The many planets that steadily began to drift off their axes all tried evacuating, tried launching counter-offensive missiles, lasers, fleets. Armadas that could have blown half a planet to dust were less than the dust they would have made, compared to Mumbo-Jumbo, and the bull was *still* getting bigger, faster.

Another 1,000,000,000,000 miles forced itself into Mumbo's bloated body, pushing his biceps to such magnitudes that each one was nearly a fourth of his entire body, with his thighs and shoulders all competing fervently for superiority. None, however, could match his chest as it kept heaving out, stretching and swelling beyond even the boundaries of his swollen biceps as he kept rampantly climaxing, spraying out bigger, longer loads of semen everywhere, battering planets and moons alike.

N-NNNEVER S-SMUH-SMALL...AGAAAAAAAINNNN, Mumbo thought, reeling with pleasure and power, suffused with such godhood that even his slightest twitches shook the galaxy as he groaned and blew up *ten* times bigger...

Throughout those ten wild (and unhappy) minutes, Stargazer had tried to hail anyone he could over their getaway ship's radio, with no luck—until someone *finally* answered back.

- 1). *"This is Earth! We can see Mumbo growing closer!"*
- 2). *"This is Professor Power! I-is anyone left out there?"*

Quicksilver Decides to call a Tactical Retreat, and FAST!

"Fall back!" Quicksilver commanded, suddenly. "We don't know what we're dealing with here! Let's move, everyone! Back to the ship!"

"Right!" both Steelwill and Steelheart replied, darting away from the quaking man-bull, who grunted and blew up bigger yet again.

The net was screaming-tight now, pinging and snapping halfway apart, leaving the rest to squeeze in on Mumbo-Jumbo's ballooning muscles and rising height.

All three SilverHawks darted right past Hardware, who blinked, realized they were going, and then turned to watch them go.

"They...they're leaving? Really? Hah! Hahahaha!"

"Rgh, that rotten little—" Steelwill growled, annoyed.

"Forget him," Quicksilver coolly ordered. "We need to get back to the Miraj and update Bluegrass. We might have something we can use against Mumbo-Jumbo, in the cargo bay!"

"Huh? Why?" Steelwill pondered, loudly, before--

"Of course!" Steelheart interrupted, snapping her fingers. "The emergency fire precaution device!"

Quicksilver grinned as they took to open flight, speeding toward the ship.

"You got it! We might freeze him, and see if it slows things down for him...and for us, too! It's at least worth a try!"

Hardware smirked evilly as he approached the swelling Mumbo-Jumbo, watching the grunting bull bulge taller and thicker with bulk. The last vestiges of the net were trembling pitifully taut, forcing the rumbling giant to bugle out on upper and lower ends.

"Excellent!" Hardware crowed, resting the ray cannon on his stocky shoulder. "That takes care of those meddlers. Alright, Mumbo-Jumbo, knock it off, and stop growing. We're in the clear now. We'll get back to Mon*Star and remove the new sun from you, and collect our reward! Haha!"

Mumbo-Jumbo didn't stop growing. It took Hardware a moment to see.

In fact, he was snorting and quaking harder than before, nearly vibrating with too much overflowing power. His muscles shook and blew up, *booming* even bigger between noisy, groaning bursts of growth. His muzzle began to disappear behind the

sheer wall of his growing chest, leaving Hardware only as tall as the bull's thighs. He must have been over 20, 25 feet tall!

"Did you hear me?" Hardware asked, a fleck of irritation present. "Hey. Hey! I said for you to st...stop..."

At his height, comparable to the swollen bull's, it was suddenly too easy to notice. Something was pushing eagerly free from between Mumbo-Jumbo's thighs.

It was a length of dark, metallic flesh, bobbing fat and plump and semi-soft into the open air. Its tip flared gladly, hotly, two bulbous sacs of smooth, metal girth booming bigger underneath. They swelled down smoothly, groaning against the mass of his shiny inner thigh muscles, and Hardware bit back a sudden flare of embarrassment...and, possibly, inadequacy.

An uncredited member of the gang was out. Way, way out.

"Ah, uh," Hardware coughed, the stout, goblin-like alien turning away in a fit of flustered blushing. "Look, it's one thing to enjoy your work, Mumbo...but, ah...this hardly seems appropriate!"

Mumbo-Jumbo panted deep, licking his muzzle over happily, his milky-white eyes slitted with glowing power. He grit his teeth and billowed even bigger, audibly stretching and moaning with size, pumping up to 30 feet in height—as big as a house!

Hardware backed further away, openly nervous.

"N-now, cut it out..." the goblin warned, pointing. "You...you're just the tank! The hired muscle! Understand? The only brains you're here to show is in having sense enough to obey your superiors!"

Mumbo-Jumbo glared down over the bulk of his mighty chest, and snorted derisively at his diminutive partner. No...it wasn't derision Hardware detected from the towering giant. It was *dismissal*.

"I...said...stop."

Hardware angrily raised the ray cannon and primed it with a low hum of energy. In his haste to pull rank, he seemed to have forgotten that the amber amplifier was still very much plugged into the cannon's feed shaft, and his finger was on the trigger.

Mumbo-Jumbo laughed, openly. Hardware scowled deep.

"You no-good, bull-headed...you, mocking me!?"

The bull couldn't help it. He was used to seeing Hardware agitated, but never by him. It was...fun. A thought occurred, and the gigantic bull quickly reached down for him, snapping the net with the simple movement so that it flew apart and allowed his muscles to finally heave out in a thick boom of release.

The motion, along with the sight of just how large his muscles were, unrestricted, proved enough to do the job: Hardware panicked.

"STOP!"

He pulled the trigger tight, and a great blast of amplified energy burst loose, blasting against Mumbo's Hardware-sized hand. The beam sliced apart between his shuddering fingers, then slid out and lashed across his huge chest, soaking it in, feeding the bull so much power that his giant white eyes widened into greedy globes...

1). Mumbo-Jumbo grows!

2). Mumbo-Jumbo grows TREMENDOUSLY!!

Mumbo-Jumbo GROWS!

There, over a high ridge in the rocky moon's terrain, was the SilverHawks' ship, the Miraj, pretty as a picture (and with a better frame, to boot).

"Made it!" Steelwill sighed, as the trio landed fast, then ran to the opening safety of the back cargo bay.

"Alright, you two," Quicksilver started, running up into the cargo hold. "We need all the freezing agent we can get—if Mumbo-Jumbo's not done growing, then we need to use as much as possible to cover our bases."

"Right," the twins both answered, in unison. They opened a crate full of bottled liquid nitrogen, then lidded it again; each took a side and lifted it as one.

"Trouble in paradise, boss?" a Southern voice drawled from the door connecting the cargo hold to the main hallway.

Said voice belonged to a tall, lanky SilverHawk in blue armor, a red bandana hugging his neck, and a 10-gallon hat on his head. Despite the tone, he wore a comfortable smile, all dry humor and winks.

"You could say that, Bluegrass," Quicksilver answered, nodding to the twins. "We need a fly-over, and fast. Think you're up for a drop?"

"Always, y'know that! Let's go!"

As he replied a small craft sped by overhead, slicing through the air as it descended into the moon's atmosphere. It vanished as quick as it had come, and for the moment hadn't even been noticed.

After all, there were bases to be covered.

"Stop...STOP!"

Hardware, stuck between panic and anger, kept blasting away at Mumbo-Jumbo, as though it would honestly deter the house-sized cyber-minotaur. The beam battered and buffeted the bull's swollen muscles, making Mumbo-Jumbo push a metallic huff of joy out as more and more power spilled into him.

"HRRRRRRHN!"

The bull's exclamation sounded almost like permission, and his overloaded body obeyed: Instantly, the 40-foot bull quivered and *boomed* bigger, the ray pumping his muscled body larger and larger, rising higher and higher! His feet plowed in deep, hammering gouges in the soil as his neck and torso swelled. His shaft burgeoned out and up, bobbing in lewd attendance. His shoulders erupted bigger than his biceps, even

as they throbbed jealously, groaning aloud as they tightened. His back blew out in warm, messy bulges, his thighs outgrowing the rest of him for only a moment, before the backblow blew his form up to 50 feet...then 60!

"What..." Hardware began, something finally informing him of his fatal error. He looked at last to the ray cannon, went wide-eyed, and looked back up, up, up at the 75-foot hulk. His stupefaction gave Mumbo-Jumbo time enough to balloon to 100 whopping feet! *"No! No!! Augh, what am I doing!?"*

He lowered the gun and turned to run, nearly tripping over it barrel. Mumbo-Jumbo laughed, and it shook everything, making the stocky goblin wince in fear as he tried to pick up his pace (and dignity).

"L-luh...leave me alone!"

Contrarily, Hardware felt, and heard, a car-length foot lift up off the punished turf. He heard nothing for a moment, before the loud creaking of shifting, metal muscles filed the air. Then, terribly, came the footfall.

"AAAAAH!"

Hardware tottered forward, pitching and wobbling, vying desperately for enough balance to continue fleeing as Mumbo-Jumbo's massive foot impacted the terrain. Violent tremors shuddered under his little thumping feet, shaking him up and back down again as he ran. So his back would be sore in an hour—it beat being crushed.

130 feet of towering male nudity stormed closer, closer, closing the gap with zero effort. Hardware flailed ahead, having to hop when a stitch formed in his side.

"Go...g-go away, you big lummo!"

Two massive things suddenly caught him by the back of his coat, and pinched in on the fabric.

"Fingers. Fingertips!!"

"L...Let go! Leggo!!"

The riled Hardware suddenly found no purchase, and watched as the moonscape lowered away under his dangling feet, abandoning him outright. It only sank further away as he rose higher and higher, until he felt the gigantic fingers carefully twist, turning him by his coat so that he hung there, suddenly faced with a sky-filling, gleaming-gold muzzle.

"HRRHRRRHRRRRHRRR..."

"Don't you DARE laugh at me, you miserable minotaur!" Hardware roared, swinging uselessly at the air with the barrel of his cannon. It was all he had.

In reply a single finger, bigger than Hardware, rose up and poked him in the stomach, hard. He twirled back and forth, fuming with embarrassed rage.

"Grab! S-stoppit!"

That same finger, surprisingly, *did* stop it. The tip returned and held him there, so that Hardware stopped moving, and there was a kind of calm. Hardware only wondered why the small kindness happened for a moment, before he understood.

The fingertip was swelling bigger.

And *bigger*.

The finger it was attached to grew longer, pushing bigger against him deeper into him, as the fingertips pinching the scruff of his coat grew with it. Mumbo's muzzle surged bigger, longer, getting closer and further away at the same time, and the groaning copper and metal muscles sang in triumph as Mumbo-Jumbo simply stood there, and *grew*.

"Oh, you gonna go and get clever on me? Huh?" Hardware shot back, finally thinking enough to bring the ray gun up to his sights and remove the amber amplifier, so that it was reinserted with the negative end facing forward, not the positive. "We'll see how cute it is, when I shrink you down to a pencil-nub!"

Mumbo understood well enough, because he immediately shoved Hardware deep in between his pectorals, cramming the tiny do-badder into its warm cleft and wedging his stubby arms together, removing any chance he could lift the gun or reach the trigger.

"Curses! You...release me!"

Mumbo-Jumbo casually snorted, a thick jet of steam and fire blasting loose.

The pectorals began to tingle and bulge, ballooning even larger and fuller, pumping up and up against Hardware, crushing him even tighter as the colossal bull kept steadily growing. All 160 feet of him began to stomp forth destructively, marching across the slowly-shrinking plains of the moon.

That was when the craft arrived, all too abruptly, zooming right up into view. The massive man-bull blinked, tilting his head in surprise, as he saw...

1). The Miraj—and they're dumping something out onto him!

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

The Miraj—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 package it came in.

High up above, beyond even Mumbo-Jumbo's mighty height, was the Miraj, the SilverHawks' lousy tin-can ship. Lousy or not, though, if it was there to get him away from Mumbo-Jumbo, he could let its presence go. Preferably, with him on it.

Mumbo-Jumbo clearly felt different on the matter.

"RRRRRRURRRURRR!"

A hand big enough to cover an entire wing of the ship swatted past, narrowly missing as Bluegrass swerved away.

Some older part of Hardware nearly rooted for Mumbo, anyway, despite the way things were now. He shook that right off as the Miraj swerved, looping higher overhead as it swung away...then straight back for Mumbo.

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.

"Wait, what—"

That was all that Hardware could manage before a freezing cloud overtook both Mumbo-Jumbo and himself. Sharp, hissing crackles and firming cold overtook the plains as the cloud spread wider and wider, still.

"Let's hope that does it," Quicksilver muttered, beside Bluegrass and his pilot's chair. "Because that was all that we had on board to give!"

"Patience, Hoss," Bluegrass hummed.

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?" Steelwill said, peering out through the bottom door of the ship's cargo bay.

"Let's hope," Steelheart sighed, turning to Quicksilver. "At least it's slowed things down to a crawl, if nothing else. With good luck, it'll hold awhile."

"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, his chair *whirring* softly.

"Hail Commander Stargazer," Quicksilver answered 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 of motion, of unwanted activity or thought. It was enough to give anyone the impression that something wasn't quite right...

1). *Mumbo-Jumbo begins to...shrink down!?*

2). *Mumbo-Jumbo isn't...done...growing...*