

1. 3/22: (3,695 words)

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 said, 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 whirred 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, and small compartment of 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...

Mumbo-Jumbo doesn't seem to grow at all

The three guardians all waited, collective breaths held, as Mumbo-Jumbo's body vibrated and shook. Behind them, Hardware blinked, rose to a stocky stand, and then silently (and wisely) beat a hasty retreat. The ray gun clattered, still attached to his backpack, so that it bounced loudly and danced along behind him.

"Got to contact Mon*Star," he panted, trying to work up speed enough to get clear. As it turned out, the panic would prove unwarranted.

Mumbo-Jumbo groaned and rumbled and tensed, before his muscles flared up slightly in mass, inflating hungrily...then stopped altogether. All that escaped the tense moment was a small, flaming hiccup from the bull, before he slumped over and fainted, crashing onto the rocks below, the net still hugging his thick body tight. Even whited out, as they often were, the bull's eyes seemed to suggest they had rolled back under his copper lids.

..."Huh," Steelheart sighed, clearly relieved. "Thought that was going to be something mighty bad, for a moment, there."

"Same here," Steelwill muttered. She stepped forward and hooked her metallic fingers on the corners of the loops of the net, and began to pull. Steelheart joined, and soon Mumbo-Jumbo's big body stubbornly began to move. "Best get the big lug into a jail cell, fast."

"Where'd Hardware scramble off to?" Quicksilver rightly pondered, scouring the region over. The moon was a small one, just outside of the planet Bedlama, and was certainly an odd choice for a getaway hub. Why Hardware and Mumbo-Jumbo had picked here to rendezvous with Mon*Star's other cronies was beyond him.

"You go, Quicksilver--we already have the bull by the horns, here," Steelheart joked, as he and his sister hauled the big man-bull toward their transport ship, the Mirage.

"Right. Back soon!"

Quicksilver snapped his silvery visor down over his face, extended a set of metal wings between his outstretched cybernetic arms, and took flight, kicking up a small ring of dust as he went.

Bluegrass leaned over in the cockpit of the Mirage, his cowboy hat nearly flattening its brim against the inner curve of the dome. He was leaning to watch as his fellow Silverhawks, Steelheart and Steelwill, grudgingly dragged what looked like Mumbo-Jumbo slowly toward the ship; he nearly crushed his favorite guitar in doing so. The 10-gallon hat rested back on his head as he settled into the pilot's seat once more and sighed, plucking off a few more bluesy notes. His azure-silver armor was much like that of his companions, only it seemed to stand out more against the oddity of the hat and the red bandana he kept tied about his neck.

"Guess we got us some company," he said dryly, a little grin forming as he pushed a button on the console.

The back cargo bay door yawned awake, sliding open for the twins as they dutifully hauled their captor in. The huge bull was still knocked out, and thankfully offered zero resistance in the process. They lugged him all the way down through the cargo bay, down a short hall, and deposited Mumbo-Jumbo into one of the two detainment cells therein. It wasn't a huge ship, after all, and there was only

so much room afforded for belligerence...which, once the bull woke up, would absolutely be an issue.

"Got the bull by the horns, I see," Bluegrass joked over the ship hallway intercom. Right away, a tired Steelwill jabbed the com button with a metal finger, and replied.

"Don't you start."

The intercom went quiet. Suddenly, they could hear Bluegrass laughing anyway, from inside the cockpit.

"Great minds think alike," Steelheart huffed, beaming, as he dusted his hands and let the cell doors slide back out and lock into place.

"You two don't even think," she retorted.

"Y'all got any word back from the ol' leader yet?" Bluegrass asked over the com line.

She looked to Steelheart, who shrugged. Steelwill pushed the com button again, though this time with more care.

"No...Quicksilver isn't back yet?"

Within the cell, the net-clad Mumbo-Jumbo twitched. His milk-white eye fluttered open, and he saw some small crates of cargo that had been loaded into the space earlier. Overflow from earlier stock, perhaps? Didn't matter. What mattered was the logo stamped onto the crates, themselves--
CAUTION: POWER CELLS, D-GRADE INDUSTRIAL...

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, themselves, bulging and glowing unnaturally bright. The energy inside him kept building, some bizarre pressure billowing out in waves, waves the 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 hole 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 rippled 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 a 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 c-could, 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..."

Mumbo-Jumbo explodes bigger!

The Silverhawks, trained and tested in countless space-battles, were ready for anything. That was the terror of it--anything was about to happen. The ground under their steely feet tingled, tickling up into them, before rattling angrily, ominously. All of it emanated in deep, terrible waves from Mumbo-Jumbo, who trembled and spasmed and shook and rumbled more and more.

Hardware backed away, wide-eyed, before breaking into an outright run, scurrying off in a wild panic. His backpack and ray cannon tripped him up, though, so he quickly tore loose of them and left them clattering to the turf. He ran until he was away from the tremendous rumbling, and his feet stopped tingling. In those few seconds of time, he looked back--and regretted it.

"What's happening to him?" Steelwill asked, finally. Her voice rattled from the vibrations rippling off of Mumbo-Jumbo's quaking body, nearly rendered inaudible.

"I don't know," Quicksilver replied, stepping back. "Maybe we should--"

The roar that ejected from Mumbo-Jumbo seemed too big for him, before the bellowing bull tensed, condensing in some eerie preparation against himself, a single great metal muscle tightening, before he

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMM!

All three Silverhawks flew back, unwillingly, cast away from the sheer fore of the release of energy, as Mumbo-Jumbo exploded bigger. His throbbing muscles erupted forth, bloating and billowing to sizes so maddening that the net could only seemed to catch and hold as an afterthought, before snapping and shredding away against a tidal burst of growth. His thrown-back, roaring muzzle soared up high, quickly lost against the explosive expansion of his heaving pectorals. They glistened and groaned, metallic and smooth and quivering with power, his biceps booming much the same, suddenly too big for his arms, even as they too grew. His back muscles popped out bigger behind him, in successive explosions, *THOOM-THOOM-THOOM!*

In a blink, Mumbo-Jumbo was no longer simply big. He was *gigantic*. The entire moment registered only as a flash, burned into the warriors' sights, their minds quickly understanding that, somehow, a minotaur bigger than their ship was standing before them.

And he was getting bigger.

A gargantuan volley of flame blew out of Mumbo-Jumbo's roaring mouth and flared nostrils, like a great engine letting off pressure...only the pressure was building too fast for the release, and the engine was inflating even bigger to accommodate it. His shadow swallowed them all like nothing, and kept spilling over the terrain as the huffing, bulky bull shook and roared and trembled, and blew up, bigger, and bigger!

"Fall back!" Quicksilver shouted, scrambling away with the others. "Fall back, now! Go!"

The formerly 30-foot colossus had already doubled in size, looming nude and thick and shining over the fleeing foes. Steelheart glanced back, and was the first to see just where all that excess pressure was flowing.

"Hol-y smokes!" he gasped.

The 60-foot bull was nude, had almost always technically been; this, however, they hadn't seen. A

single, long slab, a great tube of metallic maleness had crept out from between Mumbo-Jumbo titanic legs, and had arched, stiffened darkly, throbbed, then slapped heavily down onto two cresting, massive orbs, which caught and cradled the monstrous digit. Steelheart would have only stood inches taller than it--and it wasn't even firm yet.

"What is it?" Steelwill asked, not looking back as they all ran for the ship.

"Just k-keep going!"

The great bull groaned and snorted, licking his own muzzle over with a thick metal tongue, as his chest heaved even larger, fuller and thicker than the rest of him, seeming to nearly pull his torso forward, before his brawny backside exploded bigger behind him. His red-copper shoulders swelled uncontrollably larger, his musculature outpacing him so much, so fast, that even his 80-foot body began to sink into the cracking turf from its sheer tonnage.

"Calling the Mirage," Quicksilver said, speaking rapidly into a communicator built into his silvery wrist. "This is Quicksilver, calling the Mirage! Bluegrass, prep for flight, immediately! I repeat, prepare to take off!"

"What in Sam Hill's the problem, boss?" a deeply Southern voice answered, crackling back over the radio. "Y'all got trouble?"

"More than you know!"

A staggering 130 feet of nude male thundered behind them all as they fled. Mumbo-Jumbo, the size of a small building, finally bothered to lift one vehicle-sized foot up, and take a shattering step forward. The landscape rattled on impact, nearly tripping Steelwill as she ran. That very foot swelled receptively against the lingering vibrations of the impact, and force seeming to back-feed up and further inflate his huge, growing body. His vast dark horns spread further, thickening more and more atop his rising head and looming muzzle as the bull spied their retreat, and snickered.

Another foot crashed down behind them, shaking everything. The sounds of growth subsided, suddenly, among the echoing shake of the terrain. There wasn't time for any relief at the idea, however, even though they had all noted it mentally. There was still the 150-foot titan chasing them.

"His gait's so much bigger," Steelheart panted, trying to run faster. "He'll catch up!"

"Just keep moving!"

Just as suddenly as the stretching creaking sounds of growth stopped, so too did the crashing of Mumbo-Jumbo's huge feet. There was a surprising silence, though it was not of any wholesome nor appreciable nature. Even the sudden quiet was wrong.

"Did...did he stop?" Steelheart asked, still moving.

"Doesn't matter!" Steelwill shouted back, outpacing him. "Just get to the ship!"

Quicksilver and Quicksilver alone dared to do the diligence of actually looking back, mid-flight, and saw, to his mounting shock...

2. 3/23: (2,866 words)

Mumbo-Jumbo is mysteriously, hungrily drawn to the power cells...

For all his strength, Mumbo-Jumbo was quickly reminded that the net holding him was stronger. The bull struggled, but only for a moment, before going still again, and snorting out a soft huff of frustration--but not resignation. Oh, no.

He was eyeing the crates filled with power cells. By his understanding, slow or not, he still knew that those types of cells were low-grade, for powering small machinery and restoring low-output generators and the like. Something deep inside whined and grumbled, until even Mumbo-Jumbo could understand it: he was hungry.

And those cells were *candy*. Not a meal, but still wholly desired.

"Nope, ain't seen him," Bluegrass's voice answered, from the outer hallway intercom. "Not hide nor hair. I take it we're waitin', then?"

"I take it so, yes," Steelwill sighed, unsure.

Mumbo-Jumbo heard their metallic footfall as they clanked off toward the ship's cockpit, until the huge bull was alone in his holding cell. He waited another moment, before starting to edge his way closer to the crates, inch by awkward inch, scooting his bulky form near enough to touch the exterior with his snout. Oh, he could smell it, practically--he could sense the power, inside!

"Hrrft," he snorted, licking his metallic muzzle over eagerly.

Right. How to open these up?

His slow-witting ponderings culminated in a choice offering: he could bash it open with his horns! Er, no...he would need to be able to move enough to charge, to get up momentum. Hmm. He could stand, with some effort, and...

Yes!

Thinking far enough to work with, rather than push further and risk a brain-strain, Mumbo-Jumbo began to work himself up onto his thick knees. He grunted and strained for balance as his powerful golden legs flexed hard, and he forced his bulk up steadily, toward a stand. He then leaned, intentionally, onto the two stacked crates, so that his chest and stomach pushed over their edges. He rocked back, then forth, then back again, working up enough momentum to where his chest pushed in, and shove the upper crate off of the lower. It tumbled over onto its side, and cracked open at the top lid.

There was some noise, so the bull waited a moment, in case someone came storming back over to check on it. Had anyone heard?

...Nothing. Good!

Sure enough, several bundled power cells had toppled loose, each one about as big as a can of space soda. That smell...that lovely smell was out in the open now, and it was already driving Mumbo-Jumbo wild.

He settled his big bulk back down onto both knees, checked the bars and hallway, then snorted and

snuffled down on the cells, shuddering with an escalating need to feed. He had to work his long metal tongue out some, just to get the first cells nearer to his jaws, but ultimately managed to get one in his mouth without so much trouble.

The tingling was getting worse...no, better! Much better! The cell tickled his teeth and jawline at the touch, power buzzing away with sweet promises of satisfaction, before he tilted his head back, and swallowed it whole.

He only had a moment to lean away, before it happened. For all intents and purposes, Mumbo-Jumbo might as well have swallowed a live grenade.

A thick, muffled boom sounded, as some concussive bulge of size blew throughout his body, from the torso out; his chest muscles pushed out in one huge throb, straining the net out, before his back and shoulders ballooned angrily on the other side, snapping one thread, then two. His biceps gorged and swelled, expanding with a single burst on either side, snapping more threads, as his torso pushed thicker, higher, heaving his upper body toward the ceiling.

His thighs erupted bigger, gilded muscles gleaming, as his rear blew up over his hulking thighs. His feet spread bigger and heavier over the cell floor as his neck boomed wider, his dark brown horns spearing out thicker and longer, strength overflowing inside as his head thumping the cell ceiling, hard.

When it stopped, Mumbo-Jumbo stood so tall that he half-stooped, the back of his bulging neck smooth and flat, pressed firmly up into the ceiling overhead. His knees bowed out as he pulsated with energy, almost glowing in his white eyes. He looked himself over, then the cell, seeing the shift in perspective, understanding it was all smaller.

Rather...no. He was just *bigger*.

He loosed a thick burst of steam as he snorted, realizing that he nearly couldn't see straight down, beyond the ridge of his swollen chest. The net clung in a few sorry, struggling strands, denting in against his inflated muscles, so that parts of him dimpled out beyond. But what he couldn't see, as he shifted his posture slightly, he felt--and then some.

His arousal, normally concealed, was out in full force. His dark-brown, nearly black shaft rested, half as big as his own huge forearm, shiny and smooth and hot. It bobbed into a rest atop his swollen, dark orbs, his bloated and warm sacs tight enough to nearly be a single mass as they sat, plump and heavy, between his overgrown thighs.

He snorted again, feeling it stir a little in the cooler air of the cell. He was so tall now, so built, that even the Silverhawks would likely only come up to his lower chest, at best. Even Steelheart, whom was particularly hated. That idea alone made his thick member bob a little thicker, and a good bit longer.

The net still had him, but barely so. He could snap it with a simple flex, even, he was sure of it. He could have snapped loose and barged right out of their, and none of those do-gooders would be able to stop him.

And yet.

And yet...

Mumbo-Jumbo collected his breathing, feeling the net catch and pull against his swelling chest as he did so. He held it, licked his muzzle over thoughtfully, then looked down, as best he could, at the

remaining power cells on the floor. How many were in that crate? What would that make two crates?

No one was coming his way, not yet. If he moved without making too big a fuss, he could get low enough to have another...

Quicksilver decides to fight! Maybe they can wear him down!

Quicksilver hadn't heard enough to explain the insanity that was happening. But, at that moment, as he heard Mumbo-Jumbo's golden body expand and bulge and stretch, bigger and louder, he knew that he'd heard enough. He let the struggling Hardware go, the dwarfish creature falling hard onto the turf of the moon.

"H-hey!" he groused, already collecting himself enough to start backing away.

"Everyone," Quicksilver ordered, turning back to dutifully face the growing minotaur, who now stood nearly three times as tall as any of them--practically twenty feet, give or take. "Hold your ground! We need to put Mumbo-Jumbo down, right away! Stop it, before it gets worse!"

"That's what I wanted to hear!" Steelheart said, rolling his shoulders in preparation, and taking up an attack stance. "None of this running away stuff!"

"Got it," Steelwill said, though with noted reservation.

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"Go!"

All three charged, weapons at the ready. Their shoulder-mounted lasers blasted ahead as they rushed the gigantic bull, impacting his shining body with a barrage of beams. Mumbo-Jumbo roared and brought up his forearms, crossing them in front of himself in a shielding motion, instantly shredding the overtight remains of the net apart as he took a defensive position...

All of which instantly proved unnecessary.

Each impacting blast simply soaked into Mumbo-Jumbo's form, vanishing, leaving him unharmed; if anything, the great humming that rumbled inside of his huge body seemed to increase in intensity, making the minotaur quake and huff and shiver, before booming even bigger!

By the time they all tackled him, the Silverhawks were suddenly finding themselves grappling with the bull's upper thighs, instead of his torso. He had blown up another five whopping feet, on the spot, making him as big as a house!

"Wh-what just happened!?" Steelwill hollered, trying to hang onto the growing bull's swelling thigh. It spread her mighty arms further apart, heat pouring off of his thick metal body as he stopped lurching bigger, and resumed his slower, steadier growth spurt. "He got even bigger!"

"We noticed!" Steelwill snapped, clutching uselessly up onto an arm as big as he was. Mumbo-Jumbo's peaking bicep was as thicker as his was wide, now, and even after the rude surge, it was slowly squealing bigger and bigger against him.

"The beams must have done it!" Quicksilver grunted, flying up to and grappling with Mumbo-Jumbo's colossally big, thick neck. The snorting mega-bull let them fool around, lowering his arms (one harm lowering Steelwill down with it) as he put his gigantic fists to his hips, and simply laughed. It was a terrible, booming thing, all grinding metal and animalistic triumph.

"What do we do?" Steelwill rightly asked, just as Mumbo-Jumbo gave a plain kick forward, and sent her flying off of him. She crashed into a roll, skidding back past Hardware, who had his ray cannon raised. He was aiming right at Mumbo-Jumbo, who towered at a soaring 35 feet in height.

"What...w-what are you doing?" Quicksilver demanded, still clutching the bull's golden neck, feeling it swell ceaselessly bigger and wider, as his feet scrabbled for purchase against the 40-foot giant's swelling back muscles. "Hardware! Stop!"

"I have myself an idea," Hardware growled, lowly, as he readied the gun, his alien finger curling against the trigger.

Mumbo-Jumbo isn't there...where did someone 150 feet tall go?

...Nothing. Not a thing, at all.

There, not so far behind them, remained a set of ever-larger footprints, crunched deep into the rocky terrain. Then, they just stopped. So too did Quicksilver, as the twins kept plowing ahead, full-bore.

"What in the world," Quicksilver said, to himself. "Where did someone that big just go--"

"Keep going!" Steelheart shouted back, still running. "The ship's not far!"

Steelwill was further ahead than either of them.

"Come on!" she shouted, panting. "There's no point in looking back for--"

A pair of feet, each the size of small personal ships, slammed down ahead of them, shaking the barren plains. A huge steely rump and flexing calves and ankles sank down, down to join them, as Mumbo-Jumbo's monstrous form crushed the surface flat, rocking them all off of their feet.

He hadn't gone. He had landed. Meaning, he had jumped.

"Move! Everyone, move, now!"

Quicksilver could hardly get the words out, before Mumbo-Jumbo's massive hand sailed through the air, and bashed into the rocks, cracking the turf apart as the three warriors dodged. Fingers the size of grown trees blasted clear down into the firmament, snapping and splitting stones and dirt, cratering out a wide circle of ruin as the Silverhawks took to flight, trying to flit away like small birds. Bugs, even.

Mumbo-Jumbo growled and shot a plume of fire through his gaping golden nostrils, scattering them further, before rising all the way to a slow-motion, godly stand. He had cut off their route to the Mirage entirely, and was starting to sweep his huge muscled arms and open palms at them, swatting wild, corralling them back the way they had come.

"Whoa!" Steelwill said, as a narrowly dodged hand left a current of air that pulled her off her flight path, and into a spin. She nearly crashed into Steelheart before righting herself, and swerving deftly out of his way.

"Everyone, split up!" Quicksilver ordered, as they swirled about the colossal bull. He swung back and nearly clipped Quicksilver, but the Silverhawk looped away, and defensively fired a laser from his shoulders, blasting the looming hand as it passed.

Mumbo-Jumbo snorted in annoyance, pulling his huge hand back. The 180-foot bull trembled momentarily, and as they all circled away from him, they could see Mumbo-Jumbo burst up bigger, faster, a sudden leap of size gulping down into his big body, just for an instant. His muscles

blasted out larger, in a booming, audible drumbeat of growth, pushing the rampaging giant up to 200 feet, even. He was easily as big as the entire Mirage!

Mumbo-Jumbo shook off the extra growth spurt, then hooked his arm back far, and punched right where Quicksilver had just been. He passed over the colossal fist by a hair, then tried to fly up along Mumbo-Jumbo's arm, up the curving hilltop of his gold bicep, past the high ridge of the bull's tremendous shoulder. He cleared it, soared up to the giant's huge muzzle, and blasted the minotaur right in his left eye. Steelheart swung about, saw, and blasted the other eye, nearly in time with Quicksilver.

There was a vast bellow, an explosive roar of pain and anger, as the seemingly invincible Mumbo-Jumbo staggered back and brought his immense hands up over his blasted eyes. His feet stuttered back unevenly, crushing the landscape, and as the great bull leaned into a hunch, he began to tingle even worse.

"That'll give us a second!" Quicksilver yelled. "Move! To the ship, come on!"

Something like a bovine groan rumbled out of Mumbo-Jumbo, who shook and trembled, tensing all over. In a great, violent push, the overgrown bull rattled and creaked and blew up even bigger, heaving out in a great burst! His biceps crowded hungrily against his shoulder, his chest expanding bigger, digging up deeper into his swelling muzzle, so that his nostrils were momentarily buried in the cleft of his thick, bulging mounds. His legs exploded wider, heavier, his sacs ballooning impossibly huge between his growing, shaking thighs. The sheer force of the growth seemed to pump him beyond all control, his muscles booming over one another, metal on hot metal, his shaft pushing hotly bigger, the tip aching and swollen as it wobbled and plumped lower to the crushed terrain below.

When he reared back up and finished rubbing his damaged eyes, Mumbo-Jumbo had packed on another whopping 50 feet, a murderous roar detonating as he swung his head back atop his over-thick pillar of a neck, and cried in rage. Still, he grew, bursting and swelling in gushing blasts of size, rising higher and higher over the rocky ridges and hills alike.

"He absorbed the blasts!" Quicksilver said, shouting over to his comrades as they stayed apart in the air. "That thing in him that he swallowed--our energy is only feeding it!"

"Well, what do we do, then?" Steelheart hollered back. "Just escape? Run away?"

"I don't know that we have much of a choice right now!"

"We can...regroup," Steelwill started, swerving between them. "Put in a call to Professor Power, for starters. He'd know how to fix--"

An enormous hand shot out and grabbed Steelwill, with ease. The hand was so huge now, that it could have held not only her, not only Quicksilver and Steelheart and Hardware, all at once...it could have held up Mumbo-Jumbo, back when they had*{i}* thought*{i}* he was too big. That very

hand pulled back, bringing the trapped Steelwill all the way up to a muzzle the size of a small building.

"Let...go!!" she cried, her head the only thing still poking free of his enormous, red-copper grip.

Mumbo-Jumbo snorted, practically sneering, before roaring at her, shaking the air and space around them from sheer percussive might.

"Stop!" Quicksilver said, turning around in mid-flight. Steelheart saw, and spun around in a panic.

Mumbo-Jumbo huffed, still swelling bigger and bigger before them all. His chest swelled into a great plain, pushing his huge arms so far away from one another that the Silverhawks began to have trouble seeing either of them. The sides of the bull's massive neck bulged fatter and wider with raw metallic muscle, and Mumbo-Jumbo simply laughed a moon-shaking laugh as he spitefully, cruelly lifted his growing hand high up over his muzzle. That muzzle opened into a wide, gaping maw, and as Steelwill's head seemed to get smaller and smaller against the growth of the bull's huge hand, he brought it and her slowly down, down toward his huge mouth, teeth and tongue and all.

"No!" Steelheart shouted, rushing the now 300-foot tall bull, when, out of nowhere...

3. 3/24: (6,324 words)

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! back to the ship!"

"Right!" both Steelheart and Steelwill 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 nearly halfway apart, leaving the rest to squeeze in on Mumbo-Jumbo's ballooning muscles and rising size.

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!"

"That little..." Steelheart growled, annoyed.

"Forget him," Quicksilver answered, coolly. "We need to get back to the Mirage, and update Bluegrass. We might have something we can use against Mumbo-Jumbo, in the cargo bay!"

"Huh?" Steelheart pondered, loudly, before--

"Of course!" Steelwill interrupted, snapping her fingers. "The emergency fire precaution device!"

Quicksilver grinned as they took to open flight, speeding on toward the ship.

"You got it! We might freeze him, and see if it slows things down for him...and for us, too!"

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 poles.

"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. 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, with 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 out, eagerly, from between Mumbo-Jumbo's heaving thighs. It was a length of metallic, dark 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.

Mumbo-Jumbo's member was out. And then some.

"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...but, ah...this hardly seems appropriate!"

Mumbo-Jumbo panted deep, licking his muzzle over happily, his milky-white eyes slit and glowing with power. He grit his teeth and billowed even bigger, audibly stretching and moaning with size, pumping clear up to 30 feet in height--as big as a house!

Hardware backed further away, openly nervous.

"N-now, cut it out..." Hardware warned, pointing sternly. "You...you're just the tank! The hire muscle! Understand? The only brains you're here to show is in having sense enough to obey!"

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 loud, 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 plenty-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 in and feeding the bull so much power that his giant white eyes widened like little globes...

Mumbo-Jumbo's stopped...because he found the abandoned ray cannon!

Mumbo-Jumbo had stopped chasing them, that much was instantly clear to Quicksilver; it was the *why* that eluded him, at the moment.

When he stopped and turned fully to look, he understood. And it was that much worse, the moment he did.

"What is it, Quicksilver?" Steelwill asked, coming to a stop a few yards past him. Steelheart had gone further ahead, and was actually coming back in curiosity.

"Is that..." he started, squinting.

"Oh, no," Steelwill said, gasping.

Mumbo-Jumbo was kneeling all his humongous bulk down, his gigantic knee touching down with a dull crash onto the ground, as he knelt down and pinched his huge fingertips over something that had been left there. He brought it up carefully by its straps, and sniffed at it as it dangled there, pulling and pushing it with the sheer force of his flaring nostrils.

To their terror, he smiled, and understood. He had found the ray cannon, still primed, still glowing with the stolen power of the amber amplifier.

"We have to get that thing away from him!" Steelwill shouted, taking to flight--*toward* Mumbo-Jumbo. "We can't let him use it again!"

The other two grimaced, understanding enough, and took to flight after her.

Mumbo-Jumbo grunted happily, trying with whatever gentleness and grace that the bull was capable of to work the trigger. His colossal fingertips already made it difficult to do, which bought time enough for the Silverhawks to fly up and interfere.

"GRUUUUUUUUUUUUU!"

Mumbo-Jumbo growled in anger as Steelwill darted between his muzzle and the pinched ray cannon, distracting him. His teeth gnashed and bit the air ahead of him, narrowly missing her heels as she passed by again.

"Careful!" Steelheart shouted, his concern showing, as he flew around the back of the giant minotaur's head.

Quicksilver took advantage, and flew up to Mumbo-Jumbo's gigantic hand. He charged and impacted it, just big enough to budge the massive digit, and make Mumbo drop it in surprise.

As it fell, Steelheart darted down to catch it--only Mumbo-Jumbo's other hand was open and waiting. It snatch the air, grabbing both the ray cannon and Steelheart, and bringing them up to his looming maw.

"No!" Steelwill cried, barreling hard into Mumbo-Jumbo's neck, bashing him just below his huge jawline.

The huge bull was still growing, throughout. His hand kept bulging bigger, clenching tighter and tighter, as Steelheart and the ray cannon sank smaller and smaller in its grip. By the time Steelwill bounced off of Mumbo-Jumbo's neck, it had already boomed thicker, casually growing and swelling with power.

The bigger the grew, the higher the bull surged; at 240 feet, they had to fly higher to keep up. Quicksilver dodged a hard swipe of the same balled fist that held Steelheart and the ray cannon, and the passage of displaced air sent him into a tumble below. He corrected, then swerved, just as Mumbo-Jumbo's ship-sized penis swung past. The fattened curves of his sacs bumped him, however, grazing Quicksilver and sending him to a tumble down onto the dirt.

Steelheart struggled, pushing with all the muscle he had, cybernetic and human, trying desperately to force the colossal growing hand apart, even a bit. The more he fought, however, the bigger the hand swelled, hot and enormous, crushing in bigger and stronger against him.

"Can't...get loose!"

"Hold on!" Steelwill hollered, whizzing past him, and circling back around. Mumbo-Jumbo was still growing, pushing bigger, higher into the air of the satellite moon. His heavy and titanic feet sank bigger, deeper into the turf, cracking it as his hefty weight surged and surged, more and more. He was nearing 300 whopping feet in size, now, double what he had been before chasing them, and that was all without another blast of the ray.

"Ugh," Quicksilver moaned, shaking his head as he got to his feet--just in time to see Mumbo-Jumbo's foot, coming down over the air, toward him!

He leapt back, falling sloppily to his side, and rolling away, as a foot as big as a house crashed down, just missing him. Everything shook and cracked, a crater of rock shoving up high around the foot as it kept sinking down. It settled, then rumbled, and blew up even larger, spreading the crater all the wider. The wall of displaced rock shoved Quicksilver further back as he rolled, hearing and feeling Mumbo-Jumbo's unstoppable growth spurt again and again.

"That's...enough..." Steelheart groaned, his metal muscles being slowly compressed by the sheer force of the bull's grip. He squirmed and clutched with what limited mobility he had, grabbing the ray cannon. He worked its tip against himself, and felt for its trigger. "Gonna fight...f-fire...with fire..."

The ray cannon rattled angrily as it flared to life, the power core charging higher and higher, when...

Quicksilver arrives, with no Hardware--but he does have the ray gun...

The rushing {i}whirr{/i> of the back bay door opening interrupted, and Mumbo-Jumbo, with wisdom few on either side of the cosmic turmoil ever knew of, decided to stay put. He closed his eyes to slits, and watched the bars of his cell. Sure enough, activity returned to the small hallway of the Mirage. Had he tried to act then, they absolutely would have caught him.

Quicksilver stepped into the hall from the bay, carrying something that made the bull nearly give out a metallic gasp of desire.

"Good, you all made it," Quicksilver started, as Steelheart, Steelwill and Bluegrass all joined him from the opposing end. The all met, conveniently enough, in front of Mumbo-Jumbo's holding cell. "I found something out there. I figure Hardware was too big a coward to come back for it."

In his hands was the ray cannon, the backpack and feeding cord attached. Something deep, deep inside of the bull sang with raw need, and his thick, copper-golden muscles tingled in anticipation.

"That's what Hardware was pumping the new miniature sun with," Steelwill said, looking it over. "It...it has the amber amplifier in it! No wonder!"

"Professor Power will be glad to know we recovered it, then," Quicksilver added, grinning.

"Talk about the wrong hands," Steelheart sighed. "That thing can really pack a big punch!"

"Tally-hawk wouldn't mind us havin' it," Bluegrass joked. "Reckon that bird still remembers bein' blown up to giant size with it, before!"

"Don't get ideas," Quicksilver laughed, stepping past them. "We're putting this thing where it can't cause any more chaos."

Mumbo-Jumbo's overpowered heart slammed away, beating furiously. His thick muscles bugled with tension and excitement.

{i}If he could just get his hands on that gun...{/i}

An idea formed, and fast.

"What about our other cargo, there?" Bluegrass asked, thumbing back at Mumbo-Jumbo. The bull tried harder to stay still, but his body ached for more power. It was maddening.

"Hmm," Quicksilver hummed, still holding the ray cannon as he turned to face the minotaur. "You trust him to stay knocked out and calm, the whole trip?"

"No," all three of the others said, in happy unison.

"Seconded."

At that, he nodded to Bluegrass, who tipped his 10-gallon cowboy hat in agreement, and punched in a few buttons on his forearm. Right away, a small green energy field shot up over the bars, to contain the sudden waves of gas that rushed out to fill Mumbo's cell. The bull sniffed, then snorted, and leapt up onto both his huge feet. The net strained, but held him there.

Suddenly, the plan seemed flawed. After that, nothing seemed like anything.

The massive man-bull teetered, huffed, then halted and pitched backward, slamming the cell floor with a hollow {i}THUD{/i}.

"Hmm," Quicksilver started, arching a brow. "Figured."

The plan, it turned out, would have to wait.

"Okay, team," Quicksilver continued, putting the ray cannon up in the opposing cell, securing it to a small wall-mounted rack. "Contact the Copper Kid and Stargazer, and let him know the mission is a success. Well...technically. We have the sun and the amber amplifier."

"And only one of them is inside a big cyber-bull," Steelheart added, helpfully. "How do we even get that thing out of him? What if it's still unstable?"

"Right," Quicksilver said, slowly. "Bluegrass, get us space-borne--then add Professor Power to the contact list, and see where he can meet us. We're going to need his help, removing the junior sun."

"You got it, boss," Bluegrass said, turning back, and heading into the Mirage's cockpit once more.

As Mumbo-Jumbo slept, gassed and sedated, the plan was evolving. In short order, the Mirage received its new orders, and swerved toward its destination...

"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 Steelheart 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.

"MMMMWWWWWWWWWWHHHAAAAAUUURRRR!!"

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 Mirage, 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..."

Mumbo-Jumbo decides not to bother, and to just bust out!

Impatience and indignation bore out, and Mumbo-Jumbo snorted the other thoughts and plans right out, through his nostrils.

...Nah. He was too big for own cell. This would do.

With that, the big bull hunched lower, flexing his impossibly-thick, gilded calves. They swelled out gladly, bloated with power, yet crying for more, as his feet dug in and clenched. His back muscles surged, stretching the taut cables of the next, until it easily began to ping apart and snap away, popping loudly down the vertices of his swollen back.

"Hmph!"

With that, the mighty bull bowed his head and horns, flexed even harder, and charged.

The cell bars snapped away like paper tubes, blasting loose in a spray of defeat, and the gigantic Mumbo-Jumbo sailed clear into the hall of the Mirage, battering into and denting the bars of the opposing cell far inward. They didn't quite break, but that was fine. Frankly, the dent they left spoke much louder of his raw strength. Heck, Mumbo-Jumbo actually liked seeing it.

He reared to a full stand, his head and horns nearly tapping the overhead lights of the hall. The door to the cockpit was comically small--its upper molding hardly reached his pecs!

The towering man-bull huffed, smugly satisfied, and flexed a little bit, just to feel himself against himself. His metal biceps strained wonderfully, his clenched copper rear bulging.

As he had thought. *This would do.*

Or would it?

He glared over at the emptied holding cell, and saw the crates of power cells. He pursed his metallic muzzle's lips in thought, then snorted decisively, and grabbed one crate up under his huge arm. He would need the other one free.

He turned to the bay door, and pushed a wall-mounted button. The door whirred open for him--then immediately shut again, cutting his passage off with an obnoxious bump against the door.

"Hrrrm?"

"Oh, no, you don't," Steelheart growled, having come from the other end of the hall. His finger was on a button, on his side. "I don't know how you got out, but...I..."

Mumbo-Jumbo had naturally began to stoop to duck below the door, when it had been momentarily opened. when the angry bull stood back upright, Steelheart understood what was happening, and stepped back in fear.

He was bigger. Considerably-so. His head brushed the hall ceiling, his neck a thick column of golden brawn. His chest muscles had billowed out so huge that they competed with his overinflated biceps and shoulders. His thighs looked like they could crush any Silverhawk, flat as a can.

"I...aw, nuts," Steelheart finished, blindly charging the bull. He collided with Mumbo-Jumbo hard enough to shove them both through the bay door, bashing it off its positioning as they crashed into the hold.

Mumbo-Jumbo reared up, fuming with anger, and hit Steelheart with an uppercut so hard, so mean, that it connected with his stomach, and sent the cybernetic warrior right up into the cargo hold ceiling, smashing him into it. Steelheart landed with a rough bounce on the floor, coughing, as Mumbo-Jumbo took himself and the crate, and stomped over to the hold by door. He pushed a button, and the bay door slowly extended, yawning open to the vacuum of space.

An alarm klaxon screamed, bathing everything in red light. Unconcerned, Mumbo-Jumbo snorted, and turned to await the full opening, when Steelheart tackled him from behind, putting the huge bull in a bear hug, pulling him steadily back and away from the door.

"Where're...y-you...going!?"

Mumbo-Jumbo snarled and blew a streak of fire out of his nostrils, hitting Steelheart with it full-blast. Still, the heated cyborg held firm, pulling the giant back further, slowly but surely. The bay door fully opened, and Steelheart's cyber-visor snapped down over his exposed human face, shielding it as the vacuum overtook the hold.

Mumbo roared and stomped forward, easily dragging Steelheart along, moving back toward the opened bay door, when Steelwill grabbed Mumbo-Jumbo's thick arm, and pulled as well. Quicksilver was on the way to the bay button, to close the door back up.

"Thought you could use some help!" she grunted through her visor, trying to wrestle the huge bull back with her twin brother.

"Thanks!"

Mumbo-Jumbo twisted and pulled, taking them both with, and in his rage he stubbornly tilted the lid of the crate open a crack, enough to wedge his muzzle in and use his teeth to pull out another power cell. His chin pushed the crate lid closed again, and he swallowed the entire cell with one hard gulp.

"What's he doing?" Steelwill asked, as Quicksilver kept edging closer to the bay door control panel.

In answer, Mumbo-Jumbo's huge, musclebound body creaked and tensed, and trembled, before BOOMING bigger!

His biceps and forearms ballooned greedily in size, making it harder for Steelwill to keep a proper hold. Mumbo-Jumbo's head bulged up into the cargo ceiling, his back spreading wider, bigger, pushing the struggling Steelheart back as the bull's thighs erupted in scope and power. His growing feet slammed the cargo floor, the added might forcing the twins with him as Mumbo-Jumbo snorted and shook and blew up even bigger, now too big to stand upright!

"Get the door!" Steelheart hollered, as Quicksilver reached the button, and pressed it hard. The door began to close, and Mumbo-Jumbo furiously stormed for it, forcing his head and pectorals to snag out between the closing door and the outer rim of the ship.

Both ends caught his growing body, which swelled bigger and stronger, so that his pectorals bulge-swelled and pushed back, steadily forcing the whining door to stutter and snap, then break and go limp with a crash back down, letting his body boom out bigger and bigger into open space.

"S-stop him!" Steelheart roared, as the three of them battled uselessly with the huge bull's legs and gigantic rump. Feet as big as their torsos found purchase on the back wall of the cargo bay, and with a single, firm push, the bay-filling behemoth of a bull popped loose, and went into a headlong

tumble into the cosmic byways of Limbo.

Big as a house, now, the victorious Mumbo-Jumbo spiraled and spun, trying to even out his huge body as he floated away from the ship. He watched it shrink away to nothing, smirking to himself, before turning and clutching the now-tiny crate, nestling it between his huge chest and his even-bigger bicep.

They hadn't been flying so long. That moon was just one of several satellites around the orbit of Bedlama; he would likely just plunge into the planet's atmosphere, and get away on landing.

If he could withstand reentry.

If he hit water.

...Whatever. he was big enough to survive, now. It would do.

...Or would it?

Mumbo-Jumbo' growth gets even worse!!

There was a brief gap, a moment of quiet, and Quicksilver almost allowed relief to fill it. He knew better.

Mumbo-Jumbo had stopped chasing them, to be sure; what seemed to stop him was unknowable. The colossal bull was quaking so badly, he had stopped to hunch over and wrap his thick arms about himself, almost as if he were sick, or anticipating something violent welling up inside.

His knees knocked, an odd sight to see from below, where both knees wobbled high in the air. Mumbo-Jumbo stumbled back, burying his muzzle helplessly into his pectorals, huffing and groaning deep, as his entire body creaked ominously.

"What's..." Steelheart started, slowing down to join Quicksilver as he hovered in the air, morbidly engaged.

"Don't stop!" Steelwill said to them both, as the tidal groan of Mumbo's body flared louder, and his huge, enormous gold muscles bulged, retreated, then bulged again. A staccato thrum-beat rose from within as Mumbo-Jumbo snorted and began to angrily vibrate all over, worse and worse, still.

"He's..."

"It doesn't matter! There's no way it's good, so let's--"

Mumbo-Jumbo's white eyes bulged and flared bright, some immense energy spiking inside; his maw opened to the space skies as he blasted off a thick burst of pure energy, as though the pressure was nearly lethal, if he didn't get a hold on it. His body throbbed out, but this time, it didn't retreat. Not at all.

He hiccuped, swallowing back his own eruption, and grew. His spasming, rumbling muscles blew out in every direction, as Mumbo-Jumbo boomed bigger, and doubled in size, immediately.

"Holy smokes!" Steelheart yelled, as the still-spasming bull clutched his own head, feeling it swell against his growing fingers. His horns pushed further out on both sides, as his muzzle boomed out, and his neck ballooned grossly, blowing up into a tight pillar of muscle! His thighs exploded so big that they mashed into each other, and a thick, bulbous tip suddenly jutted forth, between them, struggling to push free. The remainder of a thick, oversized dark shaft plowed out behind it, shoving the swelling tip forward.

"What is that!?" Quicksilver gasped, as the sheer concussive force of the size-doubling blew them back.

"It's..." Steelwill ventured, gulping in embarrassment. "It's...what you think it is!"

Mumbo-Jumbo bellowed and hugged his own expanding body, muscles bulging out through his own grasping fingers, before the nude, quavering, musclebound, 300-foot bull hiccuped again, and doubled that size, instantly!

The skies began to fill with bull maleness, the swinging erection plunging further out, longer, impossibly long, over a bloated set of tight, billowing orbs. The tip trembled needfully as Mumbo-Jumbo's body surged into the air, higher and higher, packing more and more shaking, gleaming, overtight muscle!

The ground quickly broke and crumbled, hammered to splintering craters as his massive feet

slammed the moon's surface over and over. His heels and copper soles crashed through a full layer of the terrain, making the godly bull wobble to right all 600 whopping feet of himself. Even his motions shook and pulled air currents, making their flight patterns all the messier as the trio tried to stay balanced and clear of the giant's body.

"I can't believe it's getting worse!" Steelwill said, trying to fly away faster, the other two following in a near-panic. "I can't believe it's this explosive! What happened?"

"The miniature sun!" Steelheart replied. "It must be getting bigger inside of him, faster!"

"Good grief," Quicksilver gasped, watching as their flight only made Mumbo-Jumbo appear to shrink just slightly. They must have been getting clear of him, they had to be! "Don't tell me the sun's undergoing exponential growth of some kind..."

Mumbo-Jumbo, astonishingly, fell. His hand shot out and caught the landscape, bashing deep into it with handprint-shaped gouges. The aftershocks tremored out, toppling Hardware, who had kept running throughout, but still fell to their passage.

"No," Hardware panted, wheezing and huffing, trying to get back upright. "Noooooo!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's maw opened wide again, and a great flash of light blasted loose from within. Mumbo-Jumbo, greedily or stupidly, clenched his jaws and shut his muzzle, and instantly, his land-shaking body burst BIGGER! His overwhelmingly big pectorals grew even more massive, blowing out like tight gold balloons, sagging and pumping further down, down along and between his swelling arms, crowding against his overgrowing biceps. His triceps and shoulders burst out, too big, blowing up on either side, as his back muscles soared higher, and higher! His fat erection plunged into the ground, plumping and fattening out wider as it throb-throbbled loudly, forcing his testicles to boom to the size of comparative chairs behind his colossal, firm rump.

Power was pouring off of Mumbo-Jumbo as he burst too big on his right side, then even bigger than that on the left. His growing hands crashed and plowed through boulders and hills, smashing everything flat as his 600-foot body doubled, trembled, then DOUBLED again!

"Look at the size of h--"

Quicksilver's wonder was blown back as the 2,400-foot gargantua spasmed and snorted and trembled and BOOOOOMED four times bigger!

The very landscape sagged, sinking and cracking and spewing up geysers of internalized seismic pressure. Plates shifted under Mumbo-Jumbo's astonishing weight as his 9,600-foot, 1.8-mile tall form crushed down on it. That very landscape, which Hardware was fleeing on, buckled into ruin, flinging the now speck-sized germ of a partner-in-crime high into the air. To him, the sky itself was Mumbo-Jumbo.

"Heeeelp!" he screamed, having been flung clear up onto a high spire of broken, snapping terrain, which he clung to miserably. "Help! help me! Stop it, Mumbo-Jumbo! STOP GROWING!"

"That little twerp," Steelheart growled, before grudgingly barreling down, down, down--down, toward the sound of his wailing.

"Calling the Mirage," Quicksilver panted, trying to catch his breath and compose himself. It was difficult, seeing as to how the landscape was nothing but shaking, naked, swollen bull-muscle. "Bluegrass, copy! We need a pickup, right now! Right now!"

"Sure thing, boss!" a smooth, Southern accent answered over the communicator on Quicksilver's wrist. "What's the commotion?"

"Look out the cockpit dome. To your...right."

There was a pause, but not a long one.

"...Uh...I, uh, o-on my way. Holy frijol--"

Quicksilver kept flying back, slowly, waiting for Steelheart to emerge from all that crumbling ruin below. The landscape turned more and more into those crackling, shifting spires, angular and huge, yet no taller than a single one of Mumbo-Jumbo's city-block sized fingers, which flexed and dug uncontrollably deeper into the moon.

"He'll make it," Steelwill said, floating by Quicksilver, when the two felt the tremors grow worse.

"No," Quicksilver muttered, watching as energy began to crackle like electricity around Mumbo-Jumbo, dancing and tickling around skyscraper-sized, over-defined, swollen muscles, which tensed terribly tight, waiting, as the growth became much...MUCH worse. "We won't make it!"

Mumbo-Jumbo shook and snorted and licked his own billowed-out pecs, feeling how much farther they had swollen. They pushed all the way down to his forearms, glistening and reflecting the destruction below in stretching, trembling gold. His huge neck was so enormous, yet even it seemed partly lost among the sheer bulk of his shoulders and his back muscles; his shining deltoids had pumped up a full head's height above his own head, clear past the tips of his horns.

His triceps threatened to overtake his shoulders, pushing against them as his sacs erupted even fuller and tighter behind him, flooding with size, which back-fed and bloated out his crust-puncturing shaft, getting it even bigger and fatter, spreading his colossally huge thighs. His knees dragged trenches out of the ruins as the 4-mile wide crater under him sagged twice as deep, and nearly as wide across.

As the great plumes of smoke and grit rose up from under his shaking bulk, something very tiny parted up past them, jetting up defiantly toward them.

"There!" Steelwill cried, pointing. There, indeed, was her twin brother, soaring over to them, carrying an exhausted, defeated Hardware.

"You rang, boss?" another voice called out, from Quicksilver's arm communicator. The three of them (and Hardware, technically) all turned to see their trusty ship, the Mirage, zooming into a slow, just ahead. "Looks like y'all need a ride!"

"Get in, everybody!" Quicksilver ordered. "Mumbo-Jumbo's growth is getting way, way too powerful! He's out of control!"

As he spoke, the 2-mile tall minotaur sagged even deeper into the moon's surface, before it cracked too big, too wide, and crumbled open. With a deafening blast of a roar, the shaking, rumbling bull tumbled in to fill the cave-in, a volcanic gush of sky-high smoke booming up to cover even his huge body as it sank.

"Gads," Steelwill gasped. "That must have been a weaker portion of the moon's crust! He just fell right in..."

"Good timing!" Quicksilver said, well, quickly. "Let's move!"

"I...I had no idea," Hardware moaned, sulking as he hung from Steelheart's grip. "It was...so terrible..."

"Well, you should've thought of that before you went and--"

That was when it happened. That was when the entire horizon of the small satellite moon started to *shake*...

4. 3/25: (5,551 words)

Mumbo-Jumbo grows!

There, over a high ridge in the rocky moon's terrain, was the Silverhawks' ship, the Mirage, a blessed sight to see, indeed.

"Made it!" Steelheart sighed, as the three cyber-warriors landed, and ran to the back cargo bay door as it swung open.

"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 bigger, then we need to assume to use as much as possible!"

"Right," the twins both answered, in unison. They opened a full crate of bottled liquid nitrogen, sealed it back up, and each took an end of the large container, and lifted.

"Trouble in paradise, boss?" a Southern voice asked, 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 around 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 said it, a small craft sped by, far overhead, slicing through the air as it cut down into the moon's atmosphere. It vanished as quick as it had come, and for the moment hadn't even been noticed.

"Stop...STOP!"

Hardware, stuck between blind panic and anger, kept blasting away at Mumbo-Jumbo, as though it would honestly deter the huge, house-sized, cybernetic minotaur. The beam battered and buffeted the bull's swollen muscles, making Mumbo-Jumbo loose a throaty, metallic huff of joy as more and more power spilled into him.

"HRRRRRRHN!"

The bull's exclamation sounded almost like permission, and his overloaded, quaking body obeyed: Instantly, the 40-foot bull quiver-tensed and boomed bigger, the ray pumping his bloated, muscled body larger and larger, higher and higher! His feet plowed deep, spreading gouges in the soil, as his neck and torso swelled. His shaft burgeoned out and up, bobbing high in lewd jubilation. His shoulders erupted bigger than his own biceps, even as they too throbbed to fuller and tighter size, groaning wildly as they expanded. His back blew out in messy, hot bulges, his thighs outgrowing the rest of him for only a moment, before he heaved out to 50 feet...then 60!

"What..." Hardware began, something beyond panic 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, watching Mumbo-Jumbo balloon rapidly to 100 whopping feet high! "No! No!! What am I doing!?"

With that, he lowered the gun, and turned to run. Mumbo-Jumbo laughed, and it shook everything, making the stocky goblin wince and moan in fear as he tried to pick up his pace.

"L...leave me alone!"

Contrarily, he felt, and heard, one 12-foot long foot lift up off the cracked turf. He heard nothing for a moment, before the loud creaking of shifting, metal muscles filed the air. Then, the footfall.

"AAAAAH!"

Hardware stumbled and tottered forward, pitching and wobbling, vying desperately for enough balance to not fall and continue fleeing, as Mumbo-Jumbo's massive foot impacted the terrain. Violent tremors tingled out past, under his thumping little feet, shaking him up and back down again as he ran.

130 feet of towering male nudity stormed closer, closer, closing the gap with zero effort. Hardware flailed and stumbled, having to hop when a stitch formed in his side.

"Go...g-go away, you big lummox!"

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 panicking Hardware suddenly found no purchase, and watched as the moonscape lowered away under his dangling feet. 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, golden 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.

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.

"S-stoppit!"

That same finger, surprisingly, *did* stop it. The tip found him again, and held him there, so that Hardware stopped moving, and there was 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, deeper against him, and he felt the fingertips pinching the scruff of his coat growing bigger, too. That 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 the thick, warm cleft, wedging his stubby arms tight together, so that there was simply no 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 in place even tighter, as the colossal bull kept steadily growing. All 160 feet of him began to stomp forth, walking destructively, slowly across the slowly-lowering 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...

Bluegrass saves the day, as the Mirage opens fire! Until...

A thick blast of laser energy shot forth, a barrage of attack blasts suddenly peppering the gigantic Mumbo-Jumbo's muzzle and temples and jawline. The colossus roared and reared away, swinging his head, so that Steelwill tumbled loose from his enormous red hand, and took back off to flight.

Quicksilver and Steelheart looked back to see their trusty ship, the Mirage, sweeping in! It swooped around, swerving away deftly as Mumbo-Jumbo's giant hand sailed past, swiping for it. A bob to the left, then a turn, and the ship circled back and fired again, and again, and again, mercilessly blasting the bull from all angles.

"Are you okay?" Steelheart asked, flying by his sister as she righted herself, and nodded.

"Y-yeah! Bluegrass got the ship here, just in time!"

"But the downside..."

Already, Quicksilver was on his wrist communicator.

"Bluegrass, this is Quicksilver! Stop firing! I repeat, stop firing!"

"Kinda busy, boss, gimme a sec!" Bluegrass's voice crackled over the line, breaking up some. "I--n't hear you--"

It was no good. Quicksilver turned back to see Mumbo-Jumbo panting in big, bovine huffs, the power building and building, more and more lasers soaking into his body as it quaked anew and shook with moaning, tensing anticipation.

"Everyone, get clear!"

Mumbo-Jumbo gulped, snorted, close his eyes--and BOOMED out everywhere, blowing up uncontrollably bigger! His maw roared open as he bellowed and surged in bursts of growth, his back bloating out behind him, as his rump clenched and swelled, and his lats exploded bigger, pushing his arms up, even as the metallic triceps boomed down, mashing into them. His biceps screamed larger, too big, too strong! His shoulders *boomphed* out big and thick against his bulging neck as he rumbled and spurted all the way up to 400 feet!

"Bluegrass, stop!" Quicksilver pleaded again, flying to keep up with the Mirage's erratic flight pattern. "You don't understand!"

"Boy, he's a biggun', ain't he?" Bluegrass whistled, over the crackling com line. "Lookit that! What th' heck happened to ol' Mumbo, there?"

Mumbo-Jumbo quaked violently as the Mirage passed, now only half the bull's massive size, firing wild, battering Mumbo's stretching metal muscles with more and more power.

"We have to get him to understand!" Quicksilver said, shouting over to Steelheart and Steelwill. They nodded, and followed as Quicksilver cut a path over Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous, shaking body, trying to cut off the Mirage's presumed flight path. As they did so, Mumbo's massive bull-head and horns surged bigger, pumping up into their line of flight, scattering Steelheart and Steelwill as he blew up bigger and higher between them, now over 440 feet...no, 470 feet!

"Hey!" Quicksilver pleaded, darting nimbly past the cockpit dome of the Mirage, making sure Bluegrass saw him shaking his head and shouting 'NO'.

"No?" Bluegrass hollered over the line, confused. "We ain't attacking, boss?"

"No!"

"...Uh-oh."

Quicksilver motioned for Bluegrass to land nearby, when a pair of gigantically huge, over-muscled arms lurched forth and caught the ship--*the entire ship*--in a massive grab.

"Whoa, now!" Bluegrass shouted, over the com line, as the Mirage was pulled into a thick, powerful bear hug by Mumbo-Jumbo, who kept shaking and swelling hotly, booming bigger and even stronger up against its hull.

"Bluegrass!" Quicksilver and the twins shouted, fearful, as they all swooped around and watched.

Mumbo-Jumbo had to have been 500 feet tall, now, bigger than a skyscraper, or almost so. He was sure big enough to start crushing in on the trapped Mirage, his metallic pectorals bulging and ballooning against its backside, pushing the wings harder, harder, until they started to bend away submissively, creaking and snapping slowly.

"Eject!" Quicksilver ordered, over the com link on his wrist.

"Don't got t'tell me twice!" Bluegrass joked, over the line, before the cockpit at the tip of the Mirage detached with a blast of released steam, and the cockpit itself slid out a smaller pair of emergency wings. The escape pod blasted forth--only to be in the direct path of Mumbo-Jumbo's mouth!

"Wait!" Steelwill said, understanding first.

The cockpit-pod was caught between the bull's gigantic, growing teeth, which easily snagged the little getaway ship, and held it there. More and more of it vanished between those growing jaws, until it was just a little toy caught between the monstrous minotaur's golden muzzle and chin, which bumped against his own growing chest as it surged too big, too full.

"We have to help him!" Steelheart said, flying toward the 550-foot behemoth. Steelwill immediately followed suit.

Quicksilver grimaced, then darted to follow. The cockpit dome blew loose as Bluegrass smashed it open, starting to climb out onto the getaway ship. He might as well have been an ant crawling next to a god. Not that it stopped him from trying.

"Bluegrass, jump!" The twins said, together, as they charged the ship. He did so, no hesitation, and they reached out and caught both his arms, and hauled him away, just as Mumbo-Jumbo's titanic teeth crunched down harder, snapping, cracking, then crushing the cockpit ship, so that it blew up between his gritted teeth.

The massive man-bull snorted, then callously spat the remains loose, too big to readily notice as the twins hauled Bluegrass off into the air.

"That was close enough to suit!" Bluegrass sighed.

"We got you, that's what matters," Steelwill comforted, as Quicksilver came up beside the trio, smiling.

"So, now all we have to deal with is being stranded here, with *him*," Steelheart reminded, just as a deep groan caught their attention. They kept flying away, but did look back.

Mumbo-Jumbo, nearly 600 feet in size, flexed his impossibly big muscles, and cruelly clench-hugged tighter, crushing the entirety of the Mirage in, in, in, against himself. His billowing chest bulged and broke the wings apart, heaving out bigger on either side of the main body, so that the dimpling bulges forced the cracked flight wings back, back, flat against it, as his thick forearms crushed in tighter.

"Poor ol' baby-girl," Bluegrass muttered, heartbroken. "I just polished her up!"

With that, the swollen giant of a bull flexed even harder, and his overwhelmingly huge muscles swelled even bigger, compacting the Mirage into a ruined metal clump, which sparked, then detonated, covering all of Mumbo-Jumbo's towering body with its ensuing, nearly-nuclear explosion. The blast consumed the landscape around him, as well, flinging the fleeing fliers off into the atmosphere.

"Hold on!" Quicksilver cried, as they all went into a sort of humanoid tailspin, in the air, tumbling and pinwheeling in a freefall...

When the smoke cleared, and they had crashed down where they had, the Silverhawks shook it off, then rose to a collective stand. They had crashed all the way over on a mountainside, having landed clear in the middle of a long-abandoned town.

"Where..." Steelheart murmured, shaking off the impact.

"Probably one-a those ol' minin' colonies," Bluegrass said, dusting himself off, and adjusting his hat carefully. "Bedluma used to have a bunch of 'em, back when it was developin'."

"Do you think it makes a good hiding place?" Steelheart asked, to no one's good humor or relief. He was the only one looking back out over the landscape of the moon.

"Why...do you ask?" Quicksilver tentatively asked, turning some. He didn't want to, much as he didn't really want to know. Either way, answers were coming, and they didn't sound good at all.

"Don't tell me," Steelwill sighed, unhappily. "Don't tell me that didn't do it. I don't care how big Mumbo-Jumbo got, there...the Mirage's engine...that explosion...he should be wiped off the face of the moon!"

They all turned in full, there among the old town on the side of the tall mountain. They turned, in unison, and saw...

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

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

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

Quicksilver started to object, but suddenly held his tongue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

B-BOOOOOOOOOOM!!

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

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

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

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

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

"Agreed!"

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

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

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

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

"Shut up!"

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

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

The Mirage swoops in, to save the day!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Another monitor showed the other shoulder booming up into view, filling miles and miles of barren landscape. A zoomed in camera revealed an old outpost, abandoned to a mesa over a mile high; beyond it, the vast and raging sea of copper-red shoulder boomed bigger and bigger toward it, groaning and surging and inflating too fast to even think of stopping. It crashed into the entire mesa,

which only reached about a fourth of the way up the colossal shoulder, smashing it to bits like it was nothing.

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

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

{i}"Comeongirl!COMEONCOMEON!!"{/i}

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His eyes scoured the sensor readout, again and again.

"Two..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

CONTINUE

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

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

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

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

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

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

3,168,000 feet

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

{i}Over 4,000,000 feet t--{/i}

{i}STOP{/i}, he ordered himself.

{i}His foot alone is half a million feet long{/i}

{i}ENOUGH.{/i}

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

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

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

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

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

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

That meant he could get {i}bigger{/i}...

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