

## *EARLIER*

Cold water bled over her fur, countering what body heat she had, until Lucario snapped awake in primal panic. Her head thudded up into the vent shaft ceiling as she bolted upright, sending her splashing back into the intruding waters. What had only been a trickle seconds earlier sank into a rush of doom as the ferry's lowest-floor flooded completely, the vent starting to displace air as the sea squirmed and writhed in, determined to catch, and kill.

*Figment!*

Maybe he was still below, maybe not. There was only the odd rumbling and creaking of the entire ship as it warped, presumably from intake. Didn't matter, it was time to go—

Water blasted into a geyser that battered and attacked, flinging her along the vent shaft as it too flooded, choking her out. She held what breath she could get, the candy glued to her dry tongue, as she swam through the rush, then braced herself and slammed against the corner where the connection went left. She clawed her way along the steel casing, in the same direction, struggling to reach a vertical connection that hadn't flooded just yet.

Knowing there were desperate seconds, she clawed and gashed her way up into the nearest offering, free from the water—only to have the overflow rise up after, jealously chasing.

*Higher ground, higher ground*

Lucario's claws *thunked* in time, banging and warping metal, as she felt the waters claim her foot-paws, then her knees. She groaned, tensed, and leapt up, snagging an edge, and pulling herself up into another passage. Any direction, didn't matter.

*Go go go go*

Despite her time among humans, it was Lucario's animal instincts that kicked in first as she bore South, kicked out the first grate she found, and jumped down into a kitchen area. No sooner than she had landed, then that same odd warping noise returned, across the ship, worse than before. Somewhere down below, the entire ferry seemed to groan in pain, then...split completely apart.

*OH, NO—*

Water blew in from anywhere, everywhere, and Lucario clambered up atop a stove, making for the vent, when water coughed out from it, as well, blowing her back down into the rising waters. Pots and pans and knives and crates all scattered into the water, in a free-for-all, only making more and more of a mess for Lucario to splash through as she fought for the doorway, and slipped through, just as the kitchen overflowed.

The waters shoved her up toward the hall ceiling, but she had time enough to not only breathe in again, but glance at the nearest guidance map on the wall.

*STORAGE! Left, Left, Right! GO!*

The flooding was up to the ceiling, give an inch; it was now or never.

She balled herself and spun in, getting her feet on the ceiling, so that Lucario could kick off toward the door, bank left, and swim fast. The current pushed the other way, forcing her to clutch the hallway railing, and pull herself down to the next left, then the following right; by the time she swam into the storage area, the entire inside space was twisting upside down, as she ferry had lost all stability. This, in turn, sent the storage contents that weren't buckled down or fastened into a free-fall, in the water.

Her wide eyes scanned about for the one thing, the only thing, that could possibly keep her from drowning in cold ocean water. Among the confusion of items and splintered crate wood and flung-off tops, she finally found it. There was only one she could find, in all that mess, but one was all she needed.

Her vision darkened and smeared as her heart slammed in her chest. She swallowed, but everything was dry, ironically. Even the candy had practically welded itself to her tongue, and wasn't budging. Didn't matter. Just get the thing.

He paw sought it, then missed; she drifted back, partially blacking out again, before she lunged on pure will, snatching the solitary pokeball as it neared. As her sight left her, as her lungs failed her, Lucario's paw drifted along its exterior, then pushed the button on the front.

### 13.

Had Figment been among the conscious world, he might have marveled at helicopters. Oh, he had read every scrap he could find at the academy, every printed thing about the contraption in Coquainvilliers, and it's moment of flight, to be sure—but to see sustained freedom of movement at such altitudes, for himself, he might have...well, fainted.

And the last to alight on the rig's helipad beat them all, in every other aspect: regal, sleek, and massive, it descended like a parent about to feed a flock of offspring. Or, punish them.

"What happened out there!?"

Even with the screaming rotors and howling winds, everyone could hear Mr. Stone 'speak'. Even without aid of a megaphone, his voice cut through everything; there wasn't anger present, so much as an panicked intensity of inquiry so strong, it was all consuming.

"The Tsuwabaki, sir," the lead officer began, running up from his helicopter with a hard salute. "the entire ferry has sunk, due to unforeseen interference and sabotage!"

"W-what?" President Stone balked, almost offended. "Why would...nobody even knows about...who would be so foolish!? If they know what we're doing here, then why? Why would they prevent it from happening?"

"I wish I knew, sir—"

"We have little to no time! A dynamaxed pokemon's combined energy might have done it...and what of those new subjects we captured, that amped-up Charizard? They would have solved everything! It was a godsend! And...they're all sinking to the bottom of the ocean!?"

"I'm so sorry—"

"Gah, apologies!" Stone growled, waving it away in the air as he stormed over to the helipad entrance. "Apologies won't save us! We're going with Plan Alpha, we're back to square one! Ready the dynamax protocol, with the pokemon we still have! We'll need every ounce of energy they can give us! Heaven help us, we'll need it all!"

The elevator would have filled with staff, had they been stupid enough to join the president in his. Instead, everyone else waited for the next one, knowing better. Things were bad enough, already.

Those aboard the Neo Mauville reactor all turned to full attention, hands whipped up, as President Stone stepped off of the elevator, and made a line directly to a series of enormous tanks. Each one wore a sequentially-lined numeral, a designator, and he spied over to see what the last one was.

"Eight," he said, pursing his lips in distaste. By the time the other scientists made it over to him, he had turned to them, glaring hard enough to silence the entire room. "Eight tanks?"

"Eight that managed optimal energy capacity settings, sir," the lead spoke, as the other staff finished exiting their ride down, in the distance. "We had to increase the parameters, reinforce the linings and interiors...sir, the upgraded dynamax output, is...well, we're concerned, it's power is overtly escalating, we fear that using any of them to overcharge pokemon in the property now, would be—"

"What?" Stone cut in, straightening up. "A disaster!? Should we stop trying to avert one, for another? What's yours, Lewis? A whopping 7? Greater than a tornado, an earthquake? Hmm? An 8, even? Should we stop trying to survive a 1,000, for the sake of an 8?"

"N-no, just—"

"What's a risk, in the face of annihilation? We have days, at best, before Delta slams into us! You're fine with suppressing information to the public, and building an entire rig out off the coast in secret, but you have trepidations when it comes to pulling the trigger on our destroyer? Ridiculous!"

Without asking, Stone stepped past them all, past the tanks and the loading gear and rumbling vehicles, waiting outside the laboratory loading bay. He snapped his fingers authoritatively, taciturn and stern, and one worker anxiously snapped to. Stone pointed to the console lining the plexiglass panes revealing the reactor itself, out beyond, easily as big as a stadium, and as tall as a tapering tower. The worker shuffled over to the console, and pressed what needed to be pressed.

"I do understand, sir," the lead started, watching, "it's just...if you'd let us run the numbers a few times more, we could know how successful that many newly-dynamaxed pokemon's energies would be—"

"If you can find us a few extra days of living, right now, then feel free to," Stone sighed. "This is no longer a matter of luxury, or even morals, it's of pure necessity. I don't like any of it, either! It's pure providence and mercy, that my own son isn't here for this. If we have no planet, he has no future, none of us do. If those pokemon don't give it their all, along with the rest of us, then they'll be dead,

anyway, won't they!"

The hard logic fell like steel, its unheard and final clang ringing in every heart. Even the great President of Devon Corp took a moment to shudder, before nodding one last time to the console.

"Get the subjects all loaded for transport to the reactor. You have ten minutes!"

"Sir!" a voice blared, crackling through an intercom speaker. "We have an unauthorized visitor, off the East back port! It's a ship!"

Even President Stone's great focus wavered, as he turned to the speaker, then spoke back:

"What...a ship? What ship?"

"It's the S.S. Tidal, sir!"

"Drake?" Stone balked, openly baffled. "What in the world is he doing here? Hail him, immediately! Do not clear for embarkation! No entry!"

A moment's silence answered, uneasily.

"Well?" Stone growled. "There's no time for detours, acknowledge—"

"He," the intercom stammered, "he says..."

"Tell him his son is here," Drake sighed, already tired of having to go through a grunt, through radio contact. "He tried to put in a call to Devon, President Stone wasn't there, so I ferried him over here on his recommendation. Or, just let me tell him, myself. Either way, that's enough of this."

Behind him, Steven Stone calmly wandered out of the Tidal's bridge, went down the stair well, and around to the starboard side of the bow, making for the dock connection portal. As there would have to be, multiple dock workers stood below on the edge of the rig, all shrugs and gawks as Steven waved them down.

"This is Steven Stone, coming aboard! Let's have that portal, gentlemen! Or do you want to bother my father? He is here, isn't he?"

"He knows," one worker mouthed. Even from the distance, Steven saw.

"Shut up, moron!" the other mouthed. Even without reading lips, the way he smacked him with his Devon cap was telling enough.

"We can't do that, sir..." a third dock worker started, only to trail off, wide-eyed and gasping, at the sight of a monster-sized black dragon suddenly looming over Steven, from the side of the Tidal. "Sir! Lo-look out, behind you!"

"Shouldn't you explain?" Toothless laughed, unable to suppress his entertainment.

“Once we're on the rig, please,” Steven politely replied. “Would you, kindly?”

This was more like it.

“My pleasure,” the black dragon boomed, straightening out a crooked grin. He collected the little human up in both paws, set a huge foot over the side, and simply leapt off. The impact was such that his landing shook the entire dock, the aftershocks sending the three nearby workers into a teeter. Toothless opened up both hands, letting Steven out in style, in so far as the human only needed to fix his suit a tiny bit as he walked over to the staff.

“Which way to my father?” he asked, patiently.

“Sir, we *really* are under strict orders not to—”

Toothless loomed as thoroughly as he pleased, crossing massively over-built, bulging arms.

“Ah...”

“It was a formality, no worries,” Steven chuckled, walking past them. “He would only be in one or two serious possible locations, and I think I know which one it is. I don't want to get anyone in trouble, so I won't press it. I just have some concerns to share with him, about the new wares.”

“In and out,” Toothless rumbled, nodding. Given his fifty-foot size, there was no chance of squeezing that much bulk into any opening around Neo Mauville, so he remained standing out there, with the others, until the bridge door slammed open, up on the ship, and Darke leaned out over its rail.

“He's gone!” Drake shouted. Toothless twisted around, his muscles creaking loudly, his thick tail looping around on the dock.

“He let himself in!”

“That fool kid,” the old man grumbled, fixing his hat.

On the other side of the rig's Western sector, a vast balloon of light-orange and cream scales drifted along the waters, surprisingly silent. Despite her newfound size, even Dragonite felt puny, compared to the monstrous rig. Had she been the size of a mere human, it still could have constituted a whole mansion. Maybe even an office building, like Devon's headquarters.

“Where do I go, to even get in?” she wondered, as Anders watched her thinking, far down below. To him, it was all rumblings and feral snorts, but the man knew what was going on. It hardly took a genius to understand. She could figure that whole mess out—he had something else to check on.

He clutched the pokeball tight, then lobbed it just a little bit ahead of him, now cautious as a mouse. It thumped on Dragonite's swollen scales, then opened. Anders had seen his buddy and brother-in-arms appear so many times, over the years, almost to the point of numbness...but what emerged made him leap back in shock.

Leon was there, alright. As the light cleared into full form, the Charizard towered over him, at

over 300 feet tall; even sitting, which he was, Leon was still as big as a building, to his owner. Had he grown even bigger, within the pokeball—

*Wait...sitting?*

That's right, he had seen him, there, in the tank, before the ferry went under. His pal looked more like a human with pokemon features, than a true pokemon, and up close, it was even more pronounced. Countless striations threaded godly muscles and tight scales, a set of looming orange thighs crowning a...

“Whoa,” Anders huffed, looking away a moment, to collect himself. “Buddy, they...really did *something*, didn't they?”

Opting to survey up North, the human saw a towering cliff of bulging abs, a swollen and enormous pectoral shelf twitching and jutting over them. The chin beyond shifted left, then right, before Leon's familiar muzzle finally dipped down, revealing the face of his lifelong partner.

“Leon!”

All the oddity and confusion of the past ten-or-so minutes' chaos fell away, as Anders ran up and hugged into Leon's knee, tight.

“Hah! I was...oh, man, you...you scared me! Hah! You sure look...*healthy*, buddy! F-for sure...”

“RRRRRR.”

Leon's voice had always been respectably deep, even at normal size. Now, however, it was like a boulder convention, at happy hour. Still, Anders just hugged in tighter, not even remotely deterred.

“Hey...hey, pal, can you uh, talk to her? Tell her to go over to the Eastern side dock!”

Leon blinked, then actually bothered to look up. His eyes went fearfully wide, at the sight of Dragonite's massive neck and head, up above. At his size, Anders could feel the Charizard's gulp.

“It's her, Leon, relax! You know her, remember? From work?”

Leon squinted, then sighed through his huge nostrils, letting the sudden bout of tension go. He rumbled up to Dragonite, who gasped on her own, surprised that he was out. The two got to chatting, for a longer time than Anders had anticipated. Had he been bigger, he might have noticed how hard Dragonite was blushing, the entire time:

“H-how have you been?” Dragonite asked, in her own dragon language. “We haven't gotten to speak or visit in ages! It's...good to see you!”

“Well, we keep busy,” Leon said, coolly.

“I know...” Dragonite trailed off, embarrassed. “I must look so ridiculous...I'm sorry we're speaking under such, uh...*odd* circumstances as this...”

“You're *big*,” Leon replied, flatly. No, there was something there. *Envy*?

“So are you,” she gulped, seeing the massive bulk and brawn covering the gigantic pokemon. What was between both massive thighs had certainly caught her sight, as well.

“But, you're *bigger*.”

“Is that a problem?” Dragonite asked, her huge antennae bobbing nervously.

“N...no. No. It's fine. You look...*nice*. I...”

“You're used to being the biggest and baddest,” she giggled, shaking everything. “I remember.”

Leon came as close as a humanoid pokemon possibly could to clearing their throat.

Standing there on the near-flat slope of Dragonite's inflated belly, Anders could only watch and wait; he looked out over the ocean as they drifted nearer, then looked back up as he felt her humongous wide neck twist this way and that, as she spoke to Leon.

Then, at last, the officer looked straight out over the field of scales, away from them all, and saw Figment. He closed his eyes, and tried them out again, to make sure he was seeing right.

One moment earlier, the purple dragon-type had been a certain size; now, he seemed *bigger*.

“What in the...”

Anders stood up, slowly, the ground of Dragonite's stomach easily traversable at her sheer mass. He took a step closer, then backed away as Figment's body rumbled, then swelled larger, again, openly growing. Seasoned security officer or not, Anders retreated.

“It's you. Right. What kind of dragon type...is this!?” he gasped, as Figment rumbled again, the slumbering behemoth blowing loudly up to 100 feet, then stopping out of nowhere at 120. This left plenty of room on the overall breadth of Dragonite's belly, which was for the best, once Figment suddenly spluttered and tossed, in the throes of, perhaps, some kind of bad dream. It proved enough to pull Leon's attention.

“Uh...” Anders started, only to freeze in shock when Figment's turning pulled an overtight strap and satchel to the side of his muscles, allowing the undone flap to open. One pokeball tumbled out, bounced down on the scales, and started to gradually roll down toward the sea.

“Hey...hey!”

Figment remained deaf in his slumber, leaving Anders alone to scatter for the rolling pokeball. At the same moment, Figment's clutching hand opened, and another ball rolled free, on the other side of him. As Anders raced away for the first ball, Leon growled in a panic, and lunged out over Dragonite's belly, his enormous hand slamming down over the pokeball. In response, Dragonite couldn't help but chuckle at the light tickling.

Anders dove, last second, his arm out. His fingers closed around the ball, mid-bounce, catching

it just as it lost ground for the ocean. This put his body into a forward slide, however, as he had finally found the full slope of her body, and as he too went flying over into the air, a titanic green membrane shot out to catch both him and the ball. The tiny human thumped down safe, within a massive orange wing, and as it brought him back up, he was whooping in a thrillseeker's delight.

“Haha! Yes! What a catch!” he hollered, as Leon safely lowered him back onto Dragonite with his wing. The massive musclebound Charizard feral-laughed back, nodding hard. “You're the best!”

“RURRRRUR!”

“Got em! We, we got em both!” Anders crowed, as pleased with himself as Leon was. “Right, heh...now, let's get over to the Eastern—*what's this?*”

Having taken a moment from all the celebrating, Anders saw the rig getting smaller, not larger. He turned back to Dragonite' sky-high muzzle, shrugging.

“What gives?” he asked. “We're kind of doing the opposite of 'going', here.”

Leon rumbled something to Dragonite, and her gigantic head shook, her grimace telling.

“Leon, spill it! What's the problem?”

Leon bit his lip, then put his muscled arms to work. Impressively, he did a pretty solid job of mimicking water waves, then motioning away—then bringing both arms up, his biceps flaring massively as he pantomimed having arms that can't reach anything. He wagged his tail, then shook his head, and Anders went cold.

“Wait...what!? She can't?”

He looked out to the far side of her body, and yelped. Sure enough, her belly was so massively bloated and ballooned out, there was no chance she could possibly get either arm anywhere near water.

“Oh, the current's got us, bad! Her tail isn't fast enough to fight it? There must...there's gotta be some way to steer! Leon, buddy...can you manage it?”

He knew what he was asking. A fire-biased dragon like him, getting soaked—it made Anders weak in the stomach, just imagining it. Leon, by contrast, simply stared on, thinking.

“I know, I wouldn't ask, normally...but if we get lost at sea...”

Leon looked up to Dragonite, then back to Anders, and snorted.

“Oh, Leon, don't,” Dragonite rumbled, blinking. “I-I can wag faster, I swear!”

“It's not going to be enough,” Leon growl-spoke back, rolling his gigantic back muscles in preparation. “I've got this. I'll take to flight, loop back, then push—“

“No! If you just push at my neck, you'll just shove my head down, I'll roll into the waters! You'd have to push at my midsection or lower, and that would mean getting into the water! Your tail-fire...”

Leon thought, then looked back at his tail, and its trademark flame blazing away at the tip, like a living candle.

“I wouldn't even get you all to the rig in time, would I?”

Dragonite shook her head sadly, but honestly. Leon thought, and thought hard.

“...I'll have to get help.”

“F...from Devon!?” Dragonite gasped, making Anders look back up at the both of them. “After what they've been doing to pokemon!?”

“We're *not* going through this again,” Leon rumbled, louder. “I'd rather they still save you...and Anders! Just, use your tail enough to try and keep as close to the rig as possible, I'll have some boats ride out to pull you in!”

Before she or the shocked Anders could argue, Leon flapped his massive wings, then bounded off, pushing Dragonite back in the ocean for a moment, as he took to flight.

“Leon!” Anders all but screamed, clutching both pokeballs. “What—ah, that idiot! No!”

With nothing else on the docket, Anders gathered himself back up, then marched over to Figment's colossal form, and kicked him right on the side, hard. Nothing. An ant bite would have at least stung.

“Hey, you!” Anders huffed, working up for another kick. “Fig...Figment! Yeah, you! Wake up, already! Come on!”

He leaned in, and shouldered into a charge, bouncing off the purple titan's scales.

“Ah, why do...all dragons...always have...to be trouble!?”

He balled a fist, and nearly punched the wall of reptilian brawn—but thought better of it, and just put all his frustration into a single tap of one finger, instead, right between two massive scales.

Figment jolted upright, straight and rigid, his muzzle swinging open in a surprisingly squeaky cry:

“AH! I'M UP! YES, SORRY, BLAIR! THEFIRSTLAWOF THERMODYNAMICS is, ah.”

Still large enough to do so, Figment's stirring had not only knocked Anders back, but had sent all of Dragonite into a wobble, the dragon-type bellowing in momentary dismay.

“F-figment!” she boomed, suddenly grinning at the sight of him. He mutually flinched, her muzzle looming over even him, his feet firmly on her blimped belly. He put A and B together, as that was about all he had to work with, and sighed.

“Oh, Dragonite! Eheh, I...I must have...”

He looked about, saw the ocean, saw her, and rubbed his head, just below the horns.

“So, you took the candy.”

“Mm-hmm.”

“And the ship?”

“Sunk,” both Anders and her said, together, though one was a good deal easier to hear.

“Dear, dear. The pokeballs!”

“Anders has them, Figment, it's alright!” she soothed, as Figment blinked, then looked about below. Indeed, there was a sort of ant standing impatiently about his feet, in human form.

“They fell out, I didn't steal them or anything,” the man started, reflexively defensive, at the sight of Figment's bulk, overhead. “We caught them as they tumbled loose. Er, Leon, and I.”

“Leon?” Figment murmured. “Right, your Charizard, then! Where—”

“Went over there, to Devon,” Dragonite said. “To get help, boats. The current's too strong, even with me wagging my tail, and he can't afford to get stuck in the water, so off he went.”

“Really!” Figment chirped, his fingertip on his chin. “But...you said he knows Devon is a bad company...”

“Hey, hey, hold up,” Anders shot back, from down below. “That's my company, you're badmouthing, up there!”

Dragonite *rurred* something harsh at Anders, and the human shrank back. Figment knew what she had said, and it hadn't been terribly nice.

“Well, I can help, happily,” Figment sang, grinning. “Aside from a bump on the head, I'm terribly able! I'll uh...just give you a push, with, uh...”

He looked down at the waters, and a fear he hadn't even had time to fully-bury resurfaced.

“Ah, *you* can do it, and be alright, yes!” Dragonite cheered, rocking her inflated body about in the ocean a moment. “Please, Figment! I don't trust Devon to help Leon, at this point! He's taking a stupid risk—they won't bother with us, they'll just recapture him, I know it!”

A cold panic churned up into a froth, inside Figment, but he swallowed it down again. It would be alright. It would. Really. He had only *almost* died, the last time, out in the water.

“I...imagine I'll be fine! Yes!” he chuckled, forcing himself to walk around on the miniature island Dragonite had swollen up into. “Hold tight, both of you! And please, sir, keep those pokeballs safe!”

“Keep them?” Anders started, as Figment thudded across Dragonite, “Don't you want me to let them out, now?”

Instead of answering, Figment took a deep breath. To Anders, the dragon was all girth and power and might; just breathing in forced his plated pectorals to blow out loudly, raw power filling his massive violet biceps...and yet, for a moment, he saw a borderline terror, on the dragon's muzzle, as he lowered himself grudgingly down into the waters.

Just hold her tight, Blair told Figment. You didn't have anybody, back then, remember?

“Yes, yes,” Figment muttered, agreeing with that part of himself, or trying to, as the frigid waters consuming his feet, then his rear and tail, then his torso, freezing in on his warmth and resolve. “Just...put it to use, yes? Hehe! Energy from cold...translating into motion, dynamics...”

He muttered away, science-ing as hard as possible, against the stabbing dread that kept gouging at his mind, as he kicked his mighty legs and feet about, paddling forward...

“No, I don't want him up here,” President Stone replied, directly into the miniature speaker he held, as he paced about the console. “I don't care! You think I want him involved in this madness? Keep him out, at all costs! No force, just...lock him out!”

Stone gathered countless hours of agony and fear, and pocketed it once again, for the hundredth time. He was getting pretty good at it, even if a bit late in the game.

“That's *nine* minutes, passed,” he continued, turning back to the console operator, just as the three pokemon subjects were strapped into their containment cages, along the perimeter of the reactor. “Good! Get the absorber online, full charge. How much Infinity Energy do we need, to get minimal effect from the rocket?”

“It'll take all eight tanks, for minimum energy dispersal, sir...”

“Ah, curse it all. Down to the wire, in every last way, is it?”

“We'll be starting with these three...let's see, a Snorlax, an Infernape, and... a Tyranitar. Okay. These three have proven to have the most stamina, and we have six Dynamax prototypes ready. We'll supersize these three, sap their upgraded powers, and then swap out the next wave, while we start recharging the first Dynamax balls. This should give us the most efficient rotation cycle...”

“Those cages seem big enough. Doesn't matter, I suppose. As long as the floor and wall sensors keep draining their life force, it doesn't matter what holds them, at whatever size—”

A shadow consumed the darkening skies, silent and swift. Both parties stopped cold, as an utterly enormous Charizard descended, crashing down into the only wide-enough open space on the rig to accommodate him: the reactor floor. His massive feet settled near the three cages, shaking them, startling the subjects within as much as the humans.

All parties stared, transfixed, as Leon looked about, then peered down into their window, casting the interior in an ever-greater shade. Eyes bigger than homes loomed on the other side, a

muzzle wider than the entire window's width blasting it with air.

“I think...he's *smelling* for us, sir...”

“The eye color...” President Stone murmured, cocking a brow. “There's no way...Leon? Is that Anders' Charizard!? Look at him, his body...it must be! He's undergone the same changes as those dragons in the officer's report!”

“Yes...but to see him up close...it's remarkable...”

“Stun him! Stun him, right now! Use everything we have, down there, full blast! ”

Leon motioned, pointing his massive claws out to the ocean, looking to it, then back at the window, pleading at every imaginable turn.

“RRRRRHRRUR! RRR!”

“Sir, there's no way Anders will condone—”

President Stone's hand was already on the necessary button, his face sympathetic, and grave. It was one more needle on a stack of regrets, but the stack held fast.

“Sir!”

“I know. I'm sorry. If he makes it, see to it that he's given every possible comfort, in retirement. Bless you, Leon, and your sacrifice!”

The massive dragon perked to attention, turning from the window. He had seen Stone hit a button through the panel, and was now questioning what exactly the series of flipping glass discs along the reactor floor were. Unfortunately, he got his answer.

As he regarded the discs a moment, then waved frantically back to the ocean, a crowd of blue electric bolts snapped to life, crackling and snarling, lancing Leon's three-hundred foot tall form with so much shock power that even the musclebound behemoth staggered away. Massive feet slammed backwards as the Charizard pitched, his gigantic body waving right, in slow motion.

Another wave burst off, and Leon's vision gave out. The last thing he saw was Stone, his hand on the button, not an emotion to be found. Confusion gave way to frustration, which quickly gave to a dawning rage, before Leon simply gave.

“Father!” the intercom buzzed, static clearing away. “What is this!? I saw everything from the cafeteria balcony, down here! Everything overlooks the reactor—what did you do to Leon? Explain!”

President Stone sagged, for one moment, then straightened up.

“You shouldn't have been here, Steven,” Stone Sr. Spoke, as his son clutched the comm unit, pacing about the cafeteria. “You were supposed to be enjoying your stadium match. It *was* a charity event, wasn't it? How did it go?”

“The match was cancelled, when the new pokeballs produced dragon-types so big they destroyed the entire stadium,” Steven replied, as calmly as he could. Neither side yelled. Neither side needed the theatrics. “But those prototypes weren't actually supposed to go out, were they?”

“...No. You weren't supposed to get those. No one was. We've been hit by a coordinated sabotage campaign. Those were stolen, and a cargo ferry was just sunk, as well, en route to here. You...likely have heard the rumors about our Delta project, yes? You can just say so, I know word gets out to some degree.”

Steven paused, lowering the speaker, as he observed at least a dozen men scrambling out to collectively push Leon's downed body over the largest sensor plates along the reactor floor, using bulldozers. He brought the speaker back up.

“I didn't think they were true.”

“Then, you know why this is happening.”

“...The meteor.”

“Grand Meteor Delta, yes. You might know of it, but not its dimensions. It's massive, Son. It reaching us would mean near-complete eradication. All of us. You must also know about Infinity Energy. Listen. There's a rocket fixed to intercept Delta. There is no payload great enough to safely detonate Delta. We're instead mounting a payload of Infinity Energy, in order to tear a hole in space, and let Delta pass through it. That Infinity Energy...yes, it comes from pokemon. But, to get enough energy, we would need either an army of them...or a few ultra-massive, high-vitality ones.”

Steven stopped pacing. He had been looking through the cafeteria window, out into the evening sky; by the end, however, he was staring back down at Leon.

“Steven. You understand. You surely must. I don't like it, either. But, either we sacrifice some, or all. I didn't want that burden resting on you.”

Something massive climbed up the building's exterior scaffolding, the vibrations getting more and more pronounced, until Toothless's gigantic muzzle and fins peered up into view. His green boulder-sized eyes caught Steven's, and the black dragon nodded for him to open up.

“Steven?” Stone Sr. pressed, hearing no reply, as Steven opened the sliding door.

“What's with him?” Toothless whispered, his voice still thick and huge, as he tilted his head over to Leon. “I thought you didn't have dragons that big, in this world!”

“Steven? Answer me, Son.”

Steven put a hand up for Toothless, who shrugged casually, and hung around in place.

“There must be some other way, Father! I've...I know of some foreign creatures, dragons, that have come here from another...well, another dimension...from what I understand, they have a good grasp on dimensional boundaries and travel. If they were to help us...”

“What?” President Stone replied, slowly. “There are others?”

“You know of them?”

“We...had several...on the ferry, before it...”

Steven looked back out to Toothless, innocent and grinning, scratching his chin over, like a big, indifferent cat. He fumbled for the words, maybe for the first time in his life.

“You mean...”

“They were left to their holding tanks. They were too big to get out, once the interior took on water. I'm so sorry.”

“What'll I tell him?” Steven mumbled, more to himself than anyone.

“Who? Is one of them there with you?”

“Sir!” the console tech interrupted, motioning for President Stone to look out the window, over the reactor. “Sorry, but we're ready! Leon's as secured as he can be, on notice, and they're bringing out the ball...”

Stone peered closer as a single bulldozer rumbled across the reactor plate, heading towards Leon's unconscious form. In its extended bucket was a monstrous Dynamax ball.

“And this is the new version, the upgrade?” he asked.

“Y-yes, it is. I still think it's unstable...”

“Noted. Do it.”

“Do what?” Steven asked from the speaker, unharmed. “Do *what*, Father?”

“Get back to the boat, Steven,” President Stone ordered, momentarily more boss than parent. “Get Drake to get you far from here, right now. That's a command. Over and out.”

He set the speaker down, paused, then switched it off with his thumb.

“This has to work,” he muttered, as the bulldozer carefully lowered the huge Dynamax ball down, switched gears, then eagerly reversed far, far away.

“This will work,” Figment soothed, as he stuffed the pokeballs into his satchel, picked Anders up in one massive hand, and leapt up off of Dragonite's belly. His free hand clutched a lower beam on the rig, and he pulled them both up with little effort, given his raw strength. Frankly, Anders couldn't believe something this built and strong was this...well, nice.

“Okay, Figment, whenever you're ready,” Dragonite gulped, waiting in the waters below. I'll be here, when you get your friends and Leon back!”

“Right! I'll bring a pokeball for you, so that I can shrink you down after!”

Figment deposited Anders gently up onto a walkway, before imagining himself and the satchel smaller and smaller, again. By this point, the matter wasn't all that difficult, and in moments he was only as large and as tall as Anders himself. He stepped back, looking Figment's bulky body up and down, shaking his head.

“Incredible,” he murmured, rubbing his eyes.

“I try, hehe,” Figment answered (rather humbly).

“First, we need to get several pokeballs, and those would be in storage or R&D. This is...the Eastern annex...so, R&D is the closer pick. Come on, I'll lead you in!”

“Great! Thank you!” Figment chirped, thumping along with him.

“That's rich. You're thanking me? You're the one that saved my Leon with that last-minute pokeball save—hey, that's right, wait. Aren't the pokeballs smaller, in there, now?”

He pointed to the sack, and Figment patted it, grinning.

“I suppose so, hehe! They and the candies would be subject to my imagining, it appears. But I can imagine them bigger, again, it's not a problem!”

“You...okay, nevermind.”

“You see, I'm pure—”

“Nevermind! No sense in talking about it, let's move.”

“Oh. Right!”

After only one hallway in, it happened:

“Wait, candies?” Anders asked, still moving along, as he nodded to the satchel. “You have...candy, in there? Seriously?”

“Well, they're subjected to bombardments of dimensional energy, they pack a serious punch. That's how Dragonite wound up that huge and round! It's how we outgrew the ferry, and made it out.”

“Boy, our R&D guys would just eat you up,” Anders chuckled, humorlessly.

“Oh, no, we're not candies, hah,” Figment corrected, the term going right overhead.

It was surprisingly easy to enter the R&D sector. Everyone was away, pulled onto new duty at the rector. All Anders had to do was dry his badge a little bit, then scan it. And the door slid right open.

“Okay, this is it,” Anders said, quickly. “Get your friends free, and all that, and we can move to saving Leon.”

“Right!”

Figment looked all over, like an over-alert bird, before thumping over to a stack of pokeballs. He squinted, then jogged off into another area, rummaging about, his bag jostling all the candies around, before returning to the stack, grabbing it, and laying them all out along a desktop. He stared at the two smaller pokeballs, then grew them back to normal.

“You really can imagine big. So, what's all this?” the human asked, cocking a brow.

“A bit of a trick,” Figment huffed, removing the satchel for a moment, to root around and add Cynder and Spyro's pokeballs to the lineup. He set them at the beginning of the row, then stepped back, cracked his thick purple knuckles, and concentrated.

Anders made to crack some level of wise, only to lean back as a bright red light flashed within the first two balls, then flahs out along the row, sequentially flowing into a crimson streak, over and over again. After a moment, he stopped, and the light died out.

Rather than bother asking, he let Figment move to grab the first two, balls, then smile as he pressed both their buttons. In a flash, out popped Spyro and Cynder, both of whom lay in a haggard heap on the tiling.

“Oh,” Spyro groaned, having to fight just to shake his head. “What hit me?”

Cynder just lay there, tongue out.

“They...shrank down?” Anders started, looking to them, then back to the balls on the desk.

“Who did what,” Spyro muttered, before blinking, then seeing Anders. That did the trick. “YOU! You rotten, no-good, lousy—”

The dragon was up on two in a second, and despite being shrunken down to about human size, Spyro easily had the advantage; the dragon was still covered in swollen muscle, all of which angrily advanced on the human.

“Wait, wait, Spyro,” Figment laughed, nervously, coming in between the two with a deep hug. “Ah, haha, that's better! It's me!”

Spyro jerked away slightly, paused, then whooped, wrapping Figment in a bear hug that made Anders all the more glad it had gone to him.

“Fig? FIG! Haha, Fig, buddy! Hey! Oh, I couldn't find you anywhere!”

“Same here!” Fig laughed, as Spyro playfully shook him by his horn. “I'm just postulating, but I believe we wound up split between pocket dimensions after our exodus, and each one allocated us to an individual subspace sector, in this case—”

“Ugh, the boring science jabber! I *missed* it! You awesome, boring, you...you...*you* be glad he got in my way, you hear!?”

He was very-much pointing at Anders as he finished the words, before going back to hugging tight on his friend, then setting him down.

“Right, right,” the human muttered, backing up, his arms raised. “Sorry about before.”

“Well, clearly, you know one another,” Figment gathered, rubbing where Spyro had pulled maybe a bit *too* affectionately on his poor horn.

“His pet dragon attacked us, when we got free of those funny ball-prisons,” Spyro grumbled, moving in to shake Cynder awake on her thick shoulder.

“He's not a pet!” Anders shot back, riled up enough to back sass such a hulking creature.

“We're actually going to help save him,” Figment sighed, as Cynder stirred awake.

“*You* can,” Spyro growled, as Cynder saw him, then Figment.

“Fig!” she cried, hugging him even tighter, muscle crushing in on muscle. “You're okay! Thank goodness! How did we—“

“Portal separation,” Figment chuckled.

“Where are—“

“Toothless? No sign. Bartok's in another ball, in my bag. He was still growing from the effects of her potion, so I had to shrink him down that same way, and stow him away. Hopefully, old Baba is still somewhere on Bartok.”

“Well, where are—“

“Ocean-based refinery of some sort. Very impressive.”

“Oh—“

“His pet is here, Figment's helping rescue him,” Spyro huffed. “We need to grab all our own, have a huddle, and get out of this nutso world, pronto!”

“He's not a pet! He's my—”

“Comrade,” Figment said, giving the smaller human a nod. “I get it.”

Anders sniffed, quickly, then nodded back. He tried to look half as big as they were.

“Wait, why are we smaller again?” Spyro asked, as it hit him.

“Pokeballs!” Figment explained, folding his massive arms tightly. “I chained portals through them, and taxed your size off, so we could...you know...*open* them, and not destroy the surroundings...”

“Good enough for me,” Cynder sighed. “Which way is the next part?”

Anders pointed, and the three dragons all hustled along, patting each others' wings and backs, tails tattling on how happy they actually were, to be in company again. He sighed, then looked over to the bag, having been left behind in the celebrations.

“Hey,” the human shouted, but not too loud, pulling their attention back, as he ran up to Figment, and handed him the bag. “You want this, right?”

“Oh, goodness!” Figment yelped, blushing through thick scales. “Of all the stupid...thank you!”

“Holy cow, Fig, Bartok was in there,” Spyro chided, before Cynder thumped him with her knuckles.

“You didn't notice, either.”

Finally, Anders managed a real laugh.

“Heh, sure. Been there. It's good.”

Back in R&D, one of the leftover pokeballs rattled, as a red light flashed inside. The top half snapped open, and with a flash of light, Lucario tumbled out. Her fur had dried all wrong from the ocean water, her ears limp, her muscles shaking. She shook it off, and wobbled up onto both legs.

*Oh, she thought, looking around. Oh, thank goodness! Thought I was going to be trapped down there, forever! But what got me free? And where...am I?*

She saw the equipment, and her heart sank back down.

*What...a lab? This is all marked as Devon property! But, I don't recognize this area...*

She coughed, still shaking from the trauma of her underwater escape. Her throat was a desert, by this point, and that candy was still damnably stuck to her tongue. What was it even made of?

Lucario teetered her way over to a vending machine, nearby, looked it over, then struck it with a hard high kick to the side. Several bottled waters tumbled loose, and she wasted no time in grabbing one, popping its top, and sucking the entire thing down.

In the doing, the candy finally, grudgingly dislodged, and was swallowed whole.

*Ah, better. Better, better!*

Immediately, it began. A great, all-consuming tension snapped her into a hard, full-body flex, her eyes going saucer, before closing tight. The cry hardly made it out of her maw as she doubled over, panting faster, feeling her matted fur bristling out. Her muzzle pushed out longer, her thick, ear-like dreds perking out as a set of white, spiky horns jutted out over them, behind her head.

*Ah!*

She thudded on all fours, grunting lowly, as her muzzle kept forcing out longer, her teeth pushing larger, thicker. Her shoulders rolled, swelling into greater definition, as her chest swelled and her ribs pulled up with it, expanding wider and stronger. Her rear bulged up and out, its ribbon tail bulging with newfound girth, pumping bigger, and bigger, and bigger.

Lucario grit her teeth, all gums and humongous fangs, as a set of cream-colored fins slipped out along a shifting jawline, cresting her cheeks. Her ears rose higher, wider, a spike emerging like a small mountain from the end of her muzzle, going straight up, as her fingers boomed larger, great claws growing from each, her mitts spreading larger over the floor. Both blue haunches trembled, then exploded in size, disproportionately ballooning on either side as her widening hips.

And, she grew. Her normally-child-sized body swelled up, and up, blowing up taller, as big as a human, then surged wider, stronger, bulking here and there, marrying with her lithe figure and curves, before she shook again, snorted, then blew up twice as big. The flooring cracked under her escalating weight as she moaned, tensed, and doubled in size again, hard. Her body billowed uncontrollably against desks, computers and rolling chairs, shoving everything back as a pair of wings shot out her shoulder blades, thumping uselessly up into the ceiling as she blew up into it.

*Can't...s-stop-*

Her thirty-foot body did stop, at that. It wasn't reason enough for the floor to remain intact, however, and under her newfound size and weight, it buckled, and Lucario howled in renewed shock as she tore through, tumbling down into a basement server room, smashing row upon row of equipment into rubble. She scabbled destructively, vying for her bearings, knocking machinery flat, all as a readout on the far wall began to change: green energy bars on a monitor pushed unhappily into yellow...then orange...then red...

The door to the cafeteria slid sluggishly open, and a beat or two later, Steven stepped out to join Toothless. The giant dragon snuffled him over, his tongue poking partially out as his top fins perked high up.

“So, what's the good word?” he rumbled, his voice big enough to make the balcony walk quiver. “You okay?”

“Well,” Steven coughed, stalling for time. The words were a heavy lift, and he was weak in the knees, suddenly. As he struggled to respond, an interruption arose. Steven was thankful for it—but not for long, at all.

A violent blast of pink light flared out, from down on the reactor, blinding everyone.

“Whoa!” Toothless said, wincing, as the light overtook everything. Its peak intensity faded...but the pink hue did not. Instead, it saturated the entire reactor, and as he and Steven watched, the color grew darker, and deeper. “What was that!?”

“I...I don't know,” Steven murmured, as a great and terrible rumbling started up, below.

Leon's entire body, all 300 feet of him, was pulsing with energy, as the Dynamax ball had rolled into him, then vanished into light, light that covered the mighty Charizard in a godly glow. Still asleep, his form began to shudder violently, untold power coursing in, filling him, forcing his bulky brawn to tingle and swell out, and out, and out.

“It's working,” President Stone whispered, watching intently from within the control room. “It's working! Start the feed, now, we need every bit of power he's going to generate!”

The console tech flipped a row of switches, then pulled a handle in towards him, before making...a face.

“That's...not right,” he grumbled, confused. Stone suddenly shared his 'face'.

“What's not right?”

“The reactor plates also regulate the energy flow,” the tech started, worry starting to creep in. “But the servers underneath R&D are down, somehow. What could have—”

“What's that mean?”

“The servers run the regulators, which have a built-in control parameter program...it keeps the system running at a safe range...in that range set, they control energy, they would keep Leon's power surges in check...but they're overheating! If it gets low, they smother out power surges...medium, they control it...but at this output...they'll...amplify! Sir, we have to abort! Right now!”

“We can't! This is happening, however it happens! Start the feed!”

“It's already running, b-but Leon's growth...will be immeasurable! The plates are firing nuclear hot, and it's still building! I'm sorry, sir, but I'm cutting this off!”

The consoles crackled with energy, then blew out, knocking the two back. Staff members came running, but the sudden wave of glowing Charizard muscle booming bigger against the glass sent the entire control room into darkness.

Leon was growing, slowly, surely, his girth twitching and bursting in thick, hot waves. His pectorals erupted higher, and higher, his shoulders exploding and mashing against their side of the reactor wall. The other pokemon all attacked their cages, forcing their way out and off the reactor floor, just as 400 feet of Leon bulged over everything, shaking and swelling up to 500 feet.

The towering spire at the reactor's center whirred to life, as Leon's bulk grew and grew against it. It shifted and blossomed open, its long petals pushing out mechanically against the dragon's swelling bicep, only able to extend so far as his muscles billowed into them.

“The Absorber is online, sir!” a staff member shouted, over the darkness and confusion, reading a mobile readout they carried. “It's activating!”

“W...what's the output on the tanks?” he shouted back, even as Leon's growth shook the entire control room. The emergency light flashed red, bathing the room in a sinister portent, yet Stone

wobbled his way over to the mobile tablet, snatching it.

“T-they're filling, fast! We're already to tank 5!”

“What!?” Stone balked, seeing for himself. “In less than a minute!? Amazing! Haha, we've done it! The rocket is set to auto-pilot, once the tanks hit capacity! That gives it more time to take off, then create the dimensional opening, meaning it should have more time to widen out!”

“That was projected to take over an hour, just to get to tank 4, sir! This is *not* amazing, it's terrifying! Leon's power is increasing too much, too fast!”

Stone checked a sensor readout on the device, flicking the screen up with his fingers.

“It's under control! He's...600 feet! That's massive, yes...but nothing we can't contain here!”

“You don't understand, sir—this is...just...the adjustment phase! He hasn't started growing, for real! We need to evacuate! With the plates malfunctioning, and increasing his Dynamax more and more, it'll be...exponential growth, sir!”

“A small price to pay, to save the world!” Stone countered, as the rumbling only grew worse and worse. Sirens began blaring, far and near, across the entirety of Neo Mauville, but the tech's last words still made it to his ears:

“Sir! Leon is about to *be* the end of the world!”

“Tanks 1-8, at full capacity!” another staff member roared, as the shaking grew even worse. “The rocket is auto-engaging, off the West dock! Launch is auto-scheduling, now! Countdown starts in ten minutes!”

“Already!?”

“No!”

“Sir! We need to e-evacuate, immediately!”

Stone just stood there, unblinking, processing. He fumbled only a moment, before forcing himself to turn around, and face his men.

“Evacuate Neo Mauville! Everyone goes!”

Steven hollered something indecipherable, as the cafeteria balcony shuddered, then began to warp and tilt. Toothless snatched him up off of it, just as his own huge body began to sink with it as it broke away and fell. The entire sector cracked and shifted off its foundation, blowing out great blasts of grit, as Leon's outer thigh collided with it, growing uncontrollably, plowing through the base, smashing into the exterior walls, higher and higher.

With a flap of wings, Toothless had the boy safe in the air, flying up and away from the reactor, watching with Steven as a pink-glowing Leon rose up from the destruction, a 700-foot colossus,

throbbing his power. His eyes opened wide, empty, washed out by the eerie glow of energy. He twisted in his seat, crushing the overwhelmed Absorber against his growing hips as he sat upright, trembled...and *exploded* bigger. His vast maw opened painfully wide as he bellowed, shaking and rumbling and detonating up, up, to 1,400 feet in height! His rump and bloating tail cracked the entire plate, as the sensors all glowed brighter, going further into a deregulated overdrive. Their power fed his, and the glow increased as Leon roared in a deep rage, thrashing and booming with doubling muscles.

“There's no way they planned for this to happen, right?” Toothless gulped, flapping farther back in the air, as Leon towered higher and higher over the rig's center.

“N-no, never!” Steven shouted, holding on to Toothless' gigantic paws. “This is all wrong! Leon sounds so...enraged!”

“They must have really ticked him off, then, because he sounds like the end of the world!”

“We...we need to land back on Drake's ship! The Tidal!”

“R-right! We're going! Hang on!”

The East sector shook, in a singular, bizarre heave of motion. Spyro, Figment, Cynder and Anders all collectively froze, after riding the pulse out. There was, perhaps, a moment of cautious silence. Then:

“That was odd,” Anders mumbled, looking them over, looking the hallway over, as a parade of unsettled dust relocated South. “Any ideas what that was, Science-guy?”

“Heh,” Spyro chuckled, liking the term.

“A tremor? Out at sea?” Figment mused, before the entire building lurched into a cant, throwing the team into the wall, burying Anders in muscle and scales. “Ah! Multiples, no l-less!”

“No, *less* would be great,” Spyro grumbled, moving along the tilted span of the wall. To the human's confusion, Spyro and Cynder began to grow, then shrink, pushing and pulling, a bit, as their absorption powers began to sluggishly react. “Whatever it is, it's getting worse!”

“We should get outside, or at least up to higher ground!” Cynder suggested.

“Yeah, agreed,” Anders coughed, squeezing his way around their collective bulk. “It's not far to the fire exit, come on!”

The comfort of freedom was muffled, considerably, by the sight that awaited them, up on the exit pathway. Rounding the building's side as it cracked and snapped and slid further apart, they teetered and pulled and struggled their way to the roof, only to see a vast wall of glowing muscle, pushing higher and higher into the sky.

“What in the world?” Spyro balked, looking up, and up.

“Leon!” Anders nearly screamed, taking off across the tilting rooftop.

“That’s...his dragon!” Cynder gasped, backing up. “Spyro, look, it’s the same energy as when he attacked us and grew bigger! Dyna...something...”

“He’s getting *that* kind of power-up!?” Spyro whined, genuinely upset.

Leon was, indeed. The Charizard was already half a mile tall, his expanding thighs and rear crushing the reactor, the Absorber, and the surrounding buildings, as he trembled horribly, snarled, and boomed up to a full mile’s size. Within less than a minute’s time, Leon was eighteen times larger, and the growth rate was clearly accelerating, as more and more energy built and crackled along his overgrown, enormous biceps and pectorals, his laterals inflating so large that his wings pushed back as they grew into the air.

Neo Mauville was large—vast, even. Yet, Leon was starting to wear the entire structure, like a seat, the colossus booming as his muscles erupting even bigger, startlingly huge, swollen so far out that he was half as wide as he was, tall. Veins bulged everywhere as the glow only continued to increase, the ocean starting to rumble and vibrate ominously about him.

As Dragonite rocked in the water, she looked up over the edge of the rig, and saw Leon’s vast head and horns pushing, rising higher and higher into the heavens. She gawked appropriately, but was interrupted by the fleeing of a small armada of boats, jet skis, and the S.S. Tidal, all at top speed.

“You fool,” Drake growled, watching through the Tidal’s bridge windows, watching as Leon’s glowing form shook and blew up to 2 miles, a cloud of destruction and waves blowing out around him. “Can’t we contain him in a pokeball? Something? Anything!?”

President Stone sagged in his chair, behind Drake, mute.

“And to Leon, of all pokemon!” he continued, shaking his head sourly. “A dragon as fine and strong as him! He doesn’t deserve that, Stone!”

“Brace!” a deckhand shouted, as a rolling wave crashed into the armada, tossing them into a slow, hard pitch. Steven burst through the Bridge door, wheezing, as Toothless could be seen flying back towards the ruined rig, in the distance.

“Steven!” Stone finally spoke, racing to his son. “I...I’m so sorry...”

“Toothless is going back, to see if his friends are still there,” Steven said, catching his breath.

“Who? That black dragon? He saved you, then?”

“Waves, off the port!”

A much larger wave rolled in, fast. Everyone braced again, Stone covering Steven in a futile protective gesture, when the wave suddenly broke, splitting away around the Tidal. Everyone on board looked out, and saw a Dragonite so big, they could only see portions of a vast, balloon-like belly, stretching scales filling their peripheries.

“We...would have capsized, for sure!” Drake muttered, before exiting the Bridge.

He went up to the railing, then peered high as he could, before laughing, and waving his hat.

“Haha! Oh, looks like I owe you again, darling!” he shouted, as Dragonite let the waves break against her humongous body, sparing the armada their wrath. She loomed high and wide, a blown-up, island-sized dragon, her muzzle lowering in the air as she sighed in relief, and smiled.

**“RRRRRRRRRRRR!”**

Drake was beaming, underneath the mustache.

“I don't know how you got so big,” he sighed, “probably the same way that other dragon blew up in my poor stadium...but, this time, I'm sore-glad you did, girl. That's twice, you saved this old dog's skin. God, I love dragons.”

“Candies,” Spyro shouted, as the topside of the Eastern wing cracked in two, then four. “Fig, quick, candies! I dunno this world so well, but we're usually the ones equipped to stop these things!”

“At least, we didn't cause this one,” Cynder added, sincerely. “But he's right, Fig! Let's get big!”

“At the rate he's growing, we really don't have any other recourse,” Figment agreed, reaching into the bag, as Leon's roar began to shak the ocean and the skies. By the time he had its flap open, the Charizard swelled out even wilder, exploding to 4 miles in height!

“I'll take a green one!” Spyro said. “I'm not letting that dragon out-bulk me! You know what, just gimme a handful of them!”

“I'll see what I can do,” Figment murmured, before Leon's background-filling body became the foreground, his growing sides colliding with their building, breaking it apart on contact, his brawn swelling furiously as it mowed through brick and mortar and steel, like nothing.

Anders, having run off, was thrown clear from the ledge. As the three dragons skidded back along the toppling roof, the human went flying over the demolishing span of the rig, howling and flailing—only to feel himself land in a wall of soft, scented fur, so big that he easily rolled along it. He'd have fallen off, after, had a huge, gentle paw not thumped down, to pin him to safety.

“Oh!” he coughed, realizing he wasn't dead yet. He looked up, and his relief melted into sever puzzlement. “W...what...”

*I have you! It's okay!*

Again, Anders balked, wincing a little bit, as the voice boomed huge and strong in his mind. Big or not, however...it was a voice he knew. An old, familiar...precious voice.

“You...” he started, before tearing up, unable to stop.

*Haha...me! A lot of me!*

As the roof shattered out, and as the last of the annexes, wings and subsectors of Neo Mauville fell to nothing, in the water and waves, the three dragons leapt. The candies Figment had managed to grab stayed in his closed hand as they all unfurled their wings, and took to awkward, unready flight.

“I...I'm doing it,” Figment panted, trying hard. “I'm doing it!”

“That's great, Fig,” Cynder hollered, over the rolling destruction around them, “but we need to stop that dragon, and fast! He's growing at an insane pace, look!”

Leon roared even louder, throwing his chest out, as it rumbled and burst twice as huge, sailing out large ahead of him. His back erupted into a straining field of muscles, his shoulders booming into small planetoids around a swelling neck, as his eyes glowed brighter, and he stretched and groaned and heaved up to 8 miles in height. His shoulders and chest pulsed and trembled, spanning over 4 miles' diameter, as his rump sank deeper through the smashed rig, sinking into the ocean's depths.

The displaced waters were so high that the waves broke all the way up to Dragonite's shoulders, making the massive behemoth roar in surprise. Still, she protected the fleeing armada, the push of the water, at best, helping to shove them away faster.

From the shores of Ever Grande City, and all along the Hoenn coastline, the pink glow began to spread. Windows opened, cars stopped, and the streets filled with onlookers, pokemon and human alike, all of them seeing a vast dragon's form swelling over the ocean.

As Figment struggled to keep up, Spyro and Cynder circled him, helping to guide him away from Leon's ever-growing wall of bulk, as it swelled closer.

“We're going to tire out, at this rate!” Spyro yelled, over the groaning rumble of Leon's growth. “We need to land soon, and I don't see any land to land on!”

Figment was already feeling around in the bag, mid-flight. It didn't help his flying improve any. He pulled out a last pokeball, imagined it bigger, until it fit his hand. Then, it continued to grow, swelling too large to hold.

“What're you doing?” Cynder wondered, as Figment let it drop.

“We can't land on Dragonite,” Figment said, as the ball splashed far down into the ocean, floated there, and blew up even bigger, and bigger, and bigger. “You'll sap her size, after long enough contact! We need our own place to land!”

“Who's Dragonite?” Spyro asked, before seeing the massive, blimped dragon down in the waters below, shielding the Devon fleet and the Tidal. “Oh!”

“How much did we miss?” Cynder wondered, as the high-tech pokeball beneath them rumbled, and swelled even larger, growing from a ball to a boulder, to big enough to fill a stadium.

The trio dropped down onto it, the ball so huge now that it's spherical nature wouldn't cause too much rolling in the waves. The topside was close enough to flat, as they thudded down, tired, but secure. Spyro put a clawed hand on Figment's head, and ruffled on his scales happily.

“Quick thinking!” he laughed, wagging his powerful tail. “I...wait...Bartok!?”

He looked down, and went pale.

“Er, Fig, didn't we already establish a problem Bartok was having? Like, he was unable to stop growing? And, on top of that, you just made his ball hundreds of times bigger...”

“I know, I do—but he's still inside, it should be okay,” Figment panted, popping his back. “Oh, flying is hard!”

***You're telling me!***

Surprisingly enough, a fourth dragon landed, throwing their balance—one they had never seen before, ever. The combination of power and curves suggested a female, and the kindly voice ringing through Figment's thoughts made him light up.

“Lucario!” he shouted, thudding over the topside of the massive pokeball, to look...up at her. “You changed! You...ooh, you got pretty big!”

The furred dragon smiled wide, her lengthy neck curving as she chuckled. Anders slid down onto the surface, off of her black paw, her newly-minted wings folding back behind her as she took a four-legged seat, and snuffled Figment over gladly.

*I suppose I did! It...it is a bit odd, being taller than everyone!*

“Wow,” Spyro started, coming up beside them. “Who is this, Fig? I've never seen a dragon like...wait. Fur. Scales? She's like Bartok...”

“Good guess, heh,” Figment replied, nodding. “She took the dragon candy, I think! It's the only explanation I've got on hand. I'm so glad you're alright!”

“Your candy did this to her?” Anders balked. “S...she's a dragon, now!”

*I am! Anders wasn't prepared for it. Neither was I! And yes...it was tough, getting off the ship, she sighed, as Spyro and Cynder watched the two in silence. I made it to a pokeball, to save myself from drowning, but the ball settled at the bottom of the ocean, and I was stuck...until a red portal opened up, inside, and I took a risk and went into it...*

“Goodness,” Figment said, thinking quickly. “The shrinking trick I pulled on Spyro and Cynder...if you wound up here...then, you went through a portal that I must have incedentally opened!”

*So, you saved me, Lucario warmly thought, wagging her massive furry tail.*

“Uh, Fig, are you two okay?” Spyro began, testingly.

Lucario blinked, then saw them, and blushed.

*Ah, forgive me! Hello to you! You must be Figment's friends—*

“Gah!” Spyro bellowed, lurching away, trying to pinpoint the voice.

“H-hello,” Cynder spoke, giving a polite bow. “I’m sorry to cut the introductions, but…”

“No, she’s right,” Figment huffed, “Leon needs to be stopped! We need a plan…Cynder, Spyro, you two have the absorption powers…that means we need you to be the biggest!”

Spyro perked right up.

“About time! I’m up for a rematch!”

“Don’t hurt him!” Anders pleaded, walking up to Spyro, hands out. There was no anger or debate in him, this time, it was entirely begging. “Look, please, this isn’t his fault!”

Leon’s roar boomed through the sky, as the quaking reptile billowed even bigger, swallowing more and more of the horizon behind them. His thighs were already rising back up out of the ocean itself, too big to fit, the pokemon god ascending to a staggering 16 miles’ height. His head shot up through the darkening cloud banks, thunder rumbling about, lightning snapping and licking his oversized muscles. Over 80,000 feet of power trembled as Leon huffed out, sparking contrails of neon energy misting loose, before he grit his teeth, and began to blow out to 32 miles, doubling in size yet again! Passing planes swerved off the path, desperate to avoid the sheer wall of scales, as his abdominal swells loomed over them them. Clouds parted more and more as Leon’s muzzle pushed through the next realm of the atmosphere, and beyond, his bulk straining as it blew out even greater, and greater…

“Hold on!” Cynder shouted, as the pokeball, Dragonite, and the fleet were all hurled away by the displacement, rushing farther back. It was more than enough to put the balancing ball into a spin, however, making the four dragons (and one human) scramble to climb on the topside as it moved.

Figment stumbled over himself when the ball pitched back, fully righting itself; the bag whipped back over his bulk, the opening still very much opened—and the candies went spilling out, down into the ocean.

“No!”

Figment moved to grab them, but Spyro, of all present, dragged him back.

“Leave em!” he ordered, his muscles straining to contain Figment’s. “They’re gone!”

“But—”

“I know, Fig! I want them, too! But, they’re gone!”

He opened his hand, and Spyro and Cynder and Lucario all saw: Figment was holding three candies. One, blue-green, one blue-black, another green-gold. The bag was empty, otherwise.

“No matter where we go, next,” Figment sighed, “these are it.”

Leon’s roar finally reached them proper, and the world seemed to shake for it.

“Then this will have to count,” Cynder shouted, over the raging noise.

The pokeball shook slightly, as a fifth dragon landed on it, shaking everyone to attention.

“Finally!” Toothless boomed, the 50-foot giant huffing as he let his wings rest. He loomed over everyone, even Lucario, her 30-foot self reaching all the way up to Toothless' polished ebony chest. “I've been looked all over for you! Whew!”

“Toothless!” Cynder and Spyro cheered, hugging his gigantic thighs. Spyro grinned, and just walked over, slapping him on the shin playfully.

“Hey!” Spyro laughed, patting thankfully on his bulk. “Glad you made it!”

Toothless beamed down at him over his massive pecs, cocking a brow.

“I'm fine, sure! I don't know about this world, though...so! Candies, yeah? We're going to get super-huge and take that dragon down a peg, right?”

“We're not *hurting* him, we're just going to stop his growth,” Figment corrected, before Anders could again protest. “We shrink him down safely, then we open a portal and get out of here!”

“Portals!” Toothless gasped, thinking back. “Figment, wait—I heard, back on that big ocean fortress...someone was telling somebody I was protecting something important-sounding, I heard it through the glass: these humans are going to launch something called a rocket up into the heavens, to stop something called a memor...medeor?”

“A meteor!?” Figment gulped. “A meteor is on a collision course, here!?”

“A big one, yes! Something called Infinity Energy is on it, and when it gets high up enough, it'll...well, do something, and make a hole in the heavens! A dimension-thing-hole!”

“A portal,” Figment mumbled, narrowing his eyes. “Gracious, a portal in space! A dimensional portal...possibly like mine! Every portal I tried to open here, only opens inside of pokeballs, in subspace...out here, I can't manage them. Meaning...heh. Hehe. Toothless, you're wonderful!”

Toothless laughed, shrugging his huge shoulders.

“*Well.*”

“You're thinking, if we get him through that portal,” Cynder began.

“Yes, yes! If we can get him and ourselves into it...we can tax him down to something manageable, exactly!”

“But, he'll be along for the ride, with us,” Spyro added.

“We'll work that out later,” Figment said, whispering that part a bit more carefully. “Spyro, Cynder, I'll need you on full draining duty! Toothless, you—”

“What do the candies do?” Anders asked, cutting them all off a moment, as Leon's swelling echoed everywhere.

“Well, the blue-green is for size increase, and muscle...the blue-black is size, plus elemental absorption growth...and the green and gold is for size, and a man-like bodily conversion...”

“That must be what Leon got,” Anders thought. “Okay! Give Toothless here the blue-black one, please! I need his help!”

“Y..you do?” Figment asked, taken aback.

“Give him that one, and give my Lucario here...that blue-green one! Please, part with those two, keep that other one for yourselves! Just, trust me, I'm trying to repay you!”

“No way,” Spyro spat, glowering, as he rounded Toothless' huge leg. “This creep couldn't possibly have a plan, that fast! Besides, Fig, you said it yourself: I need the power-up most of all, plus Cynder too!”

“Oh, no,” Anders said, calmly reaching into his pocket. “For you, I have something way, way better. Consider it my apology...”

Anders pressed something, and a Dynamax ball swelled up, overflowing his palm. Spyro kept his grimace...but his eyebrows went sky-high.

“Oh-ho! Apology accepted! Good luck, Toothless, Lucario! Go get em!”

“Why this way, though?” Figment rightly asked, tilting his head, as the seas against churned from Leon's stretching growth. He had to shout as politely as possible, over the rising, rubbery pull of scales, as the Charizard loomed nearer, and nearer.

“Trust me! We need to move, he's getting bigger, faster!”

Figment looked to Cynder, remembering her old request. She smiled, and nodded.

“Ah...o-okay!”

Figment handed both candies over, willingly, and Anders bowed in thanks. He motioned for Toothless to pick him up, which he did, as he tossed the candy over to Lucario, who snapped it in her jaws, without swallowing.

“Lucario...you know him, like I do,” Anders shouted, from Toothless's thick arms. “Try and talk him down! Get as big as you can, just in case! You know what Leon's like when he's angry!”

*Yes, of course!* She replied, nodding. *S...stay safe!*

“Yeah. Yeah, you too!”

The trio rode out the rocking of the ball beneath them, as Toothless took to flight, then Lucario.

*Good luck, you three!*

“You too!” Figment shouted, waving, before turning to Spyro and Cynder. “Okay...here we go!”

“What about the Dyna-whatever?” Spyro asked, before a large glowing ball arced through the air, smacking him on the back.

“Goodness,” Figment chirped, surprised. Cynder, knowing better, was already flying away.

“Figment, move!” she shouted, as Spyro shut his eyes, flared with pink energy, and instantly boomed larger...and larger...and larger...

Both Cynder and Figment took to the air as the massive pokeball pitched, due more to Spyro's sudden, surging growth, than their own egress. Much the same as Leon, Spyro shook and huffed, his bright body rapidly blowing up to 100 feet...200 feet...300...house-sized feet blew up into whole mansions as he trembled, hard, his musculature pumping out wider, stronger; slatted pectorals boomed and creaked, hot and huge, as they heaved up into his chin. Biceps too big to fit somehow swelled even greater, his scales groaning happily, as he quaked and snorted, nuzzling down into his chest in solidarity.

“He's really taking off!” Figment said, flapping a bit more awkwardly towards Cynder.

“He's happy as possible, trust me,” she chuckled. “Let's move!”

They hardly had to go to Leon, as it happened. Leon had arrived, on his own growth. Both dragons turned, only with time enough to see the mountainous sides of orange bulging forth, colliding with them both. Spyro was stretching up past 600 feet, then 700, starting to slip off of the massive pokeball, before the impact of Leon's growth spurt pushed them away, as well. Spyro tumbled into the sea, still quaking with delight, uncaring, as he trembled and closed his eyes and boomed *massively*, underwater...

Leon raged and thrashed, eyes wide and glowing, his powers exploding too fast to contain. Great streaks of energy whipped and snarled about him, his neck more than twice as thick as his head, his shoulders over-swelling to madness on either side. His wing muscles bulked and surged, the membranes tingling, his tail pushing back, back through an ocean that couldn't even hold his massive legs. Vast toes and mighty claws towered up into the air, the Charizard's swollen chest inflating monstrously out in front, until even he couldn't have fully reached them, with both bulging arms.

64 miles of dragon shook, spasmed, and tensed in tight, muscles stretching bigger, even in the moment of anticipation—before Leon screamed larger, detonating in ugly, thick, hot bursts, blowing up past 128 miles...then doubling that...

The specks on land all fled the cities along the coastline, frantically filing out through choked streets; the sky beyond them was all orange and pink now, the glow only intensifying, dying the world in its strange hues. Ships at sea tried to steer off and away, as individual scales grew larger than them, pulling higher and wider into the air, as the ocean itself shuddered.

Against all of that bulk, all that godhood and growth, Cynder bellowed. Clinging reflexively to

Leon, she was already locked into a forced absorption, and Figment could only watch, as the dragoness moaned, bit her lip, and blasted up bigger. Figment latched onto Leon as well, absorbing all he could, his tiny body surging up, along with hers, his muscles abruptly roaring with renewed power.

“Cynder! H-how's it going?”

*“I...I've g-got...hah, t-thissss...”*

She snarled to the point of showing gums, her eyes slitting, as just a fraction of Leon's growing powers fed her body into an explosion of growth. She lurched, then hiccuped bigger, blowing up to 300 feet, instantly, then 700, growing so angrily, so furiously, as her scaled muscles billowed up into hills. Her back swelled too large, even as she blew past 1,000 feet, before their pressurized growth bulged back down into the rest of her, her bust heaving flat and tight against Leon as they grew and grew. Her tail snapped about, half-thrashing, half wagging in joy, as she panted and groaned, then blew up to half a mile, then 2 miles! Energy gathered and snaked along her, the same as Leon's, as she swelled from a speck, to a tick, against him.

“B-better do my p-part, then!” Figment shouted, himself up to 600 feet, as he looked up along the vast height of Leon's atmosphere-swallowing form, a sheer face of scales and sinew, rising up above. “We're winning! We're winning! Look at that, he's shrinking! Imagine that!”

Against that much size and power, as Leon roared up into space, his 512-mile body sitting atop the curvature of the planet, Figment's imagination seemed slow to take hold. Nearly three million feet of orange brawn rose into the heavens, as his vast rear crushed bigger and wider across the ocean floor. Waters rushed against the coastline, having no place else to go, the mighty clouds only reaching up a relative inch or two, hardly even reaching his heels, as his feet stretched past entire islands.

All told, as the surreal seconds slipped by, before Leon seemed to stop growing for a beat, a moment. Cynder fed and fed, along with Figment, herself swollen up to 10 miles in size, and he to 4; the proverbial spigot turned into a floodgate, her eyes bulging the moment the payload increased.

*“HMMMM—”*

The act of grunting hardly blunted the overflow; it was simply all she could manage, as her body erupted larger, thicker, pouring out to 60 miles, then 200. In seconds, her bulk swelled to cover nearly half of Leon's huge backside, as shared power danced and swarmed about both parties, crackling through her huge horns and swollen breasts. Figment clawed his way up Leon's field-sized scales, one after the other, making headway, then losing it, as he watched Cynder boom even bigger.

*“KEEP AT IT, CYNDER! YOU'RE DOING IT!”* Figment hollered, grinning, as he ballooned to 30 miles. *“COME ON...HE'S SHRINKING...HE'S SHRINKING...LEON IS SHRINKING!”*

Still, stubbornly, Leon's body inflated out, seeming to strain against the momentary halting. Figment's power worked into the country-sized Charizard, in tandem with his and Cynder's absorption, yet it was all only barely enough to hold him as the Dynamax's power escalated and raged inside him.

*LEON, STOP!*

The voice collided with Leon's rage, pushing against it, forcing its way in, as Lucario flew

around the titan's front, desperate to get his attention. Being less than a mote of dust in comparison to him however, she found no recourse, but to hover in place, and snort.

*Nothing. Too small. Here we go, then...*

She gulped, swallowing the candy, and right away, it hit: the dragonified pokemon's entire body rumbled, then lurched bigger on one side, her muscles blowing up with definition, before surging to the other side, overflowing that even more. The waving bursts rocked her body as it swelled with strength, her feral biceps and forearms burgeoning and bloating tighter, heavier. Her wings tingled and swelled, flapping with greater power, to keep her up, as she shuddered out to 90 feet...150 feet...400 feet...530 feet...it—it just kept coming!

*A...AAAAAAAH*, she thought, letting off a kind of pressure, as she moaned out and *boom-boom-boom-boom-boomed* in scope.

A speck ballooned into a dot, then a spot, growing into some modest comparison to the Charizard. At 700 feet, she was still only about as impressive as a human on a mountain range...but Leon's growth was finally halted, somewhat, and this was the best shot she was likely to get.

*L-LEEEEEONNNN...*

Lucario passed the height of a skyscraper, the formerly-tiny creature growing so massive and bulky that her feet alone would have filled city streets. Her back surged with warm girth, shoulder blades pushing out wider and higher, her shoulders expanding faster, her neck inflating with a rude, rumbling bulge of mass. Her eyes fluttered as she felt herself tighten and swell further, crying out cutely as she passed 1,500 feet.

*LEEEEEEOON...LISTEN TO ME! I-IT'S LUCARIO!*

Leon's body seemed to strain harder, furiously demanding to grow onward. Figment felt the raw force of its will push back against his imagining, and the 90-mile dragon doubled down, imagining even more intensely.

**“NO...I'M RIGHT,”** he insisted, as he clung tight, beside Cynder, her body expanding over more of Leon's, at 300 miles. **“H-HE'S...DEFINITELY SMALLER, YES! G...GAH!”**

Why was he struggling, so? Why was his growth slower?

*Was it exhaustion? Too many trips to the well? This was only working enough to barely work!*

**“WHY...ISN'T HE...SH-SHRINKING?”** Cynder growled, as the power snapped and slithered over her growing body. She was as big as an entire state, even some smaller countries, and her dark scales and purple plates only grew and grew, the more she took in. **“HUH, HAAAAH...I'M TAKING AND TUH-TAKING...”**

*I'VE MISSED YOU SO MUCH*, Lucario sighed, trying to reason through the pleasure and growth, as much as Leon needed to push through his anger and power. Her 2,200-foot body remained a joke, in relation to the dragon's, but she willed herself bigger, pleading with the candy to make her as huge as possible. She had to be bigger! She couldn't lose him! *CAN'T YOU HEAR ME, DEAR?*

In response, Leon trembled harder, his bulk stretching out in place, screaming for release...

“This is it,” Anders shouted, patting Toothless's thick scales, as they flew out over a sprawling family of corporate buildings, out along the back of the Hoenn coastline. “Devon, itself!”

“What're we doing, here?” the giant dragon asked, as he banked right and lowered down to the complex and its surrounding forests.

“There's something here that will give you a serious edge against Leon,” he shouted over the winds. “But to control it, I need access to...that building, there! Land on it, would you?”

Toothless was already smiling. Anders felt the behemoth's muscles flex in anticipation, the moment he said it.

“Of course!”

A huge thud, a skid, and there they were. The massive building proved able to sustain his weight well-enough, and off Anders slid, breaking into a run toward the entrance door.

“Just get over to the forest, take the candy, and wait! You'll know when it hits!”

“You aren't worried about making me bigger?” Toothless barked, cocking his head curiously.

“We're all dead, if we don't try! Might as well go all out!”

The door slammed behind him, and Toothless shrugged his huge shoulders.

“Agreed. Heh.”

One landing later, Toothless stood waist-high to the forest canopy. He turned to stare out over the coast, out to the seas beyond; they had flown several minutes, just to reach land, and yet Leon's body seemed...right there, it was so big. Yet, for how impressively the Charizard filled the horizon, even as his thooming heartbeat echoed across the hemisphere, Toothless could only think one thing:

*Spyro's going to be so jealous—*

Or was it 'envious'? Language was still a bit odd, for him—

A beam of light crashed down, sudden and sharp, stabbing over the forest like a god's knife. It narrowed into a slender column of energy, that soaked directly into the dragon, saturating his black scales, and making his eyes roll so far back, they were nearly gone. The candy rolling about in his mouth went straight down as he swallowed, and swallowed hard, before letting one thing back out.

“AAAAAAAAAAAH!”

Inside of Devon, Anders remained in the North quadrant's control room D-4, where the console set for the Devon satellite was well-guarded. For a security head, however, getting in was worth a

yawn. He steadily increased the beam's power, pressing a small lever evermore forward.

“Enjoy it,” he muttered, watching the display monitor numbers climbing. “If Figment was right, and that candy works...you're getting every drop of Devon's orbital defense Infinity Energy beam!”

Through the windows, he could see a small blot on the forests. That dot wavered, then shot up, swelling so fast, so powerfully, that the forest almost evaporated under-bulk. Countless trees snapped and bent and cracked, flattening under the expanding plow of Toothless' body as it grew.

In one second, where Toothless had just been, there was now only one foot. Toothless's head climbed up against the beam as it practically pulled him up taller, stronger, his scales struggling to cover his erupting shoulders and inflating triceps. He stupidly looked up higher, just so he could open his mouth, trying to gulp the beam in faster, his body swelling up past 500 feet, all in that one moment's time, before booming up to 2,000, the next. Even Anders went quiet at the sight of the dragon shooting up past the span of his window, rocketing bigger, and bigger. A concussive blast of displaced air slammed the entirety of Devon as he unfurled his growing wings, his thighs bursting wider, his chest trembling as it heaved out farther, and farther.

***S-SO...JEALOOOOOUSSSS***

Still, Anders pushed the lever further up, until it thumped to a stop, insistent that it was done. The numbers onscreen climbed eagerly, as the output climbed past 100%, and kept rising.

One huge leg thudded out over the forests, the other doing the same, as Toothless sank into a wrestling stance, so as to spread his weight out, as he panted and quaked, then blew up to 3 miles, in one hard, huge blast of growth. His bulk surged so massively that they consumed him, nearly swallowing his head, before it was saved by his neck's exploding width.

120%, the screen told. The supply: 80%.

Toothless shook openly, in rapture, as he let his stretching ebony muscles play. At 9 miles, his feet cracked across the forests, the landmass breaking her and there as his weight swelled too high. His calves exploded loudly, the newest rush of growth blowing up through his expanding thighs, widening hips, lengthening shaft and booming pecs. His tail snaked out happily, traveling the outer roads of the property line, as he rose higher and higher over the surrounding mountains framing the coast.

140%. Supply, 70%. The numbers slipped from green to yellow.

Anders was the best human *anywhere*, as far as Toothless was concerned.

9 miles of muscle would have seemed impossible to contain, let alone to budge—yet, every swollen fiber of muscle shook and wavered as Toothless gulped the beam down, bringing hands big enough to crush skyscrapers up, in time to squeeze on his chest, just to feel it, as they boomed even bigger, and bigger, spreading his growing fingers apart, letting raw girth pour between them as he swelled to 30 miles! The clouds parted and scattered, nervous creatures sensing a superior being, allowing his head to push up past as mile-wide green eyes lidded and twitched.

A toe bigger than all of Devon Corp neared the buildings, as Toothless felt the ground crumbling dangerously deep; some better, kinder part of him forced all that girth to step ponderously

over the skies, microscopically tiny trees and debris raining down, as he stepped over entire mountains, down into the seas. Tremors rocked the complex, overhead lights stammering, even shutting down, as Anders steadied himself against the console, and watched the numbers climb on frantically. He guided the beam with a knob, keeping it over Toothless, whom he saw balloon even bigger, still.

The black dragon's hands slipped down, down, rubbing tight over his groaning muscles, determined to feel himself getting bigger at every possible turn. Fingers so wide one could walk on them like a bridge squeezed and prodded, tracing one mounding peak of a bicep, the other tickling over an explosively growing lat. Despite the doom inherent, for a minute, Toothless was in heaven.

180%. 40%.

Toothless was already so big, Anders couldn't make him out, from Devon. To him—to anyone stuck on the landscape below—there were just polished scales, everywhere. They blotted out Leon's, swapping one set of growing muscles for another, and as Toothless grunted, shivered, and blew up past 70 miles, that only got worse.

250%! 25%!

“Come on, you pile of muscles, grow,” Anders urged, as the alarms began to shout out everywhere, the lights failing. “Just...don't be too hard on my Leon!”

130 miles...

Toothless's bulk exploded out yet again, his arms ballooning so large and full that they were actually difficult to lift. His shoulders blew up against his bursting neck, a symphonic sea of scales pulling and singing to him as he closed his eyes and felt his chest grow up over his muzzle, as his back blew out, spreading his shoulders and pushing them forward.

310 miles...

300%! 10%!!

500 miles. Toothless was 500 miles tall—over 2.6 million feet of bulk. Even the fastest Devon vehicle would have needed, what...5 hours, to drive from his toes to his head fins? His thick heels sank into the ocean floor, further torturing what was already holding Leon, each one so big that they could have made a small island, upside-down. Palms that could have scooped and held an entire lake busied themselves, playing with his bloated, tight abs, his triceps small continents unto themselves.

Today *really* hadn't been so bad.

400%. From orange to pure death-red. 5%...

600 miles...

4%...

750 miles...

3%...

940 miles...

Anders saw the scale readouts, and backed away, gasping.

“Oh,” he murmured, awestruck. Perhaps, even, afraid. “He's...bigger than Leon!”

2%...

1,100 miles...

1%...

1,350 miles...

Imagination was Anders' only friend, and it was out in full, as he pictured Toothless, looming over the countryside. Had he gone too...who was kidding who, of course he had. But, Leon...

0%.

The screen flickered sickly, before an emergency warning flashed over it, blinking in the dark.

Outside, Toothless...well, Toothless *was* the outside.

The beam cut off, leaving Toothless to huff and shake in place. His vast feet dug into the ocean, as he licked his muzzle over, then snorted out a great blast of smoke. He slowly reared himself up, heavy, so very heavy...but so powerful...

**“THIS WORKS!”** he boomed, his voice a rolling cataclysm of thunder and bass.

Sitting down, as he was, Leon rose about 260 miles off the world and its problems, his city-sized head dominating its thermosphere. Both godly legs extended far out across the sea, past a neighboring peninsula and its family of smaller islands; his rear rested, nearly state-sized, his scales as big as towns, each gleaming claw a mountain. The largest of all pokemon would have constituted a microbe, at best.

And yet, over on Hoenn's Western coast, Toothless stood bigger. Much, much bigger. So far as the world was concerned, the hulking ebony dragon *was* the coast.

All that mass, all that earth-cracking weight, slowly turned, rattling and shaking the countryside and sea, as he simply stepped in place, looking back over shoulder muscles so huge, even he had to crane his bloated neck. There Leon was, too busy roaring and raging, too caught up in his anger and power to even bother standing, like a massive child under tantrum's sway. Behind him, at his staggering height, Toothless saw Cynder bulging up in size, working her humongous bulky arms steadily around Leon's vast waist, getting a steady grip going. *All the better, then*, he figured.

*I KNOW I LOOK DIFFERENT*, Lucario pleaded, her huge dragon-body still bursting bigger in the air, making her flap harder to stabilize, after each billowing spurt, booming loudly to 3,000 feet, then a whopping mile. *AAAH, I...I-I NEED YOU TO HEAR ME! PLEASE!*

But Leon stared ahead, past her, seeing only red in the world. His muzzle swung open, and for a sweet, cruel second, Lucario dared to hope it was in answer. What answered, however, was a sudden wall of flame, as the Charizard bellowed out a blazing streak of hate, which only narrowly missed as Cynder forced all of Leon back with a hard, mean pull. The skies lit into near-white as his thick neck arched up and away, Cynder's biceps and forearm around it, bringing Leon further back.

Lucario wavered and tumbled into the waters, rolling back and spluttering up to the topside. Even then, she swelled larger, trembling and groaning, as she felt herself billow out against the cool waves, swelling to 6,000 feet. Even Dragonite's huge bulk was forced farther off as her struggles and growth sent more water out around her, around the fleet she shielded.

If the world had gone surreal, in the last several minutes, then the sight of Cynder straining to pull all of Leon out of the ocean, lift him overhead, and body slam his mass back into the sea was proof that it had now gone completely insane. Her 400-mile body swelled as she sent him to impact, tossing the waters into a frenzy of motion, then welled up and blasted a vast column of dark fire down onto him, wearing him down as quickly as possible, or meaning to; throughout, Figment leapt into the air, clearing the Charizard's body before landing, and instead hugging his 120-mile bulk against hers.

Even through her blast, Leon's last vestiges of confinement snapped, and the tremendous dragon's pent-up growth finally burst through, erupting, as he bellowed through the water, and grew, and grew, ballooning rapidly under her mass. Waves of growth undulated at frantic speeds under his hide, his muscles booming higher, clearing the ocean, shoving back against Cynder as she cried out, and rode them up, up, and up.

A great glowing muzzle shot up from the depths, and kept rising, followed by massive glowing eyes and lengthy horns, as Leon emerged full, already 800 miles tall, to Cynder's 600. By the time she flipped backwards into a roll down his midsection, he was 1,600 miles. His legs swelled out and out, wider and larger and heavier, his heels cracking the crust of the planet as they plowing through entire countries. Clouds parted meekly about the swell of just his heels, as scales big enough to fill the skies loomed and hovered over countless cities, villages, forests and roads.

By the time Cynder thumped to a halt, stopped only by the massive girth of what blew up between Leon's legs, the godly giant was already 3,200 miles tall, and still shaking with raw growth.

***"I CAN'T KEEP HIS GROWTH DOWN LONG ENOUGH,"*** Figment haggardly wheezed, loud enough for Cynder to turn her larger head down to him. ***"I J-JUST NEED...A MINUTE..."***

***"I...IT'S YOURS, FIG!"*** she panted, giving him a nod so big he *heard* it in action. Figment could only hold on against the sudden rush of air as the 500-mile Cynder climbed her way back up, then caught Leon's massive neck in a bear hug, squeezing it out tight, trying to choke him out.

She struggled on, groaning, until a massive black arm sailed out to one side, then the other, just below her perch. Both Cynder and Figment looked back in time to see Toothless there, behind them and around them, the 1,700-mile behemoth grabbing both of Leon's bigger wrists, still large enough to at least attempt to restrain him.

**“I GOT HIM!”** the super-giant boomed, putting the absurd volumes of scaly muscle to work. **“W-WHATEVER YOU PLAN TO DO...D-DO IT!”**

Leon might have objected, were his neck not being crushed in by Cynder's grip. She may have only been about a fifth of his massive size, but she was strong enough to do the deed. The harder she squeezed, the more power flowed into her, forcing her up to 800 miles, her clawed feet surging back down Leon's huge abs, the Charizard forcing every ounce of strength out of Toothless, to keep him from using his hands to strike back.

Again, Leon's massive body shook and rumbled, beginning to rise higher...yet, rather than growing and further or higher up, another mass swelled up through the waters, shoving the huge Charizard into the skies, as a massive set of purple arms slammed around his body, and hugged in tight.

To Figment, the skies were simply changing colors, over and over; to Toothless, it was a set of musclebound arms, sorely missed, as Spyro's titanic head rose up above Leon's.

**“GET...OFF, ALREADY!”**

Up Leon went—all of him. A 3,000-mile tall Spyro exploded up across the seas, filling the waters of the entire hemisphere, as a slightly-larger Leon settled against his belly and chest. The five reptiles all struggled in unison, a mess of straining muscles and surging scales, the party no longer covering the ocean, or just the land...but the topside of the *entire planet*.

**“WELCOME BACK, HEH!”** Toothless laughed, despite his grunts and general straining. Spyro saw, mid-struggle, and beamed, all teeth.

**“H-HEY! TOOTHLESS! LOOKING GOOD!”**

Still deeply pervious to compliments, Toothless smiled back.

**“HEHE! WELL—”**

**“FOCUS!”** Cynder bellowed, as Leon whipped his thick neck about. **“FEELING READY, YET, FIG? CAN YOU TRY A-AGAIN?”**

**“A-ALMOST!”** he shouted, jumping from Cynder back onto Leon, to continue absorbing with his comrades. He focused his imagination solely on containing Leon, just as the dragon's orange body began to tremble even deeper. **“ACK! H-HERE HE GROWS, AGAIN! KEEP ABSORBING!”**

Just as Cynder, Figment and Spyro fed and grew, he booming up to 3,500 miles, her to 1,100, and Figment to 900, and just as Leon's body finally began to stubbornly deflate a little bit, he violently boomed up again, bigger, pouring out across the curve of the very globe as he burst to 7,200 miles!

His heels stopped bumping entire continents as they bashed along, then bounced high, leaving the pull of the world's gravity. His wings flared out, whapping against Spyro's shoulders, as the purple dragon hugged tighter, his arms spreading grudgingly out against a swell of scaly abs and warm, bulging lats. Even his neck inflated bigger, and bigger, dimpling angrily out against Cynder's grip. Even as they took and took, Leon's growth only slowed every few seconds, only to tremble and boom even larger, still, until the planet itself was merely half his size, lost momentarily underneath a vast, hot rear and whipping tail.

At 14,400 miles in size, over 76 million feet tall, Leon's massive form left the world's increasingly meager pull, its gravity a suggestion—then, finally, a joke.

“Oh, not again,” Figment moaned, as once more their sizes climbed into the ridiculous, returning them again to battle it out in the cold depths of space. Cynder wrapped both colossal legs hard around Leon's neck, as the Charizard began to open his mouth to fire again; her huge arms proved only barely able to get up around enough of his muzzle to pull it shut, holding for dear life, as Leon's muffled roars swelled to a fury.

Meanwhile, Figment repeated a new phrase, no longer able to focus on Leon:

***“WE CAN BREATHE, WE CAN LIVE OUT HERE, J-JUST FINE!”***

To remove Leon from that equation would have meant death, so far as Figment knew, so on the vast Charizard god lived, to rumble and tremble on, as another wave of monster-growth swelled up with in him. Leon, in his blind anger, welled up deep, his maw glowing with mounting flame.

***“LET...L-LET HIM DO IT, CYNDER,”*** Toothless growled, his huge muscles twitching, then over-tightening terribly, as Leon's much larger arms and wrists began to pull free. ***“LET HIM...DO IT! QUICK!”***

Without asking, without bothering to, Cynder simply let both arms swing off, and the enraged Leon unloaded the only attack he could—an utterly immense pillar of flame—directly forward. The blast hammered into Toothless, on and on, Leon being in no state to understand that, instead of obliterating his opponent, he was obliging.

Toothless shook, his teeth protruding back out from his gums, his fins whipping out in a delirium of pleasure as the beam poured into his body. Only his head and thick neck remained free of the column, before he blew up, then blew up again; his pectorals stretched from the sheer mass of growth as they emerged, rising higher, his thighs and abs surging out in tandem. Cynder, Figment and Spyro could only watch in muted awe as Toothless laughed, rumbled, and tripled in size, billowing to 6,000 miles on the spot.

Intent only on ruin, Leon blasted on, with all the force and duration his own breath could manage, and every passing second, he unwittingly blew Toothless larger. His black polished muscles, already oversized beyond measure, erupted prodigiously, maddeningly. His shoulders roared on their own, as they ballooned to quadruple their width, his neck pushing his head higher and higher as it inflated with raw size. His tail looped in a whirl of delight as he snapped forward, and greedily glommed his muzzle over Leon's cutting out the bother of its traveling anywhere but him, direct.

Toothless might have simply exploded into energy, had it not been for Figment's fervent chanting, so far down below, on Cynder's vast scales:

“We're all alright! Q-quite alright, yes! W-we have to survive, otherwise Blair...w-would never see what I've seen! So, I imagine...we're all quite fine! Nothing will befall us, n-nary a thing!”

In turn, Toothless' body thankfully drank and drank, as the blast billowed his gorging muscles out further, still. His scales sang and screeched at the same time as they tried to hold onto the sudden burst, the dragon humming with approval, as he swelled up past 20,000 miles, then 25,000...30,000...

Spyro gawked rather openly, unabashedly envious, as Toothless's eyes rolled far, far back, his trembling figure booming only larger, stronger, his biceps straining and peaking with power, without the benefit or trouble of flexing them. 35,000 miles...43,000 miles!

When the beam cut off, Leon's muzzle snapped left-to-right, the surprised behemoth trying only to extricate his mouth from Toothless's; given that he was now triple Leon's great size, that proved difficult. The god-like dragon's fins pushed back as he quested for any more size, any more power, at all, not caring that each fin spanned the length of a continent. Hands big enough to hold the planet like a cute ball squeezed needfully on Leon's huge biceps, pectorals bigger than moons twitching and flexing heavily against his own.

**“MOOORE,”** Toothless rumbled, his voice sending the others into a violent quake (Leon included). **“A...AGAAAAAAAIN!”** He nuzzled into Leon's smaller muzzle, insistent, even demanding. Only Cynder thought to cut through the stunning spectacle:

**“NOW, WHILE HE'S INCAPACITATED! TAKE IT ALL!”**

Spyro's 5,000-mile body swelled faster, and faster, pushing past 5,400...5,700...6,000, his huge arms bulking out even larger than Leon's, despite the remaining size difference. Both mighty arms moved as he clutched Leon's pectorals tightly, forcing the massive Charizard tighter into his body, so that he could kick both huge legs out, and place his feet on Leon's thighs, adding more contact, making him burst up to 7,000 miles, instantly.

Cynder and Figment began to catch up to him as well, as more and more of their 3,000-mile bodies pressed into Leon, while Toothless's selfish pushing served to drive her scales tighter to the Charizard's, Figment clinging beside them both. She boomed bigger, surging powerfully out between the two males, as once again, Leon began to gradually, sluggishly shrink down.

Figment, emboldened, began to shift his focus, as Leon dwindled lower, deflating back down to 13,000 miles...12,000...as Cynder ballooned up to 8,000 miles, Figment to 7,000, and Spyro to 10,000, as he caged Leon and Cynder in against Toothless's immensity.

**“THIS FEELS...FAMILIAR, HUH?”** Spyro laughed, quaking with unbridled enjoyment, as his muscles burst even bigger, all over.

**“DON'T LET UP!”** Cynder rumbled, shaking, blowing up to 12,000 miles, as Spyro billowed up past 12,000, the both of them evening out to one another at last, rendering them muzzle-to-muzzle, as Leon pointlessly beat his fists against her thickening sides. **“FIGMENT, HOW'S IT GOING?”**

Figment found himself struggling yet again, despite being 9,000 miles tall and flooded with power, and part of his thoughts raced to understand exactly why. He had grown so powerful, that his imagination had fixed half a planet! He had opened numerous portals, simultaneously, so...why? Why couldn't he make his own portals, here? Why only red ones? Why only inside of...

“I've got it!” he yelled, smiling, as one piece snapped into mental place, then another.

This entire dimension, its energies...they were all different! He had opened a red portal, against the stream, and was no longer in the one he knew, and had grown accustomed to! This Dynamax energy, it was completely foreign—the only way he could manipulate the aspects of this reality, was to adjust!

*But, there simply is no **chance** to! No time!*

*Then, what **CAN** you affect, more easily, here?*

As he thought, something small but brilliantly bright rocketed up past, through space; as it happened, that's exactly what it was.

“The rocket!” he gasped, as it sailed past their phenomenally vast bodies, a tiny flicker pushing beyond them, up into the cosmos. “It's about to...egad, the portal!”

Leon's renewed rumbling interrupted, as the shrinking Charizard-god stopped shrinking. At 5,000 miles, pinned between Cynder, Spyro and Toothless, he began to rumble worse and worse, as the rage and frustration spiked inside. Where bolts of power had tickled or lashed about, a veritable *storm* of them blew out, before all four dragons found themselves shoved out once, twice, again...and again...

**“NO, NO,”** Cynder growled, pressing a bust half as big as the planet in tight.  
**“NOT AGAIN! WE CAN'T LET HIS POWER KEEP SPIKING HIGHER, LIKE THIS!”**

The words, sadly, had far less effect than the effort.

Leon's huge muzzle pushed out, out from between them all, his pectorals inflating uncontrollably. Cynder's breasts rubbed and caught against the overflowing chest, until it forced them up into her muzzle, even as she billowed to 16,000 miles, Spyro to 18,000, and Figment to 13,000. All three parted away, as Toothless hugged into Cynder's back, keeping her in place with his bigger body. The rumbling only worsened, impossibly, as Leon snarled and rattled and bellowed, the streaking pink lightning casting out across space, battering into surrounding planets, as he detonated to four times his

size, in one harsh, bulging rush of power, blowing clear past 20,000 miles. A hard flex of his overloaded muscles forced Cynder, Figment and Spyro off into the void, which in turn pushed Toothless off; their return trip was cut short as Leon shook even deeper, flexing his bulk so tight that it striated into deep furrowing bands of sinew, his growth escalating at a fever pitch!

20,000 miles exploded out, five times larger, this time, leaving them all blown back as his 100,000 mile girth slammed out into them. Over half a billion feet of orange scales and rippling muscle attacked, scattering the four dragons out and away, until Figment found himself only barely a tenth the Charizard's scope. He spun out, caught sight of the Pokemon World, and reached out for it. Being only about twice its size, at best, Figment still made for a fairly impressive sight, as he vanished, then reappeared in the haze of their atmosphere, before his vast, massive purple muzzle rose back up over it all, trying to smile reassuringly.

***“PERFECT,”*** he rumbled, thinking quickly. ***“I CAN USE THIS!”***

As he spoke, his vast hands holding the globe by its oceans, a fantastic light exploded out, above them all. Figment looked in wonder as, even high up above Leon's huge head, the rocket detonated its payload, scattering enough Infinity Energy to indeed punch a hole in space, itself. Within the void and stars, another void opened up, slowly but surely, stretching wider and wider, overhead.

*The other dimension! This was it!*

There was no time more to spend, or waste. As Leon trembled and bellowed, his huge hands swiped through space, lashing out at Cynder, who flew back and dodged. Spyro and Toothless each lunged back into the fray, Spyro grabbing one massive hand and wrist with both arms, Toothless doing the same for the other. The trio grappled on, as Leon closed his glowing eyes and tensed in, mid-struggle, the rumbling growing even worse.

There was no way he could open his own portal out in the world, Figment knew that already. They would have to force Leon up through the portal, in theory...but with how big he was growing, with no end in sight, they might not have a chance to get him into the portal, which was only spread out to...what? 1,000 miles in diameter? It was growing wider, faster, yes...but not that fast..

Leon's muscles boomed against themselves, having nowhere left to grow anymore, before the over-bulked Charizard bellowed bloody murder, trembled, and exploded **BIGGER**, blowing up seven times his size, this push, his scales raging out into greater and wider plains, as his body bulged through them, casting the 40,000-mile Spyro, the 43,000-mile Toothless, and the 37,000-mile Cynder completely apart, severing the group.

Cynder bashed into a moderate-sized planet, her thick back muscles crushing in as it went off its ancient axis. Spyro spun out, knocking twin moons away like billiards, while Toothless braced himself, flared out immense wings, and slowed his momentum.

Yet, when all three looked, Leon was nowhere to be found—and everywhere. 700,000 miles of orange, throbbing muscle and crackling pink lightning spanned even their gigantic sights, a great valley of swollen abs looming, past entire planets. A set of heaving pectorals rose and rose, straining and tingling, up beyond their capabilities, a set of cosmic thigh muscles looming off in the other direction, toes no longer visible. Well over three billion feet tall, he constituted enough dragon to where the very

rocket they had sent out would have needed as much time to travel across Leon's body, at top speed.

Fingers big enough to grip the larger planets curled in as Leon's grunts of frustration shook space; his now-terrifying body began to tremor and shake even harder, the planets, asteroid belts and moons all buzzing fearfully, as still more power built within the god's muscles.

Still, despite it all, Spyro and Cynder attacked, clinging tight to Leon's vast muscles, feeding themselves up larger, still. Spyro roared as his body exploded up to 90,000 miles, then 200,000, stretching too-tight as his bulk swelled disproportionately bigger. Even still, he was only child-sized to Leon, whose body didn't even stop trembling now, as the other two seemed to fill up on the mere runoff, the overflow. Cynder cried out as she felt herself burst up to 140,000 miles, bigger than ever, then 180,000, yet Leon's shaking only grew worse, still...

Figment fixed his huge gaze back on the planet in his paws, determined to find what he needed, upon it. The only way they could open their own portal was—

The rumble overhead snapped loose, but this time, it froze Figment's blood.

Leon did not octuple his size, this burst. Hardly that little came to him.

Figment looked up, to see Leon's body swell into obscurity, in one enormous, mind-stretching apocalypse of unbridled, heedless, godly growth.

Leon erupted like a volcano, booming out everywhere; his pectoral was suddenly 200,000 miles across, just one of them, then 400,000, as Leon's shaft plunged through space, longer and wider, his rear pushing whole planets back like mere marbles. His vast wings spread wider and wider across the solar system, as his neck grew thicker than his entire torso, pulsing with too much power. His feet blew out, rocketing down across all space, as energy blasted off of his swelling muscles in vast columns, his muzzle rising past the meager portal, his body exploding with an atomic fury beyond 4,000,000 miles...20,000,000 miles...200,000,000 miles...

Figment just...stared. Even his brilliant mind snapped, at the sight of it, or what sight of it even he could manage. He was nearly 14,000 miles tall, a true leviathan...and here he was, easily well over a thousand times smaller than Leon...no, 1,500 times...

Still, Leon grew. His body bloated with untold waves of crashing muscles, the beast over 500,000,000 miles in size, now. The cap was off, and whatever pace his Dynamax growth had been holding to was now completely eradicated. There was no stop, now, no inhibition, no safety, no control.

Far to the left of, well...space, Figment dumbly stared. Spyro was still clinging to one vast kneecap, his dear friend roaring as his body taxed itself up to 500,000 miles, Cynder clutching a fattening monster of a tail, blowing up to 400,000, herself.

And Figment couldn't stop it. Even his wildest imagination couldn't even slow it down. He tried. And tried. And tried.

And Leon...his shaking only grew *worse*.

Everything—Figment, the planets, all matter began to obediently drift forth, zombie-like, silently

crawling toward Leon, the new god, the monstrosity, his gravity well swelling out of control as he bellowed and panted and raged.

Only one thing managed to stay put, through it all: the portal. Figment turned his attention over to it, a hole in space, showing space...only that space floated freely over Leon's growing abs, entirely independent.

That very same hole, that tear, began to stretch wider, as something, some singular thing, began to push through. Figment gawked, blinking, as his mind raced back to form, trying to understand what was happening, as a massive, vast dark thing continually pushed out, out, and out, on and on. The rim of the portal didn't quite grow, so much as it was *forced* wider, by the sheer mass of what was entering.

Suddenly, the portal that was formerly perhaps 5,000 miles across was over 100,000, and still widening, as more and more and more of the mass kept pushing out, forcing it to 200,000 miles wide, then 400,000; it was only from momentary comparison to Leon, beyond it, that Figment even dared to calculate a guess, and as that one odd second ticked off into two, the mass kept growing wider, wider, until the portal was well over a million miles across, yet still it widened.

The portal nearly ripped, struggling to hold, as, impossibly, a neighboring mass pushed through, joining the first. Another joined, then another, all four masses still pushing forth.

Only Figment comprehended this moment, as the other three dragons fought and clashed against Leon's massive bulk. Only Figment tried to process the development, before a supposition approached. The instant it did, he sent it away. But, it returned, worse than before.

*No. There was no way. There was no way!*

As Leon shook worse, still, his cosmic body about to explode even bigger, still, a fifth mass broke through the portal, which kept relentlessly expanding, until it was every bit...no, until it was even wider than Leon was, tall.

Figment floated back, holding the poor planet with him, for whatever safety he could manage, as the finality of what he perceived rang terribly, mind-breakingly true.

It was a hand.

A scaly, black hand.

A hand so utterly mammoth in scope that it easily closed around Leon's midsection, big enough to grab the billion-mile tall Charizard like a pathetic little toy.

Leon, in his state, could only wail and thrash, all too uselessly, as Figment watched the hand retreat, pulling Leon with it. The vast portal stretched out its last, affording enough space (well, within space) to permit the colossus to pass into it, before it finally started to shrink back down, gradually. Spyro, over 600,000 miles tall, tumbled back through space, in a shock. Cynder, 500,000 miles, struggled for bearing, as Toothless bounced down off of a large planet.

*It was closing. The portal was closing, steadily! The only way out of this world! No one was big*

*enough to reach it, and keep it open, in time! Not at the rate he was seeing it close!*

Panicking, Figment clutched the planet, hoisting it back up to his muzzle as he focused desperately on it.

*Where was it..where!?*

*...THERE!*

Worn out or not, exhausted or not, Figment poured everything he had into one thing. Something massive blew up atop the world, drifting off in seconds—the pokeball from before!

*This had to work. It WOULD WORK!*

Figment let the Pokemon World drift out, as he clutched the planet-sized pokeball tightly. He turned with both hands, pressed the button, and threw it, forcing it to sail out through space as it ballooned even bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger. It outsized its old world, then the next biggest planets, then the largest, on and on, Figment willing it ever-bigger, until its 90,000-mile bulk snapped open, and with a flash of light—

Fur. Fur, and scales. *Everywhere.*

Having hurled the massive pokeball directly at the center of the portal, where he could tell it would have to eventually close at, Figment managed to let someone out, someone that was already presumably gigantic, before his imagination upsized it many, many *thousands* of times larger.

***“HOH, BOY, JUST WHAT  
THE HECK!?”***

A dragon muzzle loomed over everyone, thoroughly, a vast, wide strip of pink at its center. A set of vast pink eyes blinked, each so colossal and immense that the blinking could be felt, once the eyelids actually managed to connect. A set of horns rose on and on, above, as a gang of tiny planets began to drift towards one single looming, furry ear.

Bartok was big. Scary-big. Even to the four scary-big dragons, floating out in the void. The portal's edges shrank and shrank, faster and faster, before catching on the million-mile wide sides of the bat-dragon, his full body Figment presumed to be roughly 16,000,000 miles tall. Even Spyro and Cynder were less than bite-sized, to him, as his rather adorable muzzle filled space. The vast portal snuggled in against his bulky sides, still trying to shrink in, crushing against him slowly, until even his enormous bulk felt it.

*“BARTOK!”* Figment roared, swimming his way through space to get close enough to be seen. This proved a challenge, as Figment was less than a flea to him. Thankfully, just one moment's worth of absorption blew Figment up so large that he finally was somewhat visible, at a whopping, puny 300,000 miles. *“BARTOK, IT'S FIGMENT!”*

***“HEY! WHEW, HEY, HEH,  
IF DAT WAS ALL YOU, THEN  
OKAY...GOSH, ISSIT DARK  
OUT HERE...WAIT...”***

Bartok's vast eyes widened. He tugged, found himself stuck, and looked back, to see half of himself vanished, not at all extant in space. He wriggled, in a confounded trance, making the kind of face that said he felt his other half, but simply couldn't locate it by sight.

*“FIG!”* Spyro huffed, floating over to him, putting a huge palm on his broad shoulders. *“FIG...WH-WHAT WAS ALL THAT, JUST NOW? TELL ME I DIDN'T...I MEAN, LEON WAS...”*

*“TAKEN,”* Figment finished, nodding grimly. *“BY A GREAT, HUGE HAND.”*

*“B-BUT, LEON WAS ALREADY ABSOLUTELY HUMONGOUS, EVEN TO US!”* Cynder added, drifting over to the two males, her eyes wide. *“T-THERE'S NO WAY...”*

***“AH, C'MON, WHADD'RE YOU  
GUYS ON ABOUT? WHY'RE YOU  
SO SMALL, ANYHOW? WHERE'S  
TH' DOGGONE REST-A-ME? FIG,  
EXPLAIN, ALREADY! I-OUCH!”***

Bartok winced, grunting in pain, as he felt the portal shrink further, cutting in tight.

***“AWW, NOW WHAT'S ALL DIS  
HERE, EVEN!?”***

*“DID YOU...BLOCK THE PORTAL...WITH BARTOK?”* Cynder asked, as Toothless finally

caught up, only large enough to climb onto Figment's huge neck and shoulder. He sagged against the dragon's neck, tired, and Figment gave him a reassuring pat with a vast palm.

*“I HAD TO KEEP IT FROM CLOSING, SOMEHOW! LEON IS IN THERE, AND IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT OF **HERE!** I WAS GOING TO SUPER-SIZE THAT POKEBALL, AND CATCH LEON IN IT, SINCE THE PORTAL COULDN'T FIT HIS GROWTH SPURTS...BUT NOW, ALL WE CAN DO IS GO AND FOLLOW HIM THROUGH...OH, BARTOK! I'M SORRY, HERE...”*

Figment turned to the far larger dragon-bat, and opened his hand. Somewhere, stuck between the colossal scales, he felt for it, then imagined it big enough, and right away, the final green-gold candy swelled to fill his one hand. It continued to grow and grow, until he held it like a boulder, and offered it up.

*“HEY, WHOA, WAIT A MINUTE, FIG,”* Spyro started, only to watch in shock as Bartok sniffed it, then grinned, and opened his huge maw wide, letting Figment toss it right in. *“AWW!”*

*“I KNOW, SPYRO, BUT IT'S NECESSARY. WATCH!”*

Bartok gulped, then huffed happily, a vast pink tongue sliding for miles and miles over his looming muzzle. Immediately, he closed his huge eyes, and smiled wider, as his muscles began to throb, then shift. Between both dimensions, Bartok's body changed, the four dragons gasping as his vast furry shoulders bulged and straightened, his feral arms swelling into a man's arms, scales stretching over proud, humanoid digits. His pectorals swelled and pulled in at the core, a set of defined traps bulging along his neck, and his already-vast body boomed even larger, stronger, thicker...

*“EVERY ONE, BACK!”* Figment ordered, as the moaning colossus trembled and blew up bigger, and bigger, yet.

***“YEEEEEEEEEEEE—”***

Amazingly, even to the sulking Spyro, Bartok's man-arms started to grow so massive and powerful that he began to force the portal wider and wider, his ivory brawn frantically bulging in size, against it. Like a vast strongman versus some large rubber border, he began to flex, his biceps stretching to absurd proportions, his winglike hands clasping its boundaries, as he ballooned to 19,000,000 miles, then 23,000,000, boom-laughing and quaking with overflowing muscles.

It proved laughably easy for Bartok to stretch it further and further out, as he pushed, his vast white scales and bristling fur singing with power, as he bloomed bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and BIGGER, 30,000,000 miles of pulsing brawn, his draconic muzzle pushing higher and higher over his inflated chest, his smile wide and giddy. He soaring larger, thicker, on and on and on, pushing past 45,000,000 miles, his heaving sides ballooning so wide that they still nearly filled the side of the portal.

*“OKAY, AS FOR US,”* Figment said, rubbing his hands together, as he turned to Spyro and Cynder. *“WE NEED TO GET INSIDE, NOW!”*

He gestured to the pokeball, still open, floating at colossal size in space, nearby. Even Cynder

balked, openly, ahead of Spyro or Toothless.

*“WHAT?”*

*“WHY WOULD WE EVER GET BACK IN ONE OF THOSE, FIG?”* Spyro asked, as Bartok happily groaned behind them, swelling to 55,000,000 miles, filling their view more and more and more. *“I MEAN, THE PORTAL IS RIGHT THERE, ISN'T IT? AND, IF WE DO, WHAT ABOUT BARTOK? HE'S HOLDING THE THING OPEN FOR US...”*

Figment grinned, nodding.

*“INDEED. HE'S THE ONLY ONE THAT SHOULD GET TAXED, FOR TRAVELING. WE'RE ALL KEEPING EVERY SCRAP OF SIZE WE HAVE, THIS TIME! YOU SAW THE SIZE OF THAT HAND, WHATEVER IT BELONGED TO. WE CAN'T GO IN SMALLER, WE HAVE NO CANDY LEFT, THIS TIME. WHATEVER WE DO, NOW, IT'S ALL ON OUR REMAINING POWERS.”*

“Wait, we're out, that's right,” Toothless sighed, comparatively small on Figment's thick shoulder bulk. “I'm the smallest, then! Gah!”

*“WE'LL FIRE YOU UP BIGGER, TOOTHLESS, BUDDY,”* Spyro soothed, nodding. *“WE WOULDN'T LEAVE YOU SMALL, C'MON.”*

Toothless sighed, not even trying to hide his relief.

“I was figuring out how to ask, heh,” he laughed, wagging away briskly.

Bartok was nearing 100,000,000 miles in size, the combination of his enlarged ball, the potion in his system, and the planet-sized candy he ate all making him unthinkably powerful, as his bulk simply blasted out even mightier, and mightier, his arms as thick as his entire torso, his neck nearly as wide as his hulking, unseen thighs. He grunted in contentment, booming up to 130,000,000, then 150,000,000, after, the portal having no chance to fully take his size, as he outpaced its taxing with his growth. For all his stunning, staggering scope, the portal was still considerably smaller than the great hand had made it, minutes earlier. It would just have to do.

At 220,000,000 miles in size, over one trillion feet tall, plus change, Bartok would have impressed the very gods, themselves. His lovely pink muzzle tip twitched as he smiled and blushed, his vast ears flicking this way and that, as he looked down, down past his own pectorals, to see his diminutive compatriots work together to close the huge pokeball, then offer it up to him.

“Throw this at us, Bartok!” Figment instructed, as Bartok continued to expand. “Once it takes us inside it, you carry us with you, into the portal!”

Bartok tried to answer, but his voice shook them all into a wobble of raw bass. The 310,000,000-mile god of a bat-dragon blushed, embarrassed, and nodded his assent. A monstrous, newly-altered man-hand reached down, fingers carefully taking it up between the tips. He gently, *gently* lobbed it at them, and Spyro, Figment, Cynder and Toothless all lit up into a small flicker of light, before fading into the opened ball. It closed, and as Bartok's growth surged up past 350,000,000 miles, he kept it in the small of his enormous palm, closed his hand around it, and held his friends close, as his pectoral fur and scales swelled on and on against it, warm and thick and tight.

*“Alright, den, off we go!”* he chuckled, shrugging his titanic shoulders, as he stretched the portal out one bit more with his elbows, then slipped inside, letting the boundaries shrink down, down, finally closing off as it all vanished, and took them with it.

Back on the Pokemon World, thoroughly shaken and scarred, but intact, all hell continued to break loose. Satellite feeds of dragon-gods clashing in the heavens filled every functioning monitor, as every backup generator in every city hummed to life, supporting the leftover structures and villages and islands left untouched in the fracas...until, one by one, they all began to reform, to return to shape...

Lucario sighed, sitting there in the ocean off Hoenn, stroking a vast paw over Dragonite, petting the smaller balloon-dragon softly. The converted dragon-pokemon loomed impossibly large, to the rest of the world, a great and imposing 5-mile behemoth of fur and scales. Her dreds hung down to her huge shoulders as her ears perked high, and she slowly turned Dragonite to face her. Dragonite clutched the S.S. Tidal to herself, protectively, doting on it and the Stone family and Drake, all of whom wisely remained on board.

*I...I'M SORRY I LEFT*, Lucario finally admitted, lifting even Dragonite up out of the ocean, to hug her close. *I KNOW YOU WERE LEFT THERE, TO WATCH OVER LEON...AND...I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING, OUT THERE, BUT WE HAVE TO TRUST THOSE DRAGONS TO HELP...*

Dragonite resisted, still, her gaze fixed intentionally down at the tiny ship and her beloved humans, within. Well, mostly Drake.

“Well, until she puts us back down, we're dragon-bound, Stone,” Drake muttered, turning from the Bridge windows to face the Devon President, who just sat there, his head in his hands, silent. “Maybe first and foremost, you ought to see to your boy?”

“How can I face him,” Stone Sr. groaned, not asking. “When I was so wrong...”

“You had your reasons, wrong or not. We aren't dead, are we?”

Steven stood out on the rails, patting thankfully at Dragonite's looming muzzle.

President Stone slowly shook his head, having time now, and yet, needing even more.

Back at the ruins of Devon Corp, Anders checked every monitor he could find, anything for any sign of his Leon, out there in space. He knew—he knew full-well that Leon had grown clear over the top of the planet. His rump covered it all, and then some. They should have all been ground to dust.

So how? *How were they all okay?*

*And where was Leon? Where had any of them gone?*

“Leon...”

## *ELSEWHERE*

The great stone walls shook as something unbelievably big entered the castle's grand hallway, thudding along a patchwork of countless cobblestones, each one bigger than a planet. Stars glimmered and sparkled as they saturated the violet drapes lining the walls and Gothic arches. Monstrous pillars lined either side of a velvet carpet that could stretch from one solar system to the next. Chandeliers so large that Suns and moons were embedded in its loops hovered overhead as an incredibly immense creature bulged past; it was so overgrown and thick that it still had to squeeze past every column, as it thoomed and thudded to a massive black throne, upon which it tried to sit. Its massive rear and thighs had already outgrown it, leading to a pleased huff of confirmation, as a black dragon of unspeakable stature and size forced itself down on it anyway, enjoying the way it warped and cracked as she intentionally broke its spirit.

Leon struggled and strained, even as he ballooned bigger, and bigger, heaving in messy, erupting bursts of growth, surging and swelling in her vast, clawed hand. As he did, that very hand constricted, and the five-billion mile god of a Charizard helplessly felt his size soak out into her claws, making the dragoness expand aggressively out in size.

Her hiss was of unhinged delight, as she blew up wildly, heedless and uncaring, as her long neck and head slammed up against her ceiling, knocking the chandelier loose. Her horns swelled back against the stonework above, her breasts bulging lower and heavier; her feet grew and grew and grew, smothering the cobblestone patchwork below as she greedily filled everything. Her shoulders bulged and bullied into the pillars, cracking them as Leon fed her and fed her, her green eyes flashing brighter, the larger she grew.

**“YEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS,”** Maleficent snarled, shaking with pleasure and power, as her 70,000,000,000-mile body kept exploding bigger, her dark muscles surging, the purple swells of her plated cleavage booming and stretching hotly. **“YOU... WILL S-SUFFICE... FOR NOW... BUT, YOU WILL ALSO HELP... BRING HIM BACK... T-TO MEEEE...”**

Leon growled and strained, only for her growing hand to crush in on him, taking even more of his overflowing growth into herself, until her sides ballooned against cracking walls, the ceiling snapping away against the rising tide of her stretching, shaking body.

It hardly mattered. She knew how to reform it, now, resize it. She had learned *so much*.

And when Figment finally arrived, she would be happy to show him her appreciation, for sending her here, so...so long ago...back when it was just a wasteland, a miserable void.

Beyond the shuttered castle windows, a strange darkness howled and writhed, swelling in and out against the stained glass, bulging and writhing, alive and lifeless, stagnant, yet moving, and ever-growing. Yet, Maleficent snorted dismissively, looking to it as she inflated too big, the interior filling with her, overfilling with dark, surging, scaly mass...

**“Oh, but you can't have him,”** she cooed, throbbing bigger, and bigger, as she seemed to address the fiendish mass, outside. **“I'm his only friend, after all—and I have such, SUCH plans...”**