

Professor Power is on his way to operate...Mumbo-Jumbo HAS to escape!

Even for a creature as slow as Mumbo-Jumbo, the facts were clear: if the bull didn't get away, and right now, he was done for. Plain and simple—the bull's very language, as it were. In *do-or-die*, he was practically a scholar.

Through the fog of anesthetic, Mumbo-Jumbo began to struggle, in earnest. A light stirring became a twitch, then a visible strain, as the bull attempted to fully articulate something, anything. Any part of him.

As it happened, one part responded fine.

"Oh," Steelheart coughed, turning abruptly away. The technicians saw her, saw Mumbo-Jumbo, then put their gloved hands to their masks.

"Gracious," Warden Lockdown began, the yellow alien turning away. That's hardly the sort of indecency I would expect, in a maximum-security prison!"

"Guess he's trying hard to get loose," Steelwill mumbled.

"He's got the first part down," Bluegrass sighed.

"Or *up*," added Steelwill.

"Why don't we, ah, leave this part to them?" Quicksilver said briskly, starting to guide the other Silverhawks out. He noted the tiniest bit of slowness in Steelheart's departure. "We'll see Professor Power on our way out."

The slight reminder of the professor's appearance spurred the bull on. His feet twitched, then kicked, though the restraints went laughably unchallenged in holding them, as well as the nets that were already around him.

He managed a flex, making his huge pectorals heave out against the net and straps, but the all held fast, and Mumbo-Jumbo exhaled in frustration. His arousal throbbed openly, out in front of him, but it was the only thing sort-of escaping the angled table to which he remained very-much attached.

"Very well, we shall see you after he operation, then," Warden Lockdown said, as they stepped out through the double doors.

Out the corner of Mumbo-Jumbo's eye, as the door opened and the Silverhawks stepped out, there was a flash of a tall, robed humanoid, with a blazing orange bulb for a head, and the outline an old man's face lit up within it.

The Professor was already here. He was here!

Mumbo-Jumbo's erection flared fatter, pulsing angrily, as the bull finally worked up enough momentum to jostle himself a bit, tensing up against the nets as he rocked to one side of the table, then the other. Still, the table held him fast. The suited technicians and the warden all stepped back a moment, in muted fear, before collecting themselves, and returning to work.

It was no good. No good at all. He couldn't move!

The doors opened, and Professor Power stepped through, smiling wisely, calmly. On sight of him, Mumbo-Jumbo was neither of those things. He bucked and snorted lazily, straining in utter

desperation to free himself—but the bonds held!

"Greetings, Professor," the warden said, shaking the humanoid alien's hand gladly. "Good to have you here!"

"Oh, likewise, warden," Professor Power replied, nodding his bulb-head gently. "Now, I believe we have our impatient patient here, yes? Oh, that must be him, indeed. Hello, Mumbo-Jumbo...I believe you have something in you that isn't *quite* yours!"

At that, to the bull's sudden terror, he Professor pulled out a small bag of instruments, and opened them up...

Mumbo-Jumbo feels enormous energy pouring off of the x-ray gun...

Somewhere, Mumbo-Jumbo could feel it, all so suddenly and sharply. There was energy, he could almost taste it. There was a warmth to it, nearly a polar attraction that snapped the restrained bull out of his anesthetized stupor.

And whatever it was, it was *close*.

As Mumbo's eyes opened, he understood. Technically, he didn't—all he knew was that energy was near, and it seemed to be coming off of the machine that was being lowered right down at him from the ceiling. And that was more than enough for him.

"Alright, begin diagnostics," Warden Lockdown said, nodding to the suited technicians working at the console. "Let's have a look at what we're dealing with, and be ready to show Professor Power, on arrival."

Mumbo-Jumbo feels enormous energy pouring off of the x-ray gun...

(Continued)

Suddenly, the fear was gone. Just like that. Mumbo-Jumbo stared, half-asleep, at the end of the long metallic digit as it stopped at a hover, just above his bovine muzzle. The x-ray began to hum louder, its warmup routine finished.

"X-ray scan A-1, starting," one technician said, as she turned a knob.

Delight incarnate washed over the big bull, making him shudder nakedly on the table. The bulk of his golden muscles twitched, hungry and startled awake, as the bombardment of x-rays soaked into him, feeding him.

This, he thought, licking his lips, his dark, bulky shaft stirring happily between his legs. *This...more of this!*

More was just what he got.

The cybernetic minotaur shook and rumbled and spasmed, though it went roughly unnoticed at first. The Silverhawks, who had already made to leave, exited through the double doors, leaving the unaware technicians to their task. Mumbo-Jumbo's body tensed deep and firm, flexing everything, before it heaved out, inching bigger...and bigger...and bigger...

"Again, our thanks to you all, Silverhawks," Warden Lockdown said, happily. "Who knows what sort of foul doings might have gone on, without you stepping in to put a stop to it!"

"It's our pleasure and duty, warden," Quicksilver calmly said. "We'll see the operation through, before we head back to Hawk Haven, if that's alright with you."

"Oh, I insist, so, yes. Professor Power should be here any...ah, there we are! And here he is!"

A tall, humanoid alien in a long robe approached, waving hello. He had a large orange bulb for a head, lit and aglow, with the impression of an older, bearded man's face set inside it.

Mumbo-Jumbo's entire body was afire with wild pleasure, fed by something he didn't even know he needed. But he needed it now. The bombardment of rays fed the miniature sun inside, swelling it larger, and so too did the sun-powered bull. His biceps creaked as they ballooned bigger, swelling against the net, until pockets of golden mass puffed up through the holes of the netting, drawing the whole thing tighter, and tighter against him. His feet pushed out lower toward the floor, the canted table groaning slightly as Mumbo grew slowly larger over it. His head pushed higher and higher, his widening shoulders stretching the caught nets until one trembled and popped quietly, leaving the other two to struggle worse and worse for it.

"Hello, Silverhawks, Warden," Professor Power said. "It is good to see you! Er, despite the circumstances. I believe I have a patient inside, yes?"

"You do, Professor," Quicksilver replied, shaking the alien's hand.

"And you say Mumbo-Jumbo...*swallowed* my sun?"

"He did, yes," Steelheart said, nodding.

"After Hardware blasted it with the amber amplifier, to try and make it explode on us, first," Steelwill added. This, to no one's relief, made the Professor's light-based face sink nervously.

"Oh, my, did he? Oh, no..."

Mumbo-Jumbo's body kept creeping bigger, the longer the x-ray hummed and scanned over him. Nearly 10 feet tall now, with only one half-napped net left to attend him, the huge bull was filling with oversized muscle and girth, his huge sex swelling hotly down his massive thighs, twitching and bulging wildly. His chest bulk heaved and bullied bigger against the uppermost restraint, stretching and straining it too far, making it tremble with effort to stay in place.

His muzzle grew long and large enough to where he could get it nearer to the tip of the machine's digit; once it could do so, he tip-tapped his flaring nostrils against it, then stuck out his long tongue and began to work it over like a salt lick, before sucking on it, outright.

Yes... YESSS...

The effect was instantaneous, and terrifying.

"We need to deactivate the machinery in the operating room, right now," Professor Power said, working his way past the confused Silverhawks.

"What in Limbo for?" Bluegrass asked, before the entire sub-building began to shake.

The trembling bull's body billowed out in a huge booming gush of growth, snapping the net, popping the exhausted restraints, and snapping the table off its base. It fell, crushed flat to the floor under the rump of a bull so big that he sat 25 feet tall, nearly filling the operating center. The bull kept suckling, and tingled and trembled and hotly boomed even bigger, gushing up messily to 40 feet, forcing his growing bulk to press into the walls, mashing the caught technicians into the consoles as Mumbo-Jumbo's head drove up into the ceiling, wedging the x-ray machine's long digit squarely down into his bloated, swelling pectorals...

As Professor Power went for the double doors, they opened for him. A great and massive shaft punched through into the outside, nearly bowling the stunned professor over as it grew free. The sub-building shook and quaked, cracking and breaking and crumbling rapidly apart overhead, before the topside swelled up into a crackling hilltop.

"Whoa, Nelly!" Bluegrass shouted, as the entire building warped out, snapped further apart down an angle, then exploded into a shower of grit and ruin. Dust blew out in a great wave, forcing them all back a few paces. When the dust cleared, a rather stupendous sight awaited them, in the form of a 5-foot tall Mumbo-Jumbo, gigantic and overwhelmed with muscle. His biceps peaked high in mid-flex, his lats swollen and tight and smooth under his metallic triceps. Two pectorals surge so big, so full and high up, that they nearly eclipsed the bulls' roaring muzzle. His shaft rested partly atop two engorged sacs, each testicles as big as the former double-doors. Feet as big as any of the Silverhawks rested on either side, capping massively swollen calves and golden thighs as the huge bull sat there a moment, and shook the pleasure off with a shake of the head.

That had all been one moment; in the next, Mumbo-Jumbo was leering down at them, over his inflated chest. He snorted wrathfully, and stood up to his full, huge height, and his shadow fell over them all easily.

"Oh, no," Professor Power moaned, "we're too late!"

"HHHRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUURRRR!" Mumbo-Jumbo boomed, thudding his huge chest with two giant red copper fists.

"Scatter, everybody!" Quicksilver ordered, as Mumbo took a step forward, nearly crushing Steelwill flat on its impact.

"What's the call, boss man?" Bluegrass asked.

"No chance is worth it. Get the device, and deactivate it!"

Quicksilver thought, and thought hard. He looked the groggy bull over, and imagined what so much power could do to him, and what he could do, in turn, to others.

"No," he said, slowly, quietly.

"Come again?" Stargazer said. "No, what?"

"No chance is worth it. Deactivate the device," Quicksilver elaborated, nodding to the Professor. "I know how much this work meant for you, and how much it means to everyone else in Limbo that could use the power source. I do. But, imagine Mumbo-Jumbo overpowered, or even unstoppable. I'm sorry, but it's just not worth the risk. You'll have to start over, I'm afraid."

"Goodness," Professor Power whispered, floored. "All that work..."

The Silverhawks all stared between Quicksilver and the Professor, in a mutually awkward silence, until the Professor looked Quicksilver back.

"...No, I understand. You're right. It's a small setback."

"That's very noble, Professor," Steelheart said, comfortingly.

The Professor took a small device out of his bag, and faced it toward Mumbo-Jumbo. The bull sleepily began to struggle, knowing full-well what had been discussed around him, about him.

"Don't struggle, now, Mumbo," Bluegrass warned. "The jig's already up, it's too late t'start dancin' now."

The advice went unheeded; Mumbo-Jumbo struggled even worse, caught in his restraints, at the back corner of the cell. It was no use, he was at the device's mercy, now, and that was all there was to it.

The Professor raised the device, his alien thumb on the button, pointing it directly at Mumbo-Jumbo, and the bull panicked in full—for all the good it ultimately did him.

"That's the end of all that," Professor Power sighed, as he pushed the button.

"The risk is worth it—Professor Power knows what he's doing..."

At the end of the day, Quicksilver knew that sometimes action had to be taken, regardless of how scary the risks were. If they had shied away from every imposing idea or thing out there, all of Limbo would have fallen to Mon*Star, a long time ago. Besides, this was a matter of trust—and the Silverhawks trusted Professor Power, time and time again. He wouldn't betray that trust now.

"The risk is worth it—Professor Power knows what he's doing."

"Then, there you have it," Stargazer replied, to the Professor. "Get to it, we're all behind you on this."

"Well, then, I'll do my best. Thank you all for that," the Professor said back, smiling faintly. "I will need concentration on this, then, if you do not mind. I would advise you all to vacate the cell, just in case."

The other Silverhawks all nodded, as the intercom buzzed overhead. Stargazer stepped out first, to go to the wall panel and answer it.

"Got a visitor, it looks like," the commander sighed. "See to it that this goes smooth, Quicksilver."

"Right."

As Stargazer left the holding cell hallway, Quicksilver turned back to see Professor Power kneeling down with his bag, opening it up.

"I admit, I'm still nervous," Steelheart whispered to Steelwill, as they all watched through the bars, from the hallway.

"The Prof knows his stuff, we'll be alright," her twin brother assured, as the Professor took out a strange instrument they had never seen before, and approached the groggy bull.

"Alright, Mumbo-Jumbo, prepare yourself..." the Professor muttered, as he placed the barrel of what looked like a prod or small gun to the big bull's stomach.

"That's one all-fired funny lookin' thing," Bluegrass said, nearing Quicksilver. "Looks like a gun, don't it?"

"It does," Quicksilver said, narrowing his eyes in confusion.

Suddenly, someone was shouting, far off. Feet were hammering frantically back their way, down the holding cell hallway. Quicksilver turned to the sound, in time to see Stargazer, rounding the corner. His arms were waving, overhead.

Behind him was Professor Power, looking as confused as Quicksilver had been. His own confusion melted away into understanding, then to terror.

By the time he turned back to face the cell, Professor Power was already squeezing the trigger; a small disc, a sort of miniature mine, shot out, latching magnetically onto the bull's metallic, golden belly. It whirled to life, then discharged a huge electrical current that soaked deep into mumbo, making the bull snap awake with a sudden, booming roar.

"What in the heck's he doin'?" Bluegrass wondered, as Stargazer shot past them, stumbling into the cell bars with a series of haggard pants.

"Professor Power?" Quicksilver said, dumbfounded. "But..."

"It isn't...h-him!" Stargazer huffed, trying to breathe. "It ain't him, kid!"

"Oh, gracious, no!" Professor Power gasped, seeing what was going on in the holding cell. "No! Stop them! Right this minute!"

Just then, the Professor Power inside the cell turned to the Silverhawks, and smiled evilly. In a blink, he shrank away to a mere bug, which flitted off through the bars, over their heads, and down the hall. It grew, then, into the humanoid size and shape of a yellow, blocky figure, semi-robotic, with a crown of orbs around his head and main body. Right away, the realization hit.

"Mo-Lec-U-Lar!" Steelheart shouted. "No! He was—"

"Just leaving!" Mo-Lec-U-Lar sneered, before turning and running out of the interior lobby, out the door. In a window on the other side of the hall, running up along the topside, they could all see the far-off sight of Mo-Lec-U-Lar driving away in a spacecraft, with none other than Hardware in the passenger's seat.

"After him!" Quicksilver said, when they were all interrupted by the quaking body of Mumbo-Jumbo.

"What's he doing?" Steelwill pondered, just before he got a terrible answer.

Mumbo-Jumbo was covered in dancing threads of electricity from the little mine, and it was feeding him, more and more and more. His bulky body began to swell, soaking up so much power that his muscles raged bigger, rapidly, straining the net around his body, tighter and tighter still.

"We...we have to flee, now!" Professor Power stammered, backing away in fear. "Now!"

"Wait a minute, Prof," Stargazer growled. "Can't you do something, here?"

"N-n-not now! No! It's already started...Hardware must have told Mo-Lec-U-Lar what to do to start it!"

Mumbo-Jumbo huffed, flaring awake. His white eyes widened in delight as his penis burred up, and up, and up, feeding and plumping and pumping out bigger before him. His head crept up quickly, horns threatening to tap and touch the ceiling of his cell, which dwindled around him as he trembled and grew.

"Start what?" Steelheart asked, as the cell itself began to ominously shake.

"A chain reaction! We can discuss to your leisure outside! I'm begging you all, run! Run!"

The growing bull roared, before his tingling body boomed bigger, blowing up into the ceiling, hard. His throbbing penis and knees and pectorals all bulged out madly, massively, swelling and expanding into the holding cell bars, mashing and dimpling smooth and tight and huge, bulging out even beyond them. The Silverhawks all lurched back, stumbling away. The gigantic chest muscles and trapped sex swelled even bigger, immediately, angrily, bulging up to cover the sight of his thickening neck and head pushing up, up into the crackling ceiling.

"Good grief," Stargazer grunted. "You heard him! Move, you tenderfoots, shake a leg! Shake 'em all! Go! Go!"

"Move!" Quicksilver ordered as Mumbo's trembling body blew up bigger, again, forcing the cell bars to wrap out loudly. Bolts of power shot out from the overhead lights of the hallway ceiling, feeding into Mumbo's pectorals, making the moaning bull moo and huff and moan in joy, before billowing too big!

The bars screamed as they bent out into sheer curves, starting to shake and crack at their centers. The Silverhawks broke into a run down the hallway, just as Mumbo-Jumbo's penis bashed through, snapping the bars and ping-ponging them loose, letting his bulging pectorals and sex and testes boom out into the open.

More and more crackling jets of electricity shot out from nearby lights, feeding into his tingling penis, feeding it bigger and bigger. It lurched larger in greedy gulps, spurting over the tile flooring, until the tip kissed the opposite hallway's wall, and began to boom and boom up into it, tighter, fatter, heavier, bigger...

"Get to the Mirage, Bluegrass!" Quicksilver ordered, as the lobby and halls all began to shake anxiously. "I want her ready to fly, now!"

"Got it, boss!"

The entire hallway they had just left vanished, suddenly, replaced by a booming bulge of golden muscle. It swelled to fill, then bulge too big, pouring out into the lobby with a lewd shudder. Cracks webbed out in a chorus of pops and snaps as the ceiling and floor crumbled, the bulging mass of Mumbo-Jumbo's stuck, shaking growth overpowering it completely.

They weren't far behind Bluegrass; still, Steelheart and Steelwill strained against the on-growing muscle, shoving at it, trying to push it back for even a moment's relief. They were so tight up against its smooth, hot bulk that their reflection stared them back—and they didn't look confident. That lack grew with the bull's muscle, as more and more electricity from the lobby fixtures shot out and tickled into Mumbo-Jumbo's groaning body, making the bulbous mass heave even bigger. It shoved them both back, swelling unstoppably larger into the lobby, breaking desks and snapping chairs like they weren't even there.

"Don't bother, you two! Just go!" Quicksilver cried, as they followed along to the hanger stairwell, the lobby rapidly being crushed to nothing behind, as Mumbo-Jumbo's bulk grew to fill it, wall to cracking wall.

The doors to the Mirage shut behind them, as Bluegrass worked the console awake in the cockpit, and the ship's thrusters rose to noisy life. The bay lading zone turned slowly about, to face the opened hangar bay door, and all onboard—Quicksilver, Bluegrass, Steelheart, Steelwill, Professor Power and Stargazer—all swore they had never seen a ship turn around for takeoff so agonizingly slow, ever.

"Hang on!" Bluegrass shouted, as he punched the ignition, and forced the waking Mirage forward. It shout out of the bay to Hawk Haven like a steely bullet, blasting out into space...and not a moment too soon.

"Holy cow," Steelwill mumbled, looking at the back camera readout, on the console's monitor. "Look at that!"

They all did, in time to see Hawk Haven cracking, from the side of the massive metal hawk sculpture up to the chest, and shoulder. It broke and snapped apart slowly, a thick bulging shoulder muscle emerging from the aperture. A monstrous shaft burst out through the cargo bay door, two

huge orbs swelling tight on either side. The hawk's head crashed open, Mumbo-Jumbo's massive muzzle and huge neck bulging up to replace it as the growing bull roared like doomsday, shook all over, and ballooned so much bigger that all of Hawk Haven cracked again, warped out in a swell of agony, then shattered apart!

"No!" Steelheart wailed, at the sight. In a spray of destruction, countless fragments of steel and rock rushed out past the fleeing ship, leaving only Mumbo-Jumbo, enormous, nude, and throbbing with arousal. Energy danced wild over his body, around it, inside it, feeding the quaking behemoth, who began to huge himself and tremble, then swell even bigger...and bigger...and *BIGGER*...

Mumbo-Jumbo warns Poker Face about the Silverhawks, in exchange for 'power'...

In the highest penthouse on the highest floor of the highest building in Starship Casino's capitol city, Poker Face watched. Through dark shades, the tuxedo-clad robot watched countless monitors, observing gambling from aliens of all walks of life in Limbo. His gloved fingers tented together as he sat there, spotting who was cheating, and who was actually winning, as a result.

"Table eight, D-7," the dapper robot said, plainly. "Machine AH-10, 12, 21, aisle 3, floor 4. take what they owe, and throw them out."

"Sir," a guard alien said, nodding her reptilian head. She adjusted her smart suit, lapels, then cuffs, and headed out down the penthouse elevator.

"It's funny," Poker Face muttered to himself, "thinking they think they can still try this stuff. Betting against the house...unwise."

The elevator dinged, making the robotic villain's metal brow arch up quizzically.

"Back already?" he started, turning around in his chair—only to see Mumbo-Jumbo there, instead. A poleaxed reptilian alien was on the floor, beside him.

"HRRRN," Mumbo grunted, plainly.

"Oh, really?" Poker Face said, in reply, his face unchanged. His name, after all, was well-earned. "And Mon*Star, he doesn't even know you're here? You're really here on your own behalf?"

"HN."

"Okay, slow down," Poker Face sighed, standing up at his over-elaborate, gaudy desk. "What brings you here, then, Mumbo?"

"NNNNH. HRRRMPH."

"The Silverhawks? Here, already? So what?"

Mumbo-Jumbo crossed his thick arms, snorting.

"NNNN."

"Power cells? Really? Why, are you trying to get your own ship off of here? Afraid of the Silverhawks, by that much?"

Mumbo-Jumbo was suddenly looming over the robot's desk, glowering.

"HRRRRRH!"

"Fine! Fine! It's your business, then. I suppose I don't really care to know, that badly, anyhow."

"MNN HRRN HHR."

Poker Face paused, and thought a moment.

"That...is true. They are past the Lightyear Limit, here. No jurisdiction, meaning no weaponry allowed for the do-gooders. And they're stranded here. Yes...you know, that *is* valuable news!"

The elevator dinged, and when it opened up to the penthouse, four huge guards stepped out, each from a different alien species.

"Sir!"

"Oh, stand down," Poker Face grumbled. "You're too late, anyhow. Mumbo, consider this a deal. Mon*Star hardly has to know. Now, I have a question. You said the Silverhawks are downed and stranded here. How likely are they to head here?"

"HRRRRN."

"Fifty-fifty, you say? Not my favorite odds. Tell you what...why don't I give you all the power cells you like? On the condition that you hang here a little bit, and let them come to get you. Attract them in, so to speak. Then, when they come for you, you help me incapacitate them! Haha, imagine the billions upon billions Mon*Star would pay, to have them all delivered, on a partly-metal plate!"

Mumbo-Jumbo sneered, and snorted powerfully, but ultimately nodded. His hunger for cells was driving him wild, even though he had no true idea why. But he knew how rich Poker Face was, and it would be impossible to imagine the gangster having none to spare.

"Fine, then, a deal is struck. You lot, take him down to the warehouse. Give him all the power cells we have laying around, it's fine. Whatever you think you're going to do with them, it hardly matters. Long as I get the Silverhawks, it's fine!"

"Y-yes, sir," the shaggy alien guard muttered, embarrassed. "This way, uh, Jumbo, sir..."

After they left, Poker Face wheeled about in his chair. He took a phone up in one hand, dialed, then spoke into it.

"Get footage of Mumbo-Jumbo's escort down below...yes, the bull who stormed in, genius. Him. I want it displayed on every screen in the city—boast out loud about how we've captured Mumbo-Jumbo...there's a certain party out there, and I want to make sure they see it..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"On it!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The great bull bellowed and reached out for the fleeing vehicle, his huge pecs mowing down over and crushing the entire rig and mesa that he had had trouble scaling just minutes ago. A hand bigger than the entire rig descended from on high, and its reach was all too close for comfort!

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Guess he can't reach," Steelwill shouted, before something else crashed aggressively into the canyon, instead of the hand. A penis big enough to crush over a large, wide river shoved in,

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

"Station B-12, approaching," the PA warned, though it was nearly impossible to hear clearly, over the booming throbs as the penis withdrew some, then thrust in even deeper.

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

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

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

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

"Not just yet," Quicksilver said, as they broke into a run down the lobby, leaping the turnstiles, and turning to bolt down the hallway, toward the ticket office and entrance. The throbings grew and grew and grew, pounding, overwhelming, as the towering Mumbo-Jumbo rocked his powerful, 5.6-mile tall body, his knees cracking the landscape, his shaft swelling uncontrollably huge, filling the entire canyon with metallic meat. His sacs slapped the mountainsides as he snorted and shuddered, determined to destroy the Silverhawks at all costs...in the quickest way he knew...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Right!" both said, in unison.

The floor wobbled and quaked terribly, as they all switched the anti-gravity thrusters to low, and hovered over the foundation. Quicksilver glided out, careful not to hit the top of the door as he exited. The twins followed, and as soon as they were out the 'hover' setting on the thrusters was cranked to maximum and they shot up above the rig, taking to flight toward the canyon to the North, surrounded by mountains on either side.

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

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

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

"Holy—"

Whichever of the Silverhawks had said it went flying back, veering violently off course, as the ground kept splitting wider and wider, cratering out angrily, to allow a swollen hilltop of girth to jut up and throb loudly into the skies. It heaved longer, bigger, pushing painfully, furiously farther out beyond them, and as they watched, what was clearly a single tip, a head, surged and groaned and crashed back down, so titanic that its impact smashed the entire opening of the canyon, bashing it to rubble, and blocking it off. Behind it, a member as long as a small town quivered and swelled, bloated and fat and huge, further spreading the cracked landscape out as it bulged and throbbed.

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

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

"MMMWWHHHRRRRRRRAAAAAAUUURRRRR!!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hardware, already a runt compared to Mumbo-Jumbo at normal size, was less than a mote of dust now, stuck to the bull's enormous copper neck. To him, it was just a nearly-flat, boundless plain that creaked and shifted loudly, as the vast minotaur slammed a huge hand to the surface, then another, and destructively pulled himself up out of his own huge crater. His fat, dark testicles bulged and dragged over the landscape, blasting through hills, smothering valleys, bloated and warm between his huge moving thighs. To all concerned, it was as if an entire city was on the move. A very angry, yet very aroused city.

"HRRRRRRRR...RRHRRHRRRRRRRGH!!"

"No, s-stop! Wait a minute, you moron!"

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

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

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

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

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

"Watch out!" Steelwill roared, as they all parted ways, narrowly dodging as the colossal bull's erection *thoomed* down, huge and loud, into the lake. A vast wall of spray kicked up, displacing untold volumes of water out onto the smaller islands and bayside strip. Even in a full lake, the bull's intruding member only sank about halfway down. Back behind them, half-lost in an atmospheric haze, loomed Mumbo-Jumbo. The bull's hand splashed down just behind them, only missing by acres.

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

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

"Hold on," Steelheart said, getting an idea. She kicked off of her gyro-ski, letting it sail back in the air behind her, so that it lodge squarely into the deep slit in Mumbo-Jumbo's looming penis. She glided over to Steelwill, who knowingly steered to meet her, so that she could grab around his torso and hitch a ride on his ski, holding tight. She turned, and fired blast after blast, not at Mumbo-Jumbo, but at the lodged vehicle. One blast struck true, and it blew up in an angry little fireball of an explosion. Granted, at such a stupendous size, it didn't at all hurt the massive minotaur. But he, that wasn't the idea.

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

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

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

"RRRRRRR...R..R-R-RRRRRRRHR..."

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

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

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

Mumbo-Jumbo begins to...shrink down!?

The first crack split across the hunk of ice encasing Mumbo-Jumbo, thin and light. The second branched out from its center, thicker, deeper, farther across. Another danced out, then another, cracks forming and webbing into intricate patterns as Mumbo-Jumbo's paralyzed form began to shift and change.

As the Mirage circled back around, Bluegrass switched the viewfinders on, and picked up sight of something extremely odd.

"Huh," he said, idly, squinting at the console screen.

"Something wrong?" Quicksilver asked, approaching.

"Looks like ol' Mumbo's still movin' inside the ice...er, sort of..."

"Don't tell me he's still growing," Steelheart said.

"No..." Bluegrass hummed, understanding. "No...just the opposite!"

Indeed, the only reason the icy prison was cracking was from the shift of Mumbo-Jumbo's body as it shrank, not grew. He was shrinking down, slowly but surely, his bovine silhouette steadily dwindling lower and lower.

"How is he shrinking, though?" Quicksilver wondered, as they all watched the bull slip smaller and smaller within the ice, which continued to break and snap in patches. As Mumbo reached roughly half his size, leaving him around 80 feet tall, it clicked.

"Energy, heat, power," Steelheart said, snapping her finger. "He's been feeding on anything with those qualities, since that sun is feeding and expanding inside of him! So, the opposite..."

"The cold," Quicksilver muttered, thinking.

"You said that was all of the freezing agent we had, already, right?" Steelwill asked. Quicksilver nodded. "Then...we better hope it's enough to do the job."

"The ice is breaking up, though, on account of his shrinking," Steelheart continued. "If it breaks completely apart, he might break loose again."

"Then we'd better move fast," Quicksilver finished. "Bluegrass, let's get him on board and under restraints, quick! As soon as he's up and out of the ice, we sedate him—Hardware, too, just to keep him still."

"Right!"

The process of waiting for the shrinking to taper off was surprisingly taxing. At around 20 feet in size, the decreased stopped completely, so Steelwill and Steelheart had to use their shoulder-lasers to blast off hunks of cracked excess ice, until they had carved down only enough to cage the giant bull. Then, there was the task of securing the block with straps and lugging Mumbo-Jumbo (and Hardware) into the loading bay of the Mirage. Drilling into the ice with careful laser fire allowed Quicksilver to sneak a tube in and gas the two trapped baddies to sleep.

It was bout twenty minutes' work before Mumbo-Jumbo (just barely) wound up filling a holding cell in the ship's main hallway, with Hardware squeezed in to boot. The amber amplifier and ray cannon were removed, and kept in holding.

"Whew," Steelwill sighed, fist-bumping Steelheart. "Job done! That's one bull in the pen!"

"You said it," Quicksilver replied, grinning. "Looks like we've got two more tenants for the Penal Planet! What do you all say we drop them off?"

"Bluegrass' taxi-service, on the job!" Bluegrass joked, as the Mirage lifted back off to space. "Remember, the meter's runnin'—"

The ship shook on impact, as something blasted the hull from nowhere.

"What in tarnation?" Bluegrass started, before seeing the smaller car-styled ship whizz by the cockpit dome.

They all knew the vehicle, the moment it passed by. In it were Mon*Star's cronies, Melodia and Windhammer. Melodia, a humanoid female in green two-tone punk hair and musical note shades, drove like a maniac, cackling as she steered around the Mirage. From the passenger's side, Windhammer, a muscular fish-man with elven ears, blasted at the ship, with his gigantic tuning fork weapon.

"Oh, no," Steelheart moaned. "The Limbo Limo!"

"Looks like the welcome wagon's here, boss!" Bluegrass said, veering the Mirage away from the continued fire. "Guess they want some ice for their drinks!"

"Not a chance," Quicksilver said, as the Mirage shot out into space.

The Limbo Limo gave chase, following the Mirage in hot pursuit as it left the satellite moon, picking up speed. Windhammer's blasts streaked by, missing, as Bluegrass steered this way and that.

A blast that missed the ship struck a passing asteroid, instead, blowing it apart. The spray of rock battered the Mirage, making the ship pull right as Bluegrass tried to adjust.

"Uh-oh! Hold on, everyone!" Bluegrass growled, pulling on the steering, as the ship caught several blasts from Windhammer. The ship's alarms rang out as the steering was shot, meaning Bluegrass had to struggle just to keep the Mirage steady through space.

"Can we get away?" Quicksilver asked, leaning into Bluegrass's seat.

"By way of crash, you bet! Hold tight! We're takin' this baby into the nearest port we got!"

As it turned out, the nearest port was the planetoid of Automata...

Mumbo-Jumbo isn't...done...growing...

The Mirage hovered there, above the freeze-dried block of villainy that was Mumbo-Jumbo (and, to a literally-lesser extent, Hardware). As Bluegrass put in his radio call to Stargazer, or tried to, a single, small twitch tickled out of the ice, subtly, slightly. That tingle grew into a slow, rising rumble, as crack after crack dashed out along corners of the ice block.

A snap here, a break there; more and more hunks of ice crackled and sloughed off in dull crashes, as the silhouette of Mumbo-Jumbo started to swell out, puffing and bloating, as something groaned deep within. Hot huffs filled the ice every time Mumbo's bulk flexed, then surged out angrily, snapping more of the ice away, until entire segments started to push forth, deepening the cracks into full-on parts.

"I repeat, this-here's Bluegrass, callin' Stargazer...Hawk Haven, d'you read me? I know you're there, chief..."

Quicksilver watched on, intently, as Steelheart approached Steelwill.

"How should we go about loading the big lug onto the ship?"

"We have lifting straps, I supposed we could try an old-fashioned air lift up into space?"

A thick bulge of golden muscles blew up out of a large-enough crack, forcing the snapping ice to separate. Two huge pectoral mounds pushed and grew against the front of the block, forcing two huge chunks of the ice out ahead, and casting a larger crack between the top and bottom poles of the icy prison. The rumbling swelled frantically as the ice cracked laterally, as well, breaking into quadrants, letting more and more glimmering muscles bulge forth, until...

BSKKKAAAASSSSSHHHHH!!

The SilverHawks all spun around, save for Bluegrass, as the explosion of sound reached the Mirage.

"What in Limbo was that?" Quicksilver shouted, before the entire ship lurched and shook, hard. Everything sagged lower, and then lower, still.
"Get the viewfinders online!"

As it turned out, it was hardly necessary. One enormous red copper hand suddenly slapped down over the cockpit dome, gigantic fingers streaking over it, before another hand slapped down on it, covering their sights. Some pressure mounted tighter against the hull, making the Mirage whine in pain, as Mumbo-Jumbo's body was stop it, pulling it down to the moonscape below.

Indeed, the gigantic bull was out there, hugging the Mirage tight to himself, just big enough to do so. His former size of 160 feet had billowed up to 280, leaving the minotaur only slightly bigger than the ship itself. He snorted and growled, squeezing in on it maliciously, making the ship's warning klaxon flare to life inside.

"T-that's it, Muh-Mumbo," Hardware said, his teeth clacking as he shuddered off the lingering frost, atop Mumbo-Jumbo's shoulder. "Cru..c-crush them like eggs!"

"H...H-HHRRR-RRRR..."

The angered bull flexed his huge muscles, forcing his biceps and pectorals to flare and bulge even larger, even tighter, pressing harder and harder into the struggling ship.

"He has us pretty good," Bluegrass grumbled, firing all thrusters. "Let's see if that ol' airlift idea still holds..."

At that, the ship began to pull up, and up, still of enough size and force that even Mumbo-Jumbo began to feel his giant feet slip and leave the moon's surface, hefting the mooing titan higher and higher. The Mirage stuttered, lowering slightly, shaking everyone (Mumbo included), before lifting higher, still. As it gradually pulled out of orbit, Mumbo hung on, stubborn to the last, still trying to crush the ship in on itself. The more he flexed, the more his body rumbled, until it suddenly surged even bigger, creeping larger and stronger and heavier over the ship.

Still, the bounds of space were such that the weightlessness negated the bull's hefty bulk; if anything, Mumbo found himself squeezing the Mirage more to hold onto it, than anything else.

"Forget incarceration and detainment," Steelheart said, shouting over the sirens. "We need to buck this bull, and fast!"

"Agreed," Quicksilver said, holding onto a cockpit chair as the ship rocked harder. "But how to do it?"

"We have no choice...land on Mumbo-Jumbo! We ride his body, instead!"

"So, here's what," Bluegrass said, brusquely. "There's no way I can get enough lift to clear that bull's bulk in time, less'n we throw out the thrusters and risk a burnout."

"No, don't," Quicksilver said, watching on as Mumbo-Jumbo's muscles grew to oceanic scope, consuming the landscape under them as they rose, bursting bigger and higher up over them. The bull's penis alone throbbed out mile upon mile upon mile, pulsing and pumping to fill his hulking legs, the combined girth of his surging sacs and his shaft forcing the moon's surface to wheeze and crumble lower, and lower, crushed in deeper, and deeper, as Mumbo quiver-billowed to 150 miles. "It's like a living state, down there. He's practically becoming a landmass...which means we're safer off trying to land."

"Say what, again?" Bluegrass asked, tilting his hat.

"Yeah, what, now?" Steelwill repeated, peering back into the cockpit as they climbed higher.

"We have no choice," Quicksilver said, anxiously. "We land on Mumbo-Jumbo! We ride his body, instead!"

"But that's just—" Steelheart began, peeking in against her twin brother from the hallway.

"It's the only thing that'll maybe work," Bluegrass admitted, sullenly, as the creaking bulges and groans rising from Mumbo's bloated muscles rose to a roar outside. "We plain ol' can't outpace him! Brace yourselves, now!"

Bluegrass scanned the terrain, having to remind himself that no, the moon had not turned to gold, but rather that it had all become Mumbo-Jumbo. A thigh muscle bigger than an entire mountain range twitched and bulged, swelling aggressively in mass, and the beleaguered pilot decided to go ahead and make the play.

"Here goes..."

He didn't need to descend, frighteningly enough. All Bluegrass really had to do was steer towards Mumbo-Jumbo's horizon-sized body, and hover for a second. One second was, in fact, hardly enough time.

The brunt of Mumbo-Jumbo's vast golden thigh muscle boomed up to meet them, thumping up so powerfully that it shook the speck-sized Mirage and all those onboard with the impact.

"Just hang on, until he stops growing bigger!" Quicksilver ordered, as they all heard the rumbling groan of the bull's ballooning body, growing out hot and huge in every direction.

Mumbo blew blast after blast of the swallowed cannon's beam down into his erection, blowing it evermore disproportionately colossal, against even his own 200-mile high body. His loving embrace drew it in against his overfed pectorals, thigh and thick, bobbling them as his fingers dug in and dimpled into the bulge of his shaft. Over 1,000,000 staggering feet of bovine glory spilled and heaved and boomed out and up over the surface of the moon.

His heels dug deepening trenched down into the turf, cracking the crust, plowing through low mountains in a series of tiny explosions of burst rock. His testicles inflated too big for his legs, big as they still were; the rounded masses rolled over hills and valleys, snapping and crushing the landscape flat, then flatter still, as his weight skyrocketed to horrifying scopes.

Mumbo-Jumbo's head roared higher up into the moon's artificial atmosphere, then up beyond it, the huge bull arching lower and lower, bulging out and down against his own growing muscles, in order to keep blowing into his shaft, feeding it to lurid and stunning sizes.

"When the heck's he gonna stop!?" Bluegrass asked, his voice rattling, as the entire ship shook from the tremoring vibrations of Mumbo's growth spurt.

"He isn't slowing down, that's for sure!" Steelheart shouted.

"All we can do is ride it out!" Quicksilver replied, as the ship seemed to shrink from a speck to a microbe, utterly lost on the immeasurable golden plain of the bull's single muscle.

Over 220 miles above (Mumbo had ballooned up to 300, by that point), Mumbo's city-sized hands traveled up and down the squealing, rubber-metal length of his pulsating arousal, lidding his glowing eyes as he nuzzled and blew into the overinflated tip. Hi fingers tented in pleasantly against its growing bulk, stroking it, teasing it, letting those miserable little SilverHawks see it all, if they weren't already smashed to bits. The bull hardly cared.

He was too big for them to stop him. Too big for anyone to stop.

Mumbo-Jumbo's growth skyrockets--it's too fast!!

"Fire all the thrusters at maximum, if you have to, Bluegrass," Quicksilver ordered, "just get us out of here!"

"Y...you got it, boss! Hold on to what you got!"

Quicksilver did just that, as did Steelheart and Steewill, behind them. Even Hardware grabbed the bars to his cell, suddenly less-invested in complaining a streak over his capture. The thrusters all blasted hot, too hot, and the ship tore upwards at a faster clip, fast enough to where they could all see Mumbo-Jumbo's enormity lowering, at last, instead of constantly rising up over them.

"That's the way," Quicksilver said, hanging onto a seat. "That's good! We're making up some space! If we can just—"

"I dunno, here," Bluegrass muttered, watching on, as Mumbo-Jumbo's erection sank lower, revealing more and more of the growing bull-god's abdominal skies above. As they too sank steadily lower, toward a set of horizon-blocking, overinflated, golden pectorals, however, the Mirage lurched, then canted awkwardly, as the thrusters blazed louder below, and the first of several ensuing sirens began to *bleep* and *skree* to life. "That-there means the thrusters are losin' out on us! They ain't gonna last forever, the pace we're puttin' 'em on!"

"I know, but keep them going!" Quicksilver said, shouting back over the rumbling of Mumbo-Jumbo's echoing, creaking growth, and the din of the alarm system. "We have to clear the moon, if we have any chance of getting away!"

The rumbling grew worse and worse and worse, out beyond, as Mumbo-Jumbo snorted and nosed in one his erection, hugging it so close that it bulged in against his huge muscles, parting his bulky chest muscles as he squeezed its body-length tight, and shuddered, and huffed, and blew harder, until...until...

"HHHHHHUUURRRRRRRURRRR--"

BBBBB000000000000000000000000MMMPH!!

The groaning bull's body erupted in a fit of growth so strong that the displaced air rushed by, throwing the Mirage into a panicked spin. The 230-mile tall behemoth's body exploded larger, tripling its fantastic size in one gushing burst of hot, shaking, delighted growth. His muscles boomed out everywhere, heaving and creaking with too much girth, straining his gold-copper hide so tight, making him flutter his white eyes in joy, before blowing harder into his erection, feeding it bigger than himself!

The underside of the base of Mumbo-Jumbo's shaft shoved out through the skies of the moon, looming toward the Mirage as it spun out. Above was an erection so large they couldn't see the tip of it anymore, lost in the haze of the atmosphere; below was the pinching cleft of two swollen, mashed-in sacs, drum-tight and dark and smooth, hot and heaving up, up underneath. Between the base of the penis and the swelling, dimpled curves of the upper-testicles, the poor Mirage was trapped.

BBBBB0000000000000000000000000000MMMPH!!

Mumbo-Jumbo's roughly 700-mile body quivered and blew up to over 3,000, in one horrid push of

growth. His tight muscled body blew clear out through everything, the bulk of the moon collapsing on itself in a tremendous spray of dust, as Mumbo's sheer girth bulged bigger against it, crushing it in like nothing as he swelled to match its staggering size!

"We can't get—" Bluegrass started, before the Mirage, less than a microbe now, was caught between the rising bulges of Mumbo's upper-sacs, which practically swallowed the all up in one thick burst of size.

Mumbo-Jumbo shook like doomsday, moaning and grunting and huffing, as his penis outgrew him massively, his churning sacs inflating out over his leg, pinning them to the curvature of the little moon, which he outgrew rapidly as he blew into his sex, pumping himself bigger, and bigger...

5,000 miles...11,000 miles...40,000 miles...

His shadow began to spill over the neighboring, larger moons about the orbit of Bedlama. The planet itself, over 280,000 miles in size, still wildly outclassed the huffing, shaking, overstimulated bull...but for how long, was anyone's guess.

Over 420,000,000 feet of throbbing, nude minotaur floated in space, radiating heat and groaning metal against metal, as Mumbo-Jumbo pleased himself with abandon, no longer caring about petty crime, or mob bosses, or insults to his intellect. Humph.

None of it matters, he thought, groaning into his oversized tip, as his erection boomed twice his size, and kept stretching, almost painfully huge and tight. *What can any of them do, now?*

Lost in total abandon, the citizens and nations of Bedlama could only watch in stunned horror as the bull heaved all the way up to twice the planet's massive size, blowing and blowing, his muscles over-expanding beyond all sane proportion. He fed and fed, bloating out in mass, his rump bulging through entire moons, shoving them aside as it bullied toward Bedlama's upper hemisphere. His biceps roared out against his ballooning shoulders, his neck threatening to overtake his head as he blew and blew, feeling his penis tremble and scream for release.

Yet, Mumbo-Jumbo wouldn't stop. He refused to slow down, even as his body warped and groaned and whined, swelling out too large, too quickly, even for him. His billowing bulk strained, seams of metal opening up here and there, so that light began to pour out into space as he trembled and wiggled and blew up to match Bedlama's enormity.

His pectorals bulged so far out that they pushed the brunt of his shaft away, making him strain to keep his muzzle attached to the oversized, ruddy head. His huge arms lost purchase of the shaft, so he stroked his overtight, girthy pectorals, in big, groaning circles, only to feel them both burst out tremendously, so big, *so big!*

"HHHHHHRRRRRRRRRR..."

He tremble-bulged in all directions, blowing up to twice Bedlama's awesome size, casting his full bulky shadow over it all.

Stop, some smarter part of him ordered, flatly.

560,000 miles...over half a million miles in size, alone...

He shuddered at the thought, his penis lurching horribly wonderfully tight and full. His orbs blew up to part his huge thighs and calves, his feet stroking their round bulging curves as they grew unstoppably bigger.

N-nearly 3...b...buh-billion...feet...tall!

STOP!

He pressed his muzzle in, big enough to swallow a smaller planet now. Instead, it swallowed as much as it could of his own tip, and Mumbo-Jumbo blew into it, furiously...

Melodia and Timestopper can't contain Mumbo-Jumbo's growth

Even with the benefit of space, and the lack of gravity, it was clearly getting harder for the Limbo Limo to tow Mumbo-Jumbo around. The car-ship started to strain and moan, as though the building-sized container they were transporting behind them was getting bigger.

Turns out, that was exactly what was happening.

"Hey," Timestopper said, nudging Melodia out of her trance as she rocked out to the radio. It was only when he turned the volume dial down that she snapped to.

"What'd you do that for?" she barked, nearly snarling.

"I said, hey! Lookit back there!"

He pointed, and Melodia grudgingly looked. She twitched and eyebrow involuntarily.

"Whoa."

The container had expanded, when Timestopper first deployed it, to about 200 feet, give or take. There had been just enough wiggle room for the bull to be left with, when they left with him. Now, that container was bulging out, almost cartoonishly.

"Crud, he's still growing!" Melodia said, biting her glossy lipstick. "That porta-prison will hold, though, won't it? I mean, it's pretty elastic..."

"I guess, to an extent," Timestopper muttered, running a worried hand through his orange hair. "I'd better slow him down, though, just to be sure."

"Long as I can still drive at top speed, then sure, whatever."

"I can only do a Limbo-minute, but that'll still buy us some time," he sighed, pushing the button on the giant digital watch on his chest. "After that, we gotta deal with it, until I can try again, and buy us some more time."

"Yeah, yeah, blah blah blah."

"Humph. Fine, then."

Timestopper dismissively turned away from Melodia, casting the edge of the billowed-out, bulging container in his peripheral field. He saw the way the growing bull's bulk forced the container out bigger, and bigger. It had doubled its size since liftoff, and was throbbing and pulsing larger, still!

Timestopper gulped, not caring to let it slip in front of Melodia how terrifying Mumbo's spurts were getting. Instead, he finished the setup, the timer read 1:00, and he started it.

Back in the container, Mumbo-Jumbo's furious growth spurts were building to a head, pumping his musclebound body so huge that it creaked out the walls of the portable container, stretching them further and further out as he expanded on.

"HRRRRRRR!"

"Oh, shut up, you growing goofball!" Hardware growled, choking the words out, as Mumbo's bovine

pectorals surged unstopably bigger against him. "Just give it a rest!"

"HHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRHRRRN!!"

The bull's vast shaft ground ad rubbed tight against the warping combination of sealed wall and bending bars nearer to the top. The elasticity of the portable warehouse/prison shoed, as Mumbo-Jumbo's bulging arms ballooned against the walls, straining them so far out that the definition of his biceps and shoulders and elbows began to clarify, even on the walls' exteriors.

The bull groaned and snorted and moaned angrily into his overinflated pectorals, huffing hotly over the comparatively-tiny Hardware, before his entire body trembled fiercely, worse than ever before. Something terrible was building, inside of the shaking, groaning bull-god, and it kept climbing, deepening, getting worse.

"H...HMMMMRRRRRRRRRO—"

As the quaking swelled into a terrible rumble of portent, everything suddenly froze, leaving Mumbo and Hardware paralyzed in time, even as the Limbo Limo tugged and chugged and pulled the overgrown mass behind it along.

"Done," Timestopper sighed, leaning back in the passenger's seat.

"No, it's not," Melodia said, glancing expectantly over at him. "Get back there and check for structural integrity. Take some spray putty, if you have to, but make sure the seal on that porta-prison holds!"

"What!?"

"You heard me! Shoo, go!"

"Gah," Timestopper huffed, crossly reaching back over his seat, and fishing out a large spray-canister with a knob and hose.

He floated via jetpack out beyond the car-ship, trailing all the way back around the now-gigantic container, looking it over for cracks. Indeed, several were starting to show, here and there, as the big bull had blown up to nearly 300 feet in size, straining the poor warehouse/cell beyond normal capacity.

"Stupid, gotta, friggin'," Timestopper grouched to himself, floating over to cracks and spraying the sealant putty over them, as the timer ticked lower. "Fix this, fix that. I'll fix you," he added, glaring back over at where he was pretty sure the Limo still was. As he muttered, Timestopper drifted over to the front of the prison, and saw Mumbo's fat erection blimping out against the cracking doorway. He gulped, then sprayed putty all over the crack forming against his erection, and the tiny amount of bulging shaft that was about to punch through that crack felt the tickling touch of the spray, coating it, up and down, teasing it as Timestopper warily covered the whole crack up.

Frozen in time or not, Mumbo-Jumbo's huge erection felt every tingling tickle of the spray, over and over, teasing it relentlessly as it remained stuck in time. The sensation built and built and built, as the timer on the thug's watch read 0.05...

The erection retained the teasing, soaking it up as the last of the spray hit.

0.04...

Timestopper tossed the canister, seeing the putty start to dry nearly instantly.

0.03...

He inspected it over quickly, then nodded.

0.02...

"Yeah, that'll do," he muttered.

0.01...

Foolishly, Timestopper patted the dried putty, in effect patting out small vibrations on the over-tortured penis on the other side.

0.00

Time caught up, and Mumbo-Jumbo's repressed shudder returned—only now, so aggressively overfed and teased and tormented, it no longer registered as a heavy growth spurt. Oh, no.

Mumbo-Jumbo *exploded* bigger.

For Timestopper, ironically, time slowed down; there was only a brief understanding of what his eyes could perceive, as the entire container, fixed as it was, strained out like a too-big balloon, rumbled, and then blew apart in a fantastic spray of sealant and materials and bars. The bratty villain flew back, hurled away by the sheer pressure of the release, as Mumbo-Jumbo's hulking bulk emerged into space, filling all of Timestopper's spiraling view.

Melodia felt the Limbo Limo kick forward, suddenly, bolting through space at top-speed, no longer tethered to anything big enough to put so much drag on it.

"What the!?" she cried, quickly pumping the brakes, and making the car-ship slow to a putter in the void. She turned back and gawked, not even meaning to, at what there was, behind her.

It was a vast golden-copper back, a small mountain of bulging muscles and heaving lats, tapering into a titanic, pert rump and colossal smooth thighs. Mumbo-Jumbo wasn't just free. He looked *uncontainable*.

The towering cyber-bull must have stood (or floated) at over 500 feet in size, gargantuan and shimmering, a living monument of metallic, smooth muscles and primal heat.

"Oh, nuts to this," she said, snapping out of her moment. She turned back and hit the gas on the Limbo Limo, only for a massively big hand to reach out and clutch her and the car, easily.

Before she could cry out or curse him, Mumbo-Jumbo had Melodia and the Limo brought all the way back up to his looming muzzle, where the huge bull glared at her, then snorted contemptuously.

"W-what?" Melodia snapped, shaking with barely-restrained panic. "Who d-do you think you are, Mumbo? Huh? Wh-when Mon*Star hears about this—and you better believe I'm gonna tell him—he'll get you but-good—"

Mumbo-Jumbo simply tossed her away, like a wad of paper. To Melodia, it was like light-speed

travel. She screamed and held on as the Limbo Limo went spiraling out through space, then vanished from sight.

Timestopper frantically kept jabbing the button on his timer, pleading with fate to let it have recharged enough to use again.

"Come on, c'mon! Yes!"

Time around him did indeed finally stop again, and Timestopper looked up in relief. That relief melted into a moment of shock and terror.

Mumbo's hand was already outstretched for him, too, hovering frozen only yards away. Massive fingers were outstretched, ready to grab, ready to fling or to crush outright.

"No!" he panicked, turning his jet pack on, and turning away to flee. "L-leave me alone! This wasn't what I signed up for!"

In the remaining 50 seconds of time allotted him, Timestopper pushed the jet pack to its max, blasting off as far away and clear as he could hope to get of the 500-foot monster of a bull.

Even there, alone in the void and frozen in time, Mumbo-Jumbo's body was already set to rumble again, worse than before...

Mumbo-Jumbo is delivered to Mon*Star's planet, Brimstar

The farther reaches of Limbo were shadows in the corner of existence, and in those foul shadows, dark and deep, there was Brimstar.

A red, rusted jewel of a planet, Brimstar was accessible only by a single aperture, in the shape of a huge star, carved into the planet's surface; it was into that opening the Limbo Limo descended, down, down, down, into a hollow world of scrap heaps and darkness, at the center of which stood a terrible tower—Mon*Star's tower.

The container descended first, setting down with a massively heavy *thump* onto the landing space outside of the tower. As the Limbo Limo touched down, Mon*Star himself stepped out, in all his awful glory.

A tall, bestial humanoid covered in dark fur, with a star-covered eyepatch over one eye, he strode toward the Limo, looked up, and saw the massive container.

"Lord Mon*Star," Melodia started, leaping out of the Limbo Limo, and approaching him fearfully. "We have Mumbo-Jumbo and Hardware, and Professor Power's miniature sun-thing."

"And where are Mumbo-Jumbo and Hardware, then?" Mon*Star growled, glaring up at the huge thing.

"In the containment unit," Timestopper cut in, interrupting Melodia's attempts to answer. "Somehow, it looks like, ah...well...maybe you'd better ask Hardware."

Mon*Star already looked ready to snap, on arrival. Now, he looked ready to snap *somebody*, instead.

"You imbecilic idiots!" Mon*Star boomed, making Hardware wince. He was already stuck in the containment unit, wedged deep into Mumbo-Jumbo's enormous pectorals, but he winced anyway. "My precious sun is *lost* in that big bull's belly?"

"Well, it's more like, it's in storage, eheh," Hardware fumbled miserably. "So, it isn't really lost—"

"DON'T CORRECT ME!" Mon*Star bellowed, making even the massive Mumbo-Jumbo flinch. "I want that sun removed, now!"

"B-but," Hardware stammered from inside the container/prison, "the sun is highly unstable now...if I tried to remove it on my own, and set it off..."

"Enough talk!" Mon*Star impatiently hissed. "Do it! You're already in there, so get in there!"

Hardware grimaced, then gulped. It wasn't like he could just tell the vile crimelord 'no'. So, he turned around between Mumbo's huge pectorals, and forced himself free, slowly. The massive bull snorted, shaking his huge muzzle angrily.

"Don't you argue!" Hardware shouted, trying to show some force in front of Mon*Star (even though Mon*Star, tall as he was, was merely a toy-sized figurine, standing outside, at the base of a container far larger than he). "This's caused me enough trouble, as it is! Now, open up, you stubborn dolt!"

"HHHRHHHRRRRRHRHN!"

The bomb goes off, alright...but...

Down, down, down.

In those surreal, slow seconds, the SilverHawks all watched as the speck-sized bomb whistled lower toward its intended target of Mumbo-Jumbo. The bull had swollen to such an absurd size within the moon that his muzzle alone could have swallowed over a hundred of him, the size he had been moments before. What that mouth *did* end up swallowing was the bomb.

Though less than a grain of salt in comparison, it still made it down the bull's boundless gullet, traveling through his massive metallic neck. A head over 5 miles tall pumped up higher and higher from the crater, snorting out a spray of dusty wreckage and flame, making the miniscule Mirage fly backward defensively.

"Payload delivered," Bluegrass said, solemnly.

"It won't take long for it to reach the sun, in Mumbo-Jumbo's core," Quicksilver said. "We better take off, and right now, before—"

Something muffled echoed up from below. It was so deep as to be mostly buried, but so powerful that it was impossible not to detect. It was the bomb detonating, down deep inside of Mumbo-Jumbo.

That was the moment the moon was lost.

Mumbo-Jumbo's roar was so massive, so booming and huge, that it didn't even register to the shaking ship, which only had a moment before the golden bull's pectorals boomed bigger, stretching and rumbling-tight, growing instantly into them and beyond. The bellowing bovine erupted larger, growing so fast that the single spurt simply continued, ballooning Mumbo clear through the shattering moon, and well-past its scattering fragments, which bounced against his stretching metal hide as he grew and grew and grew.

The orbit of planet Bedlama suddenly found itself swarmed with surging co-muscle as Mumbo-Jumbo pushed bigger and bigger, not stopping, not even slowing his relentless expansion. The fueled sun swelled within the bull, pumping him beyond 50,000 miles—150,000 miles—

The satellite moons all began to drift off orbit, choosing to cling closer to the evergrowing bull as he surged on, impossibly, stretching and booming, feeling his biceps plow clear into the side of Bedlama, crushing down through the crust as he billowed bigger and bigger, bashing the entire 280,000-mile wide planet off its stance as he kept roaring, blowing up bigger than it!

300,000 miles—500,000 miles—

The chain reaction spilled out of control, as moons and asteroids and debris all began to circle the god-bull's overswollen, throbbing bulk, his muscles uncontrollably gorging and groaning out of all proportion. Everything swirled and slipped into his muzzle as Mumbo mooed in absolute bliss, quaking and snorting, *still* not stopping, *still growing faster!*

800,000 miles, over 4 billion feet tall...

The nearest sun began to grudgingly tilt his way as Mumbo spurted angrily up past 1,400,000 miles, turning the mighty star into a huggable ball, then a softball in one hand, then a pebble, as Mumbo's explosive ballooning actually got *worse*.

He was so big, so musclebound, that Mumbo almost had trouble lifting his own over-inflated biceps and triceps, just to get the sun in his maw. He had to toss it up and snap it in his bovine jaws, swallowing it as well, letting the glowing speck tumble down a throat so big it would take ships a week to traverse.

He kept billowing out past 5,000,000 miles in size—over 26 trillion feet tall, now—when the other sun also joined the miniature sun. Ironically, the mini-sun had swollen so much bigger than its former that their statures might as well have been reversed. It impacted, then detonated, and the overfed sun went beyond merely volcanic. It went *nova*.

Entire quadrants of Limbo were suddenly occupied by groaning metallic muscle and nudity, as Mumbo-Jumbo's single growth spurt escalated, and kept escalating, beyond all sanity. A shaft bigger than the bull had stood at 60,000,000 miles lurched through whole planets, bashing them to nothing, or bouncing them aside, making them circle obediently around the bull's bloated sacs, each getting bigger than a thousand suns.

Mumbo-Jumbo made to bellow, but was too overwhelmed by his power, by his own trembling, growing self. Hands big enough to hold larger stars trembled as they slapped down over a member bigger than himself, and Mumbo began to stroke it up and down, lavishing on it as his 300,000,000-mile tall body kept bloating bigger, swelling with more and more frantically bulging muscles.

650,000,000 miles—1,300,000,000 miles—

Mumbo snorted and lapped hungrily into his own heaving pectorals, which boomed so big that their upper curves bumped up warmly into his chin, and kept booming higher and farther out ahead of him.

50,8000,000,000 miles—400,000,000,000 miles—

His thighs blew up so massively that their bulk pressed in on his overblown testes, dimpling the twin sacs tight, making them squeal with a metallic-rubber moan of smooth, hot growth. His back muscles roared out bigger than even his overloaded pectorals, growing on and on, as Mumbo's body blew through quadrant after quadrant, leaving no time for warning signals, no broadcasts...only the rushing explosion of ever-growing, swelling, hot bulk.

990,500,000,000 miles—1,600,000,000,000 miles—

Mumbo-Jumbo hissed and grunted and mooed out his pleasure as he strained, pumped, and boomed out of a nebula, itself no longer able to contain him. A penis nearly 2,000,000,000,000 miles lurched forth through the cosmos, so big that planets and stars alike were peppering little motes against its still-growing girth.

The space between Brimstar, Mon*Star's home world, and Hawk Haven, normally so vast a span, was less than a comparative centimeter, then a humbled nanometer, as Mumbo's raging bicep alone grew too big to comprehend.

The once-miniature sun, artificial and perpetual, refused to cool, even as its mass expanded inside of Mumbo-Jumbo, pushing him bigger, and bigger. His overbulkied body roared and rampaged larger, still, the bull over half a light year tall now, all from the same horrific spurt.

6,000,000,000,000 miles—over one staggering light year! Mumbo...was taller than a full light year!

And...he was still...growing!

He bit his lip as his vast, enormous hand clutched his throbbing erection, which spasmed and pulsed as it grew too big, too bloated and fat and hard. Fingers bigger than nebulae dug down into the screaming metallic flesh as Mumbo-Jumbo shuddered and groaned and billowed bigger, faster, lurching angrily to 3 light years, then 9, then 50! His raging penis painfully exploded bigger, a wonderful agony wracking the god-tiered minotaur as he roared, clenched, and finally blew a monstrous, space-quaking blast of seed, gushing and spraying out for light years on end as he kept quaking, kept growing!

The monstrous bull blew and blew, thick, bursting loads of semen geysering through space as he roared and clenched tighter, throbbing his muscles even bigger. His overgrown sacs bulged, impossibly, growing bigger, even as he unloaded so, so much.

120 light years—600 light years!

Swirls of cosmic vapor caressed his swelling, thick body as he climaxed, on and on, blowing out an ever-widening eruption of semen, untold pleasure bullying his addled, bovine brain, washing all thought away in a haze of malefic joy.

1,100 light years! *8,000 light years!!*

For as long as it lasted, the orgasming titan found it was over too soon; the blasting tickle of spurting seed died slowly, slowly down, to a stream, then a numbing, pleasant trickle, as an unquantifiable afterglow possessed him, and Mumbo-Jumbo finally stopped. Even his spurt finished, leaving the great god-bull floating out in the depths of the galaxy, at an astonishing, mind-breaking size of 95,000 light years.

His every happy huff of satisfaction came out as a thick, prismatic nebula, clouding out and out as he licked his muzzle, gulped, and panted again. Immeasurably big hand stroked his erection over, as if petting it in overdue thanks.

At length, the massive cyber-bull grunted, and shook the haze off, looking himself over, seeing muscles so big that he himself had a tough time grasping their dimensions—not to mention, that they were his own.

Big, he thought, smirking smugly. *Big-big! Haha! I'm...big-big-big!*

Being over 400,000 times bigger than the larger stars of Limbo, Mumbo had a hard time seeing what there still was that he could actually interact with. It was only by virtue of being far enough away that vast swaths of pinprick-sized stars could conglomerate into swarms that he could see any of their light at all. He snorted, wondering what he could even consume, now that he had outgrown all of those tasty stars...

What now? he finally wondered.

"HRRRRRNHPH."

Wait to grow more, some part of him answered.

How long will that bigging take to big?

Dunno.

"HM."

He flexed a vast, vast bicep, gladly nuzzling into its firm smooth bulk.

Nobody to make fun, call dumb. Mumbo biggest. So, enjoy.

Mumbo-Jumbo laughed, and it shook reality, slightly. That concept made his erection burgeon right back up, and start to balloon bigger again...

Mumbo-Jumbo asserts his dominance, throbbing and firm

On the city streets of Bedlama's great capitol, across its sprawling and green valleys and countryside and mountains and canyons and oceans alike, there was one thing to be seen.

The sky was gold, and it was a thing of beautiful, glimmering terror.

Reports spilled in frantically to the Bedlama defense forces, across all outpost, then to headquarters, all saying the same thing. The entire horizon was a rump, so enormous that it couldn't be seen ending on either side of the hemisphere. Scientists panicked and formulated fast, over the following meager minute, before the sky seemed to turn about, slowly, and they comprehended the sight of a penis so massive that its tip suddenly filled what those rump cheeks had, moments before.

The tip seemed even closer, in fact, attached to a penis so lengthy and full that they realized just how far away the cheeks had been—which meant the thing occupying everything planetwide was even bigger than they had been estimating.

Hundreds and hundreds of lasers and missiles blasted loose from countless turrets and manned battle stations across the globe, all fixed straight out ahead. They connected out in mid-orbit, spraying out in a series of microscopic little explosions and pops, peppering the vast bull's tip, tickling it pleasantly.

Mumbo-Jumbo folded his impossibly thick metallic arms and snorted mockingly, licking his muzzle over in a show of bored superiority. The trembling tickle of impact fire finally traveled all the way up his shaft, making him cock one white, glowing eye. He smiled crookedly, then huffed and let his now-5,000 mile tall body drift closer and closer toward the attacking planet.

The tip that had frightened them all planet-side moments earlier began that much scarier, as the head appeared to swell massively, nearing their skyline, gaining more and more clarity through the haze of the atmosphere, as its raw heat began to radiate over the countries below.

"HRRF," Mumbo snorted, as a much larger bomb shot forth into the orbit, strapped two several propellant, unmanned rockets. It impacted against his bulging sacs, making them bobble cutely from the sheer force of their collision. A fantastic explosion followed, one that could have wiped out the mighty 120-mile breadth of their capitol city. To the yawning god-bull, it was...well, he did actually feel it, just slightly. It was really very pleasant.

Down below, emergency-emergency measures were greenlit, and entire cities began to flash and burst with transportation beam lights, by the millions and millions.

The smoke cleared, high up in space. Those among the councils who warned of impending fallout from the nuclear blast in orbit were hardly vindicated, as Mumbo showed them how little it really mattered. From the far off outpost planet, the droves of fleeing aliens appeared, more and more, pouring in to escape their planet.

Their perspectives did indeed change rapidly, as the nearing cyber-minotaur put both hands on his enormous erection, and guided it true, so that its state-sized tip impacted the shaking cities below it. The very tip of the head kissed the landscape, flattening mountain ranges and cities, rivers and lakes and roads, valleys and hills, all at once. The tip bulged receptively, gorging and ballooning lewdly against the crust, which buckled from mountain pressure, before the growing tip punched a deep crater in. Untold tons of dust blew out in a ring of powder as Mumbo snorted callously,

uncaring, and thrust his monstrous penis deep in through it. The digit plunged violently into the planet itself, making the salvaged crowds of refugees all cry out in stunned fear as monitors and holographic displays showed feeds of Mumbo-Jumbo not only violating Bedlama, but getting *bigger* as he did so.

And bigger.

And bigger.

And bigger!

His billowing bulk groaned and shook as Mumbo-Jumbo heaved in size, bulging and ballooning angrily up against Bedlama, as his monstrous, growing hands squeezed in on his erection, which pulled out, then thrust bigger, deeper back in, cracking more of the topside. Entire cities fissured apart, riding the widening craters of his impacts, as Mumbo kept pumping in more and more, blowing out a giddy wreath of flame into space.

7,000 miles...

8,000 miles...

The leader of Bedlama could only watch on, mute with horror, as the former baddie grew into a virtual god of muscle and sex, dominating their proud planet like it was nothing. At 10,000 miles, Mumbo stopped, rather suddenly, and pulled his thick member out of the messy hole, letting the ruins drift off like dander into space. The massive bull sniffed, easily able to as a cyborg, as though he were detecting something.

"HRRRRURRHRHRR!"

Bedlama launches a massive strike on Mumbo-Jumbo

Naturally, when something—anything, really, living or not—is 4,700 miles in size, those nearby tend to take notice. The citizenry of Bedlama's entire hemisphere certainly did. Images and newsfeeds of a cyber-minotaur bigger than the planet's northern continent popped up everywhere, at once. Anyone on the planet knew who Mumbo-Jumbo was, already, but the gasps were there, nonetheless.

*How did Mon*Star's lackey get so gargantuan and bulging?*

What was his endgame?

Was Bedlama safe?

Was he done growing bigger?

The questions bounced back and forth as scientists and civil planners and engineers all hotly debated what to do. In the few minutes' time that it took Mumbo-Jumbo to turn his looming attention to the planet, all sorts of plans came and went about what exactly they could do.

Launch and all-out attack? Only their nukes could possibly stand a chance of even hurting the god-sized being, if even that. The idea that the bull would just go away was floated, and it sank as fast as it rose. A villain, after all, given power to crush moons, and not abusing it? Absurd. More absurd than even the sight of a 24 million-foot minotaur, in fact. Considerably.

So, plan Alpha was enacted, immediately. There was no further council, only the executive order. It might have been the fastest concurrence of orders to pass between the ruling body and the heads of the Bedlama defense forces. Plan Beta was put into action at the same time, since the idea behind it was purely theoretical, and alterations to their power cell technology were needed. Alpha was just there to buy time, if it didn't work to begin with.

Orders were enacted for the capitol city's primary reactor cells to fire up and build power...

Mumbo-Jumbo licked his muzzle over eagerly with a long, metallic tongue, grunting his pleasure at the sight of Bedlama before him. Granted, it was a much, much larger mass than himself, but that didn't mean he couldn't show it who was in charge. Besides, if they gave him trouble, he would just grow *even bigger*.

This bovine loins stirred at the idea, in particular, bobbing up with a giddy, throbbing nod of agreement. Clearly, there was concurrence on his end, too.

"HRRRRUUUUUUR," Mumbo-Jumbo boom-spoke, guttural and growling. He'd do the planet the kindness of declaring his impending victory now. Maybe they'd capit...cpo...capitu...*give up*.

As it turned out, Bedlama did not capitulate—unless an attack blast of raw energy was considered capitulation. Their power cells, massively huge and powering the entire Northern continent, shot out a blast through a series of gigantic lenses, usually used to harness solar energies for cell storage. In a brazen move, plan Alpha had been to switch their positions, in order to send energy back in a focalized ray of deadly power.

Smart as they were, so little yet did they know.

Mumbo-Jumbo's size was so great already that the tiny green beam of power almost went unnoticed, as it shot out through the orbit of the planet, and struck true, blasting the bull in his torso

with a brilliant impact-burst of light.

"HRRRR."

He blinked, looking down eventually, and that was when the tingling began. Those same eyes widened, then rolled back, almost cutely, as Mumbo-Jumbo grunted and bit his lip, snorting deeply, then shuddering more, and more...

Mistaking his hesitance for progress, the Bedlama defense force ordered them blast to increase in intensity. Scientists nervously complied, making the power grid dip worldwide as their energy network slowly drained itself into their makeshift attack laser.

Mumbo whined and groaned, before tilting his huge head back in space, and bellowing out a blasting roar of lust, as his rumbling, rippling body boomed bigger...and bigger...and bigger, passing 5,000 miles...

His muscles gorged and sang with power, raging uncontrollably humongous and full, stretching wildly as his bulk multiplied. His biceps ballooned grossly out against his swelling chest, as his abs billowed out in front of him, overfed and rumbling with power. His rump bulged out behind him, below his bursting shoulder blades and back muscles. His metallic trapezius swelled over his huge neck as he kept roaring, his thick tongue lolled out happily, as he shook and trembled and boomed to 6,000 miles...

The burst of the light was, to those down on the planet, so bright a flash that their cities and countryside and oceans were all bathed in a dazzling glow of green, obscuring the horizon as their power supplies dipped lower and lower. There was simply no way of knowing that the booming bull was actually getting bigger and stronger, beyond them, swelling to fill more and more of their skies with groaning, hot gold and bulging copper flesh.

That was fine with Mumbo-Jumbo. So far as the engorged bull knew, they were worshipping him. After all, he was blowing up past 9,000 miles, and was only swelling bigger and hotter, stretching and moaning in space. His triceps reflected curvy mirror images of entire moon as they drifted nearer to his gravity well, bumping, then rolling like marbles up along his swelling biceps, shrinking smaller and smaller against his booming growth.

At 10,000 staggering miles in size, over 50 million feet's worth of stunning, gigantic, glimmering bulk and sexual dominance, the beam suddenly cut out, leaving Mumbo-Jumbo there with a swollen, happy huff of release.

"HRRHRRRRRHRRR," he rumbled, shivering deep. His humongous, full erection nearly tapped its bobbing head against the Southern ocean of Bedlama, surging its ruddy bulk through the atmospheres as it tapped the waters. Even that touch sent out shockwaves across the seas, startling those in the region, and making reports scatter back to the capitol that plan Alpha wasn't working out.

Newsfeeds refreshed, showing a 10,000-mile monstrosity of a minotaur, where first there had been less than half that. Bedlama was still bigger than a mansion or building to him, but that was zero comfort to the panicking officials, who ordered in the contingency of plan Beta.

Their engines switched into reverse, same with the lenses.

Mumbo flexed biceps as big as his thighs, feeling them scream with tightness and power and heat, thrilling as his erection bulged up receptively, bashing its tip into the planet's crust. When another, yellow-tinted glow began to emanate from the shadowed capitol, the colossus was all-too happy to take it in, as well.

The beam sputtered, then kept charging, until it blasted forth into space, and battered into the bull's midsection once more. Mumbo-Jumbo closed his huge eyes and let it happen...

...Only to open them to the sight of a larger planet.

"HRHN...H...HRRRRGH!?"

Indeed, everything around Mumbo-Jumbo was growing.

It was supposed to be the other way around! No! NO!!

"RRRRAAAAUUUUUUUGHRGH!"

Despite his protestations, obviously, the beam continued on. The vast plain of muscles composing their skies shrank rapidly, shuddering, then lurching smaller, and smaller still, dwindling in strange, heaving pulses. Engineers reported the city and international power grid at capacity, and their storage kept climbing, to the point where they diverted the pulled power from Mumbo into a series of backup cells, each gigantic and huge, stored beneath the capitol, on and on.

The more they drained, the smaller Mumbo continued to shrink. Even the mighty power cells were overloading, so they redirected the remainder of power into a formerly decommissioned generator, which whirled to life as more and more and more power flooded it.

"RRRRRRUUUUUUUMOOOO!!!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's cries of rage and embarrassment filled their atmosphere as the bull diminished down past his 4,700-mile stature from before, shrinking and deflating, down past 4,000 miles...3,000 miles...

Naturally, Mumbo tried to back away; being so massive a creature, however, he was a ridiculously easy target to stay on. He swam back, parting the small sea of moons as he roared and struggled, only to lurch down to 2,000 miles...then 1,000...

All throughout, as part of plan Beta, an entire space armada of ships had already been deployed, rushed to outer orbit, waiting in readiness as they all watched Mumbo bellow and swipe at the beam, which just kept blasting him, pulling more out, siphoning him down to 500 miles...300 miles...100 miles...

Despite the lessening, that still left Mumbo-Jumbo half a million feet tall, and still quite strong. Even at just 30 miles in size, he could have obliterated the fleet with a few swipes of his hand, or one dedicated sweep of his erection, now flaccid, but still enormous. So, they waited longer, patient, ready.

1 mile dwindled, sadly, down to half that, then half of that.

Finally, at long last, just as their power cells and sub stations and sub generator all were fit to blow, the beam cut off. Mumbo-Jumbo floated there in space, no longer strong. He was, in fact, genuinely drained, in all senses. The 5-foot bull was, in fact, smaller than he had been before swallowing the miniature sun prototype.

Several smaller scout ships veered out, snagging Mumbo in a tractor beam, and hauling him to the mothership. The bull had much to answer for, and he *would* answer...

Mumbo-Jumbo takes over Bedlama, challenging Mon*Star

As his fattening erection plunged back into Bedlama, slapping the bull's country-sized sacs back tight to its contours and oceans, Mumbo-Jumbo felt himself tensing and gasping, before lewdly booming up even bigger! 38,000 miles blew up to 45,800, in one gushing burst of size, mashing his thick chest firmly to the crackling cities and states below, as they inflated hotly, smoothly bigger.

A vast ocean's worth of hot magma wept out around the bull's surging shaft, crying over the widening rim of destruction his cratering thrusts caused. Mumbo snorted, feeling merely a warm sensation of wetness spurting and tickling against his huge erection, teasing it.

"RRRR...HRRRRNRRR..."

His body shook violently as he bucked in hard, strained tight, and...and...

G...G-GGGGUUUUUIISSSSSSSSSSSSSHHHH!

An orgasm of unparalleled force blasted into the violated globe as Mumbo-Jumbo shook his head and snorted out great billows of fire into space. His body lurched bigger one more time, heaving him up to 55,000 miles, as his semen bled out among the waves of oozing magma, cooling it as it kept pouring out over the ocean, the more and more seed the over-teased bull released. His huge fingers dug in deep as he trembled and bucked again, blowing out more and more oceanic blasts of silky fluid, filling the crackling boundaries around his massive sex.

By the time Mumbo's wild climax finally subsided down to a slow, a great sea of semi-molten, cooling rock and seed remained around him, pooled out over the poor, steaming ocean. Mumbo thought as he remained there, pressed against a planet only five or so times his size, relishing the afterglow. Finally, one fun thought struck him, and the bull grinned stupidly.

Hah. Haha. Sure...why not?

At that, he scooped his huge hands into the enormous mound of mixed materials, and kept scooping more magma out of the wound he had buried into the planet, fashioning the cooling rock and seed higher and higher up over the terrain, until it was higher than himself. After that, he smoothed out two lengths on the sides of the front, and built up a seat between them.

After a moment, as the battered populace of Bedlama all watched, Mumbo-Jumbo finished his project. He planted his huge feet onto the planet's curvature, letting its gravity claim him, so that he finally stood on the planet, marveling at what he had built up so high into the orbit.

It was a throne. Messy and slapdash, but to the bull, it was glorious. He snorted his approval, and turned and began the process of lowering his meteoric, gigantic rump down over the skies, depositing himself in place with a satisfied grunt.

His incalculable weight sank onto the mighty makeshift throne, warping it slightly as he settled down. A foot as big as a small country rested in the ocean, hardly even consumed by its great depths. The other raised through the atmosphere as Mumbo-Jumbo brought a massively muscles leg up, and crossed it, the way a King should.

And he was the King. Oh, yes.

How long had Mon*Star wanted a place like Bedlama as a new base? How many times and schemes had the minotaur suffered through, just to try and get that bully his way? Why would Mumbo-Jumbo give up that sweet a thing, now that he literally *had* it?

*Why? Why give it up? Forget Mon*Star...humph! He's not even a speck of dust to me, now! Hah!*

A dozen minuscule satellites blipped and lit up, in the periphery, hovering like insects about Mumbo-Jumbo's nearly 300,000,000-foot body. He couldn't quite tell what the speck-lights were, until he noticed them flashing, and figured they were cameras.

He was being recorded. Likely, everywhere, now. Not just Bedlama. Mumbo-Jumbo was bigger news than that, now. Much bigger!

"HRRRGH," he mused, stroking a sky-sized chin.

He cleared his thick throat, and it shook the landscape below, shaking cities and mountains and cloud banks swirling submissively about his ankles.

"HHHRHHRRRRRR," he started, addressing the flickering lights. "RRRRGH, HRRRN-HHHR. HRRRURR!"

He pointed a massive finger down at the planet, the cameras having to zoom out and out, pulling further back, to get more of the colossal bovine in their viewfinders...until the tip of a humongous, peninsula-spanning penis began to throb right back up to firmness, entering the camera's field.

Indeed, trillions and trillions watched on, across Limbo, as the screen showed only as much as they could of the over-muscled titan-bull. It was only when the satellites pulled far enough back that they gasped, realized he was sitting on the planet itself, and screamed.

Their cries nearly drowned the bull out as he rumbled his declaration to the galaxy...

Mumbo-Jumbo's growth gets so much worse...

"HRRRRRMMMMPH," Mumbo-Jumbo snorted, blowing out fire and steam across the upper atmosphere of Bedlama as he rode its sloping contours.

What should he do with the place? Take it over? Hold it for ransom?

His bulky muscles reflected back the oceans and countries below in warped waves, curving up biceps as big as states. A penis so big it could span the diameter of a small planet swelled and blew bigger in ugly, throbbing spurts, cracking the mantle of Bedlama wider and wider apart, as he thrust his bigger and bigger body into its crumbling surface. Pectorals spanning the Northern continent swelled ceaselessly, rising steep and glimmering-golden over the horizon.

Maybe he could...c-could...

Something was happening, even as his pectorals ground the entire continent into the oceans, even as wave upon wave of the populace fled into the transportation grid stations, filing and zapping away to safety. They reappeared off on their designated moon stations, and could only watch as Mumbo-Jumbo shook more and more violently, from his core.

The bull moaned into his thick chest, getting hotter and tighter, some untold pressure mounting as he dominated the entire planet. Big as the cybernetic god-bull was, looming and heaving over 50,000 miles in scope against the cracked terrain of the planet, there was clearly something else building up, inside of him—something truly terrible.

"HR...RRR...HHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRUUUUU—"

Mumbo-Jumbo's bellowing boomed out, almost like a plea, as his quaking metal body trembled, to the point of vibrating down powerfully into the planet, kicking up the undisturbed reached of the far oceans. Cities on the other hemisphere began to vacate as well, not only because orders had spilled in from the crushed capitol to evacuate, but from the sheer force of the quakes, as Mumbo's thrusting rocked the planet harder, and harder.

"HHHHHHHHHHUUUUUUUUURRRUUUUUUUU—"

The bovine-god's lowing went from pleased to surprised, then nearly desperate, as Mumbo-Jumbo's rumbling body spasmed and shuddered, beyond all control, beginning to shock even the 60,000-mile male as he hugged the planet tight, crushing in on more and more of it as his form rippled with climbing power.

His shaft tingled and bulged, too, too big, splitting the mantle clear up its vertices. Then, it kept pumping, billowing, fattening, throbbing firmer and harder, until it hurt, splitting more and more rock away as his moos grew impossibly basso and low!

All the fleeing refugees could do was pile into the backup ships and begin departing in droves from their getaway stations, as even their nearby and farther moons were starting to shake from the vibrations Mumbo cast out.

He couldn't...he couldn't hold it in! Why? Why was it g-getting...thu-this...huuuuuuge!?

The heat from the core of the planet funneled into Mumbo's pulsing tip as it penetrated, the 100,000-mile behemoth big enough to hug nearly half of Bedlama. The heat fueled the sun within him, as a result of his thoughtless, dull-witted humping, and that was indeed overfeeding the power within him to horrifying degrees—degrees he had no idea how to even handle.

"MMMM...MMMMRRRR...MMWWWWRRRRUUUUUUUUOOOO!!"

As the ships fled, as Bedlama crushed into two, then three segments, Mumbo-Jumbo's titanic biceps split the remainder of the rock, and ground clear in, snapping that sundered chunk of hemisphere apart, and letting the core slip into the bull's yawning slit. His tip bulged painfully as it surged in tight, reached the core of his belly, and all was lost.

"M-M-MMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO—"

Bedlama vanished as Mumbo-Jumbo's bulging back-brawn erupted clear through everything, consuming all sight of the rest of him. There was a blink's worth of time to observe his shoulders and biceps and forearms all screaming out in every possible direction, exploding so big and so full that in a half-second, they suddenly were nowhere, and everything, all at once.

Neighboring moons blasted away to bits as the 100,000-mile bull blew up at incalculable speed, making his previous spurts look laughable. His muzzle was lost, pinched in between his overloaded, heaving pectorals, which roared out past his jawline, competing with his booming trapezius and copper-red shoulders. His shoulder blades burst out into the cosmos, farther and heavier, bigger and thicker, as Mumbo's erection blew out twice as far as he could reach, throbbed just once, and exploded six times that size!

Over 3,000,000 miles of raging muscle and sex trembled, twitched, and heaved again, exploding furiously larger! Entire planets started to grudgingly drift and pull toward his body, which shuddered and billowed in a hot, thick burst of size to over 47,000,000 miles, then 810,000,000!

His roar was lost in his own chest as it overtook most of his face, his muscles doing the same everywhere else possible. Muscles clumped and collided against one another, mashing and bulging and grinding, hot and smooth and creaking, before Mumbo shut his glowing eyes and cried into his booming chest, feeling his testicles burgeon uncontrollably bigger beneath him, spreading his heaving thighs wider.

There was no stopping, no pause, no cessation or relief. Not this time. This time, Mumbo kept exploding larger, as the sun within him met the core, and exploded, on and on, the ongoing chain reaction stretching the roaring bull's swollen bulk to unthinkable sizes!

2,900,000,000 miles ballooned painfully to 18,000,000,000, in one massive, straining bulge, making Mumbo's eye billow out with power as he rippled in waves of golden growth. Beams of light began to shoot out, jetting loose between the seams of his overgrowing oceans of muscle. Light shot out from his tip and rear, blasting out brighter and wider, each throb making the glowing god rush out bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger!

90,900,000,000 miles! 300,200,000,000 miles!

The planets that weren't blasted to bits dragged and rolled obediently up and along the ceaselessly-growing swells and curves of his innumerable muscles, as Mumbo-Jumbo's seams bled more and more energy, more power, straining his quaking, bloated body beyond sanity! He m-m-mooed out defiantly, shaking and huffing and moaning, desperately holding together...

750,000,000,000 miles...1,700,000,000,000 miles!

"MM"

In a great, fantastic and terrifying flash of energy and light, the heavens themselves seemed to open up. When all the power and might cleared, its release finished, a new sun emerged, absolutely gargantuan and massive in scope. It had survived to linger on, a new and brilliant star lighting the darker quadrants of Limbo.

The only thing missing was, indeed, Mumbo-Jumbo.

"To the top of the mountain! He still can't reach there as easily!"

"We need higher ground, while we still have it!" Quicksilver shouted, taking the lead, as they all flew up along the slope of the mountain's side, keeping closer to its rocky surface. "Whatever you all do, keep moving up!"

"Heck of a time to gleam with silver and steel!" Steelwill panted as they all kept to formation, only to feel the rumble of Mumbo-Jumbo's monstrous hand as it smashed down onto the entire mountain, denting a huge print into the very edifice.

"He can sniff us out, anyway," Steelheart replied, dodging oncoming debris thrown up by the bull's hand's impact. "Even if we looked like rocks, it wouldn't matter!"

Bluegrass twisted in Steelwill's grip, looking back behind them as they fled.

"How's it looking, Bluegrass?" Quicksilver asked.

"Like the mountaintop ain't gonna keep us safe for long!"

The mountain stood roughly 6,000 feet, over 1 mile, making it 3.5 times taller than Mumbo-Jumbo. As it turned out, that only meant so much, given the way Mumbo's colossal red feet smashed up onto the mountainside, followed by a great hand clutching its slopes. Hand by foot, the massive cyber-bull was climbing the mountain, almost as fast as the SilverHawks were.

"Tell me the next time he gets a hand down," Quicksilver ordered.

Rather than bother asking why, Bluegrass watched. The rest of them flew onward, in the same manner of understanding. When Mumbo's mighty hand slammed down, this time to their immediate right, Bluegrass shouted:

"Your right! Now!"

Quicksilver nimbly spun in the air, twisting back, and blasted several lasers from his shoulders. They hit right at the mountainside, as Mumbo's gigantic fingers dug deep in, and the blasted chunks of cracking rock formation blew free. Mumbo-Jumbo's fingers lost purchase of the crumbling stone, and his hand slipped out, making the bull roar in anger as his huge, heavy body began to slide destructively further down the mountainside.

"Almost there!" Steelheart shouted, as they zoomed at top speed to the apex of the slope, where the top of the mountain leveled off into a rocky plain. They all landed and huddled near, ready for anything.

"What now, boss?" Bluegrass asked, as Steelwill set him down and let him go. "He ain't gonna stay beat."

"Right," Quicksilver said, nodding. "The Mirage is down for the count, and we need some way off world. Our wrist communicators don't have range enough to hail anyone to come get us..."

"But if someone had a reason to come here," Steelheart mused, pointing out over the valley and mountain ranges around it, out beyond their mountain. "Like, say, if there was some major incident..."

Out in that valley, among the other ghost-town settlements and artificial parks, there was a massive building complex.

"See those down there? That's a configuration only used to house generators and power cores. Most of the property around here is negligible, but if one of *those* were to blow..."

"The investigators would roll right on in," Steelwill finished, grinning. "Talk about a bold play, sis!"

"It would be risky," Quicksilver sighed, thinking.

The sound of Mumbo-Jumbo roaring on the other side of the mountain interjected, followed by massive hands smashing their way up the facade.

Quicksilver was already moving.

"Right, we take the risk! Let's go down to the valley!"

"Find a mineshaft! We need to get underground, where he can't sniff us out!"

"This was a mining region," Quicksilver said as they zoomed out over the side of the mountain, scanning the periphery anxiously. "They wouldn't build that far off from the entrance to the nearest—"

"Mine!" Steelheart shouted, pointing. They were close to an old road leading away from the town, toward a darkened opening leading into the face of the mountainside.

"Go, no time to lose!" Quicksilver hollered, as Mumbo-Jumbo's colossally huge palm crashed down to the East, crushing down into the mountain with a heaving billow of powder and smoke. The entire mountain shook as they all darted away from it, and into the opening of the mine.

In they all flew—*crashed*, to the uninitiated—and into the prevailing darkness they went. They entered as a unit, but disassembled out of time as they hit the walls and ceilings and rafters, blind, and tumbled to a heap.

"Everyone alright?" Quicksilver asked, as he felt around for a lamp. There were moans and grumbles of confirmation as the others got to their feet in the dark, before another hard rumble from outside answered, shaking the entire mountain.

"Someone's knockin'," Bluegrass sighed, dusting himself off, as the vibrations subsided, then returned, even bigger, even heavier, and definitely all the closer to them.

"I'm sure Mumbo-Jumbo saw us," Quicksilver replied, bumping a hanging lantern along the mineshaft wall. He fumbled with the top, opened it, and blasted a laser inside, lighting it up at the base. The light flared out, revealing the four SilverHawks in better detail, as well as the tunnel, which went lower and lower down into the unlit hear of the mountain. "So, we better keep heading in. For all we know, being that big, he could—"

At that, a huge mass of red copper blasted in through the opening of the mine, plunging easily through the rock at its size. It might as well have been a small building that was ramming through after them, as the tip of one finger curled and scraped nearer. The SilverHawks all broke off into a run the other way, heading further in as the rocks tumbled and their lantern jangled.

They hit a fork, and veered left, hearing the finger push further in. On the outside, Mumbo-Jumbo's pinky was scooping in and digging out, shearing a huge hole in the mountainside, where the little mine opening had just been.

"H...HRRR? HRRRRRRRUUUUUUURRRUGHRGH!"

Mumbo's booming bellows and snorts of anger rattled the mountain, shaking more dust off of even the farther reaches of the mineshaft as they fled. Quicksilver turned a corner, and shone the light out over a large quarry filled with gems and metals, left protruding from the innards of the cave system.

"Least we'll die rich," Steelwill muttered, as the mountain shook harder.

"I'd trade both for a good escape," Steelheart retorted, as they traveled over the cavern floor, approaching what appeared to be a...

The entire mountain collapses--not to mention the local reactor, under-palm...

In the chaos of their tumble, the SilverHawks had neither time nor fair chance to take in their surroundings, or even their path. The pressure of the impact had blown them so far down the tunnel system that there was no means to stop or get their bearings, as the entire mountain crumbled, inside.

On the outside, a monstrous hand kept pressing, forcing the weight of the initial collision down, down on the struggling mountain. Ton upon ton of metallic, fleshy bulk and swollen cow-muscle pushed in further, bulging bigger and tighter as the roaring bovine brought his fuller weight to bear. The mountain itself cracked across, weaving small canyons of ruin, which branched wide and sank in a single, terrible *crack*.

From that crack, there was a fateful rumbling, as the mountain cracked again, cratering out, letting the first cracks sink and collapse into the façade. A violent blast of smoke shot out around Mumbo's sky-high forearm, not even reaching past his overgrown, golden bicep as it cascaded out and down along the crushed slope.

Still, Mumbo-Jumbo pushed, letting hunks of the splitting rock bash to boulders between his sinking fingers, until the entire mountain coughed out, caved in, and crumbled into a flattened husk of death. It and his hand both impacted the terrain, sinking the crushed wreckage of the entire mountain and beyond down, down into the crust, denting even it.

That hand plunged down through the remainder of the underground, into a long-untouched section of underground civilization, which also collapsed flat under too much weighty copper palm.

Said impact crushed homes, facilities, light fixtures long darkened; it also crushed down squarely on a large building with a reactor inside. That entire reactor was compacted tight, leading to a chain reaction, nearly instantaneous...

"HHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRUUUUURRRUURRRGK!?"

An unsubtle sort of buried explosion took place, under the crust, and all of it blew out against Mumbo-Jumbo's colossal palm, soaking up into it. The bull blinked, then slowly pulled his massive digit out of the crushed terrain, looking the 10-mile hand over in curiosity. It hadn't hurt.

"HMPH," he snorted, looking back down at the pancaked stretch of landscape before him, utterly flattened beyond all salvation.

That did it, the bovine god thought, huffing in pride, letting his thick penis bulge receptively against the moon's curves, crackling as it swelled out a small, widening crater into its surface. *Had to have done it. Haha...weak little SilverHawks. Mumbo is the biggest!*

The sky-dwarfing colossus mooed out loudly, shaking the moonscape as he brought up both fists, and beat his huge pectorals over and over, in a show of victory. Each time his glowing fist impacted, however, something was happening...something deeply, deeply strange...

The mountain survives--and so do the Silverhawks!

An absolutely enormous network of splintering cracks webbed out into a crater, which immediately collapsed into a geyser of billowing dust and smoke. Mumbo's vast hand crushed down, down into the mountain, so gigantic and wide across that most of the mountainside snapped vertically.

Through the smoke, Mumbo-Jumbo's monstrously vast, 8-mile muzzle loomed, snorting it all away in a huff of angered impatience. At his new size, there was simply no way for the big bull to know if he had flattened the SilverHawks or not. They weren't even bugs now, compared to him.

Still, the 70-mile titan thought, grunting as his bulging shaft tickled against the cracked mountainside, *what if not? They get away a lot, don't they...*

The mountain, gouged but surviving, seemed to laugh at the idea, at Mumbo-Jumbo himself.

...Hmph.

At that, Mumbo-Jumbo shifted his countless tons of metallic muscle, grinding his tremendous thighs against the moon as he lifted himself up, straightened his musclebound back, and forced his heavy sacs up, up along the mountain. Their terrible, smooth, hot heft ground the ruins of entire townships and roads and poles even flatter, dragging up and up over the mountain's damaged edifice. At length, the immense minotaur managed to straighten up high enough into the atmosphere that even his huge orbs dangled up off of the mountain, instead looming over it, and the surrounding ones...

Best to be sure, Mumbo thought, nodding, his chin bumping down pleasantly into his overinflated pectorals. His massive hands reached down through the artificial cloud banks, clutching both ballooned sacs, and aimed them square over the entire range...

Far down below way deep down, in the dark, the SilverHawks collected themselves, and began the unhappy quest of getting whatever bearings could be got.

"Is everyone still in one piece?" Quicksilver asked, coughing out some dust as he felt around in the darkness. "Hello?"

No answer.

"Must have gotten...knocked out," he muttered, feeling his head in the pitch. "This's a mining area...there's got to be some kind of lantern down here..."

After a minute of blind searching, with only the rumbling of cracked rock far up overhead, Quicksilver's foot finally bumped something, which skidded and bounced loudly in the cavern, echoing out. He felt for it again, on his knees, eventually tapping his metallic and human fingers against something long and plastic.

"Bingo!"

At that, he collected it, felt it over to confirm what it was, then pushed a button. Thankfully, the power cell inside the bottom snap-on segment still worked, and the lantern flashed to life, after a few worrisome moments of stuttering.

Right away, Quicksilver turned around, shining it where he could. Yet, there was no sign of

anybody, anywhere nearby.

"Everyone!" Quicksilver shouted, hearing his voice tumble around the mining shafts and cavern ceiling. "Can you hear me? Can anybody respond?"

Something rumbled again, but this time it was entirely different, smaller. Closer. Quicksilver saw two small dots of yellow light blink on, in the distance, and watched as they grew steadily nearer to him.

Though he had his hopes, Quicksilver kept his shoulder-lasers ready, as the cresting of two headlights approached, revealing a modest-sized old mine-buggy, an extra-terrain four-wheel vehicle. Steelheart was aboard in the driver's seat; she was the only one driving it.

"Need a lift?" she asked, smiling weakly. She was as covered in bruises and soot as he was. Quicksilver sighed, smiled back, and took up a seat on the passenger's side.

"I accept," he said, wiping the dirt off of his face. "Any luck finding the others?"

"You're looking at how far I've come, so far," Steelheart answered, making Quicksilver purse his lip.

"Well, I'm sure they're around..."

The rumbling up, up beyond, outside, suddenly increased, then slammed down into a sudden, doomsday explosion, as Mumbo-Jumbo's absolutely immense, island-sized testicles fell clear down onto the moon, crushing the entire mountain, driving the mighty rock formation down on itself.

"What is that!?" Steelheart wailed, as a great rash boomed near, above, then another, nearer still.

"Drive! Drive!" Quicksilver shouted, making Steelheart leap in her seat, then mash on the gas pedal. The vehicle sped down the nearest attached shaft, plunging their ride down, down at a sharp angle, farther into the darkness yet. Still, as far as they traveled, another huge and horrible crash followed, above, then another.

"The mountain," Steelheart coughed, bouncing along with Quicksilver as their buggy shot down faster. "The whole mountain above us...it must all be collapsing!"

"We have a fork coming up!" Quicksilver yelled, pointing dead-ahead...