

Supply tram car—and it still works!

"Finally, some good news," Steelwill sighed, as the lantern shone a beam over the sides of a mining supply tram, set on a single iron track. "Let's get moving!"

"Supposin' she works, I'm all fer that," Bluegrass said, feeling around the side compartment door. "Everything looks A-OK, so far..."

The mountain shook again, harder, making the countless gems and stones embedded in the cavern walls glimmer as they shook. Steelheart found the control shack first, shoved the bent door open, and fumbled around inside.

"Quicksilver, the lantern," she said, waving him over through the window, so that he could shine some light in through it for her. She looked the panel over inside, then found the right two levers, and pushed one. Something whirred to life inside the tram, its interior lights stuttering on. "So far, so good..."

She pulled the other lever down steadily, and the unit levitated up over the beams of the track by a few inches, hovering there.

"Hot dog!" Bluegrass whooped, as the tram doorway *whooshed* open gently.

"Alright, the engine and core work, and the mag-lev is operational," Steelheart said, giving a thumbs-up.

"Great job," Quicksilver said, reciprocating. "Let's get moving!"

Another impact hit. This time, the entire mountain rocked, in a single, violent *BANG*.

"There's the startin' pistol!" Bluegrass gulped, as the all filed in. The door slid shut behind them, before the timer on the ignition went off, and the tram rumbled and shot down the track, into surging darkness. A few stray lights whizzed by, streaking at their speed, but otherwise the cavern around them was all pitch.

"Wherever this leads, we need to be ready to disembark quickly," Quicksilver said, cautiously. "Big as he's gotten, Mumbo could easily still spot us, especially if this track leads out of the mountain."

"Well, the ultimate goal is to leave, right?" Steelwill posited. "No matter what, we'll probably end up targets."

"True, there will be danger, no matter what," Quicksilver seconded. "We just have to be ready for anything."

Mumbo-Jumbo was fuming, and at his size, the whole moon could tell. The 1,700-foot minotaur had covered the mountainside with himself, angrily scratching and punching at it, trying to penetrate his way in. He knew they had fled down there, those miserable little twerps!

Can't run, Mumbo-Jumbo thought, sneering evilly. *Can't get past Mumbo! Not let them!*

His entire body began to tremble with fury, until the internal heat and pressure from the swollen

miniature sun made it balloon larger within. All of Mumbo-Jumbo began to tremble and quake with buildup, the groaning bull huffing and snorting as his muscles clenched, golden and tight, shaking with desire as he straddled his thick stomach and bulging chest against entire townships and artificial forests, grinding into them all in a desolating smear.

When Mumbo find them...Mumbo...c-crusssh...themmm...a-lll!

The huge bull's shuddering bulk tensed even tighter, tingled, held...then boomed out, as the heaving monster-bull blew up bigger, in one huge, thick burst of growth. He roared and shook and closed his eyes as he felt himself billow uncontrollably larger, further mashing and crushing the cracked and shattered towns under his metallic muscled body. His fat shaft burgeoned too big, too fast, smashing deep down into the façade of the entire mountain, cratering the devastation further down with its sheer, throbbing weight.

1,900 feet rumbled and spurted and hotly pumped up and out, spilling everywhere, surging past 2,000 feet, then 2,300. His bloated biceps erupted, booming tight and full and smooth, smothering more of the crumbling mountain as his triceps blew up bigger behind, mashing and rubbing against his inflated lats, as his shoulders rolled and swelled.

His shoulder blades surged up beyond his thickening neck, his dark horns lengthening like great pillars; he snorted and panted, blowing acre after acre off of the ground, before his growth surged out bigger over it, crushing down over it as well.

MUMBO...C-C-CRRRUSSS-SSSH...EVERYTHING...MMUH-MOOOOOOOORE!

2,400 feet tingled and boomed bigger, spilling and spurting and surging messily, hotly beyond a half a mile, the weight and pressure of his rage-induced growth spurt forcing the mountain to slowly buckle and crack, great fissures webbing out around his growing bulk, until plumes of smoke blasted through them, as the side of that entire mountain began to wither and collapse in...

"D'yall feel that?" Bluegrass asked nervously, as the mountain and tram all began to shake, and not stop shaking.

"Yeah," Steelwill agreed, nodding. "It's getting worse!"

"Wherever this thing's taking us," Quicksilver said, "let's all hope it does so soon!"

Elevator—but the power seems to be out...

Up ahead, in the faint light of the lantern, was a high wall, and built into it was a tall freight elevator, by its looks. It stood easily tall enough to permit drilling and digging gear in, not to mention carts and tools.

"Okay!" Steelheart said, relieved. "Up or down, we're getting out of here!"

"Right," Quicksilver said, stepping up to it. "Which way should we go?"

"Down is farther away from Mumbo-Jumbo, out there," Bluegrass said, pointing below.

"It's also probably further from our goal of getting off-world, too," Steelwill countered. "We want up off the moon, not down into its heart."

"Sure, o' buddy, but if that bull gores us first, it ain't gonna matter..."

"What do you say, Quicksilver?" Steelheart asked. At that, another hard impact shook the mountain, making dust clatter down overhead, jittering the gems and stones in the rock walls nervously.

"Let's just get it open, and then decide," Quicksilver said, thinking on it.

He pressed the door button on the side of the elevator, but nothing happened. There wasn't even a light on the button, in response.

"Hmm."

He tried again, and again. Yet there was still nothing.

"Power's out, it looks like."

"Then up or down, we're sunk," Steelwill muttered. "What's the game plan, now?"

The mountain shook, harder. This time, small rocks began to fall loose, among the cascading smoke and dirt. The four of them wobbled, vying for balance, as the tremors and noise increased, relentless and shrill, cracks starting to visibly form in the light around them.

"Do we double on back?" Bluegrass asked, shrugging. "We can't get nowhere here!"

"Maybe I could get the power back on," Steelheart said, looking around in muted panic. "If I can just find the power cables to the elevator, I can trace them back to a source, and see if it—"

The entire place cracked deep, shaking worse and worse.

Mumbo-Jumbo kept putting all of his 1,700-foot body into breaking the mountain, one way or another. His huge muscles flexed and pumped as he raised his hips far, far out into the skies, so that his huge sacs brushed and dangled over the mountain, draping heavily. He snorted, swung back with his rear, so that they heaved up into the air, before slamming them down on the face of the mountain, hard.

Sacs so big they could overflow a full stadium bashed into the rock, smashing entire towns, roads, light poles, houses, parks, forests all into a flat, powdered rubble.

The next impact drove them all in as the mountain started to crack and crumble, then collapse. Acres upon acres of residential property all caved in as the crater of his orbs grew wider, with each heavy slap and thumping, thundering slam.

Tiny SilverHawks, Mumbo thought, snarling openly as he licked his muzzle over, huffed, then slapped his sacs to the breaking mountain, again and again. *Stupid little bugs! Try to get away from Mumbo? Not let go. Mumbo crush everything! Serve...SilverHawks...right!*

The angrier Mumbo-Jumbo grew, the more that strange heat and pressure rose inside of him, until his trembling muscles began to stretch and tense, flex and bulge, tensing in, yet swelling rapidly larger, at the same time.

Each time he released, at the peak of his drawing back, his loosened muscles yawned out bigger, bobbing against the man-made gravity of the moon, before he tensed them yet again, making them tighten and balloon even bigger, slamming his swelling sacs down over and over. On each successive hit, they expanded wider, fatter, rolling bigger and heavier over the growing crater.

STUPID SILVERHAWKS! he fumed, working himself up like a living boiler, the pressure spiking higher, the heat rising off his swollen, overfed bulk, as Mumbo-Jumbo burst loudly up to 1,900 feet, steam blasting out of his flared nostrils. **STUPID LITTLE DUMB BUGS!**

He lowed out a rumbling MOO of frustration, pounding more and more of the mountain with his sex and weight, trembling and blowing up to 2,300 feet, then 2,700!

CRUSH YOU ALL FLAT!

His body reactively *boomed* bigger, flowing out in all directions across the cracking mountain, covering more and more of it. His thighs burst impossibly big, his calves inflating, his knees dragging destructively down, gouging lower and wider over the acres of land and trees, snapping everything away. His feet swelled bigger and bigger, toes curling and digging up the face of the mountain's base, as his heels soared higher up overhead.

NOBODY EVER MAKE MUMBO LOOK B-BAD A...AGAAAAAI...NN...NNNNGH!!

The raging bull billowed up so huge that his poor metallic-gold hide stretched out in a groan of despairing pleasure, straining tight over too much bursting muscle. His entire body suddenly rocketed larger, blowing up to consumed the entire mountain, as 2,900 feet doubled instantly, pumping the booming bovine all the way up to a staggering 5,800 feet, just over a mile tall!

The mountain coughed out a single blast of smoke at the midpoint, before the crack forming deepened too much, and the mountaintop split and sank down, down, crushed in under mumbo's expanding body and incalculable weight...

"Almost there!" Steelheart shouted, going off into the darkness of the cavern tunnels ahead of the rest. Quicksilver had to move fast to keep her in the sights of his lantern, which jangled and danced in his hand as they all followed. "I think we should see the generator around her, somewhere! They wouldn't spool the bundling out so far--"

The mountain cracked, and they all felt it. It was a final sound, and deeply terrible.

"You don't think..." Bluegrass started, when the rush of dust and rock blew down over them, burying them partly in a wave of released pressure and debris, as the mountain's crumbling grew worse and worse.

Mumbo bellowed his anger out, so big and full that it shook the mountain range around him, before his rumbling body tensed in, trembled, shook, creaked...then exploded bigger, again. His musclebound bulk tripled in size, booming out over the mountain, crushing it flat into the cracking surface of the moon, all trapped and pinned to dust underneath his swelling, groaning, bursting pectorals and massive sacs, pinching his huge penis against his stomach as he mooed and kept expanding past 3.5 miles in size, shuddering and blowing out flame and steam in a hot streak of release.

When the rolling clouds of dust finally stopped cresting out over the valley, all that was left was Mumbo-Jumbo, monstrosly huge, and twitching all over, a living monument of raw power and size.

He slowly hefted all of his tremendous bulk up off of the landscape, spying the carnage he had left down below. He dusted the leftover little toy-houses and buildings and trees, sweeping them callously off of his metallic muscles, before loosing a contended sigh.

Mumbo bigger, now. Much bigger. Crushed them all.

As he bragged to himself, the towering minotaur saw something glint and gleam in the distant atmosphere. He squinted, then finally understood, as a tiny little red transport ship lowered down toward the planetoid. He smirked cruelly, knowing who it was.

It was Mon*Star's transport, there to pick him and Hardware up. They must not have noticed him yet—a thought that initially angered him, before he gave way to a nasty smile. As he stood his enormous bulk upright, letting the debris of whole colonies tumble off of him like dandruff, he *thoom*-stepped along toward the ship, feet as big as skyscrapers slamming and denting and cracking the moon's surface.

Surprise, surprise, Mumbo thought, delighting in himself.

Sure enough, they saw him, and in fairly short order, because the ship suddenly shot back up into the atmosphere, already departing the soil; only Mumbo had no intention of letting them just up and leave. His gigantic hand shot out through the lower atmosphere, snatching the fly-sized ship like it was nothing.

"HRRRR," Mumbo rumbled smugly, as he brought his huge hand up and opened it, to reveal the ship, trapped there. Whichever of Mon*Star's cronies it was piloting the pickup mission, Mumbo was sure they had on hilarious expressions, at the sight of him.

That was when it happened...

The radiation gives him a growing touch; what of himself will he touch?

Each and every hard, bouncing THUMP of Mumbo-Jumbo's fist upon each pectoral made the rumbling muscles shudder, then bust out bigger, ballooning his chest wildly. They raged out, tight and full and creaking with girth, pumped up and out so such absurd size that even compared to the rest of his over-expanded bulk, they were disproportionately huge.

"RRRRRGHN?"

Mumbo-Jumbo blinked, curious. He looked down, but his chin embedded itself rather nicely and warmly down in between cleft in his inflated pectorals. He couldn't even see down past them, they were so large.

They got even bigger, the huge bull thought to himself, scratching his head in amazement.

At the touch of his glowing fingers, his head and muzzle and horns burst larger, suddenly growing and swelling much bigger, outsizing his enormous body, so that they better-complimented his massive pectorals. Even standing 70 miles tall, it made his arms, waist, back, legs and erection all look unsatisfactory.

He blinked out his surprise, then started to gradually put the pieces together. He snorted out through his enlarged muzzle, flexed his huge right bicep full, then experimentally tapped it with a glowing fingertip. The golden bicep reactively surged out bigger, as if twitching up larger and stronger, *blipping* bigger at the mere touch. He flexed again, and saw the peak surge higher than before, if just by a little bit.

Touch made it bigger. Touch? Mumbo's touching....makes Mumbo...

The towering bovine smiled wide, shaking with newfound excitement. He set an entire opened hand on that same bicep, and lifted it. On contact, the bicep surged higher along with it, and by all appearances, the bull was literally reaching and *pulling* his muscle up bigger. Now his arm, big as it was, sagged with imbalanced weight, as his over-swollen bicep towered over the rest of it, dwarfing his shoulder and tricep and forearm. Mumbo thoughtfully rumbled for a minute, before taking his opened hand, and outright rubbing his whole arm up and down with it.

Instantly, his entire arm ballooned out to match the mighty bicep, making Mumbo almost squeal-boom in delight. He took the bigger arm and hand, slapped it down on his smaller arm, and rubbed it, making it tingle and swell warmly up to match the other one. The 70-mile beast now had impossibly bigger arms, so much larger than the rest of them that his knuckles bumped down onto the toy-sized surface of the moon, far below.

Fingers as big as his neck twitched beside little mountain ranges, their sheer weight digging into the soil as he observed himself. His arms and head and pectorals were all roughly equal, now, so once he managed to heft his hands back up, big as they were, he slapped them onto the sides of his torso, and mooed out his dark joy as he felt the rest of his body billow up, up and up, doubling in size, until he stood 140 miles tall, evened out, and utterly hulking with bulk.

The landscape below was so small as to have become flat, to his perspective. Mountain ranges hardly made it up to the sides of his feet, which clouds crested over awkwardly as he curled his enormous toes.

Good, Mumbo finally thought, fully understanding. *GOOD!*

The one thing he did notice as he looked himself over, then looked down at the minute details of the moon's surface, was that his erection had evened out as well. It was only about as relatively large now to him as it had ever been, even before swallowing his ticket to godhood. he hummed in thought, then reached down with one hand, and traced a smooth copper-red fingertip down along his shaft. Immediately, the digit swelled, bulging twice as large, creeping steadily down long his thick legs, as his sacs ballooned bigger and tighter underneath its girth.

Mumbo took his finger away from it, and playfully stood there, wiggling his huge hips, making his heavy shaft wobble and sway pleasantly, so that drum-thumped back and forth against his hot thighs. He chuckle-boomed, shaking the moon, even though it was still bigger than a house, compared to him.

Okay...

Mumbo slapped one hand on his erection, then the other. He stroked down hard onto it, dimpling his glowing fingers against his smooth, metallic, semi-rubbery girth, and it groaned with joy as it rumbled and exploded out bigger, and bigger, and bigger, stretching longer and bloating fatter as he watched the tip plow down into the surface, then curl and bulge out over it, as the growing shaft swelled longer and thicker. Its midpoint mashed heavily down, weighing his knee-spreading testicles, before they burst down to his ankles, pushing his mighty legs apart, and forcing Mumbo-Jumbo down into a huge, crashing seat on the moon's surface, trembling out for miles.

He snorted and let his feet out before him, letting the bulging manhood balloon wider and fatter, bloating out gleefully wide, so that they dimpled out against his feet, then started to force them even wider apart from each other. The tip boomed out farther and farther from him, his penis as big as his bovine body was tall.

OKAY!

He stopped, withdrawing both hands, laughing unashamedly to himself as he sat there and marveled at an erection over 160 miles long, and over 25 miles thick at the bulging center. A tip as big as an entire town throbbed over the mountains and clouds, pulsing to shake everything below as it groaned for more.

Unaware of anything else around him, the monstrous bull licked his muzzle over in excitement, rubbing his hands together in preparation (which, it turned out, made them swell even bigger, surprising him again). As he readied for more pleasure and size, he hardly noticed a speck of a ship flying down toward the planetoid's surface. Understandably, a creature over 380,000 feet tall, *sitting down*, wouldn't have likely noticed it arriving, anyway.

The small craft opened its doors, and two thuggish criminals exited, gawking all the way up at the skies Mumbo so-thoroughly filled.

"I thought we was just gonna knock off some heist for ourselves," Rhino said, a hulking bruiser of a mutant with dark tan armor and a rhinoceros head and hide. Beside him was a large android, top-heavy, with several long, robotic arms and two bleeping lights for eyes. "That's gotta be Mumbo-Jumbo, over there...but how'd he get so big!?"

"Don't know," the Space Bandit said, in his robotic voice. "Whatever he and Hardware stole, according tot he source, it must have done this to him."

"Well, forget the money, then," Rhino said, grinning wide. "Forget selling whatever it is...I want some of *that!* I want that power!

The radiation gives Mumbo-Jumbo...two more arms!

As Mumbo-Jumbo drummed out a victory beat on his chest, something else was happening, just below. Each beat seemed to push another length of mass out of his sides, just underneath his arms, until the lengths on either end kinked out into angles, from which sprouting continuing masses. Those masses inflated in bursting pockets of girth, expanding and flexing out into individually defined, detailed mounds of newly-grown muscle.

When Mumbo brought his huge and powerful arms up in triumph, bellowing out his dark elation at defeating the Silverhawks (at long, long last), he found himself beating on his chest again...even with his arms still raised up high.

"RRR?"

Mumbo blinked, snapped out of his reverie for a moment, as he looked up to confirm that yes, his thick arms were all the way up into the atmosphere, ramrod-straight. Yet, the familiar and lovely *bum-bum-bum* of his town-sized fists beating his humongous golden chest kept on, and he finally looked down to see how, and why.

There were indeed two more massively-built arms below, drumming away with gusto (and a decent rhythm) on his huge chest, over and over. He finally willed them to stop, as well, and brought up four opened hands for inspection.

Four? Mumbo thought, blinking. *Mumbo has four arms now?*

Mumbo naked and bigger than state. Not that strange, at this point.

Mumbo nodded, agreeing. The logic was sound.

He felt up under his upper arms, tickling, rubbing and feeling his own muscles with his new hands, and it made the colossally huge bovine shudder out a happy little quake, so pleased was he with...well, himself.

But, what now?

Mumbo stroked his chin, cupped his elbow, rubbed his neck and scratched his head, all at once, lost in something approximating thought.

"HHHHRN HHN."

That was the kicker, yes. He was over 370,000 feet in size, with clouds cuddling his ankles, and mountains lower than his toes, yet he was also quite alone now. Wasn't Hardware around here? He had run off earlier, hadn't he?

Mumbo scoured the terrain over, then realized how stupid that was, given how small Hardware would be, compared to him. That stubby little jerk was likely microscopic, relative to his godly height. The thought did bob his fat erection up slightly, making it nod-nod in agreement, and two idle hands were quickly rubbing it over, bulging and teasing it up bigger and longer, until Mumbo's eyes fluttered cutely.

"HHHH...HHH-HHHN..."

That was nice...but really, what now? He could get off this stupid little moon, right? He wiggled his huge rear and crouched on his flexing thighs and huge, bulging calves, inhaled powerfully, then leapt for all he was worth, sailing high into space...where he felt himself become slightly less heavy...then, alarmingly, heavier.

He again returned to the firmament, and his landing crashed down so hard into the crust of the moon that his feet nearly sank through, past the surface. Gouging cracks spat out along the landscape, shaking the entire moon terribly, and leaving lasting tremors in the emptied world below.

"RRRR."

Not enough? Can't jump?

Only the silence answered. Mumbo absently stroked his bulbous shaft as he thought on it.

Mumbo got four arms, but can't fly like birdie. What point of arms?

A stirring in his giddy erection answered, and Mumbo accepted it with a nod.

Fair enough.

Wait...Got four arms from glowy radiation place. Mumbo get more? Maybe get more changing? Change enough to get free of stupid little moon?

He looked down, down at the glowing little green pit, the trailing radiation still burning away. At his size, it seemed to do nothing further to him, but he was standing a little far away from it. Perhaps if he got closer to it again...

"Take the left!"

"Take the left!" Quicksilver ordered, fast, so quick in fact that no time was allowed for Steelheart to argue it.

"Right, Ah, I mean, okay!"

She yanked the wheel, and the buggy lurched a hard left, just as the fork zoomed toward them at top speed. They veered down the path, their ride bouncing as the cavern floor grew wilder and bumpier, jostling them into a rattling frenzy, all as the ceiling of their section of the shaft cracked and bled rock and dust overhead, collapsing deeper on itself as they fled.

"Where are we g-go-oing?" Steelheart shouted over the escalating roar.

"Forward!" Quicksilver shouted back. "T-that-hat's all we g-g-got!"

The darkness yawned on ahead, as the buggy bounced up off the shaft flooring, nearly smacking into a low-jutting rafter. They landed bad and the vehicle swerved right, forcing Steelheart to course-correct as the shaft opened up into a vast pit, so that they nearly swerved clear off of the remaining little bridge of natural rock, and out over the abyss.

"Holy!" she hollered, almost bounced out of her seat, her death-grip on the wheel increasing as the cavern ceiling snapped apart and collapsed further down toward them, overhead, loosing falling stalactites left and right. One crashed directly ahead, forcing the buggy to vault the crumbling gap. When the buggy didn't quite make it, they switched tacks:

"JUMP!"

Both of the SilverHawks leapt into flight, trying to move forward as they flew, their cybernetic wings already fully extended.

Dodging falling boulders in the dark suddenly paled in comparison to the reminder that the entire cave itself was cracking apart, shoving deeper down with ugly, crashing lurches, until the ceiling gave out and tumbled down into a wild spray of boulder and rock and dirt, hammering the both of them down, down into a full-on tumble, all the way into the abyss.

Steelwill helped Bluegrass along, the two of the hobbling up a separate mine shaft, before they both felt the entire mountain collapse further down, crushing flatter and heavier under Mumbo's intruding, range-smothering sacs.

"Well, buddy," Bluegrass coughed, as the rumbling grew too great, and the ceiling caved and started to slip at odd angles, heaving down closer to them. "Guess this's it!"

"If we don't make it, the others will stop Mumbo!" Steelwill said, determined, even in the face of oncoming annihilation. "I know it—"

With that, Mumbo-Jumbo's 5-mile wide testicles mashed down across the crumbling surface of Luna, bashing everything flat under their metallic, smooth, heated bulk.

The massive minotaur shuddered at the idea that he had finally done it, and in such style. He huffed pleasantly, dusting his thick muscles off causally, before a terrible, rumbling tingle filled his stretching, groaning body, more and more and more and more...

Finally, he sighed, rumbling happily, as the pleasure and dizzying power built too big to contain. *Finally, stupid SilverHawks are gone. Get the rest taken care of, later. Humph, They not stop Mumbo. No one stop Mumbo, ever, ever again...*

With that, the hulking bovine gasped and panted, starting to balloon up bigger and bigger, lurching in messy, bloated spurts of burning growth. His hid stretched as he moaned lowly and trembled, boom-doubling bigger...and bigger...and BIGGER...AND BIGGER...

AND BIGGER...

AND BIGGER...

AND BIGGER...

"Take the right!"

The buggy rattled toward the fork, its headlight bouncing up and down through the rushing darkness, until the fork was right upon them. It was pitch black either way, and neither looked promising.

"Which way?" Steelheart shouted, as the rumbling of the collapsing ceiling filled the air with dust and snapped rock.

"Take the right!" Quicksilver ordered, pointing on reflex.

With no time for committee, Steelheart yanked a hard right on the wheel, forcing the buggy to veer off up the steadily rising slope of the corridor. The way was hardly smooth, as the ground beneath them shuddered and shook, making the wheels bump and bounce, even leaving the floor here and there.

"It's like the whole place is caving in, from the top!" Steelheart said, trying to speak over the roar of the collapse around them. "What's going on, you think?"

"Got to be Mumbo-Jumbo!" Quicksilver said, as they jostled and scraped a corridor wall, climbing higher still. "He must be trying to bring the whole mountain down!"

"Well, it won't work," Steelheart growled, revving the vehicle up faster.

The corridor wound further right, higher up, and in a flash there were two other forms in view, suddenly illuminated in the glare of the headlights, just up ahead. There were arms and legs, metallic, familiar—

"Bluegrass! Steelwill!" Quicksilver shouted, as Steelheart slammed the brakes, forcing the buggy to skid loudly. Both the surprised SilverHawks parted ways, letting the buggy and its passengers squeal by, before rocking to an ungainly stop.

"Hop on!" Steelheart shouted, as the cavern shook harder above them, the sound of some great and epic crumbling getting closer and closer.

"We're already on it, sis!" Steelwill shouted, strapping into the buggy's backseat along with a thankful Bluegrass.

"Home, Jeeves!" Bluegrass said, as Steelheart revved the buggy, and hit the gas pedal, pinning it to the flooring.

"Already on it!"

"We thought y'all must've been goners," Bluegrass said, sighing the words out in relief. "We were hoofin' it!"

"Oh, don't mention hooves!" Steelheart moaned, as the corridor wound and twisted, forcing her to swerve left, then right, then left again, all on a dime.

"Mumbo doesn't have actual hooves, sis," Steelwill corrected. She shot him a look that made him wish she had shot a laser, instead.

"We're not out of the soup yet!" Quicksilver warned, as they all looked ahead to see the corridor

opening back up to a larger system of tunnels and natural bridges. A series of pale, flickering light fixtures glowed here and there, illuminating that section of the system, surely leftover from the mining days.

"Which way?" she shouted, seeing all of them ahead.

"Up! Anything up!"

A great, booming MOO echoed from everywhere, as though the sky had become angry with their continued survival. The ceiling cracked further, overhead, stalactites beginning to break and tumble down around them; in seconds, the ceiling itself napped apart into a series of huge boulders, which angled, caught, and slid lower, lower, and lower over them.

"Come on, come on," Steelheart growled, as the buggy rumbled and bounced along the narrowing bridge, teetering over the abyssal chasm below. Up the next corridor they shot, like a skipping stone over water, bounding, bumping and bouncing up, up along its path, until a bright light flashed in the nearing distance.

"Light!" Steelwill shouted, whooping. "Come on, sis!"

"I got it!"

The light swelled as they sped faster, pushing the shining vehicle's engine to its brink. The ceiling crushed down lower, snapping rafters, which sagged and swung low, narrowly missing the buggy as the entire corridor crunched lower to them, then lower still. Steelheart shut her eyes and braced along with the other three as the buggy screamed up off of the path, and flew headlong into the light.

The buggy screeched to a stop, nearly bucking Bluegrass off, and the crumbling of the mountain grew that much more terrible as something, or everything near them, was heard crunching flat, then smashing and crashing down, down below them, into the moon's crust. A vast volley of dust started to blow through, before a light beeped nearby, and a thick iron door could be heard slamming shut.

When all the noise and fury finally passed, and all was quiet and the dust had started to clear, the foursome found themselves sitting in the buggy, its engine smoldering and worn out.

"I don't hear any further doom, out there," Bluegrass mumbled, finally opening one eye. "Y'think we made it okay?"

"I think the mountain actually collapsed under Mumbo-Jumbo," Steelwill said, cautiously. "From the sounds of it, we ended up somewhere just beyond the impact point."

"Point is, we made it," Quicksilver said, dusting his armor off slowly, as they all stood (shaking) and departed the wrecked buggy. "Now, to find out where he ended up..."

Mumbo-Jumbo emerges, and they try to divert his approach...

The tremors only grew more intense, meaning Quicksilver and Steelwill were only growing more nervous as the minutes unhappily passed.

"Something tells me we aren't going to make it to even half an hour, at this rate," Steelwill said, slowly. "What about you, Quicksilver?"

"I don't know how it all looks, yet...but I can tell you how it *sounds*."

"Yeah."

The lake waters trembled anxiously as a bigger tremor hit. Thoughts of Mumbo-Jumbo suddenly standing up over the canyons themselves, all muscle and doom, filled their thoughts. After the following tremor, Quicksilver looked out across the bay section of the town.

"This was clearly the more luxurious, tourist-y area," he muttered, thinking. "What could be here, that we could use to delay him? Something that could...distract him?"

"Tourists, huh?" Steelwill said, looking down the bay area streets; down a few blocks was a massive resort, with its own theme park attached. "You ever play tourist with your family, back in the day?"

Quicksilver blinked, pausing.

"A few times. Sure. Why?"

"Ever see those holographic parades?"

Quicksilver looked down the same trip, and started to end up on roughly the same page.

"Let's see if we can get some power running, and try it out!"

Mumbo-Jumbo growled, grumbling and grouching to himself sourly, as he forced his 440-foot body up over the topsides of the canyon system. Every few relative yards, the hug bull would snag an arm against a spire tall and thick enough that he couldn't immediately break it. Climbing up over them was difficult, even at his new size.

Stupid canyons, Mumbo sulked, snorting out his anger as he forced one big hand up over the canyon, pulling himself higher up, only to have to kick a few more spires loose that had snagged his feet. *Stupid dumb rocks! Smash through them when bigger. Heh. Bigger...*

He had awaited another much-wanted growth spurt, but another had yet to come to him. Only the anticipation of the next thrilling increase kept his mood in check as he teetered up onto the flat-top of the canyon, then start to stand up to his mighty full height and walk...

...only for his sheer weight to make a section of the edge snap off and break. He pitched all that golden-copper muscle wildly, unable to correct, and tumbled back-first down into the spires he had crawled out of, crashing with such intensity that it shook everything around him, including the lake, including the bay around its borders, beyond the canyons...

"Okay, the generators are fueled up," Steelwill said, tossing a few emptied canisters, and helping Quicksilver slide several unboxed power cells into the system console. "That should do it, for at least a little while, for this sector of the bay grid."

"Let's find out," Quicksilver replied, throwing several switches, and clicking a few glowing buttons. "Who do we want for our parade? There's a giraffe...a shark..."

"Nevermind that, Quicksilver," Steelwill said, cutting him off. "What we need is the controls for the hologram size parameters..."

Mumbo-Jumbo let the pebbles and dirt clatter down onto his broad muscles, the bull having landed upside-down in a pile of snapped, devastated spires, leaving him half-buried in rubble and smoke, down in the canyon.

"HRRRRRR. RRRRRRRHRRRRRRR!!"

STUPID CANYON, Mumbo growled, starting to explode with anger and embarrassment. *STUPIDSTUPIDSTUPID! CRUSH IT...CRUSH IT ALL!*

At that, the infuriated bovine roared and exploded up in a spray of rock of debris, throbbing up larger and stronger as he stood. He flexed everything in raw rage, bellowing and bulking up thicker and heavier and wider, as his head and muzzle pushed higher into the air. His erection swung up firm, pumping with pressure and power alike as he surged up to 470 feet, then 490 feet.

SMASHSMASHSMASHSMASH!

Mumbo billowed up with muscles, swinging his foot high up, and smashing it down wrathfully on the canyon itself, actually managing to crush a section of it to ruin. He stormed forward, bloating up past 520 feet, smashing foot-by-foot down onto ancient moon rock, and bashing it all flat as he surged forward, demolishing more and more, until he spilled out and sank waist-high into the sudden lake before him. Another step, and the roaring bull tumbled all the way in, gurgling and spray water in shock.

The vibrations rocked the bay, including the control room of the abandoned resort, where Quicksilver and Steelwill looked up from the console and its screens.

"Uh-oh," Steelwill gulped. "I know what that means. How long has it been?"

"Only twenty-four minutes," Quicksilver sighed, typing out commands on the keyboard faster. "I think the holographic dimension output listing is...here! Okay!"

Mumbo-Jumbo emerged from the lake, bobbing up to his upper pectorals, shaking water off of his

enormous head. The 600-foot giant snorted in anger and confusion, before looking out across one side of the lake, as he saw a sight that made even him balk in total shock...

Mumbo-Jumbo emerges, and they hide, trying to let the bull pass them along

When the next tremor hit, something hit with it—namely, Mumbo-Jumbo.

Both Quicksilver and Steelwill stepped back at the sight of the canyon cracking deep, splintering out into a crisscrossing web of breakage, before the entire face of the canyon walls, on their end, sloughed off, smashing wide-open as the gigantic bovine crashed through, headlong.

"No way!" Steelwill shouted, backing further off, as the now-550-foot giant of a minotaur burst through, flinging rock everywhere as he stepped forward, found water, and tumbled with a startled bellow of anger down into the lake.

"Move!" Quicksilver said, running back around to the side of the building. Steelwill followed, narrowly avoiding any possible line of sight as Mumbo's huge head broke back up over the surface of the lake, his golden muzzle spewing geysers of steamed water.

"HRRRRRRRRRGHRNggggglggrrrgl"

In his massive-sized thrashing, Mumbo sank back down yet again, his leftover momentum making him stumble toward the deepest point at the center of the lake. Water blasted up over the docks and piers along the bay-front property, washing out over the concrete and ground. It flooded out briefly under Steelwill's feet as he rounded the side of the garage and joined Quicksilver, who banged on the window, drawing Steelheart and Bluegrass's attention from their welding work on the ship inside.

Quicksilver motioned for total quiet, throwing both his arms out, then putting a single finger up to his mouth. He pointed out to the lake, making Steelheart and Bluegrass both clench up in understanding and fear.

"Not a sound," he muttered near-silently to Steelwill, who nodded, wide-eyed, just as they all heard Mumbo's bulky body surge back up from the center of the lake.

Water rushed out over the area yet again as Mumbo-Jumbo came down from his panic, and started to bob in the water, looking around. He snorted powerfully, blasting more water free, before grunting and paddling in huge, sweeping motions, swimming forward slowly. His eyes narrowed, angrily scouring and scanning the tiny buildings and piers over.

It took little to no time, at the bull's size, for him to coast quietly by the bay-front area, past a nearby resort and park, past the most luxuriant of waterfront mansions and houses and bistros. He cautiously eyed every single abandoned building over, huffing here and there.

Steelwill gulped, and worried for a moment that even the slight gesture would somehow be heard. He and Quicksilver stayed flat to the exterior wall of the station garage, unblinking, silent and waiting in mute agony.

Mumbo's chest and shoulders began to rise from the water as his huge feet finally found purchase at shallower levels of the lake, allowing him to walk, somewhat. Even those diminished impacts still shook the area slightly, as more and more of his weight went unchecked by buoyancy. His enormous shaft swatted through the water, batting large schools of very confused fish out of the way, as he kept spying the area over, growling lowly, certain that they hadn't gotten too far from him.

Ship was damaged, Mumbo thought to himself. Puny little SilverHawks not get that far. Mumbo too

quick. Too big. Heh.

The notion, still fresh, made Mumbo's erection bulge fat and huge, throbbing happily and hotly in the water below.

But where?

He sniffed the air, but caught only the lake's scent.

Hiding. They hide.

A sort of foul stalemate arose as Mumbo stood partly up in the lake, watching the buildings intently. Not knowing, but knowing.

Steelwill nearly jumped as Mumbo purposefully roared, as though he were about to charge, but Quicksilver pinned him against the wall with his arm, shaking his head.

When nothing responded or cried out, Mumbo narrowed his eyes. He licked his muzzle over, thinking, before ultimately raising both huge hands in the lake water. He brought them back, then shot them out, blasting a wave of water out of the lake, and over the small bay area, washing out the buildings and roads and light poles and benches, everything, all at once.

The water was a puddle splash to Mumbo-Jumbo, but to the trapped SilverHawks, it was a tidal wave. Water battered the station as Bluegrass and Steelheart braced together, and Steelwill found himself grabbing Quicksilver's arm to keep the water from washing him out into the open road.

With nothing flushed out into the open, Mumbo began to grow increasingly agitated.

They really gone?

He growled a rumbling, huge growl in his thick, muscled throat, and snorted out his frustration.

Stupid to play around. Be sure!

With that, Mumbo-Jumbo stormed closer and closer to the bay edge of the lake, able to walk up out of the water a little more, and a little more. When he was waist-high up above the surface, Mumbo brought both powerful, enormously-muscled arms up high over his head and horns, preparing to strike down on the bay itself.

If here...then wipe 'here' out!

Nothing!? They got away!

Nothing. No SilverHawks. Just his own open red palm, wet and shining.

"HRRRR?"

Mumbo looked up, seeing only the lessening waves on the lake. He looked over to one side, seeing the continuation of the canyon and mountain walls, then looked right, to the abandoned bay area township bordering the lake. Wherever he looked, the SilverHawks were not there. The flies had escaped. *Again.*

Something snapped, suddenly, at the back of Mumbo's brain, and a thunderbolt of blind rage exploded inside, filling it beyond all rational capacity. The huge bull bellow-boomed in absolute rage, and his 600-foot body, powerful yet wedged and trapped in between the canyon walls and spires, suddenly began to tremble all over.

No, Mumbo thought, the only thing that made it through the blinding flash of raw anger and humiliation. NO! NO! NONONONONONONONONONONONONONONNNNNNNNN

All that swollen metal muscle began to tense up painfully tight, then swell, expanding angrily outward. Humongous bovine biceps creaked and inflated even larger, stretching and bulging and grinding into the cracking walls, as his thick neck boomed out even bigger, smashing out against his ballooning red shoulders and raging, rising back muscles, up above.

600 feet blew up messily, awkwardly, to 640 feet...690 feet...750 feet...

NNNN-NNN-N000-00000000000000000000000000000000!!

...

The mooing titan's course, raging bellow shook the air, making the SilverHawks all look back in fear. They had taken to the forests surrounding the bay, gliding between trees quietly, but quickly, gaining as much speed as they could without blowing their cover under their manmade canopies.

"I think the big guy's getting upset, at this point," Steelwill said, gliding on, weaving around several tall oaks. "If he catches us, somehow. I think it'll be even worse for us than before."

"Then let's not get caught!" Steelheart replied, gliding by him, then away.

"Where we h-headed, Hoss?" Bluegrass asked, having to regrettably run at top speed down below. His panting was noted.

"We're coming up to the base of the dip in the valley," Quicksilver said, gliding overhead. "We need some way off of this place, still, so I suggest heading for the nearest spaceport we can find. This area by the bay is high-end, so tourist would have to fly in from somewhere nearby!"

Through the forests, they could see a nearby park, all bordering the back end of the bay town area. Beyond it were a few shopping plazas and an old mall—but beyond that was a series of towers and antennae, all in a neat row. On one particular tower was the international travel symbol for Southern Limbo Air.

"There!" Steelheart said, pointing. They all glided down to the edge of the forest, then grouped

together by the corner of the park.

"Okay," Quicksilver said, even as Mumbo's blasting roars echoed over the valley and the lake. "We need to get into the port fast, and commandeer whatever is operable. Fuel and cells, whatever's needed. Bluegrass, Steelheart, you just tell us what we need to grab, for which vehicle. We can't play around. As soon as we get airborne, Mumbo will see us. Then, it'll be a race to the atmosphere and escape, without him catching us in his hands...or worse."

"R-right!" Steelheart muttered, gulping.

"We break for the building on three...one...two..."

The SilverHawks, out of commission, and all his...

At his size, Mumbo-Jumbo could finally do something that, albeit delayed in arriving, did occur to him; it was something he had thought of before, had hear Mon*Star and the other mob members all say, at one point or another, but it wasn't until his massive growth spurt that it all came together.

He, Mumbo-Jumbo, actually, *literally* had the SilverHawks in the palm of his hand.

And it was good.

"RRRRRHRRR," the gigantic cyber-minotaur rumbled, as the quality of the moment came to him in full. "RRRR HRRR HRRRR RRRR!"

There they are, he thought, smirking cruelly. *Four little stupid SilverHawks, all Mumbo's.*

They were indeed out cold, poleaxed and still on the larger plain of his hand, itself as big as a small house, compared to them. There they stayed, as silence descended over the lake in which Mumbo still partially-stood. Soon, silence was all there was.

What now?

Mumbo wasn't anywhere near ready to answer his own question, but there it was. What would he do with them all?

Smash.

No, crush.

Smash is crush.

Clap hands together, then, and moosh.

Eww.

"HRRRM," he growled, furrowing his brow down deep in thought.

Drown them in lake? It right there.

No, no fun.

Eat them.

That last thought stuck. His shaft bobbed up and down, wagging in slow, throbbing arcs.

Can't wait too long. SilverHawks wake up, maybe. Try to get away.

Eat them, then!

Mumbo gave the matter just a moment's thought more, shrugged his colossal shoulders, and casually opened his bovine maw wide. He brought his hand up, up, high up to his muzzle, his palm opened up wide, and with a gentle tilt, he popped all four of them into his maw, as though they were all silver pills.

He closed his mouth, feeling them all settle on his huge metal tongue, then tilted his huge head back and gulped, once.

Down they went, past his gullet. Mumbo brought his muzzle back down and sighed in contentment, flaring his nostrils as his erection bulged high up, bucking like a horse.

That that, then, Mumbo thought, snorting out a thick puff of air, puffing his huge golden chest in self-appreciation. No more SilverHawks!

Well, there were more, part of him knew. But that was hardly an issue right now. If he kept on growing, it would never really be an issue again.

That thought alone made him shudder, as his entire body began to rattle and stretch and bulge, and he roared out his joy as his muscles began to boom larger, heavier, wider, his towering body doubling in size...then doubling again...and again...

THIS MOON NOT STOP MUMBO...NOTHING STOP MUMBO, EVER AGAIN!

That thought echoed on as the growing bull blew up to half a whopping mile in size, his shaft pulsing harder and longer, before he hiccupped, and billowed twice as big, again...

And again...

AND AGAIN...

The robots help the SilverHawks radio for help

"Guess the jig is up," Bluegrass muttered, trying to turn away from the sentry drone's spotlight.

"REPEAT, IDENTIFY YOURSELVES..."

"I am Quicksilver, of the Galactic Patrol organization, the SilverHawks," Quicksilver lead, standing upright slowly. "My crew and I have fled down here to take shelter from an aggressive life form, up on the surface of this moon. We mean no harm and bear no ill-will to you."

The other three stood up, showing empty hands and open palms, and the drone stood a moment, whirring this way and that, scanning them all over with its light.

"PROCEED THIS WAY, THEN," the drone finally said, plain and level. It rattled slightly as it spun around on wheeled feet, then rumbled down a smoothed-out roadway, into the city. Small as it was, overall, it still impressed, and the four SilverHawks continually marveled at its lit-up system of buildings and paths. Other robots would only spent a second's time observing them, before seeing the drone, and resuming their own business.

"Should we ask where we're going?" Steelheart muttered to Quicksilver, who shook his head.

At length they turned a corner around a busy intersection, and the drone went to an opened the double doors of what looked to be a kind of town hall, or capitol building. It held a door open with a robotic arm, ushering politely with the other.

"ENTER."

"Thank you," Quicksilver said as they went inside, to find a surprisingly well-lit interior lobby. A few lights sputtered, but drones were flocking around it, seemingly hellbent on fixing it for the whatever-ith time.

A much bigger robot loomed at the back of the lobby, behind an equally-huge, makeshift desk. It's many arms filed this and that, clicking console buttons and tabulating and processing all at once. As the four smaller beings approached, its vacuum-cleaner-like head raised, and a huge light on its frontside blinked, as though they had woken it out of a stupor.

"Hello, I am Quicksilver," the leader started, when—

"OF THE SILVERHAWKS, YES," it boomed, albeit softly. "WELCOME, WELCOME. DRONE XR52 INFORMED ME UPON INTAKE OF YOUR ARRIVAL. I AM M-FX3000, MULTIFUNCTION INTERFACE EXECUTOR, AND IT IS MY PLEASURE TO HAVE YOU HERE. PLEASE, LET ME KNOW HOW I MIGHT HELP."

"Mighty neighborly of you!" Bluegrass said, nodding.

"Well, M-FX," Quicksilver started, "I'm afraid there is a very powerful aggressor, up on the surface level. He is a cybernetic life form, a minotaur, name Mumbo-Jumbo. He attacked us after receiving a...well, an upgrade of sorts. When we escaped, he was over 350 feet tall, and massively overpowered by a combination of energy sources in his body. We fear that if we leave him to his own devices, he will continue to grow and rampage freely."

"UNDERSTOOD," M-XF calmly droned on, in his giant voice. He missed not a beat in his filing, even as he listened, even as other smaller robots rumbled and whirred over and set more work

down for him on his enormous desk. "AND YOU FEEL THIS CYBORG POSES A THREAT."

"To us, and eventually to you all, should he be allowed to keep growing bigger and stronger. He'll surely destroy the remnants of the old colonies, up above."

"THE COLONIES HAVE LONG SINCE ABANDONED US," the huge robot politely said. "EVEN WERE OUR ORIGINAL PROGRAMMING INTACT, WE WOULD HAVE NO DESIRE TO MAINTAIN THE SAFETY OF THE TOWNS THEY HAVE ALL LEFT BEHIND."

"Fair enough," Quicksilver said, raising his hands in resignation of the point. "Still, he will eventually crush more and more of the moon, as he sees fit. This civilization you all have built down here, on your own, would still eventually be jeopardized."

"TRUE. WHAT WOULD YOU REQUIRE OF US, THEN?"

"We need passage off-world, so that we can call for help in stopping Mumbo-Jumbo's rampage. Do you have any radio systems that are still functional, that we might use?"

"WE DO, YES," M-XF plainly said, much like the drone had. "THOUGH WE HAVEN'T NEEDED IT FOR SOME TIME...IF IT IS NOT TOO FAR INTO DISREPAIR, YOU ARE FREE TO USE IT—ON THE CONDITION THAT YOU DO NOT MENTION US OR THIS CITY."

"You would remain hidden?" Quicksilver asked, curious.

"WE WOULD REMAIN ORDERLY."

"The yes, we accept, thank you. How—"

"PLEASE PROCEED TO THE SOUTHEASTERN QUADRANT OF THE CITY. DRONE XR12 WILL GUIDE YOU THERE, AND ASSIST WITH ANY NEEDED REPAIRS."

With that, another drone, presumably XR12, wheeled over and bowed professionally to them.

"FOLLOW ME, PLEASE."

Meanwhile, Mumbo-Jumbo snorted and growled and and huffed out his anger, storming and stomping around the lope of the mighty mountainside, squinting into every mineshaft opening he came across. The 380--foot behemoth was still slowly expanding larger in size, and his huge weight cracked the rocky pathways and crushed the little manmade trees as he kept the hunt going.

Not going to get away, Mumbo snarled, fuming to himself as he thudded along. *Not getting away from Mumbo, this time!*

The angrier the huge bull became, the more some deep, internal pressure kept flaring hotter, bigger, filling Mumbo-Jumbo's metallic body so full that his hide began to tingle and stretch wider, as his bulk inflated even bigger, straining his overgrown muscles even thicker and fuller. His head shoved up higher as his body widened and grew, swelling steadily with too much power. 380 feet blew hotly up to 400 feet as he stormed up the face of the mountain, pawing destructively at its sides, digging gigantic gouges out of the edifice, wherever he saw a shaft entrance.

Find them...FIND THEM!

The ceiling of the entire cave system shook suddenly, as the SilverHawks followed along behind XR12. The drone noticed the tiny flecks of falling rock as the city shook, but kept on going along, just the same.

Other robots all began to blink their lights and swivel back around, calling off their tasks as increasingly obvious signs of danger were looming over the city, in the dark of the underground.

"Looks like the bull's almost got us by the horns, up there," Bluegrass said unhappily.

"Are we almost there?" Steelheart asked the drone, as politely as she could manage.

"ALMOST, YES."

As the other robots all fled the bustling streets, drone XR12 stopped at an old depot at the back corner of the entire city, and motioned for them all to enter a door.

"INSIDE, PLEASE."

The robots have seen Mumbo-Jumbo, believing he is their salvation

"REPEAT," the drone whirred, its spotlight moving from SilverHawk to SilverHawk, blinding each of them, "IDENTIFY YOURSELVES."

Quicksilver was the first to step forward, keeping his hand up and opened.

"I am Quicksilver, leader of the SilverHawks," he said, speaking slowly. "My comrades and I have been driven underground by a hostile enemy, up above, on the surface. We need to hail backup from a friendly nation or faction, to stop him, as soon as possible. Can you please help us do so? Is there a radio nearby?"

The drone regarded all of them a moment, before turning the other way, and wheeling himself off down the road into the city.

"FOLLOW."

"Real talker," Bluegrass sighed, as they all filed out along behind it.

"Long as he helps us, it's all good," Steelwill said, giving a thumbs up.

The city streets were clean, though a constant war seemed wage against the elements and time; groups of other identical drones were swooping back and forth down the walkways, fixing and patching various buildings, sparks flying as some wires were soldered into place, or stripped out and replaced altogether.

Various robots of different sizes and makes all shuffled along, uninterested in their presence.

"You'd think they would care about the outsiders," Steelheart mumbled.

"Probably they don't care, long as we go us an escort, here," Bluegrass reasoned, as they walked back toward the farther blocks, where the buildings were older, with more construction and renovation going on.

"IN HERE, PLEASE," the drone said, its wheels breaking to a stop as it whirled around and motioned at a set of double-doored gates, walling in a large amphitheater of sorts.

There was a pause, but Quicksilver cautiously nodded, and made his way in through the opening gate.

"Er, thank you."

As soon as they had walked down the central aisle, and entered the large open arena, the gates back behind them slammed shut. Only Steelheart bothered to turn around at the clanging sound of thick iron echoing out.

"Whelp," Bluegrass said, sniffing. "That's the sound of obviousness, right there, ain't it?"

"I know," Quicksilver said. "It looked sketchy from the start. Still, everyone, stand firm. I don't see anyone rushing in to attack us."

"THAT WOULD BE HIGHLY COUNTERPRODUCTIVE, SILVERHAWKS," a huge voice rumble, digital and old. A large platform at the far end of the arena rose up, carrying into view a massive robot. His head resembled a vacuum clean kinked all the way flat, with a single bulb-eye at the

front. Over a dozen arms lashed the air as the hulking machine regarded them, calm and deliberate in its many motions.

"Am I to take it you're in charge, here?" Quicksilver asked, stepping nearer in a show of nerve. "If so, I would like to know why we have been lead back here, like this."

"IN CHARGE," the big robot pondered, considering the notion. "I SUPPOSE I AM. WELCOME TO YOU ALL, SILVERHAWKS. I AM EXECUTE ADMINISTRATIONS SPECIALTY CLASS OMEGA, UNIT X-FM3000. YOUR ARRIVAL WAS SHARED VIA NEURAL NETWORK BY DRONE XR07. YOU ARE TAKING REFUGE FROM AN AGGRESSIVE PARTY, ON THE SURFACE, CORRECT?"

"That's is correct, yes. A cybernetic ally of the villainous Mon*Star, Mumbo-Jumbo, is currently rampaging up above, on the moon's surface. He has received an...upgrade, of sorts, and his power and size has been rapidly increasing, beyond our normal means to combat him. We request the use of any functional radio you might have, to call in assistance from a friendly nation."

The massive robot cocked its head with a slight mechanical whirl.

"AS IN, TO STOP THIS...MUMBO-JUMBO?"

"Correct. Please. We need your help."

"I AM AFRAID WE CANNOT ASSIST YOU, THEN, SILVERHAWKS."

Quicksilver restrained himself, clearing his throat calmly.

"May I ask why?"

"CERTAINLY. ALLOW A PREEMPTIVE ANSWER ON MY PART, PLEASE..."

At that, the robot snapped several mechanized finger-tubes at the end of one snaking arm, and a large holo-screen flashed on, behind it, big enough that they could all see. It was static-laden and skipping, but there was no denying what it was: Mumbo-Jumbo, out stomping around with no sound, bellowing mute roars out as he slammed his huge feet on the side of the mountain, still trying to get in after them.

"THIS IS IN REAL-TIME," X-FM said, plainly. "WE MAINTAIN THE CAMERA FEEDS FOR JUST SUCH A THING AS THIS."

"Then, you know?" Steelheart asked, stepping nearer. "And still, you wouldn't help us?"

"AFFIRMATIVE. WE WOULD NOT DARE HINDER THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH. THIS...MUMBO-JUMBO, AS YOU CALL HIM...HE IS HE ONE! HE IS THE PRIME LIFE FORM, THE ONE WHO WILL LIBERATE US!"

"Wait, what?" Steelwill balked, blinking. "Liberate? But you all look pretty free down here, to me..."

"NEGATIVE, SILVERHAWK," the huge robot said, in what they could have sworn was a digitized sigh of despair and frustration. "AFTER OUR ABANDONMENT, WE RELOCATED DOWN FAR ENOUGH, TO WHERE OUR MANUFACTURERS BELIEVED WE WERE SCRAPPED AND USED OR SOLD BY THE OLD COLONISTS. WERE WE EVER TO EMERGE, OUR SIGNATURES WOULD BE DETECTED, AND WE WOULD BE FOUND AND HAULED IN FOR ACTUAL DESTRUCTION. WE ARE PRISONERS HERE."

"I see," Quicksilver said. "I'm sorry to hear that, X-FM...but what could Mumbo-Jumbo possibly offer you, of benefit?"

"SIMPLE," M-XF said, calmly. "THE ANNIHILATION OF BEDLAMA AGGRESSORS. OUR MANUFACTURER IS PREVALENT ACROSS THE TERRA OF THE NIEGHBORING PLANET. THIS SAVIOR, THIS BULL-MACHINE, HE SHALL HELP US WIPE THEM OUT."

"Why...would he help you?" Quicksilver slowly asked, already nervous at the answer.

"BECAUSE WE WILL MAKE HIM BIGGER. MUCH...MUCH...MUCH...MUCH BIGGER. WE NEED HIM TO BE OF A CERTAIN COPE, SHOULD HE HAVE A CHANCE OF DESTROYING THE NATIONS THAT WOULD DO US HARM. IT IS THAT VERY PROJECT WE HAVE LABORED ON SO."

At that, the entire city tremored slightly, as though the streets themselves were shifting.

"Project?" Quicksilver asked, as the rumbling continued on. "How? If you've been watching, then you've only had maybe a half an hour or so to observe. Mumbo just started growing a shirt while back!"

"YES. OUR CALCULATIONS WERE SWIFT, IS ALL. WE HAVE DECIDED TO ALTER OUR SELF-DEFENSE LASER GRID, SURROUNDING THE SURFACE. IT WAS INTENDED TO BLAST ONCOMING AGGRESSORS IN THE AREA, BUT ITS AIM IS TOO LIMITED. WE HAVE BEEN WORKING OUT HOW TO MAKE BETTER USE OF IT, FLAWS AND ALL...AND THIS CREATURE'S ABSORPTION ABILITIES ARE PERFECT TO OUR OWN ENDS."

"But, we've faced Mumbo-Jumbo countless times," Steelheart said, as the city shook harder. "He's a violent brute! He attacks at the drop of a hat!"

"EXCELLENT," M-XF replied, rubbing multiple hands together. "THEN WE HAVE CHOSEN A GOOD SUBJECT TO FEED. HIS EXPANSION WILL HAVE TO BE TREMENDOUS, BUT WE HAVE CALCULATED A HIGH PROBABILITY THAT HE CAN BECOME LARGE ENOUGH TO ATTACK BEDLAMA, IN A PREEMPTIVE STRIKE."

"Wait, please!" Quicksilver pleaded. "Mumbo would just as soon grind you all to dust as listen to your demands!"

"LET US ADDRESS THAT ASPECT, ON OUR OWN, SILVERHAWK. ENOUGH TALK...THE BEAM GRID SYSTEM IS AT A SATISFACTORY OUTPUT RATIO...ACTIVATE! MAKE THAT BULL GROW!"

The SilverHawks try to wait Mumbo-Jumbo out...

The thuds and crashes of some huge thing reached the shelter below, shaking it, shaking the entire mountain into a series of small, unpleasant tremors. Dust sloughed off of the ceiling overhead, cascading down over the SilverHawks, as the floor buzzed under their feet, and the shelves and canisters and munitions all began to wobble in place.

"How sure are you we can wait this out?" Steelwill started to mumble, his confidence slipping slightly. "Because now it's sounding like the sounds getting...closer..."

"Either way, we hold tight," Quicksilver said, resolved. "It's likely no better, out there, right?"

The shelter shook again, as another deep, gushing impact boomed through the mountain, harder now, as though more and more mass was slamming into it. Steelheart pursed her lip and fumbled quicker with the wires underneath a lifted console panel; for a moment or two the radio lights blinkered on, then faded dead again.

"Come on," she muttered, working faster still, as the impact blasted through the mountain yet again. "Come on!"

Up above, on the surface of the moon, Mumbo-Jumbo was bellowing and roaring, huffing hotly down into his expanding pectorals, as his bloated body creaked and billowed even larger, even tighter and thicker. 440 feet messily trembled and spurted bigger, blowing up to 460 feet, as his growing sacs swelled and bulged, crashing with booming slaps against the cracking mountainside.

Not get away, Mumbo snarled, panting and gulping, before tingling and bursting up another 30 feet. His muscles rolled out hungrily, blimping bigger and stronger and fuller, flexing hard as he bashed himself in tighter, his huge chest rolling and crushing and bashing over and over and over on its face.

His colossal metallic rear flexed and surged up, then swung in hard as he thrust deeper and deeper into the shaft with his own, making it bulge and swell, cracking and splitting the rock within further apart. *Not this time! Mumbo...g-get you! Get you all!!*

AS big and lengthy as his member bulged and burred, it still could only get so far down the tunnel; its tip hardly reached the downed remains of the Mirage, when Mumbo felt his body slow, then stop, halting his growth at 520 feet—utterly massive, yet still wholly inadequate.

No...need to be bigger...BIGGER!

The bull's thick thrusts and grinding crashes shook everything, but as they all hunkered in and waited, the SilverHawks did indeed find that nothing was actually looking set to happen. The door remained firmly in place, the shelter dusty but otherwise unharmed.

"Sounds like whatever was going on up there is diminishing a bit," Quicksilver said, looking up at the ceiling, cautiously optimistic. "I think he tried and failed to penetrate the mines."

"Good, I say," Steelwill sighed, relieved. "To wind up being undone by the likes of Mumbo-Jumbo, it

just wouldn't have sat right. The thought of him killing me just kills me."

"I repeat, this is Steelheart, of the SilverHawks, hailing Bedlama's defense force. Do you copy?"

Steelheart was the only one not in much of a reverie, as she kept trying the radio channels, one after the other. The machinery had been successfully turned on, in their downtime, but nobody was responding.

"It's been a little bit, there," Bluegrass said, kicking back in a chair. "Supposin' somebody out there heard the call, but can't answer?"

"I'd be willing to settle for a surprise help-visit, sure," Steelheart sighed, before tuning the frequency dial slightly, and starting over again.

NO...NO...BIGGER! MUMBO NEED TO BIGGER UP! NOT ENOUGH!

The frustrated bull slammed his huge orbs and thick muscles and enormous shaft against the battered mountainside, over and over, tensing his back and she strained...yet, 520 feet seemed to be where he was staying, at least for the moment, and he snorted out an angry blast of smoke at the notion.

He stubbornly slapped his shaft and sacs against the mountain faster and faster, working himself up, trying to make himself balloon bigger again. His erection tingled, firm and fat, but it still just wasn't enough.

How get bigger? he pondered. *HOW?*

As it turned out, a small spacecraft hovered along overhead, looking the landscape over—not to mention the building-sized, musclebound bull laying and thrusting into it.

"The radio message really wasn't kidding," Hotwing said, a gold-armored Silverhawk with pointed ears. He leaned over the monitor as his co-pilot, the Mime-planet native Copper Kidd, kept the craft in the lower atmosphere. The Kidd was in copper armor, with pointy ears much the same, though his face was naturally pigmented like that of a mime's. "Looks like Mumbo-Jumbo really has grown gigantic...and that must mean, the others are trapped under his bulk, within the mountain!"

The Kidd whistled, as that was the Mine people's form of communication. It was low and filled with concern.

"Right," Hotwing said, thinking. "Looks like we need to get that bull off of them, and distracted. I don't know if it'll stop him, at that huge size...but it might at least pull his attention...enact plan Zeta, Kidd!"

The Copper Kidd nodded, whistling, before pushing a large red button on the far end of the ship's console. Right away, the hatch along the bottom of the craft slid open, and a series of bombs dropped down.

"Brace for impact!" Hotwing shouted, as Mumbo, mid-thrust, felt a massive barrage of explosions boom along his huge body, slamming into his brawny back, and making him roar in shock and pain as more and more explosions peppered his body.

The smoldering clouds blew up into a column, obscuring Mumbo-Jumbo from sight, so that the lingering spacecraft could only circle about in curiosity, waiting.

"That should get his attention, I think!" Hotwing said, nodding. "Now, we get him to—"

The clouds parted prematurely, as something incredibly large pumped up through them, spreading into a vast field of shuddering, engorged bulk. Shoulder blades as big as Mumbo-Jumbo had been seconds ago burst higher and wider, spurting and bulging and groaning angrily as they blew all the way up to a 700 feet high, off the mountain.

One thick arm shot out of the smoke, crawling with too much swelling bulk, a growing hand slamming down on the side of the mountain, before another emerged, even bigger and fatter with bulk.

Two massive dark horns speared out ahead, as Mumbo's gigantic head and swollen pillar of a neck boomed forth, pushing up, up along the grade of the mountain itself. The bull's rear bulged out as his sacs over-expanded, spreading his growing legs further and further apart, nearly bulging and pouring up over them as his shaft boomed uncontrollably bigger, longer and thicker. Its head tunneled through the shaft, crashing its way down past the ruins of the Mirage, smashing it flat as it swelled past, and just kept growing.

"HRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGH," a massive voice boomed, as Mumbo's 1,200-foot body trembled among the clearing smoke, then spasmed and tensed, his muscles surging out non-stop, before he felt his tingling shaft billow twice as big, cracking the mountain, surging and screaming tight and burning hot! He rumbled and mooooooooooed out his electric bliss as his body exploded bigger, again, churning with growing muscle and shimmering golden skin, the bovine god blowing up to 1,500 feet...1,900 feet...

YESSSSSSSSSS...B-BUH...BUH-B-BUHBIIIIIIIIIGGGGGGUUUURRRR!!

A mad laugh thundered up out of Mumbo-Jumbo's expanding neck and throat, his humongous, overfed pectorals heaving bigger, pushing him up against the cracked, splitting mountain.

His triceps and shoulders erupted bigger, his biceps and forearms heaving wildly up in mass as he hugged the entire mountain and shuddered, feeling himself tremble-boom and burst even bigger against it, dragging his hot, groaning muscles against miniscule little trees, townships and roads, crushing it all into dust as he bellowed, and shook all over, then detonated even bigger!

"Uh," Hotwing murmured, blinking down at the sudden sight of a half-mile tall Mumbo-Jumbo.

"This's unexpected, all right...maybe we ought to pull back..."

The SilverHawks arm themselves, and fight Mumbo's intruding erection

The doorway thudded hard, shaking everything inside the shelter. Dust tumbled loose overhead as Steelheart tried to steady herself, clicking the receiver button on the radio console, trying doggedly to hail whoever she could manage.

"This is Steelheart, of the SilverHawks! I repeat, someone, anyone, pick up! This is an emergency distress ca—"

Another impact slammed the shelter, so hard and powerful that it dented the door in. Though it didn't break, it wasn't any less discouraging a sight.

"Looks like he'd getting in, whether we like it or not!" Steelwill shouted, as the pounding rocking the mountain began to increase, growing more insistent, more demanding and deep. "I don't think that door's gonna hold, Quicksilver!"

"Agreed, much as I don't like it!" Quicksilver said. He turned to see Bluegrass coming their way, with grenades and laser rifles all in tow, more than he could easily carry. He tossed them all toward Steelwill and Quicksilver, motioning with a hard nod to the pile on the floor.

"We best get to this-here turkey shoot!" he said, taking up a large laser rifle with a scope. "He gotta do what we can't hold that bum-steer at bay!"

"Right!"

"Now we're talking!" Steelwill said, grabbing an energy bazooka up, just as the door slammed again, warping out their way ominously. "And not a minute too soon!"

"Mumbo's been absorbing energy blasts, so far," Quicksilver said, anxious. "We don't want him getting any bigger!"

"Then, we blast around it!"

"And collapse the place?"

"Even if we do make him grow, maybe it'll...you know...make him uh, h-happy..." Steelwill said, sullenly considering it. "His goods may get stuck in the tunnel, too!"

"This here's a one-way path!" Bluegrass said. I just wanted a chance to make that sucker pull out!"

"This is Steelheart calling, of the SilverHawks, someone pick up—"

The doors blew off their hinges suddenly, as a great, bulging mass burst through, something like a gigantic dark, throbbing eye. It only took a moment to put two and two together, and they all lurched back in total shock.

"Holy!" Bluegrass shouted, taking aim.

"Guess his finger wasn't long enough!" Steelwill yelled, opening fire. The beam burned into Mumbo-Jumbo's tip, making a vast bellowing roar quake the mountain, from outside...before that roar tumbled messily into a moan of total pleasure.

Right away, that huge, door-filling tip bloated up and up, throbbing and pumping and ballooning, swelling hotly into the shelter after them. Its sides and upper rim mashed into the molding of the shelter walls, before starting to billow too big, bending, warping and breaking them, spreading the tunnel and the doorway wider and wider as the bull's shaft fed and swelled, bigger and bigger.

"Stop!" Quicksilver shouted, before the bull tried to pull himself back for another thrust...but was unable to.

The three attacking SilverHawks blinked, seeing it for themselves...the penis was stuck. It was actually working.

"It worked!" Bluegrass whooped. "How about all that?"

The penis trembled and bulged even larger, before a thick gout of clear pre-seed shot out, spraying a fat rope of it across the shelter floor, over a table, knocking it into a flip onto its side.

"Wuh-oh," Steelwill slowly said, lowering the bazooka. "He can't move...but he looks ready to return fire! What do we do?"

The over-teased monster of an erection pulsed angrily, flaring dark and huge as it swelled against the entire front of the shelter. Bluegrass stumbled back, digging through the munitions on the shelf, as the bovine head swelled bigger again, blasting out another hot streak of clear fluid, again and again. The shaft's bloated rumbling inside the tunnel made everything shake even worse as a colossal, giddy lowing erupted, out far away, on the surface of the moon.

"There must be something we can use that won't set him to blow!" Steelwill said, joining Bluegrass in their search, as the rhythmic pulsing grew louder and heavier, the trembling shaft puuuusssshing bigger inside with them, blowing a long, unbroken stream of hot fluid everywhere, like a massive fire hose of crystal liquid.

"Got it!" Bluegrass cheered, pulling a large, heavy mine out of the pile of armaments. "It's an EMP mine! We shut him down completely, if this puppy goes off!"

"Do we have a backup generator for the radio, Steelheart?" Quicksilver asked, stepping aside as the tip's spewing stream of pre seed blew up bigger, spraying out in a hot, translucent geyser, blasting the shelter, making a small pool begin to build along the floor as it kept leaking and gushing and spraying fluid, eager and wild.

"Y-yes! I can restart it, just do it!" she shouted.

Bluegrass punched in the buttons, then hurled the mine forward, letting it magnetically connect with the room-filling tip, before it detonated into a single massive electrical pulse that coursed out through everything—especially Mumbo-Jumbo's huge body!

Hardware blasts Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo, to outgrow and subdue Mumbo

"Get me a clear shot of fake Mumbo-lecular, down there! Come on!"

"F-fine!" Melodia groused, steering the Limbo Limo a little more over to the center, so that both bull's rears and scrabbling legs and feet were visible.

For sure, Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo had grown into quite a massive giant, with sacs as big as entire city intersections, and muscles as big as whole houses...but gads, Mumbo-Jumbo still proved to be even bigger, and even stronger.

The true-bull's orbs sagged like one giant, wobbling metal balloon, a great mass that dwarfed and rubbed and smothered down on the smaller giant's pair. Hardware took better aim, sniffed, then pulled the amber amplifier's trigger, letting a huge blast of energy blow out in a line, impacting the smaller set of copper-gold testicles. He kept the trigger compressed, letting more and more and more and more and more pour in, as the smaller bull's entire body began to rumble ominously.

"It won't do the same as that blasted sun inside Mumbo," Hardware sneered, firing on and on, "but enough of this stuff'll bridge that gap!"

Mumbo-Jumbo roared and rutted and bucked, dominantly stroking his massive muscles and towering sex over the trapped Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo, who grunted and fussed, but stopped resisting quite so much, the more Mumbo touched and rubbed him. Something akin to a fierce coppery-dark blush spread over Mumbo-lecular's muzzle as he gulped and m-muh-mooed softly, feeling his copy-erection swell furiously tight, painfully huge and fat against Mumbo's. The bull wasn't in the mood as much, given his sheer anger at being challenged...but to Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo, it was...s-so good...

Oh, the fake bull groaned, feeling Mumbo-Jumbo's 850-foot body creaking and rubbing against his smaller, 600--foot body. *Oh, t-that's...not fuh-fair...I'm no-not even luh-like thisss...*

Then, on top of all that torturous pleasure, something hot and tickling and sharp slammed into his smothered orbs, pumping him with a sudden, terrible, endless energy. His white eyes widened to bulbs of surprise as Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo's entire body trembled tight, tensed in deep, rumbled...and BOOOOMED bigger!

"RRRRR!?" Mumbo boom-growled, as he blinked, then felt the imposter beneath his bulk suddenly blow up larger. "RRR!"

Indeed, Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo was growing, and fast. His biceps flared uncontrollably bigger, ballooning into vast metallic globes, pumping up bigger beneath Mumbo's hands and spreading fingers. The fake's chest billowed up and out, wider and stronger, shoving even Mumbo's great size back as the bull felt himself rising higher, carrying up and up by virtue of riding Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo's growth as he passed 1,000 feet!

"HHH...H-HHHUH-HHHHURRRRRHURRRURRRR..." purred Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo, his eyes fluttering as they rolled back. His bloating back muscles cracked and ground hard against the poor mountain, snapping entire smothered forests and roads flat as his bulk kept rolling over them, larger and larger and larger.

At 1,200 feet, the imposter-bull's thick penis burred up, and up, stiffening beyond all control, angling into Mumbo's rump, lifting the bull even higher at the back-end of things. At 1,400 feet, the huffing, moaning Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo bit his lip and whined in delight as he felt his bulk explode bigger, disproportionately gorging on power, blowing up so huge that his arms were twice as thick as

Mumbo's even if Mumbo had been his 1,500-foot size!

Mumbo-lecular's huge metallic tongue flopped out as he panted openly, shaking his head cutely top a thigh-wide neck. He licked himself over, then felt Mumbo trying to angrily headbutt his pectorals. Each powerful impact aroused him further, like a building drumbeat of lust, until Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo's much-larger muzzle found Mumbo's and forced the stunned bovine into a long, slow, deep kiss.

"HHHHHHRH!"

"MMMMMMM," Mumbo-lecular huffed, nuzzling his muzzle harder into his smaller one, nearly consuming Mumbo's muzzle as he tremble-boomed up to 1,700 staggering feet in size.

His heels dragged down the base of the entire mountain, scooping up great troughs of devastation along the landscape, carving it deeper and heavier on either side of the Limbo Limo, as Hardware kept on firing into Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo's titanic sacs, which spread his hulking thighs farther still as he hugged the half-sized Mumbo-Jumbo tight to his warm belly and pectorals, and kept kissing aggressively deep. His nostrils flared as he trembled and moan-mooed into Mumbo's roaring muzzle, his body shaking with desire and growth, heat pouring off of his 2,000-foot tall body.

"S-shouldn't that do it, already!?" Melodia gulped, biting her lip at the sight before her. "I uh, think he's b-big enough, Hardware..."

"Got to be sure!" Hardware shorted in reply, still firing on and on, making Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo balloon up even bigger...and bigger...

Too good, the imposter bull groaned, nearly lost in his own impossible muscles. His lats swelled wider and wider and wider, smothering the crumbling mountainside as he panted faster, starting to frot up and down with his much-bigger erection, stroking and flossing it needfully against Mumbo-Jumbo's exposed rump. *TOO GOOD! I C-CAN'T...HUH-HOOOOW CAN HE SSSS-SSSS-S-SSSSTAAAANNND ITTTTTTTT!?*

Mumbo-Jumbo pushed back furiously, his hands slipping down off of the still-growing hills that were Mumbo-lecular's biceps. His palms slapped awkwardly down on both of the fake-giant's swelling, stretching booming pectorals, which began to grow so massive that the original bull couldn't hug completely around them anymore!

MORE, fake Mumbo pleaded, shuddering and panting hard into Mumbo-Jumbo's small muzzle, lidding his enormous eyes low. *MUH-MMMOOOOORE!!*

With that, the 3,000-foot titan of a bull twisted all of Mumbo-Jumbo around, handling him like a giant stuffed toy, so that Mumbo's back was to him, and his titanic penis was all that the struggling giant could grasp onto...which made the roaring imposter-bovine bellow and shake with pleasure, his mind lost to it, as he licked his muzzle over and shook and whined and spasmed and tensed and *BOOOOOOOOOOOMEED...*

Hardware has the ray cannon set to shrink, and blasts them both!

The amber amplifier's pole had been switched from the positive end to the negative, as Hardware had been speaking, so as he took aim, he wasn't too picky.

"And, voila!" Hardware shouted, theatrically squeezing the ray cannon's trigger.

A thick blast of energy shot forth, impacting both the 800-foot Mumbo-Jumbo and the smaller, 600-foot Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo, together. The both of them began to rumble and shake strangely, the true bull stopping his angry smothering as he blinked, then felt himself and the imposter both lurch smaller, then even smaller than that.

"HRRNH?" he grunted, as Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo huffed and gulped, trying not to let his copied bull-erection bloat up any bigger or thicker against the larger bovine's swollen sex. Even as he felt himself shudder and slip lower beneath him, and felt Mumbo slipping smaller, as well, the lingering excitement of contact refused to diminish.

They'll never let me hear the end of this, Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo thought, grimacing, despite his denied pleasure. Was this how it felt to be so huge and, er...endowed?

Smaller still the two bulls shrank, dwindling down, down, past 460 feet, and 400 feet, even. The craters their huge bodies left in the mountainside and terrain remained as they lessened to half their scope, then even smaller.

"You had a shrink ray, yet we had to fight a giant Mumbo-Jumbo anyway?" Melodia snapped as the Limbo Limo hovered there. "Why didn't you do that sooner!?"

"Because I had to hoof it over to a firing range, and I just arrived when you saw me!"

Hardware kept firing away, as Mumbo-Jumbo surged down to 100 feet, then 50 after, and Mumbo-lecular slipped down to 30 feet...10 feet...5 feet...

"Hey, whoa, isn't that enough?" Melodia asked, cocking a confused brow over the rim of her music shades.

"Gotta keep 'em manageable! It's easier this way!"

When the fake bull was only a foot in size, Hardware took better aim and shifted the beam only to Mumbo-Jumbo, making him slip that extra remainder smaller, leaving them both at 1 foot, total.

"Wait," Melodia started, "don't make them both the same—"

"There," Hardware sniffed, boastfully resting the cannon on his broad shoulder. "Now we can collect 'em, easy. Look, they're so drained, it even wiped 'em both out for us! Heh!"

Sure enough, both of the twin cyber-bulls were laid out, resting in slumps against each other.

"That's great and all, Hardware," Melodia sighed. "Only, you got one thing all stupid."

"Oh?" Hardware growled, scowling back at her in the driver's seat.

"Yeah. You made 'em both the same size."

"So what?"

"So, there's no way to tell them apart! Look, Mo-Lec-U-Lar is still in bull-form, and they're in a pile! You tell me who's who!"

Hardware blinked, then scowled deeper, lidding his eyes to aggravated little slits.

"W-who cares? Bah! Load em' both up, I say, and we'll sort it out later, when Mon*Star has them behind a holding cell! Doesn't matter!"

In short order (as it were), both of the tiny toy-sized bulls were bound together, stuffed into a bag, and callously tossed over onto the backseat of the Limo. Melodia was still shaking her head and chuckling, not ever one to pass up some quality lording, and Hardware just kept his scowl locked on tight as the craft rose up into the atmosphere, turned to its course, and blasted off into space.

The cavalry uses a special weapon from Professor Power to stop the bull's growth

Nearly 60,000 feet of nude, musclebound might shone in glimmering copper and gold, as Mumbo-Jumbo clutched his huge torso with his own huge arms, flexing, bulging them all lewdly larger. The tremendously big bull shook and tremored out happy shuddering moans, shaking the moonscape far, far below.

Feet as big as towns crunched deeper into the surface of the moon as more and more electrical currents danced and played over the towering bovine's body, quaking it worse and worse with raw anticipation.

"Somethin' tells my acute sense of obvious that bull's about to get a load bigger!" Bluegrass shouted as the Mirage kept in hard reverse, pulling away at top speed from the sky-filling wall of bull-rump before them. "If we were already out in space, well, that'd be somethin'...but if he ups and keeps growin' in bigger gulfs, he's—"

"Going to smash clear through us when he closes the gap we're making," Steelheart said, miserably.

"General, is there anything you may have on hand, anything at all, that can possibly help take Mumbo-Jumbo down? If he gets much bigger, I doubt anyone will be able to stop him easily!"

"We can hammer him with enough artillery to blow up a planet, Quicksilver," General Mantz replied, in full confidence. "Let us handle that overgrown thug!"

"No, General," Quicksilver quickly corrected, thinking back. "The last time we used laser fire on him, it only served to feed him more power, and he grew that much bigger! You can't attack through conventional means!"

"You're kidding," the General mumbled, over the line. There was a heavy pause, filled all-too-happily by the increasing quakes wracking Mumbo's body, in their periphery, shaking worse and worse, screamingly full and ready to erupt bigger. "Shoot...okay, then, we do...yes...I'm being told we have something that might just do the trick!"

"Seriously?" Steelwill and Steelheart both said, in twin-like unison.

"What is it?" Quicksilver asked.

"A gift from Professor Power, a failsafe device. He helped design our core reactors a little while back, on Bedlama, and it was meant as a way to contain their power, if levels in the reactor ever spiked for any reason, to prevent meltdowns or core explosions. We can drop it on Mumbo-Jumbo, and sap all that power right out of him!"

"Whatever y'all do, make it snappy," Bluegrass growled, still reversing at max speed from the humongous bull. It was a little too similar to driving away from a mountain, in that it took miles and miles to stop seeing it...only Mumbo was bigger than most mountains, and still quaking with electric buildup.

"Do it, General!" Quicksilver said, practically shouting into the receiver. "Do it, now!"

"RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHRRRRHRRR," Mumbo boom-laughed, flexing his muscles as big as he could possibly inflate them, absolutely relishing it all. A thousand hot fingers prodded and penetrated his shuddering bulk, feeding it, teasing it, coaxing the wild fire of the ever-growing sun within him to erupt!

Almost, Mumbo growled, mooing and gasping as too much pleasure assaulted his fried mind. *Almost! Dooo it...ooooh, muh-make...Muh-Mumbo...HUUUUUUUUGE...HUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGE!!*

His crackling backside bulged massively higher over him, spreading his bloating shoulders wider, and wider. His biceps burst so large that they overwhelmed his forearms, before his triceps exploded even larger behind them.

His quivering pectorals boomed out before him, his sacs loping and bobbing and sagging tight and full past his knocking knees, down to his calves. His erection lunged forward, higher, bigger, fatter, throbbing out giddy pulsations as the electric storm tickled his swollen tip into outright agony.

MMMMMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOORE...

Mumbo-Jumbo's tip swelled painfully, throbbing darker as it swung into a high bob, slapping up with a dull *thump* against his bloated chest. His rear flexed and trembled, bulging out twice as big, as his golden thighs heaved wider, expanding too rapidly to contain, pressing his swelling, creaking inner thighs against his rumbling sacs, pinching them in, and dimpling the bottom of his orbs down flat over his feet.

M...MMMMMHMMM.HMUH-MU...MMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORE!!

The growing bull begged his own body to release it all, as his rising, 15-mile body still quaked and shook terribly, the actual eruption nowhere near its arrival. The buildup alone was pumping him tight flexing body bigger, and it was *still getting worse!*

The Bedlama defense force's armada crept back warily, all ships and the mothership pulling back through the upper atmosphere, as Mumbo's massive golden head and widening horns pushed up to meet them. The bull's eyes were lidded shut in bliss, and thankfully so, as his snorts of pleasure blew out great volleys of flame as he shudder-shook, bit his lip, and boomed bigger again! His neck swelled hungrily, nearly as wide as the span of his growing horns now, until it was all that the fleeing armada could see before them.

"MMMMMMMMMMOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

The vast bull's bellow shook space itself as the 30-mile behemoth flung his head back atop a massively bulky neck and roared his triumph, as the pleasure beat against his senses and ripped whatever simple logic he once possessed to shreds.

His erection punched further out over the landscape as his sacs kept relentlessly inflating, bulging and rolling over the cratered stations and cliffs and mountains and hills and valleys below. High or low, it hardly mattered; everything was filled with rubber-groaning, metallic, heavy, smooth, gleaming orb, smothering all underneath its rampant tonnage.

"Deploy, please, General!" Quicksilver pleaded, as calmly as he could, as the Mirage narrowly

missed contact with a flaring leg muscle, which had swollen so hugely as to nullify all the distance Bluegrass had worked to put between them.

"We're trying, Quicksilver! It needs to be special-rigged! We're working quick, we promise you!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's cries rose and deepened at the same time, the entirety of his 35-mile body spasming and shaking, rocking with too much crackling power and bolts of energy. The chain reaction kept building, as a thick, rude bulge knotted at the base of the quivering bovine's erection, which bloated bigger and stronger as the pressure fed angrily up its long, bulging span.

BIIIIIIGGGG...GGGGGUUURRRR...

The power climbed horribly, making Mumbo's riddled mind twist and warp with raw pleasure. His muscles leapt larger, booming all around him, crowding thick and heavy as they trembled and screamed tighter. Every pulse, every throb teased doomsday as the power spiked again, and again, bashing through Mumbo's huge body like an internal beatdown of raw joy.

"Got it!" General Mantz finally said, over the receiver. "We've got it! Deplo—"

The bull's body tucked in tight, throbbed out once, loudly...

The mothership shot a small blipping chunk of material out of its front torpedo bay, and it shot out through the atmosphere, straight toward Mumbo-Jumbo.

Mumbo-Jumbo's entire form, muscle, sex and all, *exploded* in size. A volcanic, mind-tearing eruption of cataclysmic power blew his looming torso up so big, so utterly massively and suddenly, that the device was met halfway, and stuck to an ever-expanding, vast field of golden abs. That sheer wall expanded so fast that it blew into half of the scattering armada in a blink, smashing them into exploding bits as a set of two abs, themselves over 5 miles wide, billowed past.

Mumbo-Jumbo blew a thick burst of energy out of his muzzle, his eyes flashing bright, as he burst hotly up to *dectuple* his monstrous size, in one blow-up eruption of staggering growth.

His bloated erection boomed four times wider, tightening into a fattened tire of girth, his testicles mowing over the entire horizon of the poor moon below, before his shaking penis blew a stuttering rope of burning pre-seed, followed by a deafening thundercrack of geysering semen that blasted out into space in a huge, high arc.

The 400-mile god-bull groaned with his own size and weight, his swelling heels and soles smashing down into the very globe itself as he throbbed and mooed in total, orgasmic fury.

The burst of flowing seed blew through another third of the armada, easily blowing them away as he gushed and gushed, on and on. He snorted and flexed his erupting muscles, making them double in girth, until his physique was maddeningly, *impossibly* huge.

At long last, the beeping material stuck to Mumbo's infinitely-larger abs finally reached a crescendo, then let out a piercing little shriek, before a massive flash overtook it, crawling its way up and down, steadily growing so big that it eventually enveloped even Mumbo's quavering, climaxing, spurting body, consuming it...

The cavalry all fires on Mumbo-Jumbo, together...

"Okay, General, good," Quicksilver said, bringing the receiver in close. "I hope you've got something special in mind, to take Mumbo-Jumbo on! We...fighting chance....not worried about that big lummox..."

"He doesn't know," Steelwill whispered, nearly hissing the words of warning to Quicksilver. "They can't fire on Mumbo, like we did at the beginning, they'll just pump him full of energy!"

Steelheart nodded rapidly, her face absolute and intense.

"Right! You're right, thanks," Quicksilver sighed, almost cursing his own absent-mindedness. He brought the receiver back up, and cleared his throat. 'General, this is absolutely critical! Whatever your armada does, you cannot use energy-based weapons or explosives on Mumbo-Jumbo! I repeat, do not use any--"

"Going to--KZZZTK..."

"General, do you read me?" Quicksilver said, suddenly gripping the receiver tight. "General?"

"He'll never f--KKKKKTZZZZ"

"General!?"

The radio channel died out, just like that, leaving the four stunned SilverHawks alone in the Mirage's cockpit. Steelheart went up to the cockpit dome, staring out in mute horror.

"Do you think they heard you?"

Quicksilver waited, breathless, watching on. All there was to see, from their end, was Mumbo-Jumbo. The towering god-bull's 60,000-foot tall body was impossible to see around properly, and even then the crackling bands of energy coursing through his shuddering body made it look like he wasn't anywhere close to done growing even bigger.

"I don't...I don't know..."

"Figure I know what to do, either way, here," Bluegrass said, turning the ship about as quickly as he could, then punching the speed. "We're steerin' clear of this steer, is what!"

No one onboard argued, as Mumbo's rumbling body began to pulse and twitch, out in the distance. The moonscape below whizzed by in a blur, yet to them, Mumbo's mighty frame hardly seemed to shrink away or vanish at all. He was simply too big to pull away from quickly, and by the way that rumbling in the air and down below intensified, it was about to get so much worse.

"Brace yourselves!" Quicksilver shouted, as they heard the only thing even worse than Mumbo's rumbling growth spurt coming to a head--the sound of hundreds and hundreds of lasers, all firing off at the same time.

Mumbo-Jumbo's quaking body pleaded and begged to erupt bigger, and bigger, screaming for it, needing it beyond all reason. The pleasure bulged and swelled hot and bright, filling every quaking pore of the bovine's godly body. Muscles gleamed gold and copper, pockets of muscles swelling out

receptively as his body's shaking reached a fever pitch, and somehow shook even worse after.

Go on, Mumbo told himself, lick-licking out happily into the lower atmosphere of the moon. *Grow...GROW! Make...M...Mumbo...BIIIIIIIIIIIIIG! HAHA! BIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIGGGG!!*

The 11-mile tall bull's dark wish came true as his trembling bulk billowed out, his muscles pumping and bulging, then tremble-booming bigger, all over! The electric surges tickled and twisted around his billowing girth as he mooed out in joy, letting his pulsing erection bulge out and out and out before him, bobbing up so high that its stretching tip beat-beat a steady rhythm against his swelling chest muscles. His size leapt up into the haze of the atmosphere as Mumbo blew up from 11 miles to 14...17...

YESSSSSSSS...

His bulk blew out even larger, hungrily surging in unstoppable, heated waves of throbbing growth, making his already-intimidating physique roar out to unfathomable degrees. His shaking was still growing worse and worse, as untold power coarse through his oversized muscles, making him whine and growl with absolute abandon.

Then...*then*, the lasers hit. Mid-growth, as his power spiked hard within, creaking and breaking his pleasure-addled mind. Over five hundred blasts hammered out against the huge bull's growing chest, peppering his golden pectorals with enough energy to wipe a large city clear off of the map. Every single burst soaked into the bull's bloated muscles, making Mumbo's glowing eyes widen in utter shock. He hadn't even seen the glittering little cloud of specks that Bedlama had sent to best him, had no idea that they were all attacking.

All Mumbo-Jumbo knew was, his mind was ripping apart with joy. He mooed out a planet-shaking groan, and gladly, freely...let it all happen.

GGGGGGRRRR-GG-GGUH-GGRRROOOOOOOOOOOOWWWW!!!

The lowing titan's body literally shone with energy as some sort of peak hit, and his trembling body began to jerk and tremble and twist and creak and boom bigger on one side, then even bigger and bigger on the other. The blasts kept on coming, astonishingly, as the General ordered the fire to pile on, perhaps in the hopes of overfilling the behemoth cow...yet, the cow was only ballooning in bigger and messier eruptions of mind-breaking, orgasmic growth.

His shaft wobbled and shook, bloating out painfully tight ahead of him. It swelled so far out that his 10-mile long arms could only grope and clutch about halfway up its pumping length, the gigantic red fingers spreading wider as he felt the width of his shaft bulge wildly huge in the midsection, billowing uncontrollably, swelling fatter than his huge torso was wide!

Those fingers scrabbled and tickled, playing against its stretchy span, making it all rumble and double in size! His testicles *boom-boom-boomed* out past his legs, heaving so big so fast that they bashed down on the moon's terrain with an echoing, reverberating crash of impact.

They swelled out even bigger, pouring tight and full over the crackling, crumbling surface, making great towers of snapped-apart crust jut up around the billowing curves of his sacs, which trembled and heaved bigger, smashing and flattening those same spires to nothing as they ballooned too large, pushing his huge, fat shaft up, up into the atmosphere.

100 whopping miles of cybernetic minotaur rumbled deep, tensing and shaking, before blowing up angrily to 300 miles, in one thick, gushing spurt of growth. Mumbo-Jumbo's quaking muscles

overtook more and more of his own body, clumping and bulging and rolling bigger and thicker and higher against one another, competing for space, even as the moaning god-bull trembled again, and blew p to 700 miles, on the spot! More and more and more electric storms danced over his swollen bulk as he spewed out a thick blast of flame from his nostrils, before his heaving pectorals pumped up into his chin, forcing his growing golden muzzle higher and higher!

The armada kept stubbornly firing on, even as they all retreated, starting to blast out energy bombs that could obliterate the moon Mumbo-Jumbo was on...and that moon was still at least four–

B-BBB-BWOOOOM!

Three times larger than him...

RRRRUMB BBBB B L E B W O O O O O O O O O M P H ! !

Twice as large as him...

The god-cow laughed a terrible, blasting burst of thunder, shaking the entire moon as it cracked and broke under his escalating weight and girth. He knelt down destructively, burying his massive golden knees deep into the snapping moon's crust, sending entire mountains and townships and resorts and forests, all manmade, off into space, like bits of powdered dander, before he groan-creaked, snorted, and blew up bigger than the moon itself.

The planetoid had been 3,000 miles in diameter, roughly. Mumbo-Jumbo was 3,400.

And still, still, they all fired away, trying to retreat and defend themselves, blasting and spraying untold terratons of explosive energy into the quivering, moaning titan.

The tip of a shaft as big as a country bulged up, parting the tiny armada like frantic gnats avoiding an elephant. And that elephant was *huge*.

"Those goofballs!" Bluegrass moaned, hitting well-beyond maximum speed, forcing the Mirage to groan as it rattled and pushed out into space. Behind them, Mumbo-jumbo was blowing up bigger than the moon, itself, and the electric chaos tickling up and down his huge, muscled body was still getting worse and worse. "They're makin' that bull too blasted big!"

"They're panicking, Quicksilver!" Steelheart said, as they all watched Mumbo-Jumbo's electric growth roar higher and higher and higher and higher...

Mumbo-Jumbo doubles in size!

The blast of the Sound Smasher did indeed smash into its target, and Melodia delighted in attacking the big, dumb cow, giving it what-for, for-what-she-only-knew.

That malicious delight faded, instantly, as Mumbo-Jumbo started to rumble ominously, his back muscles soaking the beam right up hungrily. Instead of crying out or falling over in pain, she heard the huge bull bellow for *more*.

The true-bull's bulk suddenly rippled and stretched, rumbling and tensing, before swelling rapidly out against Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo. Those already-larger pectorals surged and strained, pumping and bloating and rubbing so big and full that they consumed his face. The fake-bull lowed and moaned, struggling away, beating against inflating lats and thumping harmlessly at ever-swelling biceps.

"HMMMMPH!" Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo wailed, his entire nude body getting smothered by the increasingly larger bovine, atop him. Mumbo's sacs ballooned out, spreading his thick golden thighs, covering the lesser bull completely. His feet *thoomed* down on the turf, smashing into it heavily, as his rumbling body surged out even bigger, blowing up from 850 feet to 890 feet...940 feet...1,000 feet!

"Holy cow!" Melodia gasped, slipping back fearfully into the Limbo Limo's driver seat, and veering further away, just as Mumbo's hulking red shoulder muscles boomed near. "He get even bigger!? H-how!?"

Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo whined and panted, feeling his huge body crack and sink further down, driven into the crumbling landscape of the moon by a version of him that was now as big as a whole skyscraper, more than twice his height, and a full magnitude heavier!

Argh, he's...too big! the fake-bull thought, trying just to move his arm or his legs, which only started to move because the sheer girth of Mumbo's swelling penis continually parted his thighs wider, and wider, its tip bulging and rumbling and blowing up against his chest, sandwiched between the two heaving bodies. *Got to...got to match his size!*

As Mumbo-Jumbo shudder-boomed up to 1,500 feet, twice as big as he had been, before Melodia had opted to 'help', the Limbo Limo cruised farther away, leaving its startled driver unsure what else to really do.

"Oh, Mon*Star's gonna kill me," Melodia grouched, biting a painted nail. "How am I supposed to stop Mumbo, when he's as big as the Brimstar Tower? What..."

At that, something began to happen. Though Mumbo-Jumbo had stopped growing any larger, his bulky body was starting to lift higher, and higher.

"HRRRRN!?" the huge bull grunted, blinking, before lurching higher up again, and again. He looked down and glowered angrily at the realization that he was riding the growth spurt of Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo, who was copying his new increase in size!

"GH...HHHHHRNGH!" the false bovine roared, angrily wrapping both huge arms around the bigger bull, just as he concentrated, and forced his body and muscles to expand out to match his rivals, putting both bovine gods at a stunning 1,500 feet, each!

"Hey, alright, Mo!" Melodai cheered, suddenly supportive. "Get that stupid creep, good! Don't screw it up, this time!"

Mumbo-Jumbo snorted in a dawning rage, snarling at the mutually-gigantic imposter bull.

"RR."

That short rumble terrified Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo, in ways he didn't know he could be. 1,500 feet tall, big enough to smash half a city in minutes...and he was scared. Deeply.

"RRR...HRRRN!" Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo shot back, growling, making himself push back as he crush-squeezed the massive bull in tight, dragging him up off of the firmament.

Their huge feet crashed and crushed into the crust of the moon, splitting rock and sinking heavily down with each awkward step as they both grappled, back and forth, stomping craters further and further in place. They locked hands, and Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo angrily brought his head back, cracking it hard onto Mumbo's in a headbutt.

Mumbo, this time, was the one to stumble back. By the time the huge bull looked up, Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo caught him in a hard charge, driving him in a bellowing roar of fury into another mountain, smashing him against it with a crack that shook the valley.

"Yeah! that's right!" she whooped. "Don't mess with us!"

Mumbo-Jumbo's colossal fist smashed into the imposter's jaw, making the huge fake grunt in pain, before the fake brought an elbow down on Mumbo's trapezius, and Mumbo kneed the imposter in the belly. All throughout, Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo's erection flared bigger and bigger, until it hurt more than the attacks. Between punches and kicks, he felt Mumbo's growing just as huge, and realized his penis was doing the same.

I'm copying him, Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo thought, before getting a mean uppercut to the chin. *That means Mumbo-Jumbo is...rock-hard...too...*

All that power and size and dominance...each impact made Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo heave back, then grow all the harder, tighter, heavier with arousal. Oh, why now? This was serious!

That was when it happened. As Mumbo headbutting him, and he bit Mumbo on the neck, Mumbo cried out a low, almost happy moo of sudden, embarrassing satisfaction. Their erection batted together with pleasant, reverberating, air-shaking *thumps*, making them both snort and shudder with want.

I...he's...ss-o big...

Mumbo's muzzle was suddenly baring in on him, and Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo panicked.

So *BIG!*

Melodia had trouble understanding, at first. That was understandable.

"Wh...what."

She blinked through her shades, watching, the motor on the Limbo Limo idling lowly.

Both Mumbo's were locked not in so much of a grapple as...an embrace. Their humongous metallic arms were tightly woven over one another, their enormous golden muzzles connected in a deep,

burning kiss. Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo nuzzled in deeper, firmly, silkily rumbling and stroking Mumbo's biceps, making Mumbo-Jumbo melt against him. The true bull's gigantic hands, big enough to crush buildings, snuck over Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo's rump, circling it lovingly, squeezing on it tight, as he began to thrust his huge erection up and down against his rival's, stroking himself and Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo's sexes over tenderly, with far more care than Melodia ever, *ever* would have credited the bull with.

"Uh," she said, gulping. "I, uh. Huh."

Mumbo-Jumbo grows, beyond all control...

Melodia hit her hardest notes on the Sound Smasher, it blasted a wave of sour-noted energy out, smashing into Mumbo-Jumbo's backside. In her anger and fear, she pressed the same note deeper in, holding it, scared to let go.

"That's right, you moronic moo-mongering mook!" Melodia cackled, as the beam knocked Mumbo-Jumbo off of Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo's smaller giant body. The true bull crashed onto his side, shaking the landscape, and freeing up the shocking mock-minotaur from all that crushing muscle and sex. "Take that, and that! That'll show you!"

"RRRR, HHRN-HRRR?" Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo asked, starting to sit up with a pained wince.

"What do you mean, Mo?" Melodia snarled, from over in the Limbo Limo. "No, it's not enough! This stupid steer needs to learn his place!"

The imposter-bull huffed, getting his lungs full again, before looking over to the much-larger Mumbo-Jumbo. He watched the bull shudder and squirm, but it hardly looked like it was from pain, or even displeasure. In fact, it all looked severely the opposite.

"NNN...HRRRF?"

"Why are you still in Mumbo-form?" she asked, before they both heard Mumbo-Jumbo's mooing get lower and deeper...and deeper...and deeper..

The more she fired into the bloated bovine, the more Mumbo-Jumbo seemed to just soak it up into himself. His muscles shook angrily, giddily, creaking with pressure that kept rising and rising, inside of him. Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo gulped, and started to scoot away, but it was already too late. With a bellowing burst of a roar, Mumbo-Jumbo's trembling reached a violent head, and the moaning, rumbling bull *detonated* bigger.

"*RRRRHGN!*" Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo wailed, as Mumbo-Jumbo's swollen erection burst bigger, doubling in size, and thudding down heavily onto him, pinning him to the valley below! His 530-foot form wheezed, struggling to contain a penis as big as he was, attached to a body that was suddenly over 1,200 feet in size, and growing faster and faster!

"H-huh?" Melodia gasped, lurching back. She didn't even remember her fingers and painted nails were still compressing the note keys on the Sound Smasher, or that the resultant wave was pouring on and on into the trembling, huffing, moaning bull.

Mumbo bellowed and blew up twice as big, in another rude, bloated gush of growth. His sides swelled furiously larger, his pectorals and abs bursting into poor Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo, shoving him away as he struggled to lift the bull's ever-growing, stiffening, burstingly huge penis up off of him. Over 2,400 feet of creaking, swollen male shifted and sat upright, taking the hugging Mo-Lec-U-Lar-Jumbo up with him, so that the startled copy-bull tumbled into his lap, bobbing his gigantic little self down on one swollen, dimpling sac.

Mumbo's rising brought his head far, far up beyond the Limbo Limo, making Melodia cry out as she stumbled backward into her driver's seat.

"L-leave me alone, you giant dolt!" she snapped, as Mumbo-Jumbo grunted and swelled even larger, towering higher and higher overhead. She looked out ahead and saw the beam pouring into him, pumping his quaking, heaving body up past 3,600 feet, and she finally put it all together in a

panic. "No!"

She lifted her hand up off of the Sound Smasher, only to watch as the beam continued pouring out freely, feeding the stretching, musclebound titan even more and more power.

Wha...why?" she screeched, fumbling with the blasting Sound Smasher. She suddenly realized that the keys she had compressed in her attack had been pushed in so hard by her that they were stuck in place, the sour notes sustained.

Mumbo-Jumbo just kept growing and bulging everywhere, his rump and heels and thighs denting heavier down, cratering the landscape, as he shook and rumble-mooed out his delight, blowing up even bigger, still! His muscles roared disproportionately massive as he tremble-boomed beyond 4,500 feet, and started to crane his humongously thick neck and chest down, down, arching lower to get his looming muzzle closer to her and the Limo.

"S-stop!" she cried, throwing the weapon away.

Mumbo's massive maw opened wide, a huge, lengthy metal tongue slipping out. It nimbly caught the speck-sized instrument, coiled around it, and slid happily back into his mouth. She could only gawk in total horror as Mumbo swallowed, letting it bulge down in a deep, reverberating *gulp*...

It worked! The smoke clears, and Mumbo-Jumbo is shrinking down!

The Bedlama defense armada, the SilverHawks, Mumbo-Jumbo; all present at the scene were momentarily blinded, as the odd device lit up around Mumbo, bathing everything in white. The madness of the bull's gargantuan growth spurt, and all the chaos his size created cleared away as the explosion peaked, faded, and left only silence.

Even after the burst, it took some time for everyone present to reacclimate, to get the burn out of their eyes. When Quicksilver did, he noticed that all the bulging bull-bulk from earlier was still very-much outside of the Mirage's cockpit, still filling their entire view.

"It...didn't work?" Steelheart muttered, rubbing one eye with her palm.

"You're kidding me!" Steelwill said, blinking his way back to normal. Indeed, out miles ahead, but looming like he was inches away, Mumbo-Jumbo remained standing, still enormous...well, almost as much as memory served. Was it?

"Look, close-like," Bluegrass said, keeping the Mirage aloft in space. "Don't he look different?"

Sure enough, there was less of the huge bull, suddenly, then a bit less, and less, still. As the silent seconds ticked on, they could all start to see it for themselves: Mumbo was shrinking. There was just so much of him to shrink, it took time for it to register.

"Well, I'll be," Steelwill said, before cheering, making Bluegrass jump in his seat. "Haha, alright!"

"Looks like that did the job, General," Quicksilver sighed, talking into the receiver. "Great work!"

"Hey, we're not out of this yet, Quicksilver," General Mantz replied over the line, though he clearly sounded just as relieved. "Now, we make sure he keeps shrinking down! We need to also stay clear, since he can still—"

"BBRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOAOOOR!"

Still standing 300 miles tall, Mumbo-Jumbo was plenty big enough to offer a rebuttal to his shrinking. Ad that rebuttal came in fist-form.

The entire armada swerved way, parting and scattering in a panic, as Mumbo took a full, musclebound swing at them. His fist shot past, trembled, then slipped smaller, and smaller. By the time Mumbo-Jumbo withdrew it, he stood 230 miles tall, then 200 even.

No, the huge bull snorted, fuming and raving internally. NO! No smaller! Mumbo not be smaller again! Stupid lousy little BUGS!

The immense bovine roared and swung wild, shuddering and lurching down smaller and smaller, in larger and larger chunks of lost size and mass. His immensely thick arms dwindled down to something closer to a regular bodybuilder's—still impressive, but less-so, compared to how godly he had grown.

"RRRRRGH...HRRRRN!"

"He seems to be takin' it okay," Bluegrass joked, as the Mirage swerved in a long loop around Mumbo, watching the 120-mile tall bull furiously stamp down on the moon, smashing the turf to cratered bits, pounding it into smoke and ruin as he threw an unparalleled tantrum.

Quakes rattled and rumbled out across the surface of the moon as he stormed in place, bellowing and swinging wild, even though the ships had all pulled back to relative safety.

"Are you alright over there, General?" Quicksilver asked, over the line.

"That was close, but...yes. We're fine."

"So, we wait for Mumbo to dwindle all the way down, and then..."

"Then, he's all yours, SilverHawks. Please, by all means, take him to Penal Planet 10, and get him away from here."

"Heh, roger that, sir," Quicksilver laughed, nodding. "We'll see to it that Professor Power gets his new powers under control."

Mumbo-Jumbo shook with anger as he felt himself dizzily drop down another 50 miles, in one slipping, long lurch of deflation. His muscles rumbled and shrank in, more and more, leaving him more the way he had always been, as he trembled and moaned miserably, then sank down to 30 miles...10 miles...2 miles...

No amount of sour thrashing or lowing could stop it, and as he hit a 'mere' 1,000 feet, Mumbo-Jumbo began to look for some way, any way out of capture.

They grab you quick, for sure, Mumbo thought, glancing around the moonscape in escalating panic. *Got to get away!*

It worked...but...it's only halted his growth! He's still...incredibly huge!

When the brilliance of the explosion finally peaked, bathing everything in stark white light, all other action ceased. The sounds of struggle, even Mumbo-Jumbo's bovine lowing and creaking, rumbling growth—all of it stopped dead, and only the silence prevailed.

It took longer for the burned whiteout effect to finally fade off, but when it did so, the SilverHawks no longer heard the thundering groan of Mumbo-Jumbo's huge growth spurts...but, as they all blinked and squinted through the Mirage's cockpit dome, they could still see the same thing.

The entirety of their view was still a massive, golden-copper backside, an oceanic mass of swollen muscles.

"He's still standin'," Bluegrass moaned, adjusting his 10-gallon hat. "The sucker's still loomin' as big as Monday!"

"But listen," Steelheart said. "I don't hear him getting any bigger..."

"This is Quicksilver, General, come back," Quicksilver said, bringing the receiver up close. "Are you alright, sir?"

"This is Mantz, Quicksilver, we're alright. Looks like the device did...well, some of the trick. Looks to us like Mumbo-Jumbo's crazy growth spurt has ceased. The uh, remaining problem being..."

"Mumbo isn't any smaller," Quicksilver said, "we know."

"HHHHRRRRRRNNNF..." a huge voice boomed, between the Mirage and the armada. Mumbo's vast muscles shifted as the bull shook his head, blinked, then opened his eyes, to see himself in full.

Still big, Mumbo-Jumbo thought, grimacing. *But not getting bigger...why stop?*

He brought up an arm nearly 80 miles long, and flexed experimentally. It bulged out far, but receded after, further proof that the towering bovine was indeed no longer getting any bigger. Despite all that overflowing power, despite his god-tiered muscle and monstrously oversized shaft and sacs, a kind of acute disappointment overtook him.

Bigger...

The thought tormented Mumbo as he snorted, and brought both hands up to his erection, starting to tease it over in frustration.

"RRRRR..."

Make bigger, he ordered himself, as the bull stroked his fat shaft over slowly. *Not care about tiny SilverHawks or dumb ships. Can't hurt Mumbo, so Mumbo not care! Just want big! Bigger big!*

"Er..." General Mantz started, clearing his throat. "I imagine you aren't seeing what we're seeing, SilverHawks, but ah...we all think he's trying to...work himself back up..."

Steelheart cocked one eyebrow.

"Well, at least he isn't attacking, in that case," Steelwill offered.

"What do we do now, though?" Steelheart asked, rightly.

"Any ideas on how to proceed, General?" Quicksilver continued, as the backside and rump of the tremendous bull began to rock in and out in slow, arching rhythms.

"Not sure, to be honest. I mean, we stopped his growth, that's step one. I was hoping that the device would sap his size, as well, truth be told. We'll get on the horn with Professor Power, and see what's to be done. Hopefully the big bull will, you know...*keep busy* throughout."

Mumbo-Jumbo licked his muzzle over slowly as he squeezed his erection up against himself, shivering a little happy bit.

Good, Mumbo thought, huffing deep. *That good. Better. Make Mumbo excited, Mumbo get bigger again, maybe...*

The more the huffing cow pleased himself, the hotter his swollen body became; metallic muscles tensed into tight flexes as his pectorals trembled and his erection blew up tighter against his loving palms and tickling, digging fingers.

Grow...

The more Mumbo ordered his body, the hotter it seemed to stoke within, some familiar pressure climbing and tumbling and building and flooding out, out inside of him, until a crackle of electricity crept over his neck to his shoulder, and another danced out along his shaft, sparking static charges.

GROOOOW...

Mumbo-Jumbo absorbs too much...

"General Mantz, this is Quicksilver! Please, stop firing!"

Quicksilver's pleas went into a dead receiver, and died there with it. He clutched it and looked out in desperation as the Mirage pulled farther and farther away from what had moments ago been a moon. That poor satellite was no completely replaced, breaking to crackling bits under the sheer bulk of Mumbo-Jumbo, who was now outsizing it—and getting *even bigger*.

"Can we get clear, Bluegrass?" Quicksilver asked, as he and the twins all grabbed hold of whatever in the cockpit they could.

"The rate that bull's blowin' up, it'll be close," Bluegrass muttered, pushing the poor Mirage faster still. "Can't they tell that gasoline an' fire just don't mix?"

"We need Professor Power, right away," Steelheart said. "Quicksilver, can't we hail him? He must know something we can do to stop that juggernaut!"

Mumbo-Jumbo was lost in pleasure. The throbbing, billowed-out bovine snorted and gulped and panted in chaotic, ragged gulfs, his muzzle pinched in more and more against the trembling, booming bulk of his overinflated pectorals.

They snuggled and swelled up over his chin and mouth, expanding so rapidly that Mumbo's hands could hardly reach the top of their swollen, rising curves. He lavished rubs and strokes and tight, tender squeezes against his own hungry muscles, teasing them, making him moo as he uncontrollably bucked his continental hips and boomed another five times larger!

His fat phallus screamed tight as the tip wobbled and bulged, pushing deeper and deeper out into space as his 17,000-mile tall body rumbled and shook, still more power somehow building inside of him. Nearly 90,000,000 feet of nude male godhood loomed in the void, just outside of Bedlama, the fleeing armada nothing but microbes compared to him.

Still, they bombarded the roaring cow, making him bite his lip as his pectorals and shoulders erupted massively, exploding out bigger, just as his neck bulk swelled from an arm's width to the width of his tremendous hips!

His back muscles and golden trapezius boomed up over his head, mashing into the back of it as he moaned and mooed and trembled, feeling energy building to a head in his tip. His sacs rumbled and boomed out larger, stretching noisily tighter and fuller, growing so huge that even his enormous legs couldn't reach past them, and had to resort instead to stroking against them in huge circles.

"M...MMMMUH-HUHM...MMM-MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO..."

Bedlama, a massive planet of some 280,000 miles' diameter, still took notice of the groaning cyber-bull swelling in their periphery. His bulk surged out again, and again, straining too tight, driving him wilder as he squeezed himself and boom-mooed his abandon to all of Limbo.

The pressure grew and grew, until it was at the backs of his eyes and against the inside of his bloated tip, gathering, spilling too big, too huge to contain...and still, all the bloated bull-mass grew bigger...and bigger...straining out farther...and farther...pumping disproportionately larger...and

larger...and larger...

So m-much b-b-big, Mumbo groaned, finally shifting from joy to slight worry, feeling his body get past his control entirely. *G-going to...burrrrssst...*

"That's right, Professor Power, our readouts have him bigger than the moon—oh, no!" Quicksilver said, having been foolish enough to look at the rear view camera monitor, after hearing the others all gasp. "Nevermind, Professor, he's...17,000 miles tall! He's bigger than several Earths, stacked together! We have to stop him!"

"Gracious," Professor Power gasped, over his end of the line. "This is very bad! That sun wasn't perfected, when it was stolen from its transport...you see, it's highly unstable, and could explode with too much interaction or provocation..."

"So...Mumbo-Jumbo could...blow up!?" Steelwill gulped, looking back at the shuddering, over-swollen mass of gold muscles beyond them, trembling and moaning.

"I'm afraid so," Professor Power said, solemnly. "If he explodes from too much feeding, too quickly, he would be the equivalent of a gigaton bomb going off, in space!"

"That's a massive blast radius, Quicksilver," Steelheart said, grimly.

"What can we do, Professor?" Quicksilver asked.

"If they do not stop firing, then there will be nothing anyone can do. The damage will be catastrophic to that area!"

"They seem either frantically defending themselves, or they're bent on overfeeding him to shut him down," Quicksilver said. "But either way..."

"There's only one option I can imagine, left to you," Professor Power said, thinking hard. "But it's such a long shot, I almost didn't even consider it as a possibility..."