

OUTER SPACE, ROCK PLANET

JUNO, 9:41 PM

At last. At long, glorious, *aching* last, Juno had what she had always really and truly wanted, her entire life:

All of it.

The female wolf touched down with all the grace of a kid who knew they were getting what they wanted, a wide beaming grin struggling to fit on her muzzle as she looked it all over.

“Mine,” she sighed, her tail frantically wagging behind her immense rear. “All mine! Haha, I can’t believe it! I’ll come help them all out, for sure—just, this way, I’ll wrap all our problems right up in one ever-growing hand, and be the heroine no one saw coming!”

She thought, then smirked.

“After that, everyone will see me, no matter whether I come or g...g-g...GGH...”

Her own thrill proved enough to trigger her spurt, as Juno howled and let her body erupt in size, pouring everywhere as her 3,900-mile body shot up to 9,300 instantaneously. Hot, stretching creaks and rumbling groans stole every swelling inch of her body as she closed her eyes, hugged herself tight, and let it happen.

“HHH...HH-YUH-Y-YEESSSSSS...P-PUH-PERRF-FFFF-FFFFFECC-CTT-T!”

Juno’s happiness spilled out over her 22,100-mile body as it bulged out, curves exploding into lewd, furry mounds of promise and heat as her rump boomed wider, her thighs heaving twice the width of her shoulders. Her bosom bullied her torso, overtaking it as her inflamed nipples sagged and pulsed and grew, milk dribbling out in tickling streams. Her tail fluffed into a forest as she caught her own howl in her growing neck, shuddered, and *blasted* to 57,000 miles, then 80,000!

Millions of feet stuffed into her trembling frame as Juno grabbed her own muzzle and held it closed, whimpering in complete abandon, as it letting the roar of joy out would stop the buildup within her body.

Go on, explode. Do it. Do it! I want it! Haha! I WANT IT!

The desperation of the scene, the threat of Melon, the madness of a world overruled by the whims of giants...

That she was about to eclipse all of it so, so badly made her jerk up tight as her sex trembled, puckered in, and blew up between her legs, burning with need, needing *more need* still, delighted in just how insatiable she was becoming.

110,000 miles. She was so big, she could have held even Legoshi like nothing at all. A baby. Less than that, even. At over half a billion feet tall, she should have already been queen of the system, of entire worlds. She could have held Earth itself in her palm, no problem at all. She could have eaten it like a snacky little apple—

Eaten! Right! I need to get started here!

The 140,000-mile Juno stopped, blowing a jubilant plume of colored steam out as her spurt concluded, leaving her looking herself over happily...before pouting.

“Hum...I just ate a chunk of that rock before...you would think I’d be much bigger, still. Yet again, trying to keep me from my full glory, it seems. But look where I am! I can still fix that right up! It’s just easier to eat at this new size!”

Juno wriggled her now-absurd rear as she thudded down on both knees, arched lower against herself, then growled in frustration.

“Wait.”

She tried again. And again. Yet, there was no getting around it. Or rather...around *them*.

“C...crap!”

Her breasts were in the way. Utterly. Being nearly half her entire size now, the wolf’s bust only dimpled cutely against her full weight, a pair of overloaded mounds that happily wobbled as she struggled to get in closer and use her teeth properly. They seemed to think she was playing.

“Okay,” Juno grumbled, resting her chin deep in her cleavage as she restructured things. “Okay, not a problem...”

She slid back up onto her rump, ears twitching, before calmly going back to a towering stand, sliding her legs a bit...and stomped for all she was worth, cracking the rock below a tiny bit. Then, with a harder stomp, a little bit more.

Anywhere else, each slam of her massive soles and toes would have been enough to destroy worlds; it wasn't that she wanted to, in a populous area, of course, that would have taken away worshippers. Here, in this desolate nothing, however...

"Come on," she huffed, stomping over and over in place, until more fragments began to break open. "There we go! Haha, good!"

"Juno, stop!"

"Oh, no," the wolf moaned, gingerly turning to see a far, far tinier Haru landing near to her, thumping over briskly. She wasn't even toe-sized to her, now, it was actually adorable.

"J-Juno, please," Haru panted, popping her musclebound back. "I know what you want to do, I understand, but let's think about this first. You must see how much rock there is here! Tell me you're just going to have a little bit, at the most!"

"Haru," Juno said, surprisingly gently, thudding around to face her. "Honey, let's not fight about this, okay? Hmm? We get along, right? Why don't you have a little, even? I can just have the rest, and that way you won't be totally lost on my growing mass! You and Legoshi can just enjoy each other, on me! Don't worry, haha, I will absolutely keep you both safe, I would never let him be harmed. O-or you!"

Haru broke into a stunted laugh, but recovered quick.

"Ah, th-that's kind of you, but really, let's hold off a moment, okay? If we keep outclassing one another too violently, it's just going to lead to way more chaos--"

"Oh no, no, sweetie, I figured that out," Juno rumbled, wagging again. "If I completely overwhelm the situation, that's it. It ends. I'll just swallow that Melon creep whole, and we're all good. I mean, Louis, he'll fuss, of course he will--"

"HAH."

Both females lurched back, momentarily prey-like, as a shadow spilled out over them from farther away. That shadow belonged to a view-blocking mountain of rabbit, white on one side, black on the other. Haru leapt back, whereas Juno just cocked a brow in quiet disbelief.

"M-Mizuchi!?" Haru bellowed, though to Mizuchi, it was a peep.

“Who?” Juno huffed, looking the 190,000-mile harlequin rabbit over.

“YOU’VE SEEN ME AROUND CHERRYTON, DOG,” Mizuchi rumbled, the overloaded lapine smirking coldly; all told, she was a wall of new-grown, swollen muscle, more than a match for even Haru’s amazing build. **“THERE’S ONLY ONE HARLEQUIN RABBIT THERE, AFTER ALL. UNLIKE SOME COMMON WOLF.”**

“You know this joke?” Juno asked Haru, looking away from the glowering giantess.

“Ugh,” Haru replied, sagging, having to shout to be heard. “Unfortunately.”

“WHAT IS THAT...IS THAT...HARU? BAHHAHA!”

The rock beneath them shook for it as Mizuchi sneered down over her bosom, flexing one ivory bicep tight, then the ebony after.

“OH, THIS IS PERFECT! LOOK AT YOU, DOWN THERE, WHERE YOU BELONG! HELL, I CAN HARDLY MANAGE IT, FROM UP HERE! LET’S SEE YOU LOOK DOWN ON ALL THIS, NOW!”

“Look, Jester,” Juno japed, “could you go off and be the best joker somewhere else? My friend and I were talking.”

Mizuchi’s face went from Sunshine to storm front.

...“HARLEQUIN. WHY DON’T YOU TWO MITES CLEAR OFF OF MY ROCK? GO ON, SHOO. GIT. I WENT THROUGH HELL TO LEAP ONTO HERE.”

To Haru’s surprise, Juno’s monumentally big foot slid the broken rock pile over towards her, offering it wordlessly.

“It’s hardly *yours*, bunny,” Juno retorted, hands to her vast, soft hips. “And pro-tip, one girl to...hmm, another? If you’re really special, you don’t have to say how special you are. It’s really classless, isn’t it?”

“SHUT. UP.”

“Haha, I mean, really, you’re this big, and your ego is still that weak? What, do you need attention every minute, just to get out of your special, endangered bed every afternoon?”

Sure. Sure, some part of Juno knew that all came back on her, a little. But a little hypocrisy didn't look that bad, when there was that much of her to weigh against it.

Mizuchi answered by raising a handful of broken rock, and cramming it all into her scowling muzzle, swallowing it down loudly.

“I’VE REACHED MY FILL ON INSULTS,” Mizuchi boomed, stomping threateningly nearer, shaking even Juno a bit as she did.

“Haha, you had an allowable limit?” the wolf cackled, playing it up more, refusing to step back even once. “So, you do take garbage from others?”

Juno was still up to about chest-height, almost, at the eartips, compared to her. Maybe she could hold her own long enough, if it really came to blows. Truth be told, Mizuchi was a hulk.

“THAT KIND OF TALK WAS POSSIBLE, YESTERDAY, PUPPY,” the harlequin rabbit snorted, grinning lop-sidedly. **“NOT TODAY. MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY EATING A LITTLE GARBAGE, CARNIVORE.”**

Juno remained unimpressed, on the outside. The acting practice was suddenly worth its considerable weight. The wolf could already feel the rumble behind her, and redoubled her attitude as sounds of pulling hide and ballooning muscle rose to prominence.

Pfft. Of course, she gets her spurt right away.

Wait, she ate rock along with me, back on the big lizard. Won't that make Haru—

The realization was more brought to Juno, rather than her arriving at it, as Haru's body *boomed* to insanity behind her. The terrain cracked and split as a sheer wall of white-furred bunny muscle crashed down, finally managing to stagger Juno as Haru grew and grew.

Mizuchi thumped back as Haru matched her size with no bother, rumbled massively, grit her incisors, then blew up beyond even her.

Boulder-shoulders and inflated breasts framed a monstrous fluffy neck, Haru's head stranded in the center as her traps detonated bigger above her, her biceps pleading for relief as they burst tighter and tighter over her swollen forearms. Her thighs *boom-boomed* strange percussive rhythms as they heaved to impossible width, just barely supporting her size as she billowed to 230,000 miles tall, then stopped, just slightly larger than even Gosha.

“AGH,” Mizuchi choked, her frustration damming everything up as her long ears flopped back flat to her huge neck. **“NO WAY...NOT AGAIN! NOT AFTER I GOT HERE!”**

Juno yipped as a very big hand scooped her off to safety, astonishingly careful, and unbearably soft. The same way Haru doted on her plants, she had carefully moved her new friend over, planting her elsewhere as she grinned, then cut one hell of a glare at Mizuchi.

“ALWAYS WITH THE BAD ATTITUDE,” Haru bellowed, storming over, then barrelling right into Mizuchi, shouldering into the stunned harlequin with enough power to send her skidding onto her bulky back. **“DO YOU EVEN UNDERSTAND HOW ELEVATED YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN, IF YOU HAD JUST STARTED ON THE SAME LEVEL AS ANYONE ELSE?”**

Mizuchi groaned, shaking the hit off as she rose to both massive rabbit’s feet. From the look, she did not understand one bit. Something else was surely on her mind.

“YOU’RE THE ONE THAT DOESN’T UNDERSTAND! YOU WERE NEVER ALONE LIKE I WAS! THERE’S THOUSANDS OF YOU IN A HOUSE! I NEVER GOT ANYTHING LIKE THAT, EVER!”

Juno watched in awe as two bunnies, of all creatures, clashed in a titanic grapple, muscles bulging so large that the wolf was momentarily spellbound by the sheer power on display.

“AND YOU NEVER WILL, AT THIS RATE,” Haru retaliated, bringing one bulky leg up and smashing Mizuchi’s breasts, battering them up into the rabbit’s muzzle.

Juno cleared her own throat, more to snap out of her trance than to call attention. This one time, she was content to sneak off unseen. When she felt far enough away for comfort, the wolf whooped in delight, wagging faster as she thundered farther off.

Perfect! Haha, Haru, you’re wonderful! You keep that jester occupied, while I go and make myself into the new, ever-growing goddess I deserve to be!

OUTER SPACE

GOSHA, 9:46 PM

It wasn’t like the last time, back on Earth, in the city. Not entirely.

The more Gosha hurt him, the larger Melon became; the hybrid caught the reptile's headbutt dead-on the second time, and that time it threw Gosha back instead. The force of the feedback rippled through Melon as he winced, then trembled and stretched even larger, all as Gosha watched. He had still been big enough to work his entire tail around Melon's immense neck, choking the 440,000-mile hybrid as he twisted his body around and spat Venom directly in Melon's face. Yet, that neck only bulged wider, thicker, the fur frizzing out as Melon groaned from pain, then billowed to 470,000 miles, his muscles gorging on energy as they groaned.

Louis, no long beggar or chooser, devoted himself to pure offense. Only two-thirds Melon's growing size, the deer put everything into each blow, bashing his bigger hand away as he flew up to Melon's neck and tried to help Gosha's tail finish the job.

“H-HUH,” Melon rumbled, his tongue slipping out as he shook and ballooned to 500,000 miles in size, literally half a million miles of throbbing, burning bulk.
“H...HHHHHAAAAAAAAARDDDDUHHHRRRRR...”

A phallus half as big as he stood tall bobbed in the void, pulsing so hard that they could hear it, his furred orbs overtaking his spreading legs as he rolled his glowing eyes and billowed gold energy from his opened maw.

Gosha, less than half Melon's stupendous size, put his body to work by hugging Melon's right arm, weighing it down as his tail obliged the hybrid, and squeezed tighter, along with Louis. Melon's eyes nearly were bright white as his irises ducked past the lids, the great male shaking openly, lewdly, his erection pushing higher and higher as he curled planet-dwarfing toes.

530,000 miles. Melon had ascended to a point where the Horns rockets would have burned out their collective fuel supplies, just to go from his nose to the tip of his shaft. Nearly 2.8 billion feet of anything in motion would fail to terrify any regular being, by virtue of being too big to comprehend in any meaningful way.

At their sizes, however, it was plenty scary for Louis and Gosha, who struggled back, even though struggling was exactly what made Melon larger.

And larger.

And larger.

Melon's pectorals burst into his jawline, tilting his muzzle as he easily pulled Louis off, turned, and pulled Gosha along as he threw the deer off yet again. Louis smashed back-first into some unlucky planet, cracking its surface as he and it both spun out of orbit.

Unable to properly taunt him, Melon instead forced his head towards Gosha, smiling ferally as he slowly, firmly began to flex. More and more size seemed to burst across the hybrid's bicep and tricep, bloating the muscles to mammoth scope. Tattoos of melon leaves swelled out of proportion across his booming girth as Gosha grunted and held fast, defiantly squeezing back at the expansion. Bulges of brawn and ruffled fur began to pump out between the lizard's arms, shoving his head back as Melon simply, somehow, added *more*.

His neck boooooomed slowly, uncurling Gosha's tail bit by bit as the hybrid didn't grow any taller, but wider instead. Much, much wider.

"GHHHHGH," the colossal komodo growled, blowing another burst of venom all over Melon's arm, then up in an arc that splattered his face. "COME...O-ONNNN..."

Another burst of venom, and another still.

Melon had slumped or lowered his lids a few times during the battle, but the god kept pushing through it, recovering after each billowing growth spurt. With no recourse left, Gosha welled up, held, aimed—and sprayed. Continuously. On and on.

More and more fluid coated Melon's muzzle, dripping down past his chin and soaking into his inflated pectorals; yet Gosha shot more, still, his body shaking as, for the first time in his storied life, the lizard found himself demanding the entire stock.

"NNNNNNGH," Melon slurred, flexing even bigger...before suddenly relenting a little.

Then, a little more.

"NNNN."

Melon's free hand crashed down, pummeling the reptile directly in the face, making Gosha splutter and cough as his head snapped back in pain.

The hand raised, the fist covered in venom; it shook, weakened, then sank down.

Gosha's vision reeled out behind him as everything spun. His grip loosened as he slipped back into space, shaking it off, willing his old eyes to get back to work as he wafted back from the supergiant.

Get back up get back up get back up get back up

Not dead not dead get up

A brain bigger than a planet threw everything at Gosha, the battered dragon coughing hard as he got his own air back. However this whole invincibility thing really worked, he still had an atmosphere of his own, and he was definitely still kicking.

Good enough!

Melon's eyes had been coated with venom, rendering them a burning pink-purple for the moment. Gosha saw well enough to act; he hurtled up towards Melon's larger head, grabbed the lower and upper jaws, and pried them open, clouds of god-power flowing out like smokestacks as a vast tongue presented itself.

Gosha wound up again, and blew a streak of venom directly in. Again, and again.

His titanic body was finally quaking from exertion, the old-timer having never made or spent this much at any one time, ever. The hand that caught his arm was almost a relief, as the komodo was ready to pass out. That didn't last.

Another gigantic hand snagged his other arm as the blinded behemoth held Gosha by both arms, before starting to viciously pull in opposing directions. Gosha hissed through clenched teeth as he tried to pull in and resist; he kicked and scratched and kneed back, making the drugged colossus growl and huff as he grew more and more sluggish—yet Melon held.

The socket began to worry, and so did he, as more and more force was applied, through the effects of the venom, spiting Gosha's efforts as Melon wobbled, sagged, then snapped back awake enough, pulling even worse.

“MELONNNNN—”

A huge fist crashed into Melon's jaw, making the staggered giant twist and release, one hand slipping off of Gosha's arm. The other swung the lizard away on reflex, only for him to *thump* safely into a huge shelf of furry, familiar brawn.

“Grandpa! Grandpa, are you okay? Hey!”

“Uh. Lego...shi?”

His grandson held him, equally enormous now, cradling the beaten elder close. He nearly matched the dragon in raw physique, floating at a whopping 200,000 miles tall, a soft rumble still cascading through him as he held him tight.

“It’s okay, it’s me, Grandpa! You were amazing! He’s nearly out!”

“So’m I, ahaha,” the lizard cough-laughed, nodding. “Are you oka-okay?”

“M-me? I’m fine, don’t even ask,” the wolf warmly said, moving Gosha gently back and away as a 320,000-mile Yahya brought both fists down on Melon’s head, knocking the stupefied giant into a spin as Bill pounced from the other side, over 205,000 miles tall. “You just hang back a few minutes, okay? Get your sights straight again, shake it off?”

“Uh, uh-huh,” Gosha huffed, nodding again, already smiling through the pain. “I’ll be right with you, y...go have f-fun.”

Legoshi nodded back firmly, wagging so hard he shook.

“Right!”

The wolf took off towards the fracas as Bill took hold of Melon’s left arm, Legoshi taking the right as Yahya put Melon into a mean headlock, his thick horse muscles booming angrily against his bulging neck.

“I lo...I I-love you too,” Gosha wheezed, before slumping in on his own bulk.

OGMA’S HANDS, SITE OMEGA

OPERATIVE T, 9:48 PM

“Just let me...pack it proper,” the owl shouted, having to do so to remain audible over the bowing walls and snapping windows and warping beams. “We can’t drop these on the way out!”

There was no time to rejoice or shake hands or flip when the last few working monitors cracked and died out, right as the final mixture slid out of a small pneumatic tube next to the main console. There was no chance to cheer as three beautiful bottles of pink fluid were collected by the scientist, or when he found a fitting carrying case that wasn’t already broken.

The thing was, the building was going sideways. All of it.

“–the hell is–out there–”

Mienai’s hollers hardly survived as the ground they were on tilted, breaking the site’s foundation one cracking thread at a time, but in rapid succession.

“Got to–now!” T shouted back, her already-hoarse voice dying out as she hurried the owl up the floor, finding a long power cable that didn’t break away when she pulled.

The carry case was in a satchel with a band, meaning T could throw it around her torso like luggage and shoo the fowl up the vertical plane, as though they were on belay. Mienai felt for it last, found it, and quickly climbed after them as they moved from the cable to the side of an embedded counter, going from that to the exit door just overhead.

“Which way!?” T roared, as shattering glass rose in the distance.

“Slide down! To–of the h–way! Go!”

The chopper was already in the air as they escaped into darkness and confusion. T waved her flashlight as the last of the lights inside the tilting site sputtered out, the generator presumably smashed by the destruction inside, hoping her light would attract the one spotlight up above them.

“Here! We–here!”

Just as the siding of the rooftop cracked open, as smoke and glass and drywall blew out on either side of the sinking exterior, that spotlight snapped to them, and found them all.

The pilot shook his tired head as they all climbed in and pulled the chain ladder back up into the seats, motioning impatiently for them to strap in and put on their headsets.

“Cut it a touch close in there, yeah?”

“But we got cigars, haha!” the owl shouted, no longer needing to.

“Haha, damn straight!” T laughed, the owl slapping her approvingly on her shoulder over and over. Being feathered and all, it was rather nice. “We got ‘em! We got ‘em, can you believe it! We can do this!”

“Hot damn,” the pilot replied, as Mienai slumped into his passenger’s seat, visibly sick. “How much of that stuff did you make?”

“W...well, three vials,” T stammered, suddenly losing a bit of wind. “That was all we could make...b-but we can stop Melon! That’s the key!”

“Well, it’s something,” the pilot sighed, nodding sympathetically. “Now, ah...how do we get the *big boy* here to open up and let us do the curing? We got fuel, but I...don’t want to hover forever...”

They went quiet.

“Right, I just thought it was space...dark...”

“You mean, this is Ogma’s hand?” the owl hummed, silently impressed. “Safekeeping, I suppose it makes sense. Only, with all the motion—”

“Right, something is clearly up, out there, if he’s so teetery with us,” Mienai added, dabbing his forehead with his shirt. “But for the moment, how do we get out? He’s not going to see a flare go off with his hands closed around us.”

“Well, that’s the rub,” the owl muttered, shrugging in his seat. “I figured this was a possibility. We need to cure him, first, in order to get free. Whether it’s his intent or a simple inability to know that we’re done, being as small as we are to him...it doesn’t really matter, in the long run. We inject him. Land where you can, please, I’ll handle this.”

After all they had survived, the counsel had nothing to say in protest.

MELON’S UPPER RIB CAGE

OGMA, 9:50 PM

The more the fighting went on, the harder it became for Ogma to stay still; the world was Melon, and Melon was in a tussle. An ongoing, ever-growing one, at that.

The ‘ground’ swelled out, and out, details in the hybrid’s patterned fur getting too big to understand as follicles rose, thickening from tall grass to high trees around the stag. Enormous masses of scaled or furred girth slammed and thudded and pressed to Melon’s body as features in

Ogma's landscape jerked back, mashed in or pulled out. Every blow landed shook his terrain, the deer finally having to dive away, lest a glinting planetoid of scales crush him flat.

"Not now," Ogma groused, having to get back to his huge feet without the use of his hands. "Not when we're so close! Why are they intervening now, whoever they are!?"

Maybe he had already been injected, maybe not—all that mattered now was to keep his hands closed until there was a reaction within a reasonable time.

The fur had eventually stopped its growth, leaving Ogma completely lost in it. With no idea where to go or what was coming, he relied only on his motion sensing...which meant nothing, when a series of heavy, trundling *thumps* became close enough to hear.

The old stag winced, going as still as he knew how. The sounds were the same sickly, mindless snuffles from before, in between the thudding of colossal bear feet.

Damn. It.

His eyes moved back and forth, the CEO of practically half the world's industries suddenly vulnerable. If anything, money and power-wise, he was more unsurpassed than ever before, in history. Yet, he was seconds away from an attack even *he* might not weather. Had the bear grown bigger? He sounded so much heavier now. Was it a trick of the ears?

Something massive thundered closer, something so big it rose over the fur that eclipsed Ogma's massive form. Despite all the sense and caution he possessed, at last, Ogma relented, and looked up. It had been a poor choice.

The bear was *monstrous*, now. If Ogma had been regular height, and all normal, then the bear still would have been a house. *His kind of house.*

Ogma tried to look back down, but it just wasn't happening. Again, the great bear sniffed away, trying to suss his scent out of all that leopard-gazelle fur. Loathe as he was to admit it, the overgrowth was actually saving—

"RRRRHN."

There, up above, leered the bear, leaning in for one last sniff to confirm. A storm-growl escaped as the bear's jaws opened, and kept opening wider over him, and Ogma froze.

Only for the stag to gawk as the bear burst even bigger—wait. Wait, wait. The fur was growing, too.

Am I...am—I am. I am! I'm shrinking!

...Perfect!

Down, down the mega-deer shrank, dwindling in strange, slipping fits, sinking lower and lower as his muscles deflated by subtle degrees. The bear seemed bigger and bigger as he lurched down to 4,000 miles, then 3,670...3,440...2,900...

It worked, after all! And once I rebound...

The bear reared back overhead, sniffing again in bafflement as his scent shrank with him.

I'll overpower you, up there...and Melon, himself!

1,700 miles, just a little over half the size of the moon...

1,000 miles, just a portion of the country, lengthwise...

At 500 miles he stopped, waited, then nodded, inching away through the fur without disturbing any of it enough to draw the bear's attention. Still, feet many times bigger than he crashed clumsily around him, the bear outpacing him to such a degree that Ogma thought better of it and just held still, letting the bear *thud-thud* past.

Finding no further need of it, he divorced one hand of the other, a wave of heat released.

"They really did it, hah," Ogma whispered, ever-cautious. "Splendid. Now, to wait."

SITE OMEGA HELICOPTER

OPERATIVE T, 9:52 PM

The helicopter kept low over the carpet of Melon's fur, both relieved and nervous at once. Even reduced as he was, Ogma remained far bigger than most states, yet with him buried in the forestry, it was already out-of-sight, out-of-mind.

“I wonder how Ogma will react, when he realizes what’s in that cure,” the owl chuckled, both anxious and amused. “I’m pretty sure at this point, he was expecting it to benefit him, as you suggested.

“Why?” T ventured, the capybara narrowing her eyes. “What changed about it?”

“You’ll recall back when Ogma rebounded, post-injection? How his next spurt resumed anyway, despite the cure, and it came back wildly more powerful? I mean, he had to have ballooned to...thousands of times in size, really.”

“You figured that out, before?”

“You didn’t? He was so enthused about our cure.”

“Well, I mean, I didn’t trust his enthusiasm, like I had said—”

“Haha, right. He likely held us there until we were forced to inject him, knowing he would only suffer a temporary reduction, then a massive, massive increase.”

T ran the computations, and didn’t seem thrilled.

“S-so...we’ve just guaranteed he’ll become...insanely super-huge!? Why!?”

“The old cure would have, yes. I didn’t speak about it much before, because I didn’t know if we could even make it or not. Once the lab equipment was proven capable, I went ahead and changed the formula a little bit. There wasn’t time to figure out how to shrink them, since they clearly keep having spurts that wipe out the previous reductions...heh. But what I could do, quickly enough, was alter the potency—drastically.”

“So...he’ll get...less huge, this time?”

“Hopefully it won’t take long, and he won’t end up becoming *that* much larger, but...if my math was correct, his next growth spurt should come on too fast, overtaxing his system and shutting the growth process down on a biological level. The pauses and bursts of growth indicate a cooldown period between spurts, for all the giants we’ve observed thus far. This orders the cycle to continue, faster and faster, wrecking whatever functions the cooldown enables. He’ll overheat, then burn out, killing the cycle. Headaches might follow, but he’ll be done growing. H-hopefully.”

“Then, he’ll shrink!”

“...No.”

“What.”

Mienai sat ahead of them, listening in grim silence.

“We still need time and facilities, to even *hope* to cultivate a reversal agent. All of this was on the fly, you’ll remember. Even the burnout effect is hypothetical, since the evidence so far supports my approach...but it’s only evidence based on the last several *hours*.”

“Then, even if you’re right...if we cure Melon with this...”

“That’s right. It has to get worse, before it gets better. He’ll grow unfathomably enormous, yes...but he will burn out. Long-term, it’s better than him infinitely growing at an accelerating rate. Scary as that makes the short-term. We just need to observe Ogma from a safe distance, to make sure I’m right, before we even think of trying it on Melon. The effects should be very prompt, on the plus side. Then we go from there.”

“Mienai, sir,” T whined, “this can’t actually be our game plan. That’s insane!”

“Yes, it is,” the zebra sighed. “We’re proceeding.”

“But—”

“Would you rather we dither and inject Melon, when his base size is even bigger?”

T went dead silent, and stayed that way.

“Once Ogma confirms my theory, we’ll need somewhere safe enough to land, to get this done right,” the owl continued, looking out from his seat over the horizon of Melon’s abs. “If Melon is moving too much, this could prove tricky, and we can’t afford even one broken syringe. The case only came with several adjustable needle caps, after all.”

“Suggestions on where we should scout to land, then?” Mienai began, before Melon’s body lurched up to greet them. “Better to have a destination ready, right away—”

“*Whoa!*”

The pilot only got that much said as he yanked hard right, rising at an awkward angle as the ground followed—chased, even.

“He’s moving!”

“I know!”

“What the hell is happening with him, out there?” T asked, when the periphery of the land vanished in the distance, buried against an opposing vista of thick ebony fur.

“Left, left!” the owl hollered, as that very same vista rushed over to greet them.

OUTER SPACE

PINA, 9:52 PM

“HOW...LONG...CANYH...HOLD...ME...”

The question was fair, if initially difficult to understand. Melon’s body hardly grew at all, even as he was restrained, further proving the efficacy of sleep on the body’s abilities to expand. The advantage, while fleeting, was still more than welcome, as the pressure kept on tight.

Really, it was the only thing that they could think of.

“He’s almost out!” Yahya boomed, pressing his 420,000-mile body into the hybrid’s, squeezing his dark, monstrous biceps over Melon’s neck as his head drooped, started, then swiveled back up. “Gosha! Gosha, get over here, we need more venom!”

“H-he’s passed out, I think!” Legoshi answered, the 300,000-mile tall wolf having stopped shy of the towering horse, putting all his mutual enormity to work holding Melon’s right arm down against his swollen lats. “Grandpa! Can you hear us?”

Farther out, the old lizard remained still, his chest rising and falling steadily.

“Someone go wake him!” Bill grumbled, having slightly more trouble with Melon’s left arm at 275,000 miles. “Jack, go! Get him, boy!”

“Excuse me!?” the 400,000-mile labrador rumbled, just big enough to hold in both of Melon’s massive legs. “You didn’t *really* just put it that way!”

“Well, who’s still...Pina!” the giga-horse spoke, straining to keep his hold. “Pina, where are you? Go wake Gosha back up!”

A small dall sheep floundered through space towards the reptile, waving back that he understood the mission. Being only a fourth the size of Gosha, however, made forcing the elder awake a bit of a rough proposition, as Pina shook and prodded and shoved to no avail.

“Good grief, wake up already,” he bleated, succeeding only in bumping the bigger lizard here and there, jostling his scaly bulk a bit. “How am I supposed to even do this?”

He looked back to the others as they struggled, as though answers would be inbound, then muttered absently as he stroked his wool and fretted, until several small clouds of dust came loose, making him wheeze as he snorted some bits in.

His ears perked up.

“That smell, hey...is that...”

He looked down on his own massive bulk, combing deeper, finding more bits and dusty granules of the rock.

“Did I just...naturally catch that drifting rock from before...in my wool? Hehe! Okay, okay, I can wake you, alright! Get ready, old-timer!”

His huge little body began to rumble deliciously as he pressed his wool to Gosha’s muzzle and shook hard, dusting the dragon’s face with all the powdered rock he could, until Gosha too began to slowly quake and tense and bulge tighter...

MELON’S LEFT LATERAL, HELICOPTER

OPERATIVE T, 9:54 PM

“It’s him,” Mienai said quietly, out of nowhere, mostly to himself. He sniffed again, perked his ears, and choked the rest out, suddenly snared in raw emotion. “It’s him!”

“What, Melon, Ogma?” the pilot queried, looking about as the helicopter stabilized, just shy of the enormous walls of pressed fur. “What?”

“We just avoided another giant making contact with Melon, is that what happened?”

“Y-yeah, a huge wall of fur just came down and hit his belly—”

“What color is the fur?”

“B-black, shiny black—”

“Hah,” the zebra exhaled, beaming. “Haha! It’s him, it-it’s Yahya! Is he really...that humongous now? It’s really him!?”

“I-I guess it is, there must be only so many giants matching that description.”

“I can smell him! That’s how I—you can’t smell his scent? It’s extremely distinct, and at this size, it’s just, it’s unmissable! Master Yayhya, he’s...he’s a god, practically!”

Operative T just watched. Quicker than she could have imagined, she started to understand her superior just a little more.

“He is something, isn’t he?” she offered, as the zebra sniffled back, rather out of character in the moment. Rather, maybe his character was *finally* showing.

Something bulged to prominence outside, booming bigger and thicker between the two colliding walls of muscle and fur, a third mass that was furiously expanding—a red-brown mass, no less.

“It’s happening,” the owl cut in, thumping on his window. “It’s starting, Ogma’s growing! Look, over there!”

A deep, heavy groan broke through, only partially muffled, as the stag’s overflowing muscles burst loose, shoving and grinding and billowing everywhere as pure size rocketed through his rumbling form.

“That...doesn’t sound good, for us, does it?” T asked, as the chopper began to flee the scene at top speed.

“It won’t, at first,” the owl reminded, though he too sounded unsure. “Remember, it’s about burnout, he’ll naturally start strong—*very* strong—”

In a shuddering instant, that brown mass nearly hit them anyway, regardless of their advanced retreat. If anything, Ogma’s growth was so brutally colossal that they would surely have been dashed to nothing, had they remained in place to watch. A gigantic deer muzzle began to push forth between the parting walls as Ogma huffed, grit his teeth, shook, and inflated *massively*, a quaking groan of joy erupting as more of him grew free...

OUTER SPACE

LEGOSHI, 9:56 PM

This was it. Melon was slowing down to a crawl now, the gargantua finally running out of power as he slowly thrashed again, trembled, then sagged lower, the tension slipping from his prodigious muscles, his head sinking unwillingly into his oversized pectorals, nestling into the cleft as he grunted.

“We have him, we have him!” Yahya huffed, clearly worn from the struggle of containing him so long. “O-okay, everyone, good work...just hold on a little longer, until we’re sure he’s out for real!”

“T-then what, sir?” Jack asked, from below.

“Yeah,” Legoshi seconded, clutching Melon’s immense arm. “I mean, w-we don’t really have a prison to just stuff him into, do we?”

“Let’s just, you know...take care of him,” Bill offered, from the other arm.

“Like, kill him?” Jack whimpered. “Isn’t that a bit much?”

“He’s a killer, kid,” Yahya replied, plainly. “That’s the problem. Soon as he wakes up, we’re back in serious trouble. As long as he’s the biggest, or even half our size, he’s a threat.”

“Well, a threat to what, other than our well-being?” Cosmo asked, having taken a bear-hug around Melon’s waist from behind, her thick thighs caging his tail. “There’s not really any functional world order that can apply to this. We’re too big for that to matter anymore.”

Yahya snorted, long and loud.

“Ah, I know. I know, you’re right. This is all moving faster than we can keep ahead of. But we aren’t free from the obligation to act.”

“But killing him,” Legoshi said, “whatever order rises out of this, is that the foundation we really want to build on? B-besides, uh...who’s going to do it? And how? Melon’s a tank, look at him. Can we even kill each other, at this point? We’re so powerful...”

“Well, anything small enough doesn’t really harm us, it seems,” Jack began, tilting his head the way any dog would. “But anything comparable or bigger can still cause at least a little damage. We heal quickly, that’s for certain. And really, if any of us get big enough, that could all keep increasing, until we really are just...y-you know...straight-up, actual... gods.”

“And do you want Melon to be that?” Yahya asked.

“So, that takes us back to the current problem,” Cosmo concluded. “We can beat each other up if we’re the same size or bigger...but we just don’t know how to actually kill one another, as we are. Melon might be unstoppable, in the long run, same as us. Either we get so big that we can outpace and restrain him forever...or he gets big enough to actually succeed in crushing us, and he grows unchecked.”

Something incredibly small happened, right in an opening on Melon’s enormous sacs. Yahya’s amazing size still wasn’t enough to fully cover Melon’s body, and that far down, a miniscule burst hit its sloping underside, causing a minute, tickling impact.

Then, another hit, and another, and another, and another, and *another*.

“What if we all put everything we have into snapping his neck?” Bill asked.

“Wait,” Legoshi said, looking far and away into space. “The rock! That whole rock planet! Isn’t that what we noticed, Jack? Oh, Haru! Haru and Juno went to it! We can go join them and bring it here!”

“Oh my gosh, right!” Jack barked, wagging. “He’s right! In all the fighting, I stopped thinking about it—we can massively outpace Melon if we all eat it...or if just one of us elects to eat the...the whole t-thing...”

No one bothered to point out how every erection and nipple on site tightened at the idea. There was a time and place, after all.

“Ah, that one animal would get...beyond colossal, though,” Legoshi huffed, trying to keep his composure in front of the group. “M-maybe that’s not a good idea. Right?”

“And what, we let go of Melon, in order to do it?” Yahya grumbled, despite his own shaft swelling harder against the bigger hybrid. “We have to keep containment up, until we know our plan for real.”

“You can afford to lose me,” Cosmo offered. “I can go and get the rock, bring it over.”

“Or we wait for Haru and Juno to bring it back,” Legoshi added.

“Haru would, I imagine,” Jack said. “B-but what about Juno? You know her better.”

Legoshi and Bill both grimaced.

“RRRRRNH...”

Everyone tensed as Melon’s huge body rumbled anew, more and more, until they all began to shake along with his muscled bulk. It wasn’t a singular, warning-like tic. It wasn’t a spasm. It felt world-ending, this time, serious. Mean.

“W-what,” Yahya started, before glaring and squeezing in even tighter. “No! Damn it!”

“Oh, crap,” Bill hissed, struggling as Melon’s bicep began to aggressively swell, inflating too big for his huge arms, forcing the tiger to kick up and wrap his legs around it as well.

“HOLD HIM!” Yahya ordered, as Melon shook harder still, his erection plunging ahead like a burning-hot demon, rattling and bulging fatter as his pectorals boom-shoved the horse back, and back, and back.

“I-I can’t!” Jack whined, as Melon’s thighs erupted so big they poured out around his arms, bulging into shivering mounds of stretching growth. “I can’t, he’s getting t-too big!”

“I DON’T CARE, MAKE IT WORK!”

“Haru, come on,” Legoshi growled, his bulk swelling as he forced Melon’s bicep in, only for it to angrily blast bigger against him, mashing the wolf’s cheek as Melon writhed and hissed and groaned in absolute, agonized joy.

“Y...EEE...ESS...SSSSSSS!!”

600,000 miles. 3,168,000,000 feet. 75 Earths tall.

Melon's neck ballooned twice as thick, muscles pumping and gorging until they clustered over his growing frame, spreading every other giants' arms and legs apart slowly.

750,000 miles. 3,960,000,000 feet. 93 Earths. Jupiter was the size of his head, alone.

"I c-can't," Jack yelled, his hands unable to find one another as Melon's calves blasted into madder and wilder dimensions. "Too b-big--"

Every single fiber stretched and swelled as Melon suddenly shudder-blasted bigger, flinging everyone back as he frantically detonated to a full 1,000,000 miles in size. A million miles of living, breathing, swollen mass--awake again.

"HEH...HAH...GOOD TRY," Melon bellowed, the fur on his growing face caked into odd ends and jagged points as the venom dried out.

Yahya pulled back, the horse already only as big as Melon's torso, and losing more ground by the second as the hybrid bulged and rumbled anew.

"S...STOP," Yahya commanded, pushing pointlessly into Melon's widening chest as it pumped right into him. "STOP!"

"NO. AND...NO. HONESTLY, YOU'VE ALL HELD ME UP ENOUGH. JUST TAKE THE COMPLIMENT THAT YOU GOT CLOSE, AND BE HAPPY AS I ASCEND. DON'T GET GREEDY, HORSE. MOVE, OR STAY. ACTUALLY...STAY RIGHT THERE."

A hand just big enough to cover Yahya's upper body lashed out, catching the stunned equine dead-on. Claws fingers swelled ceaselessly bigger over his bulk as Melon wound it all back, then pitched forth, sending the horse flying through space.

"Oh, hell," Bill yowled, just before Melon peeled him off his oversized arm, holding him by the nape of his thick neck.

"DON'T EVEN RECALL SEEING YOU. WELL. BEST WE GET ACQUAINTED."

“WAIT!”

With that, Melon’s other arm moved, even with Legoshi attached pitifully to it. The free hand cupped under his pendulous phallus, lifting the body-length appendage up, and up, the girthy digit screaming tighter at the attention as he stuffed Bill atop his massive testes, and pushed his erection back down over him. Now 1,250,000 miles tall, it proved just doable enough, as Bill’s huge arms and legs remained free.

The feline thumped and beat at the member, only helping it grow longer and more bloated, the more touch it received.

Cosmo could hardly get her arms or huge chest around a fraction of Melon’s back muscles, and a simple flex sent her off of him, putting the colossal okapi into a spin.

“**MM,**” Melon huffed, finally lifting his bicep enough to see Legoshi clutching it, his huge arms and legs spreading still-further apart against its unending growth.

“S-surrender?” Legoshi suggested, ears back.

Melon beamed.

“HAHA, FUN. BUT NO. GOOD TO MEET YOU.”

“Legoshi, h-hang on!” Jack shouted, before Melon simply kicked out, flinging the labrador off of him.

Melon watched Legoshi struggle, surely for fun, purposefully flexing his bicep bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger, still, letting the wolf try desperately to contain its perpetual peak. Legoshi clung regardless, stubborn and terrified, his comparatively small shaft slipping out along its expanding curve.

“YOU’RE IT, AREN’T YOU, LE-GO-SHI? THE OLD-TIMER’S GRANDKID. I CAN SEE IT ALL OVER YOU. YOU’RE JUST THE KIND OF CREATURE THAT SORT OF UNION WOULD MAKE. A HYBRID. HMMN.”

Melon's face grew and grew in Legoshi's periphery, the 1,400,000-mile tall leviathan still expanding all over, still shaking up bigger and stronger as pain bled through his every word.

“YOU KNOW...YOU, I THINK I’LL HOLD ONTO. MAYBE YOU UNDERSTAND, ALREADY, YES? HAHA. NOT THAT IT REALLY, TRULY MATTERS. EITHER WAY, IT’S TIME. HAVE FUN WATCHING ME GROW.”

With that, Melon turned back to the direction of the rock, now a distant object in space. He huffed powerfully, swelled up even bigger, even bulkier, and began to advance in its direction, his intentions all too clear.

Legoshi followed Melon's gaze, saw the massive rock planet, and panicked. Yet, there was nothing at all he could do as the titanic hybrid picked up speed, his shoulders and neck swelling more and more massively thick around him, his pectorals bulging forth as raw power coursed through his growing frame.

The wolf looked around for something, anything, but found only more and more of Melon, more might, more bulk, more dominance, a sea of surety against which he had no raft.

“IT’S BETTER THIS WAY, REALLY, ISN’T IT, WOLF? SIMPLER? CLEANER? DID YOU KNOW THAT BEFORE THIS, ALL I WAS CAPABLE OF WAS MURDER? HAHA. IT ALL MOVED SO, SO SLOW, I CAN SEE THAT NOW. THERE’S NO WAY THIS ISN’T PREFERRABLE. ONLY A LUNATIC WOULD NOT SEE THAT.”

Legoshi gulped as the bicep got too big to handle, his grip slipping as Melon's growth turned his body's curve into a nearly-flat line. The wolf closed his eyes, held tight, and waited.

BRRRRHHHMPPPH!

His eyes opened, and Legoshi hollered some unknowable something at the sight of it.

Louis!?

No. But it's a deer...

OUTER SPACE

OGMA, 10:01 PM

The stag had been correct.

Ogma's growth was of such a grotesquely huge realm that his vision couldn't keep up with it; everything was a giddy blur of release as untold pressure blew him up to ridiculous sizes, on and on and on. His muscles gushed out like balloons forced to hold waterfalls, fur and bulk rippling wild and free as his form struggled to maintain itself, his body blasting to 700,000 miles...900,000 miles...1,100,000 miles...1,500,000 miles...

It wasn't stopping. He just wasn't stopping.

And it was *good*.

Fascinating, the old deer thought, one sane thing slipping through the deluge of unreasonable, yammering pleasure. *FASCINATING-GG-GG*

He was vaguely aware of Melon, of the hybrid's enormous bulk and shocked face, aware that he had just matched, then outgrown even him in less than a wink. He hardly cared.

The only relevant thing Melon had on Ogma at that moment was a sudden understanding—only in the sense that the buttoned-down CEO finally got why the hybrid liked this so much. In that moment, *total abandon* actually made a lot of sense.

The great stag bellowed uncontrollably, letting some pressure out as he surged past 1,700,000 miles, nearly nine billion feet in height, and fifteen billion wide. Melon suddenly found himself retreating by virtue of staying pinned against Ogma's swelling belly and chest, pushed back by his sheer growth. Legoshi was only a sixth his size, despite all his growth, a baby at best—and the deer was still getting *bigger*.

“R-REALLY?” Melon sputtered, the massive male pushing uselessly against Ogma as he heaved larger, stronger, throbbing with godhood. His shaft pushed out underneath, spreading Melon’s thighs (as Bill still struggled between the hybrid’s sacs and member), each bob rocking Melon up and down. “YOU, AGAIN?”

Ogma had nothing to offer, verbally; his mind was elsewhere as he rumbled, answering only with another blasting burst of echoing, stretching growth, heaving to 1,900,000 miles, then 2,200,000!

Yet, Melon’s body answered, in kind, switching languages on the fly as the hybrid boomed bigger, back.

Abruptly, both titans matched in size, Melon locking hands with the growing Ogma, the hybrid nearly as muscle-bound in the moment. Ogma and Melon, both groaning in unison as they evenly swelled, higher and wider, bigger and stronger and thicker.

“W...who is that?” Legoshi panted, clutching tighter in awe and fear as Melon’s bicep expanded more and more against him, watching Ogma as his glowing body grew on and on. “G...get him. GET HIM! WIN!”

Again, amazingly, Ogma grew. More, and more, and more, yet.

The stag overtook Melon yet again as his trembling body burst bigger, one last time, billowing loudly to 2,650,000 miles in size.

Fourteen billion feet tall.

Ogma was so large that *planets* were no longer a plausible metric of measurement. There was only one ‘planet’ that came close, now—and even that wasn’t enough. Ogma was over *three Suns* tall, and wider than that, still. A dedicated spacecraft would have needed everything animalkind had to offer, to even hope to fly across him, from toe to antlers. Forget going from bicep to bicep.

Three hundred and thirty Earths would have failed to match him, stacked. A single cell in his body would have been over 26 miles across—bigger than the entire city this had all started in.

Even one atom would have been a foot and a half, roughly, bigger than a basketball.

Ogma had been right, more than even he could have guessed. The Sun itself barely even fazed him as it moved, the star beginning to submissively pull towards the deer’s punishing

density and sheer mass. His body heat rose to the point where steam cascaded off his darkening muscles, sweat forming as his bulk shook and hummed and burned, hotter still. *Too hot.*

“HUH,” the mighty stag huffed, at last, his reason finally catching up to him as he twitched and settled, his bigger hands easily pushing Melon’s down, their monstrous pectorals pressed in as his own overlapped onto the hybrid’s head. **“EXCEL...EXCELLENT, HAH. VERY GOOD. A WONDERFUL START!”**

“THAT’S IT?”

Melon began to push back as he ballooned up to meet Ogma, the hybrid’s snarling muzzle emerging into view as they evened out yet *again*. The stag observed calmly, then tensed all over, smiling uncharacteristically wide.

“IS IT, MELON?” he rumbled back as he flexed, and ordered himself bigger once more.

Only, his steaming body didn’t obey. Imposing as the mighty flex was, that was all it came to, and nothing more. The deer’s vision blurred again as his body spasmed, more steam pouring out through his self-generated atmosphere, until the great deer nearly passed out.

“LOOKS LIKE IT IS, GRAMPS,” Melon chuckled, starting to rumble up bigger still, bigger than the vast Ogma. His head rose higher atop an increasingly bulbous neck, the hybrid’s chest smothering back over the deer’ startled muzzle as he passed 2,800,000 miles, and just kept growing. **“SURPRISE AFTER SURPRISE. THOUGH IT MAKES A KIND OF SENSE. THIS IS HOW HARD IT REALLY IS TO STOP THE OLD WORLD. ALWAYS IMPOSING ITSELF. ALWAYS TRYING TO WIN, ALL THE TIME. WAY OF NATURE, BLAH BLAH.”**

With that said, Melon resumed pushing forward, taking the struggling stag along with.

“BUT NONE OF YOU QUITE GET IT. I’M THE WAY, NOW. I’M NATURE.”

“I...IMPOSSIBLE,” Ogma boomed, getting steadily less-mighty in the wake of Melon’s continuous growth. “WHY IS IT...WHY DID IT S-STOP...”

Melon seemed perversely content with leaving his words at that. Instead, the 3,000,000-mile colossus pushed onward, not even bothering to brush Ogma off as he dwindled against him. It didn’t matter how insane it was; if anything, it seemed to amuse the beast all the more as he made his way to the rock, closing the gap quickly.

“NO,” Ogma rumbled, straining against everything as his bulk trembled harder...

OUTER SPACE

LEGOSHI, 10:05 PM

There was nothing the wolf could do, anymore. As close as they had all surprisingly come, it was for nothing in the end. Melon was simply too large to hope to stop, or even halt. All he could do at this point was kick off of the growing hybrid and try to reach the rock faster than him. If he could go faster.

Get to Haru, he thought, ordering things so that they at least looked like a plan. Get to the rock. Keep it away from him, try to eat some of it. Only chance now.

The only advantage left to anyone else was that Melon's approach was cocky, slow. Legoshi found himself still big enough, still powerful enough that swimming out ahead faster was absolutely manageable, and he picked up the pace as much as he could.

A booming grunt from Melon broke his focus as he looked back, and saw it.

Ogma was still pushing back, despite his smaller size. So was a far smaller Yahya, and Pina, and Bill, and Cosmo, and—

“G-Grandpa!”

The old lizard was enormous, nearly as big as Ogma at 2,100,000 miles tall. He looked...completely amazing!

“Haha,” Legoshi cheered, turning back to help, when:

“KEEP GOING, LEGOSHI!”

His grandfather's huge voice blasted out as the komodo looked back, seeing him with clear, focused eyes, the old-timer helping to push Melon back as he snorted and bullied forth against them all.

“GO, KID!” Yahya shouted, the much smaller horse only able to push so much against Melon's swollen bulk. “THE ROCK! GET TO THE ROCK, IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!”

“R-right!”

“Legoshi!” Jack bellowed, the bigger labrador grabbing him into a thick hug for just one moment. “I’ll get you there fast, okay? Hold on!”

“Jack!” the wolf gasped, before hugging him back, wagging fast. “Come with me!”

“I am with you, Legoshi,” Jack said, squeezing tight. “I always was. Fun as that’d be...you need to get there faster. So, hold on!”

“What—”

The bigger labrador *hurled* Legoshi like a discus, vaulting the wolf through space at high speed, before turning to help push against the advancing Melon.

Legoshi hit the rock hard, rolling to a stop after a few unsightly flips. Unhurt, he dusted his muscles off, sighed, then looked back to see Melon in the distance, getting closer still, despite the way the party shoved and pushed and struggled against his mass. Looking down, the planetary chunk of rock was no longer that much bigger than he...but the terrible fact remained that full consumption would be apocalyptic.

“Not much time,” he groaned, standing back up—just to have something huge slam into him, sending him and the other party rolling.

A great mass of fluffy white met him, smothering the huge wolf down to the rock face; Haru’s head appeared over her colossal chest, the rabbit roughly his size now, her deep black eyes widening on sight of him.

“Oh! Legoshi!”

“H-Haru?” he wheezed, trying to get out from under her larger physique.

“A little help!”

Both parties turned to see a slightly-bigger Juno grappling with Mizuchi, the harlequin rabbit even bigger than all of them.

“What the hell?” Legoshi started.

“Girlfight, sorry. Mizuchi’s not willing to share the rock. Er, however much of it is left.

Indeed, the entire mass would have been a large boat on the ocean of space, with the four of them taking up most of it.

“T-there was something out in space, this big?” Legoshi balked. “It’s bigger than whole planets, then...I thought it was smaller, from back where we were before...”

“We can fuss over details later!” she said, leaping back on a roaring Mizuchi.

Legoshi saw her better, then whistled to himself.

“Whoa, she’s *built*. Who even is she?”

“I WAS THERE!” Mizuchi bellowed, getting even angier as her white-black muscles and breasts erupted even larger, pumping the furious bunny up past 600,000 miles, taking up more of the rock’s span. “WHY DOES *NO ONE* PAY ATTENTION!?”

Juno’s 450,000-mile body smashed into Mizuchi’s as they pressed in, growling and shoving and bulging, holding Legoshi’s focus for maybe one second longer than he meant.

“Legoshi, come help!” Juno barked, a stab of annoyance escaping. “None of us...could get crazy-big...because she keeps fighting us!”

“YOU IDIOTS ARE THE ONES FIGHTING ME!”

“Melon is coming, just stop!” the wolf roared, pointing back out to the looming hybrid, just as he reached the rock itself. “If we don’t get this away from him—”

“WELL.”

All parties of all sorts froze, snared in the monster’s spilling shadow. Beyond all of them rose Melon, the bulging god proffering one thick, amused snort. Even Mizuchi was a large doll compared to him, a pet at best, and the impression sank deep as she stepped back and shook.

“Crap,” Legoshi murmured, his tail bristling out as Haru slid around him. There was the quickest acknowledgement on some lower level how thrilling it was to have her muscle bumping him back, for a change—but it stayed put.

“We have to get the rock farther out,” Haru said, sharply, wasting no time. “Legoshi, you and I, we’ll kick off Melon and push as far back as we can! We need space!”

“R-right!” he agreed, just as Melon’s massive hand crashed down on one far end of the great rock, clutching it greedily.

“ALL THIS FUSS,” Melon boomed, raw power vibrating off of his inflated chest overhead, ***“FOR THIS UGLY CHUNK OF WHATEVER. ALL THIS STRUGGLE AND DESIRE. GOOD TO KNOW WE CARRIED ALL OUR VICES FROM THE OLD WORLD STRAIGHT INTO A NEW REALM, ISN’T IT? AREN’T YOU REASSURED? HAHA...WELL, I’LL HELP EVERYONE OUT, AND JUST SETTLE THIS RIGHT NOW.”***

The other hand slammed down on the other end of the planet-rock.

“S-stop!” Juno roared, as Yahya tried to choke Melon out, the massive horse barely able to get his arms around Melon’s titanic neck. “That’s m-mine!”

“YOURS?” Mizuchi bellowed, shoving the surprised wolf back. “LIKE HELL!”

Melon watched, cocking a single brow, before shrugging his monstrosly big shoulders, and opening his immense muzzle wider and wider, before a burst of brown brawn exploded forth, bashing the titan back through space as it kept fulminating bigger.

What might have been a backside cascaded out violently, heaving so fast that it threw the entire rock back through the void, taking Legoshi, Haru, Juno and Mizuchi with it as it sailed out at top speed.

“What the hell!?” Legoshi yelped, finding Haru’s massive arms around him in an instant, the bigger bunny already keeping a hold on him as they flew.

“Is that Louis!?” Haru shouted, as even from afar the brown fur kept exploding larger, consuming the view of Melon entirely as it grew and grew and grew.

“No!” Juno hollered, drawing their attention farther out as she held on tight.

There was the permission of one instant as another, more familiar deer flew toward them, halted in shock, and then caught the planetoid dead-on. Over 700,000 miles tall now, Louis took the brunt of the impact, the returning deer so big that the rock shattered in two against his bulk, knocking him back once more as the portions drifted out and away.

“WHAT–”

Anger and confusion married perfectly as Louis reeled, flipping back through space; Legoshi and Haru held onto theirs as Juno and Mizuchi spun out in the opposing direction.

“Hold onnn!”

Haru’s voice rumbled through her impossible physique as Legoshi leaned into her, free in the momentary panic of any reservations. Softness and tightness somehow compounded on each other as his muzzle slipped in against her breasts, sliding naturally into cleavage as she squeezed him tighter, tighter. The wolf was so powerful, beyond godly—yet she outclassed him entirely.

In any other scenario, this would have been a welcomed kind of strange.

As it was:

“HRRHMMMNHN!”

Haru’s ears shot up as Juno roared, the wolf thrown clear off her share of the rock as it dwindled in the distance, leaving only Mizuchi to claim it.

“Uh-oh,” the rabbit huffed, watching helplessly as Mizuchi began to pound down on her share, breaking it apart rapidly, and forcing her muzzle down into the breakage.

She was pressing herself in so firmly that her expanded bulk was forced to relent, dimpling muscles and bulging breasts flattening against the rock as she consumed more and more of it, wide-eyed and ravenous, ears back, body shaking deeply.

One spin of her rock, and Haru saw Mizuchi doubling in size, blowing up angrily to 1,400,000 miles, bigger than 265 Earths, and wider than 600 across. Dozens of planets could have filled just one stretching, furred bicep alone. A head so big that the mouth could have swallowed Saturn slammed deeper into the cracking rock as Mizuchi relentlessly fed.

“No, no,” Haru moaned, as Legoshi squirmed within her embrace.

“Hmh!?”

On the second revolution, Mizuchi was already 5,300,000 miles, and only growing faster. One white arm detonated so big that her hide visibly strained to hold the muscle in, the black arm booming even larger in a millisecond. Her back ballooned over her shoulders and raging traps as she roared into the vanishing mass, shuddered, and swallowed more and more, quaking even worse as the rock spun away once more.

On the third spin, there was no rock left. All of it had gone into Mizuchi, who shuddered with such dark vigor that her bust rumbled and wobbled ominously, tented nipples groaning as they inflated out from bloating areolae.

“MMMMMMMMIIIIIIINE,” Mizuchi doom-spoke, waves of pressure starting to bleed out from her trembling bulk. **“AAAA-HAAAHAAAALLL...MUUUHHHHIIIIIIINNNE!!”**

The fourth time around, Mizuchi was all Haru could even see. Over 11,000,000 miles of lagomorph dominated the periphery, just over fifty-eight billion feet tall, and 19,000,000 wide. There was only a wall of furred white and black abs, two swelling chroma—then came the hands.

Haru had only seconds to shove Legoshi away as both towering palms connected on either side of the rock, slamming over Haru as though she were a bug. The aftershock sent Legoshi even farther back as he tried to get his bearings, seeing only flashes of what looked like an incredibly colossal female rabbit—and not the one he hoped for.

“H-Haru!” he wailed, ears back, the wolf trying desperately to right himself in space.

“GOT YOOUUUU,” Mizuchi bellowed, throbbing larger before Legoshi’s eyes, the 300,000-mile tall wolf less than a joke before her growing enormity.
“I...FINALLY...GOT YOU!!”

A deep groan erupted as Mizuchi’s eyes forcibly closed, the female crying out as her body exploded even larger, not waiting for her to finish gloating, not caring about rivalries or smoldering vendettas. All her muscles did was burst to absurdity as she swelled ceaselessly stronger, wider, taller, heavier, her breasts booming too big, soon forcing her massive arms apart as they inflated.

68,900,000 miles tall

She screamed and trembled harder, flexing incalculable brawn into diamond-hardness as her body octupled in size, blasting and buffeting into Legoshi, pushing him back as she yipped in dismay, forced to ride the quaking rabbit’s nonstop growth.

“HAAAAAH...HAAAHAAAHAHAHAHA...”

551,200,000 miles tall, 845,000,000 miles wide at the biceps

OUTER SPACE

OGMA, 10:12 PM

All 11,000,000 miles of Melon strained against the ever-growing deer, who kept a locked pace as his bulk billowed right back into the hybrid's, pound for infinite pound. Hands grappled and swelled over one another, fingers bulging, forearms surging, pectorals constantly overtaking each other as Ogma snorted, shook, and doubled in size, eclipsing even Melon momentarily.

"I...INTERESSST...INNNG," Ogma boomed, the 30,000,000-miles tall stag forcing Melon's arms down as he loomed higher, and higher. "THE AFTER EFFECTS...ARE FAR...FAR GREATER THAN IMAGINED!"

"THAT IS INTERESTING!" Melon grunted, the immense male bumping chests, then abs as he swelled to match Ogma once again, capping it off with a derisive sneer. "FEEL FREE...TO SEE HOW FAR...IT CAN TAKE YOU, OLD-TIMER! MAYBE YOU CAN PAY TO BE BIGGER, WHEN IT STARTS FAILING YOU!"

Yahya could only hold on by this point, the horse gritting his teeth as he ballooned to a mighty 900,000 miles tall; the spurt was the only thing keeping him spack-sized against Melon's endlessly bulging neck. All hopes of combating the hybrid dashed, he could only try to pull himself together as he grasped at swelling follicles, trying wildly to come up with something, *anything* he could do to help.

"Ogma," Yahya wheezed, shaking his head numbly, his own voice drowned out by the constant back-and-forth stretching and swelling beyond. "Who...would've thought...it'd be Ogma!?"

"A WEALTH-BASED INSULT?" Ogma countered, the vast deer erupting even larger, and larger, pumping frantically bigger against the overtaken hybrid, his muscles cascading into their own geography around him as he passed 94,000,000 miles. "GIVEN YOUR PURPORTED INTELLECT, I WOULD HAVE ANTICIPATED MORE."

"WHY NOT? MORE IS ALL YOUR TYPE EXPECTS! WELL, HERE...I'VE GOT MORE TO GIVE!"

Both males' members stroked and slapped against one another, having nowhere left to grow, as Melon burst nearly as large, only to have Ogma *triple* his staggering size in reply.

At 282,000,000 miles, Ogma had gone from a rather lithe specimen of stag to a cosmic metric, nearly 1.5 *trillion* feet tall. His very fingertip alone stretched well-past 3,000,000 miles, and could have balanced 3 entire Suns with no bother at all. His head, adrift in oceans of brown, scented muscle, still remained so huge that two of them would have nearly bridged the gap between Earth and Mars—before today, of course.

Incredible as he was, even Melon momentarily shrank against Ogma's sheer mass; the hybrid struggled back, his glower lowering into a dangerous sincerity as he stared up past the blown-up pectorals beyond him.

“FASCINATING,” Ogma boomed, shaking even deeper all over, his body heat spiking to frightening scope as he flexed and rumbled and swelled bigger, and *bigger*, and—

Something unthinkably big collided with Ogma's back, forcing him forth, bowling Melon back as both stunned males stuck to endless plains of black fur. As with the undetected Yahya, so too were Melon and Ogma's screams lost, muffled under the rubber roar of Mizuchi's boundless, monstrous growth spurts.

On the opposing side, a great tide of white-furred doom slammed into Louis, just as he had stopped spinning backward, the deer yelling various ineffectual profanities throughout. As it happened, they did not help.

Jack, considerably smaller at 500,000 miles, halted his return in much the same manner as Louis, the labrador turning right back around and swimming away as the unbound bunny expanded after him, giving chase.

“Oh, now what!?” Jack panted, dog paddling as fast as possible, knowing full well that the wave of female bulk was catching up.

OUTER SPACE

MIZUCHI, 10:15 PM

“THAT’S RIGHT.”

Mizuchi's voice shook space as the hulking female gasped, bit her lip, trembled, and burst in size, stretching louder and deeper as she spilled bigger. Biceps dozens of times bigger than her head nearly matched her compressed bosom, snagged in irritation between both bulging arms as they swelled out, their upper curves bumping her chin wonderfully.

Her hands remained vengefully clapped, relishing the idea that she had not only beaten her rival, but *swatted* her outright. At this point, and after this much suffering, it was only right.

“PUNY LITTLE IDIOTS...”

Why shouldn't she be the one? The rarest of them all? The most inherently precious?

Another thick blast of growth billowed through, making Mizuchi scream in agonized, hot delight, feeling her body inflate from 910,000,000 miles, clear past one billion, then two, then four, then twelve, on and on and on...

“NNNNHN, Y-YUH-HESSSSSSSS...”

It wasn't enough. Nowhere near it.

MORE

The gap had to be infinite, this time. It had to be, it was the only way to be sure. Plus, with how it felt, why stop? What was there to even stop for, now?

Mizuchi's huffs swelled into a symphony of panting gulps as her body spread everywhere around her, her shoulders mounding into hills, her neck pumping into an island. Her thighs exploded hungrily, crushing in against her nethers as her breasts eclipsed her entire musclebound torso. An ebony breast compacted flatter against its ivory counterpart as the harlequin rabbit expanded to 60,000,000,000 miles tall/210,000,000,000 wide, an unhealthy glow blooming around her shaking muscles and tensed rump.

The once-small schoolgirl had become something so massive that the Horns Corporation's most advanced space probe would have needed 700 years to go from one bursting bicep to the other—and, with a heated grunt and a shuddering spurt, that suddenly rose to 1,800 years, then 3,000. Nonstop. Top speed.

The full extent of (former) planetary orbit would only have covered most of her bust, back at *700 years*. Ogma, still growing, still bursting with power, was less than a flea to Mizuchi; granted, it was a very powerful flea, one that Melon was becoming a relative mite to at 2.3 billion miles in height.

The stag, the hybrid, the wolves, the tiger, the canine, the deer, the okapi, the sheep and the slumbering lizard all were less than grains of salt, compared to Mizuchi—and the bellowing female was getting bigger, *faster*. Melon thrashed, pinned between Ogma and the bunny, but found no way to get free.

Entire planets were less still than those caught in her growing fur as Mizuchi ascended beyond them all, by greater and nastier bounds. Her breasts swelled greedily out around her hands, which kept together as long as possible, the godly female nowhere close to content to stop with her victory lap.

***“PLAIN, SILLY LITTLE
TRAMP...YOU THINK DIRT LIKE YOU
KEEPS FLOWERS LIKE ME ALIVE?
ALL YOU DID WAS TAKE! THAT’S ALL
ANY OF YOU EVER DO!”***

440,000,000,000 miles tall, and 950,700,000,000 wide

The wild rumbling building within her masked a new rumble, deep within her closed, growing mitts. Lost in her own glory, Mizuchi prattled on, glowing eyes going bulb-wide:

***“WHO NEEDS MUNDANITY? WHO
NEEDS YOU LITTLE WORMS? YOU
ALL HAD YOUR TIME IN
MEDIOCRITY, IN SAMENESS! HAH!
I...WILL BECOME EVERYTHING
THERE IS! YOU’LL ALL BASK IN MY***

***POWER! ALL OF YOU! NO ONE WILL
BE ABLE TO HIDE BEHIND THEIR
DRAB, PITIFUL PLAINNESS
ANYMORE!”***

821,600,000,000 billion miles tall/ 3,100,000,000,000 miles wide

Mizuchi’s width was roughly a tenth of the distance from the Sun to Proxima Centauri, the nearest star. Her body was already a third of the Solar System, moments from crowing into the Oort Cloud, and the shaking was still getting worse and worse.

Legoshi pulled for all he was worth on just one oversized finger, unable to even budge it as he strained moon-sized muscles, his bulk left a little bigger with every strain.

“HARU!” he howled, attempting instead to slip in between Mizuchi’s landscape-sized fingers, though to no avail. “HARU, PLEASE, P-PLEASE, BE OKAY!”

Mizuchi didn’t even notice; if anything, the towering female simply blew up *even bigger*.

***“NO MAN COULD EVER MATCH
ME, NOW! HAAAAHA! SO HAVE ANY
YOU WANT, HARU, YOU
MINISCULE LITTLE SLUT! I’M
GENEROUS IN VICTORY–”***

In an instant, unwanted and unbidden, Mizuchi’s vast hands parted, Legoshi tumbling into the gap as it formed with a surprised whine.

In a blink's time, a bust just big enough to cover her eyes collided with her head, plunging her into momentary darkness as Haru's breasts billowed wider and softer and heavier against it.

Legoshi tumbled through whole forests of plush, cream-colored fur as his one-and-only swelled from a comparative pond to an entire lake, then an ocean, stranding the wolf in unbound bunny muscle and feminine curves as she erupted free.

"SHUT...UP!!"

Haru's abs thumped into Mizuchi's bulbous neck, pressing in as her feet thudded down onto the harlequin's dimpling bust. Each foot alone was over twelve billion miles from heel to toes, so big that the distance from the Earth to the Sun would have to repeat 130 times to cross it all, making Haru just over 100,000,000,000 miles tall, and twice as wide around with bulk. The great Legoshi was suddenly so much smaller than the rabbit that he was marginally larger than a nearby skin pore. Any bigger, and he could fall right in.

And she still, *still* was a toy, next to Mizuchi's grandeur. Ogma, whose growth had finally petered out, was literally hundreds of times smaller, less than an insect, less than her smallest hairs. Everyone else was stranded well-beneath the canopy of her fur, lost on her stretching bulk as she shook her head, then butted it hard against Haru, flinging the tinier rabbit back.

"YOU!" Mizuchi boomed, shaking with rage, her vast ears slapping back against her ballooning neck bulk. ***"YOU ROTTEN LITTLE WORM! STAY DOWN!"***

"N-no chance!" Haru shot back, the rumbling bunny blowing up to 300,000,000,000 miles in one thick gush of size, before landing on Mizuchi's expansive cleavage. *"I'm not leaving the fate of the galaxy up to someone like you!"*

"PUH! AS PEDESTRIAN AS EVER, AREN'T YOU? GALAXY, REALLY? GIRL, YOU NEED TO THINK...B-BI-IIIGGGG-UUUHURRR..."

The trembling female roared as her bulk detonated everywhere, the rabbit heaving up past 5,000,000,000,000 miles tall, and 20,000,000,000,000 miles wide, her bulk swelling beyond the Oort cloud, her body growing wider than the entirety of the Solar System in one humongous blast of space-shaking growth.

"D-DID YOU THINK I WUH-WAS DONE!?"

Haru's view filled with nothing but Mizuchi's muzzle as she coldly smirked, her whiskers stretching out of her periphery as her glowing eyes loomed down in judgment. Even Haru began to sink back down into the soft fur matting Mizuchi's booming breasts, her thick nipples jutting forth in groaning, hot waves.

“ISN'T IT OBVIOUS, TWERP? I TOOK IN MORE ROCK THAN YOU DID! LOOK AT YOU! I CRUSHED YOUR PORTION, AND AT THE MOST, THIS IS THE BIGGEST YOU ARE! THE BEST YOUR KIND CAN DO! IS IT EVEN A WONDER AT THIS POINT?”

Still, the dread rumbling in Mizuchi only thundered bigger and meaner, as the female flexed bigger, shoving the boundaries of the cloud back around her bullying brawn.

“EVEN THAT SO-CALLED ‘MONSTER’ MELON IS LESS THAN A CELL TO ME, BY NOW, I BET! AT LEAST! WHAT CHANCE DO YOU HAVE!?”

Haru backed away, pursing her lip, before Mizuchi followed up without her input: a titanic hand rose high in space, then crashed down, hammering with catastrophic force onto her voluminous breast, the impact throwing Haru all the way over onto the other one.

OUTER SPACE, MIZUCHI'S CHEST

HARU, 10:22 PM

This was bad. Worse than bad.

Mizuchi was still getting bigger, without slow, without stop. By contrast, Haru was inching larger, and the gap between them was only gaining. It wasn't just that her rival was so much bigger, now—it was that she was probably right.

The ebony hand descended right after the ivory, and Haru slipped down into Mizuchi's canyonesque cleavage, the rabbit doing what came naturally to both: tunnelling.

Mizuchi's immense, soft lips curled, then went crooked. An unwilling grunt escaped, then tumbled out into a full-on laugh.

“AH-AHAHA, GODDAMMIT, STOP!”

Raw vibration chased down after Haru as Mizuchi's speech put a rumble into everything. Undaunted, she dug deeper in, practically crushed between both pendulous breasts; that pressure only worsened as she felt Mizuchi slam both thick arms into her bosom, squeezing in on them more and more, her biceps and triceps flaring bigger and stronger as she growl-laughed.

“STUPID LITTLE...GET OOOOOUT!”

The force increased terribly, and likely the only reason Haru could withstand it at all was her own fantastic bulk. She resisted, flexing all her muscle bigger, and bigger, growling back as her frame began to tremble violently, then blow up bigger, and bigger, and bigger, yet.

In fact, the harder she fought against it, the more the pressure blew her up. The struggling rabbit stretched and bulged to half a trillion miles, still small enough to remain wedged between both gargantuan breasts, though she felt them begin to grudgingly part some against her.

Haru dug lower, more easily popping out from the bottom of the chest, thumping down onto and then clinging against Mizuchi's abs.

The black hand shot down underneath, grabbing Haru by a puff-tail bigger than half a million Suns in a full cluster. The pull that followed was so hard that Haru cried out, clinging desperately to Mizuchi's vast stomach in defense.

Again, in her resistance, Haru burst larger, so much so that her ears and head rammed back up between Mizuchi's enormous bosom, her brawny shoulders bumping up and lifting both breasts steadily higher over Mizuchi's face.

“WH-WHAT-”

A terrible tremor overtook Haru mid-flex, blowing the panicked rabbit up so big that, in a second's rush, she found herself sitting in Mizuchi's lap—more than half her size.

Mizuchi blinked, staring down over her enormous chest. Then, *the glare*.

“OH, HELL NO! NO, NOPE, NO!”

Both hands found Haru’s swelling lats, and pushed hard, as if it might condense the rabbit back down somehow. For all the force Mizuchi applied, Haru responded by gasping in rising heat as her body rumbled yet again, tingled, tensed, and outgrew even her.

The rabbit surged twice Mizuchi’s fantastic size, pumping the female several times larger than the entirety of the Solar System, her breasts rolling over the startled harlequin and shoving her bulk back through the Oort’s inner structure.

In the fracas, there was no way for either female to notice as the clinging males were all flung from one body to the next in a series of confused, microscopic screams.

“MUH-HNNNNN-UHHHHN,” Haru exploded, the shaking bunny bulging past 30,000,000,000,000 miles in size, her body widening prodigiously to over 94,000,000,000,000 miles across. ***“GHAAAAAAHAAAA!!”***

In less than ten seconds, Hair had blown up so large that miles no longer applied as reasonable standards. The rabbit, once looked down on by nearly every other animal at Cherryton, now floated in the void at a mind-breaking 5.1 *light years* tall. The breasts that had only taken Mizuchi by dint of surprise now overwhelmed even her, the harlequin spluttering down below against her bosom, tickling and slapping uselessly at enormous, firming teats.

“H-HEY! CUT THAT OUT!”

Mizuchi shoved back through the cloud, practically storming with anger. Pink blush blazed over the whiter portions of her muzzle as she became all teeth, shaking openly in her blind fury at the sight of Haru towering once again over her.

“DAMMIT...DAMMIT, DAMMIT! GODDDDDAAAAMMMMIHIT!!”

Mizuchi roared less like a rabbit and more like a dinosaur of legend as she billowed up past Haru once more, surging as raw power forced her muscles to stretch and pull and balloon into madness, her physique suddenly dwarfing even Haru’s as she bellowed, then brought both hands down.

Haru yelped, but caught her grip in kind, just in time, the two goddesses grappling for control of the moment. Mizuchi forced her chest over Haru’s, the twin mounds rolling and

rumbling and rubbing as they both trembled bigger, and wider, and fuller, nipples driving deeper and deeper into swelling fur. Their burning nethers collided, a streak of steaming wet embarrassment slicking them both as they pressed tighter, harder, muzzle nearly touching as Haru tremble-boomed up to match with no trouble as she resisted.

Both rabbits topped 90,000,000,000,000 miles/15 light years tall, and nearly 80 LY wide, their bulk collectively groaning as they pushed one another larger and stronger, their powers exploding too great, too fast. Yet, Mizuchi offered no relief, pushing even harder as her mountainous biceps erupted larger, and larger, and larger.

But once again, after a minute's resistance, the tensed-up Haru vibrated all the more, then released in a violent crescendo of force as she volcanically *boomed* to 50 LY, now so big that a Horns probe would have needed 855 million years to get from toe to ears, and 4.3 billion years across—nearly the entirety of the Solar System's known existence.

And she was getting bigger.

Mizuchi wailed in fear and anger alike as Haru boomed even higher over her, even as Mizuchi erupted bigger, herself. Her greatest spurt yet, the harlequin was growing by vicious leaps, blasting to 100 LY, only to see Haru rocket to 500 by the time she had finished.

Mizuchi was so big that even the immense Ogma was, quite literally, a quarter of a million times smaller than her. Had Ogma been his normal size, Mizuchi would have been their entire home continent, ten times over.

And Haru would have been over half the size of the moon.

And, the more Mizuchi pummeled and beat and strained against her, the bigger Haru continued to swell. One hard blow to Haru's stomach only budged the ever-growing rabbit a relative foot back, resulting in a goofy hiccup as she exploded with a dull, roaring stretch to over 1,200 LY tall/4,000 wide.

Haru was so massive that she could have 'lay down' in space and reached from Earth to the Cygnus constellation, nevermind her sheer width. In comparison, Mizuchi was only 400 LY tall, just shy of where Haru's last growth spurt had landed.

"I HATE YOU!" Mizuchi hissed, jabbing with all her might at Haru, only to strike a thick teat and receive a reciprocal spurt of hot milk in the face. *"BLAGH! STOP RUINING EVERYTHING, ALREADY! I'M...SUPPOSED...TO WIN!"*

“YOU’RE THE ONE MAKING ME BIGGER, STUPID,” Haru barked, looming menacingly in a bid to sell her point. ***“IT’S ALL YOU! THE MORE YOU GIVE ME TO RESIST, THE BIGGER I KEEP GETTING. THIS CAN ALL STOP, RIGHT NOW! WE’VE BOTH OUTGROWN EVERYONE, INCLUDING MELON! IT’S OVER!”***

“LIKE HELL! NOT BETWEEN US! WHO CARES ABOUT THAT IDIOT!?”

In her rising anger, Mizuchi blew up noisily, swelling to 800 LY tall, headbutting Haru’s belly pointlessly, managing to only bounce herself backward. For her trouble, the only thing that changed was Haru, who freshly rumbled and burst to 5,600 LY tall/13,000 wide.

“SERIOUSLY, MIZUCHI. STOP. YOU LOST. IT’S FINE.”

Tears bigger than entire systems crept over the edges of the harlequin’s vast eyes as she sniffled, shook her head, and charged again, landing blow after blow. Being a fellow rabbit, Haru’s instincts kept making her tense up and flex for each impact, and the prey only surged bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger.

Yet, Mizuchi kept attacking, long-since abandoning reason.

“THAT...ISN’T...UP TO...PEASANT STOCK, LIKE YOOOOOOOU!”

Haru’s black eyes lidded as too much pleasure filled her, her body’s growth spurts starting to interrupt as they compounded atop one another.

“SUH-HUH-TOOOP–”

“SHUT UP!”

Something amazing and horrible rose within Haru’s core, the rabbit’s shaking going from subtle to cartoonish as her body tickled and burned and tensed in on itself, even as she stretched out larger, louder and louder.

Oh, no.

“MIIIIIZUUUUUCHIIII–”

“OH, KISS MY ASS, COMMONER! YOU DON’T UNDERSTAND! NO ONE DOES!”

Rabbit kicks with enough force to destroy worlds by the thousands hammered Haru's swelling, throbbing abs, her breasts starting to trickle milk out through burning nipples. The next hammering, and the trickle escalated to a full-blown stream, gushing down Haru's overgrown chest and pouring unheeded around Mizuchi.

“IF...YOU...WOULD JUST...S-STOP...FIGHTING MEEEEEEE–”

Haru's very voice was growing too big in her throat. Something was very, very wrong.

Her vision blurred into a twist as pleasure and fear filled every shaking fiber, the female's mouth dropping and closing and opening without use as Mizuchi attacked and attacked, lost to the jungles of long-boiling envy and hate.

There had been so little time, before, for Haru to process things. The whole day been a surreal rush, between a dream and a nightmare, with no chances for her to take stock of things, to think of what was before. Her family, school, the garden...

Legoshi...

The shaking overtook everything, all senses, all sense of time; that her sense of space as well-shot by now hardly helped as Haru closed her eyes, grimaced, held on, slipped, held...h...

Heeeeellld

“OH...OH!”

LEGOSHHH

Mizuchi found only fur in her way as it rushed past, brushing her body at high speed, follicles whipping in a fury of motion as Haru's single abdominal tier hit, and hit *hard*.

Nothing could make it out as the harlequin screamed back, carried along with all the other tiny gods as Haru *grew*. No amount of size or experience in the matter could have helped Mizuchi properly grasp the magnitude of the spurt as it escaped Haru's erupting form, the rabbit pouring bigger in explosive, ugly thunderclaps of growth.

There was no interval, no rise and pause, no detectable, singular throbs. In one ongoing, maniacal heave, Haru simply filled everything. Light years pumped from thousands to millions as the godly female's body glowed bright, muscles tumbling in waves of bristling fur.

THE MILKY WAY DISC

HARU, 10:28 PM

There was no one to look up to, for the first time in her life.

All there were, were stars, which streamed into neon blurs as the speed of Haru's growth escalated, swelling her into something never before known. Her biceps crowded her overflowing breasts, even as they flooded out on either side, shoved North by way of her exploding laterals, forcing her booming shoulders into her neck.

Thighs wider than systems bulked and billowed larger, endless and unsatisfied, her abdominal plane thrusting out as her spin arched tight, her back muscles and shoulder blades groaning bigger behind her.

Immeasurable toes curled in terror and joy, the god-rabbit's trembling body blowing up and up and up and up, until a flash of light flared and faded, and the span of the Milky Way itself was a skirt about her widening waist.

60,000 light years wide, and 19,000 tall. Haru was so monstrous a being that she wore a galaxy like it was fashion, offsetting her rumbling bulk and sloping, furred curves with a renewed feminine grace as she grew, and grew. She was possessed of a size so fantastic that she had to be measured in galaxies, instead of feet, or miles, or planets, or quadrants.

A black eye the size of the Tarantula Nebula blinked, reflecting the light of the heavens back as Haru took it all in. Clouds of pure creation stretched so far, multicolored and ghostly, only to shrink to puffs as her body ceaselessly swelled, her hips consuming the center of the Milky Way, until it too surrendered in a spray of light about her growing form.

The behemoth Haru had been just two minutes prior was less than a cell to what she was now; by minute three, minute two would have been comparatively atomic.

From the void of deep space, Haru was a cream-colored dot.

rumble

That dot was suddenly half of everything around, and shaking worse; soon, interstellar space itself shook with her.

RUMBLE

Two immensely big breasts would have been the only things discernible as the rabbit's growth skyrocketed faster and faster, her muscles pumping so far ahead that her core seemed swallowed by a series of creaking, surging slopes and bulges. Two fantastically huge teats blasted wet and free as Haru finally managed to open her bunny mouth, shudder, and cry a space-shaking bellow, before detonating bigger, growth atop growth atop growth.

S-SOMEBODY, she thought, or tried her best to. *SOMEBODY STOP IT*

575,000 light years

Haru's chest finally rose up above her sights, her trapezius crowding tight against her upper shoulders and her bulging neck.

1,400,000 light years

The light of the Milky Way had long vanished, plunging the growing female into complete darkness as she shook and stretched and moaned.

2,900,000 light years

Her width had crashed clear through into Andromeda, so fast that there had only been a blip of light for her to notice—her own ballooning chest made even that much difficult, however.

INTERGALACTIC SPACE

HARU

There was no stopping anything, that much was clear. The ride was locked in.

All the control, all the grace of her school appearance—all the lifelong armor of maturity she had built around herself couldn't budge the dam's break, the deluge of cosmos-grade power flooding her being. Years of pride without power, strength in her weakness, and now, this.

So many days of being looked down on, gossiped over, judged—all of her dignity, so hard-earned, swept away in waves of raw godhood, pumping Haru up through the literal heavens of existence. What could anyone have said to her now? Who else was there to bother?

Nothing could compare to her. Her, the prey, the outcast, the outlier, now outside of everything but the edges of creation. And even that was likely going to fail, if Haru couldn't stop her mindless expansion.

This can't go on

Neighboring galaxies slipped by, soaking smaller and smaller into her booming fur, or whizzing past in a narrow miss, only to fade into her rising back muscles as Haru erupted to 15,000,000 light years, the bunny panting in delirium as she held onto her sense of self.

15 megaparsecs. Haru was 15 megaparsecs high, from toe to eartip, and nearly 60 megaparsecs across. More power than entire galaxies could contain swelled and boomed within her, straining her quaking muscles as they grew and grew. A colossus among gods, Haru screamed the pressure off, raging larger and stronger by the thought as she burst to 40 megaparsecs tall/150 wide.

The Milky Way, once so impossibly large, was subatomic to Haru.

Mizuchi, so imposing, so cruel, was smaller than a quark, and by a good margin.

Legoshi was practically a nonentity. *Nonexistent.*

“N...NOOOOOO,” Haru roared, stretching ever-larger through known space, steadily flooding the observable universe's center with pure bulk. ***“STOPPPPP...”***

Can't continue...like this...too big...TOO BIIIIIG...

Haru's body stubbornly ballooned to 500 megaparsecs, then a whopping thousand. Flitting specks of light peppered her groaning hide as it raged larger, broader, single hairs towering over the largest clusters of galaxies.

If you get any bigger...

3,000 megaparsecs–3 gigaparsecs, so big that galactic superclusters could have fit into just one bicep with no bother at all

If you keep growing...Legoshi will be gone forever!

That tore it.

NO.

The rampaging growth spurt suddenly wavered, a thing caught in a net. That net pushed forward some as the god-rabbit swelled a bit bigger, then slowed more, shook, strained anew...and finally calmed. Muscles spasms strong enough to rock a million quadrants of space came and went as Haru kept her whole body tightly controlled, held...then sighed.

And that, mercifully, was that.

“HAH,” Haru huffed, taking that extra moment to watch herself. Her eyes darted here and there, gentle and endless, waiting, cautious...then relieved. ***“O...OKAY.”***

Throughout the moments to come, she thought only of Legoshi, making sure to keep that proverbial carrot dangling in front of her renewed senses. The joke, unlike her, wasn't lost.

“...OKAY.”

Gads, she couldn't see the end of herself anymore, no matter where she tried to look. One side of her bulging neck thickened as she glanced 'right', the other at the 'left', yet all there was to be gleaned was her own spanning bulk. Dead-center was her canyon-like cleavage, a tight gulf of swollen mounds meeting between her boundless biceps.

A single twitch of colossal thighs sent shock waves through dark space, rattling the nearest galactic clusters that hadn't quite reached her.

“I DIDN'T THINK ANY OF US COULD EVER, EVER GET THIS SIZE,” Haru muttered, feeling the rumble of her speech as it tickled through her muscles, each of them tingling with an unnerving readiness to grow more, far *far* more. Still, she held firm.

The silent darkness had nothing to offer, no comfort or relief. If anything, it seemed fearful of her stunning scope, worriedly holding a 6-gigaparsec tall creature that, if agitated in any way, might swell to fill it (or even break it apart) in retaliation.

It would have been a lie to say Haru wasn't fearful of the very same thing.

Where this Cherryton on any previous day, she'd have held her head high and marched right by, showing the world she was confident in whatever the hell she pleased. The problem was, at the moment, Haru *was* the world. No, a galaxy. No, no. Bigger.

“OH, GOOD GRIEF,” she snorted, making space warp around the simple bunny-huff.

Again, nothing was there to answer. At last, she let the next phase hit:

“...NOW WHAT?”

There had been a common goal, unifying the insanity of the last half-day. Stopping Melon was all there was to focus on, a useful means to leapfrog past the eventual problem of any of the giant animals getting too big. *Eventually*.

Haru’s vast ears lowered as she thought, and thought.

“WHAT CAN I EVEN DO, NOW? LOOK AT ME. EVEN I CAN’T LOOK AT ME.”

Silence, still. Silence *and* still.

Powerful as she was, as big as the female had grown, all she suddenly wanted was one big hug, from one big wolf. That was it, that was all.

Bitter regret flowed in from somewhere too big to shutter, and Haru cursed the reality that she could have hugged Legoshi more, back when it was possible. She could have been warmer, more open, made more with what time she didn’t realize she had.

She had never felt alone in her garden, but damned if she wasn’t utterly alone here.

Being nearly a third the size of the observable universe in height, and roughly half terms of width, all Haru could do was freeze in place, for fear of what would happen if she didn’t.

There wasn’t a point, anyhow, to moving. To anything, ever again. He wasn’t with her.

THE OBSERVABLE UNIVERSE

HARU

The ultra-rabbit’s one and only calling remained, on pure reflex: not growing any larger. She kept a taut flex going as she floated in place, looking out into nothing, trying not to think as the time passed on—maybe. Was time even applicable to her, anymore?

Maybe if she kept concentrating, she could force her body inward, compact.

Maybe I can shrink, if I flex hard enough, she pondered, massive eyes staring down at her own infinite chest. We couldn't before, not that we tried so hard...but at the level of sheer power I'm currently at, whose to say?

Something tickled far away, way down at the edge of her collarbone, ruffling fur the subtlest little bit.

Maybe if I burn it off, like calories? If I flex harder, I could start tiring myself out over time...ugh, or blow up bigger. Hell, I don't know...

A tiny, near-imperceptible trail traced a line through her thin fluff, darting one way, then another, getting more erratic.

Stupid Mizuchi, all her stupid fault, stupid sorry cow; I almost wish she was here, just so I could punt her out of the universe

Why couldn't she be a little immature for a moment, after all? She didn't have to be on the high road, for once, it wasn't necessary.

"MMMN," Haru grunted, her attention faltering as something very, very, very tiny tickled her fur again, more pronounced this time. **"WHAT COULD...POSSIBLY..."**

Her immense bunny ears swung high.

"LEGOSHI?"

Her mighty sights managed to suss out the thin trail drawn in her collarbone fur, so far below, and hope suddenly surged so high that Haru nearly burst bigger once again.

Disappointment mixed with astonished joy as, to her chagrin and relief, someone very-much else appeared, no bigger than a tiny baby flea before her.

It was black and white, and wide enough to be detectable.

It was Mizuchi.

It was company.

"OH," Haru boomed, the godly exclamation slipping loose as her eyes widened. **"SOMEONE! HAHA! ANYBODY, OH MY GOD!"**

Prior sentiments be damned, she was delighted. Even an enemy was a gift, at this point.

The speck-sized female landed again, her attempted leap failing as she vanished back down into the fur. Haru froze in place, mouth opened, watching intently.

“OH NO, NO, HEY! M-MIZUCHI, COME...HELLO!?”

When Mizuchi emerged again, she was triple that size, big enough to be a regular bug compared to Haru—and, given the way Mizuchi flailed and swiped at nothing, she was likely a very angry one. Still.

“WHAT IN THE HELL IS THIS?” Haru murmured, as Mizuchi blew up again, finally winding up the size of a pea as she rolled and fumed, back and forth.

That was when someone else ballooned to match her, someone gray-furred.

Hair nearly exploded in size at the realization that it was a wolf, one only half as brawny and hulking as Mizuchi as they both grappled and fought in place upon her. To be sure, the wolf was a monument to masculine divinity, pure tight muscle and sex; it was only against Mizuchi’s monstrous girth that he took a distant second.

“L...LEGOSHI!”

Haru’s blast of joy rattled both Mizuchi and Legoshi, making the tinier duo snap to and look up...and up...and up...and up...

A duet of adorable squeaks barely registered as the harlequin rabbit and grey wolf screamed in shock, Haru’s chin alone blocking their collective view entirely. A second later, the wolf’s tail was a blur of jubilant wagging.

“Haru!”

Haru blinked, her ears putting their new glory and strength to the test as Legoshi peeped some sweet thing far beneath, only for Mizuchi to tackle him hard, rolling them together through her thick pelt.

“ER,” Haru began, cocking her head gently.

They were still too small for Haru to really intervene, honestly. She could only watch as Mizuchi tried to strangle the wolf, before wailing and falling back as she clutched at her eyes,

rolling on her huge back muscles, her bare breasts waving wild as her mouth stayed open in a hardly-heard screech of anger and pain.

A third being swelled into view, just barely, smaller than either Mizuchi or Legoshi. It was a lizard—Legoshi’s grandpa!?

She knew she ought to do something to help, as she watched Mizuchi swipe blindly on her own; Legoshi’s grandfather instead marched through Haru’s fur towards his grandson, helping the larger wolf stand. Legoshi hugged the smaller komodo dragon lovingly, making Haru finally grin a little up above, just as Mizuchi staggered over blindly, raising a fist over the two males.

Haru’s own fist found her first.

The pea-sized Mizuchi met a planetoid as the fist crushed down into her with meteoric rage, pummelling the blinded female so hard that the concussive force threw Legoshi and Gosha off their teeny feet. When the fist raised, at long last, Mizuchi was still. She did not get back up.

Haru had managed the impossible: she had shut Mizuchi the hell up.

Her sights loomed right back over the two tiny males, and it was clear enough that the two of them were beaming up at her—in thanks, sure, but largely in complete, overwhelming awe.

“Haru! That was incredible!”

“That giant beast... is the rabbit? It is! Good Lord, she’s so big!”

“Hehe, she is! I never thought I’d be looking up at her like this!”

“AH, LEGOSHI,” Haru chuckled, shaking reality, **“YOU KNOW I CAN’T HEAR YOU, RIGHT? YOU’RE BOTH TOO SMALL.”**

It was still bonkers to speak the words, let alone feel how big they still were.

Legoshi was laughing, she could tell that much. God, it was cute.

“YOU BOTH GOT BIG ENOUGH FOR ME TO SEE,” Haru continued, beaming wide. **“I...I CAN’T TELL YOU HOW HAPPY I...HAHAHA! YOU BIG IDIOT! WHAT AM I SAYING, OF COURSE YOU MADE IT. YOU AND YOUR GRANDPA. HELLO, SIR!”**

The reptile was just a bit too small, being maybe a third Legoshi’s size. That made them each at least several hundred megaparsecs in size, though, didn’t it?

Legoshi gestured and shouted for all he was worth, but Haru was still just too big.

“HOLD ON, LEGOSHI, JUST STOP A SECOND,” she gently spoke, lidding her massive eyes lovingly. **“HAHA. LET ME TRY SOMETHING, OKAY?”**

The mini-wolf went still, wagging faster nonetheless. *Message received.*

Carefully, so, so carefully, Haru forced her enormous lips down towards him, and with all the focus and confidence she could ever show, kissed him flat to her collarbone. She held it there, not breathing, only pressing her infinitely huge, smooth lip against the tiniest of bumps.

Then, the rumble hit, and hit hard.

To Legoshi, it must have been mind-ripping: the wolf multiplied rapidly, expanding at breakneck speed, only to blow up big enough to be an action figure to the rabbit. Half of all that growth must have found its way into his erection, which flared painfully tight between his newly-thickened thighs, the wolf now easily seen to be blushing brightly under his cheek fur, his tail wagging in overtime.

“H-Haru,” Legoshi stammered, still as uncertain and adorable as ever he had been before. “I-is that really okay? I mean, you do-don’t mind, haha?”

“NEVER MIND WHAT I MIND, YOU GOOFBALL,” the rabbit thundered, beaming wider still, overtaken by emotions she had kept a perpetual lid on. All her carefully curated cool evaporated as she nuzzled deep into the male’s body, whiskers and all, tickling the wolf terribly as he spluttered and blew up twice as big, almost large enough to hug her titanic muzzle. **“I’M JUST SO GLAD YOU’RE...HAH, Y-YOU’RE REALLY HERE! HOW? HOW DID YOU EVER GET BIG ENOUGH TO TRY AND TAKE ON MIZUCHI!?”**

“Nhn, it wasn’t just me, at first,” the wolf rumbled, hugging away at the rabbit’s towering muzzle tip. “All of us were growing, trying to keep up, but she was too big, too strong. But the more I thought of you, I...I dunno, I-I guess I, heh, started growing faster, and faster. She was still way bigger, I mean...but I got big enough to start fighting against her, and the more I fought, well...no. T-the more I...I wanted to see you again, the bigger my spurts became...”

“THAT WAS ENOUGH TO GET YOU GROWING, THAT FAST?”

“Fast?” Legoshi repeated, confused. “Haru, we were all fighting her for what felt like...I dunno, *weeks*. It just went on and on, frankly. Even Melon started falling behind, after Pina and Bill and that okapi and Jack, then that stag, then Louis, then even Yahya...she just kept

outpacing everyone except me and Grandpa. I guess seeing her almost defeat me over and over drove him even bigger, too. If he hadn't blinded her just now with venom, I might have still lost out. Er, sorry...you're the one that really beat her!"

"SO...EVERYONE ELSE IS..."

"On either Gosha, or me, I think, heh," Legoshi mused, shrugging, mussing her whiskers. "I bet Louis isn't happy with the development..."

Haru wasn't listening to the last part. Yet again, her withheld emotions poured out, and she kissed the little male again and again and again. Legoshi groaned, stretching up even bigger on the first, but petering out before the second, his body no longer responding with any further growth. It didn't matter. She just kept on kissing.

"I LOVE YOU."

The words just tumbled out as Haru began quaking all over, harder than before.

Legoshi had grown just large enough to spurt up over her muzzle bridge, and Haru could see the wolf turn a certain shade of near-red at the words.

"W-whu."

Haru stifled a laugh, and lowered her eyes affectionately.

"YOU HEARD ME. I'M SORRY I DIDN'T...I DIDN'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO JUST SAY IT BEFORE, BACK WHEN WE DECIDED TO START THIS. THE THINGS THAT BUILT ME UP TO WHERE I WAS WHEN WE MET WERE...THE THINGS THAT HELD ME BACK, IN THE END. I DIDN'T HAVE IT IN ME TO OPEN UP FULLY, EVEN WHEN YOU WERE JUST LETTING YOUR FEELINGS OUT FREELY. SO, I'M SORRY."

Legoshi held on, both to her, and to her words, thinking. But only for a moment.

"You don't ever have to apologize," he started, stroking up along her muzzle at the sides. "It wasn't a race. I'd have waited a lifetime to hear it, and enjoyed the time between. You have no idea how...Haru, I...can't tell you...hah, how big it is. How much it fills me. What you are right now, in my eyes—that's a fraction of how big you make me feel. I love you so much, it hurts. It stretches me out everywhere, until I almost can't take it."

“LET’S EXPLORE THIS WITHOUT SIZE-TALK, FIRST, AND GO FROM THERE, HAHA. I’M...GOOD ON SIZE, RIGHT NOW. OKAY?”

Legoshi somehow blushed brighter, unwittingly flexing his every surging muscle happily.

“D-deal!”

Gosha rested his entire body atop Legoshi’s head, giving Haru a polite, old-world nod.

“Grandpa says hello,” the huge little wolf added, embarrassed as any young male would likely be, given the moment.

“IT’S LOVELY TO MEET YOU, SIR,” Haru replied, all roses and warmth. ***“I KNOW YOU’D HAVE SAVED HIM NO MATTER THE SITUATION, BUT...THANK YOU, ANYWAY, VERY MUCH.”***

“Before today, I’d have been more surprised in your tastes,” Gosha laughed, big enough for Legoshi to hear him. “But now? This is the least insane thing.”

“You’re not upset, Grandpa?” Legoshi asked, looking up.

“Why be?” the old komodo huffed, shrugging his own monstrous, scaly shoulders. “What’s the point, at this point? I just didn’t want to risk your relationship being as...well, as *challenging* as my own, back then...but now, what’s it matter?”

“OH,” Haru started, gulping nervously as a renewed surge of growth rode her joy, threatening to expand her body massively yet, one she barely controlled. ***“WAIT, LEGOSHI...WHAT ABOUT EVERYONE ELSE? ARE YOU SURE THEY’RE ALL OKAY?”***

“Last I saw,” Legoshi huffed. “Mizuchi didn’t bother with anyone she outgrew, so I would think as much. Wherever they are, they can at least relax now.”

“BUT MELON–”

“Oh, Grandpa took care of Melon awhile back! He tried to use the confusion with Mizuchi to backstab us, when he thought he was getting the biggest, and Grandpa hit him with so much venom that he collapsed. He was big enough to stuff Melon in between his pecs in less than a minute, while I kept Mizuchi busy.”

Gosha nodded, chuckling.

“Haha, well. Seemed the thing to do. Thank that sheep for finally getting me awake.”

“THEN...EVERYONE ELSE IS SAFE ENOUGH. WHEW. I SUPPOSE WHATEVER REBUILDING THEY HAVE AHEAD, THEY CAN FIGURE OUT AT THEIR OWN PACE.”

Haru’s titanicly vast muzzle lowered as she kissed Legoshi deeply, wagging her own endless puff-tail far, far out behind her, stirring countless galactic superclusters into a frenzy.

“SINCE WE’RE FINALLY LEFT WITH A MINUTE...MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST ENJOY IT, LEGOSHI. LET ME BE THE ONE TO HOLD YOU, FOR ONCE.”

Legoshi, despite all his efforts to protect Haru, let her be the bigger one—*gladly*.

OGMA’S SUBCELLULAR REALM

OPERATIVE T

Somewhere, lost in the deep forest of fur on Louis’s far larger head, between sky-piercingly huge antlers, Ogma sat. The old stag offered no resistance against the development, being stranded there on his adopted son, a dot on a great red-brown canvas.

It was deep, deep within the stag’s boomed-out chest that an infinitely tinier little *blip* of a helicopter coasted, long out of gas.

Within that silent chopper, one occupant finally stirred.

“Ugh,” Operative T groaned, the capybara waking with a bleary stare out the window. “The hell happened? Where...what is this? Hey! Everyone, snap to! Yo!”

A few sluggish claps did the trick as Mienai snorted awake in the passenger’s seat, the pilot remaining passed out. The owl twitched, then bobbed his head a few times, fighting it.

“Mng,” the zebra grunted, shaking his head once, then twice. “Did I black out?”

“Last thing I remember was that wall of fur coming towards us,” T replied, shrugging. “I don’t hear the rotors overhead, it’s all creepy-quiet here. Did we get thrown elsewhere?”

“Likely,” the owl hooted, before yawning unceremoniously, “w-we’re too small to know who we’re even on, anymore. By my watch, it’s been...over a day, at least. Honestly, I wonder if time is even relevant anymore. Look out the windows.”

Operative T and Mienai must have been doing so, because both parties yelped.

“Holy shit, are those atoms?” she asked, sincerely.

Far beyond them were masses, some bus-sized, others as big as whole city blocks.

“Those massive things around us would be bacteria, actually,” the owl chuckled, either unfazed or long-since succumbed to madness. “Whoever we’re currently in, they would have to likely be...about as big as our galaxy, for these to be so colossal. Atoms and the like wouldn’t increase in scope, there would just be more of them. Far, *far* more.”

“Someone got galactic!?” T balked, turning to the doctor as though he had insulted her. “There’s no way! No! Come on!”

“We’re flying, you’ve surely noticed,” the owl continued, fascinated. “Even with no propeller motion. The helicopter is out of gas, and likely has been.”

“We’re floating?” Mienai slowly asked, still collecting himself.

“More like we’re pulling inward, from gravitational force. The giant in question is so big now that their gravity well is still affecting us, drawing us into a center that’s still expanding. Isn’t it something!”

“NO!” T roared, clutching her head. “This wasn’t any level of big I signed on for! They were getting massive enough before, but t-this...I mean, a galaxy!?! Why aren’t you freaking out over this? What do we do? We’re stranded! W-who knows how far away the old world even is now—”

“Oh no, the old *galaxy*—”

“Argh!”

“Well, look at it this way. We should have MRIs packed into the chopper’s onboard kit. We can subsist with some caution, until we reach the giant’s center. We’ll just have to boost the radio as best we can, and see if anyone else is also being drawn to that same center. I get the

suspicion that, mild-odds, we may run into other giants, just on a smaller scale from the giant we're all stuck within. Who knows?"

"And then what, we just rebuild, like magic!?" T asked, slumping in her seat.

"That's exactly what," Mienai answered, rather blandly.

Before T could say anything more, the zebra turned to the doctor, pointing to the very same signal reader the owl had carried along, before.

"You worked for Horns, right? That's Horns property?"

"It is," the owl replied, nodding, then yawning again.

"Can we locate any space-bound Horns tech, on the off chance it's still being drawn inward, the same as us? Specifically, the escape craft from Earth?"

"The ones loaded with terraforming and printing technology? The kind meant to create and sustain new life on new worlds? Yes. Yes, it can."

Mienai grinned just the slightest bit.

"Okay. Then I guess we're all starting fresh. Until we find others, find our planet, and restart a better world of our own...onward we go."