

FOREWORD

Hello and well-met, traveler!

This is a story built by Patreon contributors, through much polling and many terrible, terrible options, too many to count. Well, no, it's probably highly countable—but it was a lot! While this story is playful, overall, it does contain heavy amounts of Macrophilia, Growth, Transformation, Expansion, Inflation, Sexuality, and several Self-Love moments. So, while there isn't much actual sex, this still very-much is a kink work. Forewarned is forearmed!

This was written as an exercise, a chapter a week, over 8 weeks' time, with two additional weeks provided for re-editing and a final draft. Despite that, and the numerous narrative roadblocks along the way, it wound up coming together into something I'm legitimately happy with. I'm actually as sad that it's over as I am that it's successfully wrapped!

This was insanely fun to write, overall, working within the boundaries, characters and item inventory that polling left me with, per chapter, as well as working with the RNG of online...well, number generators, to arrive within damage and healing parameters, during battles. The main story is roughly the same, either way, but so that you know:

This has two versions! Regular, and HARD MODE. Hard Mode has a considerably longer, far more growth-packed finale; it wound up so colossal that I had to cut out about 20 pages of content, to get it flowing smoother. Still, if you DARE to go full-tilt and read the true Hard Mode version, well...it's a marathon! But I do think the rewards are there!

So, that's it. I hope you have as much fun reading it as I did making it! Should, you know, the material be your thing. Even if it isn't, I still hope it's a fun read on its own.

—DNA

MAID IN HEAVEN

By DNA

LLOYD: LV. 1, 35/50 HP

Egads!

That withered old map you dug out from the bottom of the Avros Guild was supposed to be a joke—you had surmised that much when the other explorers started chuckling and elbowing one another as you retrieved it from the pile of daily quests. It was the sort of prank superiors notoriously played on newcomers, which you are. Surley, one of the staff put it into the pile to keep grunts like you busy, while the *real* tasks were taken.

And yet, remarkably, there it is. Kogo Varan, the Archmage's tower. The one that legends all agree was *only a legend*. Supposedly abandoned over a millennium ago, having been struck down by the gods, in retaliation for the Archmage's blasphemous endeavors. Men would have killed other men just to be the ones to lay eyes on its ruins first—and here the tower is, standing tall under slate thunderheads and whipping winds.

And here you are. *Alone*.

Its cruel shadow swallows you whole on approach, daring to venture out from the craggy exit of Moddot Pass, nestled within a high mountain range to the East. You edge nearer, the scarlet spire seeming to get bigger and meaner with every step. The front doors loom so high that you imagine only a running leap *might* give you enough lift to grab one of its great brass rings. Jumping was not something you had a lot of stats for, being a first-level adventurer. For that matter, your HP was pretty weak, along with your Dexterity and Strength. Given how well you could flee, your Speed was actually decent. Everybody has something.

Still, this was the sort of moment that makes or breaks adventurers—break the operative—and you know you won't get this kind of shot again. You stare up at the door, think for a moment, then step off to the side near a gnarled old giant of a tree; you put up a tent, get inside, and save your progress, *just in case*.

Upon exiting you realize you hadn't bothered to replenish your meager health beforehand, so you take out a small vial, down it, and then go back into the tent again.

There.

The doors of Kogo Varan part for you, the moment your gloved hand touches their iron facade. They both part menacingly, groaning like disturbed colossi awoken from a poor-quality nap in Hell. Your sword shakes as it's brandished, tattling to the darkness within as you enter.

The pitch doesn't last, however, as a row of torches ignite up along the entry hallway, winding up a spiraling staircase at its end. With nowhere else to go you proceed up along it, step by wary step, until you find the first of many landings, each one suggesting a floor of the tower.

Come to think of it...what *should* you do, now that you've made it here? Are you actually mad enough to risk a full climb? Any adventurer knew that the higher-level monsters would be shuffling around up there, eager to devour and crush.

Perhaps discretion is in order here.

You take a few calming breaths, then decide to try this lowest (safest) landing first. Clear it for any treasure or weapons, and the like. Stay alive slightly longer.

You will your sword to stop shaking as you step off onto the 1st floor, which is more well lit than you anticipated; torches quietly crackle and burn as you wander the circular landing, trying to suss out which of its hallways holds the least possible death. One by one, you're as relieved as you are disappointed, as every door seems locked—except one.

Already ajar, you stick your sword in and wiggle around, as though it might trip up or startle any lurking foes. Finding nothing but sinister air about you push to the hilt, then force the door completely open. Inside is a small holding cell, replete with a chain-and-board bed and a bucket that you will *not* be investigating. At the back corner you see a small, humble treasure chest; aha! Your luck might just be improving!

“Okay,” you mutter, finding it easy enough to open. “What have we, here?”

Your first real treasure, at last! The Avros Royal Guard wouldn't laugh at you for long, once you return to the Guild with loot all your own! *What is it, gold coins? A King's long-lost scepter? Jewels, rare potions? A place to put the bucket, and slay that awful smell?*

You open it all the way, then sigh.

A key. One key that likely opens one door, on one floor.

“Mm.”

Still, it's *something*.

A soft knock intrudes from somewhere nearby, making you nearly leap out of your modest leather-and-plate armor. It was definitely here, on the same floor, it was too near to be otherwise. Stepping back out of the cell you look about the landing, creep back out, and quietly respond:

“Hello?”

Another *thud* replies, making you hold your breath, lest you cry out. A door across the way from your side of the circle rattles as something batters against it, from within.

“Hello?”

The voice that follows is...far from frightening. Muffled though it is, it's surely female. Frankly, it sounds more shocked than you are that anyone else is present in such a place.

An imprisoned slave? Some princess, even?

“Hello!” you reply, taking the risk. “Are you alright, in there?”

“Oh, yes, thank you!” the voice responds, making you pause. “Just a bit stuck! The door swung shut while I was tending to things, and I seem to be locked in. Could you help me, please?”

You look at the key you took from the chest, and think hard. Mimics were common in dungeons, and towers were generally lumped in with them, by most adventurers. This does all seem too cute, on second pass.

“Who are you?”

“The maid!”

Your heart sinks. This isn't even a *good* phony story.

“The maid?” you repeat, trying not to let your disbelief show. “Here? In this dismal place?”

“You should have seen it before!”

“Pass,” you huff, turning to close the cell door behind you.

“Oh, please!”

It's funny; that voice is so sweet, it seems harder and harder to believe anything malicious could use it. The more you hear it, the more compelled you are to be a hero, and help out. If it was a charm spell, it would have likely sounded more seductive or convincing. That it wasn't convincing is the very thing that ultimately convinces you.

“Stand back, then, I'll try a key I found,” you shout, as you cautiously make your way around the landing. “I don't know that it'll work.”

“Ah! Thank you dearly,” the feminine voice answers, delighted.

You mingle several mutterings into a mumble, none of which is decipherable as you approach the door and slide the old key in. You twist, and instead of catching, it turns with a neat *click*.

Huh.

The door creaks open, defeated, and out steps...well, the general *idea* of a maid, maybe a child's. There are the requisite white frills and straps over a tight black dress, netted leggings about the thighs, cuffs at the wrists, long white sleeves with an apron, even a trimmed cap. Two modest silk puffs cover the shoulders, with a choker about her neck, and even one on her tail.

At last, something odder than the presence of a maid arrives, embarrassed it's so late.

It's a lizard.

A chest-height, female reptile, gold-chested and bellied, with vibrant bronze covering the rest. Two violet eyes regard you as she steps into the torchlight, brushing her ample breasts clear of dust, her clawed toes tapping the stonework below.

“Thank you, Master!” she pleasantly trills, taking a bow low enough to let her bosom bob forth at you. It certainly beats a handshake. “You’ve saved me!”

“Oh, not at all,” you sputter, still taking everything into an unready mind. “Seriously, it was nothing much, forget it. And uh, I’m Lloyd, not ‘Master’, okay?”

“Oh, but you *are* my Master,” she gently corrects, a grin overtaking her snout. “The former lord of this abode is long since gone, and I was placed here to clean it for as long as it takes, or until I can find a Master to relieve me of my post! And here you are!”

“You were...*put* here?”

“Yes! By the Gods. Kogo Varan was possessed of such a magnitude of evil that its presence in the world was too dangerous, so they formed the pass and mountains around it, closed it off, and tasked me with purification of every single evil herein. My heavenly aura sanctifies and heals, and so I have done, gradually. But with you present, Master Lloyd, I am hereby transferred into your care!”

Your head swims.

“You want to join up with me?”

“Yes!”

“*Me.*”

“Yes!”

You almost feel as though you’ve perpetually engaged a village NPC, the way she just repeats her final line over and over. Lizard folk and the like were pretty common in cities and mountain regions, but this...this was all kinds of new. Still, she could heal, from the sounds of it. It wasn’t anywhere near a bad deal.

“How are you in a fight, ah...”

“Arlei,” the reptile finishes, curtsying humbly. “I’ve never engaged in battle! None of the creatures or undead around here ever bother me, so it’s never been an issue, Master.”

“Lloyd, just call me Lloyd, Arlei,” you insist, suddenly abashed.

“Please, Master Lloyd, feel free to ask for anything,” the female offers, getting uncomfortably close to you. “Consider me your loyal servant, from this day forward. Can I offer you anything? Food? Water? A soft bed upon which to slumber? There’s one in this entire tower, and it’s really quite nice—”

“Actually, you should know right now, I’m...not a high-level fighter. I’m pretty green. I think I’ve had enough for one go, today, so...I’m thinking of getting out now, while I’m still alive.”

“Oh, I see! Then I shall see you out properly, Master Lloyd, I know the way!”

“S-sure, please.”

You're already pretty near to the exit hall, so the gesture seems moot; still, there's no sense in arguing, and the sooner she shows you the door (you already found), the sooner you get out, so you follow Arlei down the stairs. And down. And down. *And down.*

Your casual certainty falters, then snaps off like a dead twig as you realize just how far down you're both going. A minute's climb tumbles to two, then four, as torch after torch passes by. Worry springs anew as the torchlight fades, as though the foul darkness of the tower is choking it out, and finally it behooves you to check:

"Ah, where's the exit hall?"

"Gone," Arlei chirps, unfazed as she descends before you. "Kogo Varan is a sneaky place! It removed the exit when you entered."

"*What.*"

"Oh, yes, it's a naughty realm! I suspect it locked me up, for trying to purify it all these years."

"Well, then," you stammer, gathering yourself, "where are we going?"

"The real exit is in the catacombs, Master Lloyd, fear not! I'll guide you."

"But, it's a dungeon area, that means enemies!"

"They tend to leave me be, so stick close, please!"

She seems too glad about this whole situation, no mistake. Still, it's that or stay put in the terrible tower of oblivion and naughty doors, so closer you stick, indeed.

The catacombs make the tower look warm and soft. Green mists coil about jagged rocks and piles of strewn bones, the glow of the smoldering foulness the only thing lighting its cavern walls. Something with countless legs scuttles by, big enough to be heard, and your skin nearly crawls off.

"This way, Master," Arlei says, smiling wide, as if she were showing you around her Spring villa. "We'll have to go a ways into the cavern before arriving at the way out, by the Demon's Head. It'll be fun!"

"The demon's what?" you croak, freezing up.

"Worry not, Master, it's only the name of an area."

"Ah, haha, right. Okay."

"Where the demon slumbers."

There's no time to wonder if she just has a sense of nasty humor as something lunges out from the darkness! It's a skeleton, brandishing a rusted broadsword!

SKELETON, LV 3

HP: 11

MP: 0/0

Its slash narrowly misses as you stumble back, raise your sword, and swing hard, bouncing off of the foe's weathered wooden shield. Still, it's enough to stagger the monster, and on a second swing, you connect and cleave a battered skull from its spine. -16 DAMAGE appears as it spins and clatters to the floor, followed by the dull impact of crashing bones as you step back and look your foe over.

Not bad! You felled your average garden variety skeleton!

"A mighty swing, Master!" Arlei cheers, the reptile bouncing up and down in her dress. "He was no match for you, whatsoever!"

"I...I thought no monsters got near you!" you huff, shaking from the shock.

"They don't, Master Lloyd—I suspect they only wanted to kill *you*."

As the skeleton crumbles to bitter dust a large blue-tinted EXP +10 rises up from its remains, before also vanishing, and you realize something incredible. Yes, even more incredible than freeing a reptile from an evil, sentient tower: *you won a fight*.

"Ooh," Arlei gasps, as the same blue glow that overtakes you washes over her as well.

"Party split, right," you mumble, thinking. It's hard to believe she's with you now.

A small pile of money forms from the felled enemy, with the words 22 GOLD floating up in yellow, and you go in to collect the coins. When you finish bagging them and turn back around, Arlei is right there again, much too close. You can swear she's...a little taller. Just the tiniest bit, even. Her scaly muzzle hovers at your chin, where minutes earlier she was up to your chest in height. Right?

"Is that what winning feels like?" she asks, blinking, batting her large eyes softly. "I like it!"

"You and I both. So, I'm still a target, down here. The *only* way out is the demon's head?"

"Correct, Master Lloyd, well said."

You dither just a little, there in the gloom. A shuffling of countless feet behind you helps to remedy that as you turn to see another skeleton shambling through the mist, halberd raised—then another, and another after. More silhouettes darken through the rolling smoke as an army of undead warriors surrounds the way back, making you turn back in panic to Arlei.

"Fine, go! Let's go!"

"Oh, yes, a fine choice—"

"JUST GO!"

The path narrows as you flee the horde, Arlei casually jogging up at the rear; her scaly chest bounces into a storm, barely contained by her stretching dress, her apron rustling as the frills dance one way and another. She hardly seems bothered.

“Which way?” you holler back, as the winding tunnel threatens you with an upcoming fork.

“Left, Master L—”

Left it is.

You bank into a slight stumble as your boots catch upturned stones, righting yourself with your sword out, your backpack and bag jangling. Arlei’s feet *slap-slap* the floor, splishing and splashing through puddles as you gain ground, vanishing into unfriendly blackness.

Your body slams with a dull stinging ache against bars, bouncing you back, only for Arlei’s soft frame to bump and shove you back into it again. The dual impacts are enough to force them away as what must be a dungeon door swings open with a moan. It hits its reach, then bounces back to a close as you stagger ahead, panting and wheezing in the pitch.

“Ah, I can’t see a thing,” you cough, straightening back up.

“Allow me, Master Lloyd.”

A snap of thick, clawed fingers is the last thing you hear, before a *fwhm* echoes out, and a large burst of white flame blazes, contained in mid air over her opened hand. Your eyes take a moment to adjust as Arlei’s shape clears, then the chamber around you both.

“Is this...”

“The Demon’s Head? No, Master, not yet. Given your level, I assumed you would naturally desire a safe point to stop at, before we attempt to breach its domain.”

In the dead center of a large, cylindrical chamber of mortar sits a gigantic treasure chest. Beyond it is, indeed, a save point. You get your breath back as you unslung your pack, open it, and find one more tent inside. She isn’t wrong. From behind a huge metal door at the far end, a low, ominous growl rumbles out; *great, a boss*. Likely, the oft-mentioned demon.

“M...maybe. Yeah. Just give me a moment...”

You step toward the glowing light, tent ready...yet, you pause. That chest is gigantic. No mere key would be occupying such a promising space. If you want to have even a sliver of a chance of surviving further, having special loot would be critical. Arlei watches as you approach it first, one gloved hand out, fingers extended. You touch the golden trim of the lid, gather your courage, and lift—only to find it closed tight. Locked!

“Curses,” you mutter, drumming the trim with your fingers.

“Don’t you have a key, Master Lloyd?” Arlei patiently asks, coming up behind.

“For your door, Arlei, not for this.”

“Why not try?”

“Because that...ah, fine. I’ll just show you, easier than explaining.”

The key is taken from your bag of holding, slipped into the chest, and turned. It clicks.

“WHAT.”

The chest swings open, to your astonishment. Before you even think to inspect its contents, you stare at the key in your palm, stupefied. It actually worked!? How is that possible?

“You seem shocked,” the reptile coos, looking over your shoulder.

“I am. Yes. The key worked on two separate...things.”

“Certainly, Master Lloyd! You have a skeleton key. This tower is filled with rare items, after all, and you picked that one. I imagine it’s why the tower saw fit to keep it behind an unlocked door, right across from the room it trapped me in. I imagine the tower thought it was funnier that way.”

You haven’t blinked throughout.

A rare item. A universal key. Yours.

“That’s why you thought I could escape.”

“Well, that, and you have me with you now!”

You half-hear her as you peer into the oversized chest, scoping three large jewels within.

“Oh, wow,” you say, looking them over. “Not specialty weapons, but still...these could fetch massive prices! I could just buy out the top shelf at the Avros armory!”

You grab them one at a time, and with each collection, words float up as you stuff them into your bag:

BASE JEWEL RED
BASE JEWEL GREEN
BASE JEWEL BLUE

In they go, as you observe the words.

“Never heard of these...”

“I’m sure you can investigate them at your comfort, once outside,” the reptile offers, just before a loud *click* bounces out from the chest. It rattles, then mechanically sinks into the floor several inches.

“What was that?”

Your answer arrives in the form of a single teal slime, oozing up into a collective mass from the cobblestones. It wobbles to form, roughly basket-sized, and as it rolls sluggishly towards you another slime rises up, and another. *A trap!*

“Okay, these first, then the tent,” you growl, advancing on the nearest slime.

“Right!” Arlei says, nodding, taking up a battle stance. A large octagonal mace flashes into being, clutched in one clawed hand.

You slash the slime for 20 DAMAGE, and the creature withers and crumples in on itself, easily vanquished. +5 EXP appears overhead, and though it isn’t anything major, it provides a slight boost to your energy and confidence as you charge into another nearby slime, slashing it for another 20. Another +5 EXP follows, as you turn to see Arlei there, still striking her battle stance.

“Attack, Arlei!” you cry, as a nearby slime attaches to your leggings, and attacks with a small, unpleasant sting for -3 DAMAGE, slipping your HP down slightly.

“Very good, Master Lloyd! A fine order!”

Did she really need to be told!?

“Hya!”

The reptilian female swings a mace half her size with staggering force, so much so that the attack doesn’t harm the lunging slime—it *obliterates* it. Nothing but glowing sparks are left to wither in the air as another +5 EXP appears, a soft blue glow again starting to overtake you both as more and more slimes appear.

“Should have saved,” you huff, putting your frustration into your sword swings. Another down, then another. The glow flares brighter, the more experience points you feed it; between swings, you turn to catch sight of Arlei, to see how she’s faring. After all, you did *somewhat* get her into this—

GOOD GRIEF!

Arlei stands, legs spread in a wide striking stance, her dress pulled tight around swelling, scaly thighs. Yes, *swelling*. The demure maid is rapidly inching up larger, your eyes aren’t tricking you! It’s only perceptible with the benefit of repeated looks, but you can tell: Arlei is getting *bigger*.

In your shock, another slime attacks, damaging you a little more. Another takes advantage, piling on to your other leg, and as you stumble back you can hear the heavier and heavier thuds of Arlei running up to assist.

“Master, stay still!”

Even the mace seems to be bigger as it sails down, blasting a group of slimes away to nothing. The attack is so close that your nose itches from the rush of displaced air and flying fluids. At least eight +5 EXPs float around you, and with a strange tingle you feel your health swell back up to 50, then continue to push up to 75, as the words LV 2 pop up.

You just crossed the threshold into level two, at long last. The dizzying reality nearly matches the surreal plateau that is Arlei as she huffs, then shudders along with you, the same thing appearing up over her rising head and cap as she levels up.

“Ooooh,” she rumbles as her apron pulls tighter, her breasts swelling up against the top of her stretching dress. “That...that feels g-good!”

Maybe you’ll think up how to healthily address her reaction, if you survive.

More slimes begin to emerge from the walls as you back up against your faithful maid, finding you only stand as high up as her shoulders now. She must have put on a solid foot in height, pushing her to just over 7 feet tall! Though your time with her has been brief, the memory of her having to look up at you already seems far off, from a simpler time. It isn’t entirely untrue.

The glow fades as she rolls her shoulders, making her fluffed silk pomps jiggle in preparation.

“Go and save, Master Lloyd, I’ll handle these!”

“Ah, it doesn’t work that way, parties need to save together! And these slimes just keep appearing out of the ether, it seems!”

The chest *click-clicks* again, and you understand. As Arlei attacks you back over to the chest, then simply close the lid. The moment you do, the clicking stops, and the trap deactivates. Yet, when you turn back, you see that the entire second wave of slimes are attacking Arlei, clustering over her, around her, merging into a gigantic, 10-foot slime!

“Whoa!” you yelp, taking up the sword again. “Hold on!”

The enlarged reptile struggles against the encasing mega-slime as you see her HP dwindling from its new maximum of 90 HP down to 89, then 88, 87...they hardly seem to damage her! Rather than mull the point over, however, you strike at its exterior, and the gigantic slime trembles and shudders, pulling back into a retreat.

“Th-thank you, Master Lloyd!” Arlei gasps, the tall lizard shaking the assault off with ease.

“Are you hurt?”

“Not at all, Master! Observe!”

With one hard blow, Arlei strikes the giant slime, the force so massive that you can see the thick mace bend at the stem. -50 DAMAGE appears as the huge slime is again knocked back, flashing dark red all over. It isn’t dead, but nearly!

“SMASH 1!” she bellows, calling out the selected skill attack.

You charge in and stab the slime while it’s still staggered, killing it instantly. The beast fades away as +30 EXP rises up, the glow overtaking you both once more. As good as the intake feels, Arlei seems to be having an even better time of it:

“YESSSS...”

Her speech escapes in a warm huff of pleasure as you watch her expand again, getting even bigger. Her dress stretches loudly as the net stockings dig into her inflating legs, her thighs spilling slightly over the top trim as her skirt spreads tighter, her breasts pumping stubbornly out against her apron and top, pulling its straps. Inch by inch, you watch her grow, the mighty maid stretching up to 8 feet, then 9, stopping at 10. Her tail pushes further out behind her dress as her rump bulges against the skirt bottom, revealing a flash of frilled panties therein.

Now, you hardly stand at eye level with Arlei’s huge chest. Two mounds tent hotly against the tight apron from within, where two swollen nipples clearly reside. The maid’s ensemble has grown with her, but still seems to be having trouble keeping up. You stare longer—just to be sure.

“You really *are* growing,” you exclaim, finally admitting it aloud. You step around her giant body, looking her huge curves over in wonderment. “I wasn’t sure, at first. Clearly, you react differently to experience gains than others!”

“I wouldn’t know, Master Lloyd,” Arlei rumbles, her enlarged voice deferential and sincere. “But you don’t appear to hate it, so I shall take it as a positive!”

You nod dumbly, then take in her stats on a pop up menu screen. There is some eye-widening.

ARLEI, LV 2, HOLY MAID

HP: 85/90

MP: 50/50

STRENGTH: 25

DEFENSE: 60

DEXTERITY: 100

SPEED: 40

HEIGHT: 10’02”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: AURA, SMASH 1

NEW AUTO-SKILL UNLOCKED: BRUNT!

Your stats, even at level 2, were perhaps half of those. Close to the same, for height.

“How’d you do that?” you wonder aloud. “How’d you swing for that kind of damage!?”

“I’m not sure, Master,” she huffs, giving a final shiver. “I only used my mace to clear cobwebs and open stuck doors, in my years purifying Kogo Varan.”

“Really?”

“They were big webs.”

You don't doubt it.

“So, we had still better save, real quick,” you start, trying to keep focus. “Who knows what sort of terror the boss will be, in there—wait. Come to think of it, why were these lower-level creatures hanging around in a place this terrible? I honestly thought I was going to be swatted right away...”

“Oh, well, I *have* been purifying the area for many many years, Master Lloyd,” Arlei supposes, turning to face you, so that her huge bosom swings into your face. “The more terrible fiends were eventually relocated to the highest levels of the tower, leaving the lower realms more harmless.”

“Oh. Oh, yeah, I suppose that does make sense. You're really something!”

Arlei seems to bulge a little more, glowing at your praise.

“Thank you, Master Lloyd! You know not how happy that makes me!”

“Well...you're uh, you're welcome. And unless that demon moved away as well, I think I'll still need to rely on your help a little more. Staying here and leveling up to stand a better chance would be smart, but...with low level enemies around, it might take a year or two to get where we need to be.”

“Oh, no, Master, I said I'll get you out, and I mean to! I won't have you wait that long.”

You narrow your eyes at the sentiment, not because you don't trust her silky words, but rather that you have no idea how she means to pull such a thing off. Against lower foes, she proved terribly strong, indeed, but this was a boss. A dungeon boss, no less.

“Well, let's save, and I guess give it a try,” you murmur, still uncertain.

You set up a tent, and easily sit inside—only for Arlei to cram her huge, soft, scaly body in tight, wedging her ten-foot bulk and protruding chest smothering you as the tent walls warp out into her general shape. Surprised, your gloves hands flail and thump and stroke her hot sides, her body heat filling everything as a boom-giggle escapes her throat.

“T-that tickles, Master!”

“I can't move, Arlei, what are you doing!?”

“We're saving, are we not?”

Her bosom rolls over your head, mussing your shock of hair as her belly presses your face and chest, her humongous, bulky thighs caging you in completely.

“I pack single-use tents, n-not party tents!”

“Dear, my apologies, then, Master Lloyd!”

The tent rips slightly as she wriggles back out, its ruined frame deflating down onto you. You crawl back out, the rush of cool dungeon air almost refreshing, versus the hammering heat of her giant body against yours. Nonetheless, you have successfully saved. The key and the brand new level up are

all yours, now!

“Right, then,” you sigh, seeing your health and stats all cleared and normal, the same for hers. “Let’s go and try not to die in there. Maybe we can evade our way around it.”

“I shall protect you either way, Master Lloyd!”

“Lloyd. And thanks.”

The door groans noisily open, dashing your hopes for a stealth creep as you steal into the heart of the catacombs. It’s another circular room, a dome of carved marble and large divots, out of which a foul light pulses.

You saved. You saved, it’s fine.

A door at the opposing end shudders as something huge butts against it, making you freeze.

“That must be the demon,” Arlei gathers, the tall maid readying her mutually-large mace.

“We need to hide, Arlei!” you hiss as the doors quake, the impacts getting harder, a horrid and demonic growl raging through it. “There’s no place to...gah, it’s all open! Where can I sneak through?”

The doors blast away, rocked open by means of a colossal crimson beast shouldering through. A streak of red smoldering steam surges behind it as the demon barges in, muscles tensed, and throws its skull-head back in a thunderous bellow of hate. A bull skull with massive horns lowers back down as the feral thing stamps and rages in place, an unwanted redout appearing over it:

BOSS: DEMON, LV 59, DEMON
HP: 15,999
MP: 500

Your knees buckle like wet paper, at sight of it. It was a boss that could eat other bosses.

“Oh, no, no,” you mutter, backing away in unfettered terror—which, of course, makes you the first thing it sees. “His l-level!”

“Yes, he is there, for players too afraid to face the Archmage,” Arlei says, not helping any.

The gigantic beast towers at 30 feet, up on both legs, looming over even the newly-grown Arlei. Hook claws crack the marble flooring as it flexes its incalculable red muscle and tears off at you, only for Arlei to intercept with a hard crack of her mace to its temple. For all her bother, despite the crashing force of the lizard’s swing, the demon only grunts and twitches a bit to the left, before batting her away.

She grunts considerably harder as you see her fly into and crash against a wall, cracking it.

-2,590 DAMAGE! CRITICAL!

You look back at the demon:

BOSS: DEMON, LV 59, DEMON
HP: 15,998
MP: 500

One point. *One.*

Your sword lowers in despair as you slump slightly. The Demon snorts, even angrier now that it's been struck, and it comes crashing at you with evermore intense speed!

You don't want to even look at Arlei. She's surely dead, many times over, from that one hit.

"WEAK," the Demon booms, its foul voice shaking the dome. "WEAK!"

By the gods, why did you do this? Why in the world did you go into the tower!?

The Demon's clawed hands pound the floor as it advances, big as a house. Just as its black jaws unhinge to devour you whole, a massive mace bears back down, smashing its skull so hard that you see it twist sideways, snap, then pop back into place as the behemoth is hurled into the other wall with an explosion of smoke and sprayed marble.

There, on your side, is Arlei, a mace bigger than a whole boulder smoking from the sheer force of its blow. She stands, her head bumping the great dome, the huffing she-lizard towering at over 60 feet in size—and she's still getting *bigger*.

"FOUL THING!" she blast-chides, her voice thunder couched in hot velvet.

You take only the most requisite of glances to the Demon, to see -3,000 DAMAGE appear from the smoke and clattering debris. Then, it's right back to the ever-growing female, whose head bulges North against the dome, mashing her growing cap and its frills. Her shoulders swell bigger, the poofs stretching against a sudden burst of muscle as her arms detonate in mass. Biceps heave out, straining pulling scales loudly as she snorts, her thighs ballooning with pure power as they stretch her net stockings tighter and tighter. A monstrous tail slams the ground as her neck bulges into a column, her back muscles spreading wider and wider.

"A...Arlei!" you cry, your mouth hanging open at the sight of the 70-foot giantess booming stronger and stronger before you, power overflowing from her trembling body. "You're alive!?"

"I SHOULD PERISH, FOR LETTING THIS NASTY BEAST ANYWHERE NEAR YOU, MASTER LLOYD! FORGIVE ME!"

Her enormous bosom swells even larger, starting to tear her ebony bodice at its struggling seams. Fat, bulbous nipples inflate against her dress, one popping up over the taut apron and its snapping straps; she takes one booming step forward, readying for another blow as the Demon staggers and shakes the attack off. He's glowing orange, but heaven knows why, exactly.

She stoops her huge head lower, forcing her reptilian chin into her expanding, scaly cleavage, and the slight room it affords between her and dome allows you to see:

+2,590 HP

HP: 2,680/90

How was this possible!?

“SMASH...I!!”

Right, she had leveled up, returning her 1 current skill point allotment! The speciality skill strike connects just as the demon rises to full size, now only as tall as the 80-foot giantess' hips, and when the meteoric smash attack hits, the entire chamber is battered from its shock waves!

You're blown back as Arlei hammer the Demon, smashing it down so hard that the floor cracks open, burying it halfway into the rock and dirt beneath the marble!

-7,800 HP

The Demon's health is down to its last third! Incredible!

“STRIKE, MASTER LLOYD!” Arlei bellows, as the orange glow around the Demon intensifies. “WHILE HE'S WEAKENED!”

Emboldened so much that you're too drunk to think on how insane it is, you raise your sword, and strike its exposed elbow.

-10 HP

“Uh,” you begin, only for the Demon to start moving again.

“KEEP AT IT, MASTER LLOYD!”

You can see Arlei's battle gauge filling up, meaning you were on your own for about ten seconds. You slash again, then again, needing much less time to ready your swings, and sure enough:

-100 HP

-400 HP

-900 HP

Whoa!

The Demon's body turns a terrible shade of darkening red as its life slips down lower and lower, coupling with the orange glow about it. The Demon still has some fight left, and should be rising to smash you to pulp with one blow...but it stays frozen, shuddering in place, its eyes blazing in fury at its plight.

-1,400 HP

You understand now. It's so rare, you've never had the privilege of seeing it in battle:

STAGGERED

The boss was hit with a critical blow, followed by a flurry of physical attacks, staggering it! If you just keep at it before the stagger state clears and it can move again, then you'll have a chance! You'll actually have an honest-to-goodness—

“RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!”

The enraged behemoth rises up with an earsplitting wail of anger, and over its head you see *staggered* vanish. It still has 2,388 HP left. And damn, is it mad.

“HELLFLARE!” it seethes, uttering its own spell. Just as the chamber begins to drop down into a blood red glow, before it can finish, Arlei interrupts.

“SILENCE!”

The mace doesn't come down. This time, Arlei's entire body does. Her gargantuan rear and overwhelmed underwear fill your view as the colossal maid twists about, sticks out her ample rump and uses it to body slam the stunned Demon back down, cratering out and expanding the previous impact point so far that it basically annihilates the floor altogether.

-9,000 HP!

You go flying as the 80-foot mega-lizard's rump bashes the shattering turf apart, the Demon bellowing its last as it bursts into a sea of sizzling embers underneath.

With that, impossibly, it's over. You were only able to assist a little bit, but somehow, you did it. The Demon...is slain!

“Huh, huh,” you pant, getting back up on two shaking boots. You break into laughter. “That...was amazing! Wh...why would...how did you do that!?”

You run up weakly and hug Arlei's thick, warm ankle, making the massive female look back over her bulky shoulder at you. Her intimidating glare melts into the softest of smiles as she chuckles, and clears her huge throat with a pleasant rumble.

“WELL, MASTER LLOYD, I SIMPLY USED MY NEW SKILLS.”

You think about it, then remember to look her stats up again.

“Oh, right. Let's see, let's...Smash 1, right. Aura? Brunt? Brunt's an auto-skill?”

You investigate further:

BRUNT: Allows user to absorb the first enemy attack in battle for HP/STR boost. Automatic.

“You took its first attack...”

“AND MY AURA IS THE SAME THAT'S CLEANSED MOST OF KOGO VARAN. PROXIMITY TO ME AT HIGHER POWER WAS ENOUGH TO GRADUALLY WEAKEN IT.”

“Which is why my attacks hurt it, after a while. I mean, not as much as you did.”

“MASTER,” she purrs, “YOU WERE THE ONE THAT STAGGERED IT. HAD IT ATTACKED US DURING MY GAUGE RECHARGE, EVEN WITH SUCH POWER-UPS, YOU AND I WOULD HAVE BEEN CRUSHED. EVEN WITH ALL THE BOOSTS, IT WAS TECHNICALLY STILL MUCH STRONGER.”

“So, dumb luck saved us?”

“IT WAS HALF THE BATTLE, DEAR MASTER.”

At that, the BRUNT buff wears off, and you watch Arlei grudgingly dwindle down, down, down in size. Her bulk evaporates as she contracts to her previous base height of 10 feet, dusting her clothes off. Such as they are now, ripped and popped at numerous unhappy seams.

“Looks like it’s a battle-only buff, too bad,” you murmur, before the last of the Boss’ embers flutter away and a small pile of gold coins magically blinks into existence.

+600 GOLD

You’ve never seen that much gold at once, ever. You rush over and scoop it gladly into your bag of holding, beaming like a fool. That, plus the gold from the skeleton, along with your Guild allowance of 30...that leaves you sitting pretty, with 652 gold coins!!

As you reel from the payoff, something else rises up from the defeated Boss:

+10,000 EXP

At level 2, the both of you might have needed, what, 100 EXP to clear your next one? Well, the effect is instant as a brilliant blue hue overtakes you both, making you gasp in surprise, and Arlei groan in a new realm of burgeoning pleasure.

LV 3

As you see and feel your HP and MP climb higher, Arlei takes a more literal approach. The 10-foot female grits her teeth with a scale-penetrating blush as you watch her start to rumble all over, then swell up bigger, again. Her base height surges messily, spurting up a few more inches per second, putting her at 11 feet almost right away. Still, she trembles, groaning and bulging all over, her breasts expanding noisily against her complaining top.

“M...Master!”

“I, I know!”

LV 4

Arlei cries out as her entire body strains and swells, hot pressure inflating her heaving chest and rump as her tail lengthens and fattens at the base, her arms growing longer, her thighs swelling with a

low rubber squeal of growth. 12 feet, now, then 13, in mere seconds!

LV 5

She thuds down onto all fours, panting openly, throbbing bigger by an entire foot this time. You move to her and put a reassuring hand on her back, feeling each warm scale swelling bigger, tighter under her ripping black dress.

“W...we need to move! We’re not done yet, and the exit door–”

“Y-yes, of course, Muh-Master Llo–AHHHH!”

LV 6

Her body balloons out with another messy heave of size, her sides blowing up into your chest and arms as you try to guide the growing powerhouse toward the smashed-open doors. As you help her squeeze through, halfway past, she grunts and shudders violently...

LV 7

“HUHHHH-HUAAAAHAH!”

Arlei explodes larger, her supple curves pulsing out bigger and bigger and bigger, mashing and cracking the unhinged doorway as her rump balloons too big for it, leaving her partially wedged inside the chamber. Even on all fours, she now reaches 13 feet high, higher than you can possibly reach!

LV 8

Her hands alone are as big as your entire torso, and still growing as the chamber rattles and quakes from the vibrations of her growth spurt. She pulls herself even harder, making the cracks at the door web out and warp...then blast apart, letting her huge body burst through!

There’s a tumble into a dark hallway, which you force her to crawl up along, harmlessly spurring her on by thumping your scabbard against her huge, still-swelling rear.

“Almost there, keep pushing!”

“Yessss, Muh-Master!”

LV 9

Even your thumps are feeling stronger than ever; some brasher part of you imagines each thump could defeat a skeleton now, a mere tap; the problem here is, Arlei is not that. Her moans echo throughout as you feel her blow up even *bigger*, her gigantic thighs mercilessly pumping into you, starting to grind you against the rock face as you feel the hallway stuffed full with her breasts and bulk alike. She strains, then cries out:

“S...SMASSSSSSSH 1!”

Her levels restored (and then some), she is certainly free to reuse it, and with an automated swing her growing arms and mace clear the rock, shearing the bottom of the tunnel away as the exit and some of the mountainside itself are suddenly and violently blasted away.

She *plops* out onto the grass, panting and groaning, as you're forced to climb up her growing legs and belly, grabbing fistfuls of her stretching apron to scale her huge body. You pull yourself up over the swell of her billowing breasts and their warm plates, swinging your legs around, holding onto a towering nipple, and then sliding down her collarbone and shoulder, to the ground.

By the time you get back up, Arlei is done, and so are you. She wobbles and shakes her head, before sitting upright at a startling 23 feet—*sitting down*.

“That was intense,” you wheeze, as you turn to see her, then yelp in shock. “Oh! You...you're huge, again! I mean, not as huge as the buff made you, but...still!”

You pull up the stats again, and your jaw drops:

ARLEI, LV 9, HOLY MAID

HP: 395/395

MP: 150/150

STRENGTH: 65

DEFENSE: 120

DEXTERITY: 300

SPEED: 140

HEIGHT: 38'11"

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: AURA, SMASH 2, BRUNT

NEW SPELL UNLOCKED: HEAL!

LLOYD, LV 9, ADVENTURER

HP: 285/285

MP: 90/90

STRENGTH: 44

DEFENSE: 95

DEXTERITY: 160

SPEED: 160

HEIGHT: 5'09"

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS:

NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: CONFUSE 1, STEAL!

“We're almost level ten,” you gasp, taking it all in. “Double-digits! I never thought I'd get past single digits, ever! Hah...hahahaha! This is the best day, I can't tell you! I just! Who!”

You leap in place, and even the leap feels great.

“I’m glad to see you so happy, Master Lloyd!” Arlie soft-bellows, her huge voice thick with raw power, yet restrained as ever. “It’s my pleasure to help you!”

“Oh, you did more than just that,” you laugh, patting her looming thigh gently, thankfully. “You’re incredible! I don’t know how you’re this powerful, even at level one, and now? Think of all we can do! I mean, yeah, we only survived that super-boss out of luck, but we can build ourselves up! Wait until I show the Guild!”

You undo the bag and rummage through a glorious mess of coins and jewels—*wait, the jewels! The ones from the special treasure chest!*

“Oh, right, these,” you murmur, as Arlei’s shadow spills over you and the grass. “Wonder what these do, exactly? There wasn’t quite time to check...”

The menu appears.

BASE JEWELS: Rare gemstones that allow transference of stats between party members; effects vary from color to color.

“Holy smokes, really?” you balk, cackling. “These could be worth a small fortune!”

“Moreover, Master Lloyd,” Arlie offers, a leg-thick finger politely coming in to touch them, “I do believe these can pass my own stats along to others, should we ever form a larger party! That makes them even more precious than gold, if I may say.”

You think on it.

“True...that is very true, good point. Maybe I’ll hang onto them, then. Smart thinking.”

Arlei’s scales stretch the tiniest bit at your praise, as though one more kind word will make her blow up. For that matter, you keep waiting for the moment to hit, but it doesn’t: you just aren’t afraid of her, at all. Despite all that mammoth size, she radiates calm and goodwill.

For a moment you stop everything, look out, and smell the air. Dead trees and boulders abound, but the grass persists through the arid region of the pass, promising literal greener pastures elsewhere.

“Where to, then, Master Lloyd?” she gently asks, rising to an imposing stand on two cart-sized, scaly, clawed feet. “Please, do lead the way! I’ve never been out in the mortal world! Ah, how fun!”

“Never? Oh, right, the tower. Well, let’s see...”

CHAPTER 1

LLOYD: LV. 9, 285/285 HP

ARLEI: LV. 9, 395/395 HP

The thought of bringing Arlei to Avros, of lording your victory and new comrade over the Guild and its higher-ups, is initially intoxicating. Then, terrifying. Even getting a nearly 40-foot tall giantess into the city would be a logistical nightmare—the main gates at the East would be tall enough, and the Guild...well, that *was* doable, giants were capable of entry with proper preparations. But, anywhere else? Forget it.

Worse yet, what if they thought she was too good—for *you*, specifically? There were definitely magic casters on staff that could potentially charm her right out of your life. Or, failing that, they could just jail or murder you, quietly. Likely both.

Forget Avros, you think, quickly making a decision.

Where to, then? The Guild would want you to report back with dues, at some point, it's not like you can hide from them forever. That being said, there's even less sense in splitting up, now that a gigantic holy lizard maid wants to be your one-and-only.

Arlei waits patiently behind you, casting a soft shadow even in the clouded half-light.

If you took the back way out around Moddot Pass down to the Rughill Forestlands it would take you as far as possible from Avros, without falling into the Stargos Straight and its infested waters. To go back the way you came meant going back up through the tower, from the catacombs, as a sheer wall of rocks prevents any kind of travel around the structure.

That would mean your next stop was Phost. That wasn't a whole lot better.

"Okay, Arlei, we're headed Southwest," you say, making sure you speak loudly enough for the towering giantess to hear you properly. "That's going to put us at an outpost outside of the Marrean Gate that separates this side of the mountains from a neighboring kingdom, one where I think you and I can hide from Avros for a bit."

"Excellent choice, Master Lloyd," the huge reptile purrs, straightening up, shoving her bulging chest out ahead as her ensemble repairs itself, post leveling. "I take it we're hiding from this...Avros? They must be a terrible foe!"

"It's my home kingdom," you sigh, realizing she's been locked away for ages. "They have a Guild there, that I'm part of. I'd rather not bring you there, the place is filled with ambitious and political types that would just try and abuse your power. So, we'd better stay away."

“This other kingdom will protect us, then?” she asks, cocking her head.

“Not really, no. Stargos is a rough place, and the gate town we need to pass through, Phost, is particularly brutal. But, given where Kogo Varan is, geographically, we have nowhere else to go. Even if we avoided towns or cities—which we can’t, we need supplies—we would still get into trouble once we hit sentries at the wall. So, we’re going to just walk in, and see how it all shakes out. Best idea I can manage.”

“How daring!” Arlei rumbles, clenching her huge, scaly fists. “I shall gladly take down any aggressors that stand in our way!”

“Well, they aren’t monsters or undead, let’s not go that far. Why don’t we just head off?”

“Of course,” she replies, her fists now clenched in solidarity and peace.

The Pass, so named for those of normal stature, finds much to discuss with Arlei’s massive body as she squeezes in after you—and it’s turning into a shouting match.

“Goodness,” the huge lizard pants, intercut with groans of both rock and scale; you glance back to see Arlei’s colossal breasts squeezing at awkward angles against snagging stone and falling pebbles. “I’d rather not do damage, but this terrain grants me little recourse, Master...”

“Do what you need to, then,” you permit, busied with climbing up over a boulder, long-since wedged between two nearly-connected masses of bedrock.

You aren’t being terribly literal, but Arlei takes the permission anyway. Her now-gigantic mace materializes in hand, jutting out past you overhead, and with one mean thrust demolishes the crags and outcroppings. Rubble rains down freely as the giantess smashes through, grinding away the sheer face on both sides until her breasts are allowed to bulge free, her shoulders tapping either side.

“Better?” you ask, dusting yourself off down below.

“Somewhat, Master Lloyd, thank you!”

“Don’t mention it.”

“Sorry, Master Lloyd, I won’t ever again!”

Your brain tells your mouth not to open for a reply. Unlike your unlikely party, it sounds better to leave it right where it is. You brush a few errant pebbles off of your shoulder,

and get moving into the forest, your ears telling you she's following just fine.

The grim skies surrender to the midday sun, high beyond the canopy of the woods. Patterns of light sway over the grass and bushes as the wind murmurs past, nearly lulling you into peace as Arlei *thuds* along after you. Tall as she is, the trees are old and vast, still several heads higher than her cap on average.

You almost fail to notice the movement of shapes nearby, following, darker than the shaded halls of the woods. *Almost*.

“Arlei,” you speak sharply. She can hear the sound of your sword exiting the scabbard.

No sooner than said, at least five orcs come flying from behind the trunks around you, covering every possible exit! The snarling green humanoids take up attack positions, picks and axes raised, when they all stop to take a better look at Arlei: specifically her massive feet and rounded heels. Toe claws as big as their weapons idly twitch as the towering maid glares down over her bust, snorting.

“Ghazzat Hurut!?” one orc jabbars, backing away, only for the other four to roar something nasty, to keep him in line.

Clearly, they hadn't been looking all that hard, if they were surprised now.

If either of you attack, and the battle commences, then the EXP will surely make Arlei grow bigger, again. But they aren't backing down, so a brawl seems inevitable!

ORCS, LV 6

HP: 110

MP: 0/0

Granted, you were both LV 9 now, but with five LV 6 foes, that was still their 30 against your combined 18. You unsheath fully and charge, slashing the nearest orc for -45 DAMAGE, making the startled creature wail as it staggers back. That they had all ignored you to gawk up at Arlei proved to be yet another advantage!

Before the other orcs realize their initiative's been stolen, Arlei's huge mace *thooms* down directly over another orc, crushing it for -170 DAMAGE, making it evaporate with a cry of surprise underneath its bulk.

You yourself stop momentarily at the thunderous impact, and this time the orc makes the move, countering your slash with a swing of its pick and clipping you for -39 DAMAGE! Had this happened just yesterday, you would be a dead man!

You angrily slash back for -20 DAMAGE as the three remaining orcs hammer away at

Arlei's huge feet, hacking for -41 DAMAGE and -38 DAMAGE. In reply, the looming reptile swats one away for -38 DAMAGE, backing her heel into another for -173 DAMAGE, annihilating it!

As you wind up for another swing, an unfamiliar voice cries out:

"MULTI-SLASH 2!"

The three orcs all hiss in pain as a red gash streaks over every one of them for -157 DAMAGE, making them blow away into glowing dust!

"What in the world," you begin, your sword still out, as something heavy lands between you both, shaking the ground slightly. You turn around to see a reptilian female with a dark blue hide and light, ice-blue belly plates running from crotch to chin.

A kobold!? But...she's a giant, if that's true! She stands at least 8 feet tall, athletic and bulky, with modest breasts and wide hips. Her head spines and horns crown two long, twitching ears, the spikes running down her broad back and along a stubby tail. A thick bronze earring jangles on one ear, her body clad in what has to be a patchwork of stolen armor, given how nothing seemed properly thought out or coordinated.

"Incredible," she sighs, resting a massive iron cleaver on the grass.

You wonder if she's mooning over Arlei's size, but it's *you* she turns to.

"Utterly incredible. How can anyone at your level have such bad form!?"

"Beg pardon," you mutter as she thuds over to you, looming dominantly.

"I bet you *beg* plenty," she huffs dismissively, before turning back to Arlei, who finally manages to see over her mammoth-sized breasts who it is that's talking. "I really don't know why you would keep him, mighty one! A pet, perhaps? Entertainment? Yeah, must be."

"Hey, wait a minute," you start, only for the bigger female to flex tight, lift her cleaver up, and let it slam down again, decommissioning your objections.

"Pet?" Arlei repeats, before blushing profusely. "Oh, never! No, no, that is my Master, my dear Master Lloyd! Please, be kind to him!"

The kobold slowly, gingerly turns back to you, only enough to let one judging yellow eye show. Her slitted nostrils contract, then puff out sourly.

"I must be hearing wrong."

“Oh no, it’s quite true,” Arlei insists, kneeling heavily down over you both. “He saved me from imprisonment, you know!”

“How? Did the guards die of embarrassment?”

“Well, I was smaller, then, you see, so—”

“About that,” she interrupts, pointing her body-length weapon up at Arlei. “I only intruded because firstly, those orcs were *my* quarry, not yours...and second, because I want to know just how you got so...beautifully big-big. Explain.”

The last bit reveals her core nature, that hint of excitement that made kobolds talk a certain way. Why would she bother asking about Arlei’s size, you wonder, given that she already stands more than twice as tall as the usual kobold, male or female.

“Oh, well, I get it from—”

As she speaks, the glowing embers of the five defeated orcs vanish into all three of you as the battle results come in, ready or not:

+60 GOLD

+120 EXP

You and the towering kobold watch as Arlei purrs heavily. A throaty rumble plays in a swelling neck as she closes her eyes and trembles, then bulges out a few stray inches in size, straining her tight fabrics as they attempt to keep up. The kobold’s jaw goes slack as the monster-sized maid balloons even bigger, creaking and swelling hotly to 39 feet, then 39’8”, leveling off with a deep, contented huff of pleasure.

“A...amazing,” the blue female mutters, awestruck in the moment.

You feel yourself getting marginally stronger as well, as the EXP flows in. It isn’t enough to fetch you another level, but it still isn’t bad.

This, in turn, brings up the massive kobold’s stats, which steals your attention:

RIZII, LV 15, KOBOLD AMAZON

HP: 620/620

MP: 110/110

STRENGTH: 185

DEFENSE: 150

DEXTERITY: 400

SPEED: 260

HEIGHT: 8'04"

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY, MULTI-STRIKE 2, SMASH 2

SPELLS: BUFF

NEXT LEVEL: 4,450/5,000 EXP

"Hmph, not very much," Rizii mutters, her green tongue sticking out without her realizing. "Meh, it'll have to do, for the moment. I suppose anything is something."

At that she intentionally brushes past you, knocking you back as she collects the coins.

"Those aren't yours," you begin, only to see Rizii's thick tail smack around in agitation.

"No?" she growls, jangling them in one big palm. "Then why are you giving them over to me, twerp?"

"I-I'm not!"

"Are you stopping me, tiny?"

You grow flustered and red.

"Then you gave them. You almost lied! Besides, I need them more than you."

"She sure does!" another new voice croaks as a small, mangy-looking lagomorph in a tunic and hood scrambles out of the brush, a large sac slung over his shoulder. "How else is she going to pay me?"

Rizii's teeth bare as she suppresses a roar, closes her eyes, then pivots to the far smaller creature, who comes up to perhaps her knees. Even to you, he's rather small.

"Goh," she snorts, her snarl barely checked.

"I just got here," the rabbit chirps, as Rizii's patience drops even lower. "Why would I leave now?"

"I hate this," the kobold groans. "Big hate-hate."

"Oh, now what?" you moan, as Arlei looms even lower to see, making the little rabbit start back a few nervous paces. "A merchant, here?"

“Merchants are everywhere, friend,” Goh chuffs, setting his bag down. “I heard coin talking a second ago and lo and behold, I find my *dearest* customer, and ah, two...*very* interesting friends, to boot! Gracious, you’re a big one, miss!”

“Why, thank you!” Arlei booms, her breasts starting to push out of her stretched top, two bloated nipples rubbing North of the rim. “What a nice rabbit!”

“He’s horrible,” Rizii growls, snapping the air with her jaws.

“It’s hardly my fault you’re so far in debt, love! Now, hand over what you owe.”

“Don’t you want their business first?” she asks, thumbing back at you and Arlei.

The lagomorph thinks a moment, then shrugs.

“Fine, fine. What’ll you two be having, today? I have excellent prices!”

The store menu opens up:

HEAL POTION, 50 G

MAGIC POTION, 30 G

POWER ELIXIR, 120 G

SOFTENER, 90 G

SMELLING SALTS, 200 G

ANTIDOTE, 50 G

TENT, 150 G

“How perfect, Master Lloyd,” Arlei chirps, her muzzle pushing down over her chest, “we needed supplies, I believe you said!”

“Well, yes, we do...and this does certainly beat taking you into town at your size. Okay, we have 652 GOLD...”

“Why, excellent!” Goh exclaims, putting his hand-paws together. “Take what you will!”

When finished, your stock appears on a separate menu:

INVENTORY:

HEAL POTION

MAGIC POTION

POWER ELIXIR

SMELLING SALTS

ANTIDOTE

TENT

KEY ITEMS:

MAP

MASTER KEY

BLUE JEWEL

RED JEWEL

GREEN JEWEL

“Whew, good,” you sigh, finally feeling relieved. “Took some damage earlier, so these ought to help. This is even a party tent, good!”

“Every tent with a kobold in it is a party tent,” Rizii chuckles; the joke makes Goh turn to her again as he briskly bags up the coins.

“Well, my dear! Your turn, then. Give, give.”

“These aren’t my coins,” Rizii flatly says, nearly throwing them at you. “Can’t give what isn’t mine, now, can I?”

“Oh, no, *no*,” you reply, through a scowl, “I *gave* those to you, remember?”

Rizii wheels on you, her reptilian face going dark purple as a profound red covers blue.

“Wonderful! That should shave a bit off of what you owe.”

Goh is in between you both so quick, yet gone so much faster that the coins just seem to vanish from the scene. Rizii hasn’t broken eye contact with you, and her eyes appear to be trying to somehow break your spine. Suddenly, your back aches.

“What does she owe?” Arlei asks, watching it all unfold from on high.

“Oh, let’s see,” Goh murmurs, the tiny rabbit-man able to easily heft that massive bag up over a cowed shoulder. “I believe this brings the amount down to...27,120 GOLD.”

Rizii’s eyes bulge among a sea of purple scales, her nostrils flared at you.

“Gracious, that is a lot,” Arlei assumes (correctly), the giantess cocking her head at the smaller Kobold. “How in the world did—”

“She stole an entire chest of Power Elixirs, naughty creature,” Goh sighs, turning to leave. “And here, you two wound up purchasing the only one she might be able to enjoy—*legally*. Those are permanent, after all.”

“Right, they are,” you wonder, looking her over. “That’s how you got so big and powerful, then!”

Rizii gulps something down, likely embarrassment.

“I...managed to drink several. The rest were...taken.”

“And she’ll repay me what’s owed, won’t you my dear?” Goh says, rather than asks. “Farewell, and well met! Just rattle coins three times, and if I’m near, I shall come quickly!”

The rabbit bounds off into the woods, gone and done.

Rizii has you up by your Guild armor so quickly, it makes everything spin.

“You miserable little gnat, tiny stupid gnat-gnat!” she seethes, openly snarling. “I was giving your money back! Why’d you go and embarrass me like that!?”

“You had it coming!” you wheeze, trying to kick at her breasts uselessly.

You weren’t exactly primed to see it yourself, but the way Arlei’s huge shadow suddenly devours both Rizii and you, you more or less know what’s coming.

“UNHAND HIM.”

Every ounce of kindness is absent as nearly 40 feet of angered female booms the words out. Even Rizii lurches back, gulping a second time. Despite her puffery and bullying she obeys, and sets you down on the grass. Her hands still grip you, however, squeezing just enough to hurt.

The huge kobold closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, swelling her chest out until it nearly touches you, before letting you go.

“If I see you again, I’ll clobber you, squirt,” she hiss-whispers, just to you. “Clobber you good-good. Stupid little no good man-man stupid—”

You step back and straighten your minimal armor plating a bit, trying not to look as terrified as you really are; Rizii stomps off, her massive cleaver slung back over her bulky blue shoulder, her tail crisscrossing in a series of angry pulls and jerks.

“Are you alright, Master Lloyd?” Arlei asks, softness rolling back into her voice.

“Fine, I, uh, I’m fine. We should get moving.”

You have 246/285 HP remaining, not too bad. Arlei is down to 316/395 HP, a little

dinged, but still doing okay. At least she had had the foresight not to use any skills now, or spells.

“We have an emergency potion, plus one to replenish your magic, should you heal us...and considering an Inn would mean having to take you into town, maybe we should just use your spells to recover, and go from there. Then we stroll into Phost and see what happens.”

“Ooh, a spell, my very first casting!” Arlei squeals, adjusting her huge maid’s cap. “Very well, then, Master Lloyd–HEAL!”

Even without specification, the giant reptile makes it a point to heal you first for +37 HP, pushing your health back up to 283/285, then healing herself for +44 HP, putting her at 360/395.

“That should do us for now, Arlei, thanks!”

Arlei glows happily, the massive maid swaying back and forth in a poorly restrained little dance to herself as her MP drops to 120/150.

“You’re so very welcome, Master Lloyd! Shall we, then?”

The guards at the high border wall are already staring, and you haven’t even emerged from the forests yet. Their natural suspicion crashes down into open terror as the trees bend and crack against Arlei’s towering, curvy body, eyes wide in panic.

“H-halt!” one of the dwarves manning the gate barks, trying to hide behind his beard. “State your big...your business! Now! Yes, you too!”

Surprisingly, you had still been noticed. Arlei’s door-sized feet slam down behind you as you stop, your hands already up on reflex as one of the dwarves approaches, spear out.

“We’re simple adventurers, passing through to Stargos,” you explain, as the guard pretends to bother with you. His eyes are fearfully fixed upon the looming female.

“You aren’t here for the tournament, then?” the other guard asks, seeming fairly alright with patting down Arlei’s colossal lower thighs. “That maid of yours looks like she could win it in one day, there, heh.”

“Thank you!” Arlei boom-purrs, blushing slightly.

“A tournament?” you echo, confused. “I hadn’t heard of any, considering that they’re big deals abroad.”

“Aye, popped up on short notice, this,” the other dwarf said, stepping away from you. “Only been a few days, really. But, with something as bad as all that nonsense up in the mountains earlier in the week, it ain’t surprising. Countless heroes, all wanting to take the glory,

makes a right mess. The Duchy announced a tournament to figure who's gonna go kill the Archmage, soon as the court wizards saw the signs."

You pause.

"The Archmage?"

"Right, where you been?" the other dwarf adds, moving on to check Arlei's other huge foot, making the giant reptile giggle up above. "You must've seen it, everyone did. Something happened over in the mountains several days earlier, nasty storm came n' went. Then, all the court wizards come back in an uproar, saying it's a sign that the Archmage is alive again."

Again, you pause.

"Days, you say?"

"Aye, days."

You hadn't checked your elapsed time since getting out of Kogo Varan. But it couldn't be so. No way. The weather looked the same, when you exited with Arlei. There was no way!

You removed the holy maid from the tower. Did time move differently there? If you removed her...what if she was the one...

What if her being taken out is what woke the Archmage!?

"Good gods!" you exclaim.

"Aye, it's a fine opportunity, indeed," the dwarf agrees, his beard bobbing as he nods. "See why you oughta get in on it, while your companion is big as an Inn?"

"Should we, Master Lloyd?" Arlei asks, as the two dwarves look her over, then look to one another and shrug.

"We'll see."

"Yeah, go on in, but you watch yourselves," the other growls as they step aside and motion for the massive gate to open in the wall.

"T-thank you, we will."

"*Everyone's gonna watch her-self, hehe,*" one guard comments to the other as you both pass, the duo laughing and eyeing the mighty reptile as she stoops and enters along with you into Phost. "Modo's either gonna love her or cut off her head, I say."

“Could be both.”

It’s amazing—despite years of rumors and hearsay, Phost somehow still manages to exceed them. There must be some type of tavern every third building, and *all of them* are packed. Posters are up everywhere for the tournament, further worrying you. Yet, for all you’re taking in, it’s clear that everyone else is taking *Arlei* in, around you.

Brawls in every tavern are broken up (well, briefly interrupted) as gnolls and humans and kobolds and the like either press up to the windows or come flying out of the double-doors to see the vast maid’s thunderous passage. The town shakes ever-so-slightly with each impacting foot, scaly soles slamming old cobblestones and making the water in a few hastily repaired fountains ripple.

Merchants stop their merching in bazaar tents as you pass along, beet-red, despite yourself. You should be strutting about like a king, but you’re not used to being anything but embarrassed, so naturally the default wins out.

Murmurs arise among the quiet and hushed gasps between the *thump* of Arlei’s soles, followed by the clicking of gigantic claws after. Folks look at her, then at you, some motioning for you to get out of her way, lest you be stepped on, mouthing things like *move idiot*. Your blush does not diminish.

“Where should we head, Master Lloyd?” she finally asks, having to lurch up on giant tiptoes to see over the neighboring rooftops. “Are we to remain here for now, or continue through?”

“Straight through, Arlie,” you shout, or try to. All that comes of it is a forced, loud croak, making the onlookers and warriors and brawlers and maids and merchants all rear back in confusion. “N-no point in staying, we just want to lay low in the kingdom, not in a populated warrior hub like here.”

You’ve turned partially toward her to answer, and when you twist back around, you find yourself bumping into a wall of brown fur and muscle. You bounce back into a fall, shaking it off in time to see a fairly big, brawny gnoll, half-smiling, half-sneering.

“Oh, gravy and pie, sorry about that!” the hyena-man says, big and loud, unnaturally so. “Hey, my mistake, little friend, let me help you up, eh?”

His big paw extends as you sit up, putting it right in your face. He’s covered in dark brown fuzz, with a lighter bleed of tan running through his belly, a leather tunic and some sort of badge hanging on his sash.

“Uh, thanks—”

The hand retreats, making you lurch back as well. Suddenly, the overly-friendly smile drops to a grimace, his brows dipping in.

“What’s this!? Wait a minute, here!”

He roughly picks you up and sets you on your feet, with no effort. LV 9 or not, his strength is clearly far ahead of your own. He pats you over (making Arlei loom in protectively) before he withdraws, holding up a modest-sized bag, fat with coins.

“How do you like that?” he bellows, shaking his head atop a thick hyena-neck. “A no-good thief, here, during a tournament! With so many pockets for picking, no less!”

You’re already shaking your head.

“Wait, what, NO—”

“Citizen’s arrest!” he roars, clutching you by your armor with one big hand.

“RELEASE HIM AT ONCE!” Arlei bellows back, making the gnoll twitch nervously. Still, he holds his ground—to your surprise, and even hers.

“This here’s a criminal, miss!” he corrects, wagging a free finger. “He’s to be taken in for questioning! Phost law! You resist, and you might get people here hurt, especially him!”

Even at her size, Arlei sees the thick black claw on his finger grazing your throat. To be fair, you see it, too. Arlei steps back heavily, all as the itinerant brawlers and combatants and proprietors watch on from innumerable saloon doors.

“M-Master Lloyd?” she asks, needing your say-so to do anything further.

You weigh your options. The gnoll’s got you, and you know it. Even if Arlei raised a stink and fought back, it’d do untold damage and possibly hurt or kill spectators, and you would *still* be dead as a doornail for it.

“Hold on, Arlei, it’s f-fine,” you stammer, gulping dryly, feeling it push down against the gnoll’s claw tip as several other gnolls file out, as if on queue. “Just...wait for me, okay? I’ll...clear this all up.”

Arleie puffs her cheeks out, her frown going crooked...but she does as told, and grudgingly abandons her fighting stance.

“I...shall await you, then, Master Lloyd.”

“Good girl,” the gnoll says as the others surround him, taking you from his grip to theirs. “Thanks, lads, good thing you were so close by! Didn’t give this little thief a chance to run out on us!”

“Thank *you*, citizen,” one of the other gnolls says, playing it up as they take you away. “He’ll rot the rest of his life in a cell, under the colosseum, for sure!”

“NO!” Arlie roars, her sail-sized cuffs shuffling as she brings her hands up fearfully together, doing a heavy, slamming bounce in place. “DON’T TAKE HIM PRISONER!”

“Law’s the law, miss,” the gnoll Captain says, so designated by a comically huge badge on his belt. “He’ll have to serve his life sentence here, or have it commuted in exchange for battle in the arena. If he had someone who really cared enough to take his place, well, we could see about reducing the sentence—but between you and I, he’s *doomed*.”

Oh, no. Oh, no!

“Arlei, don’t do anything—”

Four daggers find your neck with alarming speed, from *three* gnolls.

“THEN...then, I will take his place! Please!” Arlei begs, making you groan internally.

That was easy.

“What a companion,” the Captain says, borderline-mockingly. “Come, then, you’ll accompany us to the colosseum, for processing!”

Nearly everyone in the crowds with a saddened face must be a resident, because there’s no way this is an isolated incident, here. The visiting brawlers and warriors looked more terrified than sad, as they all realized the 39-foot giantess was now going into the roster.

They aren’t wrong, *per se*.

The arena is bigger than you had ever dared to imagine.

Cavea extend out in high-walled seats circling a massive dirt pit, columns and partitions and small clay shacks all littering the sides and center in a maze of hiding places and blind spots. A towering wire net covers the entirety of the interior, likely to keep flying slaves or combatants from escaping their dues. Even Arlei easily enters, her hands resting on the topside railings of the walled seats on both sides as she looks it over. By your quickest guess, it would take a dozen of her standing atop one another to even think of reaching the mesh up above.

“This way, then,” the Captain barks, a wave of surprisingly fine hair swishing as he nods to a faraway stairwell. “Crowds will be forming in less than an hour, so we won’t be wasting time dallying about. Hustle up!”

The third floor gallery houses a large office at the back, wherein a rail-thin, bleary-eyed old gnoll sits at a desk, covered in skulls of varying sizes and species. He looks old, but far from weak as he eyes you over, exits, then walks over to the rim of the gallery rail.

“Damnation,” you hear him say, presumably at the sight of Arlei, who’s been left outside, for clear reasons. “She’ll certainly bring them in, won’t she?”

“Modo insisted, sir,” the Captain explained.

“I’m sure he did, at that. And the human?”

“He controls her. Believe it or not.”

“I rather don’t.”

You grumble on the inside as the older gnoll reenters the office, leans over his chair, then sits down and faces you.

“It’s true, then? You own her?”

“She’s my maid,” you say, not quite correcting.

The old gnoll narrows his eyes, looking you over for cracks. The ones he finds must not be the ones he’d worry about, because he shrugs his furred shoulders and gives a little cock of his head in acceptance.

“Whatever gets her to fight. You go in with her, then, if that’s what gets Modo to really put on a proper show.”

“Who?” you finally think to ask. The name *was* familiar.

“The Modo you’re probably thinking of, kid. The three-time champion of two different tournaments in four nations. Dragonkin, big fellow, prone to violence and butchery. Generous tipper, bulky as hell.”

Your stomach tries to hide in your groin, and fails. Everything clenches wrong. You *did* know that name. For terrible reasons.

“He’ll be headlining?” you groan.

“Champions tend to, yes. The order came from the Duchy, from the King, to weed out a true hero to take down the Archmage, and that’s wonderful. Good news for us. We get a good show and a lot of business out of the affair. The danger overshadowing it all just adds flair.”

“You arrested me and coerced my...Arlei, just for that?” you growl, trying to work up enough anger to outmatch your mounting fears.

“Technically, no, you weren’t arrested. We just brought in a party of interest. Why, you think Modo will slaughter you two?”

Your silence answers for you.

“...Understandable.”

“Why not just let Modo go and take on the Archmage, then?” you ask.

“Because, maybe Modo isn’t strong enough, kid. This is the Archmage, if what those kooks in the capital really believe is true. Maybe Modo wants to have a good solid warm-up, before he finds out for himself. He wasn’t sure about you when his spies caught you both approaching the forestland—rather easily, I should add—but when you and that oversized kobold killed his alpha team, well. He committed to having you appear, after that.”

“Those were *his* men?”

“Everyone has staff, boy. I imagine you sympathize.”

“So...we fight, or?”

“You don’t want *or*. We’re being nice, just asking you, instead of charming her into taking him on. That would be simpler. Should we do that? Make the decision for you?”

“No. No, we’ll do it.”

It doesn’t matter if he’s bluffing.

“Sensational, sir. Pleasure. Captain, would you?”

He waves his clawed hand once and the Captain nearly lifts you up off the floor, ushering you briskly back through the gallery.

“Will you at least give me my sword back?” you ask, your feet stumbling and stuttering across the carpet as the large gnoll practically drags you. “Or, do I pick something when we’re at the armory?”

“Not going to the armory,” the hyena snorts as he takes you over to a large wooden door, which suddenly bursts open as two other gnolls tumble out, unconscious.

Both you and the Captain stare a moment, as a tall blue kobold—*oh, great.*

“The hell is all this?” the Captain snarls as he drops you to the floor and pulls out a large club, pointing it at a mutually surprised Rizzi. In her clawed hands is a sizeable chest, jangling inside with numerous glass things. “An intruder!?”

“Out of the way!” she bellows, the oversized kobold shouldering hard into the Captain.

Scales beat fur as the shocked gnoll tumbles back, the reptilian female charging down the hall, the chest still in tow.

“Rizii?” you wheeze, making the female turn around for only one instant.

“I wasn’t here, runt! Forget you saw me! Remember that, okay?”

When she turns back to flee the rest of the way, Rizii slams into a thick wall of brawn and stumbles back a few paces. For anything to do that to an eight-foot amazon was impressive enough, but as you and the Captain get to your feet, you find the proof easy to believe.

“Well.”

The word rumbles out of a toothy set of jaws and a pronounced chin, having issued like cannonfire from a monstrosity of a humanoid dragon, dark olive scales bordering on black, with massive orange stripes patterning his hulking sides. There’s enough muscle packed under the dragonkin’s hide that it seems fit to burst, even with over twelve feet of male to stow it in.

“You!” Rizii roars, protectively placing herself in front of the chest. “This isn’t yours!”

Funny, that all sounds familiar.

“It wasn’t *yours*, you mean,” the thick-throated giant growls, flashing a dismissive gleam of teeth and blood-red gums. “As I recall, you *gave* it to me.

Really?

Rizii had looked good and mad at you, earlier on. Now, she looked murderous.

“I’m taking these back, like it or not!” she hisses, brandishing her cleaver.

“Okay.”

With a hard swing her cleaver connects—and bounces back, throwing the amazonian off balance as it deflects off of the dragonkin’s thick plated skin. The dragon’s eye ridges climb.

“No? Aren’t you going to take them?”

Incensed, Rizzi readies for another strike—only to turn around and raise the weapon up over the chest, instead. Suddenly, the male’s eyes drop into a mean glower.

“I’ll just take them away, altogether, then!” she roars, beyond angry.

Before you know what’s going on, his elbow is in her neck, deep. Rizii’s cleaver is up so fast that it *almost* blocks the strike, but the dragonkin’s forearm slides further in, his hand clutching the cleaver as his tricep forces it lower, effectively grabbing, then twirling it back around himself as he disarms her and slams the blunt edge around into her, knocking her back.

“I’d rather keep them, runt,” he gutter-snarls, holding the huge cleaver like it’s a kitchen item. “I’m not through with those, yet, and you know so. You wouldn’t take such a boon away from the one that’s going to defeat the Archmage, right?”

Rizii is already back up on her feet, wheezing out the pain. Despite her being manhandled, enough of you knows how much worse it would probably be, if anyone else had been hit.

“Captain,” the dragonkin says, flicking a look over at the smaller gnoll. “Your men really do need some work.”

“Sir,” he gulps, nodding respectfully. “This is the, eh, human in charge of the giantess, outside the gallery. He controls her. He’s agreed to the battle.”

You’ve done the mental legwork, given what a short jog it is. This is Modo.

Several other gnolls have stepped in around Rizii, hoping to take advantage of her being winded, but as soon as they advance, even bare-handed, the taller kobold sends them flying, with little trouble. +888 EXP flashes over her, but she doesn’t seem to care about it.

“Hoping for a level, runt?” Modo chuckles, hefting the huge chest up with just one hand. He’s shirtless, meaning you can see every overblown muscle shift and swell out in the effort. His leggings are canvas and gold thread, with a huge violet belt that could run the length of a grown man’s mattress. You’ve never seen any dragonkin this big, ever, and nowhere near this...built. “That wouldn’t help you much, *tweener*.”

“I’ll get plenty when I smash-smash your stupid horned head in, thief!” she rages,

stepping forth with claws out.

With one high-speed swing of the chest itself Modo cracks Rizii in the head, smashing her to the floor for an ugly, debilitating -590 DAMAGE. The impact carries such nasty momentum that it snaps the kobold's head back with pure torsion, sending her to a heap on the floor.

"Like that?" he asks, unfazed by the sheer cruelty of such a blow.

"Gods," you mutter, drawing Modo's attention. The mountainous male flares his nostrils, then thumps heavily toward you and the Captain. Both you and he back away a step.

"I appreciate the warm-up you'll give, boy," he thunders, grinning lopsidedly. "Very sporting of you. You know, I saw..."

He kneels lower, his pectorals almost consuming your face.

"I saw the most interesting lady out there, gorgeous thing. All curves, nice ass. You're telling me she's yours? No lie, now?"

You gather yourself, and nod your head. An hour ago, you'd have done so proudly.

"How, exactly?" he asks, his chin right over your head, leaning in like he's asking some old buddy at the bar a personal question. "I mean, if anything, a giant beauty like that should be owning you. Did she rip her purse? Nothing to carry you in?"

"I saved her," you squeak back, hoping it sounds defiant.

"Well, thank the gods for small favors, eh? Hey, good for you, boy. So, one more thing, help me out: how did she grow that enormous? She's as big as a house! Bigger than me, even, wouldn't you believe it! See, now I'm terribly curious. If you know what made her so huge, well, I *am* looking to be huge. Petty as it sounds, heh, I just really don't care for anyone looking down on me, you see? Surely you understand, little thing you are. Must bother you every minute! Well, me too! We're practically brothers, hell!"

He thumps the back of a hand as big as your entire head against you, and the slight motion nearly doubles you over from the force. With your armor still on.

"So, tell," Modo purrs, getting even closer in, until his overloaded bulk is all there is to be seen, in fantastic, horrifying detail. "C'mon, little man. What's the secret?"

"She's from heaven," you muster the courage to explain.

"Beg pardon?"

Modo lowers his giant head right into you, resting his bulky neck against your trembling shoulder, so that his reptilian ear hole is closer.

“S-she’s from heaven, god-sent. It’s a p-power of hers.”

Modo stays still, and his weight and warmth press in, compounding your terror. Being *gentle*, he’s nearly pushing you over, he’s so huge. It’s like resting one’s boot with the most care directly on a very scared ant.

“But, ah,” you continue, “I’m sure that chest full of power elixirs will be more than—”

You’re suddenly so high up off the carpet that your feet dangle down about the Captain’s chest and shoulders. Even the gnoll is removing himself from the immediate area. A fist that could crush nearly a third of you hoists you higher than the chest in his other hand as Modo’s camaraderie vanishes, leaving two nearly-black holes where his eyes had been.

“THAT CHEST IS PRIVATE PROPERTY, BOY.”

“Huh-hah! Hah!”

“THOSE ARE PRIVATE WARES. WHATEVER THAT LITTLE IDIOT DOWN THERE SAID, IT’S JUST HEARSAY, ISN’T IT!”

“Ah, y-yes—”

“SO, YOU TWO KNOW ONE ANOTHER, THEN! HOW ELSE WOULD SUCH DIRTY TALK INTRODUCE ITSELF? CAPTAIN!”

“Y-yes, Modo, sir!”

“I’ll be ready within a half hour for the match! Let the crowd know, as soon as they open the arena! Have these two *and* the giant ready for me!”

“S-sir!”

Modo doesn’t let you go. Not just yet.

“If you want to tell me more silly stories about heaven and elixirs, then I won’t waste time on you. I’ll get her to tell me, when I’m snapping your back like a brittle *TWIG*.”

Hopefully you didn’t faint at the threat—the problem is, you can’t remember anything, after that point, on account of the blacking out. There was screaming. It might have been you.

The specific *ping* and *ting* of metal striking metal wakes you as the crowd goes wild, up in the seats around the podium level. Inside the holding cells, you awaken to see Rizii muttering something up to Arlei, the gargantuan maid bunched in on herself to fit inside with you both. A few other slaves hold their heads with their hands, crying or staring through the dirt floor in blind terror.

“Did I kill him?” you squeak, sitting up.

“He seemed pretty alive, when you were thrown to the floor,” Rizii huffs, not even deigning to look at you.

“He threw me?”

Your HP is at 283/285, Rizii’s is at a dangerous 030/620. She looks ragged as all get out.

“Well, you *did* pee on him.”

“I *what*—”

“Team Big, you’re up in five minutes,” a gnoll guard barks, thumping your bars with a wooden shield.

“What!?” you balk.

“Team Big, Master Lloyd,” Arlei explains, smiling. Her HP is still at a tidy 360/395. “I thought that, given my size, it felt correct.”

“We came up with it together,” Rizii pants, still weak, but smiling pettily, hugging her cleaver as if it were a lover.

“I peed!?”

She was joking. She had to be. Your pants seem dry enough—

“So, we’re a party, for the moment, pipsqueak,” Rizii interjects. “But, Modo is an unbelievably tough opponent, built like a walking castle with claws and teeth. And that was before he stole from me.”

“All those elixirs you took from Goh,” you reason, pretty sure already. “You took those, but they all got stolen, and you got left with the bill once Goh found out.”

“They were mine,” the giant kobold snorts, looking more hurt now than when she had taken Modo’s attacks. “Mine-mine-mine. He wasn’t that big before. But I made him bigger, and

bigger, after he stole that chest and started taking them for himself. Do you know how hard it is to get that many elixirs together, in one place?”

“Yeah, that would be a real find,” you admit, nodding.

“No one should have that much power,” she bitterly grumbles. “Except me.”

“Arlei...you still have what...110 MP left? Heal her, would you?”

Rizii’s eyes widen the tiniest bit.

“Of course, Master Lloyd! Here, dear, have this. HEAL!”

A green flash overtakes the kobold, and her wounds vanish as her HP jolts back up to 194/620. She still looks rough, all told, but she’s nowhere near as close to Death’s door.

“That’s it?” she grouses, looking herself over. “What is that, HEAL 1?”

“Yes!” Arlei chirps, quite proud. “I can cast it again in just a moment!”

“You better, otherwise we’re toast. Good grief, kid, I thought you two were stronger!”

“Funny, that you keep calling me all the things Modo calls you,” you shoot back, making Rizii clam up tight, wide-eyed and sore, as another HEAL spell glows across her body, repairing her for another 172 HP, putting her at 366/620 HP.

“I wonder who we’ll be fighting, on the roster,” Arlei wonders.

“I keep telling you, we’re going straight to Modo,” Rizii sighs. “He wouldn’t give us a chance to level up on the path to his battle. It’s a showboat session.”

The gate opens before anything else can happen, and the guard nods for you to get out.

“Boss time, kids.”

The crowd goes silent as Arlei steps out into the open arena, standing as high up as the podium walls. Her feet alone are big enough to crush the shacks and topple most pillars, which rise up to roughly her bouncing chest as she waves hello to the stunned spectators.

“And now, a specialty match, ladies and gentlemen,” the old gnoll shouts, from up on the gallery level partition. “Yes, yes! It’s Team...Big, versus the one, the only, the ongoing, the singular team, the BIGGER, the MASSIVE...MODO!”

The crowd is given the one thing that could trigger a break from staring at Arlei. With that, a ravenous, raging cry blasts from the seats, making the party twitch in shock down below.

At the dead center of the arena, among a smaller ring of pillars, the three of you take up battle stances. Your inventory is still there, but you've only so much, and now there are three of you present, to split amongst. Still, neither you nor Arlei have used your skills! Maybe there's a-

“MODO! MODO! MODO! MODO! MODO!”

Your concentration snaps like a previously-mentioned twig as the dragonkin male slams one huge foot down onto the arena from above, then another. Good grief, he's *even bigger* now! He must stand 16 feet tall, nearly half Arlei's height; surely he took another elixir, just to hedge his bets. The crowd roars, too far away to tell the changes from normal as Modo looks you three over, snorts, and takes up his own stance. Here goes!

BOSS: MODO, LV 40, DRAGONKIN GLADIATOR
HP: 9,000
MP: 200

Modo glares especially meanly at you, and you can't help but resume wondering if what Rizii said was really true; it shouldn't have been so, but he did look particularly enraged.

“LET'S SEE WHAT YOU HAVE GOING, RUNTS!” he booms, claws extended, his chest bared so big it makes the set of golden armor he wears stretch and groan unhappily.

With that, the hulking dragonkin lunges forward, the plates of his armor threatening to burst as he flexes powerfully and slams dead-on into Arlei's belly.

“BASH 3!” he bellows, as even the towering reptile maid falls back, her heels smashing through entire pillars as she absorbs the impact.

-1,500 HP

Arlei crashes to a heap, blasting a shack to powder from her falling hips and huge rump and tail. She lays there a moment as Modo thuds back down, dusting his thick hands smugly.

“PAH! THAT'S IT!?” he roars. “I EXPECTED BETTER!”

You lash out with your sword, striking Modo for a meager -20 DAMAGE. It isn't enough to even make him notice you. Rizii swoops in, swinging her cleaver into Modo's bulky arm for -186 DAMAGE, resulting in a minor growl of annoyance as he twists back and lashes with his tail, catching you for -239 HP, and Rizii for -149!

It wasn't even a hard swing, at that, as Modo wasn't flexing any. This is bad-bad.

You're openly shaking at 044/285 HP, and Rizii is at 217. She might survive another regular strike, but you sure won't.

Modo is already charging up for the next attack round, you only have a moment. You remove the Heal potion and down it, your health shooting back up to 285/285 HP.

"You little jackass!" Rizii bellows, between coughs from the hard hit. "What about me!?"

In reply, you throw her something else from your inventory bag.

"It's better if you have this!" you shout. She looks down at the vial as she catches it in one hand. She looks back up at you, and for the first time, she's smiling wide.

"Oho!" she hiss-laughes, uncorking it and downing it all in one huge, greedy gulp.

Instantly a red glow overtakes her, and the tall kobold shudders in rapture as you watch her bulk swell out a little bigger, ticking and pulsing stronger as she purrs through her snout, then flexes her even-larger muscles, her thighs bloating against her patchwork armor as her biceps creep larger, peaking giddily plump and tight against stretching blue scales.

"Pummel him!" you suggest, loudly, though Rizii is already on it.

Her physique is only about half as impressive as Modo's, but given his size, that's still *huge*. She resembles less a highly athletic amazon, and more of a bodybuilding champion as she swings her cleaver with both hands, striking Modo for -1,370 DAMAGE! The champion lurches with a grimace, finally knocked back a bit, and the cheering crowd howls all around in shock.

"Whoa!" you gawk, just as startled by the sheer power of her attack. "One vial makes you that much stronger!?"

"No," Rizii huffs, readying for another strike to charge up. "Not that much! I struck...I think he has a weak point!"

"Where!?"

Modo is upon you both so fast that all you can do is defend. Rizii dodges as you're struck for a diminished total of -107 DAMAGE, still a harsh blow. It truly sinks in now, that one real hit from the champion could theoretically kill you!

"BUFF!" Rizii hollers, activating an unused skill. Again, her bulk surges, her scales

giving off a thick rubber stretch, pulling loudly over another swell of muscle. Her armor starts to pop here and there as her calves balloon, claws digging into the arena, her heaving arms pulling back for another swing, striking Modo in the back for -1,400 HP!

“GAH! DAMMIT!” Modo bellows, shaking the nearest pillars.

As he flexes tighter, his armor begins to stretch out and separate a few frightening inches, glimpses of vascular male muscles bulging through as he winds up for a skill attack:

“PUMMEL 3–”

A titanic mace thuds down over Modo, punching him into the dirt with a cratering *crack*, and a loss of -1,115 DAMAGE total, bringing his health down to 4,909/9,000 HP! You’ve almost died once, but he’s nearly down to half his health!

Arlei raises up, leaving the mace atop Modo, and you and a stunned Rizii can see her getting bigger, and bigger, and bigger.

“BRUNT!” the huge reptile maid cheers, as her forty foot body balloons up to 60 feet, then 70 feet, her curvaceous girth taking on more and more pulsing, scale-stretching muscle. Her biceps blow up into firm definition overhead, her thighs booming out wider, her shoulders bulging bigger within her straining puffs, her neck pulling her huge choker too tight as it grows and grows.

Rizii and the crowd both cry out in amazement as Arlei grows even bigger, her chest slipping and swelling over her tortured top, one fat, hot nipple popping loose, then the other—and she’s *still* getting bigger!

“She has Brunt!?” Rizii gasps, before wagging her stubby tail madly. “He opened with a skill attack, and she...haha! Okay, then! Good-good!”

“Didn’t want to give it away, while Modo was in earshot,” you reply, grinning.

“S-SO...NIIICE...” Arlei groans, the crowd leaning over their rows to watch as her rear blows out from beneath her stretching skirt, her thighs billowing thicker as her breasts erupt larger, spilling out of her tearing dress, drawing the apron straps out tight as it struggles to contain her plated bust. She shivers harder before noisily blowing up in a humongous, violent lurch to over 120 feet tall, then 160! Her feet take up more and more space as you and Rizii back away, only to both turn around as the downed mace is thrown clear up into the air over the arena.

“BRUNT!”

Modo’s voice slices through the celebrations as you watch in horror. The vast dragonkin stands upright, the armor starting to blast away in fits and pinging starts as he absorbs Arlei’s

first strike, just the same as she had done for his!

“Get back!” you shout as the quaking dragon starts to laugh, his voice deepening rapidly.

Modo’s entire body explodes in size as he throws his head back and bellows, his pectorals straining and swelling, bursting up into his thickening neck. His trapezius erupts bigger as his lats blow up under growing arms, his biceps peaking higher than the shoulders as he heaves up to 30 feet, then 40 feet...50 feet...60 feet...

“YESSSS,” Modo snarls, every billowing muscle twitching and screaming bigger.

“No!” you shout as he stomps forth, one growing sole obliterating several pillars on contact. He shakes and booms up to 80 feet, his bulk expanding even larger, nearly doubling its already-stunning girth, pushing his mass into *ridiculous* territories.

“WORRY NOT, MASTER LLOYD!” Arlei roars as she winds her mace back up, the 190-foot giantess still twice as large as she bashes Modo in the neck and shoulder, sending the colossal dragon-man back so hard that the entire arena shakes as he crashes into the gallery, demolishing it neatly. “I HAVE HIM!”

“Wait, no!” Rizii wails, as the sound of numerous glass vials and a chest can all be heard snapping apart, along with the ruined wall. “NO! There’s something in there–”

Modo lays there a moment in the wreckage, as -2,000 DAMAGE appears over him, knocking his health down to a more manageable 2,909 HP.

“What’s wrong?” you ask, having moved away from Arlei’s house-sized feet during her attack. In answer, you look to see multiple little rivers of fluid all seeping out over Modo’s body, soaking his sleek, tough scales, and seeping in between them.

The rivulets are all the same color as the power elix–

Oh, dear.

Modo, already nearly 100 feet tall, starts to pant and huff, shaking his head groggily as his body quakes and spasms and tenses all over.

“HRM?” he grunts, just as his muscles begin to rumble ominously, his body still growing from the Brunt skill absorption. Now, compounded with so many elixirs on top of it, he’s shaking far more, for deeper, far *worse*, all over! “GH...HHHHAAAHHHH!”

The entire colosseum jitters and quakes as Modo inflates, suddenly and aggressively, up to 150 feet, nearing Arlei’s size! The towering maid steps back in shock as he rises to a trembling stand, flexes, and blows up past her height, in one massive gush of growth!

His chin sinks between his pectorals as his arms detonate bigger, his thighs bursting through the scraps of clinging armor and leather, the canvas making up his undergarments snapping away as a bloated, bulbous set of scaly testes boom loose, then burst out and flop with a hefty thump between his ever-growing thighs. A pendulous shaft erupts into the open as it flares bigger, firmer, longer, clocking Arlei for -249 DAMAGE as she's pushed away!

The growing tip smashes into the Cavea, throwing panicked spectators left and right as Modo stumbles back against his own burgeoning weight, the growing dragonkin laughing like doomsday as he bulges up to 300 feet, his muscles doubling in size, yet again, consuming his mighty frame!

Biceps that an Inn couldn't contain explode on either side of the huffing beast as he trembles and grows on and on, his tail pushing out against the wrecked gallery walls, his thighs bulging as he adjusts to his own girth, his pectorals bursting out loudly, his shoulder blades ballooning so large that they crowd back in against his traps and shoulders! He...he isn't stopping anymore!

"MOOOORE," Modo booms, the 350-foot titan swelling even bigger, his head and horns threatening to snag against the high mesh. "MOOOOOOOOOORE! I'LL CRUSH THE ARCHMAGE TO DUST! HAHA! I'LL CRUSH EVERYTHING IN MY WAY!"

Rizii is built beyond any man's dreams, but Modo is the stuff of nightmares. As she slashes away at his ever-swelling toes and heel, only striking for -100 and -90 DAMAGE, you run over to Arlei, as if you could actually help the giant she-lizard up from her fall.

"Are you okay?"

"I'M FINE, MASTER LLOYD, FINE," she mutters, her huge chest wobbling up over her torn dress and around the straps of her apron. "BUT MISS RIZII CLEARLY HAS THE GREATER ATTACK SPEED AND STRENGTH...IF WE COULD ONLY GIVE HER AN ADVANTAGE..."

You think, and think fast, before rummaging quickly through your bag of holding. You pull out one of the jewels, a green one!

"Rizzi!" you shout, making her look up, then dodge a stomping foot that cracks the arena. "Get as high up on Modo as you can! His erection, go there, get on it! Quick!"

"What?" the bulky kobold female pants, still charging another bevy of attacks. "Why!?"

"Just be ready to attack the weak point, up there!"

The green jewel activates in your hand, and as you throw it to a perplexed Rizii, you see

Arlei beginning to shrink down, bit by bit. The green jewel glows in Rizii's hand as she sees Arlei dwindling smaller, dropping down from 190 feet to 133. She shakes her head from the shrinking as Rizii holds the jewel tight, then takes a running leap onto an overturned pillar, bounding up onto Modo's colossally bulky thigh, then scrambling up onto his monumental member, clutching tightly to stay on it as the dragonkin expands onward overhead.

"Activate it!" you holler.

As Modo rumbles up to 400 feet in height, his horns starting to thread up bigger between the mesh, Rizii shrugs, then activates it with a crush of her strong hand. The green energy overtakes her body, making her bafflement melt into divine pleasure as all of the stored size from Arlei bloats her modest breasts, and swells her hips out larger, and larger.

"OOH," Arlei gasps, as the bravest/dumbest of the fleeing masses catch glimpses of Rizii's bosom inflating like plated blue balloons, her dark-blue teats blimping out through her armor, popping free, then swelling on and on over them, her hips blowing up wider along with her thighs, going from ample to comely in seconds. The 30% loss to Arlei transfers to her own body, her hips more than doubling, her chest tripling in size as another two and a half feet relative to her eight overwhelms her clothing!

"Haaaah," Rizii coos, unable to help pressing her oversized bust flat against the nearest thing she can: Modo's shaft.

The monstrous erection hardens on pure reflex, Modo unable to stop it as it stiffens to a rise, higher, and higher, and higher up, pushing so big and tall that the tip (and the clinging Rizii) bob up toward the giant god-dragon's inflated chest.

"Rizii!" you shout, far down below in the chaos of a shattering, breaking colosseum, "attack! Attack, attack, now!"

Rizii manages to snap enough out of the haze to look up over her shoulder at the looming wall of impossible, scaly brawn behind her. She snorts, then lunges up off the erection, slashing with her cleaver at the exposed, enormous weak point for -2,000 DAMAGE!

Modo's 450-foot body flashes dark red as his health drops too low, making him roar and stagger back in pain and surprise. His entangled horns snap and pull the mesh away as he crashes against the breaking walls of an arena he nearly fills.

0719/9,000 HP!

"We almost have him!" you shout, as Arlei gets back up to a stand and HEALS herself for +231 HP, putting her right back up to full health.

Rizii slips back down, wobbling from the adjustment to her more-than-triple-sized breasts

and massive hips, making her more curvy than even Arlei, were the two ladies equally sized.

“Amazing!” the kobold squeals, giddy with herself. “Right, right, let’s end this—”

Modo’s enormous fist crashes down, punching Rizii flat to the ground for -433 DAMAGE, knocking her out completely in one terrible blow!

You panic and slash at Modo’s hand for a laughable -10 DAMAGE, while Arlei swings her mace with full force:

“SMASH 2!!”

The impact thuds hollow against Modo’s sacs, registering only -391 DAMAGE!

“His defenses are still up, no good!” you wheeze, waiting for your next chance to attack, along with Arlei. Rizii lays there in an impact crater within a much bigger crater, still down for the count. “He’ll attack first, at this rate!”

“NOBODY...BEATS...A CH-CHAMPION!”

Modo’s voice blasts everywhere as you helplessly watch him raise his fists up high, one for each of you. You can’t attack yet, and neither can Arlei! All you have are your...skills! You can’t likely steal much, he’s nude and colossal...but you have one option left!

“CONFUSE!” you say, as you try your new skill out.

It works!!

The immense dragon-man blinks, then closes his huge eyes, rubbing them over suddenly with massive palms, before a pink glimmer overtakes his head, and the gigantic, 500-foot dragonkin is left disoriented, snarling and blinking, grimacing in confusion.

“WHAT...”

As you both move over to Rizii, the otherwise-empty colosseum is smashed open as the gigantic male starts to swing his bulging arms around, wild and fearful.

“N-NO!”

He brings his fists up to attack, but in his confused state, slashes his own weak point for a startling and massive -1,984 DAMAGE, the colossus defeating himself with one strike!

The gigantic dragon fades away as Arlei scoops Rizii and you in her now-massive, soft, scaly hands, one in each. You shuffle through your bag for Smelling Salts, then walk over to the other

hand (surreal as it is to do so), where you wave them under the kobold's nostrils.

She snaps awake, flashing red, her health only at 129/620. Her huge breasts wobble as she comes to, looking at you, then up at Arlei, who grins wide.

“WELCOME BACK!” she booms, her voice shaking down through her palms.

“What she said, heh,” you offer, as Rizii sighs and rubs her head.

“Oh, he got me, did he? That no-good bad-bad–wait. Where is he?”

“We got him,” you laugh, weakly. “Rather, he got himself. I think we got to you before he finished breaking down into results, too. You're welcome.”

“IT'S TRUE, MASTER LLOYD MANAGED TO CONFUSE HIM SUCCESSFULLY.”

Rizii looks down from Arlei's hands and sees the huge mess of glowing embers as they fade into the three of you. She looks back, then starts to snort out an alarmingly goofy, deep laugh, shaking her exposed bosom up and down as she guffaws.

“*You* took him down, twerp!?! Bahahaha!”

“SHE'S OVERJOYED BY YOUR MIGHT, MASTER LLOYD! YES! BAHAHA!”

You flush red, not even paying attention as the results arrive:

+400 GOLD

+7,000 EXP

All three of you feel your health and magic and skills replenish as level-ups roll in; even as Arlei's temporary buffs wear off and as she begins to dwindle back down and lose her muscle, the permanent boons start rolling in. As you and Rizii start to fill up both her hands, Arlei's *permanent* size starts to rise in its place as she huffs in joy and begins to moan aloud, her entire body blowing right back up. Her uniform fixes itself as she whimpers and swells up from 40 feet to 42...43...44...her hands re-grow under you both as her diminished bust starts to boom bigger again, her growing toes clenching as she bites her lip and shivers up to 46 feet...47...48...49...50...

“HAAAAH,” she cute-hisses, lidding her eyes as you watch her muzzle rise higher and higher over her booming breasts and widening collarbone.

“Egads,” Rizii huffs, gulping.

“Yeah, this is how it goes,” you add, to which she just nods, unblinking.

“Gorgeous...she’s gorgeous!”

By the time the rumbling growth stops, Arlei sweetly puffs the last of her bliss out, then smiles, looking her 55-foot body over. She gained roughly fifteen feet from one level!

ARLEI, LV 10, HOLY MAID

HP: 430/430

MP: 170/170

STRENGTH: 85

DEFENSE: 140

DEXTERITY: 320

SPEED: 160

HEIGHT: 55’05”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: AURA, SMASH 2, BRUNT

SPELLS: HEAL 1

LLOYD, LV 10, ADVENTURER

HP: 320/320

MP: 95/95

STRENGTH: 54

DEFENSE: 110

DEXTERITY: 175

SPEED: 188

HEIGHT: 5’09”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: CONFUSE 1, STEAL

RIZII, LV 16, KOBOLD AMAZON

HP: 710/710

MP: 120/120

STRENGTH: 220

DEFENSE: 180

DEXTERITY: 420

SPEED: 290

HEIGHT: 8’04”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY, MULTI-STRIKE 2, SMASH 2
SPELLS: BUFF

NEXT LEVEL: 1,780/6,000 EXP

“Whew,” you sigh, brushing yourself off as Arlei hugs you both to her massive bust, letting you climb onto it; each of you just a little smaller than one breast as you sit on their curves, comfy and set. “Sorry you didn’t get the elixirs back, for the record.”

The now considerably-bustier kobold ponders this for a moment before reaching up to fondle her own overgrown chest, then smiles at her enlarged muscles.

“We’ll call it even, twerp,” she says, tilting her chin up smugly. “I’m giving that to you.”

“Heh.”

“WHERE TO NOW, THEN, MASTER?” Arlei rightly queries. “I DON’T, AH, THINK WE CAN STAY AROUND HERE.”

“Right, yeah, we should definitely leave. The Avros Guild will catch word of this right away, as well as the Archmage’s resurgence.”

“Oh, right,” Rizii hums, thinking. “Hey, if Modo’s defeated now, then doesn’t that make us the champs? So...does that mean we’re supposed to kill the Archmage?”

Your smile weakens, flattening out to a grim line of realization.

“I...don’t know. I mean, we did win. Who’s left to officiate, though?”

“Well, I don’t mind sticking with you two, for now,” Rizzi says, “but I don’t have any plans to tangle with the Archmage. That’s double-suicide, and change. You want to head anywhere else but him, wherever he is, then that’s okay by me. I think I want to be where you two are, for a while and reap-reap the benefits. Well...be with Arlei, *she’s* amazing...”

“I get it,” you mutter, sulking in place.

“You know, you didn’t pee on him.”

“*Oh, thank the gods.* He looked so mad, though,” you say.

“Eh, it’s because you kicked him in the eye, right before passing out. It was actually pretty good, he was angry as shit. It was great.”

“I did?” you ask, balking at your own story.

Rizii shrugs her brawny blue shoulders, as if to throw even that into question; still, at the end of it all, she offers up a tiny sliver, a ghost of a smile.

“Now shut up, and pick, twerp, before the law arrives. Where are we going?”

CHAPTER 2

LLOYD: LV. 10, 320/320 HP

ARLEI: LV. 10, 430/430 HP

RIZZI: LV. 16, 710/710 HP

“New champions escape from tournament of terror! Modo soundly defeated!”

That the Bard managed to sing the news so well doesn't do much to help your lingering confusion over the battle with Modo and your fleeing the scene of the ruined colosseum. Thankfully news of your identity hasn't arrived with the update, as no one seems to be chasing you down—*yet*. After all, it was yourself, an 8-foot female kobold with bulk boons, and a lizard maid looming up to the rooftops and beyond at a whopping 55 feet in height. Even if no one knew you were escapees, it's only a matter of time before you get incarcerated for *something*.

Every constable slows down to stare along with the citizens of Volstep, the capital city of Stargos; it's the only region of the kingdom open enough that you can get Arlei permitted inside. Granted, you're constantly herded by city officials to giant lanes only, but if that's what it takes, then so be it.

It was only a day's travel to the city, thankfully, but even after using a tent to save (after that battle, how could you not) you're all tired again, and just need some rest for a precious bit. You hustle the ladies along for fear of being caught by any Guild agents out and about—not Avros agents, as none were *technically* allowed to hunt or quest in Stargos without a special permit, including you. That hardly matters—you know Avros has eyes everywhere, just the same.

“There,” you say, at last, pointing to a large establishment down the road. You had been resting on Arlei's breasts along with Rizzi, up to the city gates, but the kobold and you both were on foot, per the rules. Rizzi seems happy to strut around with her enlarged bosom and bulky muscles, anyway. “That bar has a huge veranda! They must serve giants along this stretch.”

“Hey, alright,” Rizzi whoops, the towering female wagging her stubby tail all about. “About time we get something to drink, I've been dying out on the trail!”

She darts inside without thinking to wait, leaving you to Arlei as she *thuds* up on enormous feet and looks out past her looming bust.

“Oh, good, an establishment! You can finally drink something, Master Lloyd,” she sings, seeming just fine on her own. “I imagine you must be terribly parched!”

“We'll all get something, Arlei, including you,” you shout back up, drawing the attention of nearby patrons and citizens rounding the bar corner, who all stare up in astonished shock. “Go around to that veranda on the other side, I'll bring you a barrel of ale!”

“Ooh!”

Her massive apron snuggles her overtaxed black dress as she *thooms* over and takes a heavy seat, shaking the streets and panicking horses and their carts on impact. Her huge tail settles up against her bulbous rump as she sighs, then politely adjusts her gigantic cap and cuffs, as if being prepared as a maid included looking clean for booze.

For all you know, it's true.

Everyone inside is looking outside: barflies of varying species crowd the double windows at the back wall, looking out as Arlei's clawed toes and soles fill their view. Not bothering to join, you instead walk over to the bar, sidling up next to Rizii, who already has a gigantic mug of ale in each hand.

"Heh, I didn't know you were the drinking type, twerp!" she reptile-bellows, laughing at how funny she thinks she is. "Good for you! If I were you, I'd drink, too!"

"Aren't you a little big to be so drunk, already?" you ask as the bartender clears her throat, and nods to five emptied mugs on the other side of Rizii.

"She's fast," the female tiger mutters, leaning in at you. "What'd you want?"

"A barrel of ale, and some water. Not in a barrel, on the water."

The tigress cocks one brow. It's all she has to give.

"Do what, kid?"

"For her, out there," you explain, thumbing back at the crowd.

"Someone's out there?"

"Well, yes. She's big. A giantess."

The bartender pinches her muzzle at the eyes, and sighs.

"Okay...gimme a few minutes. I need the hose."

A certain and highly specific sympathy blossoms for her as she turns and trudges off behind the bar mirror, vanishing silently.

"You know what you should do, kid?" Rizii chuckles, slamming another vanquished ale down onto the bartop. "You know? You should, I should have gotten—yeah, why'd you only order one barrel? Hell, order me one, be a sport!"

"The one barrel will be money, enough," you retort, making her snort loudly through her

reptilian muzzle. It's honestly...fairly adorable.

“Pfft! Cheap-ass! No wonder the ladies, they all say...what they say—”

“They don't ‘say’ anything!” you shoot back, making Rizii elbow you hard.

“Just you ask the ladies in here!”

“You just *got* here, you lush!”

“Yeah. Yeah, the night's still young, true-true.”

It was midday, but any further discussion was about as beneficial as observing the same item over and over again, so you let it go and wait for the bartender to reappear. In the meantime, ogres and orcs and even a stray elf all stare outside, wondering aloud:

“Who's she with? Giants don't come alone, this is crazy!”

“She's beautiful! Why's she all dolled up, though?”

“Who cares, look at her—”

“One barrel,” the tigress huffs, thudding a full barrel of ale down unhappily. “Have fun.”

You only need a glance to understand that she's not taking that thing out to the veranda. You sag a bit, then step over to the end of the bar, grip it around the center, and awkwardly start to walk it away in an unflattering waddle. Rizii keeps drinking, *somehow*, and the patrons are all distracted, so no one notices (or appreciates) the difficulty with which you lug the sloshing barrel up the stairs, step by step, out to the veranda. Of course, by that same token, no one helps.

One patron finally sees as you thump your way up to the top of the flight, and as the human follows so to do the ogres and orcs and elf, until everyone is crowding the top flight as you finish lugging the barrel over, and let it rest as you catch your breath.

“Oh, perfect, Master Lloyd, bless you,” Arlei chirps, her huge, silky voice rattling the veranda as she gets one huge hand around the barrel, and rests another warm, heavy palm over you, giving you the nicest, softest, deepest little squeeze of affection. “I shall duly cherish this moment—”

“Oh, just drink, it's fine, Arlei,” you half-laugh, half-wheeze. Even at double digits, you'd think your level would give you enough strength to lug a full barrel up some stupid stairs.

The patrons go from dead silence to rambling chatter amongst themselves as they put the clues together. Most of them point to you, then her, while some just point and giggle. Is it that hard to believe you're in charge of the towering beauty?

Thinking on it, you opt not to answer yourself. It's for the best.

"Looks like you're ready to recharge yourselves," a familiar voice chimes in, making you jump in place as Arlei loudly sips up above.

You look down to see Goh there, the little rabbit-man beaming up through his buck teeth and long whiskers. He sets a huge pack down, making a greater thump than the barrel had.

"Have you *been* here?" you ask, trying to work the logistics of his arrival out.

"Just arrived, same as you, friend! So, what'll you have today?"

You pause, then feel the coins in your pocket and shrug. Why not?

The store menu opens once again. From your 400 GOLD, you see fit to make what purchases you can manage, on your budget, leaving your inventory thus:

INVENTORY:

HEAL POTION

MAGIC POTION X2

POWER ELIXIR

ANTIDOTE X2

TENT

KEY ITEMS:

MAP

MASTER KEY

BLUE JEWEL

RED JEWEL

GREEN JEWEL

Not too bad, though the lack of smelling salts is *slightly* troubling. You'll just have to make your potions and magic work, until you absolutely need to save with the tent. Still, you got a pretty good deal, for what money you—

"Oh," you gasp, thinking. "The ale! I didn't pay the barkeep!"

Goh hums, adjusting his little burlap hood after your outburst.

"I wouldn't worry about it. Now, if you'll pardon me, I've got to update the Stargos Guild roster, and fast. They'll be needing new blood for the latest quest, nasty business that it is."

"Oh, sure," you mumble, still wondering why you shouldn't worry about a tab with an upset tigress. "Take care, then."

“Ah!” Arlei booms, drawing your attention (along with the district’s).

“What?” you ask, looking the gigantic female over.

“COLD!”

Arlei puts great big hands to a great big throat, as if to warm it up. Several of the men around you start pooling their untouched ales into the barrel as the giantess sets it down, eager to curry favor, or just to see a building-sized lizard on a bender. There’s even a few bigger women chipping in. Good for them!

You head back downstairs for a minute, to make sure you’re alright with the barkeep, when you look past her and Rizii, over to a huge post board for the Stargos Guild quests. Goh has just finished putting up two posters, instead of just the one you heard him mention, and as he leaves the bar you creep in to inspect both.

One is for the quest, but the other nearly makes you holler:

WANTED FOR QUESTIONING BY STARGOS HIGH COURT

***HAVE YOU SEEN THIS PARTY?
LAST SEEN IN THE RUINS OF THE PHOST COLOSSEUM
POSSIBLE CHAMPIONS/CRIMINALS
IF SEEN, CONTACT YOUR CONSTIBLE FOR A REWARD***

Below the text are several pretty good etchings of Rizii, Arlei...and one of you with a blank face, filled with a question mark. Were you really *that* unremarkable?

Normally not one to deface, you nonetheless rip the poster off and start tearing it quietly to tatters. The cry behind you makes you clench as, of all people, it ends up being Rizii.

“WHAT THE—”

Her bulky blue arm shoots out past you, over your shoulder, and the huge kobold pulls the newly-posted quest off the board, starting at it with bugging yellow eyes.

“W-what?” you ask, turning to her.

“This quest,” she says, slurring a tiny bit, squinting to make sure she’s reading it right. “It was undertaken by Talus Rath, Jadee, and...B-Byrna! P-party unaccounted for? Two day-days!? No, no, no...can’t be right-right, can’t!”

Even fighting for your lives against Modo, you hadn’t seen Rizii anywhere near this scared, and it almost scares you in kind. She pushes her snout to the poster, muttering her way through the rest, before slamming it back onto the board, stomping over to a large set of stamps,

taking one in red, shoving it into the pad, then stamping the poster loudly. With her sheer muscle, she nearly smashes the board in two.

“What is it? Who’s Talus?”

“Some jerk, forget him,” Rizii snaps, her hands clenching and unclenching erratically. “Guild members from Stargos, a knight, and Jadee, a beast-tamer, they don’t...it’s Byrna that matters, twerp! My Byrna!”

You steal a glance at the poster. The red ink is still fresh as it reads *ACCEPTED*.

“We’re going,” she says, steeling herself in such a way that her scaly muscles bulge bigger, stretching her plates slightly. “And I don’t want any pushback! Get Arlei!”

“Well, isn’t this a big rash, we don’t even know what we’re up against—”

“READ IT!”

You do so, quickly:

MID-THREAT QUEST, DARDIA MINING QUARRY

***SUCCUBUS SEEN LURING MINERS
INTO THE LOWER DEPTHS***

CAUTION ADVISED

***REWARD OF 30,000 EXP
TREASURES FOUND ARE NOW PROPERTY OF PARTY***

STAMP RED FOR ACCEPTANCE

ACCEPTED!

“But,” you splutter, hurriedly returning the poster to its home, “that’s a Guild matter! Not just anyone can accept posted quests—”

Rizii grumbles impatiently as she forces her hand into her cleavage, withdrawing a concealed Guild badge.

“Yeah, there, see, let’s go-go already!”

As she storms over to the front door of the bar you grab her thick arm, pulling her back as best as you can. She cuts you an indignant look.

“What!?”

“Outside, look!”

Through the door, at least ten lawmen are approaching. All of them have posters in their hands, and you can guess which ones they are. There might be time enough to sneak off, down the other way, if you move quickly.

“Back?” she says, not arguing any.

“Back!”

Back, it is.

The both of you burst out the veranda doors, shove through the crowds of patrons offering more and more ale, and scramble up atop Arlei’s massive breasts. You patpat on the plating, making the giant reptile cough into her drink, then look down in surprise at the both of you as you and Rizii wave.

“Arlei! We need to go, now! The law! Here!” you hiss-shout, as if whispering loudly works. “Stay low, and get us out of here!”

“Ooh, wh-where to, Master Lloyd?” she asks.

“The Dardia Mines!” Rizii shouts, not bothering to try quietude.

“Where is—”

“Behind you, then left! Toward the mountain base outside of the city! Go, go!”

As it happens, Arlei proves incredibly agile, for her size; her huge white cap and bronze head hardly bob above a rooftop as she sneaks out from behind the building, waved off by a throng of new admirers. The creak of scales and the pulling at her maid’s dress are indeed loud, at such a scope, but buildings and foot traffic and cart wheels and shouting merchants all help to mask it as she steps over citizens, livestock and wares alike, thudding past.

The path into the Dardia mountain range is winding, a mad thing squirming over erratic slopes and dense rock outcroppings. Signs for the mining colony are freshly made and in good condition, lulling you into a brief calm as the three of you near its entrance. You hope it’s not the deceptive kind, but most of you is already pre-clenched for a bad time.

“Aren’t these mines enormous mazes?” you ask as Rizii storms ahead of you and Arlei. “How will we know which sector to check?”

“Smell,” Rizii replies, not looking anywhere but ahead. “I can smell her, faintly, real faint-faint. Inside the mines, though, it’ll be easier, less interference.”

“Your nose is that good?”

“Amazing, Rizii!” Arlei adds, making the muscular kobold puff proudly. “But, ah—will I fit inside, Master Lloyd? I would surely rather not wait out here, alone.”

“The cavern mouth is meant for large-scale mining, you’ll be fine,” Rizii comforts, just as the last slope clears out to the opening of a vast cavern system, torchlight and wooden machinery all silently waiting within it. “Right, in we go, quick-quick.”

“Lead the way,” you offer, which she already is. Rather than fuss over it, given the huge kobold’s fearful expression, you opt to let it pass, and just help out your party member.

Huh. *Party member*. She is, now, isn’t she?

It’s fairly easy for Arlei to walk inside the mouth, her cap only brushing the lowest of stalactites on occasion. Her huge hips nearly bump a vast multi-layered conveyer belt loaded with ore, its unfinished task proof that something bad enough happened to interrupt the kingdom’s most lucrative work. No wonder the poster was updated so quickly.

“So, how do you know Byrna?” you venture, trying to fill the dead air inside with whatever you can think of. “Sounds like the two of you go back some.”

“A lot, some,” she huffs, moving faster. You can’t quite tell if she has that tone out of concern, or if you’re already annoying her. “Guild partners, multiple times. She’s one of the best, but I can’t believe she took a higher-level quest without me!”

“Well, you were gone—”

A mean snort interjects from Rizii, stopping you short.

“I’m sure she’s alright, Rizii, have faith,” Arlei begins, her big voice echoing off the walls. “If you can still smell her, she must be alive, most likely!”

“Sure, but in what shape?” Rizii groans, starting to walk even faster.

“Maybe not so fast, yeah?” you ask, just as a heavy rumble breaks in, and a nearby wall blows out. A spray of dust and clattering rock covers your path as a lumbering beast stomps in with you, lowing like a huge ox!

The smoke clears to reveal a gigantic bear, with an owl’s head and a mean beak!

“Owlbear!” you holler, as the beast looks to you, and snarls.

“What’s an Owlbear doing in a mine!?” Rizii roars, raising her massive cleaver high.

“You’re looking at it!”

OWLBEAR, LV 25, CHARMED

HP: 1,450

MP: 0/0

Oh, hell, it's a powerful type.

“It’s been charmed, watch out!” you add, making Rizii growl in frustration.

With one lumbering slash the Owlbear strikes first, smashing with staggering strength! You’re knocked back into a tumble for a harsh -250 DAMAGE, while Rizii is struck for -100, and Arlei is hit for -150!

Rizii roars in mounting anger, planting her feet and swinging the cleaver furiously.

“SMASH 2!”

Rizii’s cleaver slams into the Owlbear, catching it on its side and lifting its huge bulk clear off the ground as it screeches, crashing into a stalagmite for a whopping -700 DAMAGE!

Nearly half of the creature’s HP is eradicated in one blow, making it shake its head, then charge forward again, its eyes glowing pink, the enchantment still completely in effect—and whatever it’s seeing in its charmed state, it sure is *mad* about it.

“Look out!” Arlei cries as her body absorbs the attack, making the towering reptile boom bigger, and bigger, and bigger. Her curves burgeon with swells of hot muscle as raw power floods her growing body; her head thumps up into the mine ceiling, her breasts billowing out against her apron and dress, the cuffs stretching, the choker choking as she surges to 60 feet, then 70!

Both you and Rizii dive away in a panic as Arlei grunts and swells to 90 feet, her arms cascading with bulk! She raises her huge mace as it grows with her, readying to channel everything into her strike:

“BRUNT!”

The mace crashes down, colliding like a boulder at high speed with the Owlbear, hitting it dead-on for -250 DAMAGE! The cavern shakes, reminding you that, perhaps, this isn’t the best place to create deep quakes. Still, it halts the beast’s second attack!

For another surreal moment Arlei grows on, ballooning bigger against snapping rocks and crushed machinery, carts jostled off by dint of her growing rear and lengthening tail. Her bosom surges down overhead, fabric-tented nipples the size of wagons bulging nearer as her head, neck and shoulders grind above. At 120 feet she stops, making you thankful that, in this case, her skill activated on a lower-damage strike.

“HUAAAHH,” she puffs, a little quiver of pleasure shivering down through her tail. “GOODNESS, I FORGOT THAT HAPPENS FOR ANY BATTLE!”

“Don’t worry about it!” you comfort, as the stunned Owlbear rights itself and stumbles away from the mace. “Just focus, you’ll get it back on the next level!”

The Owlbear hurls itself into Arlei’s leg, managing to still harm her for -200 DAMAGE; she grunts and crashes backwards, her head and cap blowing the stalactites to dust before slamming down on the cavern floor, shaking everything even harder.

With Arlei down to 80 HP, and you at a shaky 70, only Rizii has the vitality to stand a chance for this round. She steps in between the enraged Owlbear and the two of you, and from the sounds the kobold is making, you suddenly feel worried for the monster.

“BUFF!” she hollers, making her body light up in red, before her blue muscles tremble, tense, then erupt even larger, bulging out in a single percussive swell of pressurized might and growth! Her armor pulls even tighter as she booms at least 6 inches wider, all around, her shoulders rising, her biceps peaking, her thighs ballooning massively.

With one furious heave of her cleaver, the Owlbear takes a cataclysmic crack to the head, point-blank, for -900 DAMAGE! The impact is so hard that it drives the Owlbear’s entire beak, face and feathered head into the ground, cracking the rock. It fades off into a cloud of sparks as Rizii snorts angrily, not the least bit relieved as she stomps ahead, cleaver brandished, not bothering with the results:

+200 GOLD
+3,000 EXP

You feel that now-familiar burst of energy, despite your low health and fatigue, as your third of the EXP rolls in. It’s not quite enough to level you up, but it’s still some—

LEVEL UP!

You turn in time to see as Arlei shrinks down to her normal height, only for the EXP to start pumping her even bigger! And did she just level up? Ahead of you!?

“OOOOOOH! M...MUH-MASTER...LLOYD!”

Her voice deepens like steam and honey as the lizard maid explodes bigger, blowing right back up in size, expanding hungrily in all directions. 60 feet bloats to 70 as Arlei shakes, grits her teeth and rolls her big eyes as she moans her way up to 75 feet, stopping with a muffled snort of rapture.

ARLEI, LV 11, HOLY MAID

HP: 540/540
MP: 190/190
STRENGTH: 75
DEFENSE: 140
DEXTERITY: 330
SPEED: 170

HEIGHT: 75'5"
WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: AURA, SMASH 2, BRUNT

NEW AUTO-SKILL UNLOCKED: ECONO 1

SPELLS: HEAL 1

Sure enough, she outpaced you, already. You try to shake the feeling off.

“Arlei, let’s take a look at that new skill, real quick.”

ECONO 1: Automatically multiplies EXP gained X5

You gulp, and gulp hard.

“OOH, HOW LOVELY!” Arlei chirps, echoing off the hallways. “I’LL GET SO BIG!
AND ALL FOR YOU, MASTER LLOYD! I’LL KEEP GETTING BIGGER, AND BIGGER!”

“For me?” you ask, cocking a brow up at the looming female.

“WELL, NATURALLY!”

“Not because of how it feels.”

“IT ALWAYS FEELS GOOD TO SERVE YOU!”

“That’s...really not what I, you know what, Rizii’s ahead, let’s join. Can you move any?”

All 75 feet of Arlei shifts as she quietly looks one way, then another, then down the way. She sucks in a huge breath and holds it, as though it makes her curvy waist or massive hips any smaller, in reality. All it manages to do is bulge her breasts back up against her tight apron straps.

“HMM HMM.”

Deciding against any prolonging of this entire joke you turn and march ahead, hearing Arlei’s humongous scaly body *thump-thump-thump* on all fours behind you.

“Rizii sure seems worked up over this Byrna character,” you wonder aloud as the two of you advance into the mine shaft, with only the echoes of Rizii’s stomps to follow. “Wonder what sort of history they have?”

“HMMMPPH MM.”

“Right.”

A massive breast sways just so over your head, creating a soft tug of a breeze between the waves of heat coming off the lizard’s body. You hear Rizii snuffling around in the air ahead, catching up only due to her stopping long enough to catch the scent back.

“Which way?” you huff, as Rizii smells around in the relative dark.

“HHHL!”

You feel your body warm up as a glow overtakes it, Arlei’s muffled spell giving you back 100 HP—not too shabby! Back up to 170/320, you feel a bit more lively, and find it easier to stand without wobbling as Rizii jerks her muzzle to the right and points with her weapon.

“This way! Keep up!”

Down the way you go, the torches becoming more and more sparing, getting farther apart, leaving large portions of shadow in which you all vanish and reappear. You count two lefts then a hard right in the pitch before the first *skitter* intrudes, so very softly.

“What was that?” you gasp as Rizii stops to listen, perking her floppy kobold ears up high as Arlei brings up the rear. “Did you hear?”

“Yeah,” she whispers, her topaz eyes gleaming as they narrow. “I did.”

“It was small.”

Another *skitter*, across from the other direction. Then another, overhead.

“It smells...sweet,” Rizii says, slowly, as you hear her words soften, and see her eyes flutter some, before she snaps back to her usual angry self. “It’s sickening!”

It is a bit much.

“HHHL!”

Again, you feel Arlei’s spell pushing your health back up as you gain another 120 HP to a preferable cume of 290/320, making you feel around in the dark for a finger as big as a small tree and offer it a thankful pat. She must have lapsed into another round of casting.

“Thanks, Arlei, that’s a lot better—”

The skittering returns, here and there, like flies buzzing through ancient stone. You stop long enough to try tracing its source as the party advances deeper in, nearing a single fluttering torch on a carved wall mount.

As soon as you enter its light, you regret it.

Bugs. Insects. Creepy crawlies of unusual size all bore up through the stone itself, as if it were dirt or brittle clay. Each one must be as big as a dog, pale and shiny like porcelain, set upon at least six segmented legs. A thousand yammering mandibles twitch and natter like madness as they encroach upon the light, making you pull back as Rizii wretches and the mostly-unlit Arlei squeals in surprise. It just takes her a minute, on account of, well, *her*.

Just like that, the swarm overtakes you. Before you can even draw your sword the light fades, your mind defensively retreats, and everything slips into full black.

When you come to, there’s light—but it isn’t any light made by man.

You groan as you awaken, a neon pink glow emanating from the walls of what appears to be a cell of some fashion. You must be so far into the mines that you’re in the holding station of the mining colony. Fresh patches of mold spackle the mortar, seemingly grown overnight, each one glowing that same softly eerie, yet alluring hue. Large fungi protrude from cracks in the ceiling overhead, having forced their way in, rose-tinted and massive.

Whatever struck here, struck fast. But...mold and fungi hardly seemed in keeping with succubi, as you understood them. They were lust demons, usually prone to vanity and finer things, and such. This one must have had a serious thing for farmers.

“Rizii?” you whisper, as several skitterings outside the cell door respond, then fade off. “Arlei? Hello?”

You look around, adjusting steadily to the glow-light. It’s only you, yourself and three skeletons in a corner, each one looking stripped of all meat and clothing. No one rots in a few days—which was all the worse for you. They were surely *devoured*. And *not* whole.

Leaving would be ideal.

You go to the door for a test-shake, against all common sense. Naturally, it’s locked. Thinking on it a moment you remember your bag, still on your person, and you open it up to retrieve the Master Key!

There’s enough of an opening for the bars in the door that you can get your hand and arm through them and feel about for the keyhole on that side. Fussing with it a minute, you find it fits...then unlatches loudly, the door swinging open for you! Yes!

You sneak out into the hall then slip out of the holding station to find yourself in a large cavern town, abandoned and gravely silent. A row of stacked homesteads and businesses line the other side of what may as well be a street, now lined with massive pink-glow mushrooms. Beyond them and the township is yawning darkness, with only a pinprick of light far, far down at its vanishing point.

It's only you, now, so if you're going to save, now sure seems like a good time!

You rush back inside, head into your cell and set up a tent, figuring no one will bother you if they think you're still incarcerated. Do the bugs even think, to that extent? They *did* put you here, after all, didn't they?

Your tent is all set and just as you climb in, you hear something in the cell next to you.

"Wake up!"

You stop just shy of going in, listening. Had you passed someone in another cell?

"Please!"

You cautiously exit and peer into the neighboring cell to see Rizii there, holding a smaller, curvier, softer female lizard, who seems utterly lost in a powerful charm. Her huge eyes swirl in pools of pink, her glowing orange-red skin fading and brightening as she's shaken by the larger kobold. She's a Salamental, an offspring of a fire spirit and a lizard-folk, evidenced by the huge tuft of flame-fur hugging about the back of her neck and shoulders, like part of some boofy coat. A dark-blue vest and gold-trim pants snuggle her huge bosom and wide hips, which shake subtly every time Rizii tries to rock her awake.

"Rizii!" you whisper, waving from her cell door. "Hey!"

The big kobold jerks upright, her ears perking up at sight of you. She doesn't even play at being put off.

"Twerp!" she gasps, her thick stub-tail whipping into a frenzy. "How'd you get out!?"

You answer the best way possible, by turning the Master Key in the lock, and creaking her cell door open with a grin.

"Courtesy of Kogo Varan," you say, as you enter. "She's charmed?"

"Yeah, bad-bad, real deep," Rizii sighs, the concern returning. "I can't get her to snap out of it, no matter how violent I am! It's usually the answer, for most of life!"

"Let me see," you begin, rummaging through the bag for the unspent item from before. You pull out a bottle of all-purpose antidote, and hand it over, putting it in Rizii's big, soft, warm

paws. “You should be the one, right?”

She doesn’t even thank you as she takes it and laughs, a kind of wild, wheezy laugh of relief. You watch as Rizii uncorks it and pours it into the unresponsive salamental’s muzzle.

Those huge eyes blink, at last, the pink gleam fluttering off with it as Byrna groans and wrinkles her short, tapering muzzle a little. She yawns big and wide, her teeth incredibly small and fine, like a row of tiny ivory bumps, with glowing-orange gums between and an ember-glow tongue.

“Heh,” Rizii purrs, giving the smoother, more supple she-salamander a few light slaps to her chubby cheek. “Byrna! Hey-hey! There we go, come on back-back.”

“Riz?” the female grunts, asymmetrically blinking her oversized, soft-violet eyes. She comes to fully as she sits upright, her eyes suddenly wide, her flame-tuft flaring bright as she wraps both plush arms around Rizii’s bigger, bulkier body. “RIZ!”

You stay back at the door as the two reptiles snuggle in, Rizii’s thick muscles and cool blues contrasting with Byrna’s fiery reds and smooth curves. When they both stand back up, Rizii nearly shoves past you, pulling a startled Byrna with.

“This is part of the party I’m in, the human, we need to get going right now,” she speed-talks, as you find yourself quickly being left behind. Byrna’s comparatively massive breasts wobble as she twists around, her glowing tongue stuck out in a friendly blep.

“N-nice to meet you—”

“Lloyd!”

“Hee, Lloyd! I like your name!”

No wonder Rizii liked her. Between the two of them, Byrna must have had all the *nice* on lockdown. Even *you* already like her, hell.

“Where are we headed?” you ask, rounding the detention center hallway after them.

“I can smell Arlei!”

“Gotcha, keep going! Great!”

“W-who’s Arlei?” Byrna asks, the shorter reptile bouncing to stay in step.

“Another lizard, you’ll LOVE her! Promise!”

The lack of appreciation is hardly appreciable. Not that she’s wrong.

Arlei rests against the mother of all stalagmites, suspended to it by a vast, body-encasing cocoon in which she remains, unconscious. All around the cavernous enclosure are massive mushroom clusters, mold patterning the rock face in intricate, hypnotic waves. As she rests a great mound of pink, glimmering mold grows up from the cracks in the ground, swelling into a kind of huge pillow, upon which rests the succubus. It has to be her.

And yet, it's equally hard to believe, given she's a moth.

She rests there, luxuriating, as though getting up from a nap not quite finished. For a demonic entity, her body is powder-white, blood red slashes crisscrossing her shoulders and hefty breasts, meeting in a crimson oval covering her belly and hips and upper thighs. That same mold threads about her thighs and calves, though cleaner, more refined, glowing bright against her fluffy body. Two big black compound eyes open, red irises swiveling in all directions over each segment as she stretches. Long, glittering antennae bob delicately over her head, a mound of red fur cradling her jaw right up to the chin, as it were. A pair of massive red wings flick out behind her, trembling the same way a stretching cat's tail might, revealing two gargantuan false eyes on each.

"Well," she chitters lightly, turning in her seat to Arlei's huge body. "A fine wrapping for a fine gift! That certainly takes care of that nasty holy aura, doesn't it."

Her voice seems to come from nowhere specific, yet it's almost right in front of you. Rizii and Byrna twitch, flinching in a similar fashion to the demon's echoing purr. The look on Byrna's face turns the *likely* into the *certain*: this is what went wrong for her party.

Both huge wings whip out, fluttering rapidly, and the succubus easily takes to the air with a thundering buzz. She flutters up to Arlei's gigantic muzzle, the only part of her allowed any exposure beyond the cocoon.

"Now, what exactly do we need, to get you primed for feeding? You're no good to me, all goody-good and calm. We need you a little more...excited!"

The three of you watch as the moth snaps a furred, segmented finger, chuckling. A flash of pink floats lazily through the space between them, planting itself on Arlei's muzzle, then fading within it for a moment.

"What is it that makes you slick, down there, my gigantic dear?"

A low grunt of pleasure escapes as Arlei twitches a little, then licks her muzzle over, in a daze. Within, the cocoon groans angrily, as if the massive lizard's teats were stiffening against its insides, straining it a telltale bit tighter.

You gulp; there's no helping it. You can practically see the steam coming off of Arlei as she rumbles and snorts, then outright *moans*.

“That’s right, dear, tell,” the moth coaxes, cocking her head into her tuft. “Tell!”

“M...MAS...TERRR...”

You’re suddenly beet red.

“PRESSING...INTO MUH-ME...”

A blast of heat escapes Arlei’s huffing muzzle as the entire cocoon trembles in joy.

“Is he, now?” the moth asks, dripping with enthusiasm. “How hard?”

“V...V-VERY! HE’S AS BIG AS M...ME! HUH-HE...KEEPS RUBBING ME!”

You’re shrinking back from the rock you all hide behind, beyond mortified. Byrna looks to you, then to Rizii, but the kobold is nearly drooling from the rising scent flooding off of Arlei’s quivering body.

“MASTER LLOYD...KISS ME THERE...H...HAAAH! AH!”

The moth flutters in closer, delightedly egging the giantess on.

“Kissing? What is he kissing? Tell! Scream it!”

“MY NUH-NIPPLE...I C-CAN’T STAND IT!!”

If you could just figure out how to stuff yourself into your own bag of holding, you would do so, promptly, and never come back out.

“MASTER LLOYD! MAKE ME...GROW! MAKE THEM BIGGER! FILL MUH-M-MEEE WUH-WITH LOVE...HU-UNTIL I GUSH!”

Byrna is suddenly blushing so hot, her flame-tuft ignites, sizzling softly. She must realize that you are, indeed, *that* Lloyd.

“Oh, my word,” the salamental gasps, fanning herself, as Rizii drools openly, breathing in big, clumsy, raspy breaths, overtly aroused. Her nipples bulge roughly out against her snapping armor, her thighs clenching in painfully tight. Was her sense of smell *that* crazily strong!?

“Not so pure as we look, are we, then?” the moth chuckles, as her slit-mouth parts, and a long, bright pink proboscis curls out, flopping into a length of sleek, quivering need. “I’ll help relief it, honey. But you burn for as long as you wish!”

“Oh, no,” Byrna groans, pointing, forcing you to look. “See that? That’s how she fed on everyone! While charmed! She arouses you, and...feeds on the lusts her charms conjure!”

“She fed on *everyone* in the colony?” you ask, agog.

“She spread her mold at a blinding rate, that way, yes! Each feeding raises her power!”

“Meaning, if she feeds on Arlei...then...no!”

Indeed, the moth feeds: at first there’s a light shudder, a tingle that rattles her entire frame, before the red dots vanish from her eyes, leaving only black as she ‘blinks’. In one propulsive, hot burst, her body surges out, visibly swelling larger! With one gulp she stretches and bulges, her fine powder-fur bristling in a wave of shock and delight as she groans.

She breaks off from Arlie, lest she be overwhelmed, and looks her larger self over in disbelief. Next to Arlei, you surmise she likely stood about 6 feet even in height; now, she looks to be at least twice that, bigger than even Rizii.

“Oh,” the moth huffs, small tingles and twitches still tickling her breasts and ruffling her neck-fluff into a happy mess. Two thick nipples start to push out from her red pattern bosom as she exhales loudly, gathers herself, and flutters even closer. “Oh, your power is...staggering! I need it! I *need* you, darling! Get hotter, wetter!”

Again, she blows a pink charm spell, and the moment it impacts the massive reptile, she screams outright, bellowing, her tongue lolling out in a cute flop as you hear the cocoon stretch even tighter!

“M...MMMUAH-MU-MAAASSSSST–HUUUURRRRAHHH!”

She catches a deep breath, then whines in overflowing bliss as her throbbing swells and self-rubbing echoes out, driving the enraptured Rizii wilder yet.

“Is there any way to snap her out of it, Byrna?” you practically beg. “We need her!”

“S-she’s ah, really hard to stop, when she gets going,” the curvaceous salamander coughs, blushing even hotter at whatever it is you’ve got her thinking.

The moth screams along with Arlei as she sucks more pleasure and lust in, ballooning her rumbling body with a cataclysmic, overpowering *BOOM* of growth! Her antennae lengthen and thicken into forearms, then columns, as the red dotted, collective irises of her eyes roll back. Her breasts bounce bigger, a faint slosh riding the burst, before her segmented fingers grip both of them tight as they explode twice as big, nearly toppling her!

“NNNNH...HNN!”

Her panting escalates as she blows up to 40 feet, against Arlei’s 75, her overgrown bosom rumbling loudly as jets of pink glowing cream dribble loose, then geyser from her teats. Her fluffy shoulders rock back as she arches her chest forward, letting her expanding mammaries mash and dimple and billow uncontrollably bigger against Arlei’s cocoon as she gulps and erupts

even *bigger*, starting to tower over Arlei and the massive rock she's stuck to.

“NNNNNNNNHHNNNMN!!”

Her panting grows desperate as she hugs Arlei tightly, her overflowing breasts cascading out around her; the moth presses her soft, blushing face tightly to Arlei's muzzle, her proboscis going in deeper, taking more power, making her boom-roar into the lizard's panting maw as the succubus explodes bigger, and bigger, and bigger!

“We have to stop this, somehow!” you say, rummaging through your bag. “She's stealing Arlei's power, so maybe if there's less of Arlei to go around—”

Byrna looks down as you root around, then fish out a red base jewel, holding it up to where the plump lizard can see it glint in the nearest mushroom's light.

“What is it?” she asks, wide-eyed. “It's so pretty!”

“Who's stronger, normally? You, or Rizii?”

“My power is mostly in my elemental fire, so—”

“Right, Rizii, then! Put this in her hand, and make her use it!”

The moth and Arlei's howls of lust grow bigger, deeper, echoing everywhere as Byrna obliges, and sweetly takes Rizii's hand. The kobold is still entrapped by lust, however!

“Riz, honey, would you please use this?” Byrna politely asks, to no effect.

“Tell her this!” you shout, leaning in to whisper into the slightly-taller salamander's ear hole. She blushes even darker.

“It will!?”

“Yes!”

“Ooh,” is all that escapes Byrna's muzzle as it curls up into a giddy grin.

She uses her own hands to force pressure on the red jewel.

“I want to see your pumping, huge muscles grow, honeydrop—”

Rizii's feet clench the floor so hard it cracks. She whips out of her stupor, her eyes slitted as they lock onto Byrna; she seals the deal by planting a long and sugared kiss on the big kobold's muzzle. The jewel nearly breaks in her hand before the kiss does, and a great glow soaks into her, making her tremble with two-fold joy as her body swells even stronger!

“HMM!!”

Rizii hugs Byrna tightly, pressing the kiss painfully, wonderfully tight, her tail cycloning about past her rump as her glowing muscles burst to fantastic size! Rizii’s scaly arms creak and bulge and sing as Byrna blushes red-hot, closing her eyes and kissing back, grunting happily as she’s overwhelmed by female bulk, more and more and more.

Even you gulp at the sight of it as her partially-buried flame-tuft roars like real fire, blazing hot, hardly able to hurt the swelling kobold as she moans into her silk-tongued mouth. Her muscles detonate twice as big, taking Rizii from an amazonian to a bodybuilder, and now to a thickening tank of power! Her shoulders alone are bigger than the lid of a barrel, her neck swelling into a pillar, her back muscles erupting, her thighs each growing as wide as wagon wheels! She...she’s a goddess of muscle!

Rizii pulls back with a huff so powerful it could knock you over, squeezing all she has into sweet, wagging Byrna, who squeals in delight as their busts play and rub and creak tight together. She sets her comrade down tenderly, despite so much girth, and she flexes on the spot, peaking her blue biceps into twitchy mountains of scales, making Byrna pant openly at the sight of it all.

“So b-big!” she moans, fanning herself, in turn making the tuft around her head hotter.

“Damn straight!” Rizii laughs, before maybe, *maybe* flashing you a big grin as she turns and stomps into the open, holding her huge cleaver out in just one hand.

You look to see Arlei shrinking down to about 30 feet, making her sink back into the cocoon with a last lewd wheeze. With less to hold onto, the gigantic succubus moth finally snaps out of her own glee, and looks around. She must be...she must be over 150 feet tall, easily! The cavern region is open and huge, but she still takes up a healthy share as she huff-huffs, shakes her huge head, and looks down over her torso-consuming bosom.

“Hey, you!” Rizii bellows, all confidence. “Let that maid go!”

“HMM?” the towering she-moth purrs, blinking the red ‘eyeballs’ a bit. “WHAT’S THIS? ANOTHER SNACK, LOOSE FROM THE PANTRY? AND JUST HOW DID YOU GET OUT, DARLING?”

“Puh!” Rizii snorts, stomping nearer. “Like that could hold me!”

“This lovely human let us out!” Byrna coos, stepping forth.

“Aw, hun, c’mon,” Rizii grumbles, looking back over her huge shoulders. “Don’t tell her that, I was doing my thing-thing!”

“Oh, Riz, you keep on doing it!” Byrna rumbles, the bouncy female beaming.

“HUMAN?” the moth repeats, before breaking into a fit of blasting laughter, her hands on her monumentally titanic breasts, still leaking cream from two overloaded teats. “REALLY!? THAT HARMLESS LITTLE *DANDER FLUFF* SAVED YOU?”

“Why can’t anyone take me seriously?” you balk, loudly, stepping out to challenge the unkind sentiment. “I pull my weight!”

“FOR ALL THAT YOU WEIGH, MY LITTLE PUFF,” the moth casually booms.

You can swear, Rizii is actually chuckling at that.

“Forget him, demon,” Rizii shouts, her throat muscles so strong that her voice is a gunpowder explosion of bass and smoke. “I’m the one you have a problem with!”

Byrna hops in place, elated to see her even-bigger lover in action.

“OH?” the immense succubus trills, cocking her head. “SO, I SHOULD SEND YOU TO MY GRIEVANCE DEPARTMENT, YOU MEAN? I CAN ARRANGE THAT!”

BOSS: MOTH SUCCUBUS, LV 30, DEMON

HP: 1

MP: 300

Before you can ponder her tiny HP the skittering sounds return, a thousand fold, and your skin tries to get away before the rest of you as it gets worse and worse, going from a thundering to a full-on hurricane of motion. Rizii narrows her eyes as the rocks and ore chunks and discarded pickaxes and bones start to jitter and dance in place, before shrugging it off, and slashing the moth with a charge, for a staggering total of [NULL].

“What?” she hisses, blinking, as her attack lands but seems to draw no damage whatsoever. She looks up at the moth, then down at her sword. “Nullified? Why?”

“HYA!” Byrna shouts, opening her mouth wide, and letting her smoldering-hot tongue lash out like a long whip. So that was her weapon!

The whip-tongue snaps at the moth’s bulging thighs, ruffling the fine fur as [NULL] again appears. The tongue *fwips* back into her mouth, the salamander staring on in bafflement.

“DON’T HAVE MY WEAK SPOT HANDY, DO YOU?” the gigantic female moans, still shivering in pleasure as she puts both hands down on the cocoon and rips it off the rock formation, bringing it up to her tremendously big bust. “DON’T TAKE THE FAILURE TO HEART, DEARS.”

At that, the swarm bursts from every opening in the cave, making you and Byrna leap back and run in terror. Rizii holds firm, however:

“Pff! It’s a trick! If we can’t hit her, she’s probably an illusion, meaning–”

The scuttling horde of giant insects washes over Rizii, and it goes about as badly as you fear. Bite after bite lands on her bulky form, and even with her thickness and defense, the damage adds up fast:

-30 DAMAGE
-35 DAMAGE
-25 DAMAGE
-30 DAMAGE

As the mighty kobold female’s lofty HP drops to 590/710, she panics and attacks the nearest of the swarm:

“MULTI-S-STRIKE 2! GAH!”

Her slash cuts in a wide sweep, smashing through at least 20 attacking insects for -600 DAMAGE each, an incredible blow! They dissipate in a flurry of sparking embers as they leave their own results:

+50 EXP

You can see the words appear all 20 times, confusion compounding atop confusion. Those should only tally at the end of the battle! And why didn’t you feel any of it coming, when you were all in the same party? Where was the split?

“Lloyd, run!” Byrna ‘suggests’. Your legs agree.

“SEE TO THEM, MY LITTLE SWEETHEARTS!” the moth bellows, as you and Byrna round the corner, back toward the mining colony.

As you do so, however, you can hear Arlei’s growth reigniting, as the charmed reptile can be clearly heard swelling slowly bigger once again, within the cocoon. *Was she...was the experience going directly to her!?*

“BATTLECRY!” Rizii roars, the kobold’s SPEED leaping temporarily higher, allowing her to strike down more and more of the horde as it surges around her, some biting her, others following after you and Byrna, the rest dying at her attacks.

+50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP...

“They aren’t so tough!” Rizii snarls, before another bite hits for -35 DAMAGE, and

[POISON]

The bulging kobold staggers back, wincing as a sickly-green aura overtakes her, and

another -20 DAMAGE seeps off of her, then another, still.

“...Wuh-oh.”

Byrna wobbles at the chest and hips as she jogs after you, her glowy ember-tongue flapping around, her webbed toes slamming the floor loudly.

“Where do we hide!?” she squeals, as one insect gets near enough to snap, missing.

“The colony! Any building we can hide in!”

You race back down the street, the bouncy salamander following close as you break out the Master Key, run to the nearest building on the far side, and unlock its door. She slams into you, having a tougher time stopping, and you feel her belly and bosom thump down with a supple jiggle, her weight pinning you to the hardwood flooring of the interior.

“S-sorry!” she moans, her tongue still out.

“Door!” you shout, handing her the key, feeling her overly-warm fingers close around it.

She locks it behind you both just as the horde slams into it from outside, scrabbling and biting blindly. You rise to a stand as she pets your head over apologetically and gives you the key back. You catch your breath, then look around, to see another makeshift prison! Instead of bones, however, it's several males, all of them kobolds!

“What in the,” you start, as a green male wakes up, nude and ragged, and looks up at you with a start of his own.

“What... a human? H-help us! Help-help, please!”

“C-calm down, shh!” you hiss, as Byrna thumps up behind you, seeing what you see. The others sluggishly stir awake, and start gasping and pleading as well:

“Save us, please!”

“S-she's crazy! Mad-mad! W-we were just working here in demolition, a-and she...it was fun-fun at first, but she kept taking!”

“Yes, yes! Taking! She killed others! Help us!”

“Okay, alright,” you soothe, or try to, as the droning of the swarm outside grows louder. “We'll defeat her, just help us keep the horde out, okay?”

“But how?” Byrna asks, leaning in, her bust incidentally pressing your back. “Rizii couldn't land one hit on her!”

“I know, I know, she has a weak spot, the same as Modo did,” you hum, thinking quickly. “We need to search the place for it and strike, otherwise Rizii will get worn out, and who knows how much bigger that moth will get, feeding on Arlei?”

The door thuds as more and more insects throw themselves at it, some killing themselves in the process. You can hear the +50 EXP sounds dinging, outside, on and on.

“We need to move up and search, Byrna, we can’t stay here!”

“What about us-us?” the green kobold asks, pleading.

“What’s your name?” you ask, quickly.

“Channik!”

“Channik? Okay, I need you to keep that door holding with all your might, okay? We need time to search the place over, and if they think we’re still in here, it’ll distract them!”

“What might?” Channik balks, the adorable, waist-high reptile asks. “She drained us!”

“Ah, okay...I...I know! Yes!”

You take the power elixir out of the bag, and waste no time in splattering its contents all over him, soaking the little fellow thoroughly.

“There!”

Channik trembles instantly, all over, and you step back along with Byrna as the surprised kobold huffs, then stutter-swells up bigger, stronger! His arms booms bigger, thickening with wave after wave of growth, bands of raw muscle blowing up across his legs and pectorals as he wobbles up taller, lurching nearer to your own size! When it’s over he’s not as big as Rizii, but he’s grown into a handsome specimen of a male!

“Wow!” Channik gasps, looking himself over, as the other males slap his muscles testingly, then laugh and nod in approval. “Big-big! Lookit!”

“Yes, now please, hold that door!” you beg, just as the enlarged male hugs you tenderly.

“Thank you!” he purrs, his enlarged shaft bulging out between your legs as he nuzzles your cheeks warmly, holding you in his empowered grip. It’s not like you can stop him, now.

“R-right, yes! The door!” you wheeze, as the nude male cuddles you up tight and rumbles dearly to you. The other two slap your muscles, then shake their heads, and go back to fondling about in awe at Channik’s improved body and size.

“Door, yes! Of course, friend!” Channik laughs, setting you down, and giving a rather warm grin to Byrna, who puts her soft paws to her cheeks as she blushes.

“Miss.”

“Mister,” she warbles back, wagging her larger tail as he passes and presses his swollen muscles proudly against the door, holding it in place.

“Him, too?” you ask, dusting yourself off as Byrna sashays over, grinning.

“We don’t get big males, he’s lovely! Cute is cute!”

Rather than belabor the already-awkward exchange you run up the interior stairwell, into the second story. It must have been a store before the takeover, there are goods and papers and old invoices scattered everywhere.

“What sort of clue could we find here, Lloyd?” Byrna wonders as you both look around. “We don’t know what the colonists saw! What if they didn’t write down any clues about her weak spot?”

“I don’t know, it’s our only shot!”

You shuffle through pages, tossing receipts and cans, before Byrna’s tuft-glow reflects back, illuminating the far wall:

FIND THE HEART

You’d be happier for the clue, were it not scrawled in what is surely blood.

“Heart? What heart?” Byrna ponders, as you hear Channik down below:

“They’re scaling the building! Get away, up there! Get-get!”

Indeed, the skittering is getting higher; they’ll breach the windows, at this rate! As you go to the nearest one to shutter it, several insects burst through, shattering the glass and biting you for -25 DAMAGE! You stagger back, just as [POISON] appears over you, covering you in a green glow.

“Lloyd!” Byrna roars, as more insects crash through an opposing window, bleeding inside. “Lloyd, get back into the corner, out of range! Quickly!”

Reeling from the poison, you manage to do so, stumbling away just in time:

“FLAME!”

The tuft along her neck, her shoulder, elbow scales, and every freckle-like patch on her

muzzle and cheeks all ignite in bright, flaring orange as a wall of fire blasts out around her in a ring of blazing carnage that incinerates every insect! Still, as you huddle back, watching on, you see other insects fearlessly spilling in, not caring that it means instant death as +50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP clouds up into view through the fire wave, stacking on and on—

No. Wait a minute.

One insect panics on sight of the flame, just as it crawls up into view. It's red. Compared to the others, it's the only one. It's also the only one that scabbles away in terror.

You think on it for only a second, as the poison hits for another -20 DAMAGE, taking your total down to 240/320. There isn't much time to waste. *That insect has to die first!*

"I found it!" you holler, quickly taking off after it through the window, the moment Byrna's flame wall subsides. "Hold them off, I'll be right back!"

"But," she stammers, stunned. I only have so much MP, I can't keep doing it forever!"

You leap out the window, thumping down onto the roof of an adjoining establishment. You try to run and fumble in your bag for one of the antidotes in your inventory, but the bug is skittering away too fast, you can't afford to stop and make it happen, without losing it!

-20 DAMAGE

Gritting your teeth, you take the damage and tear off after the damned thing, chasing it over onto another rooftop, then crashing through a shuttered window to follow it inside of a hole in the wall it used for ingress. You stumble over mining equipment before chasing it down the stairs, into a loading bay and a large mineshaft, following it into darkness.

-20 DAMAGE

The antidote is practically begging you to use it, but the sounds of the heart's skittering is growing fainter, and you instead double down and speed up through the pitch, until torchlights begin to return around the bend!

There's no time to go back, you'd run out of HP! It's now or never!

Winding up the shaft, you can see large portholes cut in the rock wall, allowing you to look over the very same cavern opening from before...and what you see is jaw-dropping.

An entire swarm of +50 EXP hovers nonstop over Arlei, and the cocoon is rapidly expanding bigger and bigger down below, straining too tight as it begins to rip as the growing lizard maid burgeons and billows in size! The 150-foot female moth cries out in shock as Arlei trembles one last time, then erupts, bursting with a terrible roar as the cocoon rips and tears apart around her ballooning breasts!

-20 DAMAGE

She pours out as her apron finally snaps and her dress rips, letting her colossal bust boom free, fat nipples gushing cream as they wallop the startled succubus, making her huge fluffed breasts dimple and bulge, curving back against their rampant growth.

“MMMMMAAAAASSSTURRRRRRR—”

Arlei’s voice grows too big for her swelling neck as the aroused reptile blows up beyond 230 feet...260 feet...280 feet! The EXP keeps relentlessly pouring in, presumably from Byrna and Rizii’s attacks! *But again, how!?*

“OH, YESSSS,” the smothered female moth giggles, rubbing Arlei’s rumbling breast plates and playing with her monstrous nubs. “YESSSSS!”

-20 DAMAGE

The boss begins to feed yet again, and the vicious cycle bears out as she too begins to heave bigger, swelling hotly, tenderly against the groaning reptile, breasts slipping and mashing and inflating loudly, scale and fur rubbing tighter, tighter! She booms to 300 feet against Arlei’s 300 feet, their bodies swelling uncontrollably against cracking rock and shaking stone, prompting you to hustle it up as you feel yourself hit with another sickly -20 HP!

The cacophony of their moans and nuzzlings and pressings fills the air as their breasts gush milk and pink cream all over, splattering their swelling girth and growing curves as they hug and squeeze each other, evermore lost in a surging sea of flesh and growth!

330 feet! 350 feet! 360 feet!

-20 DAMAGE

You claw your way up the incline of an unfinished shaft as the skittering gets closer, and closer; it’s dark up ahead, the passage is a dead-end! This is it!

“STROOOOOKE...MUH-MEEEEEE, MASSSTURRRR!”

“YES...LOVE ME, DARLING!” the growing moth bellows, just as hungrily, squeezing up into Arlei’s torso-sized bust needfully, giving the maid what she wants—the illusion of her Master’s touch. “LOVE ME MORE! P-PLEASE! AH! N-NO ONE HERE LOVES ME...THE WAYYYY...HUH-HIII NEEEEEEED! AH...H-HAAAAAH! GUSH INTO ME, LOVE! MOOORE!”

The ravenous moth blows up even faster than Arlei, her pink glow getting brighter, more intense, to the point that size starts to outright leave Arlei and funnel into her quaking body. She heaves bigger in messy, wet spurts, her furry thighs blasted with streak after streak of fluid as her breasts overwhelm even the mighty maid, bunching together tightly as her 400-foot body erupts

BIGGER, billowing against the ceiling and walls!

“GIVE ME IT ALL! LOVE...AHHHH, MUH-MEEEEEEEEEE!!”

Arlei slips down to 300 feet, then 250, getting wedged in between the moth’s billowing breasts and widening hips, her backside caged in by her furry, swelling thighs as she blasts heedlessly up, up to 450 feet, then 500, then 600! The place can’t take anymore pressure!

-20 DAMAGE

You draw your sword, feeling dizzy from the poison, just as the heart-insect slashes back out from the darkness, having no other recourse.

-100 DAMAGE!

020/320 HP

Your vision blurs as you ready your sword, and swing for all you’re worth:

-1 DAMAGE

The strike connects! The heart shrieks, shudders, then withers away.

Just outside, as over 700 feet of throbbing, aroused she-moth bloats into the other side of the same passage walls, just before her growth explodes to the point of caving the entire mine in on itself, she screams, wide-eyed, and bursts into countless sparks, letting Arlei fall down with a crash onto her reptilian breasts and thighs.

300X EXP BONUS!

Good grief, you think, shaking the dizziness off as you root around in the bag for your antidote, taking it quickly. Good gravy, 300 insects slain!? But that would tally up to...

300 GOLD

15,000 EXP

ECONO 1 BOOST = 60,000 EXP

As you hobble your way out of the unfinished tunnel, readying your only heal potion, you stop. The words are boggling to you. Then, it hits: everyone is getting at least one level, here, so your HP will heal itself, and you can save the potion!

Then, the *real* idea hits: Arlei learned Econo 1, of course. She must draw individual EXP!

Down in the partially-crushed cavern opening, as a haggard and poisoned Rizii watches, as the rest of the horde fizzles off to nothing, all that EXP slams into Arlei, just as she snaps to.

“OH, MY, THAT DREAM,” the 100-foot maid gasps, before gasping louder as her body rumbles angrily, then starts to boom bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger! “HAAAHH!”

Her rumbling quakes through the walls as you exit the mineshaft, then see yourself out of the loading bay building, back out onto the streets. Byrna, the smaller kobold males, and a very-strong Channik all join you, each of the other four fearful and wondering about the commotion. You, of course, already know what it is.

You usher them all in to find Rizii there, still poisoned, staggering against her cleaver for balance as the green glow consumes her muscles.

-20 DAMAGE

She’s at 230/710 HP, still holding strong, thanks to her sheer bulk and health reserves.

“Look at her...grow!” Rizii huffs, as Arlei’s bellow of joy gets deeper and deeper.

You fish about for the last antidote as the huge lizard maid swells with power, her ripped suit reforming from the level up as more and more pumps into her:

LV 12

Her 110-foot tall body balloons rapidly, eagerly and hotly blowing up against her dress, even as it fixes itself, pulling and tugging, forcing her bursting chest to stay caged as her cap slides on her head; she pants violently, her tongue poking out as she blows up to 120 feet, then 130 feet, getting larger, nonstop.

LV 13

Her rump expands into her heels, her tail bashing bigger and mashing and curling against the back wall of the cave as she grunts, then bursts to 140 feet, then 150! Her hands are so big, each attached cuff could make a boat sail! Her feet were the size of an average villager’s home!

LV 14

“YYYYEEEEEEEEEEEE!”

Her cry shakes the mines as Arlei blows up noisily to 160 feet! 170! You start to step away as the entire place fusses and moans, rocks breaking loose here and there. Her perfumed scent spills everywhere as her stretching underwear suddenly soaks wet, her breasts booming against a stretching top as she shows her huge teeth and flares her nostrils wide!

“AM I...SUH-S-STILL DREAMINNNNG!?”

LV 15

She isn't stopping. 180 feet surges with a rubbery, lowering groan to 190!

LV 16!

At exactly 200 feet, even, she finally comes to a stop, blowing the last of the lust out in a wave of pressure, errant shudders of bliss taking her huge body as it finally calms back down. Erect nipples as big as old oak trees tent out of her huge dress as she gulps and puts her huge hands up to her neck, feeling her own blush.

“OOOH.”

ARLEI, LV 17, HOLY MAID

HP: 750/750

MP: 230/230

STRENGTH: 100

DEFENSE: 220

DEXTERITY: 360

SPEED: 180

HEIGHT: 200'09”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: AURA, SMASH 3, BRUNT, ECONO 1

SPELLS: HEAL 1

NEW SPELL UNLOCKED: CURE ALL

You're so stunned, you don't even notice the other levels, or your own, for a moment:

LLOYD, LV 13, ADVENTURER

HP: 440/440

MP: 110/110

STRENGTH: 74

DEFENSE: 125

DEXTERITY: 190

SPEED: 190

HEIGHT: 5'09”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: CONFUSE 1, STEAL

RIZII, LV18, KOBOLD AMAZON

HP: 890/890

MP: 150/150

STRENGTH: 330

DEFENSE: 300
DEXTERITY: 500
SPEED: 340

HEIGHT: 8'04"
WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY, MULTI-STRIKE 2, SMASH 2
SPELLS: BUFF

NEW SPELL UNLOCKED: BUFF 2!

NEXT LEVEL: 6,700/11,000 EXP

At last, you see Byrna's stats...and it's a bit of a shock:

BYRNA, LV 25, FLAME SALAMENTAL
HP: 640/700
MP: 210/210
STRENGTH: 130
DEFENSE: 400
DEXTERITY: 430
SPEED: 210

SKILLS: ECONO 1
SPELLS: FLAME, BUFF, WARP

NEXT LEVEL: 15,800/16,000 EXP

Holy smokes, she's the highest-level member of the party! And then some!

"Ooh, I was close, wasn't I?" the smooth salamander giggles, shrugging. "Next time!"

"Happen before you know it, honey," Rizii chirps, her tone so much lighter, even as she's summarily dinged for another -20 DAMAGE. This prompts you to pop open the remaining antidote, and toss it to her. The towering kobold catches it and downs it in one gulp. Her muscles remain as freakishly colossal, even after the battle, the permanent buff leaving the female looking like several cords of lumber were tied together, *per arm*.

"Thanks, Lloyd," Rizii says at the last moment, cutting you a small but real nod. "Way to go with the quick thinking, once again. Glad you can do something, after all!"

"Riz, come on," Byrna soft-scolds, turning back to snuggle you up into her chest and belly, her flame-heat like slipping into a hot, scaly bath. "You were great, Lloyd, really!"

"I...don't mention it," you stammer, at a sudden and brutal loss. This is new.

“I *knew* I’d get even bigger and stronger, sticking with you two,” Rizii laughs, flaring up a bulging bicep, which Byrna quickly nuzzles at. They hardly stow away their affections! “And you even got me my precious hot rock back!”

Hot rock?

“MASTER LLOYD,” Arlei interjects, her huge voice booming softly up above. You’re only as big as her thumb, but that clawed thumb strokes on you gently, impossibly so. “I, AH, DO H-HOPE MY DREAM WASN’T...T-TOO LOUD.”

“Loud!?” Rizii laughs, wagging. “You were like a furnace of lust!”

Arlei bites her reptilian lip, eyes wide.

“OH, OH NO, NO. YOU AH, H-HEARD?”

“Half the kingdom probably heard!” Rizii replies, before Byrna sweetly shushes her.

“I was off finding information, Arlei, I didn’t hear a thing,” you offer, half-truthing.

“YOU...YOU DIDN’T?” she chirps, daring to let some relief in. With a face bigger than a street was wide, it was hard to miss the look.

“Whatever it was, I missed it. Are you okay, up there?”

“I...AH, YES! YES, MASTER, I AM! VERY FINE! BUT, EH...I DON’T THINK I CAN FIT OUTSIDE OF THE MINES AGAIN.”

“WARP!” Byrna shouts, just as everything blurs in on itself, then flashes white.

“So, you’re sure she’s hidden, for now?” you ask as you hurry up behind Byrna and Rizii, just outside of the Stargos Guild headquarters, located at the back of Shaga, a nearby satellite outside of the capitol. “I don’t want her to get into trouble, while we’re out here.”

“Not to worry, Lloyd,” the smiling salamander chirps as she goes through the double doors, Rizii following behind. “I found a building big enough for her, I haven’t heard any rumblings about outlaws in this region, so we’ll go in, claim our guild reward, then hurry along to wherever we’re heading.”

“Hope you know where we’re going, twerp,” Rizii adds, though she’s smiling this time. “Because Arlei’s getting way too big to take just anywhere. You know that, right?”

“Yeah, I do,” you sigh, following her inside.

The Stargos Guild is a little less opulent than your home base, back at Avros, but it's still moderately impressive. You follow the bulging kobold as she lords herself over her colleagues, heads turning, chins tilting, all as she beams and finds excuses to flex *bigger*.

"No wonder you wanted to come inside," you mutter. Rizii blinks.

"You kidding, Lloyd? Wouldn't *you* want to? I've dreamed of this!"

"What, were you really only my size, before?"

"Shorter. I *hated* it."

As you both reach the main desk, Byrna's already bouncing back, doing a chubby little twirl in place. She unfurls the poster with its stamp, with another CLEARED stamp over it, covering the entire thing proudly.

"Ta-dah! Now, the reward!"

+30,000 EXP

You feel your level shoot up again, Rizii purring in jubilation, as Byrna calmly grins and lets herself become more powerful, too. Before you can check your new stats, however, something that had been circling your thoughts finally swoops in, making sense too late:

"Wait."

There's a terrible, deep rumble nearby, powerful enough to put the streets and buildings into a pitchy wobble. Even the Guild shakes from it, as you hang your head in embarrassment.

"Bwuh?" Rizii gasps, before widening her yellow eyes along with you. "Oh, crap—"

Several streets and intersections past, in a row of buildings back down the way, a large storage building starts to crack, then bulge out, distending into a bloated mass as something inside relentlessly shudders bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and *bigger*. Even from the Guild windows you can see it balloon larger, wider, higher, mortar tumbling off as the cracks deepen into ugly fissures.

LV 19

You tug at both ladies' clothing, and they both nervously nod and jog out with you, taking to the streets as the shaking worsens.

LV 20

The fissures snap apart as great swells of scaly bronze girth erupt, detached segments carried off by huge billowing breasts or widening thighs or a snaking tail that fills the back lot

and adjoining alley, more and more and more.

LV 21

Arlei roars as her body blasts completely free of the gutted ruins, which slough off as her 300-foot body hiccups bigger, still, bursting with waves of heat and energy up to 320 feet, then 330 after!

LV 22

She screams in agonized pleasure as her body relentlessly explodes larger, heavier, stronger, surging with another rude hiccup to 340 feet, then 350!

“We can’t take her to another normal kingdom,” you begin, as the three of you run towards the confusion and panic. “Byrna, can you warp to multiple realms?”

“Some, yes! Where do you want to go?”

“The only place we can go, right now! The giant’s realm! We’re going to...”

CHAPTER 3

LLOYD: LV. 16, 510/510 HP
ARLEI: LV. 27, 950/950 HP
RIZII: LV. 21, 1,200/1,200 HP
BYRNA: LV. 32, 1,080/1,080 HP

The Vojayvic Plains are well-known, despite few cartographers having been there for long. Those that made enough headway not to be immediately crushed, swatted or eaten made sure the map updates were flown back to the more normal sized realms of the world, *before* they were likely crushed, swatted, or eaten. Combinations of the three weren't out of bounds.

It's directly onto that most deadly stretch of land that the four of you are warped.

The light fades out with a slight whine in the ears as you shake the shift off, collect yourself, and turn to see Rizii towering over you and Byrna, whom the kobold tenderly helps up first. Then, without warning, she extends a massively bulky arm and clawed hand to you.

"Up you go," Rizii chirps, half-impatient, half liking how easily she can hoist you up to your feet, one-handed.

"Sorry the move was a little rough," Byrna sighs, her glowing tongue stuck out as she picks grass off of her wide hips. "Arlei was still growing, when I tried it, it threw things off a little bit. We were supposed to be in Hruthga!"

"It's fine, we'll just be extra-careful outside the city," you say, looking everywhere with more caution than your voice admits. "Arlei? Are you okay?"

A towering shadow spills over you all; when you turn to face the reptile maiden, you realize it's not her you're looking at, but rather a massive ram-like creature.

"A Tam-ram!" Byrna gasps, looking up, her tongue still out. "Even the livestock are colossal here, wow! They really weren't kidding about the Giant's Realm!"

Rizii makes to pull her cleaver out, when you stop her.

"It's okay, Rizii, it's just a loose farm animal, likely."

"R-right. Force of habit."

An even bigger shadow eclipses that shadow, then the 100-foot tall, disinterested ram. A bronze, reptilian hand big enough to grab a house lowers as Arlei pet-pets the massive animal's fur, her huge tail wagging rapidly behind her 380-foot tall body.

"WOULD YOU LOOK!" Arlei bellows, her voice a blast of giggly thunder. "MASTER

LLOYD, IT'S A PET! I T-THINK! I DIDN'T THINK THEY MADE THEM SO BIG! YOUR FUR IS SO SOFT!"

The dull-faced ram looms high, snorting with a happy bleat as her gigantic hands stroke him over, making his sail-sized ears flicker thankfully. Far behind, it wags its tail exactly three lazy, sweeping times, and Arlei nearly swoons.

"DID YOU SEE, MASTER? HIS TAIL!"

"RRRRMB," the huge ovine rumbles, blinking asymmetrically.

"That's great, Arlei," you shout, hoping it doesn't spook the enormous sheep. "But you're even bigger, so let's not stay out in the open any longer, okay?"

"Who cares about her, in the Giant's Realm?" Rizii asks, shrugging her huge shoulders dismissively. "I imagine you wanted her here, where she could fit in, physically, yeah?"

"Well, that's part of it," you counter, waving as you talk for Arlei to follow. "We're back out of Stargos now, and that means a lot more potential run-ins with other Guilds, including Avros! I've probably broken tons of rules as it is, I shouldn't have been in Stargos, I should have reported my finding of Kogo Varan or Arlei...and good grief, we defeated the champion everyone assumed was going to battle the Archmage, which I may have...accidentally set free."

Byrna halts in place, turning back to you with bulging eyes. Rizii is slower to turn about as the information sinks in.

"You?" Byrna repeats, trying the words out. "You...freed the Archmage?"

"I might have, I'm not sure," you stammer, your arms up. "I freed Arlei from Kogo Varan when I followed a map I thought was just a joke, and shortly after we made it out, some dwarves said word was out that the Archmage had returned. I mean, no one's seen him, apparently, but the kingdoms agree that the signs are there."

"Arlei was stuck there, and you got her free, right?" Rizii says, flatly, turning to you.

"Yeah. But, she has this heavenly aura, and the gods sent her down to suppress his evil over years and years, so when I took her away from the tower, well. It makes sense."

"You don't think that was a little reckless, Lloyd?" the chubby salamander asks, still awestruck and overwhelmed by fear. "What did you think would happen?"

"You saved her," Rizii says, stubbornly insistent.

"Yes," you say.

"Then, alright. You did good."

Just like that, the book is written, the chapter closed. The hulking female kobold nods once with a snort, right at you, and you...well, you nod back.

“Honey, this is serious,” Byrna grumbles, albeit lightly, as she looks to you with a flash of worry, then thumps back up close behind Rizii. “The Archmage is unbelievably powerful!”

“We’re getting stronger, love, and fast,” Rizii chuckles, not stopping. “Think how much bigger and stronger I, er, *we*’ll be, before he ever shows up!”

“Ladies,” you call, as they argue on.

“Be serious, Riz!”

“I am serious! I would love to see you looming over me, big as a cuddly hot mountain.”

Byrna shudders helplessly at the thought, before huffing it out, and continuing on:

“N-not the issue! You know I’ll go wherever you go, darling, certainly...and Lloyd and Arlei seem nice, too, I like them fine...but we’ll probably...you know...*die*.”

“These two are special, hot rock,” Rizii says, beaming cockily. “They’ll make us towering lizard legends!”

Byrna shivers again, her big soft eyes lidding tight.

“Ladies! Hey, you!”

Both larger females jerk back to you, blinking, plain-faced.

“What?” they both chirp, curious.

“This way.”

You helpfully point about 90 degrees away from where Rizii started going. Arlei leads the massive Tam-ram along with her behind you, its huge hooves slamming the terrain dumbly as she pets it over and over, taking it as her new pet.

“Arlei, that thing’s probably got owners, or a wild family somewhere.”

“OOH, I SUPPOSE THAT’S TRUE, MASTER LLOYD,” she mutters, the aproned female sighing so heavily that her chest surges up from it. “YOU BE GOOD, DAVID!”

“...David?”

As Rizii and Byrna jog up to you and Arlei, a *crack* splits the air. Your speed’s grown

enough that you already have your sword out, but Rizii is a little quicker, still; her cleaver slams down, cutting a cannonball clean in two, from out of nowhere! Its impact blows back up through the cleaver, rattling even Rizii's copious muscle as the split halves crash into the ground on both sides, still strong enough to send geysers of grass and dirt into the winds!

"Gah, dammit, what was that, an entire cannonball?" Rizii snarls, shaking her thick arms as they tingle. "If my level wasn't so high, we'd have been blown apart!"

"Down!" Byrna hollers, as her tongue snaps out, coiling around the humongous Tam-ram's big horn, and yanking so hard that even the shocked ram is forced lower, his horn bashing the incoming cannonball off course!

The other party members (yourself included) are to the ground as the hollow ping of the sheep's horns answers. David shakes his feral head, annoyed, and gallops elsewhere, leaving you all alive—but dangerously exposed.

"That's military arsenal!" you holler, scrambling back up onto your feet. "I don't see any infantrymen anywhere! There's no one around who—oh, no. Oh, Lord! Run, everyone run, now!"

"What is it?" Byrna starts, before you're practically pushing her big smooth scaly rump forward, making her give the reptilian equivalent of a squawk.

"Hurry, we only have seconds before she reloads!"

"Who!?" Rizii pants, breaking into a powerful run on two huge, thick legs.

"SOME SORT OF MINOTAUR, I CAN SEE HER!" Arlei replies, her huge feet slamming down so heavily it interrupts, staggering your party's flight with every thunderous, sole-laden crash! "SHE HAS AN ENTIRE CANNON! WOW!"

"It's Bre!" you wheeze, running faster, your armor clattering awkwardly along with Rizii's, Byrna's gigantic breasts wobbling like bulgy, plated metronomes against her buttoned vest as you run together. "She...she's part of the Avros Guild Administration!"

"Why's she shooting at us!?" Rizii growls, starting to outpace the group to the point where she has to deliberately skip a step to keep closer. "Shouldn't she and some guards just detain you, sl-slap your noodly little wrist!?"

"You don't get in *trouble* with the Avros Guild," you pant, straining to keep up with the two females; Arlei reaches a mighty hand down to grab you up, one at a time, depositing you all very easily onto her vast cleavage, where you bounce about. "Y-you guh-get ki-killed! T-they have a zero t-to-tolerance policy-y!"

"So their admin c-carries a whole c-cannon around!?" Byrna gasps, as the three of you feel the tremors rising up and down from Arlie's colossal feet slamming the turf.

“She and h-her brother are huh-hard-co-core!”

Another crack booms, and Arlei breaks into a stumble forward as a cannonball snaps at top speed against her neck, still strong enough to put a dent in her scales. The ball bursts into a consuming vapor on impact, before clearing away.

-500 DAMAGE, *CRITICAL*

“AHH!” Arlei hisses, snorting the pain out overhead as she continues to thunder along.

“It did that much damage!?” Rizii roars, startled at the numbers. “What was that mist!?”

“Never mind! Heal yourself, quick!” you order, shouting up at her towering head.

“Y-YES! HEAL!”

The spell is cast mid-stride, a warm glow overtaking the immense maid’s body with light for +400 HP.

-150 MP!

“AH, M-MY MAGIC POINTS,” she pants, as another cannonball whizzes by, narrowly missing the party before it explodes. “WHY DID THAT C-COST SO MUCH!?”

You look up past her massive jaw and cap, to see [DEMI] over her, in the air.

“The cannon!” you moan, panicking even more. “It’s a specialty weapon! It affects stats!”

You check up at Arlei’s looming stats:

HP: 850/950

MP: 200/350

The stat effect dectupled her cost! Not good!

“How far to the city, Lloyd?” Rizii demands as another explosion *cracks* off in the distance, and Arlei shrieks in pain, another burst of smoke clouding around her body:

-500 DAMAGE, *CRITICAL*

[SLOW]

Arlei’s howl drops lower as you feel her breasts heave up under you in slow motion, her feet in the air longer, before her huge heels catch and crush the topline again.

“I don’t know, ten minutes, walking? Twenty?”

“PLLLLLLEEEAAASE HHHUUURRRRRYYYY”

Arlei’s huge voice feels even bigger as she gradually puts her next foot down, her healthy HP knocked back down to 350/950! You shout up to her as comfortingly but firmly as you can:

“HEAL! QUICK!”

“But she can only do one more!” Byrna says, as yet another cannonball slams into the soil nearby, missing. “Just let me warp us again! All I need is a few seconds to cast!”

“HHHHEEEEEAAAAAAAAALLL”

+400 HP

“Good, good, do it!” you and Rizzi both chatter, overlapping one another as the soft, fiery salamander nods and starts to cast.

A single shot fires off from afar, but this one blasts high up into the air.

“METEOR SHOT!”

A powerful voice bellows from the distance, feminine, and ice cold. The cannonball peaks in the noontime air, before ballooning into a massive boulder of iron—all of which suddenly drops with terrifying speed down at you, as big as Arlei’s head!

“Byrna!” Rizii hisses, as her significant other opens her eyes and shouts:

“WARP: HRUTHGA!”

The ball crashes right behind Arlei, putting out a wave of red, explosive energy that inundates everything nearby:

-400, ALL!

Everyone winces in pain as the damage lands, just before a bright flash interrupts, then clears, depositing the party before the towering walls of Hruthga, the Giant’s city!

You take a quick stock of the party, atop Arlei’s enormous cleavage, and it’s rough:

LLOYD: 110/510 HP

ARLEI: 350/950 HP

RIZII: 800/1,200 HP

BYRNA: 680/1,080 HP

“What was that, a skill attack?” Rizii pants, the musclebound female slightly winded.

“That attack speed was sky-high,” Byrna sighs, helping you up to your feet with gentle, smooth-scaled hands, nubby little claws touching here and there. “Being able to reload and fire that frequently, with a specialty-affect, high-tier ranged weapon...that’s terrifying.”

“At least we put in some distance,” you wheeze, flashing red from low HP. “Before we go in...we can use our one heal potion left, but we’re all hurt. We...we could, ah, use a tent...no, wait, that last one was put up in the mines, we never went back to it. We...we never saved!”

“We could still use the two magic potions,” Byrna suggests, as you all stand to the side of a massive main road to a looming, monster-sized gate, one so big that even Arlei’s muzzle only reaches the massive iron knockers. “One to refill Arlei’s MP...then that would give her two heals, since with her Demi and Slow states, she won’t have enough maximum MP to cast Cure All on us. Then, we use the other to do it again, so she can heal the rest of the party.”

“Or, we just go in and find a giant merchant, we have a decent bit of coin,” Rizii offers, motioning impatiently over to the humongous doors. “Not that I’ll really like being looked down on again. Hrmph.”

“She’s right,” you say, nodding through the pain. “We can keep Byrna’s plan as an emergency backup, and hopefully keep hold of our magic potions, at least until we can clear those stat affects on Arlei.”

The girls all consider, then nod. Arlei nods slower.

“SSSSSOOOOOOONDDDDSSSS GOOOOOOOOOD, MAAAAAASTERRRR!”

You feel Arlei very slowly start to thump over to the gate, and knock on it.

A gnoll bigger than Arlei throws the door open, snorting through a black nose bigger than an entire house as he glares down at you.

“HMM.”

His voice is cataclysmically *BIG*. Considering he hasn’t spoken, that’s saying something.

“GEEEEEEEEETIIIIINGSSSSS,” Arlei begins—

“HEH,” the 600-foot gnoll chuckles, his lips parting crookedly. **“HAHAHA! AH, YOU GOT SLOWED! BAHAAAAHA!”**

His hyena laugh blasts everywhere as he guffaws rudely, putting a building-sized hand over his titanic, furred abs. Out past him are rows and rows of homes so big that it boggles your normal-sized, human brain. That several other monument-dwarfing gnolls peek out and start to cackle and hoot doesn’t help any.

“WELLLLLLLLL, YYYESSSSSSS, IIIII WWWWASSSSS.”

“HAH! Y-YOU POOR KID! AH, I NEEDED A LAUGH. GEHEH!”

Pectorals bigger than an entire cargo ship bob up and down, an incalculably massive red toga wrapped around impossibly gigantic, tight muscles. Despite his booming voice, the gnoll guard actually smiles pretty nicely, wiping a huge eye with a clawed finger as he looms over even your precious maid.

“YOOOOOOU’RRRRE WEEELLLLLLLCOOOOOOME!”

“COME ON, IN, TINY, WELCOME TO HRUTHGA! SMALLER GIANTS DESIGNATED SAFETY A-AREAS ARE TO YOUR RIGHT. KEEP OFF OF SMALLER TRAFFIC LANES, UNLESS YOUR FRIENDS DOWN THERE WANT TO TRAVEL ON THEIR OWN FOOTPATHS, P-PLA-AHEHEHEH!”

He shakes his massive, strong head and neck, still chuckling it off. A spear the size of a castle tower points out to the correct street as he flexes a bicep big enough to overflow a regular town square with bulk and fur.

“I...AHEM, I APOLOGIZE, GO ON IN, PLEASE. WELCOME!”

The giant gnolls nod and wave as Arlei passes inside, slowly, making several other guards laugh into one another’s shoulders, unable to help it. Despite all the rumors of travelers daring enough to hobnob with titans, and all the mystery of the realm, you’re amazed how casual and friendly these behemoths are. Maybe being six hundred feet tall means you feel secure?

“MISS?” the same guard asks, as Arlei slowly turns around.

“YYYYEEESSSSSSSSSS?”

“THE SMALLER GIANTS’ MARKET IS STRAIGHT DOWN THE WAY, I SUGGEST YOU PURCHASE A REMEDY AS SOON AS YOU’RE ABLE.”

It makes sense, now that you see it: giants didn’t all come at a set size range, so the strong-arms in town would naturally be the bigger ones. Come to think of it, most traveling giants were perhaps 100 or so feet in size. The idea that some grew so big they would have trouble traveling anywhere else is completely new. And...just a bit scary.

The market is as vast and busy as you imagined, even with the new information still sinking in. Huts and carts and tents so big you can’t see the tops of them loom across a vast square, gargantuan livestock sitting around, a blasting din of activity that nearly deafens your tiny ears. Something very good-smelling is cooking nearby, and at its presumed giant size, it’s nearly *torturous* to experience.

“That smells incredible!” Rizii chirps, her green tongue slipping out. “Good-good!”

“It sure does,” you second, as you both start looking all around for what it could be.

“WELL!”

A massive, unchecked voice crashes in around you, making everyone stumble back on Arlei’s breasts, the huge maid doing the same as you (and even she) look up at an immense, towering wall of white fur, belonging to a lagomorph in a robe and hood with leather-wrapped forearms and gigantic, soft paws. It’s...it’s Goh! *He’s massive!*

“DIDN’T THINK I’D SEE Y’ALL HERE!” the 500-foot rabbit booms, beaming so wide his weathered whiskers perk up. “WHAT CAN I GET FOR YOU? BETTER TO SHOP HERE THAN TRUST A BUNCH OF SHADY MERCHANTS, EH?”

“Like we’d trust you, Goh!” Rizii nearly spits, crossing her massive, bulging blue arms over her huge breasts. “And h-how...how’d you get so big!? What gives!?”

“HMM?” he asks, cocking his huge head smugly. “WHAT, THIS? HEHE, SIMPLE: I HAVE A TEMP STAT LICENSE! I CAN DO BUSINESS HERE FOR LIMITED BURSTS OF TIME, SO LONG AS I KEEP IT RENEWED WITH THE GIANT’S REALM AUTHORITIES!”

“YOU get to be gigantic!?” Rizii seethes, standing up with a wobble on the plates of Arlei’s bosom so that she can point. “Scrawny, smelly, greedy little YOU!?”

“YUP!”

The bigger male leans in closer, looking bigger, and bigger, and bigger, until his pink nose hovers over Rizii meanly.

“SPEAKING OF! I THINK YOU OWE ME ANOTHER PAYMENT FROM YOUR TAB, DON’T YOU! NOT FROM THESE GOOD FOLKS, MIND, BUT YOUR OWN MONEY! LET’S HAVE IT, PLEASE.”

The embarrassment of having her bill called publicly proves worse than any attack as Rizii withdraws her pointing finger and smolders in place, muttering.

“Don’t have it”

“I’M SO SORRY, YOUR VOICE IS TOO TINY.”

“I don’t have it!” she barks, flushed angrily at the face. Byrna knows better than to try and interrupt, at this point, you can just tell.

“I SEE! SHAME. NOW, WHAT’LL YOU GOOD, PAYING FRIENDS HAVE?”

You clear the shock enough to finally answer as you bring out your 300 GOLD. When it's over and done, the gargantuan rabbit cheerfully pulls smaller-sized items out of his massive bag and hands them over with enormous, furred fingers, going out of his way to bump into Rizii.

300 GOLD only gets you so much, it turns out:

INVENTORY:

HEAL POTION X2
MAGIC POTION X3
POWER ELIXIR
TENT

KEY ITEMS:

MAP
MASTER KEY

You realize at the last moment that something is actually missing from the inventory.

Your jewels!

“Hey, wait,” you stammer, from down on Arlei's vast bust, as Goh blinks down at you. “The base jewels from my bag, they're gone!”

“HARDLY GONE, FRIEND!” Goh chirps, holding up a monstrous paw to reveal three colored little gems. “MERELY COLLATERAL! I'LL JUST BE HOLDING ON TO THESE, UNTIL RIZII DECIDES TO PAY UP HER INSTALLMENT. SHE *IS* IN YOUR PARTY, AFTER ALL, SO FAIR IS FAIR.”

Crummy as it is to hear, the vast bunny is right.

“S-sorry,” Rizzi groans, forcing the word out for you.

“Nothing to be sorry for, I get it,” you mutter back, sort of meaning it. “What's her installment, then, Goh?”

“HMM? OH, THAT WOULD BE 1,500 GOLD.”

“So, if we get that to you, next time, you'll—”

“RELINQUISH OWNERSHIP BACK TO YOU, MY FRIEND, HAPPILY! I'M OFF, NOW, I DON'T HAVE MUCH LONGER ON MY LICENSE SEAL, HEH! TAKE CARE!”

“Of course he's leaving now,” Rizzi grumbles, “I'd flatten him, at his regular size.”

“Temper, honey,” Byrna soothes, hooking a plump orange arm around her enormous bicep, rubbing the kobold’s inflated forearm sweetly. It kind of works.

“We’ll figure the money part out later, no worries,” you offer, to which Rizii wrinkles her muzzle disdainfully. You figure it’s not so much at you, but rather at being dependent. *Probably.*

You look back up to see Goh thumping through the crowd of other giants before turning back to you with a lopsided grin, his buck teeth showing, as he nods helpfully over at another tent in the market. As he bounds off, you squint at the tent’s huge sign:

“STAT REMOVALS/CLEARANCES!”

Behind the tent, sitting down, is a 300-foot elf, a female. She looks amicable enough!

“I think we can get Arlei’s stats cleared here,” you suggest, drawing Byrna and Rizii’s attention. “Arlei, over there! See? Head that way, let’s get you fixed up!”

“YYYESSSS, MAAAAASTERRRRR LLOOOOYDDDD!”

She slowly thumps over through the confused, then snickering giants around her, the maid blushing through her scales as she notices. There’s really nothing you can do to help as she thuds past taller giants and a few shorter ones, as you spy small paths carved into the city walls where people your own size are walking along, keeping eyes out. No wonder few folks came here that weren’t huge.

“HHHEEEEEELLLOOOOO,” Arlei tries to quickly say as she steps in front of the tent, drawing the huge elf’s glance. “IIIIII WOOOOOOOULLLLLLD—”

“Oh, a slow case, is it?” the gigantic she-elf says, calmly, pleasantly, her huge hands together as she sits on the other side. Long brown hair cascades in perfect symmetry down a porcelain face as she watches Arlei try to finish her words. “We can clear that, my dear, certainly. 100 GOLD, please.”

You wince as the situation returns to you. *You have no money.*

“Does anyone have any extra coin on them?” you meekly ask. Heads shake.

“Oh, you’ve little friends, I see,” the elf says, peering calmly at you all. “Friends with no money, to boot. A poor combination, at times.”

“We’ve just been put in a bit of a financial bind, actually,” you explain-shout to the enormous woman. “Is there *any* way at all we can work around that?”

“I’m afraid not,” she sighs, shaking her head with as little motion or fuss as possible.

“One moment, one moment,” a smaller voice interjects, as someone normal-sized steps

out from behind the sign to the elf's right. "Let me get a look at them."

"Yes, of course," she says, nodding down to a thin, handsome kirin in a three-part robe, sash and vest within.

The vest is cut into a V slit, showing the upper chest, his fur patterned dark violet, with a middle column of maroon between. Lavender hair tumbles down his deer-like face and red horn as he looks the party over, then at you, specifically. He looks up at Arlei, and his face sours the tiniest little bit, his eyes lidding dully.

"Ah, nevermind, my dear, no," he mutters, turning away with closed eyes and raised brows. "Not interested. Apologies, travelers."

He steps back behind the sign, and that appears to be that.

"That's it?" you balk, from Arlei's breasts. "*We're* not interesting?"

"I apologize, sir," she briskly says, as a gigantic human wheels a statue of a bigger wolfman up behind you, clearly next in line. "If you'll please step aside."

Arlei slowly does so, to the other giants' chagrin.

"What now?" Byrna asks, shrugging. "Do we just wait it out?"

"Those stat effects are probably high-end, I'm not sure how long that would take," you say, running your hand through your hair in exasperation. "Goh cleaned us out, we didn't get any new antidotes. We're going to have to get creative."

"I say we use our tent, in that case" Rizii says, trying to move the talks away from Goh.

"Won't that put us outside the city, in order to use it?" Byrna gently counters. "We can't use them in-city, and we have no money left for an Inn stay. Moreover, if we're outside the walls, can't that Bre person pick us off? We'd be exposed."

"Do you think she'll go in after us?" Rizii asks. "I mean, we have Arlei to get around with, she doesn't. Was she regular-sized, Arlei, could you tell when you saw her out there?"

"IIIIIIIIII—"

"COME WITH ME."

Everything stops, the moment a husky voice cuts through.

"QUIETLY. ALL OF YOU. NOW."

A stout, bespectacled specimen of female dwarf is behind you, but giant-sized. The

combination takes your brain a moment to process as Arlei (very) slowly turns about, revealing her to all of you. She must be roughly 400 feet, hardly larger than the mighty maid...but she's built far thicker, and looks capable of knocking her out with one good blow.

“*BEGGGG PAAAARDOOOONNN?*” Arlie tries to say, though the dwarf cuts her off:

“SO IT WAS YOU,” she sighs, nodding. “CONFIRMED. I WAS GOING TO QUESTION YOU AT THE CITY HALL’S SUB-BASEMENT, BUT NOW I KNOW.”

Oh.

She squints down at you, in particular, and her lips flatten.

Oh, no.

“LLOYD GARNET?”

“Can you warp us out, Byrna?” you ask, ask subtly as you can. The salamander shakes her head fearfully.

“Demi hit us all, I’ve been trying to cast it and don’t have enough MP! Who is this?” she mutters back, when—

“YOU KNOW ME AS ADMINISTRATOR BRE. YOU ARE UNDER ARREST ON *19 COUNTS* OF ANTI-GUILD CHARGES. UNDER AVROS GUILD CHARTER, YOU FORFEIT ALL ENTITLEMENT TO TRIAL OUTSIDE OF AVROS JURISDICTION. YOU AND YOUR PARTY WILL ACCOMPANY, OR FACE SUMMARY JUDGMENT HERE AND NOW. TELL ME YOU UNDERSTAND.”

“What are you, Guild Police?” Rizii hollers, intentionally drawing attention to the scene from passing giants. “I’m not going anywhere with you, stubby! Go flip off a pier!”

“Rizii, don’t,” you murmur. “Seriously!”

As the tinier kobold snarks back the kirin watches on, from behind the sign, one eyebrow raised. Meanwhile, the massive dwarf purses her lips, snorts, and points to a large glowing sigil on her shoulder, both impassive yet impatient.

“SEE THIS? THIS IS A SIZE LICENSE, FROM THE KINGDOM ITSELF. IT DESIGNATES MY AGREED-UPON RIGHT TO ENTER AND, WITHIN THE BOUNDS OF COMMON AND KINGDOM LAW, ENFORCE MY WILL ACCORDINGLY. I HAVE PERMISSION TO BE HERE, AT A FUNCTIONAL SIZE, PURELY TO TAKE YOU IN. YOU SAY NO TO ME, LITTLE ONE, AND YOU SAY NO TO *HERE*.”

Her hand lowers, settling behind her on a massive iron cannon, strapped to her back. Even Rizii shuts up, the moment she lets you see it for yourselves. One the far back is a

customized ignition latch with a burner and a flip, presumably to fire with. Under the lip of the cannon aperture is a large handle attached to a slider. It looks like it could sling to the back for firing and steadying, or kept at the front—to swing with. *Like a huge bludgeon.*

“YOOUUU SHOOOOTTTT MEEEE!” Arlei fumes, gradually.

“AND I WILL DO SO UNTIL YOU COMPLY. SO. COMPLY. THERE WILL BE NO ARGUMENTS, NO DISCUSSIONS, NO PLEADING. COME.”

She snaps her gloved fingers with sharp, singular intent. Nothing about her seems evil or cruel, just...cold and clinical, and fully prepared to unleash hell, if need be.

“Lloyd, can you confuse her?” Byrna asks, muttering a little quicker. “You don’t need MP to use your skill.”

“I can try.”

“You probably should, I don’t think she’ll let us go otherwise.”

It’s a terribly risky move. But, Byrna’s right, too, you’re *literally* outgunned:

BOSS: BRE, LV 44, WEREBULL ADMINISTRATOR
HP: 11,000

You had never seen her outside of her bull form (sure, she was female, but everyone around the Guild used ‘bull’, it sounded best). For that matter, you had never once needed to talk to or meet her, which was good, as you’ve heard the stories.

It’s now or never. You brace yourself for the worst as Rizii and Byrna see you step forward, throw your arms up in a defiant/desperate gesture, and shout:

“CONFUSE 2!”

A bright light overtakes the dwarf, who casually glances around, without the bother of fully moving. It fades, leaving only her judging expression as she pushes her glasses up, unfazed.

No good!

“A SPELL ATTEMPT IS TANTAMOUNT TO RESISTANCE,” she flatly growls, as her entire body starts to shift and change before you. “NONCOMPLIANCE NOTED!”

“Lloyd?” Rizii asks, stepping back over Arlei’s breasts as Bre starts to tremble and lurch taller, her muscles bursting larger. “What do we do, here?”

“Run!” you shout, only for Arlei to slowly turn about in place.

Right. Shit.

“REALLY?” Bre rumbles, the dwarf already twice as tall, at a towering 800 feet, and getting bigger, the more bovine she becomes. Her breastplate strains and moans as her breasts billow uncontrollably within, the straps barely holding. Waves of light brown fur creep out, pushing through her skin as two large horns curve up from the back of her lengthening head, her nose widening into a long, powerful muzzle, her ears flowing out into feral flaps as her neck swells massively wider. Muscles fit to rival Rizii’s impressive scope flare out greedily, iron-tight and heaving larger still as she tops off at a ludicrous, dominant 900 feet! As is often the case, her glasses and cannon grow with her, the way personal items do, even when casuals like regular clothing don’t necessarily make it.

“PREPARE TO BE SUBDUED, DOWN THERE!” she lows, bellowing and mooing at the same time as she unslings the huge cannon, having grown up with her.

Arlei is still taking her first step as Bre snorts steam from a huge pink muzzle tip, a cannonball the size of a whole pond forming in her opened palm. In the ball thuds as she loads the cannon, then scrapes her horn against its exterior, casting sparks that light the burner mechanism; before she can fire, you hear:

“FLAME!”

A great shelf of fire leaps out, aimed right at Bre’s eyes, exploding on impact against her enlarged glasses. The bull’s control is such that all it nets is a small, annoyed grunt as the giantess lurches back, rubbing the smoke out of her eyes as -100 DAMAGE appears. Her hooven feet crash back a step, and only one step, making smaller giants as high as her waist scatter as she looms over the market tents and signs.

“REALLY?” she booms, put off, as she wipes at her eyes. “HRUTHGA CITIZENS, I AM HERE ON SANCTIONED BUSINESS. I AM TO DETAIN CRIMINALS, PLEASE DISPERSE THE AREA! THANK YOU! GRAH, CAN’T SEE—”

“Good thinking, Byrna, thanks!” you shout as Arlei puts one foot before the other, sort of, eventually rounding the market corner and heading into the larger section of the city. Given the way trees and buildings and livestock all kept getting bigger, it made sense.

“We can’t outpace her like this!” Rizii growls, looking back pointlessly (all there was for see from your vantage is Arlei’s collarbone and neck plates). “We need to bring her down!”

“That’s not going to happen, in our state,” you counter, quickly. “We need to flee!”

“We are fleeing! And I hate it!”

“Lloyd, give me a magic potion, quick!” Byrna suddenly insists, her chubby paws out.

“What, why? You’re in the same demi state as us! You can’t warp us out!”

“I know, but give me one, please! We need to be ready to blind her again!”

You instantly understand, at least enough to hand a vial over.

“Only when you need to, though! You can only get one in, even back up at full MP!”

“Right! I will!”

A series of massive impacts slam the roadway behind you, getting heavier by the second!

“She’s following, already!?” Rizii gasps. “How?”

“Hearing?” Byrna suggests, as you shout to Arlei:

“Hard left, Arlei! Between the buildings!”

Given that she’s a little bit shorter than the average giant the reptile has no trouble squeezing in between two gigantic shops, slowly but surely, vanishing in between just as you hear Bre stomping into your lane, narrowly missing sight of you! The 900-foot she-bull adjusts her enlarged glasses, blinking the smoke and dimness away as she looms overhead. Even shops built for people 500 feet tall only go up to about her chin as she goes still and perks her huge ears up. Not that you can tell.

“Everyone, keep quiet,” you whisper, only to nearly exclaim on your own as Arlei’s massive breasts and nipple mash against the shop facade opposite the one at her back. The limited room forces her bosom to swell up high in a hot dimple, heaving the three of you up with it as she nods in slow motion, and keeps her huge muzzle shut.

“What now?” Rizii asks, her voice actually staying low and soft.

“We need to save,” you reply, barely even talking as you hear Bre’s cow-nose flaring in and out, smelling for you where she cannot see or hear. “But for that...we have to be outside of the city, in the overworld. Arlei...Arlei, can you make it that far? Even creeping slow?”

You see her huge head nod very gradually, keeping silent.

“Better yet, we warp away,” Byrna whispers, her tongue flicking out over and over as she tries to speak softly, “then we can...oh, wait, we all have demi, and the tent would restore us. Never mind, we have to use the tent first, *then* warp.”

“Nobody’s been here before,” you begin, as a big quaking hoofstep shakes the streets, followed by another, even nearer. “So we have to guess the way out. It’s easier to hide in the biggest part of the city, and take the back gate out, I bet!”

“Right,” Byrna agrees, Rizii nodding as well.

“Sounds like a plan, let’s git,” the kobold seconds.

The shops all thankfully compose a series of back-to-back rows, giving Arlei a narrow-but-manageable series of alleys through which to maneuver. She pops out through two shops in slow motion, only to thump chest-first against the back of a house big enough to fit at least four shops. This must be the edge of the bigger district! Damn, that single house is well over 2,000 feet high! Windows as big as entire mansions stretch calmly along an unthinkable amount of massive bricks and endless mortar. A cat as big as Arlei lazily watches you from one pane as you guide her along the rear section, undetected.

“BEG PARDON, MISTRESS BRE,” an unbelievably huge, bassy voice rumbles nearby. It could be nearby—you can’t quite tell, it’s so big. “WE CAN’T ALLOW YOU PAST THIS SECTOR, MA’AM. I’M SORRY.”

“I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT A BAND OF CRIMINALS ARE MOVING INTO YOUR SECTOR, TO HIDE FROM THE LAW,” she calmly booms, as you move away and listen at the same time. “I BELIEVE YOU SEE THE SIGIL. YES?”

“THAT’S CLEARANCE FOR THE SMALLER AND MID-REGIONS,” the voice answers, making Bre’s sound cute in comparison. “I’M AFRAID YOU’LL NEED A HIGHER SIGIL LICENSURE FOR ADMITTANCE.”

Arlei shimmies along between colossal houses, and in the gap between several you see an absolute monster of a red-furred gnoll towering impossibly high, standing well over half a mile tall, laden with an embarrassment of tight muscle. He’s so big that you understand why there’s little bothering in covering the colossus: how much fabric could the kingdom part with, to manage it? All he possesses, from your view, is a massive, overtaxed loincloth that just barely conceals a vast, semi-flaccid member and swollen, thigh-consuming sacs.

“Oh,” Byrna and Rizii coo, blushing a moment.

“Focus,” you whisper.

“VERY WELL. I’LL BE RIGHT BACK, CAPTAIN. IN THE MEANTIME, I RECOMMEND SEALING YOUR BACK GATE IMMEDIATELY.”

“HAPPILY, MA’AM.”

“Gorgeous, *and* polite,” Byrna soft-hisses, grinning.

“And how,” Rizii huffs, wagging. “To be that big! Ah, it’s not fair, I’m telling you—”

“We need to double-time it to the gate!” you remind the girls. “Fast!”

“We can’t, Arlei’s–”

“I know, I know, slowed! Argh!”

Arlei is a giantess, and then some, to be sure; yet, as she rounds the backside of the first actual shop, she seems petite. A cluster of barrels twice her size rests by the establishment, and she gingerly creeps down in between them to hide and (gradually) catch her breath.

“Okay, they locked us in,” you admit, running ever-lower on options. “Arlei and I can’t survive another hit from Bre. Rizii and Byrna *probably* could. Well, that was before she blew up into a supergiant, her STRENGTH must be sky-high after the boost. So, we really don’t know what any attack at this point would do.”

“Probably cream us to paste,” Byrna sighs. “What do we have to work with?”

You check the bag again.

“Two heal potions, three magic potions, a power elixir and a tent.”

“And the tent’s out-out,” Rizii adds, helpfully. “But that power elixir!”

“I don’t think it’d make even *you* strong enough to really put a dent in her, at giant-size. Normally, I bet you would go toe-to-hoof with her, though!”

Rizii actually seems to appreciate that last boost to her confidence.

“Well. It’d feel good,” she suggests, shrugging her massive blue shoulders.

“S...SSSSORRRRRYYYY,” Arlei slowly huffs, blushing. You replay her voice in your head to catch the tone, then realize it’s *shame*. “IIIIIT’S SSSS M M M M Y F A A A A A U L T.”

“Hey, no, Arlei, it isn’t,” you soothe, the two other reptilian females nodding. “You’re doing what you can! You’re the one that’s been saving us, okay?”

“Yeah, big-big saved,” Rizii adds.

The huge maid bites her own lip, blushing, before slowly bringing up a huge cuffed hand to wipe her tears with. But, ultimately, she nods in understanding.

“TTTTTHHHAAAAANK YYYYYOUUUUUU.”

“So, we can’t get out to save,” Byrna says, “we can’t afford an Inn to save and heal with, in town. We could take Bre on at normal size, debatably, all together and drowning in luck...but giant-sized, she’d clobber us. She’s going to go get a sigil that lets her get so big she can enter here and root us out. We can’t make a stand, realistically. You can’t re-use your confusion skill, until you level up again. We’re in trouble, everyone.”

“Heal Arlei and I with the potions, first,” you suggest. “Then...we give the power elixir to Arlei, right after that. Sorry, Rizii. I have an idea, here!”

Rizii harrumphs a bit, but doesn't really object.

“You want all the stats for damage on Arlei, is that it, Lloyd?” Byrna asks.

“Yes, as much strength as we can give her. When I say, I want you both to put all your MP available to buffing, and focus them on Arlei. We're going to push her strength through the roof and beyond, we're only going to get one shot at this!”

“Ah, Lloyd,” Byrna interrupts, sagging a bit. “Neither of us has enough MP to pull that off, in demi-state, sorry.”

“Crap. Okay. Okay, we'll put what we can on her, just the same. Now, I'm going to start by trying one skill I haven't used up: steal.”

“What could she have that you would possibly take?” Rizii asks.

“You'll see. Knowing Bre, she'll be back in minutes, so just follow my lead, we need to be close when she gets back, otherwise we're dead!”

“O...okay, fine,” Rizii chirps, taken aback by your resolve, but not hating it.

When Bre thunders back up toward the entrance to the biggest tier of the city, she has a massive silver badge in hand, showing it to the massive crimson gnoll, who looks it over, then smiles politely.

“EXCELLENT, MISS BRE, THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATIENCE.”

“PROTOCOL ABOVE ALL ELSE, CAPTAIN, PROTOCOL,” Bre replies, a hint of respect buried in her stony words as she nods up to the looming male (from down at his hips).

“WE STILL AREN'T ALLOWED TO LET ANYONE UNDER A CERTAIN SIZE IN, DUE TO THE INHERENT DANGERS. PLEASE, PUT THE SIGIL ON, AND KINDLY INCREASE YOUR SIZE TO THE PROPER RANGE.”

“YES, OF COURSE, CAPTAIN.”

As the 900-foot werebull brings the sigil up to her other massive shoulder to slap it on, you leap out from behind a massively huge chimney, atop a vast roof overhead.

“STEAL!”

Success!

Astonishingly, the odds land in your favor, and the sigil vanishes from Bre's gigantic palm, leaving her to slap it pointlessly onto her shoulder, before she realizes nothing's happened.

It reappears at your scale, in your hand! The heals have been used! Here goes!

LLOYD: 460/510 HP

ARLEI: 500/950 HP

RIZII: 800/1,200 HP

BYRNA: 680/1,080 HP

You break into a frantic run over a rooftop as big as a field, scrambling back towards the ladies, when you hear an angered roar burst up from the oversized streets:

“STEALING, ON TOP OF EVERYTHING ELSE, GARNET!?” Bre bellows, shaking the air as you hear her stomp about, presumably looking for you. “THAT MAKES 20 COUNTS! RETURN THAT SIGIL, AT ONCE, OR I SWEAR I’LL CARPET THE ENTIRE AREA IN SLOW, and COMB THROUGH IT MYSELF!”

“AH, MISTRESS BRE, YOU *ARE* AWARE THAT THE GOODWILL CLAUSE OF YOUR AGREEMENT WITH HRUTHGA GOVERNANCE INCLUDES A STIPULATION OF NO ACTS OF AGGRESSION OR VIOLENCE, WITHIN CITY LIMITS?”

“IT’S A NONVIOLENT SOLUTION,” she huffs, clearly getting more annoyed.

“I’M AFRAID ANY INFRACTION ON ANY GIANT’S PERSONAL RIGHTS WOULD BE SEEN AS A VIOLATION, MA’AM.”

The humongous gnoll leans in closer, dominantly letting his vast member hover inches from her mammoth, barely-plated breasts.

“OF COURSE,” she mutters, reeling her anger in quickly. “I UNDERSTAND. NOW, IF YOU WOULD KINDLY HELP ME APPREHEND THE CRIMINAL YOU’RE CURRENTLY ALLOWING TO ESCAPE.”

“GLADLY, MA’AM,” the immense gnoll professionally rumbles.

Not five seconds later a monstrous hand rises over the roof you’re *still* running across, impossibly big claws gleaming in the sky above. From farther off, the gnoll was huge, but up close, his hand alone is *terrifying*. Before it can bear down, you fling the sigil out to Byrna.

“NOW! NOW! Everything, NOW!” you holler, your throat hoarse.

Byrna leaps up from beyond that side of the roof, thrown up high by Arlei; the lovely salamander whips out her tongue, just getting enough reach to snap up the sigil, and swallow it

whole, her throat bulging as she lands and gulps it down.

“Got i–hOOOOOOO!”

There is no buildup, no tingling. All at once, Byrna *erupts* larger.

Her ample orange hips blast wider as she hiccups and surges, almost appearing to be pulled taller, before her soft belly *bwooomphs* bigger, her breasts expanding against an unhappy vest, bulging, teats swelling bigger and bigger as she cries out in shock *and* delight, bursting instantly to over 100 feet, then 300 feet! All the while she wobbles her way nearer, pitching and adjusting to her growth spurt as she throws both bulging arms up and catches the captain’s paw before it slams down!

The rooftop cracks from the combined mess of the titanic gnoll’s hand and Byrna’s burgeoning body, her hands only a fraction of the gnoll’s palm as she hiccups and balloons even larger, her glowy scales stretching as she pushed with a rubber squeal to 400 feet, then 500, then 600! Her swelling soles and clenching toes crackle the roof tiles as she pants in delirium and lust, magma-esque bits of saliva lining her huffing maw as she snorts, trembles, then **BOOMS** even BIGGER!

“H-HAAAAAHAAAA,” she moans, lost in joy, the shuddering female rumbling and blowing up even bigger, even heavier, pushing the hand back up as the gnoll captain’s muzzle looms up over the house, glaring in confusion.

“WHAT?” is all he can get out before Byrna purposefully flings her 800-foot body off of the snapped roof, putting all of her heft onto the gnoll’s head, smothering his chest and shoulders and neck as she clings, trembles worse, and loudly inflates to 1,300 feet, then 1,800! She just keeps surging bigger, until she’s swallowing up the periphery!

Yet, amazing as it is, you force yourself to turn back and shout down to the ground floor, so very far below:

“RIZII!”

“BATTLECRY 2!” the kobold roars, as you see a bright light flash in the back alley.

SPEED X5!

“HALT, VILLAINS!”

Bre shouts like a doomsday explosion, followed by an actual one: her cannon fires up overhead, much the same way her Meteor Shot had done, making you scramble for cover as it explodes overhead, smoke sprinkling down:

[PARALYZE]

To your horror, you freeze up completely in place.

You're only able to look as far off as your sockets allow from the rooftop, seeing the captain fall down with a stupendous crash on the mega-sized roadway as Byrna hiccups and bloats bigger, smothering the male with her warmth as she passes 2,000 feet! Arlei hardly would make it up to Byrna's thighs!

You try to move as you hear Rizii lunge from the other side of the building, aiming for the backs of the far-larger bull's legs:

“SMASH 3!”

She bellows as her cleaver bares forth, her mutually-colossal, surging blue muscles putting everything into one hard skill-strike!

The triple-effect kicks in, totalling -1,800 DAMAGE! It's enough to make the massive werebull grunt in a flash of pain as she turns about and sparks the cannon with her horn, igniting the renewing fuse and blasting the area with another affect:

[POISON]

You hear Rizii cry out as she dodges the blow for damages, but is hit for the affect!

-100 DAMAGE

100!? What kind of stat elevation does that damn weapon have!?

You only have moments before her attack cycle renews!

“ARLEI! NOW!” you shout, up above. “GET IN CLOSE! DON'T LET HER FIRE!”

“IT'S USELESS!” Bre roars, the 900-foot titan-cow readying the next shot. “THE ONLY PARTY MEMBER YOU HAVE FREE CAN'T EVEN MOVE NORMAL—”

Arlei darts out at top-speed from behind the captain and the now equally-huge, half-mile tall Byrna. To the citizens of this sector, it's like two small fairly tall citizens tussling on the streets—still impressive, even at their scale.

“WHAT IN THE,” Bre growls as Arlei instantly is upon her, getting in close, readying her mace. “NO!”

Readjusting, the handle slides along the underside of the cannons and locks as Bre swings it hard, clocking the smaller reptilian maid in the stomach. She's flung back, crashing into the street as the captain and Byrna struggle nearby, shaking everything.

-4,000 DAMAGE

Bre pants a moment, before composing herself, and shouting to wherever you are, up on the rooftops:

“YOU...OFFSET MY SLOW BY GIVING HER BATTLECRY...NICE TRY, GARNET! BUT...THE AVROS GUILD...IS TOUGHER THAN THAT! N-NOW, SUBMIT! OR I’LL SWITCH MY AMMO TO STONE EFFECT! DO YOU WANT THAT TO HAPPEN?”

Byrna lunges at Bre, bearing down on the smaller werewolf, her tongue whipping out and striking her in the side for a modest -100 DAMAGE. It isn’t much, but it’s enough to stall the angered bovine long enough for Arlei to reappear, not only very alive, but swelling with monumentally massive, surging, scale-spreading muscle!

“BRUNT 2!” she bellows, as you see her ballooning up to 700 feet...900 feet...1,300 feet! She’s never been anywhere near this big, and she’s still absorbing the impact! Even Bre staggers back, wide eyes rising over slipping glasses as Arlei blows up to 1,600 feet even, hulking with overloaded muscles, her breasts lurching up as she draws a gargantuan mace up high, and shouts “SMASH 4!”

“WAIT—”

Bre tries to respond, before Arlei’s mace slams the bull right between the horns, cracking her skull for a sudden, splintering sum of -2,307 DAMAGE! CRITICAL!

The air blows back around you all as the strike lands, heaving the giant bull down the oversized stairwell, back into the smaller section of the city with a stupendous crash!

BRE: 6,793/11,000 HP

The massive she-cow rests there, her monstrous breasts heaving up and down, before a deep, ugly tremble tears through her, shuddering her fur into ominous waves of motion as her hide turns bloodier, more copper-red and sinister.

“Did we get her?” you ask, still paralyzed. “Anybody?”

Suddenly, you’re scooped up by Rizii, the bulky kobold female thudding along with you in her massive arm, crushed up against her big kobold bosom as she moves.

“Not exactly!” she puffs, running at top speed as the poison glows greener, again, docking her for another -100 DAMAGE. “Gah! We messed up! The plan was fine, b-but she...she has a 2nd stage form, and we triggered it! I know what’s happening!”

“W-what?” you ask.

“Berserk!”

You pause, mentally. Bre...berserk?

Your insides try to escape your body as the icy implications hit.

A primal bellow erupts from the lower tier of the city, startling Byrna and the captain into an abrupt ceasefire. The gnoll's massive face is buried in the lizard's rounded breasts, her fat tail draped over the gnoll's bursting, massive erection as the city starts to rattle angrily.

“WHAT’S THAT?” the captain barks, as other supergiants look out their windows in confusion, gasping and pointing as Bre swells up over *their* rooftops.

And swells.

And SWELLS.

She’s...growing!?

“No!” you cry through a paralyzed mouth, as Rizii flees the oversized scene.

“Yeah! It’s bad-bad! Berserk increases everything, but takes self-control away!”

“WE NEED TO GET THAT SIGIL OFF OF HER!” the captain bellows as he stands, his muscled arm still draped around Byrna’s equally-towering body. “IT CAN’T BE ON WHEN THAT KIND OF EFFECT IS HAPPENING!”

Rizii runs across roof after roof with you, both of you hearing the exchange:

“W-WHY?” Byrna asks, her hand remaining on the huge male’s heaving pectorals. “SHE’S CHANGING FORM, RIGHT?”

“YES, BUT IT’S A NATURAL AMPLIFIER!” he booms back, readying his massive sword. “IF SHE’S IN FLUX, IT WILL CONTINUE TO INCREASE HER SIZE, FAR BEYOND ITS INTENDED USE!”

Crap.

You can’t do a thing but be shuffled against Rizz’s huge kobold breasts as she steps back, watching in dismay as Bre lurches up larger, and larger, and larger.

“**COMPLYYYYY!**” she roars, bellowing and mooing in volcanic rage.

Even the half-mile tall gnoll leans back fearfully as the reddening, enraged she-cow balloons over the tallest buildings in the biggest district, muscles heaving loudly to double their size, giving the 3,000-foot behemoo-th a freakish physique, outclassing Rizii, outclassing *everything* as she flexes and swells. Her eyes are milk-white voids, her once calm muzzle pulled back into a nonstop scream of anger as her breasts bloat too big, pinging her snapped armor off!

Plates bigger than city squares crash nearby, blasting smoke as she rears up and throws her head back, her growing chest swinging up over her chin as she shakes and explodes BIGGER!

“W-what do we do?” Rizii wheezes, tensing up for whatever further hell is coming.

You freeze within your own wide-eyed paralysis as the 2,500-foot Byrna attacks, using her tongue to whip around the bull’s hulking calf and pull hard, sending the 3,500-foot beast into a lowing wobble as she fights to right herself.

“GEH OWFFUH HEWE!” the hill-sized salamander shouts at you, her tongue still out, before a hard kick from Bre smashes Byrna away, the giantess blasting through two walls that surround the towering giant castle.

-2,876 DAMAGE! CRITICAL!

“Byrna!” Rizii screams, the kobold breaking with you into a run across the joining rooftops, trying to reach the knocked-out female, only for Bre’s growing cannon to slam down over you like a club, shattering the house to nothing, sealing you inside of its iron shaft with a devastating crash! “Let me out! Byrna!”

Stuck with Rizii, all you can do is wait for the end.

Outside, the 4,000-foot tall Bre stands, spread-legged, overflowing with growing muscle and thickening dark fur, her horns swelling longer and wider about as she seethes; she drags her horn against the exterior iron, sparking explosions across the regenerated wick and igniting it, when at the last moment:

THWACK!

Arlei’s mace cracks Bre’s head as the 1,600-foot maid leaps high, riding her speed boost to reach the mile-tall she-bull. Bre’s white eyes bulge, her overgrown glasses flung off into a whirl over the city rooftops, smashing down into the outer wall, and half-folding out over its rim. Bre’s head snaps back, her huge tongue following after as she staggers away, hooves the size of stadiums bashing the city’s lower realms with bursts of smoke and destruction. Even the city of giants gawks and cries out as giants bigger than giants *bigger than giants* all flee the mega-giant towering over them all!

The cannon lifts off of you, arcing skyward as Bre’s grip leaves it. The wick burns as the massive weapon flips high, then blasts a monstrously huge cannonball up high into the clouds.

You and Rizii both open your eyes to light, then to the glorious sight of a muscled-up Arlei bashing the bigger female away!

-2,073 DAMAGE

Bre finally flashes red as her health grudgingly drops to 4,720/11,000, though it pulses

faintly—she’s hardly at death’s door, despite your best efforts. Still, progress is progress!

If anything, though you aren’t all dead yet, the celebration is almost nonexistent as you watch the growing cow blast a roar of fury as she snaps back, snorts, shakes, then DOUBLES in size!

Her hooves swells ceaselessly larger, widening into vast walls that steamroll and crush the rows of giant houses and shops apart as she screams bigger, and bigger! Her neck thickens into a cliff of muscle, her shoulders swelling up on either side as her lats swell too large and force her bloating triceps higher, her back muscles exploding out in the air!

“CCCCOOOOOOO MMPLLYYYYYYYYYYYYYYAAAAAAGH!”

Her muzzle is past lost to you, to even the giants below, as they vanish behind her billowing breasts and flared out teats, each the size of a small tower. Her thighs detonate larger, muscles bursting against muscles, her hide audibly straining to contain her growth as she fumes and thrashes blindly, stomping massive craters into the city itself. She quivers and groans as her throbbing bulk surges, and surges, and surges, outpacing and overwhelming her body, her growth-quakes rumbling the landscape into a frenzy as the bigger shops and houses rattle and wobble anxiously, all as the captain shoos you away in a panic.

“I C-CAN’T STOP HER!” he moans, almost tripping over his own impressive erection. “WE NEED TO FLEE TO THE CASTLE AND FORTIFY! WE’LL HAVE TO WAIT HER SIGIL DURATION OUT!”

“Arlei, come on!” you try to shout through a barely-working jaw. Rizii hears.

“ARLEI, HONEY, RUN!” she bellows as she holds you, while the vast captain holds her in his bulky arms. You see her glow green again, and realize she’s been poisoned this entire time! She winces, as it kicks in again:

-100 DAMAGE

RIZII: 0100/1,200 HP

Oh, hell, she’s dying!

“I’M COMING!” the 1,600-foot maid rumbles, turning away to join you, now only as tall as Bre’s ankle as the booming she-bull keeps bursting bigger and bigger, stronger and angrier.

“Float.”

The voice is nearly imperceptible over all the ruckus and ruin, but you hear it.

At once, even Bre’s great immensity budes, rising slowly but surely up off the devastated city below. Impossibly, over 12,000 feet of throbbing female cow-muscle levitates up,

up into the skies, the enraged bull hardly even noticing as she froths and snaps and wrestles the air.

As you, Rizii, the startled captain, Arlei, and the entire city watch, the massive cannonball drops back down from the clouds on its descent path and slams into Bre with a fantastic explosion of iron and mist that consumes her.

[STONE]

Just like that, a wave of gray rock crackles out, consuming Bre so fast that the roaring female bull can only gasp for a moment before solidifying into a monstrous, 15,000-foot mountain of a statue, still suspended in the air over all of Hruthga. It is a sight.

A stillness descends in her stead, casting the beshadowed city into a stunned silence. Giants of all sizes can only stare in disbelief as the petrified Bre floats down, down overhead, settling down behind the city walls with a gentle, slow *THUMP*, followed by the lightest of aftershocks.

“What the hell was that?” Rizii wheezes as the captain sets you both down on the castle entrance stair railing.

“WHAT IN THE HELL WAS THAT?,” the immense gnoll also asks, blinking, being much too big to have heard the tiny kobold.

“Interesting,” a calm voice replies, making your eyes dart about, before a wave of light envelopes you and Rizii. You can move again, and the amazon’s green aura vanishes, just as simply as nothing at all.

“Ho, better,” Rizii sighs, before dropping you on your rear and storming off to the poleaxed form of Byrna, who lays in a heap of soft chubby curves among the blasted remains of the castle’s outer wall. Her sigil starts to fade out, but for a moment she remains so colossal, so huge, that Rizii is less than a pinprick in comparison. “Hey! Wake up, darling! Come on! Get up! At least cuddle me against your breasts, or let me tickle a nipple, before you shrink!”

Her pleas are less than silence to the endlessly-larger female, who remains unconscious.

“Those, you get for free,” the same voice speaks, making you and the far larger captain turn to see the taller kirin mage, there in his vest and robe, a coy grin on his muzzle. “You’ll need to pay for whatever other items you need, to get back up to snuff.”

“R-right, yes,” you mutter, collecting yourself. “Thank you! That was you, right? That float spell was amazing, you might as well have been l-lifting an entire town!”

“Towns don’t rampage, as I recall,” the kirin chuckles. “And you’re welcome.”

You take a moment to look him over, politely. He hardly seems to mind:

MOHZ, LV 70, KIRIN MAGE

HP: 2,440/2,440

MP: 770/770

STRENGTH: 170

DEFENSE: 190

DEXTERITY: 240

SPEED: 200

HEIGHT: 7'00"

WEIGHT: ????

SPELLS: BUFF 4, REMEDY, REFLECT, FLAME 4, ICE 4, WAVE 4, THUNDER 4, CHARM 2, RAISE 2, FLOAT

NEXT LEVEL: 26,100/59,000 EXP

You nearly jump back, as though his stats could crush you.

Level 70!?

“Thanks,” the lithe kirin says smugly, nodding back in appreciation.

“Huh? F-for what?”

“For that face. I don’t hate compliments. Though being incorrect, I like less. And I suppose you four did make me wrong. You’re interesting. Very.”

He holds up a small red jewel, and you gasp again.

“I admit, I only followed your battle once I saw that lagomorph swiping these from you. Not just anyone has these, you know. I’ve only seen one, once, and here you have *three*. Your levels are decent, but you don’t seem capable of taking down high-tiers. Yet, you must have, repeatedly. Not just Modo, mind you. Is it that maid of yours, over there?”

He nods over to Arlei, who starts to dwindle smaller as the battle calms back down, her bulk slipping out, leaving her back at 380 feet tall. She approaches Rizii as Byrna’s much-larger body loses its sigil and starts to deflate down, down, down.

“Well, it’s been all of us, working together,” you say, perhaps slightly defensive.

“Fair enough. That’s actually better,” Mohz hums, smiling wider. “Though I really would refrain from enraging one of the highest members of a very powerful Guild again, going forward. Amazed as I am at how much of a fight you managed to put up, she would have annihilated the lot of you in another round.”

“And that means we owe you, then, doesn’t it?” you sigh. Here it comes.

“Hmm?” Mohz hums, the tall kirin cocking his head. “Oh, not really, no. This will be payment enough, thank you. You *will* need to explain yourself to Goh, later on, once he realizes it was stolen from him. Small price, that. What’s your name?”

“Lloyd.”

“Okay. Step back, Lloyd.”

You start to do so as Mohz activates the red jewel, right there, not bothering to wait.

“W-wait, hold up!”

Arlei blinks nearby, before being covered in a red glow, then gasping cutely as she shrinks down, down, stopping at a still-impressive 228 feet, leaving her wobbling a bit.

“OOH, WHAT HAPPENED...MASTER LLOYD, WAS THAT—OH, MY!”

She turns to look, looking at you, then past you. You turn as well.

Mohz is...gaining! The skinny kirin huffs, smiling wide as a dark red glow overtakes him, feeding him untold power. You step back, watching in awe as his robe starts to pull tighter, and tighter, stretching wider as newfound muscles and soft dark-violet fur expands within! His V-cut vest stretches into a U as his flat torso erupts, two pectorals pumping into view, trembling, then bursting bigger! His abs heave against straining buttons as he chuckles and lets himself grow and grow, thicker and thicker. Forearms bloat into logs against his stretching sleeves, which tug up as his shoulders boom into small boulders, his back muscles *boom-booming* larger behind!

His thighs balloon proudly under his rising robe as a telltale bulge pushes out against his sash and bottom-attachment, tenting happily as raw power floods his once-slender frame. You gawk up as he grows not taller, but wider, throbbing with power and strength, before it finally fades off, leaving him less huge than Rizii, but still as big around as any respectable bodybuilder.

“That should do it,” Mohz huffs, his voice newly-deepened within a swollen neck. His flawless hair hugs around it as he bats his lashed eyes and testingly touches his inflated pecs, grinning wider. “That’s really quite nice! Haha, I like it! This is exactly what I needed, so. A good exchange, eh?”

You gulp, admittedly a little in awe. He’s strong now, *and* beautiful. You...don’t quite know how exactly to feel about it—

“GARNET!”

The sounds of shouts and cries follow as the huge voice echoes up to you.

No. No way.

Bre stomps up the stairs, panting and ragged, flashing dark red:

BRE: 1,200/11,000 HP

“She’s alive!?” you shout, drawing Arlei and Rizii’s attention. Rizii is still nearly kaput, Byrna is knocked out cold, and Arlei’s lost her battle buff. This is beyond bad!

“Goodness, she is tough,” Mohz rumbles, folding his massive arms loudly. “Hey, that even sounds nice, doesn’t it! No wonder giants like being built, haha.”

“GARNET,” the 1,900-foot bull wheezes, badly damaged, her sigil slowly vanishing as she lurches 100 feet smaller, stepping up the stairwell, dragging her empty cannon behind as a cudgel and possible crutch. “YOU...ARE C-COMING...WITH ME!”

Arlei steps between her and you, up onto the steps with the captain.

“S-STOP, FIEND!” she roars, steeling herself. She’s gained some muscle from the power elixir, to be sure, but Bre could swat her, just the same.

“FIEND!?” Bre pants, snorting raggedly as she steps closer, dropping down to 1,600 feet. “THE ARCHMAGE IS F-FREE...THANKS TO YOUR PARTY’S STUPIDITY! OUR...CHAMPION...IS FINISHED, THANKS TO YOU! YOU...ARE...THE FIENDS!”

The other giants, including the captain, all turn to you, agog.

“NOW...COME WITH...ME, DAMN YOU!”

Bre stumbles, dropping the cannon’s end with a huge *clang* to brace against it, shrinking to a teetering 900 feet.

The captain keeps staring down at your tiny form, thinking.

“IS THAT TRUE?”

“I...I don’t know,” you answer, though the gnoll has to squint to try and read your microscopically tiny mouth properly. If he even can.

“GET...OVER HERE!” Bre roars, almost fainting on the spot as she withers smaller, down to 600 feet, Arlei now closer to half her size.

Arlei swings her mace, but Bre still is quicker, swinging her cannon first. She misses, thankfully, and Arlei falls back with a crash against a huge house doorway, tumbling in as Bre storms closer to you, step by hooved step.

400 feet slips weakly to 300 feet as she reaches up at you, now child-sized against the royal castle stairwell at the back of the biggest district.

“H-help!” you say to the captain, who keeps looking between you and Bre, conflicted. You finally turn to the bulked-up kirin mage, pleading: “H-help, Mohz, please!”

“Me?” the hulking male asks, ears perking up. “Why? What will you give me?”

“I ah, I have a...a key! A Master key, it unlocks anything!”

Mohz does look a bit intrigued. His deer-like ears perk higher.

“Oh? Really?”

“C...COME HERE!” Bre coughs, using the cannon to force herself nearer.

“...Mmn, pass. It’s nice, but no.” Mohz sighs, making up his mind.

“What!?” you moan, backing away up the stairwell railing.

Arlei is kicking off gigantic pots and pans, trying to free herself from the giant’s house, while Rizzi is already attacking Bre, slashing the uncaring werebull for -300 DAMAGE. Still, the 100-foot cow staggers on, not even responding to Rizii’s attack.

“I...WON’T...ASK...AGAIN!”

She teeters, then raises her cannon high, shaking from the effort.

“M...METEOR STRIKE...4!”

Mohz’s fist impacts Bre’s abs dead-center, cutting her skill attack short. The 50-foot bull’s eyes swell out in shock and pain as she doubles in around the muscled kirin, his tight robes ripping slightly here and there.

“BUFF 4!”

Mohz’s struggling robe shreds open, splitting and ripping into a series of clinging threads and tatters as his inflated muscles suddenly blast larger, his physique *QUADRUPLING* in mass in one hot, eruptive gush of size! His head is nearly swallowed by his neck bulk as it spurts to comically massive size, the bulge expanding his shoulders and shoving down into his blown-up biceps and forearms, his pectorals ballooning up into his chin as he spreads his now-nude trunk legs, winds back, and plants a crushing second strike at the same point!

-4,704 DAMAGE!

Bre is crushed flat onto her back, her shrinking body rolling down the stairs in a sea of

embers as she dissipates, leaving only a final, real quiet in her wake.

Mohz is still 7 feet tall, but he's so wide with muscle and ripped fabric that he seems taller across than he is high. His smaller head sits atop a stacked mountain of violet, velvet-furred brawn, his pendulous shaft and billowed-up sacs forcing his huge thighs apart.

"Whoa!" Rizii gasps, immediately coming up close to the slightly shorter kirin, feeling him over as he smiles and gives her a receptive flex. "What was that, BUFF 4? You're all the way at 4!? That's amazing! Good-good-good!"

"Thank you!" Mohz rumbles, lidding his eyes playfully. "It is! But it never stays, so I had some trouble getting an audience with the King."

"Wait, *that's* why you helped?" you ask, running over to join him and Rizii as Arlei trundles out, embarrassed. "So you could...bulk up!?"

"Well, like I said, these jewels are really quite rare. The King is a traditionalist, he only responds to raw strength. I explained to the captain earlier that I could decimate this city if I wanted, but he said I couldn't do so in arm wrestling, so I was denied the court's ear. Now, however, I think I've proved myself."

The captain blinks down at you, then Mohz, then looks to see the oversized results:

+2,000 GOLD

+50,000 EXP

You feel everything wrong with you correct, and then some, as the levels come rolling:

LLOYD, LV 21, ADVENTURER

HP: 720/720

MP: 180/180

STRENGTH: 190

DEFENSE: 260

DEXTERITY: 290

SPEED: 340

HEIGHT: 5'09"

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: CONFUSE 2, STEAL, COVER

NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: STEAL 2!

RIZII, LV 23, KOBOLD AMAZON

HP: 1,570/1,570

MP: 220/220

STRENGTH: 530
DEFENSE: 450
DEXTERITY: 600
SPEED: 420

HEIGHT: 8'04"
WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY, MULTI-STRIKE 2, SMASH 2
SPELLS: BUFF 2

NEXT LEVEL: 9,000/17,000 EXP

Byrna lays still. With no way to wake her, she loses out on the payoff.

Arlei, however, seizes up tight, her lovely eyes lidding to giddy slits as the boosted 250,000 EXP payload hits, pumping the rumbling lizard with so much experience that she spasms and shakes, salivating openly, squeezing her breasts tight with helpless hands.

“Oh, no,” you moan, realizing, as the hulking kirin and excited Rizii watch.

“GHU-HUUUUUUU-AAA-AAA-AAAHAAAAAAAAA!!”

LV 26

Arlei’s entire body slowly pushes larger, for a moment, before her scales pull loudly, her stub-horns and breast plating and quaking knees and toe claws and quivering tail all exploding in size, in one horrendous, orgasmic burst! Her stretching apron snaps, her dress shearing and snapping apart as she screams in delight, blowing up past 300 feet, then 380, instantly outclassing her previous size!

LV 27

Her breasts blast ropes of hot milk from burning nipples as her tattered dress bursts apart, frills tearing, straps popping, her hips ballooning unstopably against groaning black fabric as it pops and snaps away, revealing her nude chest, newfound muscles and straining underwear as she blows up past 450 feet, panting and crying in joy.

“Interesting,” Mohs hums as his buff clears, letting him dwindle back down to merely bodybuilder-size. His ears perk in time with his bobbing shaft, the bulky male not caring at all that it’s all quite visible. In fact, he’s grinning wide as he watches.

“MMMMMM-MMMMAAAASSS-STTT-TUUUUUUUUUUUUUR!”

LV 28

Still Arlei swells, on and on, the other giants of Hruthga all watching and gasping as the reptile starts to tower as tall as the normal ones, only to bite her lip and snort steam as she billows even BIGGER, throbbing and swelling hotter and tighter, spurting up past 500 feet as thick jets of cream blast from her groaning breasts, covering them as she plunges her massive clawed fingers down her ripping panties and squeezes against her bulging nethers.

LV 29

“HUH- H-III CUH-CAAANNNNN’TTT! YYYE SSSSS-SSSS!”

550 feet...600 feet...630 feet...

Arlei whimpers as varying fluids erupt in a mess of need, her tail whipping around as her breasts balloon painfully bigger, nearly doubling in her hands as they squeeze and rub and play against milk-slicked scales, her surging toes bloating too big and cracking the street as she snorts and blasts up to 700 feet!

“Uh, A-Arlei,” you gulp, looking around nervously as your dear maid keeps rumbling bigger and bigger, her lusts spiking into a frenzied gush of fluids and growth, all at once!

LV 30

“NNNH-HHH-NNNHHNNNNNGHHHHHHH!!!”

With a last messy bulge Arlei rumble-BOOMS all the way up to a staggering 800 feet! Great arcs of milk spray as she unhinges her jaw and bellows in pleasure, lest the monstrous female blow apart from the torments of pleasure!

ARLEI, LV 31, HOLY MAID

HP: 1,600/1,600

MP: 480/480

STRENGTH: 300

DEFENSE: 500

DEXTERITY: 700

SPEED: 350

HEIGHT: 810’08”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: AURA, SMASH 4, BRUNT 2, ECONO 1

SPELLS: HEAL 2, CURE ALL, DETOX

NEW SPELL UNLOCKED: ECONO 2!

Warm milk drizzles down, spattering rooftops of the houses of the closest district below, most of the smaller giants finally looking up to Arlei as she loses a long, slow, steamy sigh,

then gulps and shudders before shaking her head clear...and blushing terribly.

“H-HEAVENS, ME! HAH!”

Vast arms cover her overgrown, bloated breasts, squeaking against thick slippery nipples and groaning plates as she looks down over herself. Only the captain stands larger than her, now, and even he seems impressed, given how his erection renews itself in time with Mohz’s. You cover your head with both gloved hands, also moaning lowly.

So much for hiding out.

“Well, then, Lloyd,” the bulky kirin chuckles, his huge shaft swinging like a trunk before him as he pats your tiny shoulder and turns to walk up to the captain. “Thanks for the help!”

“Sure,” you laugh, dumbstruck, your face still in your hands.

“Captain,” Mohz says, floating up to the colossal gnoll’s muzzle, so he can see. “I believe you’ll find the King more receptive to me, now. I’m once again here, *with my party*, to discuss candidacy for exterminating the Archmage!”

“OH...O-OF COURSE! I, UH...I SHALL ESCORT YOU IN!”

You feel yourself, Arlei, Rizii and Byrna all float up along with him, drawn in towards the looming monstrosity of a castle, so big that even the captain has to put his thick back into opening its vast door. You scabble uselessly in the air as the thick kirin’s words reverberate in your overwhelmed brain: *my party?*

His party!?

He...he’s joining?

...

...To KILL the Archmage!?

CHAPTER 4

LLOYD: LV. 21, 720/720 HP
ARLEI: LV. 31, 1,600/1,600 HP
RIZII: LV. 23, 1,570/1,570 HP
BYRNA: LV. 32, 1,080/1,080 HP
MOHZ: LV. 70, 2,440/2440 HP

The outside of Hruthga had already more-than lived up to its reputation as a city of giants, in a land of giants. You were sold on that, already.

The inside of the kingdom's castle, however, is just *overkill*.

Rows upon rows of shelves, each taller than a wizard's tower, loom on either side of a vast entry hall; upon each shelf sits stuffed dragons, sea creatures, ship-sized whales and the like, in taxidermy form. A red dragon big enough to crush an Inn, *a giant's version of an Inn* many hundreds of feet tall, sits dumbly, looking as big as a toy. A 900-foot elder wyrm toy.

You gulp. That's all you have to offer in acknowledgement as the titanic gnoll captain leads the party in, while you all ride atop Arlei's massive cleavage. The vantage is the only reason you can see enough to be so intimidated, in the first place.

Her breasts shake and sway, a motion that would normally not amount to much, from afar. On top of them, though, it proves a constant effort not to slip down their curves and sink between the canyon where her massive mammaries meet and press together.

"We need to wake her up soon, Lloyd," Rizii groans, unhappily stroking her dear Byrna's reptilian muzzle, the salamander's tongue still cutely *blepped* out, to spite the moment. "I don't want her thinking I left her out cold-cold."

"We won't, don't worry," you reply, firmly. "First thing."

"WHAT DO YOU THINK THE KING IS LIKE, MASTER?" Arlei booms, her huge, silky voice rumbling down through her bosom as she glances down at the party. "I'LL BET HE'S BIG!"

"Of course he's big-big," Rizii sighs, nodding. "Lucky King!"

"HE IS VERY LARGE, MISS, YES," the red-furred, half-mile colossus affirms, the hallway still proving larger than he by a good measure. "HE BEGAN AS A GIANT, AND CONTINUED TO INCREASE IN SIZE, AFTER BEING CURSED BY A WITCH; WE HAVE BUILT AND REBUILT THE CASTLE AROUND HIM OVER YEARS OF STEADY GROWTH, AND NOW WE ARE BUILT WITHIN THE MOUNTAIN RANGE ITSELF. KING ENID IS A MAGNIFICENT GIANT, INDEED. HE TREASURES AND RESPECTS STRENGTH. BEING IN CHARGE OF SO MANY GIANTS, ONE NEEDS TO."

Huh. Good point.

“You’re plenty big, yourself, Arlei,” you add, patting one immense, smooth, golden-tan plates of her breasts.

“HEE! YES, I SUPPOSE I HAVE GROWN, MASTER LLOYD!” she chirps, even though Arlei only stands about a third of the monstrous gnoll’s size and bulk. He turns back to her a little, smiling understandingly.

“SHE HAS QUITE A UNIQUE ABILITY,” the captain gently thunders. “WERE THAT MY CAPABILITY, OH...I WOULD FIGHT NONSTOP, HEHE!”

That hyena laugh is growing on you, despite the terrifying bass and power behind it.

“He understands,” Rizii laughs, or tries to, though you can see she’s squeezing Byrna’s soft body closer to her huge breasts, stroking her thick, orange-glow neck.

“King Endid *will* likely assign me the duty of slaying the Archmage, my friend,” Mohz interrupts, suddenly beside you, his robes still half-ripped and burst at countless seams against a sea of furred muscles. “And a full party stands much more of a chance of doing so. I want you to understand what we’ll be facing.”

His calm eyes glow as the bulging kirin sits to talk with you quietly.

“W-well, what *will* we be facing, then?”

“Not just the Archmage, Lloyd, my boy. The fiend has many followers, many long-dormant acolytes of the dark tide. If word of his resurfacing has reached the ears of civilization, there is no doubt left that his denizens, his armies know, too.”

“Armies?”

“Oh, quite,” Mohz hums, flexing his tight, huge pecs playfully, even as he continues his grim warning, making them bounce in tandem. “Yes, his allegiance was with many, including the demon clans of Nozora, Nozala-Kuth and Molgrath, at the least. Hordes of flesh-craving nightmares from beyond sanity. You know the like.”

You’re shaking.

“I do!?”

“Haven’t you and your maid faced one, already? It was a fairly strong one, too.”

How could he possibly know—

You have demon-smell on you, Lloyd, still. It never leaves, after contact with one. Most can't detect it, but you actually reek of high-tier musk. Frankly, if you were to flee now, I would suggest you stay far from any known demonic sites, they would be on you in minutes."

"I wasn't g-going to flee," you gulp, trying to keep up your courage as the muscular kirin smiles, watching you bluff frantically. "No way!"

"That a boy," Mohz chuckles, his thick neck leaning in toward you. "I knew you were the brave and foolish type, but you do seem to have some brains attached. Excellent news for us!"

"T...thanks."

The throne room opens up like a world of its own: sky high ceilings yawn so far up overhead that they have their own atmospheric haze as you gawk this way, then that. Pillars that could wall up a small village (hollowed out) tower around you, even over the captain as he steps off of an impressively thick rug and motions you to a throne so big you can't see the end of it on either side. Brown talons stretch in arcs along the base, a vast thing composed of incalculable amounts of gold and crushed velvet, housing a gryphon several orders of magnitude larger than you knew anything alive could ever be.

He's a *he*, that much is clear; an erection the size of a mighty river rests over furred testicles as big as hills, no amount of fabric enough to hope to contain it. In fact, the great king is as nude as the day he was hatched, surely from the impossibility of trying to be clad in enough of anything that could constitute clothing. It just took *that* long for you to see enough of him to put it together. Even the massive captain only comes up to the gryphon's elbow as he sits, a pile of taut muscle, feather and fur, a shining black beak peeking out over colossal pectorals as he eyes you from what feels like the cloudline.

"YOUR GRACE," the captain begins with a cordial bow. "THE MIGHTY MOHZ AND COMPANY ARE HERE TO SEE YOU. THAT FRACAS OUTSIDE WAS THEM, MY LIEGE.

"THEY CAUSED *THAT* MUCH FUSS?" the gryphon king rumbles, his voice so deep you almost can't fully understand it. It might as well be two mountains making love.

"WELL, SIRE, THEY TOOK DOWN BRE, FROM ARGOS. THERE WAS A...MISHAP WITH HER SIGIL, AND SHE GREW NEARLY AS TALL AS YOURSELF. THEN, MOHZ AND HIS PARTY FELLED HER WITH STONE. HOW SHE WENT FROM A STATUE TO FLESH AGAIN, I KNOW NOT."

That was a good point, it's just hitting you now.

King Endid's enormous head and beak hover as he observes you from all the way up on high, humming like a reverberating earthquake that shakes the marble floors.

"HOW FASCINATING," the gryphon replies, clicking his beak loudly. "TELL ME, THEN, GREAT MOHZ—HOW EXACTLY DID YOU DEFEAT BRE? SHE IS FORMIDABLE,

AT ANY SIZE, LET ALONE ANYTHING CLOSE TO MY OWN. I WOULD EXPECT NO LESS FROM AVROS, NOR OF MODO FROM STARGOS. ALTHOUGH, HENCEFORTH, I BELIEVE THE OTHER KINGDOMS WILL...HONOR MY TAKING OF THE REIGNS, ON THIS MATTER.”

“My party was clever enough to wear her down, over time, though I fear the chase did unfortunately happen in your fine city.”

Mohz, bulky as he’s become, easily floats up off of Arlei’s bosom, drifting high up enough to where Endid’s humongous eyes can better see him. Musclebound or not, the kirin is still hardly a speck in comparison to that much gargantuan gryphon.

“SO I HEARD. AND THEN? DARE I ASSUME YOU EMPLOYED MAGIC?”

“I simply punched her out, your Lordship.”

The gryphon squints as Mohz flexes a massive, proud bicep, throwing out his bulging pecs. King Endid stares a moment, then smiles wide, the edges of his beak peaking up high.

“EXCELLENT! YOU’RE A FINE WARRIOR, INDEED! YES, YOU WILL SUFFICE! I HEREBY TASK THEE WITH THE SEARCH AND DESTRUCTION OF THE FOUL ARCHMAGE, MOHZ. TAKE YOUR PARTY, AND MY BLESSING!”

The monstrous male avian claps hands big enough to hold a city block, sending a great, percussive *boom* through the castle walls and beyond. With that, the captain bows up to the looming bird, then nods politely for you to depart.

Just like that, it’s real. *You’re going to kill the Archmage.*

Or die.

Mohz lowers back down to Arlei and the party, brushing himself off a bit.

“You sure are confident about our odds,” you mutter, not that any of the gigantic guards or the captain can really hear your tiny voice. “You really think we can do this?”

“I think so, yes,” the bulky kirin says, grinning down at you.

“THE ORIGINAL LAIR OF THE ARCHMAGE, BEFORE CLAIMING KOGO VARAN, IS THE FELL SHRINES OF HOGOSHA, IN THE BORDERLANDS OF THE GREAT MOUNTAIN PASS,” the red gnoll rumbles, explaining. “THERE, HAVE OUR GUARDS LONG STOOD, KEEPING A VIGIL, UNTIL NEWS OF THE IMPENDING RETURN. AS SUCH, OUR RESOURCES HAVE BEEN SUMMONED BACK HOME. YOU WILL HAVE TO ENTER THOSE VERY LANDS AND COMBAT THE FIEND’S RISING ARMIES.”

There it is again, *the armies*.

The towering gnoll finally reaches the door of the castle and opens it slowly, turning to you in earnest:

“IT WILL BE SPECTACULARLY DANGEROUS. BUT, AS YOU ARE WILLING, AND AS YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN CARTED BACK TO AVROS IN CHAINS, OR TAKEN BACK TO STARGOS TO FACE THE SAME DUTY, OTHERWISE...I THEN WISH YOU ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD, AND TRUE COURAGE.”

The doors shut, and that seems to be that.

“Inn,” Rizii grumbles, giving you a firm look. “Inn first-first!”

“What she said,” you reply, as Mohz nods.

“Wise decision.”

On the way out the following morning Byrna is all smiles and giggles, the smooth salamental bouncing out the door ahead of the rest of you. Rizii cracks her musclebound back, clearly sore from the battle with Bre, and Mohz is already outside, somehow, beside Arlei’s huge self. Being over 800 feet tall, she was a bit large for the interior of the secondary-tier Inn, but with her help the lot of you had navigated around, paid the 200 GOLD fee, gone upstairs, into your massive rooms, and plopped onto massive, soft beds. Sleep had come easily, regardless of how surreal it was—you might as well have been camping out in the open, but on a *really* big bed.

“Are we all healed up and ready?” Mohz asks, grinning crookedly. “Big day today!”

The moment the front gate to the city swings open, the moment your boots hit dirt, there he is. Goh hops up off of his merchant’s sac, beaming, normal-sized once again.

“Oh, no,” Rizii moans, looking the other way in annoyance.

“Morning, all! I believe you—ooh, a kirin! A big one, at that!”

Goh whistles through buck teeth, impressed. Mohz, having been fitted with a new, larger robe, gives the smaller lagomorph a nod, his neck bulging with power.

“Morning!”

“Big, *and* polite! Good! Hehe, have I got wares for you all today,” the rabbit chuckles, opening up the bag. “I’d be quite happy to give you your jewels back, if you can cover Rizii’s fee. I’d hate to keep holding on to them, when they come so in handy!”

He rummages around, then stops. He looks back up, perplexed.

“That’s the strangest...ah, heh, I’ll tell you what! I can let two of your jewels go, for the previously-agreed upon fee of 1,500 GOLD, to cover Rizii’s most recent dues. So!”

Out his little paw stretches, gladly open.

You didn’t agree, but *fine*.

In the exchange, you now have 300 GOLD left—a far cry from the pleasantly hefty amount prior. Still, that’s what you have, and you buy what you can afford:

INVENTORY:

HEAL POTION X3

MAGIC POTION X4

POWER ELIXIR

TENT X2

KEY ITEMS:

MAP

MASTER KEY

BLUE JEWEL

GREEN JEWEL

You see a small bag of smelling salts, just as Goh closes up the bag.

“Wait, I didn’t see those smelling salts, before,” you begin, as the rabbit cheerfully flings the bag over his shoulder. “Let me get those!”

“Sorry, friend, all sales are final! You bought the tent first, so by the time you had the heal potion and magic potions as options, you already had too little to spend on the salts.”

“Well, what do we do?” Byrna asks, genuinely concerned.

“Don’t die!” Goh shouts, waving goodbye to the party as he hops off out of sight down the gigantic road.

“I should just *stuff* him in that sac,” Rizii grumbles sourly, fixing a strap on her straining armor as her breasts bulge against it. “Charge him a fee to get out. Clear my debts!”

“It’s hard being in pockets so small, yet so deep,” Mohz pontificates, making Rizii mutter something darkly to herself, then ready her cleaver.

“Fine-fine, yeah. Let’s find someone to bash-bash, I need the workout!”

“Which way is it to the mountain pass and Hogosha?” Byrna asks you, cocking her reptilian head curiously. “Is it very far, Lloyd?”

You check the map.

“From here, the mountain pass is Northeast from here, at the bramble forest of Hoharet, that should make for...a day and a half, minimum. Not that bad, actually.”

“Then, we’re off,” Mohz says, stepping off the road and onto the vast open plains.

“Shouldn’t we use the road?” you ask, to which Byrna nods rapidly.

“Shortcut!” the kirin says, slyly. “Why show up for battle tired?”

“How much do we trust this oddball?” Rizii asks, leaning in with groaning armor to whisper to you. “We just met him!”

“Isn’t that nearly every party member?” Byrna counters, shrugging cutely.

Arlei’s shadow spills over as she leans in as close as possible, still over 400 feet tall, making her feet settle as her breasts mash her huge knees and upper thighs. Once again, her outrift has restored itself to prim, proper form.

“WHEREVER YOU GO, I GO, MASTER LLOYD!”

“Right. Well...we had better just keep up, for now,” you sigh, chasing after the musclebound kirin (in his revealingly tight robe).

Hogosha’s borders have seen better days. The once-mighty realm had collapsed under the rise of the Archmage so long ago that the idea of any part of it ever once standing proud seems like wishful fancy. The fiend’s purported territory is now a smattering of grand-scale ruins and toppled pillars, brambles and dirt. Strange, unholy fires light the darkening landscape as you travel it, wary and ready. For what, you can’t know.

“What a wasteland,” Byrna murmurs, looking all over with wide eyes. “I’ve never seen so much nothing, in all my life! I guess the Hruthga guards wouldn’t have lasted here, anyhow.”

“We should move quickly,” you suggest, a rising note of fear in your voice.

“Oh, yes, that *would* be wise, wouldn’t it?” Mohz agrees, as Rizii quietly looks him over, likely comparing her slightly-larger muscles with his.

“UGH, IT CHILLS MY SCALES,” Arlei grumbles, hugging herself as best she can, cuffs on either side of her humongous breasts. “SUCH A DEEPLY FOUL PLACE. MY AURA ONLY SEEMS TO GO SO FAR, HERE, MASTER LLOYD.”

“Everyone stick close to Arlei,” you remind, making Mohz look back with his thick neck to her, behind the party.

“Ah, she *does* have an aura, doesn’t she?” he replies, suddenly intrigued. “It was so natural and calm, I hardly noticed it—but here, it shines rather bright! How useful!”

“You’re saying it’ll keep us safe?” Byrna asks.

“Demons might still attack, but they’ll be drained if they do, so I doubt too many will leap right out at us, for a fight. Just the same, be ready.”

A massive castle cants to its side, defeated and desiccated long since. The road ends there, and up until reaching it, it’s hard to believe that a kingdom of any kind used to exist around it. You certainly couldn’t tell, going through.

“Through here?” Rizii asks, her cleaver up impatiently on her shoulder.

“Through here,” you reply, glumly.

The inside is *alive*, you could swear it. Alien shadows dance and sway unassisted along tilting stone walls, torn banners and cracked windows silent and sullen in their thrall. Every footfall echoes, no matter how soft—so when Arlei squeezes herself in and bursts through snapping stones the echoes are fantastically telling and damning.

“SORRY,” she rumble-whispers, inching along with you.

It’s then that every single shadow, you realize, is gone. The walls, ruinous as they are, are nonetheless clear. Even Arlei’s gentle aura begins to diminish.

Uh-oh.

“Something’s here,” Rizii growls, her grip tightening on her weapon handle.

“Rather, it was,” you say, looking everywhere at once. “Instead of a thousand eyes, it...just feels like two, now, but where—”

“OH,” Arlei huffs, wobbling in place a little bit. When the wobbling comes from something nearly a thousand feet tall, you feel it. “AH, M-MASTER...DO YOU FEEL THAT?”

“Feel what?” you ask. “Alei, are you alright, up there?”

“ALL THAT DARKNESS,” the huge lizard maid groans, shuddering. “IT MOVED...BEHIND US!”

The entire party turns to see the doorway to the castle. Upon entering, its doors had long

since rotted off the hinges, leaving an open maw through which you entered. Instead of the way in, there's only a wall of black.

“What's this?” a sharp, smoky voice hisses, from within the blackness. “Intruders in a deadly realm? Hoho, how foolish! I love it! What could possibly have possessed you to—”

The darkness has moved nearer, entering the castle as it speaks; yet as it closes in the mass leans back, curving like a living wave of ink from Arlei's light. The tip of the wave, perhaps the head, bobs and darts, curious, questing, snuffling the ancient air.

“Oh!” it exclaims, looping in on itself. “You smell! You smell of our own!”

“Dear me,” Mohz mutters, as you look up in panic.

“Dear you, what?”

“A High Demon,” the hulking kirin answers, narrowing his eyes thoughtfully.

“A what?”

“You could only smell that way...if you defeated our own, stationed underneath Kogo Varan! You stink of the Archmage! You're *surely* here to defeat him! Oh, such a moment, such an opportunity!”

A cackle like shattering glass and spider legs blast through the ruins, making everyone in the party wince as the ink swirls around, an amorphous predator with unseen eyes.

“What do we do, Mohz?” you quickly query, inching closer to him.

“Stay by Arlei, like you said,” the kirin commands, suddenly firm. “Everyone, draw in tight, stay in the aura!”

“Can't you attack?” Rizii says. “Because if you won't—”

“FLAME 4!”

Mohz interrupts as a tremendous ring of roiling fire explodes, circling around the party, then bursting out in all directions, bombing the entire castle interior in an unrelenting inferno! The roar drowns out everything as the flame consumes the walls, blazing even in between the stones, blowing out the mortar...and yet, the living darkness surges on, unfazed!

[NULL]

The flames finally subside, leaving you feeling sunburned and chapped in your own armor for a moment; yet, on the Higher Demon flows, snickering sinisterly, highly amused.

“As I wondered,” Mohz huffs, cocking his head. “A force form. She currently has no body for us to attack! Until she possesses a body, we cannot harm her!”

“Correct, correct!” the writhing ink gurgles as both a shadow and a soft light spill over you and the party. You look up to see both belong to Arlei, the humongous reptile gathering you all up and breaking into a hard run, crashing through wall after brittle wall of old stone, sending huge partitions down onto the Higher Demon in a cascade of debris.

“We need to run or hide,” Mohz says as you thread the now-monumental slopes of Arlei’s bouncing chest, individual scales as big as your torso. “But I wouldn’t advise hiding in these realms, there are too many shadows about!”

“Which way do we run, then?” Byrna asks, looking at you intently.

“WHICH WAY, MASTER, WHICH WAY?” the towering ultra-maid beggars, her Inn-sized feet crushing into the ruins, cratering what once was merely wrecked.

“I don’t know, I lost our bearings!” you shout, over the din of her footfall.

“Let the stupid evil come, I say-say!” Rizii snarls, grinning wide. “I’m ready to smash!”

“Darling, be reasonable,” Byrna pants, pleading with her bulky lover. “You don’t need to be that gung-ho, it’s okay to run!”

“I need to be of use, Byrna!” she counters, readying her sword as you all ride the Northbound swells of Arlei’s wobbling breasts. “I hate running away! Hate-hate it!”

“You *are* of use, are you kidding?” you interject, sincerely. “You’re awesome!”

“Not awesome enough to be there, when it matters,” Rizii growls, blushing.

Byrna snuggles in against all that bulging blue kobold muscle, pressing her muzzle into Rizii’s thick neck until it slightly dimples, and she huffs warmly into it.

“You’re always there for me—”

“I wasn’t!” Rizii snaps, fully embarrassed. Bre practically killed you! I didn’t s...I didn’t stop it! You were so big and beautiful, and I let you fall-fall!”

So that explains her mood, since the Inn.

“You didn’t,” Byrna purrs, pressing in plump and soft. “There was nothing you could have done, darling.”

“Exactly,” Rizii moans, looking away. “Wasn’t strong enough. Wasn’t BIG-BIG!”

“If the demon had something to possess, we could attack,” Mohz repeats, rather casually. “Any living vessel would do. The weaker, the better for us.”

“Are there even any living things around these parts?” you ask.

“Not so far.”

“What if I let it take me over?” Rizii offers, suddenly, drawing the party’s attention in between Arlei’s oversized stomps below. “Then you just beat me up?”

“You don’t need to punish yourself, honey!” Byrna snaps. “No way!”

“Yeah, Rizii, we would only win by *slaying* you, right?” you add.

“You could wake me back up with smelling salts!”

“We don’t have any! And nobody wants to haul your bulk all the way out of demonic territory, all the way back to a town for restoration!”

“I COULD EASILY—”

“No!” Byrna shouts, putting her hands out to stop the talks.

“Yeah, I know you could carry her, Arlei, but let’s not run that kind of risk. Rizii’s part of the crew, and we don’t do that. Not willingly, at least!”

Rizii’s eyes twitch back and forth as she reads you. She fights a stubborn little grin off.

“Well. T-thanks, twerp.”

“M-MASTER!” Arlei booms, concern fresh in her huge, silky voice. “LOOK!”

It’s a challenge with how the landscape frequently vanishes each time Arlei’s breasts bounce back up to their peak, but between them you see a great cliff rising up, so tall that even Arlei has no chance of reaching it.

“Go left!” you shout. “Just keep moving!”

The vast female obeys and *thooms* along, until the cliff lowers enough to where more ruins have been carved into its side, along a series of ever-higher stairwells and tiers. Without warning Arlei leans in, her enormous chest bashing into the closest tier, effectively shoving the party down off of them, onto the rock flooring of that level. Half-standing shops and houses surround you as you dust off, then turn back to Arlei. She’s tall enough that, even that high up, her chin and upper-bosom still tower overhead.

“What are you doing?”

“M...MASTER LLOYD,” she groans, before clutching her head, her huge clawed fingers digging into her cap as she strains against something.

“Goodness,” Mohz murmurs. “I hadn’t noticed how weak her aura has gotten. Lloyd, Byrna, Rizii, prepare yourselves!”

“What?” you balk, as Arlie starts to chuckle cruelly, her voice growing raw and sharp.

“She’s been overtaken, Lloyd!”

Your stomach flips for several reasons, all of them registering in unison. Still, your tiny sword unsheathes, Rizii drawing her weapon, Byrns slipping tongue far out, ready to fight.

“THAT TOOK FOREVER, MY GOODNESS,” the High Demon rumbles, as the possessed Arlei looks herself over, then promptly clutches both immense breasts tight. “BUT HOW WORTH IT! WHAT A GORGEOUS FORM! I’LL GLADLY HAVE THIS BODY!”

“What do we do, Mohz?” you ask, getting into a stance. “We can’t hurt her!”

“You’ll have to put whatever attachments and emotions you have aside,” the kirin starts.

“No, I mean, we can’t hurt her, she’ll crush us first! If anyone uses a direct attack, she can turn it back onto us with BRUNT! We’ll be wiped out in one blow, at her size!”

“Really?” Mohz wonders, pursing his soft lips a moment. “Good to know!”

“YES, IT IS!” the High Demon snickers, her eyes glowing through Arlei’s, her irises shrinking into nasty slits. “THANKS FOR THE INFORMATION!”

“Lloyd!” Rizii huffs, stomping a clawed foot angrily.

“She already knew, she’s just being evil,” Mohz sighs, somewhat put off.

“WELL! I AM WHAT I AM, AFTER ALL,” the High Demon Arlei rumbles, as her colossal mace appears in a raising hand. “AND LET’S SEE WHAT YOU ALL ARE, WHEN THIS LANDS!”

“Rizii,” Mohz shouts, his bulk shifting as he turns to the slightly-bigger female. “Get ready to block that blow!”

“Me!?” Rizii snorts, startled. “She’s HUGE, Mohz!”

“BUFF 4!”

As the mace reaches its apogee, a brilliant red light overwhelms Rizii, the shocked

kobold gasping as her entire body absolutely *detonates* with muscle.

“*WhuAAAAAAAAAUGH!*”

You watch as Rizii’s gasp melts into a rumbling purr, then a mad, rattling laughter of bliss as Mohz’s spell forces so much pressurized power and might into her that her bodybuilder-class muscles both tighten, *and* balloon bigger, getting denser yet larger, expanding as they contract! Her breasts stretch against her pulling armor as her biceps violently billow bigger, scales singing and stretching as her shoulders boom into boulders, her back muscles nearly smothering up over her groaning neck bulk. Her thighs blow out to double their already-great scope, her calves inflating madly as her lats pop the straps of her lower armor!

“*Y...y-yu-yyyYYEEEEESSSSS-S-SSS-S!*”

Rizzi quakes openly, heat pouring off of her as her muscles double in size, *yet again*, her height rising from sheer force to 9 feet, then 10!

The possessed Arlei’s mace slows at its top height, then begins to descend!

“*BUFF!*” Byrna shouts, casting a less-potent spell, making it stack atop Mohz’s!

Rizzi’s eyes roll back in dark, lustful rapture as her pillar-sized arms boom even **BIGGER**, surging with uncontrollable torrents of power and sinew, her neck bloating as wide as Mohz’s waist as she rumbles up to 13 feet, then 16, rising up over you all as her armor rips and pings loose, her humongous scaly breast and fat, hot nipples popping out into the open!

With nothing else to think of offering, you throw a power elixir in, letting it smash onto the panting kobold’s swelling bulk, making her cackle with joy as you send her over the edge!

“*HAAAAAAAAAHHH!*”

The vast mace plummets down as Rizii swells even thicker, even stronger, billowing with absurd levels of muscle as she lurches and bloats up to 20 feet, then 25! One huge foot crashes into the rock as she loudly creaks and swells, bringing her cleaver back, then swinging it up with such horrible strength that a gale-force blast of displaced air rushes out after it!

High Demon Arlei’s mace swings down as the 30-foot Rizii’s cleaver connects, and the force of the blow is so tremendous that the vibration rushes up the mace into the possessed reptile maid’s arm, succeeding in knocking her backward!

-500 DAMAGE!

Rizzi is currently so powerful...that *deflecting* her blow...still caused 500 damage to something as big and defense-heavy as Arlei! Unbelievable!

“*YEAH-YEAH!*” Rizii booms, her hulking throat deepening her voice into a bassy pitch.

“HAHAHA! MUCH BETTER! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!!”

The 40-foot kobold *thuds* around to face you three, her smile wide. She’s finally stopped growing, but her muscles are so colossal and tight now that she makes Mohz look like a twig in comparison! Two of him could hug together, and still not quite match the circumference of one of Rizii’s immense biceps. She almost looks immobile, yet seems to move just fine, considering.

“THANK YOU! LLOYD, YOU’RE A GENIUS! YOU WONDERFUL TWERP!”

“Everyone chipped in!” you shout up to the monstrous lizard.

“FLOAT!”

Mohz’s next spell happens without hesitation, and a moment later the massive Arlei looms up into the air, all that ponderous bulk wobbling awkwardly, mid-flight.

“HAHAHA! PATHETIC!” the possessed maid giantess roars, smiling. You forgot how many very big teeth Arlei has, and back away some. “IS THIS MEANT TO STOP ME!? DO YOU REALLY DARE? YOU, HUMAN...LLOYD! DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT SOMEONE SO DESPERATELY IN LOVE WITH YOU!? SHE HUNGERS FOR YOU! DESPITE ALL THIS POWER AND SIZE, THIS IDIOT ACTUALLY *WANTS* YOU!”

“Can you hold her?” you ask, as Mohz seems to easily keep her up. You try to keep from blushing fiery-red at the comments, lest you start glowing as much as Byrna.

“For long enough.”

“HEAL 2!” High Demon Arlei bellows, as you watch her health fully restore itself.

MOHZ: 500/770 MP

ARLEI: 420/480 MP

Both casters have a lot of MP left...but you realize, you have multiple magic potions, so you could outlast her—

“ICE 4!”

Mohz calmly utters the spell and, as you watch in shock, a great glacier of ice flashes into being, fully-encasing all 810 feet of Arlei as she cries out in surprise.

“Wait!” you holler, realizing what a spell that strong could do.

-4,768 DAMAGE! CRITICAL!

“NO!” you shout. “Mohz, what are you doing!?”

“It’s necessary,” he flatly says as the shelf of dense ice cracks, then smashes apart, leaving Arlei’s body to crash back to the ground below, shaking everything.

“You wiped her out!” Rizii growls, taking a massively strong stomp forward. “Why!?”

“We could have found a way,” Byrna gasps, as you storm over to the much bigger, bulkier kirin.

“You had better have a great reason—”

At that, the wall of living inky darkness geysers up, leaving Arlei’s body. Heavens, there’s a lot more of it now!

“GEHEHE, HOW DELIGHTFULLY CRUEL OF YOU!” the ink hisses, looping about. “YOU’RE A FUN BUNCH! I HAVEN’T HAD FUN IN SO, SO LONG! MORE! ENTERTAIN ME MORE, WORMS!”

At that, she vanishes outright, leaving you dumbfounded.

“And she’s not even defeated!” Rizii huffs, her mere exhalation shaking the terrain. “This was a stupid idea!”

“I have RAISE 3, everyone,” Mohz detachedly says. “She’ll be better than new. It’s a spell that needs several rounds to cast, but I can do it quickly enough.”

“Why didn’t you,” you stammer, angrily. “Well...what if we’re attacked before then!?”

“You’ll need to give me a moment, in that case.”

“Defeating Arlei didn’t kill the High Demon, though!” Byrna adds. “It just bought us a little time before she tries to possess the next one of us! What if she possesses Arlei right after you raise her back up? We’d be back where we started! And doesn’t RAISE 3 cost a massive amount of MP?”

“Yes,” the huge kirin admits, nodding once. “And you have magic potions, three. Plan accordingly, Lloyd!”

“R...right!”

“Go left, if you want to live!”

Your confusion is too temporary to even settle in properly as Byrna’s tongue lashes around you, pulling you away in time to avoid Rizii’s cleaver as it hits the ground, the sheer force creating a terrible explosion of smashed stone and flung debris!

“What in the—” you cough, waving the smoke away as the dust clears to reveal Rizii, the

looming 40-foot kobold snarling with a dark, horrible laugh.

“THIS ISN’T BAD AT ALL, EITHER!” the High Demon chuckles, flexing a phenomenally overbuilt bicep, watching it stretch higher and higher and higher. “IMAGINE IF I HIT ANY OF YOU AND LANDED, WITH THIS MUCH POWER! BUFF 2!”

Rizii’s own spell is used, and the colossal female’s body starts to impossibly billow even *STRONGER!*

“FLOAT!”

Again, Mohz casts his spell, but High Demon Rizii plants her thickening fingers into the stone, so powerful that they penetrate deep! She clutches it and strains her growing muscles so tight that the rocks around her float, but she...she resists! And she’s only growing stronger!

“NICE TRY, DEAR!” the possessed kobold titan guffaws, her teeth flashing evilly as her bulk gorges on power, her back muscles consuming her, fighting against the surging bulk of her bloated shoulders and heaving arms. Her breasts mash down flat to the turf as she gasps and moans, trembling with power that could crush mountains, her body booming up past 45 feet, then 50! “M...MOOOOOORE! HAHA, MOOOORE!”

Blue arms, each as wide as an entire house, strain as she uproots one clawed, gigantic hand, and slams it back down ahead, crawling and clawing her way closer along the ground.

“FLOAT!” Mohz repeats, spending even more MP to move not Rizii—but you and Byrna!

“Hey! Wait!” you holler as you and the chubby salamander female go flying up, narrowly missing as Rizii’s possessed hand crushes in on where you just were.

“Keep her occupied a few moments, Lloyd! I have just enough left to restore Arlei! Go!”

With a flick of his hand, Mohz sends you and Byrna up, up, to the next tier of the ruins, carved into the great cliff face.

“YOU REALLY THINK I’LL BOTHER WITH THOSE SMALL FRY, MAGE?” the possessed Rizii bellows, clawing over to him, instead, as the debris continues floating up around her. “YOU’RE THE ONE THAT CAN REVIVE, SO WHY DON’T I JUST KILL—”

“WARP.”

Just like that, Mohz is gone.

The High Demon Rizii snorts, then grins.

“WHAT FUN! AHAHAHA! YES!”

Floating up, you see the possessed kobold snap her attention back to you two.

“GONNA FIND-FIND YO OOOOOOU!”

You both land with a bounce onto the upper echelon, where the remnants of a huge shrine rests, long since in disrepair.

“We need to get as far from her as we can, she has Multi-Strike as a skill!” Byrna groans.

“She could kill us all in one stroke, you’re right! Quick, into the shrine!”

“WHERE ARE YOU, HOT ROOOOOCK!?! DON’T YOU WANT THIS MOUNTAIN OF DELICIOUS CURVES AND MUSCLE ALL TO YOURSELF!?”

The voice echoes around the dead valley and cliff as you hustle into the shrine.

“There’s no way we can hope to damage Rizii like this, her stats are at god-levels!” Byrna moans, openly aroused but fearful. “She could smash through anything we put between us!”

“Except the cliff,” you say, making the glowing-orange reptile cock her head curiously.

“How are we going to use the cliff to stop her, Lloyd?”

“Sheer weight! Sorry in advance, Byrna!”

You bring out both the green and blue jewels and activate them—together!

“Sorry for what, LIOOOOOOOOOOO—”

A blend of blue and green light washes over the salamander as her breasts balloon with a low stretching *boom*, making her vest struggle and pop its buttons as her chest doubles in size with a wobbly *bwhumpf*, then rumble and double again! Her hips swell uncontrollably bigger and bigger and bigger, her waist frantically expanding as her entire body ripples all over, holds, then BOOMS bigger!

“HAAAAAH!”

The hollering lizardess explodes in all directions as she takes and takes from Arlei’s size, more and more of it pumping in as Byrna groans through her teeth, stretching up past 30 feet, then 80 feet, swelling in cascading bursts of echoing growth! Her head bashes up into the shrine, forcing the growing female to lean in, forcing her massively oversized bosom down lower and lower towards you!

You gulp and back away as the rumbling reptile bites her soft, huge lip, quivers, then cries out and *BOOOOOMS* bigger! Her groaning shoulders, backside and rear blow up through

snapping ruins as her clothing rips apart, clinging and popping away as over 140 feet of naked female explodes up through the roof! As you hoped, she stumbles back, her growing ankle catching the shrine's remaining walls, sending her toppling as she rockets up to 300 feet!

“LLLOOOOOOOOYD!!”

Her smooth, bulgy rump collides with the turf as she screams and burgeons up to 350 feet, then 400! Her breasts keep expanding disproportionately, wobbling and pressing tight together as her bulging teats surge even fatter, hotter and hotter! You run out to see her bellowing as she helplessly tries to wrangle her inflating bust, growing fingers slipping and stroking blazing-hot nipples as they grow in size and length, steam roaring out!

You look at the jewels. They're really taking a *lot*, this time, wow.

“I'M GETTING WARMER!” Rizii's voice explodes from below, as you start to hear the steady thunk-thunk of her huge fingers bashing the cliff face, making for an easy enough climb. “BETTER RUN, UP THERE! HAHA!”

Still, amazingly, Byrna just gets bigger, and bigger, and *bigger*.

She shudders and gulps, her tongue swelling longer and thicker as it bleps out of her increasingly huge, hot, loveable muzzle as she tightly blows up to 500 feet, clenching her growing feet against crushing ruins and smashing pillars, the ground underneath her expansive rear cracking and snapping apart.

She huff-huffs out smoke as her breasts balloon yet again, booming so big that they consume most of her torso, her hips unthinkably wide just below their curves. With a last shaking moan, she blasts up to a final, staggering height of 607 feet!

As High Demon Rizii peeks up over the ridge she catches sight of Byrna's newly-grown, colossal, view-consuming rump and tail; the part of Rizii that was still buried inside must have seen it, because:

“WHOA!” the possessed kobold gasps, grinning wide—just before Byrna's towering body and terrible weight cracks the entirety of the cliff, making the tier crumble, then shatter outright!

The possessed Rizii cries out as her grip fails, sending her plummeting down, down, well past the previous tier, bashing her against them as her huge muscles obliterate most of it, only for her bulk to slam with a catastrophic CRASH at the base of the valley, cracking the floor for a thousand feet in all directions.

“OH, RIZII!” Byrna gasps, her huge voice blasting out as she and you are left among the lingering segments of rock above. “WAS THAT REALLY NECESSARY, LLOYD?”

“It worked, didn't it?” you shout up to the towering female, a small mountain of smooth, supple orange curves, her blush getting darker behind her incredibly huge breasts.

“RAISE 3!”

The brilliant light from far, far below tells you plenty as you hear Arlei coughing and waking up once more.

“Hey, Mohz got to her, great!” you say, relieved.

“But the High Demon could just repossess Arlei, or even me, now!”

“Yeah, we need to get back down there, but even at your size, jumping would be fatal,” you ponder. You hear a massive roar down below and run over to the newly-renovated edge of the tier to see Rizii stomping out of the impact crater from her landing, her HP down to 300/1,570! She’s hurt, but not defeated! “She’s heading for Mohz and Arlei! Quick, Byrna...warp us!”

The humongous nude female salamander perks up, already understanding.

“MULTI-STRIIIIIKE 2–”

“WARP!”

You feel the world shift away, then reappear. Byrna’s hundred-foot wide rump crashes down a much shorter distance into the ground, just as the possessed Rizii makes to unleash her skill attack at a very surprised Mohz and Arlei! Tons of soft reptile booty crashes directly onto the muscle-god kobold, smashing even her prodigious body down into an even wider crater!

-2,132 DAMAGE!

Even all that muscle collapses under the horrifying tonnage of a falling Byrna, crushing the possessed Rizii underbulk before she knows what’s happening.

“OH!” she huffs, suddenly realizing what’s under her humongous ass. You warp-bounce off of the chubby female’s belly, down between her huge thighs, tumbling with a tickle off of her thick vent lips and down onto the cratered terrain. “OH, NO, RIZII!”

She looms over you all with ease as she forces her heavy body up to a stand, trying to turn and see Rizii, wedged thoroughly between her plump, tangerine cheeks.

You stumble over to Mohz, who pats Arlei’s huge thigh as the maid sluggishly returns to life. She looks herself over, seeing that she’s now only about 203 feet tall (still massive)...before she looks down at you and Mohz, then up, and up, and up at Byrna, who is now three times bigger than she!

“W...WHAT HAPPENED!?” Arlie croaks, feeling herself over, along with her readjusted clothing. “OH, GOODNESS–THE THINGS I SAID! THE THINGS SHE MADE ME

SAY TO YOU! I STRUCK AT YOU!”

Tears start to build, lining poor Arlei’s eyes as she sniffles miserably.

“It wasn’t your fault!” you shout, trying to soothe, as Mohz approaches, his hand patiently out.

“Ahem,” he rumbles, towering over you with his raw muscle and tight robes. “Magic potion, if you don’t mind. We likely don’t have long at all.”

“Oh!” you begin, fishing one out of the bag of holding and handing it over, watching as Mohz fully replenishes his MP. “Right, I guess you had better get to raising Rizii next, right?”

“If we weren’t about to be crushed, certainly.”

“GYAHAAAAHA!” Byrna bellows, the possessed salamander titaness groping her supple, tight, orange smoothness happily. “EVERY BODY IS A JOY TO TAKE! YOU SPOIL ME, LITTLE ONES! AND YOU EVEN BROUGHT THE OTHER ONE BACK FOR ME! EH, THOUGH SHE SEEMS A BIT...INADEQUATE, COMPARED TO ME, AT THIS POINT!”

“INADEQUATE!?” Arlei bawls, her tail thrashing angrily. “I-I’LL MAKE SURE YOU PAY FOR THIS INSULT, YOU VILE—”

“FLAME.”

High Demon Byrna’s spell activates, a wall of fire rolling forth—and at her size, that wall is staggeringly huge!

“REFLECT!”

Mohz casts turquoise shells of energy around you, himself and Arlei; the moment the flame wall connects, it bounces back into Byrna, her fiery body consuming the flames as though they were a pleasant breeze. The ruins ignite in fire around you and the massive salamander as she chortles mockingly, then hugs deep under her breasts, nearly half as large as herself now.

“IS THAT ALL?”

Her thick tongue whips out, striking in a harsh crescent down below, smashing the ground and sending all three of you flying back.

You’re hit for -500 DAMAGE!

Mohz is hit for -1,000 DAMAGE!

Arlei is hit for -1,000 DAMAGE!

LLOYD: 220/720 HP

MOHZ: 1,440/2,440 HP

ARLEI: 600/1,600 HP

You all land with different severities of pain, your person skidding and rolling as most of your health is obliterated with a group slash attack. To think that kind of damage could come from a spread attack like that...you might not survive another!

“WARP!”

Mohz’s voice comes just before the flash, and just like that you’re back at the wrecked shrine, up high above. Rizii’s body is in tow, still knocked out.

“We don’t have time,” Mohz shouts. “Arlei, heal us!”

“Right!” the 203-foot maid lizard says, nodding. “HEAL ALL!”

+800 HP

You’re back up to snuff, Mohz is at 2,240 HP, and Arlei at 1,400!

“Good, now, I just need a moment to revive Rizii, and we can form a plan to—”

“WARP!”

High Demon Byrna’s colossal body bursts into frame overhead, a cruelly demonic grin on her muzzle as she plummets down at you!

“WARP!” Mohz hollers as you vanish, seconds before Byrna’s huge duff smashes down, collapsing the remainder of the high cliff on impact and kicking up a pillar of smoke.

You reappear all the way down at the bramble-choked entrance to Hogosha, all progress momentarily lost. Disorientation sets in as you thud down yet again, dizzied and stumbling.

“She can keep dogging us this way, this is bad,” Mohz grumbles, turning to Rizii. “I need time to complete the spell properly!”

“What do we do, try and hold her off?” you ask. “Byrna’s so much bigger than Arlei now, can we even hurt her?”

“You’ll have to figure out a way!”

You think, desperately fast. To Mohz’s surprise you whip out a tent and throw it down, letting it set itself up.

“A tent?” he asks, before realizing time is wasting, and starting to begin the spell.

“Quick, warp away again!” you order.

Mohz's long kirin ears flicker receptively. He laughs.

“WARP!”

You flash yet again and land behind a set of high ruins on a long-desolated hilltop. Through a window you see Byrna's enormous body flash over the tent, high up in the air, her fat tail whipping cutely.

“GOT YOOOOOU!”

Even from what must be several miles away, her hot voice carries, and you watch as High Demon Byrna lets herself smash down, annihilating the tent and everything under it with a reverberating BOOM!

“You clever thing!” Mohz chuckles, ruffling your hair with a big, strong hand. “We can hide here long enough, this works perfectly!”

You grin, but keep a sharp watch through the window of the ruined walls as Mohz begins to work over Rizii's huge body. Through the opening, you see the possessed mega-salamander chuckle and lift her rear up, stomping around to inspect the tent. A humongous set of breasts plunges down as she viciously slams her multi-hundred-foot wide mammaries over the flattened item, further demolishing it as she cackles and squeezes her bloated nipples tight.

“SO MUCH FUN! AHAHAHA! I LOVE IT! GO ON, YOU LITTLE FOOLS, RESPAWN! YOU'LL COME RIGHT BACK HERE, AND I'LL EAT YOU ALL UP!”

She waits. Her wicked smile droops down to a bored frown. At her size, yes, you can still tell. Her chubby tail *flapflaps* irritably as she waits on, before black smoke starts to emerge from her flaring nostrils.

“How's it coming along, Mohz?” you ask.

“WELL!?” Byrna booms from afar, steam pouring off of her huge body. “COME THEN, COME! THIS IS GETTING DULL!”

“Almost,” Mohz murmurs as a glow consumes Rizii's huge body, soaking into muscles individually bigger than you are, tall.

To your horror the possessed Byrna lifts her unfathomably big breasts up off the ground, using a huge claw to poke and prod at the tent. She sniffs as close down to it as her bulging bust allows, before angrily snorting, and using two claws to rip it apart, revealing nothing.

“OH,” she drawls, smiling meanly once again. “A CUTE TRICK! INTERESTING!”

“RAISE 3!”

The light flashes, and you hope that the ruin conceals it as Rizii starts to groan, then sit upright, shifting unthinkably huge muscles, the 50-foot kobold nearly too big to stay behind the wall. Arlei thankfully had the sense to press down flat behind the hill itself, and stay quiet.

“What,” Rizii huffs, before shaking her somewhat-enlarged head, and looking down. “Where’s Byrna? Don’t tell me she—”

“Is possessed, yes,” Mohz quietly mutters, motioning for her to lower her big head and bend a huge, adorable blue ear. “She’s been campaigning to crush us, so we’re hiding for the moment.”

“Crush?” Rizii hums, before joining you in peeking out the window, her voluminous shoulder muscles pressing you flat to the wall as she does. “WHOA! Right, she got gigantified! Ho, sh...sh-she’s gorgeous!”

“And completely evil,” you grumble, being pressed tighter as Rizii starts breathing heavily. “We tried to warp away from her flame attack, but she has warp as well, so we’re trying to figure out how to defeat her, without any of us being left open for possession after!”

“You and I needn’t worry at this point, Lloyd,” Mohz says, cracking his knuckles, his bulk flexing out from the merest efforts. “She clearly can only possess females, as she could have taken me over, and wrapped this all up. You all see that temple, down the way, behind us?”

You do.

“It looks a lot newer, doesn’t it? Much less decrepit?”

You nod. Given Rizii’s thick, hot shoulder muscles pin you, it’s all you can manage.

“That sort of temple is for a smaller-time entity, long overthrown by the Archmage, in his day. He was a former servant, if you would believe it. That was just before the fall of the realm.”

“Okay, so?” Rizii mutters, staying low. “What of it?”

“That type of temple is for worship to *avatars* of that entity. Though it’s been vanquished from this realm, those avatars are still generally around, and meant for occupation. Starting to understand?”

“No,” Rizii snorts.

“We can trap it in an avatar!” you say, nodding slowly.

“We have to defeat Byrna first, after luring her to the temple, over there. If we beat her there, the High Demon will have to go into the avatar.”

“Or any of the ladies,” you correct.

“Ah, but there’s a way around that,” Mohz says, grinning. “Arlei has her power back, now that she’s been raised. Her aura can shine again, if for a decent while. She won’t want a falling-apart avatar, naturally...otherwise, she would have made it to one right away. So, we use Arlei’s aura to force her into it.”

“So, we’ll need to raise Byrna, after defeating her, but *before* the High Demon goes into the avatar,” you figure.

“Yeah, I don’t want her getting left out of the spoils this time!” Rizzi grumbles.

“Agreed. We all need as much leveling up as possible, along the way to the Archmage. Very well, then, that’s the plan. Lloyd, keep your other two magic potions handy, this will be very...*consuming* work.”

“Got it! Just let me know whenever you need them.”

“Good lad! Well, then—”

“IF YOU NAUGHTY THINGS WON’T COME OUT AND ENTERTAIN ME, THEN I’LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE THE INITIATIVE! YOU SHOULDN’T BOTHER HIDING!”

Byrna rises to her full, awesome size of 607 feet, a gloriously curvy mass of flesh and glowing warmth as she strokes huge circles around her burning teats. Rizii gulps, *hard*.

“YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO LITTLE DUMPLINGS THAT WON’T LEAVE THE OVEN! THEY TEND TO BURN UP! FLAAAAAAME!”

A vast wall of fire billows out, consuming the ruins of Hogosha, covering everything in fire, and rendering it a hellish inferno of wrath. You and Rizii stumble back as the wall covers mile after mile, incinerating everything on its eventual way to you.

“WAVE 4!”

Mohz unleashes a tsunami of foaming waters that bash and ripple and out, blowing the ruin wall away, pushing toppled columns back as it crashes with a massive burst of steam against the wall of flames. The rest of the blaze surges out to an ember-speckled stop as the waters recede, leaving you untouched.

“To the temple, and fast!” Mohz shouts as Arlei stands up from behind the hill and follows you into it. Naturally, your cover has been thoroughly blown, proving how disastrous it is to have the largest party member also be one of the smartest.

“HO-HO, FOUND YOU!” High Demon Byrna roars, laughing like doomsday as she THUD-THUDS over to you through the remaining fires, unfazed by them. “WHERE ARE YOU

HIDING NEXT, LITTLE ANTS? I HOPE IT'S A BETTER SPOT, FOR YOUR SAKE!"

You can feel the landscape quaking heavier and harder as Byrna's gigantic body crashes nearer and nearer, her vast stride easily closing the distance between her and the party as you flee into the gigantic temple. Rizii is able to squeeze her prodigious bulk in, then use it to slam the double doors shut, only for the entire rooftop to twist and crackle...before being *ripped* off the top of the entire temple as Byrna peeks in.

"BOO!"

She inhales, her tongue taking the passing oxygen and blazing brighter and hotter, turning into a full-on flame whip in her mouth, readying to strike!

"THUNDER 4!"

High Demon Byrna shrieks and gibbers some mad ramblings as the pain of millions of volts crackles and sizzles at her body, her eyes saucer-wide, her flaming maw open all the way as she bellows and snarls!

-2,346 DAMAGE!

Even with her sheer size bolstering her defense, the possessed salamental still takes a massive hit, leaving her smoldering and dead-eyed as she wobbles, pitches, and crashes her incredibly massive, hefty breasts down, blowing through the front of the temple like it was brittle paper, blasting smoke past you and the many blown-over pews.

Her gargantuan muzzle rests over you all as Arlei meekly peers up over the other side of the half-wrecked temple, looking the devastation over.

"GOODNESS!" she chirps, just tall enough to climb up and over the remaining wall on her side, entering the otherwise too-small building. "ALRIGHT, MY T-TURN! THIS IS FOR HUMILIATING ME IN FRONT OF MY MASTER!"

"That doesn't even begin to cover it," Rizii sighs, looking sadly at Byrna's toasted, gigantic body before them.

Arlei's holy aura bursts out as the gigantic maid concentrates.

"EVERYONE, GET IN CLOSE!"

You gladly obey, just as Byrna's knocked-out body spasms, then belches the black ink out, which is far, far larger than ever before, a small lake's worth now!

"SO, YOU WON A FEW ROUNDS," the High Demon mocks, wavering in place. "HOW MUCH RESOURCES HAVE YOU IDIOTS BURNED THROUGH, THOUGH? HAHA! NOW, WATCH AS I REPEAT THE WHOLE PROCESS, UNTIL YOU *AAAAAH-*"

As the dark mass flows toward Arlei her aura increases tenfold, blinding whatever it is through which the foul mass can see.

“WARP!” Mohz roars, as instead of warping any of you or Byrna, it instead causes the massive blot of evil to blink out of reality, gone.

“You...can warp *other* things, not yourself?” you peep, astonished.

“I didn’t want *her* knowing that,” Mohz humbly explains, grinning. Just as fast as it vanished, the black mass reappears—inside the avatar behind you all. The large, bat-like statue suddenly rocks to life on its altar, jerking and twitching erratically as the mass unwillingly possesses it.

“I have just enough to revive Byrna,” Mohz says, hurrying past to the downed giantess. “But have that magic potion ready, Lloyd! I don’t know quite what amount of resistance we might get from that old statue!”

“Didn’t you just seal her in it?” you ask.

“Yes, but she emerged so much bigger than I expected, she might be able to manipulate it still, so be watchful!”

You turn back to see the large bat as it begins to turn from stony stuff to softening, warm, furry flesh. Its dull eyes flicker to life, long, massive lashes forming at the lids. Its sculpted chest swells out into full, gigantic breasts, its thighs swelling into feminine curves that just...keep expanding! The altar cracks as her black and purple body starts to rumble bigger, and bigger, and bigger, its 20-foot size leaping up hungrily to 30 feet, then 40.

“Hah,” the female bat moans, her black nipples pulsing larger against soft, huge, violet breasts. “That was such fun! Haha! I just adore you all! Hoh, I have to thank you, truly!”

She’s getting even *bigger*. The altar snaps under her growing feet as she spreads her vast red wing flaps out wide. 50 feet...60 feet...70 feet...the altar crashes flat under her as she rises to a stand lustily, a lengthy red tongue slipping out of her bat snout among a growing, heavy purr.

“Ah, Mohz,” you whimper.

“I hear it,” Mohz sighs, nodding, not leaving Byrna’s side. “Do something about her, will you please?”

“Gladly!” Rizii hisses, the 50-foot giant bringing her cleaver down with screaming force, bashing the bat so hard that her bigger body bursts through the wall behind her, demolishing it as she takes the hit for a staggeringly powerful -1981 DAMAGE! On a regular strike, no less!

Compared to that, you just keep holding your sword forward, confident that you couldn’t

manage a fraction of that, on a critical swing.

“Ouch!”

The High Demon bat rises back up, and up, and up, and up, swelling larger, even faster! Her growing furred thighs spill bigger on either side of you as she darkly chuckles and clutches her nipples, hard, huffing deeply.

“That hit her,” Rizii snorts, looking warily up at the 200-foot tall sitting bat demon. “I saw it register! Where...where’s her health stat?”

“I really do appreciate this,” the High Demon chirrup, her growing bat muzzle stretching into a demonic snarl of joy. “I hadn’t once considered looming over anyone, but after that joyride, how can I not try it out for myself! HOPE YOU ENJOY WATCHING AS I GROW...AND GROW...AND GROW...AND GROOOOOOOW! HAHHAHAHA! RUN, ANTS!”

“I think we just gave her a new fetish,” Rizii huffs, sounding like she understands.

“YOU THINK I WAS TRAPPED IN THIS AVATAR? HMM? I JUST WANTED AN EXCUSE TO PLAY AROUND A BIT WITH YOUR BODIES FIRST, AND TAKE IN ALL THAT DELICIOUS DAMAGE YOU INFLICTED! I ADORE BEING HURT! BEING STRUCK! IT INCREASES MY POWER TREMENDOUSLY, AND EVERY T-TIME—”

400 feet.

500 feet.

“—YOU FOOLS BEAT ME...YOU SWELLED MY POWER SO VASTLY—”

The rest of the temple tumbles back and crashes apart as her billowing body swells, the huge bat’s hips and thighs and breasts ballooning out of proportion or control. You and Rizii back away, lest her surging, hot thighs cage you entirely as she trembles and rolls her big red eyes and groans larger, surpassing even Byrna in size!

“—THAT I *HAD* TO PLAY LONGER, TAKE IN MORE! I WAS SO STARVING HERE, ALL ALONE, AFTER THE ARCHMAGE MOVED ON! NO ONE TO TORMENT! NOTHING GOOD TO PLAY WITH AND FEED ON! YOU’VE M-MADE ME...SO POWERFUL! I C-CAN FEEL IT RISING WITHIN THIS BODY! CRASHING! B-BUH-BURSTING BIGGER, HOTTER! GAHAHAHA!”

“RAISE 3!”

You turn and toss another magic potion over to Mohz, just as Byrna’s gigantic eyes flutter open and she stirs back to life again—only to sit up at eye-level with two massive, overflowing, *colossal*, furry purple breasts. The bat is already sitting at her size, making her over 1,000 feet tall, and getting bigger and thicker by the second.

“GAH!” Byrna hollers, destructively backing up as Arlei steps forth and pushes her aura even brighter—only for the bat to blast blackened fire out of her huge maw, hammering into the surprised reptilian maid for a nasty toll of -800 DAMAGE, knocking her back as she cries out!

“THAT HURT BEFORE, YOU LITTLE GUTTERSNIPE,” the ever-swelling female bat grumbles, her blood red fangs gleaming. “BUT I’VE GROWN SO, SO STRONG NOW...RUN FAST, IF YOU WANT A BETTER VIEW, BECAUSE I’M...ONLY...S-STARTING!!”

“WARP!” Mohz roars as the reunited party flashes, then reappears on the steps of a vast spire of twisting rock, leading up and up into ashen clouds above.

“RUUUUNNNN!”

The bat demon’s huge voice swells with raw power down below, shaking the ruined, burning landscape; any shadows of the ruins before your visit are long gone now, those last sad vestiges of Hogosha crackling away in the flames below, leaving nowhere to go but up.

“Lloyd, have that last potion ready!” Mohz orders as you all scurry up the flight. Wide as the steps are, they aren’t enough to accommodate all of you! Arlei cries out and quickly clings to the great spire itself, Byrna’s gigantic body making it shake as she does the same, just below you. “This is going to cost most of what I have, to properly accomplish! All I have are ranged spells, so when she reveals herself, get behind me—”

The rather unflattering view of the valley and kingdom below are summarily consumed by fur as the growing bat explodes over it, surging bigger in gushing, rude bursts of size. Feet bigger than entire buildings crash through the burning debris, heels bumping and lifting and thudding back down as they steamroll through smaller and smaller ruins. Her thighs bulge hotly as her growing legs spread a swath, flattening everything, her belly pushing out in a wall of red and violet fluff as her breasts explode twice as big, covering her wide hips and stomach entirely.

She rears back, luxuriating at 2,300 feet in height, sitting, her vast bat-maw wide open as bloodied teeth and a slathering tongue swell bigger and bigger. Enormous ears perk back like darkened sails as she beats monstrous red wings, shudders, and looks to the spire.

“OHO, TRYING TO GET TO HIGHER GROUND, DARLINGS?” the growing High Demon booms, deeply amused, blowing up another 700 feet in one hard push. “IT’S HARDLY MUCH BETTER IN THE UPPER REALMS! HAHA! BETTER GO FASTER, B-BECAUSE I...I-IEEEEE-G...GGGHHUUUAAAAHAHAHAHA!”

With a terrible blast of force the gargantuan she-bat *doubles* in size, instantly, inflating so big that her head pushes clear up past your place on the spire stairwell, leaving her sitting at a horrific 6,600 feet, well over a mile tall, on her mammoth rump! Her breasts bulge even bigger, disproportionately blowing out in a wall of tight fur, nearly bashing into the side of the spire stairs!

“MMMMOOOOOOORE! HAHA! WHY...DID I NEVER CONSIDER...GREED!? YOU DARLINGS HAVE O-OPENED MY EYES! I COULD SWELL...AS BIG AND HEAVY AND BEAUTIFUL AS I WISH! I’LL BURY THIS FORSAKEN, *BORING* LAND IN MY FUR, AND SWELL INTO THE NEXT, AND THE NEXT! THE MORE THE MORTALS FIGHT ME, THE BIGGER I’LL GROW!”

“ICE 4!” Mohz roars as again, a vast sheet of glacial devastation bursts into view, consuming the growing bat-demon’s massive chest in layer after layer of ice.

“OOOH!” the High Demon chuckles, as the ice expands out around her, more and more.

“How much can you cover, with that?” you ask, as Rizii keeps on running, and Arlei and Byrna climb up past carefully, on the other side of the spire. “Can you get all of her?”

Mohz strains a little, which shocks even you, and the bat’s entire body is consumed with white-blue ice, save her head.

-4,883 DAMAGE! CRITICAL!

“Whoa!” you shout, as Rizii keeps thundering higher and higher up the spire, nearing the clouds. “You got *that* much out of your spell!?”

Mohz looks the slightest bit winded, but raises his hands again, glaring.

“Stay behind me, I’m recasting!”

“What?”

“It isn’t enough, look at her!”

The bat’s huge eyes roll back as she bites her lip lustfully, blowing dark matter out of her flared nostrils before she begins to shake terribly all over, swelling bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and BIGGER, AND BIGGER, *AND BIGGER!* The massive shelf of solid ice twitches as her semi-visible body puffs against it, until one crack forms, then a dozen, then many hundred, webbing together as her head bulges higher and higher over you, nearing the clouds themselves as the glacier whines and moans, splitting away steadily as her hips and huge breasts and firmed-up nipples explode loose.

Ice fragments spray everywhere as her body heat actually rises, spitefully increasing. A vast wing-hand brushes her monumentally big breasts, the sensation making her shudder. At her ever-greater scope, the simple shivering rattles the land below.

“OHO, THE BIG GUNS, IS IT?” she booms, laughing like a crazed thing in heat as she brushes the shattered bits off, blowing up past 7,000 feet...7,800 feet...8,300 feet... “GOOD! HIT ME MORE, DEAR! ANOTHER!”

No wonder upper-tier demons were so difficult to kill.

“Keep moving, keep moving!” Byrna huffs, the humongous female waddling up the spire, her huge breasts threatening to slip her arms loose as she clings. “She’s outgrowing the valley, this whole thing will break!”

You do just that as Mohz remains there, squaring his shoulders firmly, making his new robe tear at a few Northernmost seams.

“Mohz!” you shout.

“Leave the potion with me, Lloyd! Do it!”

“I...I could confuse her, maybe! Buy us some time!”

“She might damage herself, and that would be far worse! I appreciate it, my friend, but go! Go now!”

You tarry only a moment longer, seeing the bat’s colossal breasts buffeting bigger up against the spire, cracking it as her mile-wide rump smothers the landscape of Hoshoga, her ears pushing up into the clouds as she bellows and cackles with unhinged desire. It’s at least several miles to the lowest clouds, at your elevation, meaning...the bat is well-over 6 miles tall, and still growing! Isn’t there anything to stop a power-mad creature with his kind of ability?

H-how do you stop this chain reaction!?

“ICE 4!!”

Again, you hear the arctic blast of ice surging out over her furry geography, making the bat squeal in pain and joy from somewhere within the cloud cover, shaking everything above and below as she moans in anticipation of more damage-growth.

-4,780 DAMAGE! CRITICAL!

The rumbling worsens as you run up, up the high end of the cracking, snapping spire, clearing the last step with zero breath and a beet-red face. You leap up onto solid ground from around the clouds, seeing the spire crash away below you seconds after, lost in the growing sea of ruffled, sweaty bat-fur. Rock structures older than song are left as bits of ignored rubble, sinking forever-lost within the swelling ocean of scented fur and rising musk.

“Mohz!” you shout, as Rizii uses the blunt side of her huge cleaver to bar you from going back. You feel a huge, but unusually gentle giant hand on you, and it actually belongs to the towering blue kobold. “Rizii, he’s still down there!”

“Give him some credit, twerp! He’ll be fine!” she barks, scooping you along in her incredibly muscled, tight arms. This is the second time she’s willfully carried you.

“THIS WAY, MASTER LLOYD! RIZII!” Arlei booms, waving you both over to her and the even-bigger Byrna. Clouds rise on either side of a high mountain passage, Byrna using her sheer scale to scoop away boulders and open it up ahead for the party. What mountain is this tall?

“QUICK, HONEY!” Byrna adds, as you both dart along by the two giant females.

“S-sorry I chased you, sweet-heat!” Rizii huffs as she thunders by.

“SORRY I KILLED THE TENT,” Byrna sighs back, nodding.

“Nobody did anything wrong!” you shout, right after passing by.

Just then the entire mountain shakes, and in *probably* the worst way.

A short ways behind you, Mohz flashes back into view, looking winded—sagging a little bit, even, as though catching his breath after a modest jog. He pops his back, then turns to wave at you, when the entire view behind him, behind the mountain itself, is replaced with a single surging violet muzzle. It rises and rises, piercing the higher clouds, followed by a neck so thick you almost can’t see either end of it, through the mountain pass. Monumentally vast furry breasts blow up after, dispersing the clouds as the roaring High Demon earns her name, and then some.

“MMMMOOOOOOOOORRRRE!”

Her thick, syrupy voice batters the mountain with pure bass seconds after, the sound too big to properly understand as it tears through everything. Breasts each as big as a regular mountain crash in, colliding and pressing and bulging into the mountainside as the bat pushes her 10-mile body into it, grinding her thick, humongous belly into the ancient rock with giddy, quaking abandon, so ferociously aroused that she’s babbling in eldritch tongues as she shudders, her merest convulsions making the mountain tremble.

A dark, warm clitoris the size of a lake balloons against all that quaking rock, inflated out from between two immense thighs, fur strands bigger than ancient world trees swaying as she grinds lewdly against it, straddling *an entire mountain* with total abandon. Nipples bigger than small islands crash over and over against the sides above, down below, her fluffy collarbone looming in as she pleases herself with the landscape, sending belated shock waves through the pass, through the entire region, not caring in the least if seen.

“She’s HUGE!” you gasp as the bat’s shadow spills over you all, over everything!
“Mohz, did you—”

“Replenish my MP, yes,” he pants, nodding, “just before I warped up here after you!”

“Is there anything we have that can actually kill her? I never even saw her stats, this whole time! Not once! I have no idea what her total HP even is!”

The godly she-bat lowers her muzzle, shaking the air as she does so, opening her dark maw for another blast of flame!

“I’LL MAAAAAKE YOOUUUU ATTAAAAACK!”

“Mohz, anything?” you ask, again.

“WE CAN’T MAKE IT ALL THE WAY DOWN THE PASS, SHE’LL CATCH US!” Byrna yelps, despite her being the biggest in the group by a healthy margin. “I-I CAN TRY TO PUSH AGAINST IT WITH FLAME, BUT IF IT MAKES IT THROUGH AND DAMAGES HER, SHE’LL GET EVEN BIGGER!”

“You haven’t seen her health,” Mohz murmurs, his ears perking up.

“HERE IT COMES!” Byrna shouts as the bat’s opened mouth swells with glowing heat.

“MASTER LLOYD, THIS WAY, QUICKLY!” Arlei calls, waving you down.

“Wait, Lloyd,” Mohz says, a slow smile forming. “REFLECT!”

Right there and then the immense bat demon blasts a volley of roiling dark flame that explodes through the pass, consuming it. Mohz’s reflect shells cover you just in time, milliseconds before the onslaught hits, until the shells glow bright and the flame is repelled back down the same passage, colliding against the startled bat’s horizon-filling face. She splutters and bellows, shaking her head in some kind of odd distaste.

-4,898 DAMAGE!

Suddenly, far up above the clearing mountain pass, you see it:

BOSS: HIGH DEMON, LV 85, DEMON
HP: 17,102/22,000

Egads! She’s a powerhouse! You’ve been tangling with something this awful!?

“GAH!” the giga-bat trumpets, her voice sending you all into a wobble, even Byrna; given that the biggest member of your party is, more or less, less than the size of her bat-nose, it all tracks. “OF ALL...THE *ROTTEN* MOVES!”

The 53,000-foot tall demon-bat clutches the entire mountain, fully angry, crushing into it with her breasts as they dimple out deeper against her fur and huge arms, snarling and seething—yet, the rumbling is from her voice, and it alone. She...she isn’t growing!

“Silly me, hah,” Mohz huffs, almost recovered, within his shell. “All any external damage did was make her essence stronger and stronger...if nothing was really doing harm by us, then the only thing left was her own power.”

“Great,” Rizii sighs, from within her own reflecting shell. “I’m real please-pleased we can punch her somehow, but now what? What if she catches on, and tries to just smash us instead? We can’t bounce everything back at her!”

“She’s right,” you second, nodding over to the enraged god-thing consuming the periphery of the mountain. “She might think of that!”

“Then we’ll just have to make her madder, won’t we?” Mohz chuckles.

“What? We can’t take the offensive in any way, any damage *we* do...oh!”

“Exactly,” the kirin says. “So, we don’t damage.”

At that, Mohz brings both arms up high.

“Alrei, dear, get ready to do what I say, right after I make my move! We *will* die if you don’t do it at the right time!”

“YES, MISTER MOHZ! R-READY!” the huge lizard chirps, straightening her cuffs out. “WHAT AM I READY FOR, MASTER LLOYD?”

“Whatever he says!”

“REFLECTING BACK, ARE YOU, WORMS?” the vast bat booms, flexing everything she has, driving her monstrous, heavy breasts deeper into the mountainside. “FINE! YOU WANT TO BE CHEAP, WE’LL PLAY IT THAT WAY! I’LL JUST CRUSH THIS ENTIRE THING, WITH YOU *BORING* LITTLE WHELPS ON IT! I’VE BEEN HERE BEFORE THE ARCHMAGE WAS EVEN BORN! I SURVIVED HIS WRATH UPON THIS LAND! YOU *REALLY* THINK I WON’T SURVIVE YOU!?”

Just as the mountain snaps across its center, cratering submissively deeper against her pushing bust, Mohz shouts his last available spell:

“RAISE 3!”

The heavenly light engulfs the multi-mile tall bat, making her grunt, then jerk back, as though covered in some foul substance. She looks herself over, her simplest motions like watching a landscape move about in slow-motion.

“W...WHAT?”

The light flares into an explosion of healing, making the god-bat screech bloody death as her remaining health vanishes:

-17,102 DAMAGE! CRITICAL!

With a terrible, volcanic hiss the bat's entire body is annihilated, burned into smoldering embers in one terrific, mighty burst!

"Arlei, HEAL 2! Now!" Mohz roars!

Both the maid's huge hands sweep up as she nods obediently, steeling herself. As she does, at that same very instant, a sky-filling sea of black shudders back into focus and darts in a rage toward you and the pass!

"DAMN YOOOOO—"

"HEAL 2!" Arlei bellows, as her spell blasts ahead, glowing bright.

The heal spell bounces off your party and connects, for +1,000 HP, even, and with a final hiss of agony the great sea of darkness spasms and writhes, before being blown away in an explosion of health!

The five of you stand there in the middle of the long mountain pass, catching your breath and shaking from exertion. Your health is still in decent shape, thankfully, but you feel ready to pass out for about a year. Give or take.

That was no boss battle you just survived, *barely*—it was a marathon.

"Kill the body, then kill the spirit," Mohz says, as composed and nonchalant as ever. "We just needed a body that we could allow to stay dead, in order to get to the next part."

"Dead, nothing, she still rushed us, in force form," you wheeze, wobbling on your sheathed sword. "How'd you know that was going to happen?"

"She was tricking us in every other way, why not that as well? And if it *was* a bluff, then Miss Arlei's healing would have just bounced off of us into nothing. No reason not to be ready."

"We...we slayed a boss over level 80, hah," you say, more to yourself than to them. "We really defeated a top-tier boss!"

"Your first time, eh?" Mohz chuckles, cocking his head on a thick lavender neck. "Well, glad to be here for it. Well-earned, at that. Your thinking is quicker than your sword!"

"It's kept me from dying more often, yeah," you sigh.

Mohz just laughs.

"MASTER LLOYD," Arlei starts, fidgeting with her apron. "I DIDN'T MENTION DURING ALL THE FIGHTING, BUT...I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT ALL THOSE THINGS SHE MADE ME SAY—I WOULD NEVER TALK THAT WAY TO YOU—"

“It’s okay, Arlei,” you say, quickly, waving gloved hands. “I understand. That was a darker side of caring for someone, and I care about you, too. You know that, right?”

Arlei’s blush darkens her bronze scales, her big eyes darting in embarrassment.

“IT’S ONLY...I SEE YOU INTERACT WITH RIZII AND BYRNA, AND MISTER MOHZ, AND THEY SEEM TO ALREADY HAVE...A RAPPORT WITH YOU. I KNOW THEY TALK A CERTAIN WAY, AND WHAT I SAID...WELL, I KNOW I’M HERE TO HELP, AND THAT’S IT, BUT WATCHING THIS WHOLE BATTLE...THEY WAY YOU WORKED TOGETHER—”

“Arlei,” you say, more forcefully. “We all saved each other multiple times, down there. We’re a party, now. That doesn’t mean you’re further from me, it means the party includes *you*, and that’s how I want it. Your aura kept us from dying right away, and it pushed her off us in the temple. Hell, you technically are the one that killed the demon. We’d be dead without you.”

“I mean, we died three times,” Rizii mutters, getting a soft nudge from Byrna, who looms nearly twelve times her size, making the nudge not that soft.

“POINT IS, YOU’RE IRREPLACEABLE, ARLEI. RIGHT, LLOYD?” Byrna purrs.

“Y-yeah! Yes, for sure.”

Arlei looks torn between the praise, and feeling like she had to ask to hear it. A great big part of you understands immediately.

“I’M NOT EVEN ABLE TO CARRY YOU ALL ANYMORE, THOUGH.”

“OH, HONEY, COME HERE,” Byrna coos, the massive female salamander cuddling her, Rizii, you and Mohz up tightly, squeezing the entire party into her expansive, smooth, warm bust. “LET ME REPAY ALL YOUR HELP, A LITTLE BIT, OKAY? IT’S NO TROUBLE!”

“This works for me,” Rizii laughs, wagging all over, pressing in against a vast breast. “Plus, I got to keep all this muscle! I’m finally huge-huge!”

“Yes, at that,” Mohz ponders, interrupting. “A lot of those boosts were battle-only, temporary. You perhaps might hold your celebrating until all those embers finally clear out.”

Indeed, the battle results haven’t rolled in, simply because it’s taking several minutes for that much of the High Demon’s foul darkness to fully break down—until:

+15,000 GOLD
+100,000 EXP

Your eyes widen along with Rizii and Byrna’s as the numbers appear.

Byrna has ECONO 1, doesn't she? And Arlei...good grief, she has ECONO 2!

The towering salamental shudders, closing her eyes—but it's Arlei that's quaking like nobody's business as the power floods in, in crashing waves!

“G-GOODNESS!” Byrna booms, quivering in joy.

Arlei can't even articulate, she's shaking so bad. Worse, even. And worse.

You feel yourself swarmed with strength, Mohz calmly letting his EXP come:

LLOYD, LV 29, ADVENTURER

HP: 1,350/1,350

MP: 310/310

STRENGTH: 270

DEFENSE: 330

DEXTERITY: 320

SPEED: 440

HEIGHT: 5'09"

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: CONFUSE 2, STEAL 2, COVER

NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: SCREEN!

RIZII, LV 32, KOBOLD AMAZON

HP: 1,990/1,990

MP: 280/280

STRENGTH: 820

DEFENSE: 750

DEXTERITY: 900

SPEED: 700

HEIGHT: 30'10"

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY, MULTI-STRIKE 2, SMASH 2

SPELLS: BUFF 2

NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: MULTI-STRIKE 3, SMASH 3, REBUKE!

NEW SPELL UNLOCKED: BUFF 3, DRAIN 1

NEXT LEVEL: 3,000/58,000 EXP

BYRNA, LV 37, FLAME SALAMENTAL

HP: 1,580/1,580

MP: 460/460

STRENGTH: 290

DEFENSE: 610

DEXTERITY: 530

SPEED: 350

HEIGHT: 607'

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: ECONO 1

SPELLS: FLAME, BUFF, WARP

NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: ECONO 2, COVER!

NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: BUFF 2, SUB-WARP!

NEXT LEVEL: 8,100/66,700 EXP

MOHZ, LV 71, KIRIN MAGE

HP: 2,770/2,770

MP: 810/810

STRENGTH: 550

DEFENSE: 400

DEXTERITY: 440

SPEED: 220

HEIGHT: 7'00"

WEIGHT: ????

SPELLS: BUFF 4, REMEDY, REFLECT, FLAME 4, ICE 4, WAVE 4, THUNDER 4,
CHARM 2, RAISE 2, FLOAT

NEXT LEVEL: 12,000/71,200 EXP

The leap is monumental, to be sure, and Rizii's mounting disappointment at the post-battle loss is stopped short as she remains an impressive thirty feet in size, against her far larger lover's chest. Her smile only lasts a moment though, as Arlie's rumbling finally overflows, and even Byrna looks worried about having picked her up.

"ARLEI, HONEY?" she peeps, just before the smaller reptile maid screams!

LV 32

Arlei doesn't just grow, this time, she *erupts*. Her dress tears and snaps at warped angles as it strains against a sudden bulge of growth, her breasts blasting up through, snagging her apron

strings as they rub against Byrna's colossal chest, making the salamander whine happily at the touch.

“OOH-HOO!”

In a second, those breasts overtake Byrna entirely.

LV 33

Arlei's muzzle surges up over her head, over all of you, as her rear blows through her skirt, snapping pulling apron strings, her stockings groaning angrily against a throbbing ocean of thigh bulk as her cheeks bash into the other side of the passage wall, and keep stubbornly growing, pressing tighter against them!

LV 34

Her cuffs catch tight against swelling wrists as her hands slam down, shaking the already-bruised mountain as her breasts mash Byrna and the party flatter and flatter to the opposing passage wall, grinding the air out of everyone as she moans and sputters and whines, ballooning even larger, and larger, and larger! Her muzzle pushes up over the passage as her body swells to fill, then overwhelm it, pouring up and up beyond it as her breasts burst up into the open!

LV 35

Arlei is now double Byrna's size, and still getting bigger! She huffs in bliss as her trembling bosom bobbles overhead, then starts to gush jets of dribbling cream loose, all as the groaning female quavers and trembles and booms even *BIGGER!*

LV 37!

“HAAAAAAAAAAA!!”

Arlei's bulk surges in ugly, glorious blasts of growth, her rear blowing up through the splitting passage, widening it as her arms and thighs get stuck within (along with you and Byrna and company). Her stretched panties soak with torrents of fluid as she helplessly climaxes, over and over, wave upon wave splattering out as she screams, and explodes *even BIGGER, STILL!*

Her groaning scales pull away from one another with every concussive burst of size, the howling reptile's beautiful body rumbling too large to control, heat and energy pouring off her swollen curves as she closes her lashed eyes and trembles, grunting in embarrassment as her overtaxed panties soak wetter and wetter, her inner thighs splashing slick and warm as her overblown bosom surges higher and higher, nipples pumping fatter and longer as they streak sleek arcs of white milk, her back muscles so large that the definition shows every time she shudders, every time she flexes and roars, his bloating tail base shifting as her tail whips overhead, stirring the air loudly.

Still–still, the female grows. Rattling, quaking blasts of arousal vibrate through bulging flesh and trembling claws as she bellows into the sky and shake-booms bigger, and bigger. And bigger. And bigger. And bigger. And BIGGER.

When the madness and rumbling clears, you finally dare to look up:

ARLEI, LV 39, HOLY MAID

HP: 2,500/2,500

MP: 670/670

STRENGTH: 700

DEFENSE: 900

DEXTERITY: 850

SPEED: 550

HEIGHT: 1,800’01”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: AURA, SMASH 4, BRUNT 2, ECONO 1

SPELLS: HEAL 2, CURE ALL, DETOX

NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: AURA 3, SMASH 5, BRUNT 4, ECONO 4!

NEW SPELL UNLOCKED: HEAL 3, SIPHON!

Eighteen hundred feet.

...Eighteen. Hundred. Feet. Tall.

Arlei’s dress and apron and cap and choker and skirt and cuffs and stockings all reform, good as new, a dress big enough to cover an entire city street now comfortably tight on her curvaceous, *monstrously* big body. Even Byrna is now a third her size as she wriggles her chubby bulk out of the cracks of the filled passage, and up over it, where she can see.

“WHOA!” Byrna bellows, the 607’ colossus looking *up* to Arlei.

“Perhaps she might not want to engage in battles,” Mohz suggests, cocking one well-groomed eyebrow. “And to think, she has ECONO 4 now. Mercy. I have the feeling, Lloyd, that your humble maid could become a full-on goddess, with much less trouble than you or she might dare to imagine.”

You’re as impressed and happy for your dear friend as you are terrified.

Arlei, a goddess?

“I-IS EVERYONE ALRIGHT, DOWN THERE?” Arlei boom-booms, her soft words like an explosion covered in silk. “I...THAT WAS S-SO MUCH! I’M SO MORTIFIED! I...WENT

SPLOOSH! HAAA, IN F-FRONT OF MASTER LLOYD!”

“Haha, yeah!” Rizii howls, wagging and tickling Byrna’s breast. “Good for you, Arlei! Good-good! You’re gorgeous, you get all big and splooshy! Good!”

“GOOD GRIEF, RIZ, REIGN IT IN, HON,” the huge salamander laughs, though her tremendous nipples are even more erect than the big kobold’s. “DON’T YOU FEEL BAD, YOU LOOK JUST LOVELY, ARLEI!”

Arlei sits with a colossal, ponderous crash on the top of the mountain. She is literally big enough to sit at the peak of an entire mountain, now. One scale on her curvy body is bigger than you or Mohz. Your first real friend is so much bigger than you, and sp fast. So much more...ahead. You love it, but you really, really don’t. But you do, too.

“So, then” Mohz says, casually, “We can take this mountain into the high realms, polluted with evil as they are, or we can descend down into the other side, and investigate back below. Those are the two realistic options, and after that growth spurt the demon bat went through, there’s no way we don’t have many eyes on this mountain.”

“Yeah...”

It’s true. You check to find out that, in fact, you do have one magic potion left, as well as two heal potions and one tent. You decide to set up camp, and save...after that, though, you can warp back to one of the towns or cities, perhaps, and restock. After all, you’re in serious coin now! Haha! Finally!

You think, then set up the tent while Arlie looms over everyone and blocks out the high winds, happy to be of service. To know that a living breathing creature *that* big is watching you, specifically, and beaming from on high...well, that part *is* pretty nice. Wherever you head next, you just need to figure out how to do it with an 1,800-foot female in your party, and another 600-footer!

CHAPTER 5

LLOYD: LV. 29, 1,350/1,350 HP

ARLEI: LV. 39, 2,500/2,500 HP

RIZII: LV. 32, 1,990/1,990 HP

BYRNA: LV. 37, 1,580/1,580 HP

MOHZ: LV. 71, 2,770/2,770 HP

A scale. A single, solitary bronze scale stretches out before you, wide as a house.

One scale on Arlei is so much bigger than you, now. Just days ago, she was your own size, more or less, humble, petite, manageable. Everything Mohz supposed about the lizard maid rapidly outclassing you is not only coming true, but way ahead of schedule.

It's as scary as it is incredible, leaving you dizzy. On the one hand, you're not just friends with a being bigger than half a dozen giants stacked together—you're comrades. You quite literally have a bodyguard and confidant that could take down a kingdom, on your whim.

But she's so far beyond you, too, now. No longer remotely close to equal. Sure, you likely never quite were true mutuals, in that regard, but it was at least within the realm of *suggestion*. How are you supposed to talk, now that her ear hole is as big as a cavern? What if she squashed you by the simplest and most innocent of mistakes? If you slipped between her absurdly big breasts, at this point, there'd be no retrieving you from that much cleavage—

“Lloyd! Hey, shrimp!”

Rizii's catty tone breaks through, snapping you back to reality, atop Arlei's forever-stretching muzzle bridge. The looming kobold she-hulk goes from a flicker of annoyance to a small hint of pity at the sight of you, however, and the muscle bound female gently THUDS down beside you, all 30-plus feet of her.

“Hey,” she purrs, going easier on you. “Spill it, twerp, what's on your little mind?”

“I'm fine,” you sigh, patting her bulging thigh thankfully. “Just thinking.”

“About Arlei, right? I mean, I am, too, I don't blame you. Isn't she absolutely incredible? She's so tall that her foot is larger than an entire road! A city road, no less! So good-good! I mean, heh, good thing we're headed away from all the normal civilizations, she wouldn't fit anywhere!”

“That's true, we're just going further into ancient ruins and toppled kingdoms,” you agree. “And at least she's on our side, heh.”

“Yeah, you get it! I knew you understood, Lloyd.”

It's a real grin the humongous female kobold is giving, and it...yeah, actually it is pretty sweet, once you see it in earnest.

"Being so tiny, and all."

"Okay, thank you. I get it."

"Hehe! Yeah, anytime, squirt, I've got you."

You choose to take in the last part, because it's the truth. Despite her prickly exterior, there is an ocean of goodwill and kindness hidden away, under all that defensiveness and insecurity. It's true, you *do* understand—all too well.

"Well, then," Mohz rumbles, the bulky kirin thudding over across Arlei's stretched-out scales, your map in his big hands. "There's the frozen wasteland of Kars to the West, just past the mountain range, and there's the lost jungles of Nabaht-Suht, both abandoned, last I heard. I suggest the jungle, as its temples possess the last relics of mass warp-functionality."

"Warp function?" you ask, standing back up. "You and Byrna can warp us wherever we need, right?"

"Haha, close to it, friend," Mohz answers, the towering kirin's robe stretching as he shrugs his bulky shoulders gently. "Before the Archmage removed himself from these ruined lands and inhabited Kogo Varan, he had a previous lair, where he attempted to initially rule from. That would be up in the floating lands of Arast, so high up that none could even hope to fly to reach it. The only way to reach it was with a very specific warp point, fixed in Nabaht-Suht, among his loyal followers. It was fiercely guarded, too, until a power swell from the Archmage wiped them all out in a single outburst of rage."

"Good grief, what can't the Archmage do?" you sigh, rubbing at your partial helmet, ruffling your exposed hair at the top. "We're *really* supposed to defeat someone that killed a kingdom with a temper tantrum?"

"Oh, no, at least four kingdoms."

"Great!"

"The jungle is probably overrun with other baddies, by this point," Rizii interrupts, her now-open breasts looming over Mohz's perked ears and horn. "But I'd rather swelter and battle than get lost in snow and freezing."

"Agreed," Mohz...agrees.

"Yeah, thirded. I'm with you," you admit, nodding. "But what if the technology can't be fixed up for use? Moreover, how do we travel with a 600-foot female, and another nearly half a mile tall!? There's no sneaking around like this, you know."

“You’re definitely right, but we have to move, just the same. At least Arlei’s sheer stride will bring us down the mountainside very fast!”

“Yeah,” Rizii chuckles, beaming, all teeth and perked ears. “Plus, if the warp doesn’t work, then so what-what? We just get Arlei *sooooo* huge that she can lift us right up onto Arast, hehe! I like that better!”

“Then, she would be stuck outside, and we’d be short in the party,” you reply, making Rizii tilt her head thoughtfully atop a massive, stretched-out blue neck.

“She’d be a lookout!”

“ARE YOU ALL DONE FIGURING THINGS OUT, DEARS?”

Byrna’s gigantic, soft, velvety voice cuts in as the colossal salamental’s head looms up over Arlei’s muzzle, resting her big chin down over it, making the even-bigger giga-maid giggle happily. Byrna must be snuggling up against Arlei, meaning Byrna’s voluminous scaly breast were colliding and rubbing and pressing hot and tight against her muzzle bridge, and—*maybe you had better just answer her*:

“We’re going down the mountain,” Rizii shouts, her thick neck making her voice hugely strong and booming, “and heading into Nabat-Suht, their temples might be able to warp us up to the Archmage’s old lair, where we think he may have hidden himself!”

“OOOH!” Byrna rumbles, her Inn-sized head resting between Arlie’s flaring nostrils. “ARLEI, WE’RE GOING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN, INTO THE JUNGLE LANDS! WE’RE ALL COUNTING ON YOU, AND LLOYD LOVES YOU VERY MUCH!”

You flush beet-red as Mohz chuckles and rolls the map up, politely handing it to you. Rizii wags frantically, her breasts bobbling as she does so.

“H-hey,” you begin.

“What? Don’t you?” Rizii asks, mock-sweetly.

You flare even redder, and turn to put the map away, when—

“Howdy, all!”

You stagger back, crying out, then cursing silently as Goh seems to burst into reality, thumping his rabbit-legs down on a single massive scale. His sac is already opened! How does he even do this!?

“Oh, for crying out loud,” Rizii snorts, turning away, not even deigning to look at him.

“Why, Goh, hello!” Mohz booms, giving a powerful nod on a thick neck. “You must have had quite a climb up here!”

“Nothing so troublesome, for business,” the scruffy lagomorph chirps, ears perking up. “Now, y’all look awful ready for some awful fights, so! Why not indulge in some special wares of mine, eh?”

At that, to your surprise, Goh removes a large rolled-up canvas, and unfurls it to reveal weapons and trinkets galore! This is surely new!

“Improved my inventory after a stop at...a few *special* ports of call!” the rabbit laughs, theatrically gesturing over it all. “We have a poisoned sword, a rare shield droplet that doubles defense, a Dragon’s Tooth for summoning an attack dragon, a Monstear—tremendously rare, doubles experience intake permanently—a fairy’s kiss—temporarily shrinks one, and heh, I managed to keep this lovely thing from Hruthga!”

The sly rabbit gestures at a Sigil from the giants’ realm, and it is far more complex than even the one Byrna used. Rizii’s eyes widen at the sight of it.

“How powerful is that one, Goh?” you ask.

“Maximum-plus,” the rabbit says, with surprising seriousness. “For use in deadly emergencies, only.”

There are price tags on each one, and you deflate a little as you realize that even your mighty bounty can’t possibly buy everything. Plus, you need supplies, first and foremost.

“Right,” you hum, thinking hard.

You think upon the upsides and downs of each combination of new items. You could finally be much more helpful in a fight, if you had a poison boon. But, really, that’s not the top in importance—you just like that idea of being more useful, surrounded by these burgeoning powerhouses. You take a deep breath, then make your order:

INVENTORY:

HEAL POTION X3

MAGIC POTION X2

POWER ELIXIR

ANTIDOTE

TENT

SHIELD DROPLET

HIGH-GRADE HRUTHGA SIGIL

MONSTEAR

KEY ITEMS:

MAP

MASTER KEY

RED JEWEL (Mohz had been kind enough to return it)

BLUE JEWEL

GREEN JEWEL

You nearly bought the Poison Blade anyway, being mentally tied between it, the Shield Droplet and the Dragon's Tooth...but you went the cheapest, as buying any other one would have made it impossible to buy your full items, and still buy another speciality item after.

You have a little over 400 GOLD left; not enough to afford any other special items.

"Here, for Rizii's tab," you decide, plunking the remainder down on the lapine's stretched-out paws. Rizii remains looking away.

"Why, thank you!" Goh chirps, wagging his ball-tail behind his once-fine finery. "Pleasure, as always! Best of luck to you in your mission, friends!"

"GOH SAYS HI, ARLEI!" Byrna bellows, shaking everything, only for a shaking far worse to respond as the ground beneath you shifts and Arlei reflexively squeals in happiness.

"HIIIIIIII GOOOOOOOH!"

Towering up atop the entire mountain, Arlei sits, a giant among giants. Her vast, deep eyes dart about for any sign of the hare, though he's less than a speck at best to her. A rump nearly 350 feet wide crushes down over its span, her breasts consuming nearly all of her upper torso (and that's with the assistance of her reformed maid outfit, which still struggles to corral both bulging orbs). Cuffs large enough to make small stadiums out of snuggle her wrists as the mountainous reptile beats her immense tail along the rock face, grinning wide.

That grin is so big that the motion curves up at the end of her mouth, forming vast canyons overhead as her boom-speak continues to rattle her muzzle bridge and all of you along with it, as Byrna hugs in tight.

"So, who gets the goods?" Rizii quickly asks, looking down over your wares with greedy eyes and a bright hope. "You know, Lloyd, Byrna and Arlei are already so big, you should probably hand that sigil over to me, round things out!"

"If we need a supersized tank, Rizii, it's all yours," you offer. She seems content with that...so much so, that you wonder if she didn't just take that as an immediate 'yes'.

"Rizii's defense is monumentally high, at her sheer scale," Mohz begins, "much the same with Byrna and with Arlei. That leaves you and I, for the Shield Droplet. My HP is much higher, so I suggest you take it and bolster your permanent defenses, Lloyd."

“Anything else you want to take care of, before we depart, Lloyd?” Mohz asks. “If not, we had best find a safe place to hang on, while Arlei is...in transit.”

One last thought hits.

“Byrna!” you shout, drawing the vast salamander’s head’s attention to you.

“YES, LLOYD?”

“Can you lower me down to her cleavage?”

Byrna blinks a moment, blushing slightly. She squeals, letting her tongue way down to you, to use as a lowering rope.

“AH THURE CHN!”

The way down is shockingly easy, at Arlei’s staggering size. *Holding on* to Arlei at her staggering size is surprisingly difficult. Scales shift and tilt as the colossal maid peers down, mid-descent, and ‘inches’ her way down from the mountain and into the unknowable mess of green that is the jungle lands. Trees so ancient and tall that they rise hundreds and hundreds of feet off the floor only manage to reach Arlei’s knees as she steps down, shaking the landscape.

Innumerable birds dot the air as they’re startled into flight, before Arlei’s immense rump crashes down after, the towering lizard coming to a seat at the side of the mountain.

“HEEEERE!”

“THANK YOU!” Byrna repeats up to her, as you say it at a micro-scale, there on her muzzle. You had to slip in between scales and wedge yourself, but thankfully you didn’t go flying off as she descended the mountain.

“We can’t bring her down into the jungle with us,” Mohz murmurs, “she’d crush everything. Same with Byrna, though on a lesser scale. I don’t see any way around having to leave them behind for the moment.”

Breaking up the party is an inevitable thing, formerly pushed to the back of your mind. Now, however, it’s indeed time. There’s nothing to shrink anyone with—nowhere near small enough, at any rate.

“What do we even do, if we get the warp beam fixed?” you wonder aloud. “How will we be able to warp anyone as big as them, if they can’t get near the temple without crushing it?”

“Can’t you just cast warp for them, once we get there?” Rizii asks, shrugging. “Isn’t it just a matter of being able to warp to where you’ve actually been?”

“Let’s not get bogged down,” Mohz suggests, calmly. “In theory, yes, knowing the location could allow me to warp them both up later, once we arrive, but we still need to get there first. Second, this is purely recon. If we arrive, and there’s no sign that the Archmage is resurrected at his old lair, then there’ll be no need to stay, and we move on. So, let’s find out if the target is even present first, yes?”

Rizii shrugs, seeming fine with that. Either way, her cleaver is out.

“Let’s whack-whack some weeds, gentlemen!”

Everything is explained, and while Byrna seems fine with it, Arlei visibly fidgets, putting a lighter tremor through the shaking canopies beyond. Still...she does agree, slowly.

“I’LL KEEP HER COMPANY, GO, GO,” Byrna chirps, the massive female removing you, Rizii and Mohz from Arlei, and lowering you by hand down into the jungle floor.

“Tell her to stay put, no matter what!” you add.

“OOH, RIGHT. STAY RIGHT HERE, ARLEI, MAST...ER, LLOYD SAYS. NO MATTER WHAT, YOU DON’T MOVE FROM HERE.”

“OF COURSE! B-BE SAAAAFE, MASTERRRR LLOYYYD!”

You wave, then realize your wave is probably not even reaching Byrna—oh, nevermind, Byrna’s mimicking your wave up to her. That, or she made it up for your sake.

As a party of three you have to admit, this is a *lot* quicker: Rizii is enormous in her own right, but at three stories tall and loaded with tight scaly muscle, she shears through undergrowth and brush and fallen trees and vines with no effort. Behind her, you and Mohz are easily able to tread over the mossy stonework and toppled architecture of what once was Nabaht-Suht. Only a few odd, newer-looking pylons stick out, half-hidden among the greenery, yet still inert.

“I’m rather surprised we’ve stayed unmolested, all this time,” the hulking kirin mentions, his ears twirling and twisting every-which-way. “After all my mention of armies of evil and whatnot, I suppose it’s a bit of a letdown, eh?”

“I’ll say,” Rizii snorts, stomping along ahead.

“It’s fine with me, if it means Byrna and Arlei are left alone,” you reply.

“They’re strong, twerp, have some faith!” Rizii chides.

“Also, lookout,” Mohz offers, one actual second before a rustle in a bush turns into a leaping goblin, its mace raised high for an attack!

GOBLIN KNAVES, LV 25

HP: 750

MP: 100

Four other goblins slide out around you, all of them suddenly screaming upon sight of Rizii as she looms overhead, smirking.

“Finally!” she booms, shaking their very bones.

Your sword is out, but Mohz just stands still. One huge, robed arm reaches out to gently gather you back as the five goblins stagger back, then turn to flee—only for Rizii’s enlarged cleaver to slice so hard through the air that it blows a brutal air contrail behind it.

“MULTI-STRIKE 3!”

Despite having some ramshackle armor on, giving the airs of defense or preparedness, all five of the foes are caught in its viscous swath for -1,200 DAMAGE each!

The force of her swing is so powerful that the rocks on the floor launch in unison, the surrounding vegetation shuddering loudly in its displacement. The nearest trees actually wobble from its passing, and you quietly sheath your sword as the knaves are not just beaten, but wholly obliterated to nothing.

+300 GOLD

+2,500 EXP

“Not bad, for so little trouble, hah,” Rizii rumbles, the overgrown kobold soaking up her own satisfaction, right along with the experience. “Let’s hope we see a little more action!”

“It would be pretty easy to farm ahead, like this,” you mutter.

“She’s become titanicly strong, for any race, let alone a kobold,” Mohz wonders, grinning. “It’s impressive to say the least. Now, following these ancient roads, one would think the path to the high temple would be easy enough to suss out—”

“Mohz?” you interrupt, curious.

“Hmm?”

“I’ve been wondering,” you start, edging your way in. Not only was the kirin several feet taller than you and loaded with brawn, but his spells alone could have wiped all of you out at any time, regardless of your own special traits. You can’t help broaching the topic carefully. “You seem so intent on being the one to take down the Archmage, and you know all this history I’ve never heard before anywhere else. Why—”

“You want to know why I want to defeat him, yes?”

“Well, yes.”

“Interesting. You’re the first to ask such a simple question, haha!”

Or, you’re the first who’s dared to.

“It’s alright, you know, you can certainly ask. We’re comrades.”

“Alright, then. Why are you so intent on this quest?”

“I can’t really say.”

You pause, as Rizii *thooms* ahead.

“Wait, what? You just said—”

“Well, I said you could ask, Lloyd. When I have my own answer, I’ll hand it right over to you after the fact. Fair? I need to confirm something, and this is the only way it’ll happen.”

“Okay, then. Fair.”

Two more goblin knaves leap out, but Rizii wallops one with a simple thump of her cleaver’s broadside for -500 DAMAGE, knocking him to the ground with a terrible gasp, as you race ahead and slash the other one for -244 DAMAGE, enough to knock it back with a pained growl. Not bad! That was a regular swipe, too!

Mohz lands a hard right hook as it gets up, for a surprisingly high -746 DAMAGE, crushing it instantly! Rizii slays the other one right after, though you’re too busy looking at how enormously thick the kirin’s forearm is, from just the effort of throwing a punch.

“Interesting, to have this be a real option now,” the bulky kirin says, grinning.

“I’ll say,” you do indeed say, backing up. “I don’t know any mages that can brawl for that kind of damage. I don’t even know Guild member monks or fighters that could!”

“You’re awfully kind!”

+120 GOLD

+1,000 EXP

“Right, nice,” you laugh, happy with even your own small contribution. “To the temple!”

A massive flight of steps looms just beyond the brush as Rizii crashes through, and there’s no doubt about it: this is the temple. As you take your first steps closer, something quietly

exits from its high double-doors! A dark naga, a male!

“Trespassers!” you hear him hiss, pointing a long pole down at you. “None but the Archmage may set foot in these sacred lands!”

“Is that why you got rid of yours?” Rizii snarls back, beaming wide, her weapon pointing right back up at him. “That’s a level of devotion that’s just sad-sad!”

The naga is far away, but you can see him well enough. He must be about ten feet tall, minus the portion of his tail set to ground. He’s cast a dark olive-green with light-red chest plating and orange eyes, toned but strong, with what looks like tattered old ceremonial garbs and moth-bothered vestments from bygone times. Likely, a high priest. That’s about how these things usually go.

“The demon clan of Nozala-Kuth will not tolerate your presence,” the naga roars, as the treetops and bushes give way to countless smaller nagas, male and female, all clad in old cloth and bracelets and headdresses alike. Several dead goblins are tossed out among their ranks, like trash to the ground. “These miserable thieves learned the hard way not to trespass, as soon too shall you fools! The Archmage shall rise again in full power, greater than ever, undisturbed by the likes of you rabble!”

“Oho, good,” Rizii chuckles, her pupils slitting happily as her bulky tail wags all about. “Good-good! Boss fights are the best fights, so do the boss thing!”

“And dirty myself on you?” the snake-man snorts derisively. “I, the high priest Gorj?”

Ah. There it is.

“Lloyd, watch this!” Rizii laughs, tensing her humongous haunches until they swell loudly, readying to jump up and attack—only for ten nagas to whip and unfurl down off of the nearest trees, landing on the steps before her.

DARK NAGAS, LV 30

HP: 1,000

MP: 150

You pull back a bit, wincing. Ten, each level 30? The numbers were suddenly well out of your favor, by a lot. Mohz just watches as another ten female nagas come slithering up behind you, claws bared.

“Dispose of these foul interlopers!” Gorj contemptuously hisses. “Please our Master!”

“Yeah, make a dead guy happy, and join him!” Rizii crows, the far-bigger behemoth of a kobold smashing her cleaver into the group, blowing them all back from the sheer force. Even the high priest lurches back from the force of the blow as that portion of the stairwell cracks

apart!

Her size has increased to the point where a clear impact radius per blow is showing, and all ten nagas were foolishly clustered inside its range. She's grown so big and so powerful that one attack now has a multi-strike range!

-929 DAMAGE

All ten nagas smack and flip over and along the stairs, moaning in pained shock, all flashing red, instantly. At the same time, the other ten female nagas lunge at you from behind! You slash one for -309 DAMAGE, but she angrily tail-whips you back for -304!

Against a few, you could maybe hold off, but ten? At this rate?

“SCREEN!” you shout, employing a new skill. The moment you do so, a wall of obscuring smoke blasts out from your hand, enveloping them all!

[BLIND] successful!

A chorus of enraged hisses and curses follow as you stab at the closest *hiss*, dealing another -665 DAMAGE! CRITICAL! You keep back from the blind swipes, bumping into so much furry muscle that it can only be Mohz, as the kirin laughs at your tactic and simply decks a blinded naga for a whopping -970 DAMAGE!

Rizii towers over the smoke, mock-yawning, showing her huge white teeth gladly as the surviving male nagas hack and stab and bite below. Yet, so massive is the kobold's muscle, so high her defense, that even ten LV 30 foes only manage a collective -325 DAMAGE!

“This is great!” Rizii purrs, taking her time swinging down below yet again. The impact is even stronger this time, blowing your smoke screen back as she demolishes all ten baddies, who in their blindness and panic don't realize they've all slithered back into her strike range. Their loss. “More! Bring on more targets! I've been needing a warmup!”

“Oh, hell,” Gorj mutters, the larger naga breaking into a retreat within the temple. “Keep them occupied, or face the wrath of the Master!”

A moment's hesitation isn't enough to break a lifetime of fanaticism, and the next wave of nagas leaps onto the stairs, stacking up another dozen; this time, they keep farther apart, making Rizii shake her head.

“Clever snakes, are we? Well, here's my CLEAVER, snakes!”

That was probably the best the kobold would ever do. Given how she instantly deathblows eight out of that twelve with one hard swing, you're willing to let it lay where it is.

As another wave of nagas rears up behind you, Mohz turns to them, his glare set.

“WAVE 4!” A torrential blast of water floods loose from nowhere, smashing in a great wave that sends the screaming snakes off into the jungle, crushed against trees and stone.

“T-thanks!” you huff, your sword still out.

“Oh, of course,” the kirin replies, nodding. “Shall we? I’ll wager near anything that naga is going to either break the warp machinery, to stop us, or use it himself to escape.”

“Intercept, right. Let’s go!”

Rizii guffaws like a big kobold kid as swing after swing decimates the oncoming horde of serpent-folk. As you pass the gigantic female you turn back to see a hidden cobra-naga in robes leaping behind her, fangs bared and dripping.

“VENOM!” she roars, readying a toxic blow, when you shout:

“CONFUSE 2!”

By the time she lands, the cobra is ensnared in a strange glow, shaking her head, before turning and biting another dumbfounded male snake, draining his health to nothing. She continues attacking the shocked horde, making Rizii lower her weapon, look back, then turn to you with a chuckle.

“Hey, fun!” she laughs. “This is great!”

In all this time, Rizii’s health has only slipped a bit lower, attack after attack. You’re astonished to see she still sits at 1,260/1,990 HP, after handling several dozen 30-up opponents in succession (mostly on her own, at that).

“Come on, let’s go bash that priest, Rizii!”

“OOOH, YEAH! HEY, SAVE ME SOME!”

The worked-up behemoth of a kobold stomps up after you, leaving a storm of bodies in her wake, before they all fade off into EXP embers.

+2,300 GOLD

+8,000 EXP

You feel it as you storm the temple, Rizii easily punching in time with Mohz, blowing the double doors open with one joined strike—you leveled up!

LLOYD, LV 30, ADVENTURER

HP: 1,420/1,420

MP: 330/330

STRENGTH: 300
DEFENSE: 350
DEXTERITY: 330
SPEED: 470

HEIGHT: 5'09"
WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: CONFUSE 2, STEAL 2, COVER, SCREEN

“Keep up, tiny!” Rizii pants, the overexcited female thudding into the temple at top speed. You do your best, but her stride is admittedly a bit larger than yours, or Mohz’s, and in moments they’ve disappeared into the hazy dark of the interior.

Only shafts of light overhead allow you to see anything as you puff and wheeze, running at full speed down rectangular stone halls, banking right only because you can still feel the sheer weight of Rizii’s footfall.

“Not one step further, y-you freaks!”

You can hear Gorj’s smug voice dropping to raw panic, and part of you smiles. Indeed, you round the last hallway and step out into a wide-open courtyard, at the center of which sits a dilapidated, gigantic machine. The naga priest readies his pole as Rizii and Mohz slowly creep nearer; yet, instead of wielding it, he jams it into a small opening in the machine, and pulls it towards him! It’s not a weapon, it...it’s a handle!

“You idiots really think I’ll let you anywhere near my Master’s true abode!?” Gorj sneers as the machine rumbles awkwardly, humming to life. “The naga clan of Nozala-Kuth and the demons of both it and Molgrath are already entering these lands, to overwhelm and crush you all! And here is where I shall leave you, to be devoured by their waves of darkness! Farewell!”

A huge beam of energy bursts up from the machine platform, and before Rizii can reach it, before you can reach her, or before Mohz can act, the surprisingly-quick serpent slithers into it, vanishing entirely! The beam cuts out, leaving the three of you there.

“Well, it works,” Mohz says, plainly, folding his thick arms as his robe stretches too tight. “Excellent news, all around!”

“He got away,” Rizii whines, snorting, her floppy kobold ears flicking back. “Why didn’t you clobber him with a spell, Mohz?”

“Would have hit the machine, of course.”

“Well,” you pant, catching up and catching your breath at the same time, “I suppose we’re going in, then? We follow him up to Arast, and take him down?”

“Haha, my kind of human, I agree!” Rizii cheers, already beaming a mouth full of gleaming teeth once again. It’d be terrifying at this point, if it wasn’t getting endearing.

“I don’t see why not. Aside from the armies coming to consume us, and therefore Arlei and Byrna, I don’t mind moving along.”

You wince.

“They’ll be fine, Lloyd, they’re colossal! Haha, what could an army hope to do against them, at their size and power levels?”

“She’s actually quite right, Lloyd, don’t worry about them.”

Something is trying to break through all the information and developments, something clearly obvious, but not clear enough to recall. There’s no time, anyhow, you need to move!

“Right, we can’t let Gorj get too far ahead, he might try and break the machine on the other side. Let’s go!”

Mohz easily pulls the pole-handle, one hand being more than enough to do the job. The machine stutters and blinks on and off, before the brilliant warp light flashes on yet again, and the three of you run up and leap directly into it!

You hit the ground hard, and it doesn’t feel like anything from a villain’s lair. There’s no pattern carved into the floor, no cobblestones, no intricacies, no nothing. It just feels hard and dumb and cold. You shake off the impact and glance up.

It’s a holding cell.

No. No, worse.

It’s a Guild cell...an Avros Guild cell!

“What in the...”

You trail off, taking it all in. In the corner of your cell, beside a row of iron bars, is another pylon, like the one back in the jungle.

“Lloyd Garnet,” a light, sharp voice says, making you clench up as someone approaches down the hall, outside. “You’re surprisingly difficult to get a meeting with, for a rookie. Funny, that. I remember handing you your induction scroll, not a year ago. You seemed...nice.”

You already understand, and you’re already kicking yourself. You know the voice.

“Guildmaster Reb,” you sigh, standing before the bars as a slightly taller, slender

bull-man steps into view from the other side. He's maybe just North of six feet, his horns curling forward, shining and black, adding another few inches to his normally lithe frame. He fixes a thick-rim set of glasses and he watches you coldly, arms behind his back, well-dressed in a thick, expensive tunic and oversized belt. "I apologize. I've...been busy, sir."

"I know!" Reb agrees, cocking his head. "You certainly have! Let's see: you've been busy awakening the Archmage, the great destroyer. You've removed a holy entity from its purpose and tainted it with lust, you wiped out the most likely candidate for a hero to stop said evil. Oh, and you wiped out my older sister, too. There's *that*."

"She attacked us, sir. There wasn't a choice, she was using lethal force--"

"She did her job!"

"And...with *respect*, sir," you force the words out, "my current job is a quest to make up for all those errors, at the behest of the Giant-King of Hruthga, Endid. If you have issues with that, you could always go and talk to him."

"That overgrown meathead of a gryphon?" Reb mutters, adjusting his glasses. "Why bother? After all, I'm only apprehending a criminal, as is entirely my right. He's so incredibly big, I doubt he'll even notice you went missing. Warping with ancient technology that's so prone to breaking down could be fatal for anyone."

"So those pylons in the jungle were yours?"

"Orc mercenaries in two kingdoms, and goblins in the others, we cast a massive net for you. If you were to attempt any warp within range of the pylons they planted, this is exactly where you would end up--where you belong!"

"But the quest, sir!"

"Will go on without you, Garnet, I'm all too sure."

The young werebull pauses, holding it in...before shaking his head, and going on:

"Heh, I mean, Gods, of all the ego! I have saboteurs and spies everywhere, you really think I haven't seen that freakshow of yours in action? That once-pure maid that's now nearly half a mile of barely-contained arousal? That enormous salamental and that punch-drunk, base kobold-*together*, no less? And Mohz, more dangerous than all of those powerhouses put together!? You landed a party with legends in the making, and you...you have the *nerve* to count yourself as part? Incredible!"

You nearly shrink back from the touchless beating. How could you shut it out from him, when it's been playing in your head this entire time? Your entire life?

"Get good and comfortable, Garnet," the slender werebull sneers, in undisguised

contempt. “Your summary execution will be very brief, and very lonely. Enjoy what little time you have, as we prepare the non-public kill chamber. I’ll be your sole witness.”

Several brightly colored rings cover his thick fingers, one for each. He tap-taps them against the bars, tauntingly.

“Feel free to break out with whatever good-luck nonsense you please. *Give* me an excuse to restore the Avros Guild’s honor, and avenge my sister’s. I’d be delighted to kill you, myself.”

He snorts through the polished gold ring on his nose, then turns and walks off.

You stand there, absorbing it all, shaking slightly in your clacking armor. You look to both walls on either side, before tepidly knocking on one.

“Mohz? Rizii?” you croak, your throat suddenly terribly dry.

Nothing. Same for the other wall. Out beyond the window is Avros, its bustling streets and market shops running normally, undisturbed by your doom. You know the Guild well enough to not bother screaming or pleading for help, they soundproof the jail cells with exterior noise canceling [SILENCE] magic, the kind meant to prevent any spells from being invoked for breakout purposes. You lean into the wall, still quaking with fear, before gathering yourself back up and thinking.

No spells (not that you have any). Skills? Could you skill your way through, somehow? What could you possibly—

You almost snort as the laughter intrudes, breaking everything up.

Of course.

Hah.

OF COURSE.

You were warped right here. Armor, weapons and all. *And your bag.*

Mohz had declined to accept it when you tried to buy his help, back in Hruthga. So, you still have it there, with you. The same thing that got you out of the mining colony jail was going to get you out of this one.

One thing no spy could have known you had: *the Master Key!*

You retrieve it from the bag, then march right over to the bars and the door—only to find it opens, at your merest touch. A wave of fear overtakes you at this, because for all your faults, you aren’t stupid. An unlocked door in Avros was a death warrant. Sure enough, the lock’s already broken, in advance.

Reb is serious. He *wants* you to break out. He wants the legal excuse to kill you, himself. This is a setup, plain and simple, and unlucky for you, Reb is nowhere near stupid, either. If you step one foot out in the open, anywhere here, you're dead.

You can't be seen. Period.

How to do this? You can't just walk out of here.

Warp stones? They surely had some in the back, in lockup, where all Guill spoils and dues end up going. It's how Bre likely found you, in the first place, using warp stones to canvas a certain area at higher speed. If you could just get to one, you could warp to the last place you...

A plan forms, almost too fast for you to keep in order. But it will work. *It has to work!*

You can't use...wait! Wait, you can! You leveled up, your CONFUSE skill is active again! If you get out of the holding dock and confuse everyone—it should work, it's at level 2, and that has an effect range!

You shove all the excitement back down against a slamming heartbeat and force your breathing back to normal as you keep the Master Key in one hand and slowly, agonizingly inch the door open, so as not to creak or rattle anything too loudly.

Reb's decision to lock you in a spare hallway works in your favor, no witnesses means no witnesses of your escape; you round the hall, stay low, and ready the key. You know the Avros Guild, you know where to go to pull this off.

"CONFUSE 2," you say, but at a calm, quiet pitch, as several human guards suddenly clutch their heads and groan.

It works! The guards turn, swords out, and charge off into the main atrium, swiping wildly and hollering and screaming various nonsense, leaving you to (quickly) move across the desk from behind, then dart to the adjoining hall, down to the treasury. You know to wait a few moments behind a pillar and let the confusion draw the attention of the treasury guards, who run off to stop all the fuss.

You have the Master Key out, still needing it to unlock the treasury doors; you slip in and shut and lock it after, effectively locking you in with untold riches and quest loot.

You only take a moment to ogle everything as it shines and baffles and amazes: shelf upon towering shelf of gadgets, gizmos, gold sacs, jewels, high-grade weapons, special maps, ominous talismans, each in their own protective case.

There! A small array of warp stones, all clustered together! Yes!

You open the case and collect what you can, stuffing them into your bag of holding,

before seeing several other items that you can't resist taking: a handful of fairy kisses (you're careful when grabbing, lest you shrink yourself), a fantastically sharp-looking demon sword—oh, no, no, wait, it's clearly cursed, nevermind—what else? This is a perfect opportunity to grab stolen loot, and the Guild will kill you if you don't succeed anyhow, so what's the harm?

The shouting of guards as they return to post outside the doors makes you clench up; they're back already? Nevermind, then, best to just warp with what you have!

“Not sticking around,” you mutter to yourself as you pull out a warp stone, hold it up high overhead, and activate it!

Nothing happens!

No, still...still, nothing.

...Wait.

No.

You could kick yourself. All this cunning, and you forgot: the Guild protects the treasury with spells galore. Warping in or out is impossible! If not, any idiot could warp in and take what they wanted, unseen. You just happen to *be* that idiot, at the moment.

“Er,” you huff, thinking fast. You can't confuse anyone again, but you do...you do have SCREEN! That reset, as well!

This is much riskier, granted. But you don't have any other good options.

You removed a cloak of invisibility from its wall mount (its inside is facing out, and it has a dark maroon color to let one see where it is) and wrap it around most of the cursed demon sword, holding it without any effects (that you know of). You hold it out before you, work up your nerve, and then purposefully kick over a stand laden with coins, making it crash loudly to the vault floor.

Then, you wait.

The door clicks open, and swings wide.

“SCREEN!”

Smoke blasts out in a wave the moment the guards enter, and you tear off past. On your way, you butt the exposed portion of the demon sword against both humans, instantly turning them into frogs lost within clattering stacks of armor.

Furious rabbits follow as they try to warn the other Guild members of trouble, but the smoke follows for a few more precious moments, long enough for you to escape out into the

atrium, where you ready the warp stone, and–

“GARNET!”

A torrential wind spell tears loose, blowing the smoke away, and knocking the sword out of your hand, along with the cloak. Reb stands at the atrium exit, blocking your way, smoldering with anger...yet looking delighted that his excuse to kill you himself has still panned out.

“I hereby sentence you to death, Lloyd Garnet!” the slim bull-man roars as he holds up one hand, rings on all fingers, grinning wide. “Escapees abandon the privilege of a clean death!”

“Nope,” you shout, baffling the bull a moment–until he sees you crush the warp stone in your hand! The last thing you see before everything rushes into a blur of motion and magic is Reb’s smile warping into a completely enraged bellow:

“*GARN–*”

Then, ***WHUMPH.***

All is darkness and heat as you wriggle in the tent you’ve returned to, squeezing your way up, up, slowly ascending out of its canvas and up between two mashed walls of scaled girth. You pop up deep inside of incomprehensible cleavage; the only reason you know which way faces Arlei is because of the atmospherically-high wall of the lizard maid’s collarbone, beyond.

Motions rock her scaly breasts as the gargantuan reptile moves about in frantic slow-motion, baffling you further. She wasn’t supposed to be moving around.

“Arlei?” you ask, despite knowing full well she can’t hear your speck-sized self.

Suddenly, you realize it isn’t just the motion from physical movement you’re detecting. It’s much worse than that. There’s a low stretching happening as those infinite breasts groan and reverberate against you, pinching ever-more...she’s growing!?

But how?

You try to reason why Arlei would be getting even bigger than she already was, but at your vantage there’s just no figuring it out, you have no points of reference to judge anything with–only the booming swell of her warm chest as it surges larger, and larger, and larger!

“What the hell is this!?” you roar, having to pull yourself up, lest her growing cleavage swallow you back down again.

You climb, and climb, then break into a jog–then a full on run–just to try and outpace the swelling scales underfoot as you race Arlei’s spurt, and slide down onto the vast ridge of a single tight thread of her snapping dress and walk its width, back to her growing breast, until you can

see a massive tower-sized nipple bulging down below. You scramble over to it, making ready to leap off, only for the taut thread to tremble its last and snap as her breasts balloon too big for it!

You wail as your gloved hands find the snapping tip, and you sail down, down, swinging from the ripping fabric in a long arc that thankfully terminates at her nipple!

The monstrous dark teat throbs away as you walk its mass, pulsing and tickling under your boots as you reach the growing edge, gulp...and look down.

And down.

And down.

The jungle below sinks lower and lower as you hear a booming groan blast out of Arlie's muzzle, far, far overhead. A vast, clawed hand helplessly gropes one bloated nipple tight, a shudder tearing through her growing body, over and over, getting worse and worse, yet. Your armor rattles as the bag of holding gets loose, and you scoop it back up.

Down around the outskirts of the jungle you can see Byrna, the gargantuan salamander stomping and punting at ground-level...what? Piles of pepper? Soot?

Countless black things roil and scramble, clearly trying to attack Byrna and Arlei, but the 600-plus foot salamental is easily stomping, smashing and flinging them like nothing. And Arlei? Her clenching toes, each the size of hills, crush innumerable—oh, no. Demons!

The demon armies that Gorj boasted about! They arrived while you were away!

Which meant they were going after the two obvious targets!

Which meant Byrna and Arlei were demolishing untold amounts of...EXP! Oh, no! No wonder she's getting so much bigger! And the more she crushes the attacking hordes...the bigger she'll blow up!

Egads!!

You look down below, closer, and feel your blood drain as countless tiny numbers appear:

+600 EXP

+300 EXP

+850 EXP

+440 EXP

+900 EXP

You can see Byrna's level jumping right up, down below, going from 41 to 42! This has been going on, even with her ECONO 2 boost! But Arlei...she has ECONO 4!! What is that, a...a 20X multiplier!? She's gaining dozens of thousands of EXP, per minute, at least!

The rumbling from the huge reptile increases as her body vibrates with too much power, blowing up another hundred feet, then another, and another! Her scales scream wider as raw power glows from between them, the female's immense breasts ballooning uncontrollably against a dress that must have reformed with her last level-up, but is already stretching and snapping apart again! Her rumbling huffs aren't even understandable anymore as you look fearfully up, up, up, *up* at her stats.

Oh. You shouldn't have looked.

ARLEI, LV 57, HOLY MAID

HP: 4,900/4,900

MP: 880/880

STRENGTH: 1,300

DEFENSE: 1,100

DEXTERITY: 950

SPEED: 720

HEIGHT: 5,700'08"...5,830'11"...5,960'02"...

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: AURA, ALL-SMASH 5, BRUNT 5, ECONO 5, ALL-COVER

SPELLS: HEAL 4, CURE ALL, DETOX, RAISE 2, HIGH ARMOR, WARP

Fifty-seven!?

S-she's over a mile tall!?

How many demons can make up 'an army', anyhow? Thousands? Millions!?

This can't go on, clearly. Though Arast holds silent and steady up beyond the clouds overhead, higher than even Arlei stands, it's irrelevant. Presumably, Rizii and Mohz made it there, so they can warp you all over anytime. Probably. For now, stopping Arlei from turning into a being as big as that terrifying High Demon Bat is priority one!

"Byrna!" you shout, going hoarse from that high up (and getting higher, as the maid bulges even larger around you). "Byrna, up here!"

No good. The far smaller giantess is all the way down at Arlei's swelling calves, if even that, the lizard's huge bronze feet getting bigger and bigger behind her as the salamander tongue-whips a roaring cloud of demons away, getting even more EXP as her stats climb and climb. You can see groups of -1 DAMAGE gathering all around her big, curvy body, hardly enough to do a thing to her, as her defense and HP surge upward. Still, it gives you an idea:

"COVER!" you shout, vanishing from the spot.

A mechanic meant to shield nearby party numbers doubles as a one-off warp, in this single instance, as you appear before the horde of demons as one attempts to strike Byrna, slashing you for -200 DAMAGE!

“FLAME!” Byrna booms, her huge, silky voice blasting you with sound as a wall of fire consumes the nearest of the horde, blowing it away to nothing as you stop hovering in place before her, and fall.

A very warm, glowing, titanic palm catches you carefully, the force of her raising it up to her looming muzzle actually doing more to mess you up than the attack.

“LLOYD! HONEY, YOU’RE OKAY!” the 607-foot female purrs, grinning wide, her tongue lashing out at the next wave of dark, toothy shapes. “THANK GOODNESS! WE SAW THAT SHAFT OF LIGHT, THEN NOTHING! WE HAVEN’T WARPED UP TO ARAST AT ALL, AND THEN THESE STUPID ARMIES COME OH ONE SECOND—”

Her humongous, soft feet crash down, scattering the waves with a blast of rising EXP numbers all mingling together in a mess of rewards. Even you feel a sudden tingle as the numbers begin to favor you, as well! You’re engaged with the party, that’s right!

“OKAY, SORRY SWEETHEART,” she coos, shuddering deep as she levels up yet again, blowing out a happy huff as power surges unstopably inside of her huge body. “OOH! HAH, AHEM, NO ONE’S SHOWN UP BUT YOU! WHERE’D YOU EVEN COME FROM?”

“Avros!” you shout.

“BWHU—”

Again, the horde surges, a seemingly endless swarm of hissing legion rising, only for Byrna to jump up, lift her thick, chubby legs, and let her monstrous rump and heavy tail crush down with an explosive crash of force, shaking the jungle and mountainside, but not Arlei, who continues to blow up bigger behind you both, her feet overtaking your view.

“Long story,” you begin. “We found the warp machine, it worked, barely, but when we went in, I was pulled out of that warp, and back into the Avros Guild for summary execution!”

“NO!”

“Yes! But I escaped and warped back to the group tent, which I left in Arlei’s cleavage, just in case I needed to jump back to the party!”

“WELL, I HOPE THIS IS ENOUGH OF A PARTY, FOR YOU, HONEY!”

Again, you tingle, leveling up in record time. If Arlei wasn’t swelling into a 7,600-foot behemoth of pure power behind you and Byrna, this would be *great*.

“Does it look like the army’s letting up any?” you shout-ask the massive female.

“SOMEWHAT, YES! I MEAN, THEY CAN’T BE INFINITE! FLAME!”

Again, Byrna decimates the waves in a scorching net of death. Again, both of you level up! At the very least, your addition to the party should be taking some points from Arlei, though she’s still growing bigger at a frightening clip.

“We need to get the hordes away from her, Byrna! I know you’re huge, too, but please, run into the jungle!”

“ARLEI, DEAR, WE’RE GOING TO DRAW THEM AWAY—”

The sound that answers is from Arlei, but her voice is just too big, too huge. Byrna must take it as confirmation, though, because she thunders into the jungle, her enormous bosom and massively wide hips smashing through ancient trees and ripping vine tangles apart like nothing as the fire-lizard bulges through, her tongue stuck out and wiggling about as she advances.

You look behind you to see the horde charging into the brush, single-mindedly following you in, leaving the massive giga-maid undisturbed at last! As you watch the canopy overhead start to block her looming body out, you can see one bit of information on her stats:

HEIGHT: 10,790’09”

T-two miles tall!

“HU-HOW FAR IN...DO WE GO, LLOYD?” Byrna chirps, not so much urgently, but curiously. She’s broken into a light jog, so to speak, her building-sized feet slamming rocks and old roads and moss and stream and brush into a samey flat nothing as her tremendous weight reforms the land.

“Keep straight! Once we get to the temple, I’ll get back inside and—”

Everything stops, just then, including Byrna. Strangely, there is no slowing, no skidding of all that chubby, scaly mass to an eventual stop. She just...freezes. You go flying off of her hand, bouncing and clinging as you slowly slide down off of her gigantic breast.

When you make it down to her feet and back away, you realize just how right you actually are: she’s frozen in place, the giantess suspended in time, instantly. You look out behind and see the oncoming horde, only it’s every bit as frozen.

You look to the trees, seeing the disturbed lumber caught in mid-sway, leaves suspended in the air. Everything is suspended. *Suspended in time.*

“At least you were dumb enough to warp somewhere easy to find,” an unwanted voice cuts in, pulling you away from Byrna and the demon army, over to Reb.

The young werebull walks toward you, one hand raised, a yellow ring on one finger glowing bright. You step back, getting your sword ready.

“How?”

“Did I make it here so fast?” the steer finishes, adjusting his glasses indifferently. “I didn’t. I just pulled a little trick of mine, is all. What matters is, there’s no one left to help you. Feel free to defeat me by your lonesome, with your *own* power, if you can. If not, then...Lloyd Garnet, prepare to be executed, by my own hand! At long last!”

Reb raises both clenched fists, snorting, his feet sliding into a fighting stance.

In a blink, he’s in front of you, one fist pulled tight-back. A hard right cross slips through your arm as it pushes your sword away, connecting square to your face with brick-force. A light flashes behind your eyelids as pain fills your skull, your feet lift, and you stagger back into Byrna’s suspended foot, opening your eyes in time to see him coming with the left fist! Before -961 DAMAGE can finish appearing, you duck, resulting in a [MISS] as you slash up, quicker than you thought you could, knocking the bull back into his own stagger for -929 DAMAGE!

You slip up against Byrna’s gigantic, supple foot, sliding back against its side as your sword stays out, shaking. Your stats blink on around you, now that the battle is started:

LLOYD, LV 37, ADVENTURER

HP: 1,189/2,150

MP: 390/390

STRENGTH: 400

DEFENSE: 440

DEXTERITY: 460

SPEED: 490

HEIGHT: 5’09”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: CONFUSE 3, STEAL 3, COVER, SCREEN, REBUKE 2, SLOW 2, READER

You had leveled up that much, from the horde? No wonder you struck the Avros Guildmaster for that much damage! Incredible!

Conversely, you see the werebull scowl as he rights himself and shakes off the strike, a surge of angry surprise straining just underneath his exterior.

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 14,071/15,000

MP: 9,000/9,000

You're only a little under his level! His HP isn't that high, even! But good grief, his MP is absurd! You look back at the rings on his fingers, and gulp. All of them must be for status effects or spells. There has to be some reason...there must be something to explain why Reb is so feared, so dangerous...

"Fine, then," Reb growls, the bull coming right back at you with a flying kick planted on your chest, sending you skidding and bouncing off of Byrna's foot for -864 DAMAGE, dropping your health down to 325/2150! He hits hard for being so much skinnier than Bre!

You spend your turn on a heal potion, quickly, then counter with:

"SLOW 2!"

A yellow flash overtakes Reb as the bull charges with both horns out, ready for goring! His charge slows to a laughable crawl as his face slowly changes from one type of anger to another, entirely. You sidestep with ease and shout:

"REBUKE 2!"

The damage he's inflicted on you returns, for -1,825 DAMAGE! He winces in slow-motion as he crashes head-down, flipping over gradually, until it's actually comical.

"GGGGGGRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!"

He's more hurt than you are. You're winning. *You're winning!*

Still, every fear you have warns you to stay alert, including the brand new fear of how you could possibly be beating the Guildmaster, no strings attached. That's likely wise.

Still in slow-motion, the bull twists around and readies a hard uppercut, but you slash North and interrupt, slicing Reb deep for -741 DAMAGE! Then, for -611, as you spin back around and lash out clean!

Seeing your attack pattern open up, Reb swings back the other way; though slowed down, he's intentionally set his fist on a path right to the nadir of your swing arc, successfully smashing you down for a nasty -843 DAMAGE!

You bounce away and scramble to recover as Reb starts to move faster again, slowly coming out of the stat effect with red eyes and grit teeth.

"No...you...don't!" Reb roars, his eyes murderously focused behind his glasses as he deflects your slash and plants a double-fisted strike on your sides for -795 DAMAGE!

You crumple back some, withering as your side aches, even through your armor.

"SCREEN!"

Again the smoke sprays out, covering the jungle around you as Reb snorts and paws at it, looking for you with no luck. You work around the side, and strike, again and again!

-649 DAMAGE

-864 DAMAGE

-683 DAMAGE

“Damn...it...” Reb can be heard, his speech getting quicker. “DAMN...YOU!”

-887 DAMAGE

He swings wild, missing you by a huge margin, and you strike again.

-759 DAMAGE

7,052/15,000 HP

You’ve gotten one of the most feared opponents in the realm down to half his health! If you just stay careful, you might actually do this! Before the smoke clears, you shout:

“READER!”

“NO!” Reb bellows, trying to swing at the sound of your voice; he knows what it is!

STRONG AGAINST RANGED ATTACKS

WEAK POINT: BACK OF NECK

That’s it!

Of course, finding that exact point in your own smoke is somewhat difficult; you can hear his feet shifting as he tries to anticipate where you’ll come from—and unfortunately, he’s good at it. As you swoop in for a slash he twists and jabs high, narrowly missing you through the cloud, and you deal a more expected -813 DAMAGE, pushing his health even lower, still.

“You think I’ll...let you anywhere...near that point, Garnet...then you’re insane!”

-841 DAMAGE, another hit landed!

-907 DAMAGE!

Another fist sails by, again narrowly missing. Despite it all, he’s fast, and too close for comfort; you’re down to 512 HP, yourself, you realize, meaning one good hit would be your end, so you back off a few paces, and take out your second health potion, using it quickly.

The smoke begins to clear again, leaving a very upset Reb at a humbling 5,304/15,000 HP. He looks everywhere, fuming, his cool exterior cracking away as he shakes his bull head and

stomps the ground.

“Alright, where are you? Where could you *possibly* hope to—”

“COVER!”

You flash back up over the suspended Byrna, all the way back up at her breasts. By the time Reb can even look up and around, you’re diving down behind him, sword out. You strike precisely at the small of the bull’s exposed neck, making him cough in pain as he falls forward for -4,829 DAMAGE! *CRITICAL!*

Reb wheezes, flashing an ugly red shade as he wobbles upright, turns to face you, and huffs, panting openly, his stance troubled and loose.

“Heh,” the werebull groans, laughing a little bit. “That was...huh.”

You charge in, wasting no initiative, and Reb’s bulky fist and rings slam into you with exact timing, bashing you for -984 DAMAGE—but you’ve slashed him at the same time for -794 DAMAGE, making him erupt into ashes! The afterimage of the bull lingers, supported by instinct and raw fear, until it too fades, and you’re left with an impossibility:

You did it.

You turn to see the remnants of the Guildmaster flitter off to nothing, and you stop a moment to catch your breath. It took two out of three potions, but you defeated him. On your own. Just...*you*.

You take a moment longer to savor it before you open your eyes and see that everyone and everything still seems to be suspended. You wait, staring, watching for any sign that Byrna is about to come back to time, but she remains. Behind her, the demon legion remains as it was. Finally, a pinprick of concern arises.

“Uh,” you begin, before you’re hit by a wall of ice for -4,687 DAMAGE, wiping you out completely. Your vision falters, then bleeds into nothing as you pass out in blood-freezing frost.

For a time, you just hover in nothingness, so you *perhaps* think, not quite being anything, but not quite nothing either. Is your soul fading out? What is this?

You had never really died before, your years of caution and cowardice had seen to it.

You think you might be thinking, but there isn’t enough of you to really know.

Light floods back in, hurting the eyes you were starting to forget you had.

That light pulls into shapes, and one of them is yelling at you. Maybe.

“Lloyd!” Mohz shouts, the kirin damn-near yanking you up onto your feet with his huge, powerful arm. “That’s it, up you go, there’s a lad!”

“Mohz.”

You say it like you’re teaching your brain a crash course in *right now*; you look past the hulking kirin mage, at the even-bigger Rizii, who knocks something back with her cleaver, something that skids back and crashes into a tree, toppling it in two at the base.

“Wake up, twerp!” Rizii booms, impatient and relieved at the same time. “We’ve got a boss to beat, come on! Hop to!”

“Beat the boss,” you mumble, shaking your head awake again.

Your vision clears all the way as the smoke clears around the snapped tree. To your horror, Reb steps out of it, his tunic tattered, his glasses intact, and several rings glowing on the fingers of one raised hand.

“What?” you gawk, snapping to attention. “Reb! I...but, I killed him!”

“Seriously?” Rizii gasps. “You took a boss down?”

“He did pretty well, I’ll grant that much,” Reb calmly says, the slender werebull dusting himself off. “I can’t believe he outmaneuvered me, there. I learned a lot about what he can do—and he foolishly blew through most of his best options, thinking it would be enough. You really should keep a few aces up your sleeve, Garnet!”

At that, Reb raises up both hands, revealing all the rings thereon.

“All I lost there was the use of my time ring, for...about five more minutes, I think. The Ice ring should cycle back into use in about ten. All I needed was a single shadow to figure you out. Now, let’s see how much I can get out of your comrades!”

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 10,100/12,000

MP: 8,600/9,000

“No,” you moan, nearly fainting outright. “No! You have that many spell rings, and a shadow ring!? How...”

“Spoils of many old quests, shared by my...shared by Bre,” Red grumbles, wincing at the mention. “The Time ring is what brought up my consideration for leadership, you know. Bre had her chance, as well, but was good enough to allow me to ascend to Guildmaster. And *this* ring...”

A scarlet ring flashes bright, and red light overtakes all three of you, then him last.

“Is a Mimic’s ring.”

At that, Reb’s tunic begins to stretch out wide as a series of bulges tent out into definition, gradually swelling larger and thicker. The bull glowers through his glasses as you watch him rumble and expand, his lithe, slender arms gorging on power, growing into swollen mounds of brawn, his pectorals heaving out so big that the top collar strains against them, forcing them to swell dominantly up against his chin as his neck booms wider.

“Oh, great,” Rizii snarls as her size copies and floods into Reb, making the rumbling cow boom bigger, and bigger, his bulk gaining to match her own as his tunic rips at the sleeves, his pants tearing open, a massive shaft tenting in between the apertures as his thighs bloat too large to contain. You feel yourself thump against Byrna’s stilled foot again as you watch the steer heave larger, and larger, successive rips singing as his muscles overflow too large, the 20-foot giant letting his clothing split wide open as he pops his swelling neck, trembles, and bursts loudly to 30 feet, matching Rizii’s exact bulk! The glow surrounding Mohz lights up next, pushing the bull 7 feet larger with another surge of tight bulk, outclassing even the mighty kobold warrior!

“If I didn’t take precautions in advance,” Reb rumbles heavily, his gigantic voice thundering in his swollen body, “I’d have turned into a kobold, outright. Or a kirin. Not a terrible thought, but I prefer to remain myself. Best just to take what I really want.”

One foot slams forward, shaking the ground. You get your sword back out, despite the sight of the giant advancing on Rizii, cracking his enlarged knuckles calmly.

“Come on, hit me,” he dares, coolly goading the almost-as-big kobold. “I know who you are, you scrawny kobold joke. Your Guild is a bit...lax on its roster requirements. Do you send all your dues back to your family in that crummy mud pit of yours?”

Rizii flushes dark at the muzzle, snarling.

“What’s it matter?” she huffs, controlling herself, even as her blue muscles burst thicker with tension and strain. “You got something to say, leather-flap?”

“Funny talk, from a handbag,” Reb laughs, and not in a friendly way. “Maybe the Avros Guild could buy your hovel out, and skin up a family set to go with you. Then, you’d all finally be worth something.”

Rizii’s yellow eyes widen in rage, and you can see things slipping.

“Put him down, Rizii!” you shout, breaking it up. “Clobber him!”

Mohz is already chanting, nearby. Something big, it would have to be.

“GLADLY!” the kobold roars, bringing her cleaver down square onto Reb’s head, straight between his thickened, curling black horns. The brown fur flares out from wind passage

as it connects for a catastrophic -7,537 DAMAGE, a monster blow!

The ground underfoot cracks and bursts as Reb grunts in pain, but takes the hit. His glasses remain perched in place, having grown to match his muzzle bridge's proportions.

"Good," Reb huffs, flexing so hard that her cleaver bounces back at Rizii, making her blink in shock. "That's not bad at all! Maybe I was too hard on you. Hmm."

An uppercut to Rizii's belly leaves her doubling over, stumbling back with an opened maw and bulging eyes, as her knees shake. She stands her ground, but her breathing is harsh, and at -1,306 DAMAGE, you can see why. Her health plummets to 594/1,990, making her suck in air to recover, her huge breasts bobbling back to form as she straightens out.

"B-big deal," she croaks, readying her cleaver again.

"It is, somewhat," Reb smirks. "Your defense is absolutely remarkable, I'll add that too. Anyone else would have died instantly, having that level of power thrown back at them. You know, I'm actually really glad I saved my mimicking for you, kobold. My sister was always the bigger one, hah. It's...very interesting, to be bigger than her—"

"THUNDER 4."

A surge of lightning consumes the huge bull, making him clench up. His teeth grit as smoke rises off of his cooking fur, before he bursts with bolts of golden wrath for -4,718 DAMAGE, annihilating the gigantic werebull to ashes.

"I had him, Mohz," Rizii wheezes, her cocky smile slipping into a pained wince as she wobbles in place. You run up to her, hugging her thigh muscles tight.

"That was incredible, Rizii, Mohz," you sigh, nodding thankfully. "Thanks for bringing me back, there. I thought I was dead forever, after that cheap shot, and you two being warped up to Arast."

"Oh, we didn't warp," Mohz chuckles.

"What?"

"Yeah, you just kind of ran in before us, and the beam shut back down," Rizii admits.

"What?" you balk. "But you were right behind me! I thought we all went in!"

"Where did you get to, then, if you're back here? We went looking for you, then saw Arlei and Byrna fighting, but then Byrna charged in here for some reason, and hey."

"I wound up tricked into warping into an Avros trap," you sigh.

“Then that bull really is Reb?” Mohz hums, impressed. “The Guildmaster of the strongest Guild in the world, and you not only outsmarted him and escaped, but destroyed him!”

“His shadow, anyway,” you mutter, dejected. “Wait.”

You see that Byrna still isn’t moving any.

“Uh-oh.”

“What?” Rizii huffs, still panting.

“Mohz, how many times can a shadow be made by the same creator?”

“It depends. Shadowcast is a *very* dangerous art for both sides. The creator can make one copy at a time of themselves, and if that copy perishes, since it takes a part of the creator to maintain, then that damage passes back to the creator, somewhat. To keep using shadows, one would lose more and more of their own base HP, per loss. You can’t slip below 1 point, but you become unbelievably vulnerable. The slightest damage would kill.”

“And does each shadow start fresh?” you press, quickly.

“It depends on the level of sophistication. A high-grade talisman like the rings on his fingers would offer great control. One could even reform a new shadow, just like the one before, and while the shadow’s *rings* don’t reset, they do obey the original’s rules, and can be reused after varying spans of time. After all, they are technically extant copies, they are *real*. Now, for someone as advanced as Reb...those charge times could be mere minutes, really. In a long fight, he could cast plenty of spells, plenty of times, so long as he’s given the chance to recharge. And, as long as the original exists in safety, well. I can see why he’s so feared, honestly. It is a challenge.”

“There’s no experience coming,” you mutter, “meaning—”

“FLAME 4!”

A great blast of hellfire envelops you all, save for Mohz; his reflect shell shows itself as you and Rizii burn, returning the fire back to Reb as he reenters the fray for -4,802 DAMAGE, blowing both you and Rizii away in a blink.

The darkness is back again, you don’t even have time to process it. You look for Rizii, on the off chance, but everything is darkness.

When you return to life, your armor un-charred, your hair and skin clear and healed, you can see Mohz standing in front of you, taking a direct hit to the stomach from the new Reb shadow, who still looms at a copied 37 feet, covered in bulk, hitting Mohz for -1,118 DAMAGE.

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 5,198/10,000
MP: 8,000/9,000

At 1,652 HP, Mohz stands strong, his muscles bursting through his ripping robes from how hard he flexed to diminish the blow. You look about, but don't see Rizii yet.

“Can't reflect that, can you, mage?” Reb chuckles, rolling his humongous shoulder smugly. “I didn't think as much.”

Mohz leans in and plants a double-fisted smash into the larger bull's thigh for -926 DAMAGE; it's not as strong as Rizii, but it remains impressive.

“That's not going to do it, little deer,” Reb huffs, raising a fist.

As he does, you're already rifling through the bag. You pull out the red transference jewel, and activate it, throwing it so that it thumps Mohz' muscled back. The huge kirin gasps, genuinely surprised, as it covers him with brilliant blood-red light!

“Haaaah!”

Reb grunts as Mohz inflates even stronger, his calm eyes glowing bright as the surge pumps his huge bulk even larger, still! Off far in the distance, Arlei can be heard grunting as well, as you activate the blue and green jewels right after—Rizii doesn't seem to have been raised back yet, so you think fast, and throw them over onto Byrna's foot, letting them cover her towering, suspended body in dual glows.

“Very...cute!” Reb growls, the hulking bull pushing back, as the smaller kirin's muscles swell to easily match his own! Despite the height gap, Mohz pulls out of their brief grapple, winds up, and hits the cow in the stomach, deep, for a hefty -1,433 DAMAGE, then an uppercut for -1,288, the kirin's swollen bicep swelling even tighter and larger, condensing into diamond underneath stretching fur.

Reb wobbles back, pitching against his new weight and size, before rolling his boulder-shoulders and flexing his chest hard, his huge body flashing red once again.

“Another surprise,” the steer rumbles, as if granting some small, magnanimous charity. “I'm learning more than I planned! Very useful!”

A lunging rush, a raised elbow, and a Southern blow to Mohz's neck sends even the mighty kirin bouncing back for -1,399, putting the great mage in the red as well.

“PARALYZE!”

The bull's green ring on one hand flashes, and Mohz freezes in place, his eyes darting, his muscles straining in mid-motion as he's halfway to standing. It's not a time spell, you can see Mohz thinking, his eyes twitching as he watches Reb pull back for a final punch.

Behind you, Byrna's entire body is rapidly swelling larger as blue size pours in from a moaning Arlei, off in the distance, the 600-plus foot salamander swelling higher and higher; her frozen head and blepping tongue push through the canopy as she loudly groans with power, her amply reptilian curves ballooning even greater, her green-glowing breasts exploding half again as big, until they consume sight of her arms and begin to match her massively-wide hips!

"Hmm?" Reb hums, stopping to look up, as the weight of Byrna's overloaded, surging breasts pulls the rest of her forward.

Not knowing if she's even aware of it or not, in her state, you slash away at the ground around her huge toes with your sword, frantically digging as much of a trench as you can! It proves enough, as in seconds her already-900-foot body starts to dip forth, her still-growing breasts so heavy, so full and swollen, that they send her pitching over, right onto Reb!

You throw yourself into Mohz, barely large enough to even-partially budge the kirin's overblown physique—but it's just enough to inch him back as Byrna's growing body plummets down over the jungle floor!

"Oh," Reb moans, just as the 1,300-foot tall giantess crashes down, obliterating the bull entirely on impact with unthinkably heavy, bulging breasts!

The surging salamander rumbles bigger and bigger, yet, and you realize you have no idea how much transference is taking place...but you *did* initiate it with a nearly two-mile tall Arlei. More and more flows into Byrna's suspended bulk as she lays there, breasts down, her head pushing out into crashing trees, the canopy clearing away as she relentlessly expands, loudly swelling larger, and larger, and larger, and larger over their snaps and pops.

You and Mohz both go sailing back as the side of her dimpled breast inflates into you, shoving farther and farther through the splintering jungle. You hold onto Mohz, whose eyes seem even wider than yours, his muzzle mashed by warm bulk, threatening to rise up and swallow you up completely with any wrong move!

"What do I have, what," you mutter, frantically digging through the bag.

You can imagine Byrna crying out in delight as her body expands on and on, cratering the smashed jungle ruins, lying down at over 3,000 feet long/tall, and still growing! 3,300 feet...3,700 feet...4,000 feet! She...*she isn't stopping!*

"Yes!" you shout, as you pull one single antidote from your bag. You pour it over Mohz immediately, hoping that it works on paralysis, and seconds later the huge kirin gasps and flails back to life, shaking his head, even as Byrna's chest keeps pummeling into his body as it grows.

"G-good work!" Mohz coughs, protectively shielding you in his monstrous arms and soft fur. "Did that crush him?"

“It did! I think we have a minute to regroup, before he comes back! O-once she stops...getting...bigger!”

“How much size is she taking!?” the kirin asks, over the sheer din of cracking trees and rumbling terrain. “She’s...getting fairly enormous!”

Indeed so.

Byrna’s suspended body keeps blasting bigger in huge, greedy gulps of growth, her hips smashing countless trees away as her rump, tail and backside get too big to conceal! The canopy starts to submissively part about her form as it grows to over 4,500 feet long/tall, her plump cheeks many hundreds of feet higher than the jungle can reach as she shudders and booms to 4,800 feet, then 5,400, her hips impossibly wide, her thighs monstrously laden with supple curves and taut, bulging scales!

“Can you s-start raising Rizii?” you ask as you administer the last heal potion on Mohz, bringing his health all the way back up.

“Already on it, Lloyd, yes!”

“Let’s get to higher ground first! Warp us to the temple!”

“You aren’t worried you’ll warp back to Avros?”

“I saw the pylons the first time in, there’s no way they’re left standing with Byrna getting this huge! She has to have crushed them, it should be safe! Let’s try!”

“WARP!”

Mercifully enough, you do indeed appear inside the far end courtyard of the temple, the machine in front of you once again. Outside, you feel the vibrations catching up as Byrna’s nonstop growth pushes her reptilian head into the outer stairs, up along it, smashing through everything as she bulldozes bigger and heavier against the front of the entire thing.

At 6,150 feet, exactly, the titanic female *finally* stops, her humongous body resting.

Silence follows the last of the aftershocks as you and Mohz listen, then relax a moment.

“I think that’s it, Mohz,” you sigh. “Rizii, quick, please!”

“Of course!”

You don’t have anything left to heal yourselves with. With Arlei removed, it’s all offense, or nothing at all, and you know it. If you use all your magic potions on Mohz, then you’ll only have whatever Arlei has on hand, MP-wise, to keep alive with, until you can get another tent.

With Byrna's humongous head blocking the front of the temple, that leaves only the back entrances, if there are any to be found—

THOOM!

Reb crashes down, cracking the stone floor on impact, having dropped in from the skylight above. His huge body ripples with power as he rises in full, then looks to Mohz first.

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 8,000/8,000

MP: 6,300/9,000

“RAISE 3!” the kirin shouts, just as the werebull raises a giant hand, a light blue ring glowing brightly, covering him in a REFLECT shell, the same as Mohz.

Rizii rematerializes nearby, and this time the kobold doesn't hesitate:

“BATTLECRY!”

She barks the skill out as, of all present, Mohz is covered in light.

“Me?” he asks, perking his ears curiously.

“Speedier spells!” she says, grinning wide.

“He has REFLECT, Rizii!” you shout.

“He's right!” Reb laughs, the slightly-bigger cow lording himself over the huge kobold. “Spell away, all you like, deer! You can't cure yourself, it'd bounce...and you can't heal anyone else, otherwise you would have by now. Offensively, your magic is useless. So go on, make your move. In fact, I'll watch! I'm intrigued!”

A pattern is forming, in your eyes. Reb can't resist being smarter than everyone else in the room, and you think Rizii's picked up on it, too. So, what is she planning?

“Lloyd,” the kobold says, turning to you with a firm nod. “Elixir me! Patch me! Both, now! I got an idea!”

You go pale. You get it, but you nearly faint from the suggestion of it. Yet, you're outmatched entirely, and this is the only thing Reb has no momentary contingency for. You take both out as Reb watches, his brows furrowing the tiniest bit.

“Patch?” he rumbles, as you run over and toss Rizii the elixir, using your other gloved hand to slap the high-grad Hruthga Sigil patch onto her rear, making the kobold giggle.

“You’re the best, twerp!” she chuckles, making sure to note the shift in Reb’s expression as it slips from smug humoring to shock, then outright fear, as Rizii starts to rumble all over. “BUFF 3!”

“BUFF 4!” Mohz shouts, everyone getting the same insane idea at once.

Rizii pours the elixir over her breasts and gulps the rest down greedily, snorting excitedly as it soaks into her 30-foot body, at the same time the sigil activates, at the same time both BUFF spells hit. You saw what strange permanent effect an elixir combined with buffing did for the kobold last time, it blew her up far larger, permanently—which is why you’re scrambling like mad to get clear of the area, because *damn*.

Reb steps back as the shuddering kobold huffs, her body trembling and bulging out at strange, ludicrous angles, electric bolts crackling over stretching scales as she drools and flexes hungrily, blowing up immediately from 30 to 90 feet, in one thick gush of muscle and height!

“YEEEEEEESSSS...”

“WARP!”

You and Mohz vanish from sight as Rizii shows teeth, her head and ears and stubby horns blowing up into the cracking courtyard ceiling, forcing her ballooning breasts and fat teats and surging shoulders higher and higher into them as she booms right up to 400 feet!

“GET READY TO LOSE...AGAIN...TINY!”

Her voice swells deeper as she laughs and roars, bursting even bigger! Reb lows and stumbles back before Rizii’s chest explodes out over him, her quivering, growing muscles already flooding the courtyard, crushing into the machine, smothering the stones and cracking pillars as her body has nowhere left to grow!

700 feet...900 feet...1,100 feet!

Rizii moans in utter bliss, the ceiling snapping and popping and splitting apart, allowing mound after shuddering mound of blue muscle to balloon out as the sigil mixes with the elixir and the buffs altogether...

You reappear atop the backside of Byrna’s huge head, her immense body still face-down and frozen. Her upper head remains crashed part-way into the temple’s front, as you imagined.

“Still!?” you huff, knocking on her soft, smooth scales, as if it would help.

“It should wear off soon, I think,” Mohz sighs. “We had best reenlist Arlei into the party, Lloyd, if we want to stand a chance against whatever is next!”

“Right. We also need to find Reb’s actual body, or else this will keep going on, and he’ll

win by attrition. How much of a range is there, to shadowcasting?”

Mohz thinks.

“Not a terribly big one, overall.”

“So, he couldn’t be casting from, say, all the way back at Avros?”

“No, that’s much too far to sustain, even for him. He likely warped near here based off of his intel, and is holed up for safety.”

“What happens when a copy dies? I know you mentioned HP loss, but does anything go back to the creator?”

“Certainly, the size and power.”

“Meaning, he’s briefly grown that big, then he puts it all back into a copy?”

“It’s another form of transference, in a way, yes.”

“Then, he needs somewhere that he can keep reabsorbing that amount of size, without revealing himself to us. Not that he gets as big as other bosses, but still. If he can stay hidden, even at 37 feet tall, then we’re out of luck—”

The entire top of the temple shears away as the landscape rattles and quakes; you both look up from on top of Byrna as Rizii’s gargantuan body hatches from it like a brittle old egg! A kobold over 3,000 feet tall blasts up and up through, her hips and bulging blue thighs tearing the walls away like nothing as she bellows into the sky, shakes violently, and erupts even bigger!

“Egads, it really worked!” you shout, watching with Mohz as the once-little kobold female consumes your view entirely; her feet burst through the last of the walls, her back muscles exploding so large that they overtake the rest of her as she cries in delirious joy and balloons up to 4,000 feet, then 5,000!

The jungle groans as she keeps growing up over it, a looming, musclebound goddess of pure strength! Her biceps are impossible to measure, their evergrowing circumference enough to drive a mortal mad as they flare and tighten in, yet burst bigger still! Her thighs erupt in messy, loud bulges, her nipples stone-hard and throbbing as she pants and strains happily, then bursts up to 6,000 feet, then 7,000!

“I...I didn’t know the high-grade sigils were enough to put someone on par with King Endid!” you shout over the quaking growth surges.

“So it would seem...only, she was fool enough to throw everything else in with it! I can’t imagine what her base size will be left at, after the battle ends! If we survive!”

“You threw in, too!”

“Haha! I did!”

Rizii screams as a thick wave of muscle overflows her form, getting so tremendously full that, even at 8,000 feet in height, she’s having trouble containing it! Her heartbeat is growing so strong that it shakes the jungle far below, the mountains quaking as the meager clenching of clawed toes cracks the firmament. Her strength is getting...out of control! But she’s *still* getting bigger, and bigger!

“BEEEEEE...H...H-HAAAAAVE!”

The godly colossus roars, flexing so powerfully that you can see some of it happening down in the closer atmospheric ranges: her billowing muscles tense all the way in, the kobold so horribly strong that she overpowers her own bulk into proper definition, forcing her muscles to contract to something useable, using...her own muscle!

“BETT-TTERRRR!”

“This is beyond overkill!” you moan, already regretting giving Rizii such immense power-ups in tandem, as you see the stupefying results. No wonder no one was crazy enough to experiment like this!

With a final grunt of pleasure Rizii burst-burst-bursts rapidly up, up, up, blowing clear past the 10,000-foot range, swelling with a lusty whimper to a whopping, phenomenal 13,600 feet, over two and a half miles tall! So much muscle covers her that to all below, there’s no way to make out her head or trunk-thick neck, though you know she’s smiling bright.

“THAT’S MORE LIKE IT! HAHA!”

You watch as she ponderously lifts a village-sized foot, then lets the warm soles crash back down, shaking everything for miles as you see -39,800 DAMAGE! CRITICAL!! appear where Reb has been very-much crushed to nothing.

“That buys us a minute,” you sigh, as you feel the ‘ground’ beneath you and Mohz shift.

“FLOAT!”

At the kirin’s command, you and he rise up, just as Byrna’s massive body starts to shift and move, returning to time in full.

“ALMOST THERE!” Byrna roars, the tremendously-enlarged female trying to keep running, as she lies face and breast-down on the cratered jungle, tearing everything up as she splutters and rears upright, wide-eyed. “GOODNESS, WHAT—”

She looks down, then cranes her neck, straining to see past her incredibly huge chest and

fat teats. She finally realizes that the jungle is below her, hugging her vast, curvy hips, and squeaks. Yes, *squeaks*.

“Byrna!” you shout, as well as you can, to no avail. She’s the size of an entire town, after all. Rizii looms even higher than her, over twice her monstrous size, and more muscled than ever before. She could body slam the mighty gryphon King, at this rate! “Mohz, would you?”

The kirin chuckles, his even-bulkier self nodding gently. With his overgrown neck and throat muscles, to even your surprise, it comes out as a cannon blast of sound:

“BYRNA, MY DEAR! OVER HERE!”

A massive set of light-violet eyes fills your horizon as she cocks her head in your direction, squinting. Her boof of flame-tuft whips behind her head, throwing winds into your path, blowing you back some. Her gorgeous eyes widen.

“LLOYD, MOHZ! OH, GOOD! YOU...OH, I REALLY GREW, DIDN’T I? I THOUGHT I WAS BIG, BEFORE, HEAVENS! IS THAT CARPET DOWN THERE...IS THAT THE JUNGLE!?”

“**YEAH!**” Rizii thunder-booms, up beyond, making even Byrna cry out in shock at the sight of her looming so high up. “**ISN’T IT GREAT, DARLING? LOOKIT!**”

Byrna stares at the raw planetoids of muscle the kobold has blown up into. She blinks. She squeals and leaps to her huge feet, her thighs wobbling on impact with a warping landscape as *that much bulk* hits it.

“RIZII!” she chirps, looking up and down rapidly, her fat, plump tail wiggling all over in delight. “OOOH, LOOK AT YOU! OH, YOU...YOU’RE GLORIOUS! HEEHEE! I COULD EAT YOU UP, DEAR!”

“**PUH, JUST YOU TRY! SERIOUSLY, DO IT! GEHEHEH!**”

The two lizards squeeze in tenderly, Rizii’s boundlessly huge muscles somehow gentle and kind with the chubby, glowing female, though her sheer bust size makes hugging a...memorable proposition.

“Ladies, please,” Mohz bellow-speaks, just powerful enough to be heard. The two look your way, mid-kiss, their sky-consuming muzzles pressing in tighter, though their eyes are attentive. “Reb is likely already coming back, as we...speak.”

“OH?” Byrna purrs, nuzzling up under Rizii’s vast jawline, easily held up off the terrain by the even-bigger kobold leviathan. “WHO’S REB?”

“THUNDER 4!”

A burst of lightning sizzles into Rizii's thick calf muscles for -250 DAMAGE, as another Reb shadow floats its way up to you, two rings flickering out of momentary power.

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 6,000/6,000

MP: 5,500/9,000

"OH," Byrna puffs, resuming a hot kiss with Rizii's much bigger muzzle, nuzzling into it happily and shuddering hard.

"Degenerates," Reb snorts, shaking his head. "All that power, and that's what you fools do with it? Pathetic! Unforgivable!"

"Your sister was no better," Mohz shouts back, folding his huge arms.

"Please," the floating werebull groans, crossing his even-bigger arms back. "Don't even try comparing her to you. Sure, she had power, raw muscle, but she was one of us, her weapon was her intellect, not her size! You think I need this? This is a boon, a tool, a convenience! I never needed to be big, to succeed, unlike you compensators!"

"All of this is runoff from Arlei, is why!" you shout back, floating nearer. "It all spun out of control, I admit it! But this is happening for a reason, there's a reason for this escalation!"

"Spare me the lecture, Garnet," Reb sneers, fixing his massive glasses. "Do you know anything at all? The only reason we have giants in this world is because they're distant relations to the Gods themselves, nephilim diluted over and over and over again, until they're just oversized, resource-consuming mortals. Did you know that?"

You pause.

"Did you know that the Archmage wanted to be better than them? Hmm?"

Mohz purses his lip, looking away.

"Arlei's power comes directly from Heaven, from that side of the Gods' power, and the Gods are beings so enormous that it'd break even those two sleazy reptiles' minds, even at their size! Why do you think the Archmage attacked these areas first? The ones closest to giants? Revenge! The only reason size isn't everything to mortals is because they don't know it's the language of higher beings! And that's the thing...the one thing I agree with the Archmage on. It's stupid! We can rely on our own powers! We don't need to be BIGGER!"

With that Reb takes off, blasting at top speed towards you all.

"ICE 4!" he bellows, as another ring glows bright on his finger—

Rizii's 990-foot fist connects, punching Reb so brutally hard that he's blown away, before

the -25,900 DAMAGE even shows up.

“NO,” the monumentally big-big kobold huffs, dismissively turning back to kiss on Byrna yet again, the huge females carelessly enjoying one another at colossal size.

You relax a bit, but not much.

“I...I supposed they’ve got us covered, then, yes?” you ask.

“It looks that way, haha,” Mohz laughs, wagging his smaller, deer-like tail behind his ripped robe’s scraps and heaving muscles. “Let’s see to Arlei, then.”

You finally think to turn around, and you see her, far off beyond the jungle.

There the giga-maid reptile dutifully remains, idly smushing the last waves of the remaining demon army, including whatever portion was chasing Byrna earlier. She’s dropped down to about 5,000 feet, but her crushings and smashings are racking up EXP again, and she’s steadily starting to tremble and bulge back up to 5,500 feet, then 6,000.

You had better get over there quickly, if you’ve any sense—

“Halt, you scum!”

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 4,000/4,000

MP: 4,700/9,000

Another Reb floats up into the air before you, cutting you and Mohz off. His REFLECT shell remains, as does his copied muscle and giant size, the 37-foot hulk of a bull tensing up for another attack.

“You’re outmatched, now,” Mohz booms, meaning every word.

“I thought you were smarter than this, deer,” Reb sighs, shaking his head. You can’t lay one spell on me. I won’t go getting hit by that oversized thug of yours again, either!”

Rizii’s now-gargantuan cleaver swings, throwing out a gust of gale-force wind as Reb artfully dodges, a SPEED spell glowing amber from another ring. She swings again, but he dodges without much effort, and darts through the skies in a streak, bashing into Mohz for -1,289 DAMAGE, sending the kirin flying back.

“As for you, Garnet,” the bull huffs, glaring down at you. “I don’t need that much bother to swat you down. But, just the same, hold still. It’ll help.”

“STEAL 3!” you shout, more as a diversion than anything else.

To your surprise, it works! One ring vanishes from his fingers, making the bull grunt in amazement. He looks the hand over, then laughs.

“That’s it?” he snarls, grinning cruelly. “You stole one from a copy! Well, congratulations, if you can even figure out how to use it!”

Your bag shifts slightly as the item appears, within it. The bull is rearing to attack, but the momentary diversion is time enough!

“REFLECT!”

You hear Mohz bellow the spell, just as a large reflect shell glows blue around your floating body. The werebull moans, annoyed.

“I wasn’t going to use a spell on you. Of all the stupid wastes of—”

“FLAME 4!”

You gasp as a terrible shelf of hellfire engulfs you, of all people! Yet, the spell shudders, then blows off, parried away by the shell, bouncing directly into Reb! An indirect casting! There’s no blocking that, is there!?

“AHHHH—”

The bull roars in agony as the fires consume him for a brutal -5,507 DAMAGE, knocking him back in a smoldering ball of burnt fur and rage that burns away to oblivion and smoke.

“We can’t heal each other, and even sped up, my spellcasting can’t easily keep us all alive,” Mohz pants, rising back up to you. “Matter of fact...I could kindly do with a magic potion, please.”

You gladly throw one over, before you hear:

“HASTE 3!”

A bright flash of violet, and immediately another Reb is before you. This one, though...oh, this one looks good and *mad*.

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 2,000/2,000

MP: 3,200/9,000

“Enough of this garbage farce!” he seethes, shaking with anger. “My fault for being cocky, yes? Guess I learned better, didn’t I?”

He raises his hands up, and as time passes faster, you see every single ring flash bright

again, each and every one ready to reuse.

“Oh, dear,” Mohz gulps. “We can’t let this copy live! It’s the last one he has before he reaches 1 HP! He’s going to put everything into this! Kill him, now!”

“*Mimic.*”

A pulse overtakes the air above the demolished jungle as a red glow covers you, covers Mohz, covers Byrna, Rizii, the entire party!

To your surging terror, every bit of size and muscle between you all copies over into Reb, and the rumbling bull’s maw opens in a primal roar as far, far too much rushes in, his body stretching screamingly-tight as it *detonates* in size.

A kirin’s horn bursts from his growing forehead as scales patch into a lattice around his fur, which begins to blaze and glow the same manner that Byrna’s tuft. Smaller kobold knobs push up before his bull horns as his thick muscles explode even larger than Rizii’s, his body surging out of all control as it erupts from 40 feet to 400...then to 1,000...

“G...GHAAAAAAAAAAGH!”

His pectorals overwhelm his entire body, before it too bursts up to match, his horns pushing into tremendous, looping curls, his erection bobbing and stiffening as that much power has to find anywhere it can to flood, making his tip blaze hot as Byrna’s fire swells within his scaled, furred, growing body. His eyes bulge as he explodes, blasting up to 3,000 feet, then 7,000, each burst stronger, each spurt bigger, meaner, heavier!

“He’s taking from everyone, at once,” Mohz gasps. “You fool!”

“W-WHAT D-DO I CARE!?” Reb boom-quakes, his voice spewing flame and power as he b-bursts up to Rizii’s colossal size, his hooves smashing down on the ground as he grows too big to keep off of it anymore. “I-I’LL JUST GO ON AS A SUPER-COPY, WON’T I!? IT WON’T AFFECT THE REAL ME! I CAN BE SMALL *AND* GIGANTIC! *AND* WITH HASTE 3 IN PLAY...I’LL BE ABLE TO MIMIC YOU *AGAIN*, IN A MINUTE!”

“Your body can’t possibly handle this, copy or not!”

“CHALK IT UP TO A L...LUH-LEARNING EXPERIENCE!” the ever-growing titan bellows, his muscles billowing to nearly twice Rizii’s size, to the point of immobility. “IF THIS BODY BLOWS, THEN I SU-SUPPOSE IT’LL SIMPLY...TAKE YOU ALL...WITH ME, WON’T IT!? I WIN, E-EITHER WAAAAAYAAAAAUGH!”

Reb’s throbbing bulk swells even *bigger*, pulsing up toward the clouds as he laughs, both in victory and in severe pain. Even Rizii takes a shuddering step back as he surges to her size, shudders, then lurches up bigger, finally halting at 17,000 feet in size, over 3 miles tall.

“HAAAAAH...BIGGER...THAN BRE EVER GREW!” he blast-talks, shaking the countryside over. **“I...CAN DO BETTER...THAN THAT!”**

The hybrid werebull-beast dominantly rights himself, his every labored breath stretching his swollen, blazing-hot chest out before him. He turns to Rizii, two glowing eyes narrowing to nasty slits up above.

“FIRST OFF.”

Though he faces Rizii, he points his fist to Mohz, and the time ring flashes, suspending the kirin mid-spell; his body falls to the jungle, unable to sustain its floatation, leaving you, Byrna and Rizzi before the looming colossus.

“Mohz!” you shout, as you turn to see Rizii pummeling Reb in the face, smashing her vast cleaver into it with a hard, smashing impact, for -719 DAMAGE! His defense is mind-breakingly overgrown!

“THEN YOU, HANDBAG.”

His even-bigger fist slams into Rizii as she shoves Byrna away, smashing her for -935 DAMAGE! Still, the titanic kobold goddess has 805 HP left, and in her anger she wastes no time in hitting back.

“DEFENSE 5!”

“SMASH 3!” she roars, not a second later.

Another ring sputters out as a wall of orange absorbs the majority of Rizii’s blow, leaving the landscape-dwarfing werebull only -367 DAMAGE down, leaving just over half his final HP gone! Even outsized, even with his shielding, Rizii’s so strong that–

“BUFF 5!”

Frighteningly, Reb’s already-overpowered, oversized, body-smothering muscles erupt even *BIGGER*, so much power flowing through his girth that even his huge brawn screams from the growth, trying to stay intact as seams of scale and fur stretch too far! Biceps half the size of Rizii’s colossal breasts tighten as he slams the kobold so terribly hard, with such bone-snapping force, that Rizii *withers*, internally.

-13,623 DAMAGE!

Byrna screams something too big to understand as Rizii’s eyes roll back, empty and spent, her multi-mile body blown down into the ruins with a crash that kicks up debris for a full mile in height.

With no sign of Mohz, she stays there, good and done. *Crushed.*

“BABY,” Byrna sobs, her lips pursing up as the far-bigger hybrid-bull stomps to face her. “Baby, wake up! Rizii!”

“YOU DEGENERATES LIKE THIS, DO YOU?” Reb rumbles, glowering down at the smaller salamander. “YOU ENJOY BEING THIS HUGE, FOR ITS OWN SAKE? WELL, I’M NOT A HARD-HEART. I’LL BE NICE, AND PUT THIS IN A LANGUAGE YOU UNDERSTAND—”

Byrna’s tongue whips around the bull’s tremendously thick neck, constricting.

“FWAME!” she hisses, her violet eyes welling with tears.

A geyser of flame blasts, and the bull is forced to take it as her tongue holds her to him. As he pulls back, it simply lifts her up, and she clings to his impossible pectorals as she forces more and more fire out, starting to wheeze.

-100 DAMAGE

-100 DAMAGE

-100 DAMAGE

It’s slow, but it’s enough to scare the god-bull into smashing her in the side with a colossal fist for -1,051 DAMAGE, sending the curvy female flying and rolling into a rough crash that shears the valley floor apart. Even third smallest of the trio, she’s still big enough to land to ground like a well-endowed meteor.

Reb feels himself over, smoke coiling off his burn wounds, the monster-bull watching as they heal quickly. His ears perk up.

“I...I SEE,” he pants, straightening his huge body up. “I TOOK ENOUGH INHERENT...FLAME RESISTANCE. CUTE.”

“FLAME!”

“ICE 4.”

Another ring glows as a sheet of ice bursts open, covering not only the defiant Byrna, but Rizii, the ruined jungle behind them, and a portion of the adjacent mountains in a thick glacier.

Though winded and damaged, Reb is still at 614/2,000 HP, and now it’s just you.

You could float as fast as possible over to Arlei, *but Reb will surely outpace you.*

What if you used cover to jump to her? *No, you used it.*

Smelling salts! You have one portion! Mohz can RAISE 3–

Is he even dead? Where did he land? It's pointless if he's suspended!

You could use it on Rizii, she's still strong enough to take him down! *But she's in the ice, regardless! She'd be alive, but frozen! You've never seen an ice spell last that long!*

That's all you can think of, you've used everything else. *Everything.*

Right?

“C-CONFUSE 3!”

This could go all kinds of wrong, but what else is there?

FAILURE!

Nothing happens. All the attempt does is create enough of a flash to draw the sky-sized muzzle over to your general puniness.

“I CAN'T EVEN TELL WHERE YOU ARE, GARNET,” a voice big enough to shake mountains rumbles, half-laughing. ***“WHERE YOU GOING TO DO SOMETHING, BUG?”***

Instead of attacking you, the bull turns his endlessly big head over to Arlei, who's been watching the entire thing, now over 9,000 feet tall again, as the hordes seem to have finally diminished around her. She's clearly in agony, fretfully waving and whimpering in place.

“MASTER LLOYD, PLEASE!” she begs, her voice only managing to reach you, now that the lack of battle allows some relative quiet. “PLEASE, PLEASE, TELL ME I CAN MOVE! PLEASE! I...I CAN'T HELP YOU!”

You scream for all you're worth, but you're far too small, far too tiny.

“HILARIOUS!” Reb booms, pushing up glasses big enough to form walls for entire towns. ***“SHE CAN'T EVEN ACT ON HER OWN! BUT IT MAKES SENSE...”***

The bull snorts, swinging a colossal fist through the sky, slicing the air and sending you flying as the air displacement throws your flight pattern. He's trying to hit you on blind luck!

“SHE'S HEAVEN SENT, AFTER ALL. WHY WOULD THE GODS CREATE ANYTHING THAT POWERFUL, WITH AUTONOMY? ALL THAT POWER SHE HAS WAS MEANT TO KEEP THE ARCHMAGE WEAKENED, UNDERSTAND? WITHOUT PURPOSE OR USE, IT JUST BUILDS! REDIRECTING IT TO YOUR RIDICULOUS FRIENDS WILL ONLY GO SO FAR...SOONER OR LATER, SHE'LL BECOME POWERFUL BEYOND ALL MORTAL UNDERSTANDING! YOU MADE THAT HAPPEN, INSECT!”

He swings again, this time too close.

You're sent into a tumble, the mere proximity to Reb's fist so damaging that you see yourself hit for -372 DAMAGE, without even being struck! Careful!!

“AT ANY RATE, NOW THAT THERE'S A FREE MOMENT...HEAL.”

The spell locates you, bounces off your REFLECT shell, and hits Reb, replenishing his HP to a full 2,000 again! Your heart sinks as the numbers rise, the enormous hybrid creature huffing contentedly.

“GOOD. I ADMIT, RESORTING TO REFLECT TO SURVIVE MOHZ WAS A RISK, AS I COULDN'T HEAL... THANKFULLY HE WASTED A REFLECT-REFLECT ON MY PREVIOUS COPY. SO. WHY NOT DO THE SAME, FOR MYSELF—”

WHAM!

Reb goes thundering back a few crashing steps, each one rattling the earth below as Arlei's mace cracks his head for -580 DAMAGE! Even smaller than him at 9,600 feet, the lizard maid is easily big enough to thump him one, hard!

“Arlei!” you cry out, overjoyed.

“DON'T YOU TOUCH MY LLOYD!” she roars, winding back with a twist at the hips, her reformed apron and maid dress pulling tight. “CRUSH...3!”

“DEFENSE MAX!”

One of the only rings you haven't seen yet, a peach-colored one, flares to life, and Reb's stats go flying up and up, his defense spiking into the thousands.

-1,203 DAMAGE!! CRITICAL MAX!!

The final copy wheezes in shock and fury as it's summarily annihilated, blowing out into a sea of embers that consumes the sky in a momentary flare.

Rizii remains crushed and frozen, along with an incapacitated Byrna, before the ice finally dissipates, leaving her flashing red and severely damaged.

Mohz remains unseen, below. He was hit with the same spell that took Byrna many minutes to break out of, so it might be a bit longer, for all you know.

“LLOYD, HONEY, OVER HERE!” Byrna moans, cradling Rizii close. “BRING HER BACK, PLEASE! HEY! OH, I CAN'T EVEN FIND HIM!”

“LLOYD IS OVER HERE, BYRNA,” Arlei smiles, looking right at you, somehow,

despite being so ridiculously enormous. “MY DEAR LLOYD! HAHA! I...I’M SO SORRY, I HAD TROUBLE...DISOBEYING YOUR ORDER TO STAY PUT. IT FEELS...STRANGE.”

You’re screaming for Arlei to listen to you, in her moment. You’re surprised, even proud of the giantess, but right now, you know what’s coming. Mohz knows, but isn’t here. No one can hear you, everyone’s either too big or knocked out.

“ONE MOMENT, MASTER LLOYD, LET ME JUST HEAL BYRNA, THEN I’LL RAISE RIZII, AND WE CAN REBUILD—”

“DEATH.”

A massive black skull consumes Byrna, choking her out immediately. The skull fades, leaving her slumped back over Rizii’s body, the two joined in the worst way. Arlei stumbles back, shocked, as a nearby mountain rumbles, then cracks, splitting and snapping loudly.

“Arlei! RUN!” you holler, your throat beyond raw. Still, you’re unheard.

The mountain snaps in two, rubble blowing loose around a vast swell of muscle and fur as the true Reb, the one hiding away, explodes with all that returning size. Fantastic oceans of power force back into their owner, making the skinny bull blast bigger and bigger and bigger and bigger, his pecs blowing the front of the mountain to powder as his back muscles burst uncontrollably, his neck expanding too big for his growing head as he roars in agony and delight.

“NNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOO—”

Bigger and bigger Reb swells, his shaft pumping and bursting up through the remainder of the rock and ruins, surging skyward in a stiff, pulsing, massive arc of flesh! Bloated sacs overflow his bulging thighs as he explodes with more and more and more muscle, mounds atop mounds, power pulsing off of him in crashing, quaking waves!

“**GODDDDDD...**”

With a last shudder, the sky-filling god-bull erupts even *bigger*, blowing all the way up to the previous copy’s staggering size of 17,000 feet!

“**D-DD-DAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMNITTTT!**”

Only you and Arlei are left, and you’re scrambling for the smelling salts already as the horizon-sized werebull stares pure death at you both, storming over in a blind rage.

“**YOOOOU...ARE NOT...SMARTER...THAN MEEEEEE!**”

A foot bigger than a small lake crashes down, splitting the firmament. Overhead, the floating landscape of Arast quietly hovers, uncaring, before Reb’s towering bulk blocks it from view down below with an endless expanse of muscle.

His stats are almost too big, too high up to see. But you see what matters:

BOSS: REB, LV 40, WEREBULL GUILDMASTER

HP: 1/1

MP: 1,000/9,000

“YOU DON’T GET TO HAVE THE HONOR...OF TAKING ON THE ARCHMAGE, GARNET! NONE OF...Y-YOU DO! NOT EVEN THAT MORONIC JOCK, MODO! THAT RIGHT WAS MEANT FOR MY SISTER...AND I! BUT NO...YOU HAD TO BRING ME THIS FAR DOWN! IT’LL TAKE AGES TO REBUILD MY STATS! BUT AT LEAST, IF MY CURRENT DEFENSE IS PUSHED...EVEN HIGHER...” he rumbles, snorting flame and smoke, ***“THEN YOU WON’T EVEN LAND 1 HP ON ME!”***

His colossal hand goes out. Only one ring is hastened enough to flash back to life.

“MIMIC!”

One final, horrible time, Reb *grows*. With less control than ever, he begins to take on Arlei’s reptilian features, his muzzle stretching, slimming, his scales growing more pronounced as he replicates her size, adding it to his own, pushing his monstrous height up, up, up past 20,000 feet...22,000 feet...24,000 feet...26,000!!

Just shy of 5 miles tall, Reb trembles with power, despite his pitiful HP. He turns to see Arast, just within arm’s reach, his glowing eyes widening...then, suddenly, narrowing.

“I COULD JUST...CRUSH IT. COULDN’T I?” he booms, thinking through his burning rage a moment. ***“DEPRIVE YOU OF YOUR ENTIRE QUEST. SLAY THE TINY LITTLE ARCHMAGE, WHILE I’M AT IT. YOU WOULD GO BACK TO BEING WORTHLESS, AND I WOULD BE A HERO, EVEN IF YOU AND YOUR CLOWNS DIED IN THE PROCESS.”***

His defense keeps climbing with his size and muscle, until you see it stop at a record-breaking 7,600. There’s hardly a physical attack imaginable that would crawl past [NULL], at that point.

“DIE, FIEND!” Arlei shouts, thundering into a charge, her mace raised. “SMASH 5!”

Again, your screams of warning do nothing, as your throat goes -9,999.

The massive mace strikes, and [NULL] appears. Reb snorts angrily and winds a monstrous fist back, bigger than Arlei’s head. Even with no refreshes on his rings, the bull is so big that when he slams his knuckles into the maid’s jaw, it’s no surprise that it registers for -2,697 DAMAGE, sending her skidding back with a pained wince, and taking out over half of her prodigious health in one blow.

“ARLEI, STOP!”

The massive reptile scowls, and Reb pauses in confusion as her bulk trembles and erupts larger, the impact swelling her muscles out bigger and bigger, until the puff sleeves and cuffs and dress all rip and pull and tear away, her bulk detonating even bigger! She heaves with muscle, nearly matching his, then exceeding it as it consumes her frame, her height soaring up past 12,000 feet...18,000 feet...22,000 feet!

“BRUNT 5!”

The ensuing impact is so powerful that even Reb’s gargantuan pillar of a neck snaps back as the now-vast mace crashes down onto him...only to register [NULL].

The bull glowers vengefully, readying his fist...before grunting, his reddened, glowing eyes lidding to slits. He jerks in place, as if frozen. No, wait...he is. He is frozen!

“GAH, W...WHAT IS...”

[STAGGER]

Frozen for just that moment, the immeasurably big werebull quivers with pure hate, frothing at his muzzle as he slowly forces a hand up toward the golden ring in his nose, trying to speak through his grit teeth:

“RE...SU...R...RRRR!”

“WARP!”

Before you understand what’s happened, you blink away from the fray.

You reappear– high up in the air, right above the massive bull’s exposed neck.

“STRIIIIIIIKE!”

You don’t need to know anything else in the world.

You ready your sword and plunge straight down, streaking through the sky like a dart. It hits and sinks into his now massive, *exposed* weak point. Even a bug couldn’t miss it.

-1 DAMAGE.

Reb’s wide eyes go blank, rolling back into his immense cow skull.

“H...HEH.”

He slouches, twitches, then bursts apart into millions of embers, *real* embers. You lower

down slowly as the float spell wears off; not a moment too soon, you find yourself falling in a heap of exhaustion onto Arlei's colossal palm. The last thing you can manage as Reb's remains slowly disperse is to kneel down, wobble, and turn to throw the smelling salts down, to whichever giantess is most underneath you. Again, you can't miss both, at their size.

"How...did you know...his weak point?" you pant, suddenly ready to sleep forever.

"SIMPLE," Arlei rumbles, her huge voice shuddering through her hand. "HE NEVER FULLY TURNED HIS BACK ON ANY OF YOU. PLUS, WHEN YOU FIRST READ HIM, I SAW IT OVER THE TREES. I WAS BORED WITH THE ARMY, AND WAS WATCHING YOU THROUGH THE CANOPY. YOU WERE INCREDIBLE!"

"And you...heh, disobeyed me."

"I...I'M SORRY!"

"Oh my God, Arlei, I...I'm joking with you."

"REALLY? LIKE YOU DO WITH THE...OH! HAHA!"

With that all done, you...you just lie there. Just for a minute, while Arlei's post-battle buffs deflate, lowering her back down to 9,000 feet. You need the moment so badly.

All these massive sizes, these absurd numbers. And here, you survived by a millimeter.

"RAISE 2!"

Arlei's voice echoes out as the spell lands, not needing as much time to cast as RAISE 3 does. A brilliant light flares down below; combined with your smelling salts, you hear both huge female lizards yawn awake. *Lovely. Good-good.*

You hardly even care when the results finally hit, at long, long last:

+5,000 GOLD
+5,000 GOLD
+5,000 GOLD
+5,000 GOLD
+5,000 GOLD
+5,000 GOLD
+5,000 GOLD
+5,000 GOLD
+10,000 GOLD

+20,000 EXP
+20,000 EXP
+20,000 EXP
+20,000 EXP

+20,000 EXP
+20,000 EXP
+20,000 EXP
+50,000 EXP

45,000 GOLD!?
190,000 EXP!?

By number 5, you admit, you're starting to show care. *Concern* might be more apt.

You defeated boss copies, right? You got rewards for each.

Oh, Arlei's going to get so big. After all that leveling against the army, she must be at ECONO...what, 6? 7? Thank goodness you never used the...

The Monstear! The Shield Droplet! You never used them, in all the fuss!

You feel around in your bag, and your stomach flips. They aren't there. It's not possible.

You look up to Arlei as she loom-looks down at you, trying so hard to make out if she has you or not. Her stats pop up, and you groan. There, on the list of traits, are the Monstear, and the Shield Droplet. When you first were jostled about on her breasts, your bag...it fell, didn't it? They got out and she absorbed them, because where else would either one fall? She *was* the ground, back then.

That means her damage during the end of the fight...it had been halved.

She would have died from Reb's strike. That would have been that.

But now, her EXP gain is also automatically d...d-doubled.

Arlei tenses up as the results land, her bosom twitching eagerly, her body starting to buzz all over warmly, her breathing quickening rapidly.

On t-top of her ECONO boost...

"H...HHHH..."

Oh. Oh, no.

You've been anxious over Arlei's gains before, sure. Naturally. This, though. This is the first time you're scared. More than you were with any boss, thus far. There's nowhere to run from victory, and it's about to hit like a falling planet.

You hunker down in place, Arlei's colossal hand closing over you. You hear both Rizii and Byrna shriek in panic as the shuddering lizard maid's body rockets up, blowing violently

bigger, her breasts exploding through her snapping clothes in an instant this time. Her exposed nipples tent painfully, booming too big as pressure forces the tips to wobble, then spray trickling jets of milk that then rumble and burst into ugly geysers of cream as she cries out and boom-boom-BOOM-BOOOOOM-*BWOOOOOOMS*, doubling her size in one moment, then doubling it again! She screams, her ripping bodice and thigh-netting straps snapping away as her scaled bulk inflates through the net and bursts free!

The 36,000-foot giantess howls in desire as her growing palms find her burning nipples (with you stuck between), rubbing faster and harder as she strokes them off, making them blast milk over her own hands and down her swelling forearms, white rivulets tracing between swelling scales as she pushes her growing muzzle in between her overflowing cleavage and bellows into it as her nude body doubles in size, again! At 72,000 feet, over 13 miles tall, her breasts surge up into the atmosphere, blowing up to meet Arast itself as she hiccups and gasps, then **DOUBLES AGAIN!** Her thighs squeak and squick loudly as her panties again catch the initial wave of her climax, her tail shaking and curling as she orgasms hard!

The landscape quakes fearfully, entire kingdoms shuddering and shaking as the distant horizon fills with ever-bursting outer thighs and snapping laced underwear, a thick stream of juice cascading in warm, tickling waves down her swollen vent, an unleashed torrent of need over a millennia in the making flooding through mountains as she whips her head about and bites her own growing shoulder, needing to be anchored to something, *anything*, as she whimpers and pants, quaking with power, surging with untapped, pent-up oceans of lust!

Rizii and Byrna can only hope to hold onto one colossal, territory-sized foot, climbing up swelling, smooth soles and riding atop curling toes as Arlei screams herself hoarse, doubling in size **AGAIN!!** Her body rumbles over the steady slope of the land as she crashes onto all fours, her pendulous, sagging, overfed breasts bloating bigger, pumping waterfalls of milk as her rear balloons over all of Avros, blotting the skies out as her moans tumble into deep, husky cataclysms of pure sound!

At 288,000 feet tall (over 40,000 feet high, laying flat to her surging breasts), Arlei spans from the edge of Hruthga all the way to Avros, across several small kingdoms and the interstitial mountain ranges. She sucks in deep, ragged breaths, the immense reptile's eyes watering with rabid delight as her mind swims and her body tenses and swells even bigger, another rude blast of juice jetting between her legs as she feels her breasts inflate up over her pinched muzzle, her vast, city-sized hands digging into the earth itself. Each blast of juice grows stronger, until they hammer the world like waterfalls, crashing and flooding below as her vaginal lips expand even bigger, fatter, hotter!

Her tail trembles and flicks each time she gushes, over and over, spattering her entire torso with burning-hot cream as her fluids cover the ranges, rising in between entire mountain ranges as she bites her lip, opens her maw, and nearly blacks out as she doubles in size one final, messy, gleeful, volcanically lewd time!

The proverbial and literal smoke clears, cautiously.

Arlei...is 576,000 feet tall/long!

Your journey had taken up perhaps part of a week. Less, maybe. You had to have traversed, what...40, 50 miles, without warping or climbing up?

Well, she was now over 109 miles in size. She blew up 64 times bigger, this round. Sixty. Four. Times. Your entire journey would have crossed her leg, at best. *Maybe*.

When you finally open your eyes, stuck with milk as you are to her endless palm, between lake-sized scales, you see it. You look far, far up, and see:

ARLEI, LV 88, HOLY MAID

HP: 19,400/19,400

MP: 2,780/2,780

STRENGTH: 5,000

DEFENSE: 9,100

DEXTERITY: 3,150

SPEED: 3,900

HEIGHT: 576,000'02"

WEIGHT: ??????????

SKILLS: AURA MAX, ALL-SMASH MAX, BRUNT MAX, ECONO MAX, ALL-COVER, HOLY SONG, CHARM MAX, SEAL

SPELLS: HEAL MAX, CURE ALL, DETOX, RAISE MAX, HIGH ARMOR, WARP, SUB-WARP, HOLY FLARE, HEAVEN'S ANVIL, SPIRAL

You nearly pass out, yourself. Level 88? Arlei? That's demigod territory! Nobody gets to that range, even in a lifetime of battles. It's absurd. It's moronic, even.

So, what about yours??

LLOYD, LV 52, ADVENTURER

HP: 4,650/4,650

MP: 780/780

STRENGTH: 2,100

DEFENSE: 1,840

DEXTERITY: 1,460

SPEED: 2,500

HEIGHT: 5'09"

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: CONFUSE 3, STEAL 3, COVER, SCREEN, REBUKE 2, SLOW 2, READER

NEW SKILLS UNLOCKED: CONFUSE MAX, STEAL MAX, COVER ALL, SCREEN

MAX, REBUKE 5, SLOW MAX, READER MAX, STUN 4!

RIZII, LV 60, KOBOLD AMAZON
HP: 7,000/7,000
MP: 690/690
STRENGTH: 10,500 +3,000 BOOST
DEFENSE: 11,850 + 3,000 BOOST
DEXTERITY: 6,900
SPEED: 8,000

HEIGHT: 360'03"
WEIGHT: ?????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY MAX, MULTI-STRIKE MAX, SMASH MAX, CRUSH MAX,
REBUKE ALL, DEFENSE 5, ECONO 4
SPELLS: BUFF MAX, DRAIN 4

NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: ECONO 5!
NEW SPELL UNLOCKED: PERM BUFF, DRAIN 5!

NEXT LEVEL: 61,000/150,000 EXP

BYRNA, LV 66, FLAME SALAMENTAL
HP: 6,280/6,280
MP: 960/960
STRENGTH: 4,000 +5,000 BOOST
DEFENSE: 8,500 +6,000 BOOST
DEXTERITY: 4,930
SPEED: 3,950

HEIGHT: 6,150'07"
WEIGHT: ?????

SKILLS: ECONO 4, COVER 4, LASH 4, EMBER MAX, CRUSH 5
SPELLS: HELLFIRE, BUFF MAX, WARP, SUB-WARP, HEAT SHIELD 4

NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: ECONO 5, COVER 5, CRUSH MAX!
NEW SKILL UNLOCKED: PERM BUFF!

NEXT LEVEL: 110,000/180,000 EXP

MOHZ, LV 77, KIRIN MAGE
HP: 5,000/5,000
MP: 1,810/1,810
STRENGTH: 3,950
DEFENSE: 3,400

DEXTERITY: 2,740
SPEED: 3,220

HEIGHT: 7'00"
WEIGHT: ????

SPELLS: BUFF 4, REMEDY, REFLECT, FLAME 4, ICE 4, WAVE 4, THUNDER 4,
CHARM 2, RAISE 2, FLOAT

*NEW SPELLS UNLOCKED: BUFF MAX, FLAME MAX, ICE MAX, WAVE MAX,
THUNDER MAX, CHARM 4, RAISE ALL, COMET, FLARE, STONE*

NEXT LEVEL: 90,000/212,700 EXP

You lay back against that vast, gentle palm, digesting things. You survived against one of the only unbeatable foes in the entire known world. Reb, himself. Well, *himselves*. And the rewards were beyond spectacular.

You're nearly at legendary level, now, thanks to a handful of exceedingly painful, frequently fatal days. Dumb luck, quick thinking, and overpowered teammates had seen you all the way through to now. Your long-standing loserdom falters. This has to be the way. *It has to.*

"LLOYD. YOU HERE, TWERP?"

Rizii's thick, salty voice cuts through, pushy but concerned.

"WELL, HE'S SOMEWHERE," Byrna's much bigger voice blasts, making you wince.

You were less than 6 feet, on tiptoes. Mohz was 7, and bulky. Then, Rizii, 360 feet, post-base height; over 36 times as big as you. You were less than her eye, several times over. Byrna stands over 17 times as big as Rizii, now. You're a grain of sand to her, at best. Then, Arlei...good grief. She must be...over 9...93 times *her* size. If you were a citizen, she was a *state*.

No wonder their defense stats and power are so massive.

How the Archmage—no, how *anyone* could hope to stop you now is beyond you. At this moment, it feels like it's the *only* thing that's beyond your party.

Then, it hits: *how the hell do any of the girls get onto Arast with you and Mohz?*

Sure, Arlei can reach up and pull the entire land down, now, that's great. But how do they interact with it as a party?

You feel around in your bag, and find the answer. *Answers*, actually.

A handful of fairy kisses, and a ring. Those might be enough to shrink Byrna for a little

bit, at least long enough to handle the last leg of the journey into Arast, to confront the Archmage at last. The ring, you need help discerning.

Arlei, though? There likely aren't enough fairy kisses in the world to make it work. And if the effects wore off early, they'd all go crashing to the terra the moment she exploded back up to size, in full. No good. What you do have, however, is what you stole earlier. Only, you slowly realize, you used STEAL 3 on Reb, an advanced form that takes 2 items. Feeling around, you indeed find one more ring, a familiar one, one you actually saw in action.

You look it over carefully, and your eyes widen. It's that copy's Mimic ring! That version of Reb hadn't noticed it was gone, after using it! It's still dark, though, it must need more time to recharge. But it...it's yours! *The things you could do with it!*

You stow that one away, flushed in the face, before checking the first ring.

“Good choice for a steal, my dear Lloyd,” Mohz laughs, floating up before you. “I FOUND HIM, LADIES! ARLEI, DEAR, YOUR PALM!”

A boom-rumble answers, and you know your dear maid is trying to talk, so high up above. You look at the ring carefully, as it's resized for you accordingly, its new owner.

“What ring is it?” you ask, weakly.

“A Shadowcaster.”

“Could I...if I granted this to...”

“Arlei? Yes. Yes, it would. You would have a regular-sized copy, if you used it correctly. The massive true Arlei could stay here, hold the floating island still, lest it try to vanish on us, and her copy can come with us to the final curtain. Giant Arlei would simply enter a harmless fugue state, of sorts, while she operates her shadow form.”

“Do you know how to make that happen correctly?”

Moha raises his well-groomed brows, and beams.

“You want to see?”

CHAPTER 6

LLOYD: LV. 52, 4,650/4,650 HP
ARLEI: LV. 88, 19,400/19,400 HP
RIZII: LV. 60, 7,000/7,000 HP
BYRNA: LV. 66, 6,280/6,280 HP
MOHZ: LV. 77, 5,000/5,000 HP

“It takes a certain level of skill, but it can be done to splendid effect,” Mohz explains as he takes hold of the Shadowcast ring and holds it up between two thick, violet-furred fingers. “If we relinquish the item to Arlei and I tell Byrna to tell *her* what to do, with Arlei’s raw power? Her copy should be flawless—and normal-sized, to boot.”

You listen, take the kirin’s speech seriously. Mohz thankfully has enough MP to cast float, given that Rizii alone is already too big to hear Mohz, and Byrna is about 20 Rizii’s tall, at just over a mile in height. That this makes Byrna even less to Arlei what he is to Byrna still breaks your poor, tired mind.

Rizii nearly swats Mohz on reflex as he calls her, before sort-of-apologizing and nodding, taking the teeny ring. It blows up to the huge kobold’s size, and she waves up tenderly to the much, much, much bigger Byrna.

“HMM? YES, LOVE?” the sky-high salamander asks, all pudgy and hefty curves and glowing-bright skin. She quite literally lights up on sight of the kobold.

“GIVE THIS TO ARLEI, AND REPEAT WHAT MOHZ TELLS ME TO TELL YOU!”

“OOOH,” the colossal female chirps, as the ring swells to the size of her chubby finger, suddenly big enough to fit around an entire Inn like a castle wall. “ARLEI! ALREI, HONEY, HERE! HEY! SHE STILL CAN’T...AH, I KNOW!”

Her huge tongue snaps out, darting and *wapping* like a relative bug bite on Arlei’s incredibly vast, bulging rear. The world shakes from the aftershocks of the ultra-maid’s head turn as she peers down, down at you all, blinking eyes the size of entire cities beyond the clouds.

“HMMMMMMMMMMMMMM?”

All is vibration and chaos alike as she rumbles a gentle, confused grunt, before slowly leaning in, getting bigger and bigger and bigger through the clouds. She squints, then goes wide-eyed, grinning a sweet, relieved smile.

“TAKE THIS! TAKE THIS RING, AND PUT IN ON!” Byrna roars, making mountains tremble and your body shudder deep—but to Arlei, Byrna seems about as loud as a gnat whisper.

Still, with some clever pantomiming, the immense lizard understands. Knowing that words won't be as easily caught, she simply slow-nods, stirring the air below and kicking up fantastic gale-force currents. The Shadowcaster ring does indeed explode larger in her massive palm, growing so big that it could house several towns together, within.

Arlei slips it on, then looks down behind her over-inflated chest, blinking gently, watching Byrna shout and act out an explanation up at her.

Arlei nods again, looking *down* at the floating lost kingdom of Arast, their ultimate destination. She reaches unthinkably huge hands out and clutches at either end, so big she can hold the entire continent up high, like a very large platter.

“NOW WHAT?” Byrna boom-asks Rizii, who looks down and asks you and Mohz.

“Now that she has Arast held tight, it should be safe—Rizii, please pick us up! Then, have Byrna pick the three of us up, and ask her to climb up Arlei's body! We're going up!”

Byrna perks up, muffling a happy squeal.

“GLADLY, HONEY!”

Rizii is openly laughing, wagging her stubbier blue muscle-tail in agreement.

“YOU HEARD 'EM, HOT ROCK!”

Even with a party member over a mile tall, it takes nearly half an hour to get all the way up Arlei's phenomenally huge body, and that's with her sitting down. You and Mohz ride snug in Rizii's gargantuan breasts, the blue kobold giantess riding even more giddily in Byrna's immense, far-larger cleavage as the mountainous salamental climbs and climbs. Her ember-like warmth nearly lulls the three of you into a delicious slumber as her moving bulk and shifting breasts rock back and forth. Byrna is so soft, so kind and warm, that it's almost impossible to stay tense enough to survive this much of her. You've never felt so assaulted by comfort.

Arlei's regrown apron allows Byrna to claw her hefty way higher, claws sinking in between threads thicker than ancient tree trunks as she scales the underside of an endless breast, then swings out, leaps, and tongue-lashes around Arlei's huge arm, just tongued enough to manage it and swing to a landing on her forearm.

“ALMOST THERE!” she giggle-bellows, thumping down the great road of scales that makes up Arlei’s arm and wrist.

You slide with her down a titanic thumb, the laughing salamander bounding off a curving claw, and bouncing onto the fabled borders of the one and only lost continent: Arast!

“NOT BAD!” Byrna hums, making her chest rumble nicely as she looks around. “I CAN’T BELIEVE HOW BIG THEY BUILT SOME OF THESE PLACES!”

Indeed, the three of you can see as you look out from her cleavage: Arast is bordered by surprisingly tall hills, beyond which is a strange, more technologically-impressive, towering city, long-silent and still. Even Byrna has to look up at several of the highest towers, though most of the city only comes up to her humongous, chubby hips.

“I...DON’T KNOW HOW EASILY I CAN ACCOMPANY, LLOYD,” she softly booms, her tongue slipping out a little bit lower in thought. “MAYBE I SHOULD—”

At that, Arast itself interrupts, as the entire landscape rumbles ominously, then expands larger! The very continent surges wider, angrily growing and stretching and rising more and more, taking up more of a very confused Arlei’s massive hands! She still easily holds it all as she sits, but the immeasurable ultra-maid does see fit to lower the mass of land onto her huge lap, where it more easily rests.

As for the party, the city now looms more than large enough for even Byrna to squeeze into its streets, most of its buildings taller by a good margin.

“I GUESS THE CITY DOESN’T LIKE BEING OUTSHONE,” Byrna huffs.

“It can do *this*, Mohz?” you ask, genuinely perplexed.

“First I’ve seen of this level of magic, I must say,” the kirin mumbles, perking his ears up cutely. “It’s really quite something! I can’t help wondering if we caught some sort of corrective sensor on entry? Or if it’s an innate reaction to our sizes?”

“WELL, WE’RE HERE,” Rizii rumbles, shaking you in *her* breasts. “LET IT GROW, WE’LL JUST OUTGROW IT AGAIN, IN NO TIME, HEH!”

She’s probably right.

“Well, then, let’s get our dear Arlei over here!” Mohz suggests, rubbing his thick hands together eagerly. “This will be a treat!”

The incantation is shouted very, very powerfully up to Arlei (yes, she’s *still* higher than you all, even on a floating continent), and her boom-speak quakes out, too big to understand—until a great flash of light consumes everything, then fades slowly off.

When your eyes readjust, there she is, balancing on Rizii’s huge bust: Arlei, back at her original height and all, looking herself over with wide, lovely eyes. The lizard tugs on her own maid’s apron, pulling straps with her clawed thumbs, checking her cuffs, adjusting her netted leggings and straightening her cap smartly. As soon as she stops she looks over to you—and tackles you immediately!

“Lloyd, my Lloyd!” she cries, the reptile nuzzling you all over, squeezing in lovingly, until her more normally-proportioned chest mashes tight on yours. “My darling, sweet honey!”

“Whu,” you splutter, almost falling back into the gigantic kobold’s cleavage, despite your new levels and strength. “H-hold up, wait!”

“HAHA, ALRIGHT ARLEI!” Rizii cheers, watching you cuddle below. “ABOUT TIME YOU GOT IN THERE!”

“AWWW,” Bryna bellows, massive soft hands to her cheeks. “GOOD!”

“Easy, Arlei,” you stammer, or try to, as she presses her muzzle into your face and plants and holds a long, cherished, slow kiss, pressing it deeper and deeper as her nostrils flare in and out, holding you. Mohz is bulky enough that your back terminates at his unbudging abs, his pectorals pillowing against the back of your helmet and hair.

“Just, please, Lloyd, let me—”

“Arlei, hold on, that’s a-an order!”

The maid pulls back, pursing her lip. She...nods.

“Yes.”

“Thank y-you,” you say, gulping. “What’s...that’s very nice of you, Arlei, thank you, I uh, I mean it. It’s really good to see you, too!”

“Y-yes, Master Lloyd. Pardon me. That was too much, wasn’t it?”

Something about being called such a great word suddenly feels like acid.

“Well, no, not too much,” you backpedal.

You’re blowing it, aren’t you.

“It was just sudden, haha! Wasn’t ready. You didn’t do anything wrong!”

Arlei’s mouth smiles, but the rest of her doesn’t. *Dammit.*

“Thank you, Master. That’s...very kind.”

Oh, come on.

“The uh, the team isn’t the same, without you, you know!”

She smiles wider, but there’s a sigh after that kills you.

“That’s wonderful,” Arlei chirps, nodding. “The party does come first!”

“I THINK YOU JUST SHOCKED HIM, ARLEI, IT’S OKAY,” Rizii adds, looking ready to boot you off of her chest if you get this any wronger. “WHY DON’T WE BREAK CAMP, AND GET ALL SORTED OUT, HUH?”

“Yeah, we can talk inside our tent, Arlei, just you and I, okay?”

“We don’t have a tent, Master. It was *used.*”

“Right. Hmm.”

“Tent-schment!”

That voice cuts through again, the moment any kind of goods or wares are mentioned, and you look all about. Arlei just stares very softly at you, her lip still pursing, as Goh appears over Rizii’s giant bosom.

“GET OFF.”

Rizii sniffs, then scowls, snorting down at the tiny lagomorph as he dusts off and sets a huge sack down on the kobold's breasts.

"I SAID LEAVE, GOH," Rizii grumbles, furrowing her brows over pretty yellow eyes. "DON'T SPOIL THE MOMENT, YOU RATTY LITTLE FURBALL!"

"Haha, I love that we're at pet-names, already! Fast friends, yeah?"

Goh wholly ignores her as he opens the bag, Byrna blinking down overhead curiously (as to what got her lover growling so).

"It looks like you lot lucked into a small fortune, this time, didn't you?" Goh asks, the greedy rabbit rubbing his paws together. "You're practically set to clear me out, haha! Go on, Lloyd, my friend, take a look! Buy everything, even! I bet you can!"

You dump all 45,000 GOLD out of your bag of holding, and the rabbit looks ready to blow his stack. Knowing Goh, he might blow something else, at the sight of that much money. Still, rather than dwell on that, you get sorted out, and not a moment too soon:

INVENTORY:

HEAL POTION
MAGIC POTION X2
POWER ELIXIR
ANTIDOTE
CABIN
SOFTENER
SMELLING SALTS
ULTRA-GRADE HRUTHGA SIGIL
DRAGON'S TOOTH
DRAGON FOOD X3

KEY ITEMS:

MAP
MASTER KEY
RED JEWEL
BLUE JEWEL
GREEN JEWEL
INSTANT SAVE POINT

"Ooh, mercy," Goh chuckles. "45,000 GOLD, you nearly cleared me out! Too bad, so

close! And not too much left to pay down Rizii's debts, either, shame!"

"About that, Goh," Arlei says, taking off her cap, and dumping out a massive pile of GOLD, nearly as much as yours: 30,000 GOLD! "I, ah, I was my own party for awhile, there, so when I crushed that annoying demon army, I wound up with all this."

Goh's eyes grow to saucer size.

"WHOA!" Rizii gasps, wagging anew.

"That makes sense, actually, she was reaping much reward," Mohz murmurs, ears up.

"Could I buy that poison blade, for...my Master, please?"

"Certainly, certainly," Goh chuckles, only to be cut off:

"And I want to use the remainder to pay Rizii's way clear, please."

Goh freezes up, mid-laugh.

"Beg pardon?"

"I'm buying out Rizii's debt, in full. This is more than enough to clear her."

Rizii doesn't budge. Her jaw is slightly open, exposing huge white teeth and a soft green tongue as her eyes go wide. Her breathing stops, you can feel it.

"Bwuh, well," Goh mumbles, pulling back. "See, these ah, payments happen in lumps, so that the interest--"

"Oh, you won't need to add further interest, Mister Goh, it's cleared now!"

"Ah."

"GO ON, GOH, TAKE THE MONEY," Byrna rumble-booms from above, slightly glowering despite her friendly grin. "YOU'VE ASKED FOR REPAYMENT FOR AGES. THERE IT ALL IS, PLUS INTEREST. YOU'RE A VERY WELL-OFF BUNNY!"

"R-right," Goh slowly grumbles, grudgingly taking the coins from Arlei. "One ah, one poison blade, right. I uh, suppose that clears Rizii, yes. Consider your debts dead, then. I guess. Your family is cleared, too, of course."

"Thank you, Mister Goh!" Arlei giggles, hugging the smaller rabbit up.

"Sure."

The lagomorph is set back down, wherein he gathers up his sack and slumps, despite all the profit he's just made. You just watch, as slack-jawed as Rizii, as the bunny stifles something, then sighs and slides down off of the kobold's bosom without a word.

"ARLEI," Rizii begins, only to stop again. You feel her huge scaly chest bob up with a bounce as the towering female snuffles, then laughs...then starts to cry openly. You ride the surge as her bosom heaves up and down, before Rizii slumps into a sit on Byrna's chest, and you pat at the huge kobold's chest plates, comforting.

"You okay, up there?" you ask.

"AM I OKAY?" she hiccups, laugh-crying, using her big palms to bash her tears into defeat. "YOU TWO...HAVE NO IDEA. HAH. AHAHA. Y-YOU BOTH...I LOVE THESE TWO! HAHAHA! YOU BEAUTIFUL TWERP! HEHE!"

Having picked the best strategy to kill her emotions, surprisingly, Rizii doesn't choose violence. Her voluminous biceps and monstrous forearms close in around you, Arlei and Mohz as the building-sized female crushes you into a great, long hug.

"THANK YOU," she huffs, squeezing even tighter. "I WOULD HAVE GIVEN YOU TWO MY BLADE, ANY DAY, AFTER RESCUING MY HOT ROCK...NOW, I'D GIVE YOU MY LIFE. I CAN'T. THANK--"

She crumples in against her own thick, blue muscles, crying into the three of you, and you just...let it happen. For a while she holds you like family, before Byrna's even larger arms cuddle around Rizii and yourselves, the gargantuan salamander just happy for the excuse.

By the time the sniffing mega-kobold lifts her muzzle, she sees Arlei hugging it back directly, and her long ears perk up as she chuckles.

"I KNEW I WAS RIGHT TO GO WITH YOU TWO BOOBS," she hiccups one last time, wiping her eye. "HEHE."

"HOW ABOUT THAT CABIN, LLOYD, HONEY?" Byrna blast-asks, as softly as the towering giantess can manage. "IT'LL BE EASIER DOING ALL THIS INSIDE."

"That is true," Mohz adds, grinning. "Cabins are much fancier, plus the space-alteration magic should even us out while we unwind and save and relax. After all, this *is* just about the end, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," you say, slowly. "Plus, we can still use that instant save point when we're further in. Sure, let's do it!"

The cabins are better built, they'll last a long time. You could always sub-warp to one if you're close enough, or warp outright, now that you're in Arast.

Mohz wasn't kidding.

You've never had two coins to rub together, up until recently, meaning cabins and Inns were beyond rare, practically nonexistent. Being inside of one now, you only lament that you hadn't thought to steal one earlier.

The interior is bigger than the outside, though by a hair; a modest-sized living room and fireplace, furnished, a small adjoining kitchen in the far corner (with a stuffed pantry), everything log-related in form and function. The fire isn't lit, but you can pull your own weight.

Down a short hallway are several rooms, each with a small window that allows sight back out into the hills of Arast's borderlands. There was never much need to report on the tents, but this was something you were quickly burning into your mind as the party stumbles in, wide-eyed and impressed. Arlei seems fixated on the kitchen. Only Mohz seems the slightest bit let down.

"Back room for me," Rizii growls playfully, carrying Byrna down the hallway as she lets her, giggling the entire way.

"Me too!" Byrna chuckles, nuzzling up under the kobold's chin.

It takes a moment before you *really* understand that everyone is roughly their original size, for the moment, and what will happen the moment you step back out for the conclusion of your quest is easy enough to guess. For now, though, it's actually rather neat having everyone on a (roughly) even keel like this. Mohz and Rizii are still abnormally bulky, and Byrna's hips and chest are humongous, giving Rizii an armful...but overall, it does make everyone much more manageable. How else could varyingly-sized travelers make use of lodgings, after all?

When you find the bathroom, it really brings home how advanced the spatial magics must have been, when alchemists originally designed them. You're effectively in a subspace, and you hope for everyone's sake that the toilet has its own sub-subspace, too.

Arlei seems to fuss silently to herself when you go back into the living room. She hovers about Mohz as he busies himself with removing spices and flour and meats, trying to cut in.

"I really must insist, Mister-er, Mohz!" she says, darting side to side around his huge, plush bulk. "I mean, I am a maid, after all! Please, let me cook!"

"Not necessary, Arlei, my dear," he calmly soothes, turning only a moment to *boop* her muzzle with a thick fingertip. "Now shoo, go unwind. Go talk to Lloyd."

"I, ah, really shouldn't," she fusses, resisting. "I'd rather help!"

"Nonsense! Go on, relax. Don't make me paralyze you!"

Arlei slumps in place, narrowing her eyes. She snorts, then turns and marches over to a

sofa, as though not knowing what to do with it, before sitting down and staring at the lit fireplace, drumming her clawed fingers on her knees. You figure now's a better time to really enter the scene.

“Ah, you're back. Dinner in twenty, everyone!” Mohz shouts, the bulky kirin happily tying his long hair back and cracking his knuckles. “Eat all you want, since we might not be eating ever again!”

“Good grief, Mohz,” you sigh, as the larger kirin bustles about in the pantry, grinning. “I *had* an appetite.”

“Heh, my son, you'll feel different when it's in front of you!”

Turns out he's right.

You've never had pasta made by a mage; that alchemists and magicians might know how to conjure dinner never occurred to you before, so today really is a day for learning. And eating.

Astonishingly, Byrna is outeating Rizii—no, *everyone* at the table.

“Chicken, chicken,” the salamander purrs, with literally half a baked chicken in her stretched maw as she twirls a massive wad of noodles up off her plate. “Rib-stickin' and plate-lickin, itchin' for pickin'!”

“You're your father's kid,” Rizii snorts, artlessly stuffing noodles into her muzzle.

“Isn't every kid?” you finally joke, making Rizii pound the table.

“Look at you, twerp! Haha, didn't know you were here!”

“Papa Mahl always rhymes when he's happy,” the gorging salamental rumbles, grinning wide, noodles sticking loose. “And he was always happy at dinner! Hehe!”

You stop for a moment.

“Mahl?”

“Family name!” Rizii says, nodding, before destroying a pint of ale.

“You're kidding.”

“No, why?” Byrna asks, cocking her head.

“Byrna Mahl.”

“Right.”

“Byrna Mahl?”

“Hehe, uh-huh. What?”

Rizii almost stuffs her muzzle into her cleavage, lest she choke on her drink.

“You really don’t hear it, dear?” Mohz asks, his fancy eyebrows raised gently.

“Your parents have a sense of humor,” you sigh.

“What’s your siblings’ names, honey?” Rizii persists, beaming. “Tell em’!”

Bryna blinks, still grinning sheepishly as she wipes her muzzle clean, and hiccups.

“Shoem and Killim. Why?”

The table explodes in laughter. Bryna chuckles, but doesn’t understand.

“Heh, what? I don’t.”

Arlei sets more chicken down on the table, and everyone realizes she’s been trying to serve you all throughout the dinner. You set your fork and knife down, swallow, and motion for her along with Rizii and Byrna.

“Hey, no, no, stop that,” Rizii says, having to thump her collarbone to get some food down. “Arlei, you aren’t the help, get in here, eat!”

“Yes! Come on, join us, it isn’t a full party!” Byrna adds with a wave, her huge chest nearly swallowing up her plate overhead as it wobbles. “Join, join, join!”

“Is that an order?” she asks you, specifically. She isn’t saying it meanly, but.

“No, not an order,” you start, wiping your mouth. “But you’re wanted. Come on, sit, eat. How often did you really get to have a good meal, back at Kogo Varan?”

“Hey, yeah,” Rizii begins, looking at Arlei curiously as the lizard maid quietly pulls her chair out and takes a seat, looking unsure what to do. “What was your day like, in that crazy tower, anyhow?”

Arlei looks the food over, then takes a fork, and jabs a chicken quarter out from a bowl, hoisting it up and sniffing at it lightly.

“Well, I didn’t really eat,” she explains, the reptile setting it on her plate. “I’m a holy being—er, I was, heh. I uh, I’m not quite sure what I...well, back then, I walked the levels and

rooms, going through and purifying each one day by day with my aura.”

“Didn’t you sleep or anything?” Byrna asks, still eating more and more.

“I’ve heard of sleep,” she replies, taking a bite, then trying to mimic the way you all are chewing and swallowing. She does so, then makes a face. “This is good!”

“Well, now’s the time to start, tiny!” Rizii says, patting Arlei’s puff-clad shoulder playfully, making the maid grin a little bit more. “Eat, eat!”

“Yes, yes, get in there and enjoy, while it’s hot!” Byrna chirps, waving a forkful of noodles. “Eat what you get, while it’s all that you got!”

“Stop,” Rizii laughs, banging the table.

“Yeah, try the pasta, too, here,” you add, sliding the larger plate over to her. Arlei nods, grinning a bit wider, and taking a fork’s worth—then, three more. “You can mix the meat in, if you feel like trying it!”

“Okay!”

Thank goodness. Whatever cloud crept over Arlei is starting to lift.

“I didn’t know you were such a good cook, Mohz,” Byrna mumbles through noodles, her fat tail wiggling about behind her chair.

“I’ve dabbled in plenty,” the kirin says, giving a tiny nod. “You’re not the only one that’s been at a family table—”

His laugh stops up short, and his grin falters one single, odd centimeter South.

“Hey, come to think of it,” Rizii mumbles, swallowing, “what got you so into this quest, in the first place, Mohz? I just wanted to get more powerful, hehe! I didn’t think I’d get this strong, or get my debts cleared, but hey. And thank you again, Arlei, Lloyd. I’ll never stop thanking you two!”

“Gonna run it into the ground, until we make you stop?” you sigh.

“Like you could stop me. I’d split the damned planet, twerp.”

“Mmhhh,” Arlei agrees, eating all that she can now. “Could you, ah—”

The lizard motions to the bread bowl, and you slide it over.

“Excellent choice, ma’am,” you joke, as though you were now the butler. Finally, at long last, Arlei chuckles, nodding.

“Excellent service!” she laughs, making the table explode a second time.

This is...nice. It's just nice. Why hadn't you done this before?

Mohz just quietly drinks some wine, letting the original question fade into the air. You and the ladies summarily destroy the chicken and pasta and bread, happy to do so. Tomorrow *is* a carb day, after all.

Byrna and Rizii stumble into their room, giggling and shushing and kissing, happy as two very full clams with their own room and nothing better to do. Mohz puts a hand to your shoulder and adds a fatherly squeeze, before seeing himself off to the second guest room. He may have flicked his eyes over at Arlei, giving you a clear signal, a Dad's wisdom.

You see Arlei putting away dishes in a ceramic basin, and step in to help.

“Here, let me.”

“Oh, you don't have to, Lloyd,” the reptile huffs, blushing through her scales the tiniest bit. “*Master* Lloyd. I apologize.”

“Arlei. Why did you kiss me?”

The female freezes, holding a plate.

“I'll answer...but I want to know *why* you're asking me, first. P-please.”

“Well. It was so sudden, I mean. After all we've been through.”

“So, it was bad.”

“No, not at all. It was very sweet. I want you to know that, okay?”

“Okay.”

“Was it the excitement of being back to normal size?”

“Well...I liked being big, a-actually. I was...overflowing. So full of emotions, sensations. I wasn't empty, at last. I wasn't alone. I had you in my arms. I *wanted* you in my arms so, so badly, every time I got bigger. That feeling, it just...started erupting out of me. I loved it. I love you. And...I don't know what that means. But I know it. But, when we kissed...”

Her eyes dart back and forth, batting the feelings around, trying to knock everything but the truth off of it, and finding it hard to do so.

“It was so wonderful. But, it was so awful. I didn’t feel anything back.”

“Wait a minute,” you start, only for her to turn to you calmly, unblinking.

“I know it’s not fair to ask,” Arlei sighs, deeply. “We’ve only known one another since Kogo Varan. Clearly, relationships outside take longer to really form, but I see the spark between Rizii and Byrna, and I want that. I want it, Lloyd. I want it so bad now. But, I. I just. It just wasn’t there, was it? You don’t love me, do you?”

You lean back, even though you don’t mean to, even though you know how it will look, and does look. You don’t have an answer, and it’s suddenly the worst answer of all.

“It’s not that I don’t love you, Arlei,” you force yourself to say, as those big eyes pierce you through. “I do. We’ve been through so much already, I owe you my life.”

“Mm,” the reptile snorts, gently. “Just not your heart.”

“Oh, come on, don’t,” you moan. “You really think I don’t care about you?”

“I didn’t ask that, Lloyd.”

“That’s another thing, you stopped calling me Master recently, at different points. You hugged and kissed me on your own. I thought that meant you were more your own person, not just my servant. I don’t see you that way, to begin with.”

“No, just part of the team. No better, no worse, I suppose. They’ve saved your life too, plenty, and you’ve saved all of ours. I see how amazing you are, Lloyd. My savior. You saved me, don’t you get it? Back when it was just us, and there was only us. You, alone. I love the others too, and I like the party very much. But Lloyd, darling. *I love you*. Dearly.”

“I don’t deserve any of you, though,” you confess, at last, deflating. “I just lucked into all of this. You just see it from your side, you don’t know.”

Arlei is already right up against you, batting her large, perfect eyes curiously.

“Don’t know what?”

“That I’m nobody.”

“You?” she asks, cocking her head. “To whom?”

“Everyone. I barely even made it into the Avros Guild, and it was more as a joke, a humoring. I was brought in dead last to round out the required annual recruitment numbers.”

“That must have hurt.”

“Oh, no, it was nothing new, heh.”

Something settles in your throat, but you push it back.

“You were never that to me.”

“T-thank you.”

“I...think I understand, though,” Arlei slowly continues, wagging her long scaly tail against your leg. “I, heh, thought it was amazing that you bothered to save me.”

“You?” you balk, half-smiling. “Arlei, you’re literally made by the gods. You’re virtually a goddess, yourself, and you’re only getting more and more powerful—”

“Sure, right. But I’m boring, though. Aren’t I? All I am is *what* I am, not *who*.”

You pull back more this time, openly. Arlei sees it.

“I knew it.”

“I don’t mean it like that.”

“It’s alright, Lloyd. I was designed to clean a house of evil, of course I would be a maid. A bouncy, giggly, faithful servant. Oh, I *did* want to be that for you, at first, I really did. Don’t be mad. I thought we had that...dynamic, before. But the more I saw Rizii and Byrna and Mohz, and even Goh, and Endid, and everyone else...heh, even the bosses...I realized that beyond the uniform, there was just nothing to me. I was boring. I even bored *me*, sometimes, and the more I saw you get along with the others, the more certain of it I became. The only time I felt exciting at all was when I grew, or when I...you know. F-fantasized...a-about you. I felt less heavenly...yet, I felt more blessed than ever. But then, I pulled back, and knew I was being dull again. Boring, again. Over and over!”

“I don’t think you’re boring!”

“But we never connected the same, regardless!” Arlei insists, not so much angry as saddened in her admission. “Isn’t that pretty much the same? We didn’t click. We don’t fit. I was so eager to disprove it with that kiss, but it was a one-way moment. When you ordered me back, that sealed it, and I really knew. What do I even do, if we succeed? What then, for me?”

“Arlei—”

“It’s okay, Lloyd, I still love you. So much, it hurts, inside. And I will fight to the death for you, *because I want to*. I didn’t have a world, until I met you. So. Hah, I will...be thankful for that. I mean that. I love you, Lloyd, just...let me love you, however I can. That’s all I’m asking, as long as I’m here.”

“Arlei. Listen to me. Don’t obey, don’t carry out, just really *hear* me. I was of the world, while you weren’t. But I didn’t have a life, until you. I do love you. You’re a party, even within the party. I’m a human, and a fragile little one, and the thought that anyone wants me anywhere near what you’re admitting to, it...I never allowed that idea in. It’s too big. Understand?”

Arlei watches quietly, and nods just once.

“I don’t feel worthy of you. That’s why.”

“I see. Well. We’ll fix that, Master,” she offers, putting a soft hand over yours. “I promise. You’ll see what I see, soon enough.”

“If you can wait that long, heh,” you laugh, your eyes locking with hers.

“I waited a thousand years for a *door* to open, Lloyd,” the reptile purrs, starting to wag. “I can manage a day or two more.”

“Okay, then.”

She presses her muzzle in on your shoulder, and just keeps it there a moment.

“Okay.”

Despite every order you give, she refuses to sleep in your guest room, taking the couch instead. If you need time to think, then she surely does, too, so you don’t argue. You take off your gear, slowly, thinking and thinking, replaying what you stupidly said, not quite believing you still managed to see her smile after it all spilled out.

You finally take a good look at yourself in the mirror of your room. You’ve gained some bulk here and there, truth be told, you don’t look half-bad. Yet, surrounded by the others, you have to admit there’s a gulf between them and *you*.

You make a few flexes here and there, then think to the outside, to the final hours of your mission, up ahead. Then, finally, you think of Arlei’s real body sitting out there on the continent, holding the entirety of Arast in her colossal, soft, warm hands—the same hands that had touched yours, in the kitchen. You imagine her massive body, acre after acre of scales and curves, and you finally think that, just maybe, she feels what her shadow felt, then.

Maybe that Arlei is smiling, too.

You turn to the bed and unpack the mimic ring, staring at it intently.

*She loves you. That’s great. But...what if you didn’t have to be **you** anymore? What would you even choose to be? Maybe you could copy Rizii, get huge and swollen and tanky...you could become a big mother hen like Byrna, haha. Good grief, if you copied Mohz, that would just be*

terrifying, wouldn't it?

You sit there, allowing the quiet to speak. Given that you could all likely be eradicated beyond saving tomorrow, bedding down peacefully seems impossible. Yet, as the silence reigns, you find it isn't long before sleep sneaks in, behind it, and strikes.

At some point in the night your door opens, softly. It's just enough to nudge your ear and wake you up, though you remain still, bleary-eyed and silent, adjusting to the dark of your cabin room. Before you're really sure you're awake, the bed groans, a hefty weight and a warm, plump curve settling against your blanketed thighs.

Your eyes lid anyhow, whether it's Arlei or not. A soft orange glow creeps through your lids, and you open your eyes just the slightest possible bit to see Byrna there, sitting with you, looking you over quietly.

Thinking you're asleep, the large salamander leans in, and begins to stroke the air over you, her soft, plump hands inches from your head. They stroke down and up, over and over, and through slitted, tired eyes you observe long enough to understand.

She's petting you. She doesn't want to wake you up, so she's petting a few inches over you, over and over and over. The subtle apricot glow rolls over your blanket again and again as the big soft female dotes on you, starting up a Mother's hum, and you...let her.

Kind violet eyes lid low as she hums away, taking her time, petting the air over you patiently, carefully, the way she—

The way she would, her own family.

The cabin thankfully remains in place as you exit, your gear cleaned, your segmented armor checked and reattached to its joints, your new poison blade at the ready. Under your glove is the mimic ring, on your index finger, ready for eventual activation.

“HAAAAAH,” Rizii bellows as she leaves, her old athletic frame ballooning frantically bigger and stronger, her scales swelling loudly as she bursts back up to her mighty 360-foot height, instantly looming over you and Mohz. “OH, I WANNA DO THAT AGAIN! LET ME—LLOYD, GIVE ME A SECOND, THAT FELT SO—OOF!”

As she turns around, her thick kobold tail whipping out over you and Mohz's heads, Byrna steps out, and her far, FAR larger body swells with a happy orange glow as she rockets instantly back up out of the door, billowing to a plump, huge, wide, wobbly 6,150 feet! Her soft feet boom out on either side of you, including Rizii, her huge clawed toes wiggling in relief.

“EEEEEE,” Byrna hisses, shuddering happily as the growth wave blasts her up to size. “HEHE, AGAIN! AGAIN! I COULD DO THAT ALL DAY!”

Her humongous, syrupy voice explodes everywhere, before the titanic salamental slaps massive hands over her huge muzzle, embarrassed with herself.

“RIGHT. GOT USED TO USING MY NORMAL VOLUME, THERE.”

“YOU WERE PRETTY LOUD, LAST NIGHT!” Rizii crows.

“WE CUDDLED AND PASSED OUT. SHE’S JUST GOING ON.”

“HEHE!”

The door shuts as Arlei stretches and pops her neck, before scooting over to you. You don’t make anything of it, of course...but this really must have been Arlei’s first full meal ever, because she had been in the bathroom all morning.

“Ah, Lloyd,” she fumbles, looking away cutely. “Ah, m-my back, it. I didn’t sleep well on the couch, and I—”

“On it,” you say, casually getting around the reptilian female and hugging her back, pushing in and pulling back, until you hear her back pop, making the soft, cuddly maid huff in joy, and give you a thankful touch of her palm on your chin.

“Thank you! Hehe!”

“You know it!”

Rizii grins at the same speed and time as Byrna, despite their massive size differences.

“Right,” you start, adjusting your helmet. “We’re going in, so whatever happens, let’s do what we somehow manage to keep doing!”

“DUMB LUCK, FOREVER!” Rizii howls, wagging. “WE’RE LEGENDARY STATUS, TWERP, RELAX! WE FINALLY OUTCLASS EVEN MOST BOSSES!”

“Right, but we’re going up against an incredibly dangerous one, now,” Mohz cautions. “I’m not saying we can’t do it, mind. Just, let’s be cautious.”

“There is no map of Arast,” you add, shrugging. “So, anywhere near the center of the abandoned sentient civilization is probably the goal!”

“EASILY DONE, EVERYONE!” Byrna laughs, scooping Rizii up, just as Rizii scoops you three up with no trouble, stuffing you deep into her bouncing cleavage.

“So this is what it’s like,” Arlei hums, grinning. “It’s warm!”

“Y-yeah, can’t argue with that,” you admit, laughing along with her as you feel Byrna’s gigantic feet crashing along, her impacts vibrating back up into Rizii and yourselves with deep trembles. The mighty city of Arast lurches nearer and nearer with every booming step as you look far off beyond the hills, then point out. “Hey, there you are, Arlei!”

The lizard gasps, going wide-eyed, her irises slitting thin.

“Oh, my! I...oh, I’m BIIIG!”

What you all had time to understand, she finally sees: her breasts consume the skyline of the city as you enter into it, past the higher clouds, past the atmosphere, fading up gradually into its haze. Plates big enough to colonize stretch and swell as she breathes slowly, in a trance of sorts, her body so colossal that her forearms vanish on either side of your new world, holding it up for you as she slumbers.

You look as high up as you can, and quickly try to subdue your blush.

She *is* smiling.

“I’M NOT SURE HOW MUCH FARTHER I CAN GET IN HERE,” Byrna mutters, canting her enormous head. “NOT WITHOUT KNOCKING SOME BUILDINGS OVER.”

“THIS PLACE ALREADY GREW WHEN WE ARRIVED,” Rizii ponders aloud, there with you in Byrna’s chest, “SO, IF WE START TOPPLING IT, IT MIGHT...REACT.”

“Agreed,” Mohz hums, down below. “Lloyd, any ideas?”

“Well, yeah, actually, I have one.”

You feel around at your bag, which is down in Rizii’s huge cleavage, making the giantess break out into laughter as you fish a handful of Fairy Kisses out of it.

“You didn’t buy those from Goh,” Mohz says, the kirin eyeing you coyly.

“Well, no. I happened to grab some, back when I was trapped in the Avros treasury, there was a small pile of them. I didn’t really get a chance to use them on Reb, but we can use these to temporarily get inside and investigate.”

“Do you know how long they keep one shrunk for?”

“Nope!”

“Haha, me neither. Ah, well, time to find out!”

Neither Rizii nor Byrna laugh at the suggestion, however. Both reptiles seem fairly loath

to give up their massive sizes, even temporarily. When you explain that they get to explode bigger when it wears off, though, they do warm up to it—at least, enough to finally both agree.

You slap pink sigil after pink sigil onto Rizii, then onto Byrna, enough to where they finally start to grudgingly dwindle smaller, and smaller, and smaller, deflating down and down until Rizii stands at a powerful 30 feet, and Byrna at 100. Still, even if that's the absolute limit for what you brought, it proves enough to allow you all entry into a massive temple of sorts.

“This way *has* to be it,” you assure, as the party just manages to squeeze indoors. Rows of stone pews and marble pillars line either high wall, half-shadowed statues in between each as you proceed. At the far end is an altar with a much bigger statue of a fox-woman, stony and still.

“Be careful, everyone,” Mohz suddenly growls, his horn glowing softly in the descending dark of the interior. “Demons are near.”

“You’re kidding,” you groan, readying your sword. “Do they smell Arlei and I?”

“Worse than that, I fear. Arlei, Byrna, you almost single-handedly wiped out the entirety of the great Molgrath and Nozala-Kuth, at your enlarged sizes. That leaves only the Nozala, the most eldritch and cruel of the Archmage’s old alliances of the damned. They’re surely here to guard the resurrection chamber of the Archmage, but also to avenge their millions of fallen demon brothers and sisters. Even at our level, we cannot afford to become cocksure.”

You know what? No. You’re ready, this time. It isn’t just your newfound level spikes, or your fancier gear, or your wildly-overpowered comrades behind you.

It’s Arlei.

“Weapons out, everyone, you heard the kirin,” you say, firmly.

“Hehe, my!” Mohz rumbles, grinning lopsidedly. “Well said!”

“Aura-time?” Arlei asks, looking ready to shine—literally.

“Please,” you ask, making her tail swish as she lights up, her holy aura swelling out and throwing shadows across the ancient interior as light forces its way in.

Multiple shadows lunge away, hissing, slipping behind the regular shapes and shifting blacks, and your sword raises high.

Yup. Sure enough.

“Demons, already!” Arlei helpfully cries, as vile laughs and alien chittering echoes from every ancient temple pillar.

“Good!” the thirty-foot female muscle-beast of a kobold cheers, readying her matching

cleaver. “I didn’t walk here for the exercise—I walked here for the EXERCISE!”

“Blasphemous wretches!” one inhuman voice rattles, half moan, half snake-rattle. “You dare to set foot in Arast!?”

“Blasphemers are to be ripped to shreds, to shreds!” another rages, echoing throughout the temple. “And not the ones that do *our* kind of blaspheming!”

“At least they clarified,” Byrna says as she raises her huge arms up high.

“KILL THEM!”

“RIP THEM INTO TWO...HUNDRED!”

“SAVAGE THE SAVAGES!”

“EMBER MAX,” Byrna calmly says as her scales seem to glow and drift loose, the highest layers fluttering off like, indeed, a thousand burning embers in the air. Mohz guides you all in closer to the giantess as each ember sparks into a hotter and hotter light. The demons all hiss and screech as the very shadows around you ignite, blazing across each demon, suggesting horrid limbs and monstrous forms as they thrash and burn to nothing.

Their battle stats don’t even register, before they’ve collectively perished.

+6,900 EXP

Arlei shivers happily, the shadow maid stretching and rumbling up a few inches bigger, throbbing larger than you as she huffs.

“O...Ohhh, thissss again!

You watch her reptilian body swell inch by warm inch as she pulses up a whole foot taller than you, and stops, happily shuddering the last of it off as the embers continue to float around the party.

“Right, almost forgot that was coming,” you sigh. “Byrna, how long does that spell last?”

“It’s a skill, so until my next level, this is one-use,” she rumbles gently, looking down over her huge bust. “But it’s max, so probably a few more minutes.”

“Great, let’s keep up the momentum. Any idea where we can proceed from here?”

“Behind that giant kitsune statue, I believe,” Mohz hums, peering over at it. “There seems to be an entry way beyond her.”

It’s a sure guess as to the gender of the sculpture, given its wide hips and huge bosom.

Either whoever it was based on was someone to brag about, or the sculptor had issues. *Not that you were one to judge.*

Arlei steps up to it, her now 7-foot body on par with Mohz. Compared to the statue, though, only Byrna seems tall. It must stand roughly 60 feet high, excluding a great stone pedestal underfoot that reads:

“DARK PRIESTESS GALAN,” Arlei says, reading it over. “Mistress of the Archmage, and former head of state of Arast, before the Great Conversion...”

“Sounds like she shared more than a bed with the big boss,” Rizii snorts, her cleaver still ready. “Lot of good it did her, if she kicked such a great bucket.”

“DID SHE?”

All five of you leap in place, looking at one another, before looking up.

Oh.

The statue stares back down, unfazed by your presence, uncaring as the ember storm batters pointlessly away at her smooth body and carved robes. A high priestess hat is fused to her sculpted, gorgeous head, long fox ears branching out, a slender, graceful muzzle looming up beyond her enormous breasts and stretched-out robe.

“It’s not a statue, is it?” you ask, slumping your shoulders.

“Fascinating!” Mohz murmurs. “A genuine, functional alchemically-induced automaton! A living machine, imbued with the original being’s life force!”

“CORRECT, MAGE,” the towering kitsune rumbles as her massive body shifts loudly, and a huge foot lifts from the pedestal, slamming right by you and cracking the floor. “ALLEGIANCE TO THE ARCHMAGE HAS SUCH BENEFITS! IT IS MY HONOR ALONE TO GUARD THE RESURRECTION CHAMBER OF SUCH A HIGH BEING AS HE! AS IT IS MY HONOR TO DESTROY YOU TENACIOUS PESTS!”

The other foot crashes down, the joints all sliding partially open, gaining surprisingly high articulation as she puts huge hands to even huger hips.

BOSS: DARK PRIESTESS GALAN, LV 80
HP: 50,000/50,000
MP: 6,000/6,000

All nine mechanized fox tails whirl to life behind her ample rump, extending out as one glows brightly, at the far left.

“MAGIC DRAIN MAX!”

Instantly, the party's collective MP bottoms out, vanishing utterly. The glow of all that ejected MP pulls back into Galan, making her mechanized body shudder and burst bigger! Her clawed feet balloon out on either side of you as her head surges higher, her breasts swelling, her thighs bulging loudly as she roars up to 100 feet in one push, reaching Byrna's size with ease!

"Goodness!" Byrna chirps as the growing automaton's clawed fingers detach, slipping down into a set of linked chains, the other joints sliding loose after, until her hands have become lengthy whips of chains and claws.

"An artificial body that can grow?" Mohz curiously hums. "That...I admit, is new."

"SUFFER, NON-BELIEVERS!" Galan bellows, snapping her whips at Byrna for -1,974 DAMAGE; she staggers back heavily from the attack, her heels cracking and crushing rows of pews to dust. "SUBMIT TO THE IRON WILL OF THE DARK ONE!"

"CRUSH MAX!" Byrna shouts back, planting her feet and twisting about, smashing into Galan with her plump rear, smashing the priestess with such force that her muzzle, left breast and arm are all cracked deep, leaving her down -2,699 DAMAGE as she wobbles and twitches.

"HEAL MAX," Galan commands, as another tail glows green, her HP shooting back up to its full state instantly. Even her damage seals back up, her body again completely pristine as she takes another step forward, thooming nearer, forcing the party back.

"Didn't Reb already do this, with the rings?" Rizii huffs, narrowly dodging as a huge foot slams down close by.

"Can't we shut down her casting?" you ask.

"It takes magic to stop magic, generally," the kirin calmly admits. "I'm afraid brute force might be in order, as we only have our skills to use now."

"Right," you groan, thinking quickly. "READER MAX!"

STRONG AGAINST OFFENSIVE & DEFENSIVE MAGICS
WEAK POINT: TAIL

"Her tail!" you shout, as the looming Galan pushes you all back row after row, including Byrna. "Go for her tail!"

"Which one?" Byrna asks.

"MULTI-STRIKE MAX!" Rizii hollers, working around the huge machine-kitsune and slashing at all tails at once, for -1,214 on all of them—except for the middle one, which takes a far-greater -2,940! With eight tails damaged and the weak one on top, Galan's health drops down by -12,652 DAMAGE!

“Found it!” you shout, as Galan grunts and stops a moment. “The middle one!”

“IS IT?” Galan booms, as her tails whirl once again, then slide out and rearrange one another, randomizing the position! “CARE TO TRY AGAIN, MORTALS?”

“Oh, for f—” Rizii growls, rolling her bulging shoulders. “BATTLECRY MAX!”

The huge kobold’s speed shoots up higher and higher as she flexes her colossal thighs and calves, then *blasts* forward, slashing every tail consecutively, her speed still increasing.

-1,722 DAMAGE
-1,722 DAMAGE
-4,293 DAMAGE!
-1,722 DAMAGE
-1,722 DAMAGE
-1,722 DAMAGE
-1,722 DAMAGE
-1,722 DAMAGE
-1,722 DAMAGE

A startling and devastating 18,069 total knocks Galan further down, until her health sits at 19,279/50,000 HP! More cracks dance along her frame as the huge kitsune chuckles, taking another heavy step.

“Third one in, left side!” Rizii bellows, readying for her next round to hurry up.

“VERY CLEVER! HEAL MAX!”

Again, the massive automaton fox heals completely, easily undoing all the damage.

“Arlei, here, quick!” you call out, tossing the surprised maid a magic potion. “Be ready to heal us up! You, too, Mohz!”

“Not me, Lloyd, save it!” the kirin replies, sternly. “We only have two to use!”

“But—”

“Trust me, son!”

You nod, as the loud clicks and clanks of Galan’s tails switching around behind her fills the air, between her heavy stomps. You’re nearly back at the doors of the temple, the huge kitsune’s hat crashing up into the ceiling at the apogee of every looming step.

“HEALTH DRAIN MAX!” she bellows, as you and everyone in the party are suddenly rendered limp, nearly to the point of passing out, at 1HP each.

Her whips-fingers rise up as her attack turn approaches!

“Arlei!” you shout, your vision blurring, every one of you flashing dark red as the mighty Galan absorbs your collective HP, and starts to rumble up even BIGGER!

“C-CURE ALL!”

Just as the growing kitsune’s arms stretch out to attack, mid-growth, your health climbs back up to full, as her lashes strike the entire party for -1,852 DAMAGE!

“H-HIGH ARMOR!” Arlei cries, her body glowing orange; you watch her defense surge higher and higher as she steps out in front of you all, blocking.

“OH, PLEASE,” Galan roars, the kitsune blowing up loudly in size, her head pushing up against the cracking ceiling, her breasts expanding to double their size, making the carved robe appear to bulge wider out with it. “TRYING TO ABSORB A DIRECT BLOW, WHEN YOU HAVE BRUNT? I CAN READ YOU ALL, AND GROUP ATTACKS WON’T ACTIVATE IT!”

“Huh?” Arlei chirps, as the finger-whips strike out again. “Oh–C-COVER ALL!”

Arlei absorbs the damage for the entire party, stacking up to a nasty -6,420 DAMAGE, knocking her health back down to 11,128/29,400 HP as she grunts.

“A STRONG SHIELD SPELL, TO BE SURE,” Galan huffs, the trembling auto-fox violently blowing up even bigger, until the entire temple erupts as she balloons too big for it, at a relative 250 feet in height! “BUT I CAN CUT RIGHT THROUGH IT!”

The five of you tumble back out of the temple as its roof crumbles around more and more surging kitsune hips, her contemptuous stare piercing down below.

“Ah, Lloyd,” Byrna starts, looking back over her huge shoulders. “Behind us! The Nozala army, and all that!”

Indeed, Galan seems to be intentionally pushing you not only away from the secret entrance in the temple, but back toward the enraged demon hordes swarming out of the surrounding buildings, kept at bay only by Arlei’s mighty aura.

“FAITHFUL NOZALA,” Galan purrs, her huge body swelling up to an even 300 feet before stopping. “I SHALL EXTINGUISH THAT AURA, AND THUS SHALL YOU FEED ON REVENGE!”

The demons howl and bay in anguished joy as she makes her boasts, her feet stomping on either side of the party. At that, her breasts both detach slightly from her chest plate, then slide down and slam the smashed cobblestones of the courtyard, each one a kind of dirty wrecking ball!

“Oh, come on!” you groan as they lift back up, then start to sway as Galan swings her torso about, working up momentum.

“Whoa!” Rizii yelps, as one swings hard and connects with her bulky body for -2,044 DAMAGE—not enough to knock her back, but enough to put all that kobold bulk into a wobble.

“We have to take her out in one hit, otherwise she’ll keep on healing!” you shout.

“DEFENSE DRAIN MAX!”

To your horror, your defense shrinks rapidly, nearly instantly, slipping down to a paltry 1. The entire party feels it as again Galan absorbs the stats, rumbles all over, and expands even bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger! Her huge wrecking-ball breasts rise back up to her plate with a heavy, hot click as they groan and swell, pumping even more disproportionately massive, artificial marble nipples somehow pushing even bigger and thicker through her tenting carved robe! It’s not alive, or fabric...yet it acts just like it!

“HMMM,” Galan putters, her marble tongue slipping out softly as she throbs higher and wider, her thighs exploding twice as thick with a booming blast of air. “SENSORS ARE MOST PLEASED, AREN’T THEY? HOW LOVELY A THING TO BE ABLE TO STILL FEEL!”

300 feet bursts to 400, then 500, her size nearly doubling as her feet blow up into buildings of their own, crushing the walkways and steps of the gathering plaza, her tails swelling higher and longer behind her inflated rear.

“HEAVEN’S ANVIL!”

The skies—well, the portions of sky beyond the sky-high Arast—open up as a beam of pure holy light slams down into the growing kitsune, who roars and sizzles with divine retribution as the column batters down.

[SLOW]

-8,268 DAMAGE! CRITICAL!

The damage is at her far right tail!!

“F...FOOLS!” she bellows, trying to get upright fully, as her body stubbornly swells to 600 feet, her breasts and hips threatening to bulge out of the pillar of light’s diameter.

“Rizii!” you shout, forming a fast plan.

“Lloyd!” she roars, looking at you seriously. You throw a power elixir her way, and she lets it smash onto her huge muscles gladly, her bulk starting to quiver and blow up even more colossal and huge, swelling loudly tighter and larger and stronger! “Alright! Haha!”

“Smash Arlei, Rizii, now!”

“Bwuh!?” the hulking kobold female balks, mid-growth, her muscles still groaning bigger and bigger against her straining bits of remaining armor.

“Do it, Rizii, it’s okay! I get it!” Arlei says, steeling herself.

The huge kobold’s muscles are now beyond godly, even at her decreased height. She shrugs, and the air shudders for it!

“Y’all are the bosses! Sorry, Arlei! SMASH...MAAAAAX!”

The swollen kobold swings her cleaver so hard that the stone walk bursts apart underfoot as she bashes Arlei for a whopping -8,856 DAMAGE, CRITICAL!! Had her armor boost not been so massively high, Rizii would have obliterated her in one hit, even at a reduced height! You tell yourself you aren’t making the giddy kobold into a total beast, but gods, her power is screaming higher every day...

Her health knocked all the way down to 2,272, Arlei begins to rumble all over like mad, her own bronze scales stretching as she violently erupts larger with a hot cry, her muscles exploding over and over again as all that power blows her up like a blimp!

She rumbles and stretches and groans, bloating up with almost as much muscle as Mohz as she pushes up to 100 feet...150 feet...250 feet...500 feet!

Her apron snaps and rips as her puffy sleeves overflow with shoulder bulk, her cuffs stretching and snapping away as her black under-dress pulls too tight against her swelling chest, ripping down the center as she winds up her colossal mace, and swings at the weak tail, full-force!

“BRUNT MAX!”

Galan’s cracks increase as she struggles to exit the beam—she’s almost freed herself!

“STUN 4!” you shout, striking Galan with it before she can get completely out.

No good! She’s getting out!

“SLOW 4!” you try next, striking her with it right after.

Again, failure!

“YOUR...MEAGER TRICKS...WON’T TOUCH ME!” she roars, the humongous fox-machine surging forward, as Arlei’s mace comes down behind her, striking the weak tail for a catastrophic -34,899 DAMAGE!!

Yet again, Galan cracks all over, her gargantuan breasts rocking at their joints as the impact tears through, making the huge female shudder as she pushes back against Arlei's strike with all her robotic might.

“STRENGTH DRAIN MAX!”

Another tail lights up as, to your terror, you feel every bit of your hard-earned power flood out into Galan. Your sword is suddenly too heavy as you go limp, Mohz, Rizii and Byrna all slipping down to your knees heavily. Thoughts of trying to mimic anyone nearby suddenly becomes pointless as everyone in the party's strength plummets to a laughable 1.

“ONE STRIKE...IS ALL I NEED,” Galan bellows, as you can see her slowly, slowly trying to initiate another HEAL MAX cast. “THE DEMONS...CAN HAVE YOUR SCRAPS! KEEPING YOU ALIVE...IS NO LONGER A SENSIBLE OPTION...THE OPENING HAS ALREADY BEEN LEFT UNATTENDED FOR NEARLY TOO LONG!”

“I can't...hit her with anything, Lloyd,” Rizii grunts, struggling to even move around. You suddenly regret spending the power elixir then, instead of now. “What do we do?”

“LASH...4!”

You see Byrna's huge maw open as her tongue *fwips* out, coiling all around Galan's huge body, constricting her for -1,127 DAMAGE, then another -928 DAMAGE, the numbers decreasing like a timer for how long she can hold her. Yet, doing so proves difficult, as Galan's absorption forces her to grow, and grow, and grow, and grow, the lizard's tongue stretching around her bulk as the powerful kitsune-bot balloons to 800 feet...1,000 feet...1,400 feet! Her bulging rump and breasts crush against entire buildings as she begins to swell over the city itself, slowly but surely!

Whatever you're doing, it has to be now!

“Byrna! Get...get inside of her!”

“Whuf!?” the huge salamander garble-barks, blinking weakly.

“Get inside of her! The cracks!”

You point to a huge gash between the automaton's now-exposed crotch, where a crack from earlier has widened from Arlei's attack, leaving a gap big enough for the 100-foot giantess to crawl into. With Galan's growth spurts heaving her false body larger and larger, it proves simple to do as Byrna hobbles over and slips her pudgy, glowing body in, having to squeeze her oversized chest in first, then cheeks, then tail.

“What for, Lloyd?” Rizii asks, as Mohz tries to shake the fatigue off nearby.

Arlei is still trying her best to swing for another attack, seeing Galan's health so low, all as the shuddering kitsune tries to force her HEAL MAX along faster, when a rumble emanates from within her bodice, somewhere deep within a sea of animated cords of pseudo-muscle.

Galan pauses along with Arlei and the party (and even the hordes of Nozala) as the rumbling gets worse and worse, making Galan look herself over as the holy light continues to beat down over her huge, half-mile tall body.

“WHAT...INANITY...IS THIS!?” she growls, as Rizii feels herself begin to rumble, too.

“Heh,” the kobold starts, laughing once, then twice, then exploding in laughter as her body shakes and swells, returning back to full size! Her height skyrockets as she booms larger, her further-expanded muscles growing up with her as she blasts up to 360 feet again, whooping as best as her weakened state allows! “AAAAHAHAHAAA!”

At the same time, Galan's entire body starts to warp out in odd pockets of growth, some strange swelling pushing her false breasts and collarbone and sides and robes out, and out, and out, the cracks growing worse and worse as the kitsune literally snaps apart! Glowing orange scales surge out into huge mounds, before much bigger breasts blast out through the chestplate, blowing the fox's bosom away with heavy crashes as her thighs split, replaced by cascading oceans of billowing reptilian female.

“NO...NOOOOO! ARCHMAGE...THE SEAL IS B-BROKEN! FUH-FORGIVE MEEEE, D-DARLLIIIIING-”

With a massive -99,999 DAMAGE, Galan's false form explodes, the ever-growing, mountainous Byrna booming up to her towering height of 6,150 feet! Every scrap of the fox-bot blows out like marbled shrapnel, replaced with a contentedly groaning female salamental, the puff-tuft of flame behind her thick neck radiating pleasure as her absolutely monstrous breasts wobble into back down place.

Arlei slowly shrinks back down to normal size, still shocked at what all just happened.

“HAAAAAAH,” Byrna giggles, popping her bulgy neck. “THAT WORKED! DON'T NEED STRENGTH STATS, WHEN HEIGHT'S ALRIGHT!”

“SCREEN MAX!” you shout, a terrific storm of smoke blowing out to cover you and the party, just as a series of angered hisses and demonic screams take over, all around you.

“GAH, LLOYD, WHAT!” Rizii coughs, waving the smoke away.

“We have lousy stats, run! Follow my voice back into the temple!” you cry, the others thudding heavily behind as the battle results float overhead:

+50,000 GOLD

+80,000 EXP

“The demons won’t get that close with Arlei’s aura, Lloyd, why the rush?” Mohz huffs, his powerful legs pushing him ahead of you as you run.

“It’s not just them! We need to get down to the next open space before Arlei’s growth spurt! She’s leveled up to ECONO MAX, now, Mohz!”

The kirin goes a little pale, then picks you up in one huge arm. He turns, scoops up Arlei, and double-times it into the temple ruins, past the obliterated pews and snapped pillars, straight down into the secret opening as Arlei begins to moan hotly, her body violently quaking in Mohz’s mighty grip.

“OOOOH...M-MY!”

“Please hold it in, Arlei!” you beg, as the reptilian maid starts to blow up bigger, inflating big enough to spread Mohz’s arm out. “Give us just a second more, we’re almost there!”

Down, down the stairs you go, as you hear Byrna boom after you, through the opening in the temple:

“WE C-CAN’T FIIIIIT!”

“HEY!” Rizii shouts, shaking the walls of the narrow stairwell, which keeps going down, down as Mohz speeds up, pumping his gigantic thighs harder, his robe tearing further and further as his pecs swell against the threads, his firm rump shifting back and forth as he moves.

Arlei whimpers and doubles in size, exploding bigger than Mohz, making him stumble as he adjusts to her growth, and the stretching gets worse as her trembling increases deeper and deeper, compounding within her throbbing form.

“Almost there, Arlei, please!”

“GUH-HAH! LLOYYYYD!”

Her scaly cheeks billow uncontrollably, pulling her lacy underwear tight against swelling lips as her breasts flop out, bobbing and slapping bigger and bigger against Mohz’s huge forearm. She doubles again in size, ballooning and stretching loudly, angrily, her throbbing body demanding to grow unimpeded.

Clearing the walls of the stairs, Mohz practically throws Arlei loose ahead of him, swinging his freed arm around to hug you and turn for cover as the howling lizard maid *erupts* in size. A wall of bronze scales crashes into Mohz, hurling you both back into the stairs, Arlei’s booming hips and rear slamming into the chamber walls at high speed as she grows, and grows, and grows, and grows, and grows, and grows, and GROWS!

Her muzzle swings open as she cries, her burning teats blasting cream loose in furious

sprays as her panties soak and stick and stretch, half-swallowed between her sex as she shrieks, clutches her breasts tight, and mushrooms BIGGER!

100 feet blasts up to 300 feet, then 500 feet, her huge body shredding through more and more reformed clothing as the levels pour into her shaking body!

You see her stats, practically crammed into the crumbling stairs with you: for the first time, you bother to check what ECONO MAX actually is: *EXP earned X30!*

What is that!? What...1...2,400,000 EXP!?

That's without the doubling effect of the Monstear! 4,800,000 EXP!? That amount could rocket a nobody into beyond-legendary powers! Even Rizii and Byrna have high-level ECONO skills, but MAX!?

The rumbling only gets worse, and worse. It's clear that Arlei is getting too massive in there, as you feel the pressure of her body overflowing, the chamber struck with a dread rumble that emanates out into the walls and up into the ruins above. You have no idea how big this will make her! If she gets too big, you'll have two geography-sized Arleis together! What then?

You make the choice, and make it very, very fast. You remove all three jewels and activate them, practically shoving them at the startled kirin!

"Warp these back up, Mohz, fast!"

"W-WARP!"

Up they go with a brief flash.

You can tell who they touched as soon as they warp up to the topside. Rizii's shocked hollering gets bigger and bigger as the kobold staggers back, throbbing like mad with way too much incoming power!

"Hopefully she won't be mad," you sigh as the rumbling worsens, above and below.

"Knowing her? She'll love you forever, for what's about to come her way," Mohz laughs, as Arlei's screams of growth-lusted pleasure compete with Rizii's. "If she doesn't explode."

"Whatever, we just need to take as much growth off of Arlei as possible, now!"

Inside, a 2,000-foot Arlei bellows and squeezes in on herself, pulsing angrily. Her body balloons unstoppably bigger, crushing through snapping rock and pillars and flooring, brutally compacting everything as she heaves bigger in a thick, burning wave of stretching scales! Her breasts pour rivers of milk that splatter her nude, swollen body, getting bigger and messier with every panting breath. Her nipples swell and slip wetly against her surging arms as she screams up to 1 full mile in size, demolishing more and more walls and stone; she squeezes her thighs,

trembles with a hard tickle, and streaks a high-volume squirt of pre everywhere, blowing geysers of steaming fluid as she helplessly presses two massive, slick fingers in, trying desperately to get it out of her as it builds and builds!

The words are the only things that don't come as she snorts and bursts to 1.3 miles, her sopping breasts and slicked rump crushing through compartment after compartment, a maze of chambers meant to be navigated, the final dungeon being steamrolled into rubble by tower-sized teats and building-high scales!

Bridges and chasms, treasure chests and ridges and underground lakes are all summarily wiped out as the wailing female keeps rippling bigger, *boom-booming* through it all, over it all, her teeth bared as she shakes and whines, billowing up past 2 miles, then 2.4, then 3!

All of Arast starts to shake as Byrna looks around the remaining fog from your screen, trying to make sense of it all.

“HONEY, I THINK THAT MAYBE WE SH-AAAAGH!”

Byrna turns to see as Rizii's whole body is increasing. *Dramatically.*

“B...B-BUH-BYRNNNNAAAAA!”

The blue kobold has, in days past, swollen into a mighty thing, a titan of flesh and scales. Any kobold male would have ruined their clothes instantly at the sight or smell of a female that incredible, that glorious. Orcs would have run the other way at sight of her. She could have clobbered a dragon in one punch, full-grown. They would have sung tales about her, one verse per foot.

That legendary size is suddenly a joke compared to what the kobold is becoming.

In one instant, by the time Byrna's turns her nearly 1.2-mile tall body about, Rizii is already bigger than her, so much so that the salamander's muzzle wedges right in between a pair of monumental, surging breasts. Her muffled groans melt into overjoyed rumbling as her confused palms quickly embrace two overloaded nipples, one pumping longer and fatter on either side—before Rizii continues to expand, higher and higher, forcing Byrna to snuggle her growing abdomen and hulking torso.

The kobold's mouth is wide open as she bellows, only for it to be eclipsed by her inflating bust as her muscles grow from absurd to *terrifying*. Her back bulk pours out in waves, stretching her straining blue scales until they're practically crying out, overwhelming the rest of her body! Her growing thighs explode to match, then surpass, as her biceps nearly cover her on either side, followed by her erupting shoulders.

Every last bit of armor blows off at once as the 1.5-mile tall behemoth kobold shudders and moans, huge hands rubbing down on Byrna's increasingly smaller rear as she snorts through flaring nostrils and grits her teeth with a renewed explosion of pure *growth*.

Her chest overflows around her immeasurable biceps as they inflate too big, her hips blowing out to match Byrna's proportions as her clawed feet crush into the neighboring buildings, toppling them over the fleeing hordes of dismayed demons!

1.5 miles balloons to 2 as Rizii crushes her lover into her bursting abs, a firm wall of ever-growing heat, smooth, mansion-sized scales rumbling and pressing her nude glowing body as the over-pleasured kobold strains.

“HUH-H-I'M G-G-GUH-G-GONNAAAA--”

A burst of fluid splashes with tidal force against Byrna's fat thighs as Rizii climaxes, blushing and screaming, her muscles exploding even *larger*. Her head is massive, her long ears flicking back in delight, yet it sits stranded on a booming neck, her body far larger than it as it pulses with power only gods can know. The 2.5-mile tall kobold towers over the majority of the city when it's finally over with, the smoke from the debris overpowering the smoke screen as both fade off to reveal a withdrawn army of demons.

Byrna stays snuggled in tight, feeling and riding the surge of Rizii's heavy breathing as the towering kobold looks herself over, and nearly faints.

Down below, Arlei too has stopped growing. Still, the needy reptile's immense fingers plunge in deeper, her teeth clenched in a snarl between love and pain as she strokes faster and faster! She catches a huff in her throat and sighs it out as she gushes one last, hard time, and finally relaxes, covered in milk and honey, her heaving body slick with hot release.

The aura fades.

A female over 12.2 miles, nearly 65,000 feet in size, lies tight and squeezed within the final dungeon, heavy and swollen and ready to sleep in her own fluids as she purrs gratefully, smiling wide. That blazing need has finally subsided a happy bit and Arlei, completely grown out of her uniform, just lets herself be glad.

“FINALLY,” she rumbles, her soft whisper enough to crack the dungeon's outermost walls as she tenderly feels herself over, just to *feel herself*. “I JUST WISH...MY LLOYD WAS HERE FOR IT. HEE. MMMM!”

The release, the *freedom* of it still overwhelms her as she closes her eyes and squeezes her arms in on her gargantuan chest.

“SERVED MYSELF, I SUPPOSE.”

She sighs, her breasts rising up into her massive, scaly jawline and slender chin...before her huge eyes open, then blink.

“HMM. HOW...HOW DO I GET OUT?”

Her beautiful irises dart about as she blushes.

“ER.”

She blushes worse as she realizes she’s swollen herself stuck—inside Arast, itself.

You climb over Mohz’s bulk apologetically, there on the partially-ruined stairwell, looking out at the vast tide of bronze ahead of you, as one single scale consumes what was previously the entryway into what you guess *was* the final dungeon.

“Arlei! Arlei! Can you—can she even hear me?” you ask, as Mohz stands back up.

“I doubt it,” the hulking kirin says, honestly. “I would warp further in around her, but...I haven’t been down there before. I can try warping her back out, but there’s so much of her. I’m not sure I would do a good job. I don’t even know where the lady begins or ends, from this vantage point.”

“So, she’s stuck down here?”

“And Rizii and Byrna are both big enough to give King Endid a shock, yes. They can’t get down here, and she’s too big to get up there. I’m not entirely sure we can...*undo* this shadow, and try another one, as that shadow’s returning size would blow Arlei up all the bigger, in the outside world. I’ll say it, this is a pickle.”

“Right. I didn’t know there would be *another* boss, on the way to the final boss,” you say defensively, throwing your arms up in agitation. “Never thought we’d be sabotaged with EXP. How do we fix this?”

Again, the world of Arast answers as you feel it begin to shift and rattle, as if annoyed or frustrated once more by the three oversized females.

“Is...it is doing what I think it is?” you ask.

“I think it is,” Mohz replies, nodding sagely. “It really does seem that Arast dislikes anything looming over it. Good thing it doesn’t seem to recognize the original Arlei, beyond itself. That could get ugly.”

“Well, if it gives us some space to move around in, then let it get bigger!”

Sure enough, the stairs begin to swell under you, widening as the walls rise higher and farther apart from each other. In seconds, you and Mohz are both too small to take up one step, and still the area expands! Arlie’s huge body slowly seems less insane in size as the final dungeon grows and grows around her, making the confused reptile look about as the high ceilings lift up off of her body, rising up and up overhead.

Even over 12 miles in height, shadow Arlei can finally stand upright—just barely. The massive reptile looks about and feels herself over curiously, before looking for any sign of you.

At the same time you hear Rizii’s huge voice exclaiming up over the ruins as the city presumably swells around them, more and more.

Out beyond the edges of the growing island the real Arlei rests, her huge hands holding the floating city as its hills and cityscape get larger and larger and larger, until it fills her arms and rests against her massive cleavage, now nearly half her size.

Once it stops, you find you have to run across the step as though it were a great plain of rock. Mohz follows up close behind, grinning. Moments later you look up, and up, and up, and up, to see Rizii and a smaller Byrna both peering down from the entrance, blinking.

“Why’s it look so much bigger down there, now?” Rizii asks, her voice shrinking down the moment it echoes along the interior walls.

“Bit of a naughty place, isn’t it?” he chuckles. “Doesn’t like being lorded over, after all! The city has grown, outside...but inside this chamber, the scale is far different, again! Ingenious!”

“Yeah, well, if that’s what it takes, then fine,” you huff, as the world-sized stairwell starts to shake from Rizii and Byrna descending down it.

“Truly! Even if you and I are less than flea-sized, now, compared to everything else. Getting around will be exceedingly difficult. Remember, to Byrna and Rizii, one presumes even Arlei will stand taller. And to *those* two reptiles, we’re less than dust particles! We’ll have to figure out who’s carrying whom, and how, as fast as we can. Though how to converse with them, at their sizes—”

“I’ve got that covered, heh,” you say, slapping something onto Mohz’s chest with a warm, deep *thump*. “You won’t have that trouble—at least, not for a long while!”

When you remove your hand, Mohz can see it: the ultra-grade Hruthga Sigil!

“Lloyd,” Mohz begins, starting to rumble all over. “Don’t you think this is a bit much? Do you even know how powerful this thing—GHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!”

You’re already running away as Mohz’s trembling worsens, his huge velvet muscles pulsing openly, his heartbeat getting stronger and louder as you open the bag, take out the Dragon’s Tooth, and throw it.

With a brilliant plume of smoke a large silhouette appears, revealing a grand red dragon, yellow belly plates and huge ivory horns curving like a ram’s. The giant beast is at least 20 feet long and 10 high, a fine specimen of a feral dragon. He shakes his head and turns to see you, smiling cordially.

“Ah, good day, sir!” the big dragon rumbles, his voice gravelly, yet smooth. “My name is Grath, it’s my pleasure to be your summon companion!”

“Pleasure’s mine, Grath!” you pant, running up towards the confused beast in a great hurry as Mohz’s body starts to stretch bigger. “Could we please get airborne? Immediately?”

“Oh, of course, sir!” Grath soothes, nodding his huge head. “My expertise is in high-speed flight—”

“Lovely,” you wheeze, scaling up his dark brown back spikes, taking a seat. “You’ll want to lift off right away, please!”

“Where exactly...ah, are we, sir?” the professional dragon asks, blinking. “Some sort of strange canyon?”

He feels the rumbling and looks up as the sky-high Rizii and Byrna thunder down the mighty steps, getting bigger and bigger as they do. Grath screams in dragon (it’s definitely a new sound to you) and takes to flight, flapping frantically higher and higher.

“What in the world!?” the feral dragon booms, fighting to ascend high enough to avoid Rizii’s huge blue soles as they slam the step below, the movement enough to shove air out and send Grath into a mild spin. “S-sir, what is this!?”

“The rest of my party, Grath! Just keep going higher!”

All 13,200 feet of kobold wobbles to a stop as Rizii snorts, perks her ears and squints, just as the 6,150-foot Byrna bumps into her massive back muscles.

“Did you hear that?” Rizii growls, her humongous floppy ears swiveling toward the flapping dragon-speck near her chin. “I almost heard Lloyd.”

“Maybe it’s the acoustics,” Byrna ponders, just as Mohz erupts larger, down by their feet.

The kirin’s bulky body explodes in size as the Sigil glows brighter and brighter, pushing him up from a proud 7 feet of muscle to 70 in one burst, then 210, clearing Rizii’s clawed toes. He shudders and grits his teeth as he bursts to 680 feet the next push, his eyes shut, his hoof-feet spreading wider as he shakes and balloons to 1,800 feet, the swelling male trying to cry out as raw power floods his booming mass!

The steps shrink from plains to platforms as he *huff-huffs*, gulps, then booms up to half a mile in size, then a full mile, getting bigger faster as the Sigil glows even brighter, until his horn and long hair and flicking ears reaches Byrna’s height, shoving right up past the startled female:

“BAH!” Byrna shrieks, making Rizii start, turning her body to where Mohz grows up directly underneath her huge, swaying breasts.

“What?” Rizii chirps, before Mohz blasts up to her size, shaking terribly. “GAH!”

“P-PARDON,” Mohz politely bellows, as he groans and tenses in on himself, his muscles throbbing with his racing heartbeat, before the huge kirin blasts up even *bigger* than her!

“OOH,” Rizii coos, suddenly deeply impressed, just before Mohz’s overblown pectorals rub up and swell clear of her breasts, burying the kobold’s massive muzzle in growing, furry pectorals. Her tail *whip-whips* all about immediately.

“What madness have you summoned me into, human?” Grath balks, the comparatively bug-sized dragon trying to flap clear of Mohz’s growing muscles. “What sort of quest is this!?”

You opt to forego any mention that the dragon is losing his professionalism. It’s understandable enough.

“We just need to keep up with these four, okay Grath? That’s all I need you to do!”

“Four, s-sir?”

You *pat-pat* the dragon’s thick neck, and he looks back to Arlei, farther down in the final dungeon entrance area, and he shrieks in shock.

“SHE’S EVEN BIGGER!?”

“Our party is a little complicated, granted,” you admit, fishing in your bag for a nugget of Dragon’s Food. “But I have good compensation, if you’ll treat this as an escort mission!”

Grath sniffs, then gasps.

“R-really? I mean, ah, o-of course, sir, it really is my pleasure!”

“I know what Dragon Food does! You help us, Grath, and I’ll make you a *huge* dragon. How’s that sound?”

“Oh, sir, I’d be delighted! Yes, yes, of course! I...don’t know how you acquired that food, but it’s not every day, or even year, that it’s offered! Haha, yes, yes sir!”

Good old dragon greed!

“I have three nuggets, Grath.”

You feel the dragon shudder violently as he hears this.

“YES, SIR! HAHA, A-ANYTHING YOU LIKE, SIR!”

“Just call me Lloyd, Grath. Welcome to the party! You’re just in time for the final dungeon, too, good to have a dragon on board!”

You toss the golden nugget of food into the air, in a nice, easy arc, and Grath rears back just enough to snap it up with a thrilled gulp and a throaty purr.

“MMMMHMMHMM! MMF, THANK YOU, LLOYD! OHO, THANK YOU!”

The dragon is beyond elated, and the moment he starts to rumble deep inside, his joy doesn’t diminish. The rumbling grows with him as the red dragon closes his eyes and starts creaking all over, his bloody scales pulling wonderfully tight over his billowing body. His wings flap harder and louder with each beat as he swells out of control, his horns lengthening, his toothy muzzle shoving out as his feral chest and thighs and arms boom bigger, in a series of rapturous, concussive bursts. You hold on, feeling each spike swell on either side of you, rising from seat-sized bumps into towering, door-high ridges as you watch him swell bigger and stronger under you!

“NNNNNNNRGH,” he thick-purrs, Grath’s form blowing up past 20 feet to 40 feet...then, 80 feet! Those nuggets of food are serious business, after all!

You feel yourself dwindling against his spreading back as he trembles one last time, snorts cutely, and explodes to 160 feet, roaring with unmatched glee as he savors getting so much stronger than his unseen compatriots.

“YES! GAHAHA! I CAN’T THANK YOU ENOUGH, LLOYD! HAHA! I SWEAR MYSELF TO YOUR QUEST, GLADLY!”

Grath does a jubilant loop-de-loop in the air, and you hold on tight—only for a shadow to fall over you both as a looming kirin muzzle and wide, thin deer-nose fills your periphery, and then some.

“I FOUND THEM,” Mohz shatter-speaks, shocking the dragon and yourself back into the moment, his raw decibel force shaking the air.

“Goodness!” Grath rumbles, trying to stay calm in the shadow of a kirin over 16,000 feet tall. Indeed, to you he’s a small mountain; to Byrna, he’s a giant, three times her great size, and to Rizii, he’s...well, *taller*. “Such magnificent companions!”

For the first time in all the confusion, you realize: you haven’t even bothered to look at any stats, for anyone—yourself included!

ARLEI, LV 97, HOLY MAID (SHADOW)

HP: 31,600/31,600

MP: 6,900/6,900

STRENGTH: 10,000

DEFENSE: 12,500

DEXTERITY: 5,150
SPEED: 7,200

HEIGHT: 64,416'
WEIGHT: ??????

SKILLS: AURA MAX, ALL-SMASH MAX, BRUNT MAX, ECONO MAX,
ALL-COVER, HOLY SONG, CHARM MAX, SEAL

SPELLS: HEAL MAX, CURE ALL, DETOX, RAISE MAX, HIGH ARMOR, WARP,
SUB-WARP, HOLY FLARE, HEAVEN'S ANVIL, ALL-SPIRAL

You had always been told how difficult it was to level up, after a certain range, and this just bears that idea out. That much experience, and still, Arlei hasn't quite hit that unimaginable level number, that golden threshold that even fools don't dare to dream of.

LLOYD, LV 58, ADVENTURER

HP: 5,800/5,800
MP: 880/880
STRENGTH: 3,700
DEFENSE: 2,440
DEXTERITY: 2,900
SPEED: 4,000

HEIGHT: 5'09"
WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: CONFUSE MAX, STEAL MAX, COVER ALL, SCREEN MAX, REBUKE
ALL, SLOW MAX, READER MAX, FULL STUN

RIZII, LV 69, KOBOLD AMAZON

HP: 9,600/9,600
MP: 810/810
STRENGTH: 15,500 +10,000 BOOST
DEFENSE: 16,900 + 13,000 BOOST
DEXTERITY: 8,300
SPEED: 9,000

HEIGHT: 13,200'03"
WEIGHT: ?????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY MAX, MULTI-STRIKE MAX, SMASH MAX, CRUSH MAX,
REBUKE ALL, DEFENSE MAX, ECONO MAX

SPELLS: PERM BUFF, DRAIN ALL

NEXT LEVEL: 91,000/220,000 EXP

BYRNA, LV 72, FLAME SALAMENTAL

HP: 8,200/8,200

MP: 1,060/1,060

STRENGTH: 5,000 +5,000 BOOST

DEFENSE: 9,500 +6,000 BOOST

DEXTERITY: 7,700

SPEED: 5,400

HEIGHT: 6,150'07"

WEIGHT: ??????

SKILLS: ECONO MAX, COVER ALL, LASH ALL, EMBER MAX, CRUSH ALL

SPELLS: HELLFIRE, PERM BUFF, WARP, SUB-WARP, HEAT SHIELD ALL

NEXT LEVEL: 50,000/260,000 EXP

MOHZ, LV 81, KIRIN MAGE

HP: 6,300/6,300

MP: 1,910/1,910

STRENGTH: 4,800

DEFENSE: 4,400

DEXTERITY: 4,900

SPEED: 4,280

HEIGHT: 16,500'00"

WEIGHT: ????????

SPELLS: BUFF MAX, REMEDY ALL, REFLECT OUT, FLAME MAX, ICE MAX,
WAVE MAX, THUNDER MAX, CHARM ALL, RAISE ALL, FLOAT, COMET, FLARE,
STONE

NEXT LEVEL: 190,000/320,000 EXP

"They're good!" you agree, grinning at their world-filling selves, from your perspective.
"Better than ever, in fact! SCREEN!"

Grath seems perplexed, until a smoke burst consumes you and he, the dragon growling slightly in escalating confusion.

"Ah, Lloyd?" he asks, patiently.

"Fly to the biggest reptile, down in the dungeon, they'll follow us!"

Rizii looks a little upset that anyone other than Arlei is bigger than her, but she also has a half-grin that speaks louder as she looks the massive, sleek, bulging kirin over, Byrna eyeing the

monstrous erection bobbing inflated sacs and the ripped threads of a robe trying evermore to contain it all.

“Ah, there we are,” the kirin laughs, pointing a finger bigger than an entire tower at a contrail of smoke pulling out down the stairwell. “That would be our clever lad. Shall we?”

“After you, cute-cute,” Rizii says, covering her huge muzzle right after.

Mohz sticks his massive soft tongue out a playful bit, then *thuds* down the steps, his muscles shifting hypnotically, his rear swaying with a coy wiggle of his tail. Byrna nudges Rizii, giggling, the bigger kobold afire with blush-blush.

“Lloyd?” Arlei moans, rubbing at her scaly temples in confusion. The massive maid bites her lip and circles heavily about in place, her head still just a few ‘feet’ shy of the dungeon ceiling. “Anyone? I—oh, thank goodness!”

The bronze giantess chirps in relief as Mohz, Rizii and Byrna all descend the stairs, the colossal maid not yet having realized that you and Grath have been buzzing around her vast ear hole, trying to shout loud enough for her to notice. It’s a bit like shouting at a country, and expecting it to answer.

“Glad you’re okay, dear!” Byrna says, running up and hugging Arlei’s lower ankle. Even for a creature over a mile tall, it’s as good as the salamander can currently do.

“Arast got way bigger around us,” Rizii sighs, grinning. “You must have gotten super-huge, to make it that mad-mad, haha!”

“I...suppose I blew up a bit,” Arlei murmurs, as Mohz steps back, blinking.

“I suppose in more ways than one, my dear,” the kirin chuckles, waving the smell with a hand big enough to hold a castle. “Can’t say I blame you, it...it is something to feel.”

Arlei lights up.

“You can tell?”

“You smell like a honeymoon, girl!” Byrna purrs, nuzzling in gladly.

“I like it!” Rizii agrees. “You look free, to me! Good for you!”

For once, it’s great that no one in the party can see you, because you’re beet-red in the face. The thought that...she was doing *that*...you’re glad for her, what with her empowerment and taking herself into...her own hand...you just hadn’t pegged now as the time, or the final dungeon as the place for it!

“Your party is weird, sir,” Grath huffs, shaking his head slowly. “Where to, then?”

“Well, we need to figure this area out, and find the resurrection chamber.”

Grath tenses up, under you.

“Beg pardon?” the enlarged dragon snorts. “Heh, sir, I believe the only one known for any possible resurrection powers is...is, ah, the Archmage. Haha.”

“Right.”

Again, a pause. A different, bigger one.

“We’re ah, going to...the Archmage?”

“Right.”

“OH.”

“You did swear to the quest, Grath—”

“Oh, I k-know, Lloyd, sir. Yes. I did, didn’t I. Ahah. Hah. Er.”

“Let’s start at that quadrant, please.”

The faintest of whimpers manages to escape a dragon nearly as big as high-tiers, though admittedly he’s nowhere near the size of the elder wyrms sitting stuffed in King Endid’s hall. He glumly flap-flaps and nods, starting to guide the lingering smoke into a half-assed arrow, mid-air.

“We’re a lot stronger than we look, you know,” you offer, somewhat defensively.

“If you made it here, I believe you, I really do,” the dragon sighs, gulping. “But it’s the Archmage, Lloyd.”

“I know, Grath. Believe me, I really do.”

You hear Arlei squeal-boom excitedly behind as she catches sight of the smoke arrow you’re leaving, followed by the rapid booming of her huge feet slamming the dungeon over and over. She must be following along.

“LLOYD, YOU’RE OKAY!” she thunder-talks, her voice so powerful it shakes even the giant dragon inside and out. “I WAS WORRIED, HAHA! WE’LL GET YOU BIG, DON’T WORRY!”

“That’s not what I was worried about,” you mutter.

Grath laughs. Nervously.

Mohz, Rizii and Byrna follow Arlei, who follows you carefully, the giantess stepping over entire chasms and bridges, while Mohz holds her tail on the opposite end and lets Byrna wiggle across the gap. Rizii and Mohz start a game of throwing one another over spans, or just laughing and stepping right over them. *They're...having fun!?*

“This is kind of serious business,” you sigh, as Grath laughs again.

“They seem fun.”

“Well, we’ll get you even bigger, and you can play with them later.”

“REALLY?” Grath purrs, the dragon unironically thrilled. “I’D LOVE TO PLAY! I HAVEN’T GOTTEN TO RELAX IN SO LONG, AND—Ah, aha, sorry!”

“I figured you were more happy to grow.”

“Oh, that, too, sir! Lloyd! Just...I work to work, and...it’s been awhile since I’ve seen a party that actually acted like...friends.”

You grin wider, nodding, without thinking about it.

They are, aren't they.

Absolutely, yes!

Odd. You could swear you just answered yourself, without using your own voice. You pause, but hear nothing more, and continue on.

You're so close!

As you go along, final dungeon creatures start to peek out, only to retreat at the sight of you and the party. Well, okay, the *party*. Not one baddie even dares to attack as you cross over lava pools and poison lakes, your enormous comrades joking and shoving each other, Rizii play-threatening to push Byrna into the poison pit, Byrna ‘pretending’ to grab Rizii’s nipples to keep from falling.

Ooh, that was close, wasn't it! Haha!

Mohz picks both huge females up as they squeal and laugh, his massive bulk surging as he walks them respectfully over a final threshold at the top of a massive stairwell.

In a few minutes, you’ve cleared the dungeon. Even with the place enlarged, at your collective sizes, it’s still no trouble to do it. Rizii steps up with one or two motions and opens the

monstrous double doors wide, gesturing for you all to enter in.

Here goes.

Be brave, little hero!

Over and over, the voice returns, small and chipper, even encouraging.

“I don’t suppose you hear anything, Grath?” you finally work up the nerve to query.

“Just your friends.”

“They’re your friends, too, once you’re big enough to be seen by them. Speaking of which, let’s land, this should be the final area. I owe you more treats!”

“Sir!”

The huge dragon touches down among your four gargantuan comrades, wagging faster as you fish another nugget out, and throw it. Grath snatches it right up and swallows, starting to tremble and moan in joy.

“Enjoy, heh!”

“I’ve nuh-never had...more th-than onnnne,” he growls, starting to clench up and dig his swelling claws into the darkened chamber, before blowing up so much bigger that it bowls you back, forcing you to ride it out as you hug his ever-widening paw! “GHHAAAAAAAHA!!”

Mohz is the first to notice as a red dragon randomly *booms* up into view, just barely so. In one thick spurt Grath looms over you at a stunning 320 feet, getting more and more powerful, more bulk crowding his surging scales as he grimaces and shakes, panting loudly, his tongue lolling out as she blasts up with a tight pulling burst to 640 feet! He’s starting to rival the biggest dragons known to history, and with an overjoyed bellow, his rumbling body spurts up even larger, pumping the red titan to a gorgeous and impressive 1,280 feet in length, his height on all fours still reaching 400 feet!

“YEEEESSSSS!”

“WELL, A DRAGON!” Mohz thunders, making the tinier feral giant turn to see him looming overhead, far larger and bulkier, yet. “I IMAGINED LLOYD WAS FLYING ABOUT ON SOMETHING. YOU COULD HAVE JUST BROUGHT ME ALONG WITH YOU, MY LAD, GROWING ME WAS HARDLY NECESSARY.”

He extends a vast palm, allowing the red dragon to climb up, with you still hugging his vast, bulging paw. Mohz, still over 12 times bigger, easily handles Grath like a small lizard as he brings him up and smiles gently.

“HELLO, THERE.”

“G-greetings, sir!” Grath yelps, trying to keep his composure as Rizii looks over Mohz’s huge bicep, Byrna having to heavily jump up to see over the other. “Lloyd says that we uh, s-should be here!”

“YES, YES, HE’S RIGHT,” Mohz rumbles, nodding, his head so big it can be heard moving up and down. “NOW, WE FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.”

“What happens next is, you die!”

A somewhat-familiar voice rings out, drawing your attention to a last set of stairs, leading up to a huge set of curtains, several pyres suddenly flaring with flames. Between them is the tiny, miniscule form of a naga, one so comparatively small that he’s only perhaps as big as Byrna’s leg. Of course, that means he’s bigger than you, considerably. That likely puts the man-snake at a towering 1,500 feet in size!

“Who the heck?” Rizii grunts, sniffing at the naga at the end of the chamber, before growling. “Ugh, you again! That no-good naga that cut off our warp in the jungle!”

“The same!” Gorj hisses, the expanded naga folding his decently thick arms. “I’m linked to Arast, as a high servant of the great Archmage! Not only can I use the warp technology of my ancestors, but I can shut it off, too! You shouldn’t have even made it here! Though, heh, I do owe you morons this much: if Arast grows, I grow with it!”

“Fat lot of good it does you, squirt,” Rizii snarls, grinning wider. “I can bash you good-good, no sweat!”

“Oh, you won’t be fighting me,” Gorj smugly hums. “I just wanted to see you off, before being there for the resurrection of my Master! You idiots will be entertaining the one my Lord sealed away, long ago. Didn’t you feel it when you moved Galan from her post, and opened the way? Did you really think a being as powerful as the Archmage would have one measly wench in a statue as his safety precaution? Haha!”

Hahaha!

You jerk back, still hugging Grath’s massive paw as the laughter is *right beside you*, practically in your ear by now.

“Enjoy an infinity of madness, you boobs!” Gorj sneers, the enlarged naga slithering off onto a final teleporter beyond the curtains, vanishing away.

“Who in the hell was he talking about?” Rizii chirps, shrugging her massive shoulders.

Probably me, haha!

A creature you hardly expected to ever see *pops* into view, right before the stairwell, taking a long, low, theatrical bow. It's a rat. A rat in a skintight, red-blue jester's outfit. Her muzzle pokes out from behind a red mask, a red cowl around it, culminating in three jangle-belled fabric fronds that bend and wobble around her head and perked rat ears.

She's slender and light, a long pink tail running from her pert behind, clad in clinging, smooth fabric, similar to spandex or rubber (not that you know of it, yourself, by name). A huge blue heart rests right on her belly, almost like a fur pattern, as she brings her rodent hands up and claps enthusiastically.

"Pleasure to meet you lot! I agree with Grath, you *do* look like a fun group!"

"Who?" Byrna asks; the red dragon waves to her, and she smiles and waves back.

"The Archmage locked you away, did he?" Mohz asks, seeming a bit more serious.

"He did, that stinker!" the rat sighs, though she's still smiling. "A good gag, I admit. I love that about him, who am I kidding! Haha!"

The moment she inhales from laughing, you see it. She stretches a few relative feet bigger, inflating her body with the intake. She appeared at roughly Byrna's size, but the giggling has already blown her up to 7,000 feet, even. Her chest starts to balloon out disproportionately, blowing out over her sleeved arms as she sighs.

"Better, better," the rat squeaks casually. "I haven't had any fun in so long, I'm starved for it, I don't mind telling you! But you'll play with me, won't you?"

BOSS: JESTMI, GODDESS OF CHAOS, LV 999999999999

HP: 99999999999999999999999999999999/99

MP: YES/MAYBE

"He captured a goddess?" you stammer, your mind snapping. "That's not possible!"

The busty rat pops into view before you, suddenly your size, but keeping her proportions in the hips and rear and chest.

"I KNOW! It's insane, right? Hahahaha!"

She inflates even bigger, her tightly-clad bosom blowing up into your shocked face before she *poofs* away, reforming in front of the party, now as big as Mohz. Bigger, even.

"I...don't suppose you would just let us pass, Miss Jestmi?" Mohz asks.

"I could, but...really, why?" the humongous she-rat putters, grinning impossibly wide. "Where's the fun, then? You need to unwind, sir!"

A snap of her thick rodent fingers, and Mohz *literally unravels*. Before you all. The kirin's eyes bulge as his entire body breaks into ribbons, which deconstruct and separate into a pile on the immense floor.

"Mohz!" Byrna shrieks, backing away. "Please, undo this!"

"Oh, he's fine, he isn't hurt," Jestmi sighs, shaking a dismissive hand. "You really don't have to worry about being wiped out, I wouldn't do that to company! I love mortals so, so much! Haha! You're *unbelievably* entertaining! Hahaha!"

Again, the more she laughs, the bigger the rat inflates. Her huffs swells her breasts even larger, fat nipples starting to bulge against the shining rubber fabric with loud, giddy stretches. She balloons higher and wider, her hips flaring twice as wide, her thighs impossibly big, already, finishing her growth spurt with a plump bounce and a happy sigh as she towers over you all, at a staggering 25 miles in height. Her head draws nearer to the ceiling as she leans down, brushing the very tips of her fat breasts over Mohz's ears and horn, the tip of which pokes into the rubber deep, threatening to pop it.

"I was so tired of the chaos of the universe, after its creation, you have no idea," Jestmi groans, rolling her eyes in different directions. "There was too much...order to it! It just got so old, you know? But then, mortals, mortals, mortals! And oh, what a time! I was, hah, I was there when the first primordial shoved the second one, just to see it fall! Haha! I was...hee, I was the first giggle anyone made during love!"

Again, the rumbling rodent bursts in size, lurching bigger in hungry, loud, stretchy bulges of growth. A strange rush of air rides each surge, a kind of lowering echo, as her body consumes the entire back of the great chamber, stretching bigger against the stairwell, her rear pumping into the back wall as her head and back and shoulders grind up, up into the ceiling, starting to break it apart around her 40-mile tall body.

"Did you all know that Arast's growth is my doing? Yes? That's why the Archmage tricked me into powering the kingdom, and putting it so high up in the air! He said that whoever managed to make it up here would have to be phenomenal playmates for me, and since a few thousand years is a nap away, I figured I should take him up on it! And here you are! Imagine how big you would be, compared to everything else, back down on the world, back in normal space! Imagine how BIG I WOULD BE! BAHAAHAHAHA! **HHAAAAAHHHHHAAA!!**"

"Uh, everyone," Rizii gulps, she and Byrna scooping the pile of Mohz and moving it back, as Grath takes to flight in a panic, taking you with him. "This is getting kind of cramped!"

"IS IT, CUTIE?" Jestmi bellows, not even trying to. "I'M JUST FINALLY STARTING TO GET COMFORTABLE!"

The 60-mile tall rodent's bloated body overfills everything, her breasts pressing Rizii and Byrna and whatever Mohz is against the entrance wall, her hips flaring bigger and bigger and bigger, inflating nonstop against a pinned Grath and yourself, rubber echoing and whining lowly.

shock—only for her head to inflate as a result, before bursting into more confetti!

“AHHH!” you shout, Grath backing away with you as Rizii falls over and dies—only for Rizii to scramble back out of the chamber-full of still-growing breasts, panting, wide-eyed with horror. The all-consuming orgy of breasts and chittering rat muzzles finally gets too huge for the chamber, and starts to spill out into the dungeon, each rat easily 10 miles in size, and getting bigger and hotter and stretchier as the three of you back away.

“I think she made an illusion of you to drive us mad,” you shout, your voice suddenly huge, so big it makes Rizii wince, despite being 2.5 miles tall.

“NO, IT WAS ME,” she nearly cries, shaking. “WE’RE OUT OF OUR LEAGUE, LLOYD, WE NEED T-TO RETREAT!”

“S-she has to have a weak point!” you insist, your voice still huge thanks to the loosed chaos magic.

“SHE’S A GODDESS, LLOYD! WE’RE UP AGAINST GODS!”

Over a dozen enormous spilling rats merge into a single sleeved arm as Jestmi recombines into a horrifically immense giant, her hand alone too big for Rizii to fit in as it slams down into the dungeon. She snarl-smiles as she rubber-pulls herself out more and more, her breasts exploding larger and larger as she throbs with chaos and energy. Thousands of swelling rubber rodents wriggle up her rump and between her thick rubber vent as she gets too big for herself, and begins to snap and split her own jester’s suit. Waves of shifting brownish-black fur fluff out, hot teats pushing through snapping, shining red latex as the female rat booooooms higher, and higher, and higher!

Her head rams up into the ceiling as she snorts and guffaws, her bulbous rear and surging thighs impacting walls and ceiling alike, only for them to stretch around her as well, suddenly just as rubbery! The 80-mile behemoth roars openly as her fur then swells and stretches and splits again, her entire nude body hatching apart as gleaming, tight latex bursts out! She’s outgrowing herself in waves, splitting layer after layer of her own body, cackling in lewd delight the entire time you flee her growth!

“PLAY! PLAY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?” Jestmi thunders, confetti blowing out of her maw, laughing madly as Rizii picks you up and stomps back the way your party came. The 110-mile tall rat blinks, and every bit of confetti from her mouth and Rizii’s explosion turns into another tiny Jestmi, all of whom begin to cackle and blow up even *bigger*.

“What’ve you lunatics gotten me into!?” Grath howls, the huge dragon clinging like a baby to Rizii—only for Grath to start swelling to double his size, then double that, the shocked dragon ballooning so big so suddenly that he not only weighs Rizii down, but flattens her in place! “H-HELP! S-STOP!”

“We’re in her space, Lloyd!” Arlei shouts, the pixie-sized fairy reptile fluttering around in

a panic. “Can you hear me, Lloyd? HEY! LISTEN!”

This is way more than too much. You’ll go mad in minutes, at this rate.

“Lloyd?” all four Arlei fairies ask in unison. “Should I attack?”

“N-no!” you pant, as the groaning Grath continues to enlarge, grunting and booming to *triple* his size, now over 15 miles in size, and still growing. Rizii slithers out, a huge blue snake with her erection-cleaver dragging in her coils.

“Lloyd, seriously, we can’t do this-this!” the Rizii-snake hisses. “It’s too weird! Even for me, this is kinky! I’d r-rather die-die than keep this up! Where’s Byrna and Mohz?”

“This way, everyone!” Byrna says, the huge female kirin glowing orange as she bleats. She’s standing on the dungeon ceiling as she waves, only for her to tremble and cry out as her breasts cave into pectorals, a bloated erection and testicles bursting out from her thighs as she turns into an orange Mohz. “Ah, please hurry! I can’t take this!”

“Follow her!” you shout, as Jestmi’s enormous muzzle bursts up behind you, millions of tinier, growing Jestmis stuffing into her mouth to feed her growth.

“WHERE,” one growing rat laughs, before vanishing into the biggest Jestmi’s mouth.

“ARE YOU,” another one laughs, getting even bigger, so big it stretches the biggest one’s maw strangely.

“GOOOOOIIIIING!?” a third roars, turning into a flying rat-dragon, who swells bigger between your party and the biggest Jestmi. Grath struggles to move, he’s getting so big that he wedges in between the dungeon floor and the ceiling, pulsing bigger and bigger, grinding up into it as he moans—only for the rat-dragon to match his size and consume him, bulging even fatter for it with a happy rumble.

“LLOYD!” Mohz shouts, as the ground beneath you turns into kirin fur, thick and soft and deep. Everywhere you look in the direction you’re all fleeing, you see it. Mohz isn’t just big—he’s *become* the dungeon! “LLOOOOOYD!”

“W-WARP!” Byrna shouts, still in kirin form!

“WARP!”

“WARP!”

Kirin-Byrna’s echos teleport more and more Jestmis into the Mohz-dungeon, all of whom wave to you and smile.

“HI LLOYD!” they all roar together. “DON’T RUN! LET’S BE FRIENDS, WHAT DO

YOU SAY?"

More of the surging waves of Jestmis laughs and swell larger, rubbery pulls and inflating skins and booming hips and rubbing rears and billowing breasts all cascade into a frenzy of lewd noise and soft rat-groans of joy as you panic utterly, lost in madness incarnate.

"Lloyd!" Rizii bellows, the snake-kobold suddenly inflating into a massive, stretchy-scaled blimp. "K-kill her!"

"How?" you inhale, your voice going all wrong. "Attacking her does nothing!"

"HEAL ALL!" the army of Arlei fairies all shout, covering every Jestmi in flame. They all melt down into unharmed, blue-red rubber, and twist together into a dungeon/Mohz-filling mass that keeps expanding, bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger, mile after mile, until everyone's swimming in her liquid form. She's an ocean! A horny ocean!

"WHAT'S WRONG, LITTLE ONES?" Jestmi's voice booms, as a huge rat muzzle forms in the center of the Jestmi-lake, which keeps rising higher and higher, covering the entire dungeon-kirin as she chuckles happily. "PLAYING TOO ROUGH? I APOLOGIZE! GODS DO HAVE TO BE GENTLE WITH MORTALS, I SUPPOSE!"

Gods.

GODS.

She's right, if completely nuts. You're mortals. Even the archmage couldn't kill her, clearly. She's so incredibly powerful and dangerous, that only a god could ever hope to—

There's no time to fight it, or to even think it through.

Swirling in a churning ocean of rat, you remove your glove, point the mimic ring right at her towering, laughing, growing rat muzzle, and shout:

"MIMIC!"

You explode.

You

explode.

For a moment, you're pretty sure you've gone and
died.

Your mind *seems* to be in a similar state as it was, with Reb, but you aren't really sure.

After a year or two passes,

you feel a twist on your very being, as you reshape steadily, clumsily, figuring yourself out with a modest degree of understanding, until *you're done*.

You rise up from the lake of ever-growing, dungeon-filling rat, panting raggedly from the effort of reforming yourself. You look yourself over, still shaking from the experience, only to see hands that are no longer your own. They should, perhaps, be rat hands. That would make the most sense, so far as that can get you here. But they aren't.

They're clawed, yes...but they're also scaly, not furred. Your hands are a brilliant emerald green with a tint of yellow, if you hit the light of the dungeon right. You feel yourself over, to find that your face is now a muzzle, with sharp teeth; you have horns up on your forehead, rising out of your usual shock of hair. You blink your big eyes, wishing you could see yourself—

That's when the mirror appears in front of you, quite suddenly.

You yelp, stepping back, looking yourself over, seeing not so much yourself, but a rather tall, well-built young kobold version, all green, with yellow belly plates and gentle blue eyes!

“What.”

Your word comes out of a strange new throat, making you look yourself over in fascination for a moment, before you finally accept it:

“I'm a kobold!?”

You were aiming for *rat*, quite literally. You turn around to see things more insane than ever, in your presumably-brief absence. The ceiling is now also Mohz, and Byrna is a series of geometric shapes with a muzzle on one, its tongue sticking out.

“Someone?” it calls, sighing impatiently. “Hello?”

You blink a moment, then point to it. Time to make some sense of your own!

“That's Byrna,” you say, trying to do so calmly. Instantly, she reappears, back in normal form, her gigantic, curvy salamander body back to rights. “Rizii...is just fine, too.”

Just like nothing at all, the huge blue kobold pops back to reality, totally unhurt and fine as she looks and feels herself over.

“Ho, thank goodness—AH!”

She sees you, stepping back. Then, she steps forward, squinting.

You snap your thick kobold fingers, feeling the new sensation of claws clicking claws. With a flash, Mohz is back as himself again, shaking his head in stupefaction as the dungeon returns to how it once was. Arlei pops back up at full size, as well, feeling herself over a moment, before turning to thank you.

“Oh, Lloyd, thank—”

The party sees you, a well-built, youthful, strapping sort of kobold...as big as Mohz. With another clap of your hands Grath reappears, tumbling to the floor at his previous size.

“Oh, thank you,” the big (but not as big) dragon sighs, looking up to you, and doing a lurch back from surprise. “Gah!”

“Is everyone okay?” you rumble, cocking her head in concern, meaning it.

“L...Lloyd?” Byrna asks, slowly, her jaw going slack. “Is that...you!?”

“What happened?” Rizii balks, bug-eyed, looking you over excitedly. “You...whoa, twerp...y-you’re beautiful!”

“He is!” Byrna gasps, hands to her pudgy cheeks. “How did you do that?”

“I ah, heh, mimicked her.”

“Really!” Mohz huffs, still shaking a little from his ordeal. “Y-you certainly pulled the most ambitious mimic ever, haha. M-mimicking a goddess is no small task!”

“But why a kobold?” Arlei asks, coming up close, looking you over, still bigger than you. “Isn’t Jestmi a rat?”

“I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FUNNIER IF IT WAS A RANDOM SPECIES!”

The huge rat jester pops back into view, the ocean of rubber gone, the hordes of rats vanished. She floats upside down, her breasts sinking down into her chin as she smiles. The party turns to her, everyone scooting back behind you, trying to mask what’s clearly lingering terror.

“You...have some *serious* issues,” you growl, pointing a clawed finger.

“AND YOU...OH, YOU’RE JUST AS FUN AS I WAS PROMISED!” Jestmi giggles, inflating her breasts and rear happily as she rubs her growing rodent hands together. “WE’RE GOING TO HAVE THE BEST TIME, LLOYD! HAHA! YOU KNOW, A KOBOLD IS A GOOD LOOK FOR YOU! YOU’RE WELCOME, SMALL FRY!”

“WARP.”

At your command, everyone appears in what seems to be...space itself!

“Ah, Lloyd, dear,” Arlei huffs, confused. “Where are we?”

“Not...where I was hoping to go,” you say, also baffled.

“NO, NO, LOVE,” Jestmi giggles, the huge rat popping into place before you all as you float among the planets. She’s easily your own size, perhaps right at 4 miles tall, spinning in a circle as her thick pink tail trails around in a cute loop. “YOU MIMICKED ME, THAT’S TRUE...BUT YOU DID SO IN MY SPACE. IT’S STILL *MY* RULES.”

“Are we in Arast, then?” Mohz ponders, staring at massive planets.

“A SUB-POCKET, LET’S CALL IT,” the gigantic rubbery rat explains patiently. “YOU ONLY HAVE THESE POWERS IN THIS SPACE, AND I’M FAR, FAR MORE ADEPT WITH THEM. YOU’RE A NEWCOMER, AT BEST. GO ON, TAKE A SHOT AT ME! PLEASE!”

You roll your shoulders, then focus around her. In moments, a large cage of iron forms, clanging down around her, and sealing up tight.

“MMMN,” Jestmi sighs. “OKAY, YOU’RE EVEN LESS ALONG THAN I THOUGHT. THAT’S FINE, WE HAVE TIME! HAHA!”

Again, the rat swells, inflating herself to 6 miles, then 9, her ballooning proportions mashing and dimpling against the bars—and still, she swells!

“G’HAHAHAHA! AAAAHAHAHAAAA, HAHAHAHAHAHA!”

She explodes in scope, the bars straining and bowing as the rumbling rodent booms out around them, pockets of rubber growth stretching bigger, and bigger, until the entire cage is blown away, a 100-mile mega-rat taking its place!

“TRY AGAIN!” she thunder-purrs, her huge whiskers rippling space as she swishes her now-immense rubber hips. “I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT!”

“Lloyd, better think of something,” Rizii snorts, floating nearby. “Think...I dunno, BIGGER!”

“YES, LLOYD,” Jestmi guffaws, her stretchy body expanding up, up, and up, getting

bigger and wider and curvier, until each thigh is as big as her breasts combined, her head and jangle-fronds comparatively tiny as she shoots up to 500 miles, consuming your view. “BIGGER! THAT’S ALL IT’S ABOUT, RIGHT? BAHAAHAHAHAHA! WELL, YOU SHOULD JUST LOOOOVE MEEEEEE, THEN!”

Both pumped-out breasts surge forward as the 800-mile colossus crushes in on her own chest with huge arms and spread rodent paws, nipples pushing out into zeppelins from the air pressure as her breasts smash in over the party from both sides, sending out shockwaves through the strange, new cosmos around you!

She smiles, feeling you tremble within her bosom, then gawking in mock-amazement as your kobold body erupts in size, shooting up so big that you’re a staggering 1,000 miles in size, your erection swelling up between her hot, oversized thighs.

“OKAY, NOT BAD!” she laughs, blowing up bigger than you instantly. “SHOULD WE JUST KEEP DOING THIS, FOREVER? IT’S MY SPACE, REMEMBER? WE CAN FILL IT UP MORE AND MORE, JUST PLAYING AND SWELLING AND CUDDLING! FORGET THOSE MORTALS, AND PLAY WITH MEEEEEE!”

The 1,500-mile female groans smoothly, rubbing her nearly body-sized breasts tenderly, making batted eyes at you as her lashes lengthen impossibly, before she snerks and blusters, then bursts out laughing!

“YOU SHOULD SEEEE YOOOOUR FFFFAAAAAACE!”

She balloons unstoppably bigger, her bust surging flat against a moon as she roars with laughter, inflating faster and faster and faster. Her nipples alone dwarf you as she screams larger, and larger, her hips many times wider, her bloating tail whipping in delight as she passes the size of a small planet, and still keeps swelling, louder and tighter and smoother!

“WARP!” you shout, trying again.

You blink out, then reappear. No good!

Jestmi’s booming laughter envelops everything as she surges bigger than planets, starting to breathe all the smaller matter into herself at a terrifying rate!

“W-WARP!”

Nothing, this time. She’s right, your powers are too underdeveloped! It’s enough to keep your party safe, for now, but the mad goddess’ power and size keeps expanding, the longer she’s out in her territory, getting thousands of miles larger by the minute!

Her breasts alone consume the heavens as she rumbles and stretches, huge rat fingers stroking her ballooning sex underneath her rubber suit, her thighs doubling, then doubling again!

You can't warp. You're in *her* space.

"Lloyd!" Arlei says, whispering into your floppy, adorable kobold ear. Your eyes widen.

You throw both huge hands out and concentrate, as a wooden roof suddenly crashes down hard, buffeting the endlessly huge rat's head, pushing it down into her overflowing bosom, before four walls appear and compress around her, squeezing her down, forcing her smaller and smaller as the walls connect and seal up, merging into a familiar place: the cabin!

"WHHAAAAT—"

"I just introduced a new place," you gloat, grinning, as the cabin shapes fully around you all, forcing the huge rat smaller, swallowing up planets that are nearest to her body as well. "You don't have control over it, because it's not *yours*."

The rat panics, trying to blow herself up even bigger, struggling to do so.

"YOU...YOU CAN'T!"

"I didn't bend the rules," you rumble, crossing your now-massive, bulky arms. "I just brought my space into yours, and now *you're* in it."

"NO...N-NO!"

"Not so funny now, is it?" Rizii asks, readying her restored cleaver. She slashes at the huge rodent, but nothing happens. "Ah, come on!"

"She's still a deity, Rizii," Mohz sighs, putting a huge hand on her shoulder. "I don't think we have any chance of killing her."

"T-THAT'S TRUE," Jestmi mutters angrily, still trying to blow herself up big enough to crash the cabin apart, and free herself. "Y-YOU HAVE NO OPTIONS, JUST THE SAME!"

"Not true at all," you reply, as the front door opens on its own. "We can just go."

"WHAT!?" Jestmi roars, struggling to move. She's still too big, she's filling most of the living room tight. "NO! D-DON'T LEAVE!"

"Bye, now," you chuckle, just enough to blow your muscles up impressively large. You're still able to join the others as they wave goodbye and step out. "Maybe you can just play with yourself, in here."

"LLOYD!"

You're still able to squeeze out the door, and shut it. You *will* the handle and keyhole away, merging the door with the exterior wall, until that's all there is.

You turn and sigh deeply, slumping down with a heavy crash onto the borders of Arast, still in one piece, still as enlarged as before, from Jestmi's magic. In fact, you're still a kobold, and a very, very, *very* enormous one, at that.

"No more space for let," you laugh, your bulk swelling even bigger, until your green-scaled body is every bit as massive and hulking as Mohz's. "Huh. Looks like I mimicked her powers, and her powers still work in Arast. It just isn't *occupied* by her anymore. Am I...am I a god, now?"

"You're amazing, that's what you are, you nugget, you!" Rizii guffaws, the 2.5-mile tall kobold hugging your bigger 3.5 mile body tight, covering you in kisses. "That was the most insane *anything* I ever-ever saw! You crazy idiot! Bahaha!"

Byrna piles onto you, too, the 1.2-mile salamander snuggling up into your much larger, stronger body, drinking it in. Grath pops up from between her huge breasts, gasping, shaking the whole ordeal off with a grunt, before pressing in tight to your muscles, meaning to or not.

"Really, I can't believe that worked! That was ingenious, Lloyd! And look at you, you're just gorgeous! Your form is perfect for a kobold! Your muscles are—AND YOUR PACKAGE!"

"Well, it was Arlei's idea," you say, reclaiming focus, making the party turn to grin at the even-bigger maid. "I got us pretty far, but she's who saved us."

"It was a group effort," Arlei purrs. "Happy to serve."

"We stopped a goddess," Rizii says, shivering. "Who can top that!?"

"The Archmage," Mohz says, matter-of-factly. "And while we're even stronger than ever, and while you, Lloyd, may well be turning into a kobold chaos entity, heh...Jestmi is right, you're a fledgeling. The Archmage overpowered the original, even at the height of her powers. I'm not saying we can't celebrate, but...I think we all have one last job to do, yes?"

"Right," you speak, secretly enjoying the way it tingles in your swollen, powerful neck. You stand up and gently let Rizii and Byrna off, both of whom keep ravenously staring up at you. "Arast is still big enough that we can go back inside the final dungeon, so we better get to it. Arlei's real body is still holding it all up. Thankfully, since we didn't destroy Jestmi, it looks like her magics are still in play. Shall we go back in, and beat up the bad guy?"

"You bet-bet!" Rizii laughs, wagging faster.

"I'm ready!" Byrna giggles, wagging as well, going up heavily on her huge toes with a thudding bounce of excitement.

Mohz keeps rather quiet, looking off. His Sigil starts to lose its glow, but with a gentle press of your finger, it fades into the kirin's body, merging with him.

“Hmm?” he grunts, before blushing and grinning. “Did you just make that permanent?”

“I need practice with the chaos magic, don’t I?” you say, smiling.

The huge kirin brings you into a tight, thick hug, muscle on muscle, and the three girls cuddle in gladly around you, in a long overdue group hug.

“This is heaven,” Arlei softly murmurs. The group hugs in tighter, agreeing.

“Okay,” you growl, flashing a toothy kobold-god grin. “No more being lost! No more underdog floundering! We’re all big and leveled up! I’m...still a newbie of a different kind, but if you don’t mind following along, we have an Archmage to smash!”

“Right!” the party cheers, gigantic fists and hands in the air.

“And we’ll never speak of what happened in the dungeon ever again!” you add.

The entire party pauses, then shudders.

Everyone nods.

...Arlei blushes.

The cabin remains there as you depart for the final conflict, leaving bulging rubber reds and blues and matted rat fur straining against the living room window as the ensnared goddess struggles, huffs...then finally laughs.

CHAPTER 7

LLOYD: LV. 58, 5,800/5,800 HP
ARLEI: LV. 97, 31,600/31,600 HP
RIZII: LV. 69, 9,600/9,600 HP
BYRNA: LV. 72, 8,200/8,200 HP
MOHZ: LV. 81, 6,300/6,300 HP

This is it.

You've killed a demon, a high demon older than the Archmage. You've defeated two of the highest officers in the continent's greatest Guild, slain another demon (you assume the moth counts), killed a possessed guardian statue, and you just beat a mad god in a game of *crazy*.

Your friends are a kobold bigger than a mountain, a salamental that can sit on a town (if it behaves), a kirin mage so strong he could wipe you all out anyway (now also bigger than a mountain, for the record), and of course, a cloned behemoth of a female lizard-kin, literally sent from heaven itself to eradicate evil. Sure, your interference might have made her a bit more...*dirty*, in the eyes of the gods, but no one's perfect.

And you. You, a nobody of the highest order, who was never even called out by name at the bottom rung of that same Guild; you've gone from a humble human with survival instincts to a literal god. Well...a *junior* god, at best, granted. Maybe even just a demigod-plus. But you're absolutely huge, a flawlessly-sculpted kobold deity (perhaps you ought to thank Jestmi for that decision, if you're ever insane enough to let the goddess out of the cabin in which she's been locked). Your party members—no, your *friends*—are all beyond legendary now, so humongous and powerful and towering that even the larger breeds of giant would bow to them, right away. Even the vast gryphon Endid would be delighted (and, likely, quite erect) at sight of any of you. He seemed like the type, at least.

Your own shaft swells up higher, swaying as you lead the way, the tip nearly thudding into neighboring buildings as you move into the ancient city of Arast.

There is some giggling.

"You look ready as hell, Lloyd!" Rizii hoots, the wagging blue kobold beaming behind you. "About time you lightened up and went with it! Hehe!"

"It's huge, isn't it!" Byrna purrs, thudding up beside the even-bigger kobold. "You shouldn't be embarrassed, Lloyd, honey! I think it's lovely!"

"Humility is an advanced sign, my dears," the even-bigger Mohz rumbles, a head or three taller than Rizzi. "The boy just knows restraint, nothing wrong with that."

"I bet the gods are all erect and swollen," Arlei says, plainly. Everyone turns back to her,

the reptile maid still by far the largest of the party, buildings barely reaching her massive chest. “Well, wouldn’t they? Goodness, I sure would be. I’d play with myself all—”

“Speaking of lightening up,” Rizii laughs, nodding over to Arlei. “I’m proud of you, too, Arlei! Haha, you finally let loose!”

“I mean,” the huge maid sputters, laughing through her nostrils in a cute snort. “I just think that it was time to...*accept* my feelings, is all.”

“Did it make you any happier, Arlei?” you ask, enjoying how huge your voice is in your kobold throat as your feet crush down on the ancient city below you.

“..It really did.”

“Then that’s all that matters.”

You can feel the super-giant lizard glowing with happiness, so much that even you’re warming up in its radius. And it *is* good.

“I’m grouped with a bunch of crazies,” Grath sighs, the puppy-sized mega-dragon having completely abandoned all pretenses of professionalism, opting to instead snuggle safely in Byrna’s cleavage, where it’s good and warm.

As before, the subspace of the final dungeon remains even larger once you manage to step, one by one, down into the stairwell at the temple ruins. The dungeon actually makes you feel, well, a tiny bit shorter, given that it’s scaled up to Arlei’s much larger height of 12 miles. Still, you hardly feel insecure over it.

“What can I even do, with this power?” you wonder aloud as you lead on.

“Well, start small,” Mohz offers, an encouraging tone in his thick voice. “Will something simple into being, and see if it can sustain itself. The basics of alchemical and magical summoning all come from the same practice of the gods, after all. Think of it as highly-advanced conjuring.”

“Right, right,” you hum, your floppy green ears and yellow interiors showing as you perk them up. “What can I make? Heh...hehe!”

“What?” Byrna asks, cocking her head, her tongue poking further out.

You hold up a huge clawed hand, snap your fingers, and with surprisingly little trouble, a humongous new Hruthga Sigil appears, settling into it.

“Ah, it worked!” you crow, wagging your powerful little stub-tail happily. Rizii points to it, laughing hysterically—in a good way. “At least, it *should* work.”

“You made a Sigil!” the other kobold gasps, once she realizes what you’re holding. “Does making a bigger Sigil mean it’s that much stronger?”

“I...I don’t really know,” you chuckle, grinning back at her. Now both your tails are wagging faster. “I imagine so!”

“Lemme try it out!” Rizii barks, overexcited, her now-boundlessly huge muscles tensing in glee, her nipples bursting firmer and thicker. “Come on, I’ll do it, you know I’m game-game!”

“Haha! I know, sweetheart—”

You catch yourself, blushing darkly, but Rizii waves her huge hands.

“Lloyd, you can always call me that, you know you can,” Rizii purrs, with all the affection in the world. “Just you lot, though, haha. You’re all mine-mine!”

She says it like she’s saying it for herself, but you know better by now-now.

“Wouldn’t be the same without you,” you rumble back.

Now, she blushes.

“Let’s see if I can do more,” you say, idly walking over traps unharmed, screaming enemies trying to run away on sight of your stats, bridges and stairs and all left unguarded. You imagine it’s a very nice dungeon—you’re just too huge to notice, and too excited to care.

You strain a little, and another Sigil appears in your hand.

“Whew, okay, that actually...took a bit more to do, heh,” you sigh, slightly light-headed. “More practice, I guess.”

“Go slow and steady, son, you’ll get it,” Mohz offers.

“Heh, my own Father never even called me that,” you chuckle, inflating your bulk up a little bigger, still, the same way Jestmi inflated her own body. “It’s sure different to hear.”

Mohz doesn’t answer as you all easily clear a ravine, one after the other, and approach the final stairwell to the same chamber from before.

“Here we go,” you huff, trying to ignore your rising maleness. You truly understand King Endid’s situation now: there’s just nothing that could cover your sheer mass.

Wait.

“Oh, of course,” you start, before snapping your thick fingers. At once, your old armor

and clothing appears over you, a conjured set of duds so big that no amount of threads could have sufficed in its creation.

“Hey, neat!” Rizii says, her eyes big and bright. “Can you do mine, Lloyd?”

“You *want* to be clothed?” you ask, shocked.

“Well, sure-sure! I want something to outgrow when I get even bigger! I want the ripping, the bursting! Isn’t that why you did yours?”

She...wow. She might be right, deep down.

The idea makes your shaft bloat bigger, stretching your newly-conjuring leggings. You clear your powerful throat and deflect by snapping Rizii a perfect recreation of her old patchwork armor, making the 2.5-mile tall female squeal happily.

“Yes! Thank you! I love-love it! Wheheh!”

“Could I have my old get-up too, Lloyd, honey?” Byrna chirps, wiggling her bulk.

“Of course! Anybody else, before you go in?”

Mohz raises his hand. Arlei’s thinking.

Snap-snap

Mohz’s blood-red robe appears, gold-trimmed and smart, just large enough to cover his now-massively huge body, save for a wide “V” that allows his bulging neck and pectorals to burst free. He smiles and nods thankfully, waiting until he thinks you’ve looked away to give a happy, warm flex of his arm. The fabric speaks softly as it stretches tighter and tighter, and the muscle bound kirin grins wider, lidding his eyes thoughtfully.

“It’s a fine gift,” he rumbles, actually so big that his wagging is perceptible, behind him.

“You’re welcome, ‘Dad’, heh.”

Mohz’s smile hobbles, lowering, but he laughs it off.

Byrna looks herself over, her new dark-blue, white-trimmed vest struggling rather gladly to contain her overflowing breasts, orange and softly glowing, a kind of ultra-corset snuggling her unbelievably wide, heavy, perfectly-curved hips.

“I love it!” she warbles, dancing catastrophically-heavily in place.

“I wouldn’t mind one more try at the old fashion, Lloyd,” Arlei says, at length. “If you please, sir!”

“Very good choice, boss!” you purr, making her laugh out loud at the notion. “Consider me your tailor, my Lady.”

“Oh, my goodness, stop,” she rumble-laugh, the towering lizard looking away with a big, dumb, happy grin. “You’re going to spoil me!”

“Happy to serve.”

SNAP

Instantly, Arlei’s old uniform reappears, tightly snuggling her flawless shape. Her dress is now a wildly bright, brilliant gold, with soft ivory for the apron, gigantic red jewels linking her cuffs together, her cap black and gold-rimmed. She looks herself over, her tail whipping madly behind her as she sniffs.

“Ah...it’s beautiful, Lloyd! I love it!”

“Got to wallop the antagonist in style, right?” you say, as Mohz approaches.

“Again, Lloyd, be careful. The Archmage is unbelievably powerful.”

“We know, Mohz,” Rizii sighs, putting a comforting hand on the ultra-kinin’s huge shoulder. “But he fell once, it can happen again!”

Mohz looks down, and this time, you really see it.

“What?” you ask, at last.

“It’s just a big moment, I suppose,” he says, more flatly. “Shall we?”

You slowly nod, and offer the huge male a warm pat on the back. He doesn’t smile, but he does pat your back in kind, even giving a thankful squeeze on your bulk.

The chamber is as you left it, sans insane rubber rats or confetti or lingering nightmares to come. All is quiet, in fact.

“I have to say, I’m a bit surprised the final horde stayed back,” Byrna says, thinking aloud as you enter. “This is their last chance to stop us, isn’t it?”

“We got even bigger and stronger, though, maybe they finally know better?” Rizii replies, shrugging heavily, liking how her tight armor clicks around it.

“Maybe,” the salamander mutters as you all near the chamber stairwell with its warp station up top. “How do we...you know, make the warp happen?”

“Usually you just go over it, it seems like,” Rizii says. “Even with Arast all scaled up in size, we’re still a bit big, so...if we get up there one at a time, and each enter, maybe that’ll do.”

You think a minute, staring up at it. You snap your fingers.

Nothing happens.

“Shoot, I was seeing if I could recreate it at a larger scale,” you huff, thinking more.

“STONE.”

The word reaches you, just before everything goes black.

It’s Mohz’s voice.

You can’t move, though that much doesn’t need explaining. You can’t see or hear or even breathe, which is more immediately occupying your mental faculties. Rather than anger or sadness, you’re mostly puzzled. Surely Mohz understands that you’re a junior god now? He must know, he’s too smart to do this and think it’ll stop you.

No.

No, we’re just fine.

Instantly, you are as flesh again, your old—well, *new* kobold body thick and smooth and bulky and warm again. You shake off what would normally be fatal with no softeners around, and check on either side to confirm that yes, Rizii, Arlei and Byrna are restored, and a bit more mad than you are.

“Did he just...stone us all?” Rizii grouses, more annoyed than dead. “The hell!”

“Did you restore us, Lloyd?” Byrna asks.

“Yeah, that was me,” you mutter, thinking.

“Lloyd, the warp,” Arlei interjects, putting a bigger hand on your huge shoulder. “We had better follow, and fast!”

“Isn’t anyone’s next thought going to be why Mohz did this?” Rizii barks as you get up the wide stairs to the warp in three steps, and peek in over the mechanism. “We were so close!”

“I’m sure he had a reason,” Arlei begs.

“Nuts to that,” the kobold giantess snorts, her tail lashing. “I don’t care if he does! I’m

gonna thump his big, dumb, handsome skull!”

“He is a bit of a gray fox,” Byrna agrees, grinning a little.

“Crafty as one, too,” you sigh, looking back over your bulk to the ladies below. “The warp’s been messed with, on the other side I assume. Probably to stall us a little longer. I don’t think he had any intention of killing us. Likely, he knew I would revert us back to normal in a minute. I guess a minute was all he needed, to make his move.”

“Whatever it is,” Arlei adds, rubbing her cheek thoughtfully. “Well, how do we follow him, then?”

“Oh, it’s fixed,” you rumble playfully, nodding your head and snapping your fingers.

The light to the warp blasts on again, flickering to life in a tall column of glowing blue.

“Oh, right, you’re a chaos god, now!” Byrna giggles. “That’s handy!”

“Good, good,” Rizii huffs, still fuming. “I’m gonna club the Archmage stupid, with Mohz as the bat! Let’s get going!”

You snap your fingers again, and the warp mechanism on the floor duplicates, appearing under every one of you at the same time, effectively warping you all in clean, smooth unison.

Stairs. Lots and lots and lots of stairs. Everywhere you look, there are more stairs, in all directions, against all logic or flow. Stairs to platforms that float in what appears to be space, the same subspace that Jestmi had created before her defeat. Star-dappled sheets of purple and blue swirl in the ink, galaxies and nebulae of gold and red flaring in infinity around the mega-structure, which itself looks halfway to forever in size. Compared to it, however, you’re all quite humongous, which makes travel surprisingly awkward as you and the ladies have to squeeze between platforms and crawl over others, foregoing the stairs outright.

“This is getting annoying,” Rizii grumbles, squeezing to force her bulging chest up from a flat platform. “Can’t we just work around this stupid final final dungeon?”

“Let’s see,” you hum, forcing your own huge kobold muscles through to another platform, as well. “If I just look the layout over a minute and study it, I think I can stretch it out to accommodate us a bit better—”

Arlei simply smashes the platform apart as she bullies through, displaying all power and no grace. You...don’t hate it.

“Yeah!” Rizii laughs, thrashing powerfully, her incalculable muscles blasting platforms and stairwells apart as she grins and powers right through everything, storming through the structure of the final final dungeon, obliterating her way along.

“Yeah, we can—that,” you murmur, shrugging.

It actually is pretty fun! You grin wide as you just move forward and let your scaly muscles bulge through it all, cracking and splitting and blowing stone apart like it’s brittle sand. After all, if you can’t have fun at 18,228 feet tall, when can you?

On and on you four barrel through, smashing the final final dungeon to bits, until reaching a much larger stage, up top.

“There, not so bad,” Byrna purrs, dusting the rubble off her prodigious chest, still slightly larger in proportion to even Rizii’s. “That didn’t take too long to get through.”

“Thankfully not,” you sigh, taking the instant save point out of your bag and setting it down on the stage; it bursts into a soft, comforting glow as you step over it and save.

“Might as well be now,” Arlei affirms, giving you a soft, comforting squeeze of her own.

“Damnation!”

The now-too familiar hiss draws your attention across the stony platform, over to the beaten and bruised body of Gorj, the enlarged naga lying down in pain. Even though he’s been blown up yet again in size, he pales in comparison to you, the now-3,000-foot colossus of a snake merely half Byrna’s towering size. He’s flashing red, badly.

“You!” you snort, glowering far, far down at the panting male serpent. “What happened here? What’d you do to Mohz?”

“What...did *I* do!?” Gorj groans, breathing heavily. “I didn’t even...get a chance to battle that lunatic kirin! He just hit me with...so many spells...and walked right by me! He was so big...I-I was tiny compared to him, he staggered me instantly...it’s not f-fair—”

“Gorj,” you begin.

“I-I tried my best—”

“I’m sure you did,” Arlei sighs, coming over and raising her hand. “HEAL MAX.”

A bright glow covers the naga, who winces a moment, then blinks, finding himself tip of the top once again. He looks up at you all in confusion, before sobbing.

“T-thank you!” he sniffles, holding his huge tail sheepishly. “I didn’t even want to be here! I just wanted to stay home and relax! Stupid customs! Stupid blood oath!”

“You just got caught up, then?” Byrna offers, helping the weeping snake up.

“My F-father made me take the stupid rites when I was young, I hate it,” Gorj whimpers, using his tail to wipe at his eyes. “I never wanted to do this, I *had* to. I wanted to do art! I was a good sculptor, up until his spirit left Kogo Varan, and the signal went out to take up arms!”

“Me too, I love sculpted bodies!” Byrna chirps, the bigger female hugging him to her bust without hesitation. “Well, why not join us? We’re going to go clobber the Archmage, anyway.”

“Yeah,” Rizii growls, wagging. “Set you free, how’s that sound?”

“T-the Archmage,” Gorj mumbles, before gulping heavily. “No. No! No, I can’t turn against him, he’d...a-annihilate me, my tribe! Hell, no!”

At that Grath pops up from between Byran’s breasts, just big enough to contain the super-huge red dragon.

“Sir,” he begins, “that green one there, the kobold? He’s turning into a full-on god! I was skeptical too, once, but if anyone can do it, they can.”

“You were freaked out like twenty minutes ago,” Rizii mutters.

“Well, a lot’s happened.”

“You don’t understand,” Gorj moans, the huge naga shaking his head in a rising panic. “The Archmage conquered *two gods* before being put in his place! J-just barely! No mortal’s ever grown that powerful, ever! And ever since his defeat, he’s been using the time off to inundate his soul with more and more and more and more and more evil, more power! He’s about to come back as something that can slay even gods! I won’t go against that! I-I can’t!”

“Wait, what?” you ask, furrowing your scaly brows. “He’s been changing this whole time? Into...what?”

“No one can say,” Gorj gulps, breathing faster, his eyes getting wild. “I don’t know! I just know that my stupid ancestors all agreed to help, instead of being wiped out in a blink! D-don’t ask me to face something that’s gotten even stronger than that, *after* dying! I won’t! I’d sooner risk a fight with you lot! N-no offense!”

“Don’t get stupid, snake,” Rizii growls as the smaller naga slithers back, panicking openly now. “Stop and think-think!”

“N-no! I’d sooner die now, than be p-punished! I-I’m as good as dead, anyway!” Groj whimpers, his jaw unhinging suddenly. He raises both arms up, two portals yawning open on either side as he trembles.

BOSS: DARK NAGA PRIEST GORJ, LV 30
HP: 20,000/20,000

MP: 500/500

“What is this?” Arlei moans, before the blackened hordes of the Nozala demon army pour out from both, scrambling loose in a blind and thoughtless rage.

“Hah!” Rizii snorts, wagging faster as she readies her cleaver. “He’s gone stupid from fear, poor bastard. We can clobber the last army of demons, no sweat!”

You watch, however, as the demons head not for you—but for Gorj.

“Wait,” you start, only to gasp with the girls as, one by one, every demon scrabbles up the big naga’s body and forces itself into his stretching mouth, down his bulging throat!

“Uh-oh,” you flatly say, as hundreds and hundreds of demons stuff themselves frantically down the serpent’s gullet, making his body rumble and swell larger, and larger. “He’s taking...the entire army into himself! Get back!”

“Puh,” Rizii yawns, rolling her eyes as Gorj balloons twice her size, then three times, starting to take up their periphery as his snake belly expands bigger and bigger. “He’s a putz, anyhow, what’s he going to do?”

BOSS: DARK NAGA PRIEST GORJ, LV 40

HP: 40,000/40,000

MP: 500/500

“Oh, crap,” Byrna huffs, hustling away as Gorj’s now 7-mile tall body inflates even bigger, the 36,960-foot colossus groaning in pain as innumerable black things tunnel into his stretching mouth, his gulps getting bigger and louder and deeper as he creaks and expands! His erection plows out of a fat sheath as bulges litter from within, his smooth belly doubling in size with a vast, low stretch of growth as it becomes twice his height in width!

“So what?” Rizii grunts, readying her cleaver with a cocksure grin. “His level grows with food, that’s fine-fine with me, hehe! Think how much EXP we’ll get if we let him get super-huge! We’ll have that much more of an edge against the big boss!”

“Rizii, get back!” you roar as Gorj’s vast belly bumps into her, starting to skid her back as it balloons to a width of 28 miles, to his shuddering height of 12!

BOSS: DARK NAGA PRIEST GORJ, LV 50

HP: 50,000/50,000

MP: 500/500

“No way, Lloyd, watch this! PERM BUFF! DRAIN ALL! BATTLECRY MAX!”

One skill and two spells flare up, the 2.5-mile tall kobold’s speed skyrocketing as her muscles throb and glow brightly; at the same time, massive amounts of energy flood off of the

quaking naga as he feeds and feeds, overflowing the platform. The power floods into Rizii, specifically her muscles, and instead of simply growing bigger and stopping, once, the drain magic overfeeds her bulk, instead, making it triple in size, bigger, and bigger, and bigger!

“What the heck?” Byrna gasps, watching Rizii’s physique bulge loudly, heaving from frightening to insane.

“HAAAAAAAAAAHAAHAAAAAAAAHA!”

“She’s...combining drain...with perm buff!?” you shout, genuinely impressed, as the shuddering female’s muscles blow up even wilder in size, adding to a permanent buff state as her yellow eyes glow and bulge wide. Her biceps, formerly as big as her torso is wide, erupt far, far larger, her head nearly vanishing on her neck as it bloats with raw strength. Her forearms *boom* uncontrollably, her thighs blasting into mad pillars of godhood, her back muscles consuming everything, her shoulders blowing up as big as several Byrnas put together, on either side!

Her power...her strength stats...are going berserk!

“P...PPPPPOOOO-OOOWWW-WWWEERRRRR-HURRRRR!”

The kobold’s body starts to object, despite its great lusting joy, her scales threatening to split as they’re forced to take on so much, so very fast. For her own good, the spells run out, letting the rest of her grow properly around that much stupendous blue muscle. Her huffing alone shakes the platform, shakes space around you, glowing contrails of energy flooding like steam off of her gorgeous, hulking form. She hasn’t grown in height, per se...yet she stands far taller now, pushed and stretched up to a stunning 5 miles from pure muscle inflation!

“WHOA!” Byrna and Arlei both gasp, as you just stare.

“HEEEEEEEHHHH,” Rizii booms, great streams of power smoking from her breathy muzzle, her long floppy kobold ears twitching in glee. “SMASH...MAAAAAAX!”

Her cleaver comes down on the larger naga’s immensely tight, full belly.

Newly-minted god or not, you go flying back into space on impact, along with Byrna and Arlei. The blow is just that strong. Had it not been delivered in subspace, you shudder to think what hurricanes it would cause, back in your home world.

Gorj flies back, wailing through the mouthful of demons, interrupting the chain of food as he cries out in pain.

-46,821 DAMAGE!!! CRITICAL!!!

The monstrously huge Gorj flashes red once again, knocked down to only 3,179 HP.

Rizii is so muscular now that her simple act of turning to grin toothily shakes *everything*.

How the kobold female can even move that much bulk is beyond you, but it's happening. In fact, she makes it look easy.

“JUST WAIT TIL I RECHARGE,” she booms, wagging a tail so big and powerful it creates winds in space. “I’M DOING THIS UNTIL I BURST! HAHA! YOU WON’T BE THE ONLY GOD HERE FOR LONG, TWERP!”

“Maybe you should go slow, a little bit, honey!” Byrna gulps, openly shocked. “You almost *did* blow up there, I saw your body straining!”

“Yes,” Arlei chuckles, floating nearer in the void. “Perhaps give yourself some time to adjust, first!”

“NAH, BIGGER.”

Rizii openly fondles her own muscles, huge hands sliding over muscles that even gods likely hadn't conceived of. The power-crazed kobold's darkest dreams are in front of her, though her smile is as happy as a kid's. Thigh muscles that would take an ox and cart hours to travel around twitch greedily, begging for more, as more power floods off of her bulk, making her shine slightly. She may be right...if she keeps abusing this spell loophole, she could become terrifying. The only reason others hadn't managed this sort of madness was, you suppose, their lack of power going into it. She was already a serious beast of a female, *before* trying.

Two flashes return in space, pulling your focus back to Gorj; more portals are opening up in front of his opened mouth as the panic-stricken young snake allows the armies of Nozala to resume pouring into his 50-mile body and 200-mile wide belly, his tail bloated into a fat nub as he rumbles anew, and starts to grow even bigger!

BOSS: DARK NAGA PRIEST GORJ, LV 60
HP: 10,000/70,000
MP: 500/500

“HEY, WHAT,” Rizii grunts, her neck so huge and bulky that you can *hear* the muscles power-churning, just from her turning her head again. “HE WAS BELOW 4,000 HP!”

“He's healing when he feeds, on top of growing!” Byrna shouts as you all watch Gorj swell obscenely massive.

His belly itself could hold entire kingdoms on it as it blows up to 100 miles high, and 500 miles wide, quaking from the stretching, pulling, rubbery intake of demons. Atop it all is the increasingly-fat, bulky, swelling body of the naga, his growing mouth allowing thousands and thousands to pile in, faster and faster.

“What's his end-game, Lloyd?” Arlei correctly asks. “Why is he just getting bigger and bigger, but not attacking us? He has MP, after all, what could he...”

You turn to see your darling ultra-maid lizard go pale.

“What?” you shout, having to get louder over the sea of stretching groans from Gorj’s rampant, booming growth. “What is it?”

“He’s likely got only *one* spell, Lloyd.”

You turn to see him swelling and trembling, doubling in size, now over 1,000 miles wide, and 500 miles tall. He’s indeed making no attempts to attack.

“He’s...going to explode!?”

“And his level is rising, so his defenses and HP are skyrocketing,” she adds.

“So we have to kill him before he gets too big, while he’s healing! We basically need a deathblow round, got it!”

“We don’t have anything for that,” Arlei huffs.

“We just have to hit him with everything, then,” you offer, shrugging.

“And blow all our resources before the final fight?” Byrna anxiously posits.

“We’ll heal fully and use the last of our inventory to compensate!” you say, before you see Rizii getting ready to cast her dangerous combo-spell, yet again.

“Rizii, stop!” Byrna yells, openly worried on multiple fronts.

“I CAN DO THIS, HONEY!” she rumbles, her nipples openly leaking as she shudders in delight, more than ready to get even thicker and larger. “HEHE, WAAAATCH M...ME GROOOOOW!”

“Stop her, Lloyd, she’s not thinking straight!” Byrna pleads. “She can’t keep chaining it up in just one battle, she’ll blow before Gorj does!”

The rumbling serpent groans deeply, his body blowing up to a horrifyingly massive, view-filling 3,000 miles in width, his belly straining tighter and tighter as his 900-mile body shakes, flooding with literally *millions* of surging demons.

BOSS: DARK NAGA PRIEST GORJ, LV 70

HP: 110,000/110,000

MP: 500/500

“No wonder he never tried this before, it’s his only tactic,” Arlei frets, as Gorj’s body reaches nearer, growing all the way over to them with its drumbeat bulges of doom. “I don’t think Rizii can deliver that big a blow, even powering up again!”

“SLOW MAX!” you shout, making a time-hue consume her huge form.

Rizii’s tremendous muscles slow down as she blinks, then looks slowly back at you in annoyance, her mouth gradually opening:

“LLLLLOOOOOOYYYYYYD! COMMMMMME OOOOONNNNN!”

“FULL STUN!”

By your own willpower, coupled with chaos magic, the spell instantly connects, making Gorj freeze in space with a startled *hrrk*. Still, even without his gulping, the demons climb in furiously, swelling the quaking snake even bigger, and bigger, and BIGGER, AND BIGGER!

“Crap!” you moan, wagging quickly in thought.

“Can you just, you know...will him away?” Arlei asks.

“Yeah, you’ve got all these new powers, Lloyd, try!” Byrna adds, encouraging.

“Okay...but in the meantime, you two do everything you can do to drain his HP down!”

BOSS: DARK NAGA PRIEST GORJ, LV 80
HP: 150,000/150,000
MP: 500/500

“HOLY FLARE!” Arlei booms, her new outfit fluttering back as a brilliant white light bursts from her hands, consuming the nearly planet-sized Gorj with pearlescent flame for a mighty -41,967 DAMAGE! It burns every demon away that tries to climb from Gorj’s portals as it burns on, then fades...only for millions more to pour back out, untouched!

“Keep burning them before they reach Gorj’s mouth!” you order.

“EMBER MAX!” Byrna roars, sending a vast tide of burning embers from her huge flame tuft, burning the hordes away gradually. “SUB WARP!”

Byrna’s warp portal appears right in front of Gorj’s opened maw, big enough to consume a small moon now as he swells beyond control, over 6,000 miles tall, and 30,000 miles wide!

“Come on,” she huffs, as the demons instead move around the god-snake’s mouth, swarming down and up his rump instead, blowing him even bigger as he groans, despite being stunned to inactivity. “Dammit!”

“RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHRRRGH,” Rizii grunts, straining in frustration as her spell cast takes forever to start.

“HOLY FLARE!” Arlei roars again, once more slamming the burning naga-titan for a less-impressive -20,629 DAMAGE, as the male’s levels climb into scary realms:

BOSS: DARK NAGA PRIEST GORJ, LV 90
HP: 219,371/240,000
MP: 500/500

What can you do? What? You can do anything, sort of, can't you?

Make him vanish!

You snap your fingers, but nothing happens.

Er. Close his mouth!

You try that next, but nothing happens. You test your powers by snapping your fingers, and sure enough, your poison blade enlarges to fill your hand, heavy and huge. Okay, that worked...so, why not on Gorj?

“He has the Archmage’s blessing,” you mutter, rolling your eyes. “I guess I can’t touch him, if Jestmi couldn’t either.

Close the portals!

It could work; it isn’t Gorj, directly, so.

You snap your fingers and they both vanish outright.

There’s a moment of quiet as Gorj’s stunned body floats there, all around beyond you, the snake having swollen from the puniest being to the biggest, by a monster of a landslide. He looms over even your party, all of you, bigger than the entire world, easily. Even Arlei’s original body could fit on it like a puppy or kitten!

BOSS: DARK NAGA PRIEST GORJ, LV 99
HP: 350,000/350,000
MP: 500/500

“HHHHHHGH,” Gorj tries to say, still frozen in place.

“That was close, I think,” Arlei pants, shaking her hands. “He’s at 99! I don’t want to imagine what anything more would have resulted in. What a power to have! And he wanted to just sculpt stuff at home!”

“Shame he’s our foe,” Byrna huffs. “But what can we do, now?”

“FFFFFINNNNNISSSSSSSHHHH HUH-HIIIIIIIM,” Rizzi growls, still upset.

“He can’t seem to call them back, so he can’t heal anymore,” you start, perking your ears up thoughtfully. “But, I kind of feel bad for him, he’s the one boss that doesn’t seem to want to kill us or drive us insane. He’s just terrified of not going through with orders. Give me a minute, ladies, okay?”

“Sure,” Byrna chirps, trusting you completely.

“Of course, Lloyd!” Arlei nods.

“Right, thanks! Stay back!”

“Stay back?” Byrna repeats, as you concentrate, and breathe in deep. You inflate slightly, the same way the giant rat-goddess did. You nod, grin, and take in a massive, seemingly-infinite breath, feeling yourself stretch and balloon bigger and bigger as you inflate! Your green-yellow bulk explodes in size as you take and take and take, bursting so big so fast that the other three party members squawk and hold on to your erupting muscles as you swell to half Gorj’s size, then match it!

You...you’re over 7,000 miles tall. You’re as big as the planet, and then some! Your mind reels at the concept, your body swollen nearly as big as Rizii’s, in terms of pure dimension, though she still has you beat. Which...is insane.

“HEY,” you kindly begin, leaning in, as Gorj’s scared eyes flick over to you, the only things he can successfully move. “GORJ, LISTEN...YOU DON’T HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS. I GET IT, THE ARCHMAGE IS SCARIER THAN BLOWING YOURSELF UP. BUT PLEASE, COULD YOU TRUST US? WE DON’T WANT YOU TO DIE. WE DON’T NEED TO FIGHT, RIGHT?”

Sweat beads around the colossal naga’s head as he listens, his eyes flicking lower in thought, then back up at you as you smile.

“WE CAN TRY TO WARP YOU FAR AWAY, THEN WE PROMISE TO KEEP THE ARCHMAGE BUSY. YOU CAN GO WHEREVER YOU WANT...I MEAN, IN SPACE. YOU CAN’T REALLY FIT ON THE WORLD ANYMORE, CAN YOU.”

Gorj boom-whimpers, tears lining his eyes.

“NO, NO, IT’S OKAY, GORJ. IT’S NOT OVER FOR YOU. YOU DON’T HAVE TO PUT ON ANY BAD GUY ACTS, AND YOU DON’T HAVE TO DO WHATEVER YOUR PAST SAYS. WHEN WE WIN, AND THE ARCHMAGE NO LONGER HAS ANY ATTACHMENT TO YOU, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO USE MY POWER TO FIX YOU, SHRINK YOU BACK DOWN, AND YOU CAN GO HOME. HELL, I’LL FIX YOUR HOME. MY PLEASURE.”

The tears stream down, but they seem...different. His nostrils flare as emotion overtakes

him, despite his goldy size and bulk and immeasurably big belly. You could swear he's trying desperately to nod to you, a smile at the edges of his open mouth.

“THAT’S NOW CONSTRUED AS AGREEMENT, AS FAR AS I’M CONCERNED. HOLD TIGHT, WE’LL WARP YOU ELSEWHERE, BEFORE WE FIGHT HIM.”

Just then, a new portal opens, on its own, differently colored.

“HUH?” you grunt, looking at the tiny swirl, before the remainder of the massive dark army churns forth, billowing in a cloud of evil that plows into Gorj’s stunned erection, blowing the moaning snake up bigger, and bigger, AND BIGGER, AND BIIIGGGERRR!

“HHHHHHHHHH-HHHHH-HHHHHHNNNNNH!?”

The tone of his wail alone says everything: Gorj isn’t doing this!

BOSS: DARK NAGA PRIEST GORJ, LV 130
HP: 600,000/600,000
MP: 500/500

His level blows your mind, even though you’re a god now, as you watch it surge past the holy grail, past the impossible, by a colossal margin! The moaning snake rumbles miserably as he swells to triple his immense size, outgrowing the nearby planets, shaking and stretching ominously, his scales pulling wider apart as dark energy fissures through in sharp beams!

22,000 miles tall...100,000 miles wide!

“ARLEI! RAISE MAX, NOW, EVERYONE!”

Even the massive Arlei cries out as the raw power and size of your order slams down into them all, shaking space harder. You don’t mean to, but the size difference is now so vast that your casual actions have crushing effects—but there’s just no time to murmur!

“R-RAISE MAX!”

A golden light overtakes you all as you close your eyes, and prepare for the worst.

You hear Gorj screaming, stunned, as his body trembles too much, swells too big.

BOSS: DARK NAGA PRIEST GORJ, LV 170
HP: 900,000/900,000
MP: 500/500

A spherical mass of scales blows up to just shy of 130,000 miles in all diameters, a

mind-breaking 686,400,000 feet, when the dark energy coalesces, and the god-snake ruptures with a blinding blast of darkness that showers through the subspace, battering you like death itself, blowing Arlei, Bryna, Rizii and even you away for a withering -38,964 DAMAGE!!

For the first time, the entire party is wiped out. Not even Gorj remains.

In the serpent's place is a titanic warp portal, hidden within Gorj himself.

It swells and expands wider, and wider, and wider, nearly a million miles across, before a monstrous dark hand rises up from it, then another. A vast, planet-dwarfing head rises, two goat-like horns on one side, a towering kirin horn between, glowing with red, deathly power, followed by two gleaming red eyes, as a kirin well over 8,000,000 miles tall emerges, his lithe body covered in elaborate black and red robes, a vast hood billowing around his long ears.

The portal fades at last, and there is only the Archmage.

Hands big enough to crush planets flex and move, as if the Archmage is trying out a new body at long, long last. His red eyes coolly observe as he snorts a monsoon of pure power and magic into space, ejecting from a muzzle so big that your home world could fit in one nostril.

He blinks, and space shudders, planets trying to drift away in fear of him as he takes his first godly breath, and smiles slowly. It isn't so much sinister as it is...*confident*.

His cosmically-huge, floppy deer-ears flick up as he blinks again, and looks down in space, to see your bodies all flash back into being, restored at full HP and MP.

He smiles wider, staying quiet, just for a moment's fun.

"Oh, thank goodness," Arlei sighs, dusting herself off. "That was beyond close!"

"Did anyone else see a portal, for a split second, when Gorj blew?" you ask. "That was the biggest warp-anything I've ever seen!"

"And then some, heh," Bryna adds, as Rizii snorts and folds her impossibly brawny, swollen arms...a task that proves impossible, after all. "Seems gone now, though. But poor Gorj. Used that way, probably his entire life. He clearly had no idea he was the one containing the portal. He must have migrated away from Kogo Varan through subspaces, and hidden in a proper vessel until he was ready to emerge."

"So, he hid inside of a coward?" you ask.

"Where better?"

"HMPH," Rizii boom-grunts, the sour kobold drifting in subspace over to you as you shake your head and blink back to life. "YOU'RE LUCKY I ADORE YOU, TWERP! DON'T

EVER SLOW ME DOWN LIKE THAT AGAIN, THOUGH, YOU GOT IT!?”

“Wait, *you* died too, Lloyd?” Arlei asks, puzzled. “You’re a god!”

“I think I just got vaporized, and came back, like Jestmi did.”

You find yourself back at their size, roughly 22,000 feet or so, about 4 miles tall.

“Well, at least we had ourselves covered,” Byrna chirps, snuggling into Rizii, warming the upset kobold a bit more. “Good thinking, L–OOOOHOOO!”

The seemingly infinite sea of Gorj’s embers float your way, having taken a moment to do so through space. But when they reach you:

+500,000 EXP

You all feel the blast of experience like it’s an assault, and a glorious one.

LLOYD, LV 99, KOBOLD CHAOS GODLING

HP: 78,600/78,600

MP: 9,990/9,990

STRENGTH: 999999

DEFENSE: 999999

DEXTERITY: 999999

SPEED: 999999

HEIGHT: 24,500’11”

WEIGHT: ??????

SKILLS: CONFUSE MAX, STEAL MAX, COVER ALL, SCREEN MAX, REBUKE ALL, SLOW MAX, READER MAX, FULL STUN, MULTIPLY, INFLATE, MANIPULATE, CONJURATION, HYPERWARP, IMMUNE, INVULNERABLE, POWERFLOW

RIZII, LV 95, KOBOLD AMAZON DEMIGODDESS

HP: 50,500/50,500

MP: 2,810/2,810

STRENGTH: 90,500 +50,000 BOOST

DEFENSE: 160,000 + 130,000 BOOST

DEXTERITY: 99,300

SPEED: 70,000

HEIGHT: 26,400’08”

WEIGHT: ??????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY MAX, MULTI-STRIKE MAX, SMASH MAX, CRUSH MAX, REBUKE ALL, DEFENSE MAX, ECONO MAX, GODSTRIKER, BULK SHIELD

SPELLS: FULL ABSORB

NEXT LEVEL: 100,000/790,000 EXP

BYRNA, LV 98, FLAME SALAMENTAL

HP: 48,200/48,200

MP: 10,300/10,300

STRENGTH: 9,800 +5,000 BOOST

DEFENSE: 13,500 +6,000 BOOST

DEXTERITY: 10,900

SPEED: 8,400

HEIGHT: 6,150'07"

WEIGHT: ??????

SKILLS: ECONO MAX, COVER ALL, LASH ALL, EMBER MAX, CRUSH ALL,
RUMP COMET, VOLCANO BLAST

SPELLS: HELLFIRE, PERM BUFF, WARP, SUB-WARP, HEAT SHIELD ALL

NEXT LEVEL: 70,000/890,000 EXP

Rizii starts to radiate a power similar to your own, if far less potent. She looks herself over, grinning with gleamy teeth, but before she can speak, Arlei *explodes* in size!

LV 99

The 12-mile maid bellows in hot joy as your new suit stretches with her, her breasts booming far bigger, straining the fabric out as she blasts up to double her size. Her thighs bloom into mighty mounds, stretching her net stockings loudly as she rumbles worse and worse.

LV 100

There it is. Like Gorj, impossibly, Arlei booms right through the limits of mortals, blowing up bigger as she screams, doubling her size again, from 24 miles to 48. Her fat nipples burst against stretching clothing as she more calmly takes it in, or is clearly trying to.

LV 101

The trembling lizard woman clutches herself as she groans, throbbing out bigger, her body fighting to adjust as she *triples* in size. Her legs bulge even wider, her hips swelling disproportionately as she grits her teeth and closes her eyes, trying to gulp, when—

LV 102

LV 103

LV 104

LV 105
LV 106
LV 107

She grunts and struggles to contain herself as her body keeps violently blasting up larger, stretching from 48 miles to 96. She bites her lip and whimpers a hot moan out as she balloons loudly to 192 miles, then 384! Her dress and apron and cap and cuffs all stretch along with her, though dark milk stains soak around her ballooning nipples as she helplessly blasts warm cream into them.

You and the others drift back, unblinking, as Arlei grows from a comrade into a behemoth, then an outright *wall* of size. That wall is still getting bigger, as she snorts and erupts up to 768 miles, then 1,536, each concussive BOOM of growth pushing you back from displaced force as her looming underwear drips, swelling bigger and wetter as she balls her growing fists and squeals in lust, bursting up to 3,072 miles!

She's not as big as Gorj was yet, but Arlei's shadow-self is now as big as a moon.

LV 110

The tera-maid expands faster and faster, her threads growing so big you can see them patterning out her apron as it grows towards you. 6,144 miles...12,288 miles...24,576 miles!

LV 111

At this she finally stops swelling, the shaking maid's entire dress and apron stuck together with her fluids as she lets out a gale-force huff, quaking with unspent need, but holding herself under restraint as she comes off of it.

ARLEI, LV 111, HOLY MAID DEMIGODDESS (SHADOW)

HP: 90,600/90,600

MP: 11,900/11,900

STRENGTH: 66,000

DEFENSE: 99,500

DEXTERITY: 85,190

SPEED: 77,200

HEIGHT: 259,522,560'02"

WEIGHT: ??????

SKILLS: AURA MAX, ALL-SMASH MAX, BRUNT MAX, PERM ECONO MAX, ALL-COVER, HOLY SONG, CHARM MAX, SEAL MAX, LOVE CANNON

SPELLS: HEAL MAX, CURE ALL, DETOX, RAISE MAX, HIGH ARMOR, WARP, SUB-WARP, HOLY FLARE, HEAVEN'S ANVIL, ALL-SPIRAL

"Whoa," you rumble to yourself. Your level is...well, you don't really even know it

anymore, at your new stature. But she's done it: Arlei broke through the impossible barrier.

"HAAAAAAH," she boom-booms, her titanic voice shaking the rest of you.

"Unbelievable!" Rizii gasps, her cute kobold ears up high. She's drooling some.

So too is Byrna.

Arlei looms thoroughly over everyone by an absurd margin, well over 9,000 times larger than even you. You can't even tell where she starts or stops, regardless of the angle or...well, *quadrant* of her body you observe. As with Gorj, the original Arlei slumbering back in your world would be a bug in comparison! You consider blowing yourself up to her size, hoping you could do it faster with the recent practice, when something interrupts:

"WELL, NOT BAD AT ALL."

You all freeze in place, realizing that there's been a darkness over you all, this entire time.

A shadow. Over even Arlei. Far, far, far beyond her. Even the planets are caught in it.

Oh, no.

You turn to see...nothing, at first. No planets, no stars, no swirls of creation's colors. Then, you realize why: you're looking at a curtain. No...a ROBE.

"UP HERE."

Reluctantly, you oblige. A wave of terror washes over you, *a god*. You can't help it.

A kirin looms beyond you, dark-furred, dark blue bordering on violet. Patterns of glowing white cover his vast muzzle and white-glow nose as red eyes so big you have to stare to comprehend them all glare down, cold and indifferent. Big and amazing as you are, you...you aren't even *dust* to it. Only your inherent god-vision allows proper comprehension. *Barely*.

FINAL BOSS: ARCHMAGE, LV 9,999

HP: 999,999,999/999,999,999

MP: 9,999,999/9,999,999

You feel the very serious need to faint and spare your mind the trauma.

A kirin, clad in robes, so b...big that planets are *specks* at best, hovering anxiously around his inescapably enormous body. So much power floods off of him that your vision blurs as it slowly pushes you back into Arlei's lesser enormity.

"Y...you're," you croak, weakly.

“HELLO, THERE,” the Archmage says, quite calmly. **“A PLEASURE. I NEVER IMAGINED THE HEROES WOULD REACH THIS KIND OF STRENGTH, JUST TO REACH LITTLE OLD ME. IT’S HEARTWARMING, ACTUALLY. I’M REALLY VERY FLATTERED, QUITE HAPPY TO SEE IT.”**

“T-thank y-you?”

The infinitely bigger kirin scoops up Arlei like a bug (to a bug), the maid barely a mote in between two immense cervine fingertips. She’s thousands and thousands of times your party’s size, and she’s barely 1/167th *his* size.

“MOHZ, YOU CREEP!” Rizii screams, flexing herself thicker in pure rage. “I *KNEW* WE COULDN’T TRUST YOU! I *KNEW-KNEW* IT!”

“YOU DID-DID, DID YOU?” the Archmage blast-talks, somehow hearing the microscopic kobold, flinging you all back with the sheer size of his cosmos-spanning *words*. **“I SUPPOSE I WOULD EXPECT THAT SORT OF TREACHERY, TOO, FROM HIM. THOUGH YOU REALLY-”**

A torrent of explosions pelt the Archmage’s colossal expanse, interrupting. You look up to see countless asteroids, moons, and even planets sent rocketing in flames into the infinite kirin. He casually watches them hit over and over, each catastrophic explosion barely perceptible, his red eyes lidding in boredom as the numbers rack up:

-1,800,000 DAMAGE!!! UNBELIEVABLE!

-2,000,000 DAMAGE!!! IMPOSSIBLE!!!

-3,100,000 DAMAGE!!! STOPPIT!!

His HP tickles a little smaller as planet-dwarfing explosions pepper his robe with barely-perceptible *pops*. The Archmage closes his vast red eyes and yawns slowly, looking ready to fall asleep as he withstands an onslaught that would be the end of entire worlds to others. Frankly, for those barren looking planets and moons, it’s just that.

“MMPH,” the kirin titan grunts, opening his eyes dully. **“I REALLY EXPECTED BETTER, I HAVE TO BE HONEST. HAVEN’T YOU INCREASED YOUR POWER ANY, IN ALL THIS TIME?”**

Behind you, a vast shadow swells up, and up, and up. You turn in time to see Mohz there in the distance of subspace, the colossal kirin ballooning larger and larger and larger. You see one of your self-made chaos Sigils there, glowing bright, stuck to the growing male’s humongous chest as it grows with him!

His clothing rips all the way away, popping threads and snapping lines hugging increasingly huge muscles as he booms from 4 miles to 40, then 400, his body struggling to keep up as unfettered chaos-growth pulses through his fur as he roars even bigger!

“Your Sigil, Lloyd!” Byrna shouts, watching in shock as Mohz rumbles harder, winces, and detonates violently, his bulky body blasting up to 900 miles, then 2,400 miles! He glares at the other kirin intently, fighting to keep his composure, even as an erection nearly 700 miles long lurches slowly up, parting your crew into a scatter as its mammoth tip swells up past!

“He’s actually trying out one!” Byrna gasps, before you see his growing hand slap the *other Sigil* on the opposing pectoral. “B-both!?”

The Archmage watches as Mohz finally cries out, shudder-bulging too much, his body exploding frantically larger in its attempts to match the power flow. The 8,000,000-mile leviathan smirks as the older kirin’s bulky form expands throughout space, blowing up from 7,366 miles to 10,000...66,700...230,000!

Byrna warps the party far enough away (Arlei not included) to settle onto a house-sized moon, watching as Mohz pumps stubbornly bigger, becoming doll-sized to the Archmage as he booms to 1,000,000 miles, then 4,000,000!

“He’s n-not stopping, Lloyd,” Byrna gulps, looking up at your far-larger body.

“I didn’t know I made them that strong,” you mutter, impressed with yourself.

“Well, hey, you *look* well-rested,” Byrna purrs, cocking her reptilian brow coyly.

“YEAH, LLOYD!” Rizii rumbles, suddenly pressed into you, about your size. “WE CAN OVERPOWER HIM! JUST MAKE A BUNCH SO WE CAN GET BIGGER THAN HIM AND SMASH HIS SMUG FACE IN!”

“It...was kind of hard to do even a few,” you murmur, blushing.

“Try! We have to get stronger! You, too!” Byrna adds, leaning in on your other side. “Arlei didn’t warp here with us, did she? The Archmage is too strong right now, isn’t he?”

“Okay, alright, I’ll try it,” you say, nodding rapidly.

As Mohz continues to explode up to 7,000,000 miles in size in the periphery of subspace, you fervently pull all your focus inward, forcing another glowing Sigil onto your huge palms.

“GAH!” you pant, openly sweating from exertion. “Why are these so m-much harder to make? I can make other things, no problem.”

“Well, try one more, at least, please!” Byrna huffs, worriedly peeking over you to see

Mohz continuously bursting larger, actually surpassing the Archmage as he BOOMS past 10,000,000 miles, and *continues* to grow unabated! “We need all the help we can get, I think, because he doesn’t look too scared of Mohz!”

“SO MUCH THE BETTER, IF WE CAN FACE HIM DOWN TOGETHER, LITERALLY,” Rizii growls, clearly throbbing with excitement as she eyes your hands, watching as you strain to create one more overpowered Sigil. “I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT!”

It’s like pulling something out of the air, only it’s pulling back, resisting. Maybe a full-on high grade god can just order something to be, but right now, you’re *begging* it to.

“I CAN’T ALLOW YOU TO DO FURTHER DAMAGE,” Mohz rumble-booms, his voice a blast of raw power and wisdom, sending your moon-base into a quake. “WHY DID YOU...NGGGH, RETURN AT ALL?”

He continues to grow larger as he strains to talk, the pulsing kirin’s nude body bursting beyond 14,000,000 miles, then, with one last, terrible explosion of growth, 17,361,830 miles—nearly one hundred billion feet of furry male glory, dwarfing absolutely everything, even the Archmage, rendered half his mighty size as he pants and shudders the pleasure out. His erection and sacs nearly bump the mighty villain back, yet the dark kirin snorts casually, and brings a titanic hand up to stroke the colossal, hot shaft, poking it curiously.

“WELL, I SAW NO FURTHER NEED TO NAP, REALLY,” the Archmage booms, smiling up at Mohz. **“WHY ARE YOU HERE? TRYING TO PUT ME BACK DOWN, AGAIN? IF SO...I DON’T MEAN TO BE RUDE, BUT...THIS WON’T DO. AT ALL. THAT IS RATHER RUDE, ISN’T IT? I SHOULD HAVE MORE RESPECT, I APOLOGIZE.”**

“IT WASN’T A MATTER OF RESPECT,” Mohz bellow-speaks, trying to maintain civility to the last. He stops as the Archmage rather flagrantly fondles his unhideable erection, prodding and testing it with a few interested grunts. “HRM. CASE IN POINT. YOU NEVER RESPECTED BOUNDARIES, *OR* LIMITATIONS.”

You strain harder, furrowing your kobold brow deep, forcing another Sigil into existence. It glows violently in your hands, looking far more...*dangerous* than the others. Your vision blurs, but you shake it off and blink as Byrna takes one, and Rizii the other.

“We can’t help Arlei until we’re bigger,” Byrna insists, preparing to put the Sigil on her breast. “Lloyd, you just do that breathy thing and inflate yourself bigger, and we’ll all attack!”

“R-right,” you huff, inflating a bit bigger with every breath already—though really, it’s more a side-effect of your trying to get your lungs filled. “Let’s d-do it, ladies!”

“ALRIGHT! GROW-TIME! HEHE, I LOVE YOU, TWERP!” Rizii beams, meaning it,

as she gladly slaps the Sigil on her breast, letting it soak into her huge body with a deep, giddy purr. “I CAN’T WAIT TO REALLY GET—AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUGH!!”

Byrna slaps hers on, as well, looking up in surprise at Rizii, just as her Sigil glows.

“Ooh, is it that strong, Riz—EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!”

Both females detonate so big so tremendously fast that you’re crushed tight between their surging bodies. Scales meet scales as the two roaring lizards balloon to over 50 miles in size, then 200, then 500, your body getting lost in the middle as you’re ground and rolled about, unharmed but dizzied, until you find yourself snuggled wetly between a blazing-hot set of orange vaginal lips and a much bigger, puffier clitoris on the other side!

Rizii’s maw is wide open as she screams and swells, blasting, banging and bursting to horrendous scopes, as Byrna’s inflating hips and breasts buffet her swelling, tight muscles, hot and cool rubbing and swelling and shuddering and nuzzling and kissing as they roar into one another’s mouths, billowing to 1,000 miles...2,000 miles...3,000 miles...4,000!

“YOU NEVER RESPECTED PROGRESS OR IMPROVEMENT, IN MY EYES,” the Archmage rumbles, undeterred by the looming Mohz. **“IT WAS FINE FOR YOU TO BE THE BEST, CERTAINLY, BUT NO ONE ELSE. JUST LIKE THE PETTY GODS! YOU KNOW FULL WELL THAT THEY’RE AWFUL!”**

“THEY’RE ALSO FAR BEYOND US, GOOD OR BAD.”

“THEY WERE, YOU MEAN. I’M MORE THAN HAPPY TO SHOW YOU, I’VE WANTED TO FOR SO LONG, NOW. I THINK IF YOU SEE, YOU’LL FINALLY UNDERSTAND. I’M NOT BITTER ABOUT THE PAST, YOU KNOW. JUST... LAMENTING OF IT. FRUSTRATED, SOMEWHAT. BUT IT’S WORTH IT, TO HAVE YOU HERE.”

“STAY DOWN, ARLEI. FLAME MAX!”

The comparatively tinier Arlei perks up at the warning, then dives down in the Archmage’s enormous hand, tucking in.

A canyon of fire big enough to consume multiple Suns slams into the Archmage for a staggering -4,253,605 DAMAGE—a mind-meltingly devastating figure! Yet, the Archmage’s HP barely moves as the flame clears, the svelte young kirin simply dusting his undamaged robe clean with a colossal, graceful hand.

“YOU COULD JUST BE PATIENT, UNTIL IT’S TIME, HAAA,” he suggests,

closing his glowing red eyes as a single tingle races through his vast body, then settles back down again. ***“THERE’S NO RUSH, YOU KNOW.”***

Mohz checks himself quickly, closing his eyes and taking a breath, swelling his tremendous pectorals out proudly. The exhale is so powerful that the Archmage’s hood ruffles about as Mohz opens his eyes and bellows:

“THUNDER MAX!”

A cosmic storm of unbridled wrath crackles to life, consuming the smaller ultra-kirin for a terrifying -4,818,939 DAMAGE!! Still, the Archmage lets it come and go, his HP virtually in the same place. He’s still smiling his coy, deer-like grin, even now.

“LAST TIME, YOU DID EVERYTHING IMAGINABLE TO STOP ME, AS I TRIED TO STOP YOU,” Mohz huffs, sighing. “IS THERE TO BE NO RESISTANCE, THIS TIME?”

At that, Rizii and Byrna both explode bigger, blasting up in size so quickly, so aggressively and suddenly, that both Mohz and the Archmage turn to see the females billowing into view, proper. The swelling salamental is over 9,000,000 miles in size now, with Rizii clocking in at a stunning, ridiculous 22,670,000 miles, nearly triple the Archmage’s size! Her breasts bulge up in a bounce, crashing back down with a plump bobble as she shakes with delight, kobold milk jetting in rivers from her overfull teats.

“YYYYEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAH!” she booms, flexing unthinkable muscles.

The Archmage lifts one brow, at long last, before chuckling.

“CUTE. HOW FUN!”

“YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO AT LEAST TAKE A LITTLE WHILE TO GET HERE,” Mohz sighs, planet-dwarfing hands finding his hips as he turns to the ladies. “THIS IS MY BATTLE, PLEASE UNDERSTAND—”

“OH, SHUT IT MOHZ!” Rizii hisses, still angry. “WE WOUND UP DOING THE FIGHTING, REGARDLESS, WHILE YOU JUST...WHAT, HID AWAY HERE?”

“I MEANT TO BEAT THE ARCHMAGE’S LOCATION OUT OF THE NAGA, BUT...WHEN I REALIZED WHERE THE LOCATION WAS, I LOST THE HEART TO KILL HIM.”

“SO, YOU LET US DO IT?” Byrna asks, the incredibly vast female puttering the words out, her breasts nearly eclipsing her torso. “WHY HIDE?”

“I COULD ONLY WAIT FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO STRIKE HIM WHILE HE WAS STILL WEAK. I DIDN’T WANT TO INVOLVE YOU BEYOND WHAT YOU ALREADY TOOK PART IN, TO REACH THIS POINT. BELIEVE ME, PLEASE. I ONLY

NEEDED HELP GETTING TO THIS POINT, BECAUSE—”

“BECAUSE YOU’RE STILL RECUPERATING?” the Archmage interrupts, going wide-eyed. ***“EVEN AFTER A THOUSAND YEARS, YOU HAVEN’T GOTTEN BACK TO WHERE YOU WERE, WHEN YOU ACTUALLY BESTED ME! I SEE! AGE REALLY HAS REDUCED YOU, HASN’T IT, FATHER?”***

Right as you blow yourself up to a fantastic height of 25,000,000 miles, looming over the group a decent bit, you hear that last part. You were stopped at 21,000,000, but the gasp of shock added the rest. At this size, the dialogue is a bit less explosive—it’s almost calm, unlike you.

“Wait, what?” you start, gobsmacked.

“Father?” Byrna gasps, hands up to her smooshed cheeks.

“YOU NEVER CALLED ME THAT BEFORE, SON,” Mohz says, slowly, a terrible weight on his words as you adjust to such massive volumes. “Though I used to gladly call you as such. I miss that terribly.”

“Odd, then, considering you attacked me with forbidden spells. You couldn’t quite best me then, otherwise, could you?”

“Mohz,” you sigh, looking at the huge kirin.

“If I had explained before, you would have tried to go in with me, Lloyd. Byrna, Arlei, Rizii. You’re a wonderful crew, you really are. The more important you all became, the more determined I was to *not* drag you into this last battle. You shouldn’t be here.”

“Forget all that,” you growl, thumping your broadened kobold chest defiantly. “We’re a team, one way or another!”

“Yeah, you big, attractive idiot!” Rizii adds, nodding. “We’re all big and awesome now, after all, and high level too! I mean, not as...high as...whatever, we’re here, is the point! I mean, Arlei is in his clutches, but we’ll get her loose, and huge, too!”

“Don’t try it, please!” Arlei begs from the prison of the Archmage’s immense hand.

The Archmage just listens, ears perked cutely, his red eyes half-lidded.

“You don’t understand, any of you,” Mohz grimly explains, looking set. “I didn’t spend a millennium recuperating. I spent it putting everything I had into one final spell. A penance for my mistakes as a Father and a mentor. I’m eradicating him, body and spirit, by annihilating this entire space, removing it from existence.”

The Archmage finally loses his smile, the tiniest bit.

“That old thing, really?” he rumbles, cocking his colossal head. Aside from Arlei, though, he’s actually the smallest there now. ***“You got it working? Huh. Well, that should be very interesting, considering I’ve long-since absorbed a god. Feel free to try it, though, I want to see what happens!”***

“I know exactly what you did, then,” Mohz says, shaking his immense head. “You couldn’t stand being behind anyone, even me. Then, when you matched me, I was so proud. But you weren’t. You couldn’t stand that gods were still so far ahead, the unfairness of it. I knew you were dabbling in summoning, but at your skill level, I never imagined you would try to eat a god. Let alone, *that* god.”

“Oh, come on,” Rizii snorts, trying once again (and failing) to cross her ballooned arms. “You did not. He did not! A god!?”

“Rozsahn, the god of despair, yes.”

The party goes silent, stunned. The slender kirin giant proffers a generous little nod.

“A god has to release a massive amount of power to even think of entering tiny little mortal realms,” Mohz sighs. “Otherwise, they would simply crush it all instantly. Regardless of how small they might compact themselves to enter, their sheer power would be ruinous. So, what better way to hobble a god than to Summon it, over and over?”

“That would kill anyone!” you shout, pushing against what you’re hearing.

“It would!” the Archmage chirps, the lesser-huge kirin grinning at you. ***“Well stated. It did...hurt, a bit, to weaken Rozsahn, yes. Worth it, though! Once I absorbed him, and overpowered his will with my own-after all, he was already depressed-the rest was really quite easy. My power exploded so badly that I...did react poorly. At first.”***

“You went berserk,” Mohz growls. “I wounded you, thinking that would be the end of it, but you fled from Kogo Varan. Soon after, I hear word of a foul Archmage wreaking havoc on the Northern kingdoms.”

“Wait,” you break in, gawking. “K...Kogo Varan? You were there?”

“Oh, naturally,” the Archmage adds. ***“It was the family tower, at the time.”***

“What!?”

“Oh, it’s a long, boring story. Trust me. I can’t even remember the actual family name anymore. Father here did manage to cripple me and destroy my form with a costly ritual, banishing my god-spirit back to a chamber I had secretly built into Kogo Varan, rendering it evil. Heaven doesn’t like that, so they start sending Maids to purify it.”

“Hold on,” you interject, confused. “Maids? Plural?”

Arlei listens on, in the Archmage’s hand.

“This one here was the third, yes. The other two were honestly...subpar. Bit offended, really. Even in death, I was so powerful that the first two were quickly poisoned while trying to purify the family tower. The entire time both tried, I instead sucked their life force out, gradually, increasing my power tremendously. Good times, really! This one here, though, she was genuinely well-built. You really are very impressive, Arlei, I just always wanted to tell you that myself. But, you know, no mouth.”

“You...admire her?” you ask, not much less confused.

“Well, you too, Lloyd. All of you are impressive. I admire strength and wisdom and love, just like anyone with good parents, haha. But I especially adore creativity. Oh, Lloyd, if you had been with me then, I can’t imagine the fun we’d have had! I’m so happy to meet you, in particular, friend!”

“But...you’re pure evil!” Arlei bellows, her tinier size making it about as grand as a butterfly whisper. “I felt it at Kogo Varan, and I feel it now!”

“I guess I am,” the huge kirin huffs, indifferent. ***“What’s it matter, dear? I still respect and love you all. That anyone could make it to me, and even withstand my presence here, at my very weakest, it...it does me good. Gives me faith in mortals! That’s all I really was about, you know.”***

“Cover it with all the sugar you wish, son,” Mohz says, readying another major spell. “You’re still an arrogant, insatiable glutton, with no humility. And you must be destroyed.”

“I’m aware! More’s the pity, yes? Haha. Now, before my grumpy Father obliterates himself, is there anything else you want to know, before I ascend fully

and destroy the realm of the gods? I'm happy to take questions. Hell, I'm actually thrilled to have some company before I out-god the gods!"

Once again, the Archmage rumbles ominously, trembling with some building force. Even though he only comes up to your midsection, you're getting more and more anxious.

"Just one," Rizii booms, swinging her cleaver up over her head, her impossible muscles bulging even tighter. "Shut up!"

The Archmage calmly clears his throat.

"DEVASTATE."

Rizii's entire form is crushed in as she hisses in agony; an invisible circle of some kind gleams as it tightens in, crushing tighter, making her wince and strain as her muscles compact...then flex bigger, pushing out heavily, forcing the constriction back.

The Archmage blinks, then smiles.

"MAX."

The kobold, once a puny runt in her own village, then a swollen amazon of renown, then an outright muscle goddess over one hundred and sixteen *billion* feet tall, compacts violently down to an atom, then evaporates into nothing.

-2,664,919 DAMAGE!! OBLITERATED!!

"NO!" Byrna roars, the 17,000,000-mile female sending out a full wave of attacks. "HELLFIRE! EMBER MAX!"

The Archmage cocks his head as two waves of fire crash into him, covering him in blazing embers the size of moons.

-550,012 DAMAGE!

"ZERO POINTZERO."

Byrna stops, blinking in confusion, before ice erupts from within, pushing out of her scales and muzzle, a bloodless and wholly alarming sight!

-3,997,778 DAMAGE!! OBLITERATED!!

"Byrna!" you gasp, as Mohz looks away. "S-stop it!"

“Stop?” the Archmage huffs. ***“Aren’t you trying to kill me? I was hoping you had listened, I really was. Do I take this to mean you’ll join me, somehow? Because if so, lovely! But it doesn’t sound like it. Am I wrong, Lloyd, old friend?”***

“I...have to stop you! No choice!”

You cover yourself with a REFLECT shell of your own design, bright green and glowing. You then focus, and your poison blade enlarges tremendously in your grip as you imagine the kirin’s robe wrapping about his own neck, choking him—

Only for the Archmage to raise a hand casually, and bid the robe to behave and lower back down. He looks you over a minute.

“Ah. I see.”

You brace for it.

“EVER-BUFF.”

The spell bounces off of you and hits the Archmage, making him purr as he lids his eyes and starts to throb larger, swelling against his robe with undulating, booming, dark kirin muscles. He swells and swells, suddenly stretching his garments out too far at half Mohz’s scope, then blowing up to match his mighty Father’s!

Wait...he’s still swelling heavier with muscle!

“What in the,” you murmur.

“Something I cooked up a while back, Lloyd,” the Archmage booms, his voice growing bigger and deeper in his swelling neck. ***“Time magic meets Perm Buff, in a casting loop. I snip the end, and it keeps looping...and looping!”***

Indeed, the smaller Archmage’s bulk is exploding too much, too fast, every throb sending out shock waves as he rumbles larger, and larger, stronger and stronger, his hooded head becoming lost in a cosmos of dark, furry muscle. His pectorals blow out into Mohz as he outgrows you all handily, surging into a 50,000,000-mile hulk of pure power!

Still, his muscles expand, freakishly vast mounds of twitching brawn that choke and smother his growing frame with wave upon wave of size. His soft rumbling rattles your bones as you find yourself lifting up, suddenly carried higher by the sheer swell of one pectoral! The 200,000,000-mile bulk-kirin laughs, shaking your core as his velvet carpet of fur rises higher and higher, consuming your feet, then your calves, as his head and mountain-neck fill the distance more and more! He’s...everything! And he’s only getting...b-bigger!!

“This was fun!” he ultra-booms, his words deafening you temporarily as you fall backwards, struck for a shocking -2,366 DAMAGE. ***“Wish you had joined me! Ah, well!”***

His voice was hurting you, he was so powerful. And he hasn't ascended, even. Instead, he's becoming *space-sized* with pure muscle, just to show off. For fun.

The 700,000,000-mile kirin has only to flex, and you find yourself slammed between two canyon-like pectorals, bashed for -2,116,743 DAMAGE!

You cry out and explode into nothing...only to once again reform in the void, startled and disoriented.

“Ooh, right, you're technically a god, now, aren't you?” he rumbles, grinning, his head filling everything once again as he somehow gets even more muscular, his biceps alone endless, his pecs stretching out forever as Mohz wobbles to stand on one. ***“Not an issue. Here. ERASURE.”***

You feel yourself snap apart, just as you hear Mohz roaring something, some kind of spell that you never heard of before:

“CATAclysm!”

Had he been chanting it this entire time!? Was it that dangerous!?

All of space begins to warp as you feel yourself being undone, before it can finish happening properly. As you blink out of existence, you see the Archmage's boundless body swirling into a mix of realities and colors, as Mohz roars, and everything goes black.

Arlei vanishes with it, screaming out your name.

The save point flashes, and there you all are, again.

The large stone stage stretches out before you, just like it had been. The party was wiped out, after all, it seems. And here you are, now.

“Ugh,” Rizii groans, the 2.5-mile tall muscle kobold shaking off the defeat. “Really? The whole party, beaten? Damn! I was so huge!”

“I've never even heard of spells like that before,” the 1.16-mile tall Byrna sighs, shuddering. “That was awful! I hate the cold!”

“Yeah, he got us,” you mutter unhappily, trying to shake the full loss off as the 12.2-mile Arlei hugs you tight, rumbling. “And sorry I couldn't get you out of his grip, Arlei!”

“Not at all, Lloyd,” the reptilian maid says, grinning. “We learned quite a bit, though! This is a good thing!”

“Is it?” Byrna huffs, still shuddering, her huge flame tuft flaring bright to warm her back up. “We were trounced pretty easily, there! We hardly touched him, at our maximum!”

“True,” Arlie admits, “but we might not have to fight him, at all. Look where we are, Lloyd. Remember who we’re about to battle?”

“Gorj,” you reply, shrugging your powerful kobold shoulders. Then, it hits. “Gorj! That’s brilliant, Arlei!”

“Hehe, thank you!”

“What?” Rizii asks, getting in close. “What is it?”

“We can circumvent all of this insanity,” you explain, wagging, “if he’s never allowed out of the portal contained within Gorj. Then, we can’t get stuck at a save point with a boss we can’t beat, and are spared the hell of endless tries.”

“And we know what he can do now, too,” Arlei adds. “That means we have to destroy the Archmage before he has the chance to ascend into a...well, super-god, I suppose.”

“But Gorj will just beat us, instead,” Byrna posits, frowning.

“Not if we seal the hidden portal inside of him!”

“But for that to work, we’d need to be...”

Byrna stops and shudders again, for a different reason.

“Oh, no. No. Can’t we just get killed forever?”

“We’re going into Gorj, yes,” you say, understanding. Just...try and close your eyes, when it happens. We reach the portal and seal it or destroy it, and then he can’t ever resurrect.”

“Better yet, why not just stun him now, right away?” Rizii suggests.

“The Archmage resummoned the demon hordes anyway, even when Gorj was incapacitated, so I don’t think that’s an option. He could still feed Gorj up until he blows.”

“...Dammit.”

“Wait, what about Mohz?” Byrna asks.

“He must still be hiding, at this point, waiting to kill his...the Archmage. I think he’ll

come out after he realizes it's over and done with.”

“Poor Mohz,” Rizii murmurs, out of nowhere.

“I thought you were the maddest at him, Rizii,” you start, cocking your head.

“I am, but...it's his *kid*.”

You all go quiet a moment, before the injured naga interrupts:

“*Damnation!*”

“Oh, right, here we go,” Arlei says, mustering a grin. “We can do this!”

“Right!”

There, once more, lies the beaten and battered Gorj, the naga miserably sniffing in a heap of self-pity on the far end of the platform.

“LISTEN,” you rumble, leaning in over the smaller giant male. “GORJ. WE AREN'T INTERESTED IN FIGHTING. WE HAVE A PROPOSITION. THE PORTAL TO THE ARCHMAGE'S RESURRECTION IS HIDDEN INSIDE OF YOU. DON'T PANIC.”

“W-what!?” the bruised naga balks, wide-eyed. “In me!? I...I was never—”

“TOLD THAT, RIGHT. YOUR ANCESTORS LIKELY TRANSFERRED IT INTERNALLY EVERY GENERATIONAL BLOOD PACT.”

“H-how do you know about that!?” Gorj coughs, astonished.

“WE ALREADY FACED THE ARCHMAGE.”

“Which...which means, if you're back here,” Gorj ponders, gulping anxiously. “W-which means you lost! He killed you! How are y-you going to help me, if you can't even—”

“CHARM MAX,” Arlei says, wasting no further time.

A soft pink light overtakes the injured snake, and he melts joyfully into a heap on his own big, long tail, beaming stupidly, despite his wounds.

“WON'T YOU PLEASE SUMMON THE HORDES AND GET NICE AND STRONG AND BIG FOR ME, LOVE?” she asks, batting her large eyes imploringly.

“Oh...oh, yes, o-of course!” Gorj chirps, his tail tip wiggling into a frenzy of agreement. “Anything for you, anything at all! Haha! Yeah, I'll show you what kind of alpha male I really am, watch! I'll get so big!”

Eager to impress, the heavily-charmed naga summons up multiple warp portals—out of which pour the enraged army of Nozala, last of the fell brigades. The demons hiss and snap as they charge past you, obedient to the last, following the snake’s call; into his stretching gullet they all climb, making the charmed serpent giggle happily as he feels himself being to stretch and grow.

A symphony of taut rubber squeals builds into a crescendo as Gorj doubles his size, shaking and straining and pulling tighter and smoother as his scales stretch over an ever-expanding belly. 1 mile is reached in seconds, more and more fervent demons scrambling in as the male gulps and gulps, his shaft burgeoning out with a series of approving bobs, ballooning bigger and longer each time. More comparatively tiny demons slip into the tip of his head, inflating his sacs as he shakes and groans and explodes to 5 miles...15 miles...50 miles...

The platform crumbles and cracks under his broadening bulk as his stomach overextends, his hips widening into an inflated mass of scales.

“Almost,” you mutter to Arlei, who nods to the other girls.

Gorj whimpers in joy, certain that he’s impressing the hell out of Arlei with his 200-mile body, his huge growing hands rubbing with squeaks and rumbly squeals as he strokes his ballooning belly, more and more and more and more demons wriggling into every orifice they can find, blowing him up faster as he moans past 500 miles!

“Now, now!”

The tiny demons can hardly cause damage to you as the party climbs up Gorj’s expanse and past his swelling pecs, up his bloated neck and then finally down his open mouth, riding the waves of demons in unharmed.

“Now what, exactly?” Rizii hollers over the jabbering roars of the Nozala, as they clear the back of an ever-growing throat.

“We seal the portal!” you shout.

“Right, but...how?”

“I’ve got that part!” Arlei says as you all ride the crest of the demon wave, clearing it in time to see a glowing energy sphere—surely the portal, before activation!

“You know what to do, dear!” you say as Arlei puts both huge hands out, and shouts the skill she developed, thanks to your countless deadly exploits:

“SEAL!”

Success!!

Bands of holy energy ensnare the proto-portal, wrapping about the shuddering sphere and covering it with a new sphere, all its own—a holy seal!

“WARP!” Byrna shouts, flashing you all back out into the crumbled remains of the final final dungeon. “Haha, I can’t believe it worked!”

You all embrace happily, even as the 3,000-mile Gorj continues to expand greedily around you, rumbling to monstrously vast, full size.

“So, that’s it, then, right?” Rizii asks, blinking. “Can we just clobber this goofball?”

BOSS: DARK NAGA PRIEST GORJ, LV 70

HP: 110,000/110,000

MP: 500/500

“I think we can be nicer about it, Rizii,” you chuckle. “Arlei, would you undo the charm, please? Oh, wait, you can’t. Hmm. Can you command him to leave us be?”

Gorj continues to loudly balloon to incredible size, though after encountering the Archmage, it’s only *somewhat* insane.

“Gorj, my goodness!” she chirps, hamming it up loudly as you all float in space. “How big and beautiful you grew! Teehee! You can stop now!”

“BIIIIIIIGGGUUURRRR,” Gorj growls, his erection flaring twice as large, thumping up greedily against the serpent’s stupendously huge belly. More and more demons flood from even more portals, overfeeding the monstrous naga, blowing him up to over 5,000 miles tall, and 50,000 miles wide, as his scales stretch tighter and tighter and tighter, more shakily taxed.

“I don’t know that he’s really listening,” she mutters, before a massive dark-furred hand and forearm reaches out from his huge throat, making the gargantuan snake’s eyes roll back as he overstretches from within, crying out his last as a huge explosion rocks everywhere, blowing you all back, and clearing to leave...

The Archmage.

FINAL BOSS: ARCHMAGE, LV 9,999

HP: 983,477,443/999,999,999

MP: 9,979,340/9,999,999

“No!” you roar, groaning in agony, as the looming 8,000,000-mile tall behemoth stretches and smiles smugly to himself.

Once more, you’re less than infinitesimally tiny, compared to him. His space-sized red

eyes dart over, detecting you quickly.

“HMM? WHAT’S THIS, THEN? I KNOW SOMEONE’S DOWN THERE. AH, A QUEST, YES. FANCY THAT, THE IDEA OF ANYONE MAKING IT THIS FAR! READER MAX!”

All the party’s information appears, though it’s microscopically tiny to the towering titan of a kirin. He hums indifferently, before nodding more enthusiastically.

“LOYD! ARLEI! YOU MADE IT!” he ultra-booms, beaming gladly. ***“I’M THRILLED YOU’RE HERE, HAHA! I WONDERED IF IT WAS MY FATE TO GO THROUGH MY ASCENSION, ALL ALONE. SEEMED A WASTE NOT TO HAVE AN AUDIENCE.”***

All of Gorj’s EXP floods into you, once again, the same amount, giving you the same level-ups, your stats climbing a second time as the Archmage rumbles his speech out far up above. Only, you finally take a moment to notice something:

ARLEI, LV 121, HOLY MAID DEMIGODDESS (SHADOW)

HP: 110,800/110,800

MP: 12,900/12,900

STRENGTH: 86,000

DEFENSE: 103,700

DEXTERITY: 95,190

SPEED: 84,300

HEIGHT: 5,280,000,000’02”

WEIGHT: ??????????????

SKILLS: AURA MAX, ALL-SMASH MAX, BRUNT MAX, PERM ECONO MAX, ALL-COVER, HOLY SONG, CHARM MAX, SEAL MAX, LOVE CANNON

SPELLS: HEAL MAX, CURE ALL, DETOX, RAISE MAX, HIGH ARMOR, WARP, SUB-WARP, HOLY FLARE, HEAVEN’S ANVIL, ALL-SPIRAL

As Arlei bellows and again begins to billow bigger before your party, you understand it: her EXP wasn’t lost. She was leveled past 120 now! And she was getting bigger far, far faster than last time! She groans and rumbles, stretching and bursting larger, blowing clear past anything you had ever seen from her as her breasts *BOOM* against her straining uniform!

Even the Archmage finally notices as Arlei detonates from a microbe to a dirt speck, shakes, gushes milk and drips honey, then *quake-a-BOOMS* to the size of a ring, then a ball, the maid violently stacking her expansion atop itself as she trembles and climaxes, then bursts up to 500,000 miles, gushing a second blast of release as she haggardly pants, gulps, then *BLOOOWS* up to a full 1,000,000 miles!

The vast kirin twitches his ears curiously, looking down at a doll-sized Arlei.

“GOODNESS,” he says, shaking space. **“THERE YOU ARE, THEN! YOU’RE THAT MAID FROM KOGO VARAN, ARLEI! NICE TO ACTUALLY SEE YOU, THEN. HAHA. LOOKS AS THOUGH HEAVEN REALLY DID GO ALL-OUT, MAKING YOU.”**

“Huaaaah, gh-haaaaah,” Arlei wheezes, shaking with spent lust and flexed bulk.

“How’d she do that!?” Rizii yelps, the beyond-tiny ultra-kobold looking to you with a gawking stare and stiffening nipples. “Lloyd, look at her! But...but, we reset to the save point!”

“It doesn’t matter,” you mutter, transfixed. “She keeps EXP, no matter what.”

“So, what do we do, then?” Byrna asks, just as a shower of flaming barren worlds an moons all come crashing into the immeasurable Archmage, peppering the disinterested kirin for the same damage as last time, more or less:

-1,800,000 DAMAGE!!! UNBELIEVABLE!

-2,000,000 DAMAGE!!! IMPOSSIBLE!!!

-3,100,000 DAMAGE!!! STOPPIT!!

The kirin snorts, blinking, and patiently giving a humongous, slow-motion little bow of apology to Arlei.

“Excuse me, one moment. WARP.”

Mohz pops into view, still his previous size of 3.125 miles, hardly even a flea to the Archmage. The exposed Mohz grunts, looks about, and then quickly reaches for the Sigils, before the Archmage warps them out of his tiny hands, and to your horror, enlarges them to his scope, for better inspection.

“OH?” he rumbles, perking his ears happily. **“OH! NOT THE FINEST CRAFTSMANSHIP, BUT OVERALL..NOT AT ALL BAD. NOT AT ALL. HAHA, WHAT AN INSPIRED IDEA! THESE ARE DIFFERENT FROM THE OLD HRUTHGA SIGILS, AND THEY RADIATE CHAOS ENERGY. WHY, LLOYD, YOU SLY CREATURE! WHAT A FUN NOTION!”**

With that the overwhelmingly huge kirin smiles, and slaps both super-enlarged Sigils onto his robe, moaning happily as rainbow-hued energy fills his already-immense body.

“Oh, no, no, no,” you gulp, quickly breathing yourself bigger, and bigger, and bigger,

seeing no other alternative, as the 8,000,000-mile, forty-two billion foot male starts to rumble worse and worse, snorting and shaking, letting his bulge swell rudely out between the part in his flowing robes.

“H-HAAAAAAAAAHAAAAHA, LOOOOVEYYYYY!”

The Archmage doesn't simply grow. Oh, no.

One moment, he's there. The next, he simply isn't. But, he is.

The deer-like being erupts so big that his robe fibers outsized entire worlds, and still they're growing and growing. A bulge bigger than a nebula blows out bigger, fatter, heavier, the rumbling kirin openly patting it with ever-growing hands as he chuckles, letting himself erupt through the galaxy in size!

You're knocked back along with the others as a wall of thread fibers batters into you, feeling them consume the party as they all keep relentlessly expanding, swallowing up everything as the groaning male *BOOOOOOOOOMS!*

800,000,000 miles...32,900,000,000 miles...632,700,000,000 miles...

“This isn't working!” you roar, even as you hyperventilate, attempting to breathe bigger and bigger and bigger, only to find that even at a mighty 80,000,000 miles, you're still vastly outclassed. You're bigger than Arlei and everyone else, so much bigger, yet it hardly matters! “We need a reset, fast!”

Rizii and Byrna can't even hear you now, they're microscopic in comparison.

Still, you can feel the vibrating throbs getting worse and worse as the Archmage keeps exploding violently in size, the towering male's erection bursting loose as he groans pleasantly, putting growing hands to his expanding, stiffening member.

“HUH. I HAD FORGOTTEN HOW NIIICE THAT ISSSS!”

9,000,998,000,000 miles...65,200,000,000,000 miles...925,800,000,000,000!!

Microbe planets simply slip through the threads, the pores, as the heaving kirin blossoms millions and millions of times larger every quaking breath. His swelling hand squeeze at a shaft nearly half his entire height as he gladly hugs it in against his body, thickening fingertips grazing ballooning flesh as he closes his glowing eyes, shivers, and blasts up trillions of times bigger!

All sense of anything is lost as the party tumbles in some unknown direction, your reality sent into a hurl of confusion as the throbbing kirin moans, shaking time and space, his immense erection pushing bigger, veins big enough to connect galaxies pulsing harder as he rumbles his pleasure and nuzzles just underneath a booming, darkening tip.

Light years spill into his trembling body as his head tightens and swells, the trunk of his shaft detonating so wide and fat that his massive hands part away, fingers denting in and dimpling, his orbs straining his robe until it flops North and lets both furred infinities bob free!

The chaotic energy speeds up, building to a panic within the Archmages' body as he roars and shakes in sinister joy, vast plumes of galaxy-glitter vapor blowing out of his muzzle as he *breathes* power.

How do you stop this, when you can't be killed?

Your answer comes as the CATAclysm begins again, space around you and even around the Archmage bending and warping! Mohz must have cast it again!

To the penitent Mohz, the last-ditch move is the end of everything. To you, it just puts you back in the save point. Again, everyone is there with you, with one exception: Arlei is absolutely *immense*.

“Ah, again?” she giga-moans, rattling you over.

You find yourself...no, *the entire final final dungeon* resting between her scales. Right, right, she *had* gotten that huge. The half-million mile tall lizard female looks about in the void, baffled as to where you all might be.

You growl in annoyance, ruffling your hair over, before it hits you. You can't keep counting on CATAclysm to reset everything. You need your own fail-safe, this time. You look about the save point, and see Byrna walking toward you.

Perfect!

“Hey, Grath!” you shout, looming over the salamander's huge chest. “Grath, buddy, come on out! I know that was scary, all that insanity, but...I believe *this* belongs to you.”

You dig through the bag of holding and withdraw the final Dragon's Food nugget. Right away (despite the way he shakes) the red dragon does pop free, leaping like a scaly cat out of Byrna's breasts, shaking himself off and trotting up to you with a grin.

“Y-you called, Lloyd?”

“I sure did! Hey, we need insurance to make sure we can cancel out and die if things go wrong this time, okay? Mohz isn't in the party now, so he doesn't have the knowledge carryover we do, and he might keep doing his own thing. So! I want you to have these.”

Grath looks puzzled, before he sees you open your hand again, showing him two nuggets. Big ones, at that.

“Two!?! How?” the red dragon growls, rapt with attention, his eyes enormous.

“Chaos magic, heh! Not so hard to replicate these things. Watch, I enchanted this first nugget. Every few seconds, it’ll multiply on its own, see?”

Sure enough, the nugget glows, then fades, revealing three nuggets. Then, four.

“A-are you serious?” Grath roars, doing a circle of excitement on all fours. “W-won’t that make me...I mean.”

“Really. REALLY. HUGE. Yes. All yours. The only thing you need to do here is wait a few seconds between gulps, and keep at least one in your mouth, so it can keep multiplying, okay? You know, savor the flavor.”

“Ahahaha! Y-yes, yes! I’m going to get so big! I, ahaheehee!”

It’s cute, you have to admit. To a regular human or elf or dwarf, or gnom, or even another adult dragon, Grath is already huge. To you, he’s a puppy. A 400-foot puppy. For now. You gently place a pile of them onto his tongue, his tail whipping happily as he keeps them there, enjoying the flavor very much, indeed.

“Stay close to us! Swallow only when the Archmage does something scary, okay?”

“Mmmhmmph!”

You turn around from the giddy dragon and shift all your focus; you inhale the bigger breath than ever before, forcing your green kobold body to erupt so big that it screams larger, straining out in all directions as you boom up to 50,000 miles, far bigger than a planet! Even Grath goes wide-eyed as you blow up over him, almost gulping right away from shock.

And yet, for all your growth, you’re still toy-sized to Arlei. But it’s adequate enough.

“Lloyd!” she gasps, hugging you tightly up to her bust. “Where are the others? How did we even die, this time?”

“Mohz’s final spell happened again. I think that puts us on a time limit each attempt, to either kill the Archmage, or stop Mohz from casting the spell.”

“Really? Ugh. I don’t want to keep doing this in a loop, forever.”

“Right, me neither. We have two things going for us, though! Your EXP is permanent, so every time we defeat Gorj, you get way stronger...and the Archmage’s HP stays lowered!”

“Okay, so that means mathematically we can overpower him in, what...a decade or two?”

She has a point.

“I didn’t say it would work, right away.”

“Well, there must be some alternative. One second, ow. Something stuck me.”

Arlei swats down at something, far on her hip. A blast of embers floats up to you both, and Arlei sighs deeply, closing her eyes.

“Gorj?” you ask, as she begins to soak the embers and rumble ominously.

“G-GOOOORRRR!”

Again, Arlei balloons bigger, surging in hot, messy, throbbing waves of growth, pumping the colossal maid up to 1,000,000 miles...1,250,000 miles...3,400,000 miles...

When the Archmage explodes free, this time, Arlei is half his vast size!

FINAL BOSS: ARCHMAGE, LV 9,999

HP: 983,477,443/999,999,999

MP: 9,979,010/9,999,999

The cosmically enormous kirin blinks, looking himself over, then quietly turning to look down and see Arlei there, floating next to him, all the way up to his waist.

ARLEI, LV 128, HOLY MAID DEMIGODDESS (SHADOW)

HP: 140,200/140,200

MP: 14,000/14,000

STRENGTH: 99,000

DEFENSE: 131,400

DEXTERITY: 102,700

SPEED: 94,200

HEIGHT: 21,120,000,000’02”

WEIGHT: ????????????????

SKILLS: AURA MAX, ALL-SMASH MAX, BRUNT MAX, PERM ECONO MAX, ALL-COVER, HOLY SONG, CHARM MAX, SEAL MAX, LOVE CANNON

SPELLS: HEAL MAX, CURE ALL, DETOX, RAISE MAX, HIGH ARMOR, WARP, SUB-WARP, HOLY FLARE, HEAVEN’S ANVIL, ALL-SPIRAL, HASTE MAX, REFUTE

“**HUH,**” the Archmage starts, his first word in his new super-form. “**HELLO!**”

“Huh...h-hello,” Arlei puffs, having climaxed several times more, and covering her soaked skirt with both huge arms. “The Archmage, yes? A pleasure.”

The vastly gigantic kirin blinks his red eyes, curious.

"I AM. YES. YOU MUST BE ARLEI, FROM MY OLD HOME."

"I...huff, I am. Listen, your Father is about to attack you with something called CATAclysm, and it's bad news."

"...AH. ALRIGHT."

"Alright!?"

"WELL, YOU'RE CLEARLY IN A SAFE LOOP, IF YOU KNOW THIS MUCH ABOUT ME, ON A FIRST MEETING. I KNEW OF YOU IN KOGO VARAN, BUT YOU DEFINITELY DIDN'T KNOW ME. FASCINATING!"

"That's true, I didn't. Please, surrender quickly, so this stops happening!"

The Archmage smiles, then laughs, making miniscule planets shudder for entire parsecs of subspace. He takes a happy sigh, then nods gently.

"NO."

"Oh, come on! We're all tired!"

"WE? HMM. WELL, GO TAKE A NAP, THEN, WHILE I ASCEND TO SOMETHING BEYOND A GOD. I ASSURE YOU, YOU'LL WAKE TO FIND A LOT MORE OF ME! I KNOW I CAN'T SLEEP RIGHT NOW."

You finally resort to blowing into your clawed kobold thumb in order to more quickly blow yourself up; by the time you stop to catch your breath, you realize you're bigger than Arlei. In fact, you're the same size as the Archmage himself!

"HEY, IT'S FINALLY COMING TO ME MORE EASILY!" you roar-talk, wagging, finding Arlei clinging to your leg in surprise. "OKAY! ARCHMAGE! I KNOW YOU WANT TO SURPASS THE GODS AND ALL THAT, AND I *THINK* TOPPLE HEAVEN, BUT YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T."

The Archmage looks you up and down, and grins.

"Look at you! You must be the hero, Lloyd! How fine!"

"YES, YES, YOU ADORE CREATIVITY, IF ONLY WE HAD BEEN FRIENDS BEFORE YOUR FATHER TOOK YOU DOWN AND YOUR GOD-SPIRIT

TRANSMIGRATED, SO ON, SO FORTH. SORRY TO RUSH, BUT I MEAN IT!”

“Oh, you really are in a save loop,” he rumbles, flicking a vast ear. ***“Then my Father is here, and is about to attack. Then he really has learned CATAclysm!”***

“SO, YOU’LL STOP THIS MADNESS, AND SURRENDER?” you ask.

“HMM? Oh, no, no. I’ll simply save time, and ascend now.”

That same strange pulsing from before returns (for the first time) as the kirin’s entire body starts to shift and change.

Just then Mohz blows up in size behind you, both Sigils slapped onto his pecs, bursting and booming and groaning as he rages infinitely larger, roaring spells and battering the unfazed Archmage with them, only inching the fiend’s massive HP a tiny bit at a time.

“LLOYD, STEP ASIDE!” Mohz booms, the kirin mage swelling only larger and larger over you all, again bursting up to his 17,361,860 mile size! “I’M SORRY I STONED YOU ALL, BUT YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND—”

“I know, Mohz, you’re his Father!” you shout back, making the godly kirin start with wide eyes. “You left the party, so it doesn’t affect you, but we’ve been through this! Whatever you do, don’t cast CATAclysm, until it’s a last resort! We’re stuck in a loop, if you do!”

“A LOOP?” the huge kirin grunts, before the Archmage’s body starts to swell obscenely larger, behind you all, booming up bigger, and bigger.

“Uh-oh!” you gulp as the kirin starts to grow more demonic in appearance, his horns lengthening tremendously, his teeth growing sharper and more terrible. A long flowing set of dragon whiskers emerge from his muzzle as his bulk expands more and more, his robe pulling tighter over more and more muscle.

“ALLOW ME TO END THAT LOOP, FRIENDS,” he death-rumbles, the Archmage’s body erupting to 60,000,000 miles, then 120,000,000, his power skyrocketing angrily. Each pulse blows his furry muscles out more fantastically massive, raw energy bleeding in red clouds off of his muzzle as he feels himself ascending bigger and bigger, mightier and mightier! Vast wings rip out of his tearing robes as a third red eye slits open and gazes down from his gargantuan forehead, his erection flopping down for thousands of bloated miles between his bulking legs. ***“MY GODHOOD IS NIGH! FEEL...FREE...TO WORSH-SH111P...MMMEEEEEEEE!!”***

You can only try and float away, breathing yourself bigger and bigger in your mounting

9,000 AU body speeding up its growth as everything, all matter, is absorbed into his shaking, bulking body. All of subspace is slowly subsumed as the quaking behemoth throws his growing head back and ROARS, before climaxing hard, then blowing up mid-spurt to an absurd 500,000 AU, his body now three hundred trillion *trillion* miles tall, and only billowing bigger, faster!

His claws get longer and crueler as his pectorals bulge greedily, his erection pushing up over his chest as it bloats uncontrollably, his furred testicles ballooning down to his bulging calves as he bellows pure energy out in a streak of doom, shaking and shuddering harder and harder with each spurt of seed.

You hang on to one single follicle, so horribly outclassed that it's hard to even hang on properly, as it swells too big for your grip! You force yourself bigger and bigger, no longer able to even feel the rest of the party on your 900,000,000,000 mile body!

Only Grath manages to keep pace—in fact, he's exploding bigger at an increasingly frantic, panicked pace, as the compounding nuggets double-triple on top of double-tripling doublings, making him bang, blast and burst larger by much greater degrees! In a second, the red behemoth is as big as your thumb; you blink, and he's bigger than your head. Then, your torso! It took a while, but it's happening! The curve is accelerating too fast to ignore!

“GRAAAAHHAHHA AAAAHA!” Grath bellows, the dragon already considerably bigger than one entire astronomical unit, big enough to bridge the gaps between entire planets!

“KEEP AT IT,” you roar, as the expanding dragon boom-boom-BOOMS bigger than you, swelling fervently, his plates and scales fighting to contain it as he snorts and gulps more food, blowing up twice your size at last, then even bigger! “TRY AND HOLD ON!”

“H-HOLD ON?” Grath rumbles, detonating a hundred times your size, his muscles booming too big for his frame. “T-THIS IS...THE BUH-BEST MOMENT...HUH-HUH-HOF MY LIIIIIFE!”

You gasp as the rumbling titan lovingly hugs you and the infinitely smaller party members to himself, roaring and gulping and bursting far, far bigger! Suddenly, you're the one that needs to remember to blow himself up, lest you become microscopic to Grath!

Yet still...STILL, the bigger Archmage grows, stretching, bulging and erupting all over, his hair growing longer behind his head as another pair of wings flares out, his muscles exploding to double their size, consuming his frame with pulsating mountains of flesh as he blows up past 200,000 AU, so big that the party could go on a quest to simply cross one pectoral, and it might take their entire lives. *And still, he's growing.*

All of subspace strains, the pocket dimension starting to struggle to contain his growth, its membrane stretching out as the heaving male swells faster and faster. He chuckles, and it's doomsday-plus, as the vibrations alone almost destroy you completely, the membrane snapping and breaking as he roars again, blasting and spraying god seed against his own surging muscles as the membrane rips, then blasts apart into nothing, all that compressed bulk *booming* into

reality in a singular tidal wave of growth!

The ruins of Arast simply explode as the Archmage thunders too big, blowing up through it with a stupendous crash of doom! The slumbering Arlei is bowled back as his sacs smother into her, forcing her back as he overtakes the curve of the world with his raging growth. His shadow spills over the continents, shaking the seas and stirring the tiny clouds below as he roars and shudder-explodes larger, stronger, his muscles clenching into tight diamonds of bulk as he flexes his straining mass even *bigger!*

Space can hardly accommodate the burgeoning ultra-god as he explodes too fast to comprehend. His pecs overtake the planet, his shoulder bashing the moon out of orbit as he bellows pure power, great contrails of red death pouring off of his swollen muscles.

You let go as the one follicle of dark hair grows too big for even you to cling to, and go flying with the rest of the tiny party, until you land down between the Archmage's vast, swelling pectoral fibers, getting lost in the sheer scope of them as the planet, the moon, and even the original Arlei all are scattered to his fur and bulk.

There is no stopping him, you realize. Maybe Mohz had tried to cast cataclysm, maybe it just hadn't worked. You force your fledgling god powers further, blowing yourself up so quickly in size that you're getting lightheaded as you fight to remain a mere dot against him (not to mention Grath's ever-swelling form, as the dragon cuddles you protectively tight).

The galaxy, *your* specific space, starts to rumble anxiously as the Archmage's incredible body expands even faster, blowing through planets and stars and moons and belts and nebulae with no hesitation, his muscle strands striating into vast clefts and deepening canyons as he grins with massive sharp teeth and closes his eyes, rumbling with even more power as a third and fourth arm burst out from his inflated lats, instantly booming with as much terrible, steely, furred muscle as the originals.

Numbers are meaningless. All there seems to be is the Archmage as he keeps ascending, impossibly big, but impossibly getting *BIGGER*. His red third eye flashes brighter still as he quakes and explodes, a being a million times the size of the solar system growing a million million times bigger, blowing through all systems and matter alike as he roars, too big to stop, too big to contain, his erection pushing up over his massive head and neck as his sacs spread his huge thighs hotly apart, rippling and swelling in thick, rumbling waves as veins big enough to hold galaxies throb fatter and harder. The God-mage stubbornly spurs it on, though, demanding everything as reality reshapes around his ever-swelling might!

The boundaries of reality itself strain angrily, insulted at the Archmage's increasing presence, yet becoming less and less capable of stopping his intrusion as the membrane snaps, splits and explodes apart in a shower of red, bloody light!

There it is.

Heaven, itself.

“FOUND YOU,” he smugly purrs, his voice bigger than the known universe, roiling and swollen with power.

All about him are great, splendid towers of pure marble and white, glowing and holy, towering above even him for what seem like comparative eons. Even the Archmage can't see the end of them...for about five seconds. He tenses and grits his massive teeth, his erection throbbing angrily as he stomps the sacred ground, clenches, and *orders* himself to grow.

You're much, much too small to stop this, to even understand it. And you're pushing 600,000 AU, yourself. Maybe in a few years (or very trying weeks) you could do this faster, but even in your god form, you're wearing out.

Vast, celestial superbeings emerge, too brilliant for you to see, all of them shouting in some language too big to hear. Surely, angels, if not the protected gods beyond.

To the Archmage, however, it's fairly clear:

STOP

FOUL THING

DEPART THIS SACRED REALM, CURR

The demonic dragon-kirin laughs, his eyes closing tight, his teeth swelling into tusks as he *booooooms* bigger, his fat shaft plowing through and bloating between the mighty towers as he shoots up in size over them, rattling with so much growth that it vibrates his massive body as it expands against everything, knocking towers over like dominos as he huffs and bellows pure energy. Another kirin horn juts meanly up from his snout, his sacs ballooning so big he has to drag them along as he trembles and explodes even bigger, and bigger!

You hold on tight to whatever you can of Grath's far-bigger chest plating as the dragon shudder-bulges fifty million times larger, almost becoming a mote of dust to the Archmage, and leaving even your godly self far, far behind.

“GRATH!” you pep, thumping on his swelling plates for his attention. “GRATH, DO IT! CRUSH US! EAT US, WHATEVER! WE NEED TO RESET!”

The giddy dragon's huge eyes roll back, the red reptile utterly lost to his own bliss.

Angels and gods emerge from their towers, having to look up at the Archmage as he snorts and shakes and climaxes into them, then screams as he detonates dozens and dozens of times bigger, bashing his growing muscles and testicles and under-shaft into 'mile' after 'mile' of heaven, roaring and snorting and swelling too fast to stop, mad with power as the tiny gods

themselves blast his bulk with streaks of holy light and glowing arrows and hurled tridents.

Yet, it all only tickles his sensitive shaft as it balloons over them all, the Archmage booming too big, smothering heaven itself as it crackles and breaks under his sex, his many arms flexing as he blows another crashing geyser of seed loose, his wings trembling and flapping wildly, his body exploding bigger, and bigger, and bigger, overflowing the realm of the gods themselves, crushing through great glowing forests of white and gold, forcing the higher gods to do the unthinkable, and flee up great stairwells to the higher cloud realms.

The armada of gigantic angels that remain all roar sacred incantations, binding Aram in chain upon golden, blazing chain, but the laughing kirin-demon easily swells larger, popping them one after another as his body billows wildly.

“DAMMIT, GRATH!” you huff, angrily holding your breath and straining, blowing your tremendous body as big as it can get in one hard gush of growth. You burst a billion times larger, big enough to hug around the immensely vast red’s thickening neck, forcing him to see you. “HEY, COME ON!”

“G-GAH, RIIIGHT,” Grath snarls cutely, snorting steam as he shudders BIGGER against you, stretching loudly, panting in unhinged delight. “S-SORRY!”

The angels chant, and a thousand chains clutch his trembling bulk, followed by a million more around them. His comparatively-continental body is sealed away in another pocket of subspace, in a white, pure globe. The microbe-sized angels relax, glowing silhouettes stepping away to their ruined world—only for the tremendous globe to swell out and crack, warping and snapping, as its cargo keeps stubbornly booming larger!

Sphere after containment sphere covers the first one, just as the Archmage blows up out of it, his roaring laughter momentarily smothered out. Those subspace shells bloat and snap apart gradually as Aram literally outgrows every universe he’s thrown into, in tandem!

With a final push, a vast black sphere forms, crackling with energy; yet, its mystical purpose goes unanswered as it too bulges, and blows apart, the far, far larger monster billowing out of it, spilling over all of Heaven’s lowest tier, consuming it with his throbbing muscles, bulging erection and oversized testicles.

The Archmage is instantly big enough to reach past the next tier with a loud huff by the time the higher gods reach it, their flawless eyes filling with absolute horror as he ascends endlessly, mutating into a towering, writhing chimera of madness and growth, his low doom-laughter filling existence as he explodes thousands and thousands of times larger, filling everything there is, pushing everything there could even be farther, and farther, and farther as he impatiently eclipses it.

Finally, in one singular mercy, Grath’s gargantuan paw slams down on you for a staggering -999,999,999 DAMAGE, his strength so absurdly high that a light thump decimates you, and everything on you, wiping you out. Mercifully, being in heaven and all, your powers

seem negated enough to where your death is sustained, and the party fully vanished as Grath roars and billows a hundred thousand trillion times bigger—only to be smothered flat and crushed to dea by the infinitely larger Archmage as his climaxing, quaking body swells to consume all of time and space. Then, its dark growth *really* begins.

When you pop back up in the save point, you can see only one scale, stretching on and on and on underneath the ruins of the final final dungeon. It's Arlei's, for sure.

Now, you're mad. No, past it. *This shit has gone on long enough!*

You find Rizii and Byrna as you march past.

"Rizii, Byrna. Let's go, ladies."

"R-right," Rizii says, the muscle-kobold and salamander thooming along behind you. "That was the hottest thing I've ever witnessed, and I didn't even really see it properly."

"I know, honey," Byrna huffs, clearly aroused. "Talk about mixed feelings."

You go up to Gorj, the snake still shaking off Mohz's attack. When he looks up at you, you look back down, glaring, and say one thing:

"FULL STUN, STEAL MAX."

Gorj freezes in place, wide-eyed, and the spherical portal pops into your huge kobold hand. You stuff it into the bag of holding, and tie it off.

"THERE, ALL BETTER, GO HOME. BYRNA, WARP HIM."

"Sure," the huge salamander says, engulfing the astonished serpent in light and teleporting him away from the final final dungeon. "Is that Arlei over there, Lloyd?"

"Yup."

"Did you really just pull the Archmage out of Gorj!?" Rizii huffs, storming up alongside you. "That was another of the most insane things I...I've ever seen."

"The stealing?" Byrna asks.

"What? No, sweetheart, the...the end of reality. We saw Heaven fall! I think! I mean, again, we were so tiny that I didn't see anything, I just have this odd feeling."

"We were in Heaven, yeah," you confirm, reaching Arlei's looming scale. You blow into your thumb, swelling bigger, and bigger, and bigger, as the two reptiles cling to your expanding

green muscles. You reach a good, simple 500 miles (now too easy for you, after all the practice) and you scale Arlei's body with no trouble. In a minute you're up on her massive breasts, flagging her down with no effort.

"Were we in...Heaven, Lloyd? What was that madness?"

"The future, I think," you sigh, tired beyond measure. "I hate to say it, but no matter what we seem to try, the Archmage not only doesn't die, but gets to his doomsday ascension. So, here's what we're doing."

You snap your fingers, and a new cabin appears.

"Another subspace, within this subspace?" Arlei rumbles, curious.

"Last resort," you sigh. "In he goes."

You open the cabin door, toss the sphere inside, and close the door.

"Hey, Grath," you begin, looming over Byrna's breasts. "Grath! Come on out, it's safe for the moment."

The red dragon glumly peeks back out of Byrna's warm cleavage, sighing.

"Shoot," he huffs, snorting lightly. "I know it was the end of everything, but that was so much fun. I got bigger than a god, by a lot!"

"You did?" Rizii asks, her ears perking. "Lucky!"

"I know, heh," Grath chuckles, tickling Byrna's breasts as he wags. "Lloyd made me infinite dragon's food, so I kept eating and growing, faster and faster, it was so nice!"

"Haha, can I try some, Lloyd?" the blue kobold chirps, already back to normal.

"Maybe later," you say, flatly. "Here you go again, buddy, eat up. We just need you big enough to cover the cabin. Smother it like a hen on a nest, okay?"

"Oh, I wish I had met you all sooner, haha," Grath happily replies, wriggling out of the salamental's huge cleavage, and hopping over to your thick shoulder, sitting and wagging as you take out the third nugget, again, and let him eat it.

"You sure do change your attitude quick," Rizii says, popping her massive back muscles.

"Well, jobs revolve around payoffs!" he answers, wagging faster as he gulps it down, swelling bigger and bigger atop your shoulder.

Rizii purses her lip, nodding in agreement.

He wriggles heavily, and cat-leaps up onto the roof of the cabin, bulging even larger and heavier, the roof creaking as he gets too big for it. His feral legs swells down, paws thumping as he keeps ballooning greater, until he more than covers the dwelling, pinning it in under his belly as he purrs.

“Okay, that should keep anyone from trying to just leave. Right now, we need to figure out how to kill him when he emerges, without him being able to warp away. Arlei tried talking to him. Mohz tried to annihilate everything, but since we’re there, it just kills us and resets us back. Direct attacks hardly matter, his HP is astronomically high.”

You think and think, your clawed kobold hand on the doorknob of the cabin.

“Oh, come on, I know it’s been...a trip, but don’t get grouchy,” Rizii purrs, putting a caring hand on your shoulder. You’re honestly surprised she’s the one being measured. “We’ve got this, twerp! You know we do! It’s just a matter of time—”

Your ears shoot up high, and you beam brightly.

“Huh...hah–haha! You’re a genius, Riz!”

“Damn right!”

“WHAT’S THE PLAN, LLOYD?” Arlei booms, leaning in closer. “THIS IS IT, RIGHT? TELL ME WE AREN’T GOING TO KEEP THIS GOING ANY LONGER!”

“What’s the issue, Arlei?” Rizii asks, wagging. “You get to keep soaking up EXP, look at you! I bet you could swat the Archmage if you just kept growing bigger and bigger!”

“YOU SAW WHAT HIS ASCENSION INTO SUPER-GODHOOD WAS, I’D NEVER KEEP UP,” Arlei explains, though she’s smiling, and her nipples are stiffening tellingly. “WE NEED AN ENDGAME, AND NO OTHER APPROACH HAS WORKED.”

“Exactly,” you reply. “Rizii, I want you to cast BATTLECRY on Arlei, as soon as I enter that cabin. Arlei, as soon as Rizii casts on you, you cast RAISE MAX on me, then start casting HASTE MAX on yourself, then on the cabin. Lastly, keep casting SEAL over the whole thing. Please!”

“FOR YOU, DEAR, ANYTHING. RAISE MAX!”

All the panic and stress and repetition fades off as your comrades’ warmth penetrates, making you start to grin again, as holy light envelops you all.

“There he is,” Rizii laughs. “BATTLECRY!”

A light overtakes Arlei’s huge, huge body, then holds around her form.

“I said *after* I enter, Rizii.”

“Whatever, twerp. I’m going in with you. Get those jewels out. Use em!”

You do as ordered, your face masked in confusion. You hold all three up, and Rizii clasps your hand with her smaller one, squeezing, activating them all!

“What,” you mutter, before Arlei’s colossal size starts to shrink a bit lower, and lower, and lower, the huge reptilian maid blinking quizzically. “The cabin equalizes size, Rizii, w-what’s the...p-point!?”

You huff as raw growth starts to flood into you, your muscles surging drastically wider, your chaos-fitted armor stretching and splitting open as you groan.

Rizii squeals in joy, her yellow eyes rolling as she rumbles and grows, surging up bigger and stronger, her breasts *bumphing* tight to your expanding pectorals.

“Maybe so,” she thick-purrs, beaming lovingly at you as you both swell bigger and bigger still. “But our stats climb with it, dummy! We need every scrap of damage we can manage, right? That doesn’t go down, remember?”

“Oh, hell, that’s right,” you chuckle, laughing, adding even more growth as you balloon up over her, and she shudders up to your chest in height, putting her at 100 miles, and you at 120...only, you don’t stop growing.

You’re hardly even starting.

Grath watches you both balloon bigger and bigger, as Arlei shrinks down rapidly. With each dwindling lurch, you and Rizii both explode larger, swelling in noisy, stretching booms! Your green-yellow muscles leap out ahead of you as you moan, Rizii’s breasts inflating bigger again by half as they overflow her huge blue biceps, the groaning blue kobold rocketing up to 1,000 miles, to your 1,300!

Byrna shrieks (happily) as she’s bowled back, clinging warmly to Rizii’s surging scales, snuggling and kissing away lustfully as her beloved blue thunders up to 3,000 miles, quakes, then grins and erupts to 10,000 miles...30,000 miles...90,000 miles!

You close your eyes and roar with her, two giddy kobolds swelling bigger and stronger together, pressing in gladly as you boom past 150,000 miles, Rizii blowing up past you at 200,000, before you gasp and tremble and BOOM to 400,000, the size pouring in too fast, and yet not fast enough!

“Ack!” Grath bellows, the dragon’s huge wings flapping as he uses his huge body to air-lift the cabin away, hugging around it with all fours and his curled tail.

Arlei slips down to 2,160,000 miles, still a mind-breakingly huge height, before the exchange ends, and she puffs the rest out softly. She looks down, but only so much, as you and Rizii float in subspace beside her, well under half her size, each, at 920,000 miles!

“I’m so big!” Rizii cries, nearly actually tearing up. “I could hold our planet between two fingertips...no, claw tips! Hahahaaaaa! If my family could see me now! No big kobolds, my ass!”

“Hah!” you laugh, swelling even larger by a few thousand miles. “What do they know, right? You showed them!”

“*We* showed them!” she shouts, overjoyed, going in for a soft kiss on your muzzle. “Lloyd, seriously. Whatever happens, you’re family to me. I’ll never doubt you. I’ll never not be there. I love you so much for all of this, and I want to tell you, straight-up.”

You reach out with your colossal arms and rub her muzzle, letting her acceptingly nuzzle into your palm.

“Yeah,” you say, happily. “I know.”

A pinprick-sized Byrna pants openly, grinding happily against her far bigger lover, before kissing one huge blue scale, and warping herself up to your muzzles, as Arlei watches with a blush. It’s an understanding face she makes, though, looming over you two.

“SAME HERE, LOVE,” the immense maid chirps, grinning.

“Thirded!” Byrna roars, just to be barely heard. “I can only assume we’re warping into the cabin, then, Lloyd?”

“Yeah, no way we’ll fit, otherwise. Please do, Byrna!”

This is it. No more games or failures or repeats!

It’s time to kill the bad guy!

When the three of you warp in, Rizii, Byrna and yourself, you find Mohz is already there.

The kirin is just as big and built as you are, the Hruthga Sigils still slapped onto his huge body. In the cabin, of course, it matters a whole lot less. His hands are up, pointed at the floating sphere that will soon become the final portal. He seems to be chanting quickly.

“Mohz!” you begin, stepping closer in the living room. You already have your chaos-enlarged poison blade in hand, ready for battle.

“Stay back, you three, please,” Mohz huffs, straining from effort. “I heard your plan while waiting for the Archmage, it’s a brilliant idea. I know what you’re up to. But this is my

fight, alone. I'm sorry--"

"You're his Father, we know," you say, briskly.

"Your won took power that drove him mad, you wounded him, he rampaged through the kingdoms and gained infamy, you eventually put him down, but it crippled you for a millennia," Byrna adds.

"You turned us to stone to buy time to use CATAclysm on your kid, and erase you and he and whatever space-space you cast it in, so forth," Rizii concludes. "We've been-been through it already. You're sorry, by the way."

Mohz pauses.

"A save loop trap?" he murmurs. "I see. That's the only way you could know all of that."

"We also know nothing we do stops the Archmage, he's grown that strong," you continue, putting a hand on Mohz's thick forearm. "That includes your final cast. Don't do it."

"It's fine, this way, Lloyd," he says, grinning sadly. "It's my fault he became this way. I'm responsible. At first, I thought you would just carry me close enough to get the job done, but I really ended up liking you all. Very much. You're clever and resourceful, like my Aram. My dear boy. Let me end this. I'll cast and destroy the cabin, only, with he and I in it. Get out, and you'll be spared the loop. You all can move forward."

"No way, we're not using you to win, if it erases you," you say, shaking your head. "That's not happening, Mohz. You leave this cabin with us, or we all end."

Mohz's ears flick back.

"That's...not fair. Go."

"If you cast, then we're all going out."

"Except Arlei," Rizii helpfully adds.

"Okay, yes, thank you. Point being, I know another way to do this, it's just...going to be a dedicated effort. Trust me, Dad."

Mohz weakens at the one little word. His well-groomed brows raise helplessly.

"...Damn it."

"Thanks. Better join up with the party, because he's going to pop out any second."

Mohz nods, the bulky titan of a kirin moving over with you. Rizii and Byrna hug him

tight, the older mage letting them, then finally hugging back.

“Aram?” Byrna chirps, as you all get into battle stances.

“Aram Justor. The Justor house of mages.”

“What a nice name,” she giggles, meaning it. “Long-forgotten, if the history books don’t even remember it.”

“I remembered.”

The sphere starts to shudder terribly, there in the living room. All four of you prepare.

When it opens into a portal, what climbs out thankfully is no longer 8,000,000 miles tall. Instead, in the equalizing space of the cabin interior, the Archmage stands only slightly taller than any of you. The dark-furred kirin opens his bright ruby eyes and hums, taking in the surroundings with a quiet inhale.

When he sees the group, he doesn’t emote; when he sees Mohz, there’s a twitch.

“Well,” the Archmage huffs, shaking his head with a sad smile. **“I had no idea you were this set on ending me. Two kobolds-oh, very powerful kobolds, how about that-and a very powerful salamental, as well. Quite a party, Father.”**

“Son.”

The two kirin regard one another coldly.

“You, the kobold,” the fiend says, calmly looking over to you, his dark robe fluttering slightly. **“Lloyd. I presume this is your cabin?”**

“More or less,” you growl, nodding. “Made it myself, so.”

The dark kirin smiles. In this light, he is actually quite beautiful, even disarming.

“It’s nice. I like it. If it’s meant to contain me, well. That is fairly clever, haha. You know, they used to make these as alchemical prisons? You remember, Father.”

“Yes,” Mohz softly replies. “I wish you had kept your mad ambitions in check, Aram.”

“I wish you’d had faith in me, Mohz. I suppose only the gods get what they want.”

You raise your blade, and Rizii raises her cleaver. The slender kirin grins wider.

“Hmm? You’re serious, are you? Well, you are strong, I’ll admit. You might be the

strongest party I've ever seen, it's something. Had this been the old me, a thousand-plus years prior, I might have been just a little worried. So, please, take that as a compliment of colossal order! But all the same, goodbye to you all. Pleasure meeting you! I've an ascension to begin-

Nothing happens. *Failure!*

"Hmm," the Archmage hums, trying again to warp out. No good. ***"That's interesting. A sealing spell, strong enough to hold me back, even temporarily! I like it."***

"There's nowhere but here, Archmage," you say, taking up a striking stance.

"I'm terribly sorry to hear that, Lloyd," the kirin replies, smiling sadly. ***"But it's your call, godling. Farbeit for me to deny you the right to die in comfort!"***

"Get ready, everyone! *This is the end!*"

The robe parts and two lithe arms reach out, ready to cast.

"Indeed. Do your best," Aram rumbles, his eyes glowing darkly.

FINAL BOSS: ARCHMAGE, LV 9,999

HP: 983,477,443/999,999,999

MP: 9,979,010/9,999,999

The kirin pauses abruptly, his hands out, palms open.

"Wait."

You do no such thing. You charge head on, striking the Archmage with your enlarged blade for all you're worth, yielding a mighty -1 HP.

"Crap!"

"Hmm? Oh, sorry, I'm not trying to ignore you. I don't feel pain, it seems. Nice perk, wouldn't you say? I was just stopping a moment to wonder why in the world I resurrected at long last, but with my health...not full."

His ears prick up.

"Ahah...ahahaha! A save loop! You poor fools! Did I not see this happening, the other times we've fought? I will say, that is a large amount of HP to lose, for anyone else. I shouldn't poke fun, that's very impressive. You all are very good! I promise!"

"REFLECT!" Mohz shouts, as his son brings his hand back up.

A series of dedicated blue-green shells swirl around you, just as Aram speaks:

“HASTE MAX.”

Mohz grimaces, already chiding himself as the spell bounces off the party and back onto him, speeding him up a little more.

“FLARE!”

The older kirin throws his hands up, and a fantastic shell of pure fire engulfs the Archmage, condensing down on his captured body as the cabin curtains flap and start to ignite. The edges of tables and the kitchen countertop start to singe slightly as the temperature rises, the Archmage hit for a stunning -3,407,571 DAMAGE!

“ICE MAX, THUNDER MAX!”

Startlingly, Mohz manages to combine both spells as his deer-like hands slap together, battering the younger kirin with a storm of freezing hail and glacial sheets, electricity blazing across him for a terrible total of -4,300,477 DAMAGE!!

Again, Aram’s HP nudges down a centimeter or so, the spells fading as he shrugs it off, smiling in self-satisfaction.

“Hmm. NEGATE.”

Just like that, your REFLECT vanishes.

“ICE MAX,” the Archmage practically yawns.

“HELLFIRE!” Byrna roars, her best surge of flame blasting forth as the sheets of sharp ice fling towards the party. The two masses meet, yet some of the ice penetrates, smashing the party for -2,855 DAMAGE, each!

“Grazed you, did I?” Aram chuckles, looking somewhat bored. ***“REFLECT MAX.”***

A larger, much brighter shield of purple covers the Archmage.

“PERM BUFF!” both Rizii and Byrna cry, both skills directed at the blue kobold. Her already-monstrous physique balloons even larger, once again, her permanent girth swelling even greater as it stretches her hide, her arms now so big that Aram could fit in each one—two or three of him, in fact! All that stupendous muscle roars tight as Rizii swings the cleaver in a furious arc overhead, slicing the ceiling as it comes crashing down on the curious kirin.

“SMASH MAX!”

The cleaver slams into the Archmage, easily penetrating through the REFLECT shell!

-2,745,336 DAMAGE!

You charge through, another blade appearing in your free hand! Both follow through and slash the unfazed kirin for a combined -15,088 DAMAGE! A huge leap, even if it doesn't move Aram's HP down any!

[POISON]

-100 DAMAGE

The Archmage doesn't even take notice as he flicks his deer-like fingers up.

"REFLECT!" Mohz roars, quickly, as again you're all covered with shells.

"DEMI."

The entire party is hit for a quarter of their overall health! Aram was faster on the draw!

-19,650 DAMAGE!

-12,625 DAMAGE!

-12,050 DAMAGE!

-1,575 DAMAGE!

The party reels back, but holds firm. The cabin living room is spattered with frost, charred by fire and pockmarked by lightning, but it stands.

"FLAME MAX," the Archmage calmly rumbles.

"HEAT SHIELD ALL!" Byrna shouts, a wall of bright orange light shooting up, intercepting the flames, growing wider and higher the more heat they absorb.

"WAVE MAX!" Mohz barks, the kirin casting it at the party. The wave crashed into you, only to bounce back and hammer Aram for -4,904,069 DAMAGE!

Rizii rushes in after the wave, muscles bulging so powerfully it almost deafens you!

"BUFF MAX!" Mohz roars.

"PERM BUFF!" Byrna shouts.

You toss the last of the power elixirs at the massive kobold, it smashing against her huge muscles at the same time as the two high-grade buffs, making Rizii's bulk scream three times larger in one horrendous, delicious blast of size! While unable to get larger, in height, her muscles explode so large that her shoulders and traps blow up near the cabin ceiling as she flexes

her hulking thighs, and boom-roars:

“GODSTRIKER!”

The damage inflicted last upon her returns, vastly boosted, and the impact blows furniture against the walls and shakes the windows, dust littering down from the shaking rafters as the grossly-muscled, amazing female’s strike hits the kirin so hard that the flooring cracks!

-9,801,809 DAMAGE!!! *GODLY!!*

Amazingly, the Archmage actually almost flinches the tiniest bit.

“BRUNT MAX.”

Rizii’s eyes bulge out like yellow bulbs as the kirin lands a single snappy blow to her infinitely bigger abs:

-8,782,215 DAMAGE!!! *GODLY!!*

Rizii crumples to the damaged cabin floor, dead instantly.

“She’s really a beast, isn’t she?” the Archmage hums, shaking his hand some. ***“For a little kobold, no less. Just lovely! I really do wish you were on my side, haha. I don’t see why you aren’t, quite frankly. You know the gods are just awful.”***

That divine light returns and Rizii groans as she gets back up, her HP fully restored, her muscles still unbelievably immense and strong.

“You okay, Rizii?” you ask, readying both your swords.

“Y-yup! I’m okay, thanks! He hits hard. I like it! You’re alright for a scrawny kirin!”

“Thank you very much!” the Archmage laughs. ***“At least you’re actually supportive!”***

You focus, and suddenly two more arms burst out from under your original ones, just as bulky and strong, each one also holding another poison blade. The Archmage sees, and grins even wider.

“Oh-ho! I see, right! You’re a newborn chaos god! In k-kobold form! Ahahaha! How funny! You must be a riot, Lloyd!”

You bring all four blades down on the indifferent kirin for a combined -293,211 DAMAGE! You’re...you’re really getting stronger, every attack!

[POISON]

[POISON]
[MISS]
[POISON]

Again, the Archmage shrugs it off. His HP is still 958,009,782!

You use one arm to throw Mohz one of the final two magic potions; the older kirin thankfully uses it, his nearly-gone MP jumping back up!

“I suppose a warm-up is nice, before my body fully ascends, heh,” Aram snickers, the silky dark kirin’s nose wrinkling a moment. ***“Better than being bored waiting for the rush!”***

“You don’t become some great super-god, Aram!” you warn, pointing with all four arms and swords for all the extra emphasis. “We saw it. You consumed Heaven itself, and turned into an ever-growing monster.”

“Really!” Aram chirps, his ears flicking up high against his hood.

The rising bulge between his legs answers everything as it twitches and swells.

“Er,” you start.

“I can’t wait!” the kirin huffs, visibly aroused at the idea. ***“You know I’ll still be a better deal for everyone than this current nonsense. Imagine, all of existence...nggh, a mere speck on my...erection! Bahaha, how funny, since they would have to accept it! It’s the bigger one’s will, after all, y-yes?”***

His bulge screams larger, snaking longer and longer down his leggings as he smiles.

“Not to be rude, you all, but that really is a tempting idea...I hope you aren’t too offended if I hurry this along, as a result. It isn’t you, it...mmmm, being bigger than everything, to the billionth power...huah-uh!”

His erection blows up heavy and firm, tenting out from between his robes.

“Oh, son, really,” Mohz grunts, looking away.

“Every child should surpass the parent, no?” Aram rumbles happily, as the surprisingly huge digit throbs all the way down to his knee. ***“Anyhow, you were lovely to meet. Farewell!”***

“No, wait!” Mohz begins.

“MEGADEATH.”

A black cloud hisses out from the kirin's opened palm, covering everything. Within several seconds, everyone but you slumps over, dead.

"Oh, goodness, that's right, you're a junior god," Aram says, blankly. ***"No matter. I can still fix you, too. So you don't feel left out. ERASURE."***

From that same hand, a large, horrendous orb in the shape of a roaring cattle skull wobbles out, drifting eerily toward you!

"SUB-WARP!"

Byrna's shout answers as the kirin switches places with the party, having been warped in the same space, but to a different location. The confused Archmage looks ahead just as his own ERASURE impacts his head, exploding into a black infernal storm as the kirin bellows in pain.

You turn to see Byrna rising back up, risen anew from Arlei's spell. Mohz, having never been there for it, lies dead still, as does Rizii.

"We only have one smelling salts on hand," you say, going through your bag.

"You're a chaos god now, goofy," Byrna sighs, talking quickly. "Make more! Or raise them back up yourself, I don't know!"

"They're alive! Come back! RISE!"

Nothing.

"F-fine, inanimate I can still do!"

Instantly, the multiple smelling salts you form in your hand vanish, taken away. You look up to see the Archmage, very-much not erased, and visibly irritated. The smoldering darkness clears from his head, revealing a nearly-completely exposed deer-like skull, a bright red light flowing from inside the socket. The skull splits, frighteningly, as rows of teeth serrate along each edge, turning into a churning sea of bones and jaws, every flap moving as he talks:

"That...was particularly clever," he huffs, the skull-faced kirin growling angrily. ***"Didn't hurt, beyond my pride. But I don't care much for the embarrassment!"***

"PERM BUFF!" she shouts, making you blimp bigger with muscles, on all four arms.

You start for a moment, before understanding, and charging forward with another volley of slash attacks, impacting the annoyed kirin for -101,425 DAMAGE!!

[MISS]
[POISON]
[POISON]

[POISON]

“ALL CRUSH,” Aram coldly growls, constricting the air with his hand.

“COVER!”

Byrna zips in front of you, her body instantly crushing in with a series of snaps.

-9,999,999 DAMAGE!! FATAL!!

The kind salamander thuds to the floor, deadweight on impact. You go from strained breathing to open panting as you step back, all three party members very deceased, with no raise effects to bring them back.

“RAISE!” you shout, to no effect. “Come on, come on. RAISE ALL!”

“That isn’t how it works, Lloyd,” the Archmage says, his skull-face gleaming in the low light of the heavily-damaged cabin interior. ***“Chaos magic doesn’t give or take life. It affects reality. Say you thought of a group of them. You’d produce a group of corpses. I speak from experience, haha. Speaking of, I suppose I ought to remove that save you have, outside.”***

You rush in for a slash attack again, now with six arms, and six swords, for -228,225 DAMAGE!

[POISON]

[MISS]

[POISON]

[POISON]

“Just stop, this is humiliating for us both,” the Archmage sighs, raising his hand again. ***“ERASURE.”***

You wince, but nothing happens. He notices your confusion.

“It wasn’t for you, my friend. I sent it out to the save point. No coming back for you. All you have now is this cabin, and the moment I get a chance, I’ll break out and destroy it. THIS ONE...this one, is for you!”

Another skull-orb floats back out, impacting you dead on, the fiend watching as you evaporate into pure nothingness, in a blink.

“A nice warm-up, indeed,” Aram snorts, somewhere between respect and contempt. ***“Still can’t seem to break out of here yet. Once I ascend, however, I’ll be...unstoppable.”***

His erection pumps even bigger as he smiles (well, skull-smiles), standing there among the dead and vanished bodies of the party. As he reaches down to pet his shaft a little, six more blade slashes cut into his exposed back, making the kirin growl in shock!

-244,494 DAMAGE!!

You stand behind him, all swords drawn, making the kirin howl in anger.

“WHAT!?”

“Chaos at work!” you say, glaring daggers at him. “I used MULTIPLY, meaning you erased a double! And it looks like I don’t have a limit on skills, as a god! POWERFLOW! MULTIPLY! POWERFLOW! MULTIPLY!”

Two more Lloyds appear, the same way Jestmi was able to, before. All three of you swell with even more green-yellow muscle, your stats skyrocketing as you each land six attacks!

-1,106,577 DAMAGE!!

-516,663 DAMAGE!!

-1,092,677 DAMAGE!!

“Really!?” the Archmage groans, anger rising on even his skull-face. ***“Do you really insist on aggravating me further, bug?”***

You’ve been called that before. But the bug won!

“MULTIPLY!” all three of you shout, splitting into six. “POWERFLOW! POWERFLOW! POWERFLOW! IMMUNE! INVULNERABLE!”

All six kobolds blow up even stronger, thirty-six strikes piling up to a whopping total of:

-45,328,968 DAMAGE!!!! UNTHINKABLE!!!

“ERASURE!” Aram roars, the annoyed Archmage actually staggering back at that many heavy blows at once.

[POISON]

[POISON]

[POISON]

[POISON]

[POISON]

[POISON]

[POISON]

[POISON]

[POISON]

[POISON]

-150,000 DAMAGE
-180,000 DAMAGE

“WHAT IS IT, HASTE? HASTE MAX? WHO’S OUT THERE, CASTING IT? THE SAME WRETCH THAT’S SEALING ME? HOW FAST IS TIME MOVING, IN HERE!? ANSWER ME!!”

“It won’t be your concern for long, at this rate,” all of your selves say, readying your poison blades. “Just die like a proper villain, already!”

“DIE!? BAHHAHA! YOU IDIOT! I LEARNED FROM DEMONS, REMEMBER? DARK GODS! MY SOUL IS BONDED WITH THE GOD OF DESPAIR! DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU’VE DESTROYED ME!? ALL YOU’VE COST ME IS PATIENCE! MY SOUL... WILL TRANSMIGRATE BACK TO THE SAME LAIR AS BEFORE, WHERE I’LL RECUPERATE!”

He’s right about that part, though you hate to admit it.

“EVER...BUFF...MAX!!”

The kirin’s slender, svelte body drum-beats, before starting to balloon thicker with muscle, his arms packing on full, bulky definition as they swell and swell within his tightening robes. He’s already almost as bulging as yourselves, and as his skull head and hood keep proportionate on a ballooning furry neck, the rest of his body is blowing out to magnificent size! While he can’t grow taller, his muscles are steadily overinflating, bursting so loudly and so big that his robe *shrrrrrips* and pops, tearing away into clinging scraps against too much dark mass!

“LET’S SEE YOU ATTACK...WHEN I PIN YOU TO THE WALLS...THEN KEEP GROWING! I’LL SIMPLY CRUSH YOU ALL AT THE SAME EXACT TIME, A-AND BURST...F-FREE! GRRRRUUUH!”

Unfortunately, his growth is so quick, so violent, that his ever-swelling muscles erupt into every single one of you. Though your invulnerability command works, and none of you take damage, you can’t manage any attacks, either! Every one of you thumps against the far walls as Aram’s astonishingly vast bulk doubles out, booming bigger, biceps and pectorals and thigh muscles and shoulder blades all squeezing your self-party flatter and flatter, as he darkly chuckles up above you, an ocean of still-growing girth, immobilized with raw power!

His erection and sacs smother the true you tighter and tighter, the Archmage panting from the sheer overload as he continues to swell bulkier and bulkier and bulkier!

100,000/999,999,999 HP

With a last cry you push your chaos magic to the brink and the entire cabin, nearly every foot of wall space, ceiling and floor alike, bursts into a sea of poison blades. Aside from yourself and Arlei, literal hundreds and hundreds of them pierce the huge kirin's muscles, his sheer size making it impossible to dodge. In fact, the bigger he swells, the further they sink!

“WHU,” Aram grunts, his head eroding as he dies, sinking into a muscled neck, his smoldering deer skull and horns cracking, his red eyes flickering, then fading out to black.
“HOW. IT'S. NOTTTTT. FFFFF. FFFFA...IIIIIIII. COUNTD...D-DOWN!”

The Archmage himself evaporates. But, as he does so, the number 10 appears over Arlei's head. In a few seconds, before you can even ask if she's okay, it ticks down to 09.

“Lloyd,” she huffs, dusting herself off.

08

“Arlei, he hit you with a countdown, you only have seconds!”

07

“RAISE ALL!” she says, ignoring you for the moment as holy light floods over Rizii, Mohz and Byrna's bodies.

06

“Arlei, stop, you're about to die!”

05

“I know, Lloyd, just, trust me! I know what I'm doing!”

04

“B-but!”

“Ugh, what the hell happened?” Rizii moans, yawning, as Byrna stretches.

03

“I'm warping back to outside of Arast! You, warp to Kogo Varan, all of you!”

02

“Oh...okay! I trust you!” you reply, going with it.

01

“I love you, Lloyd! So much! WARP!”

“I love you, too!”

She blinks away, before it can hit 00.

You have no smelling salts. You could have maybe made them, but likely not in that time span. You shake it off as Byrna and Rizii and Mohz walk over, looking around the destroyed cabin room. You’re back to two arms, and you need them as you wobble and fall, only for the three comrades to catch you.

“She...she went back,” you explain, processing. “We need to go to Kogo Varan! Byrna, Mohz, quick!”

Admittedly, you did *maybe* forget just how big you and your friends had blown up, in the Arast subspaces. You don’t reappear on the planet. You’re much too big for that, now.

MUCH.

“OOH, THAT’S RIGHT,” you rumble-boom, looking your 950,000-mile body over, blushing from embarrassment.

“HEY, YEAH!” Rizii roars, shaking space, her monstrosly vast blue kobold tail going wild behind her vast, muscled rump. “WE’RE CRAZY-HUGE, THAT’S RIGHT! AAAAH, LLOYD, LOOK AT US! OOH, YOU’RE ONLY A BIT BIGGER THAN I AM!”

Behind you looms Mohz, the Sigils embedded into his pecs still, keeping him as big as he had grown the first time he confronted Aram, at a far, far larger 17,361,830 miles in size, making him over 17 times bigger than any of you. Byrna is so much smaller that she can only cling to Rizii like a stud in her scales, though her reptilian purrs betray her joy at the moment.

Big and powerful as he may be, the kirin still looks like he’s absorbing things. His own son was destroyed, after all. It would be a lot for anyone, at any size.

The planet, your very world, is at best a marble to you. Still, you lean in close to it and all its startled continents, a single blue kobold eye filling the entire hemisphere.

You *will* yourself to see, to know, as you look the face of the planet over, until you find the more familiar ‘map’ of your home continent.

The ancient tower, the long-forgotten testament to the failure of the Justor clan still

stands where it had been, back at the start of your journey. But now you can see plumes of hideous blackness trailing into the tower from the air itself, filtering in slowly. Your god sight is surprisingly strong, letting you see from all the way out in the cosmos. It's enough.

"Aram's going home, just like he said," you growl, your huge voice rumbling in the void.

"I think I missed a chunk of plot, there, in the cabin," Rizii sighs, looking over your massive shoulder, Byrna watching from her vast muzzle. "So, he's not dead?"

"HE MEANS TO START THE CYCLE ANEW," the far larger kirin says, his bassy reply making you and Rizii quake slightly (and Byrna a whole, whole lot). "POOR, MISGUIDED BOY. MAD WITH TALENT, SICK WITH AMBITION."

"It is a serious waste," Byrna shouts up to you two as you look the rest of the globe over, then wag, your tail thumping cutely against Mohz's huge shaft.

"I found her!" you roar, grinning wide. "Right where we left her, with Arast still in her grip. That's the original Arlei, then...so, where did the shadow go? Her countdown was right before 00, and it's been a minute or two now."

"Lloyd, look closer!" Byrna shouts, waving excitedly from Rizii's vast muzzle, each scale the size of a big country. "Down below, those sparks! Those must be shadow Arlei's embers! They're returning to the original body!"

You blink, then force your vision further, 'zooming' in until you realize that the colossal original Arlei is stirring, waking up. She shakes her head, then starts a terrible rumble.

"Oh! Shoot, her size is...hold on!"

Arlei stirs to life with a cute, booming chirp, her looming body starting to tremble and swell bigger over the countryside! Over 100 miles of female curves and bronze scales balloon even larger, her humongous outer thighs inflating loudly into mountain ranges, over lakes and rivers, smashing them flat as she cries out and grows, and grows, and grows.

You reach in, fingertips bigger than continents looming over the entire globe. The ridges in your fingers form comparative canyons as you carefully, carefully pinch over the surprised, newly-awakened Arlei, and lift her up, up, up, so small she can barely be felt, even as she reaches the size of the world itself, and keep growing between them!

Her 600-mile body rises off the dented hemisphere, sparing those below as she blows up even larger, still less than a flea to you and your endlessly fingertips.

"Wh-what do I do, now?" you ask, before your fingertips widen as Arlei erupts bigger between them, spreading them apart as she blows up to fill your hand. "Any ideas?"

Again, she cries out and explodes bigger, her breasts bouncing out around one thick

finger as she surges too fast, pumping up to 12,000 miles, the huffing female reptile bur-bur-BURSTING rapidly! She floods out of your hands and into your arms as she explodes to 90,000 miles, then 300,000...700,000...her bare breasts inflate into your collarbone as he snuggle her in tight, no longer worried about anything but holding her as she bursts...maybe a bit too big for you.

Then, bigger, still.

And BIGGER, STILL!

The 2,000,000-mile lizard rumbles and moans as her body stretches even larger, her ample rump pushing your grip wider as her huge hips expand aggressively in all directions, making you drift back as she gives a last cry and blasts up to a full 4,000,109 miles!

Her holy aura overflows the moment she presses into you for a long, desperately awaited kiss, locking muzzles with you, her bigger lips nearly consuming your head as you go limp and let it happen. The moment she feels you kissing back, her aura *explodes*, throwing light over the entirety of space.

The holy blaze covers the world, bathing everything in its purity—including Kogo Varan!

The light obliterates the entire tower, shattering it. The evil haze of the god-kinin shudders against it, so great that even his ethereal form is blown into nil, decimated, evaporating instead into a shower of embers so monstrous that it clouds over the entire planet, and keeps blowing out wider and higher.

Arlie holds you now as the light finally calms, smothering your reptilian muzzle in her overgrown chest; but she just rumbles and cuddles you in deeper, nuzzling down over your head, more than 4 times your huge size—yet even she’s still about 4 times *smaller* than Mohz.

“Hehe, hi there,” she trills, bumping her bigger bronze muzzle over your hair and tall, perked ears. “Finished cleaning the place up.”

“It’s looking beautiful, from here,” you purr back, locking eyes with hers momentarily.

“GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, DEAR,” Mohz thunders gently, setting a massive, soft hand on her head, patting it affectionately as Rizii gets in for a bulky cuddling. Mohz and your own muscles are incredibly impressive, but the blue kobold has everyone beat by far!

“Hehe! You two really are something! You actually clobbered the Archmage!”

“Eh, it was a narrow win, at best,” you grumble, half-buried in Arlei’s cleavage.

“You’re right,” Arlei snorts, turning back to face the dot-sized planet. “They might have even sent a new maid.”

MP: 100,300/100,300
STRENGTH: 7999999999999999 +5,000 BOOST
DEFENSE: 8999999999999999 +6,000 BOOST
DEXTERITY: 199999999999
SPEED: 8999999999

HEIGHT: 6,150'07"
WEIGHT: ??????

SKILLS: ECONO MAX, COVER ALL, LASH ALL, EMBER MAX, CRUSH ALL,
RUMP COMET, VOLCANO BLAST, BULGE MAX, METEOR CHEST
SPELLS: GODFIRE, PERM BUFF, WARP, SUB-WARP, HEAT SHIELD ALL

NEXT LEVEL: 70,000,000/890,000,000 EXP

MOHZ, LV 1,150, KIRIN BLACK MAGIC DEMIGOD
HP: 5,300,000/5,300,000
MP: 110,900/110,900
STRENGTH: 6999999999999999 + 900,000,000 BONUS
DEFENSE: 5999999999999999 + 600,000,000 BONUS
DEXTERITY: 4999999999
SPEED: 8999999999

HEIGHT: 91,670,462,400'10"/17,361,830 MILES
WEIGHT: ??????????????????

SPELLS: BUFF MAX, REMEDY ALL, REFLECT OUT, FLAME MAX, ICE MAX,
WAVE MAX, THUNDER MAX, CHARM ALL, RAISE ALL, FLOAT, COMET, FLARE, ALL
STONE, CATACLYSM

NEXT LEVEL: 61,190,000/1,300,200,000 EXP

You all practically glow from the intake, as you absorb the powers of not only the Archmage, but the mighty god he had absorbed, which now spreads into you! Your levels are beyond imagination, raw power coursing and playing and tickling through you incredibly huge bodies as the glow finally fades off.

But Arlei.

BUT ARLEI.

This time, the female doesn't spend her growth alone! She snuggles you in with a wild purr as the creaking lizard quakes and spasms and groans deep, her body booming out through space! Already-diminutive planets outright vanish between her scales as she roars out kind words and lewd rumblings, letting you nuzzle against her nipples as they inflate too big, her breasts and hips and rump screaming bigger and bigger as she holds you close, and lets her swelling lips jet

“Hello, Endid!” you boom, your 10-mile kobold self reaching down to shake the titan’s powerful clawed hand.

“Lloyd! Haha! Hail, friend! How is business?”

“The Guild is at record membership, your highness, we’re terribly busy!” you rumble, your sheer muscle humbling even the nude gryphon’s. “I wanted to extend this offering as a goodwill branch between Hruthga and Avros! Here, if I may.”

You snap huge, clawed fingers, and at long last, a massive runic and chain appear, a perfect fit for the clothesless Emperor bird. The gryphon’s ears perk, a smile spreading across his beak as he lights up.

“Excellent! Haha! I’ll greatly enjoy bursting too big for it! I cannot wait!”

“Well, that works!” you chuckle, as the gryphon swells larger, just slightly perceptible.

“You’ll give my best to your band, and your lovely wife!” the huge avian chirps, shuddering up another 1,000 feet, his huge bird toes swelling across the terrain below.

You’re just in time for the new hire ceremony, at the Guild! You dwindle down enough to fit into the huge double doors of the atrium, the same one Reb chased you through, so long ago. A new marble statue of none other than yourself stands at the center, carved to absolute perfection. The artist really came through! A 30-foot colossus, you smile and wave down to everyone as you pass on your way to the auditorium, where you lean low and hand out new quest maps and medals to the star-struck recruits.

One especially small lizard-man meekly accepts, but has trouble looking you in the eyes.

“It’s okay,” you comfort, grinning wide. “I was that way too, my first day. You’ll improve, you’ll grow! I have every confidence in you, in all of you!”

“T-thank you, Guildmaster Garnet,” he squeaks, rubbing his arm and looking away. “It’s just that your uh, package is showing.”

You pause.

“So it is. Thank you.”

After the ceremonies you hustle back outside, feeling a telltale tremble race through your swelling bulk. It’s time to get back home, before you blow up again! You’ve practiced so often that you can stay reasonably small for several days straight, but when it’s time to grow back up to size, you get away from it all very, very quickly.

Blowing up bigger than the moon, bigger than the planet, and still growing, it makes the trip home not only easy, but rather fun! You rumble happily as your armor struggles and stretches and blows apart, again, your muscles erupting in joy as they're let free. Your body swells so much in size that you've long-since surpassed your more quaint 950,000-mile size, and then some.

By the time you reach your cabin, floating out among the discs of mighty galaxies, you're well over 20 quadrillion trillion miles tall, give or take an inch. It's just enough for you to get into the towering cabin door and wave hello to Arlei.

"I'm back, honey!" you growl-boom, beaming wide.

"Well, hello! You look awfully happy, Lloyd! Good day?" she rumbles back, the even-larger female perking up on sight of you. "Oh, don't tell me, dear! I'll hear all about it when I take my next trip down home! Meantime, dinner's on! Sit, sit!"

"Yes, ma'am!" you respond, your tail whipping wildly about.

"Haha, there he is!" Rizii bellows, throwing a monstrously vast blue arm around you both, squeezing you in tightly. Somehow, she's been getting even bigger! Her physique is mind-straining now, even to someone as overpowered as you. "We've been waiting! Do you know how starving we are, twerp?"

"Heehee, Lloyd!" Byrna chirps, pressing in on the other side, mashing you between both females as they putter and squeeze tight, both roughly the same size in the cabin. "Come, sit, we're gonna eat! Pull up a chair!"

There's a polite knock, before the door opens. Mohz swells up and up as he steps through, matching your own size and thumping big kirin hands on your huge kobold shoulders.

"Haha, hello there, son! You look hungry!"

"Is it that obvious?" you chirp, wagging faster yet.

"You reptiles can't hide anything," he laughs, offering you a box. "Just look at that loaf, out there. All he wants is more food, hah. Granted, he *is* excellent at his job, don't misunderstand. But gracious, the avarice!"

"Well, it *is* hard work," you say, opening the door with your free hand and peeking out to see Grath's muzzle filling all of space. "Thank you, Grath! You want to squeeze in and eat?"

The red dragon's head alone far, far surpasses entire galaxies, each one as big as a single scale as he happily shakes his head. The mere movement pushes entire systems a little further back with every iteration, he's so massive. You *could* outgrow him, if you really pushed it. You even raced him once, just to play around, and won. But it was surprisingly tough.

“Haha, no thanks, Lloyd! I’ll just take my usual payment, please!”

“Sure, sure,” you laugh, fishing out another nugget of leftover dragon food, chaotically willing it as big as your hand, and throwing it out into space, letting him lick it up and swallow. You close the door as the sounds of Grath blowing up even bigger and bigger and bigger and BIGGER outside reverberate, the dragon infinitely bigger then even your cosmic home.

“So,” you hum, looking the box over. “Is this something special enough to grow a box for? Seems like a lot of bother.”

“It is. And it is! Managed to find it among the ruins of Arast, just today. Thought you might like the keepsake!”

You open it...and sigh.

Inside is the first cabin you stayed at. You lift it up from the box with one hand and peek into the window to see Jestmi’s rat eye blinking back, then lifting some as the trapped goddess smiles back. You set it and her down over on a shelf, beside the Master Key, your old map, the jewels, the stolen rings, and Reb’s golden nose ring. Spoils of one hell of a week.

“Maybe we’ll let her out, at some point,” you mutter. “Thanks, Dad!”

“If she misbehaves, let us know, Lloyd. Even gods need friends.”

“Amen.”

There’s a last knock. You thump over and open the door to a teeny speck, who enters and swells up so big that he’s about a foot taller than you, relatively. The muscled naga beams on sight of you, waving to everyone with a giddy hiss.

“Lloyd!”

“Gorj! Get in here!” you laugh, as the huge naga pounces you in a hug. His sails twitch happily as he tackles Mohz, then Rizii, who slaps him on the back so hard he loses HP. He doesn’t care. Byrna hugs him up off the floor with a barrage of kisses.

“Welcome, welcome,” Arlei laughs, setting down enough chicken to feed half the universe. Seriously, she’s done it several times. “How’re the family efforts, Gorj?”

“Ah, the clutch should be coming along any day, actually,” the vast naga replies, practically glowing with pride. “We expect maybe a dozen eggs!”

“Oh, you machine,” Rizii giggles, taking chicken without asking and piling her plate. “You’ll be sculpting a lot more, to pay for a family that big!”

“Puh, good,” Gorj crows, his pecs swelling authoritatively. “I want the work!”

“That Avros Guild statue is gorgeous, seriously,” you add, pulling out a chair. “I can’t thank you enough, you know, I love it! You’ve got a serious gift.”

The naga looks ready to explode. His tail loops and whaps the floor, having to curl around his huge chair, lest he fall off.

“I’m doing Byrna and Rizii next,” he says, his voice speeding up with excitement. “Just you wait, you two! I have the pose and everything down!”

“Oh, really?” Byrna cheers, wiggling her hefty pudgy in her seat.

“Make me bigger than this, okay?” Rizii demands, politely. Her fork is out.

As you sit to eat a good meal with your godly family, you, Lloyd Garnet, the lowest and smallest of them all, stop to think just how far you’ve come. Arlei leans her chair into yours, and nuzzles down on your head and floppy kobold ears, and the soft kiss on your head lets you know it’s real. You didn’t just win the quest, or even in life. You don’t need to be the biggest, though it’s a lot of fun.

It’s become so much more than that, and you finally understand it.

You found heaven.