

## STROKE OF MIDNIGHT

“Sister Katherine, welcome,” the beetle said, his words rattling cutely on the way out.

Kathy’s hands went up and down, shaken ‘hello’ with a force no living thing of that size should have been capable of. The aftershocks rode up into her nod awkwardly as the ewe took a second to unfluff her wool and let the rest ride out on a laugh.

“I-it’s good to be here, uh, Brother—”

“Benjamin,” the dark blue bug rumbled, his stag-horn bobbing as he looked her over. The sheep was less than average sized, but compared to Benjamin, she was pretty big. “Glad to hear it! I know you’re fresh off the bus, but since you’re our only new recruit, I doubt it’ll be too long of a process orienting you to the compound!”

“It *is* true, though, right?” Kathy interjected, quickly. Sharply, even. “Your...the Guru, Lathvahr, he really *can* do what the pamphlet says?”

“Oh, yes!” Ben chittered, his back wings buzzing out against his white smock, pulling it tight as his excitement rose. “I mean, haha, you’ll see soon enough, but as a witness, myself...yes. He can remove all vanity, all self-importance! We call it ego-way, a healthy expunging of egoism and egotism alike!”

Kathy bit her lip, fighting the disbelief she had tried so hard to leave on the bus.

“It’s just, I used the last of my money to get here.”

“Ah, you planned ahead, then, good! All the better! Come, come, we’ll get you to the Great Hall first for introductions, before the initiation!”

It was official, a single certainty stamping hard into Kathy’s mind: *Ben was adorable.*

This held back her burgeoning fears for roughly a half minute as the beetle offered to take her only suitcase with one hand, then turned and motioned for her to follow deeper into the surrounding woods. The sun was abandoning her to the evening as it hid behind the mountains and forests below, casting the high pines in darkening shadows. The bus was long gone now, a dull roar of the engine its last and only farewell as it echoed down the road. There was no going back. *There was nothing to go back to.*

“Have you been here long, Ben?”

“Just Benjamin is fine, Katherine. Ben was what my family called me, in the owning days, back before I knew what mattered. May I call you Katherine? I can’t help but think Kathy is much the same for you.”

*It was.*

“I suppose my ego could take it,” she chuckled, trailing behind the little insect as he crunched along the first path, towering trees clustering tighter together on either side.

“Ah, a cut-up,” Benjamin buzzed. “Humor accepted!”

*Thank goodness. Maybe when you ‘get rid’ of me, you won’t be burdened by fun quite so hard—eh, **Katherine?***

“Shut up,” the ewe grumbled, countless frustrations spiking inside.

“Was it not a joke? I do apologize!” the beetle stammered, sounding mortified.

“Oh my God, sorry, I didn’t, that wasn’t for you, Ben...jamin, sorry!”

Her cream-colored wool might as well have gone red as she blushed.

“Having an argument with yourself, then?” he replied, sincerely. “It’s okay to say yes. I used to all the time. Head never *didn’t* have something to say when I did or thought anything. Was a neurotic mess, to be honest.”

“Sorry.”

“For what? I had to be that before I could be this. No harm to it, Sister. Here we are!”

Rounding a last crop of trees, there were suddenly lights everywhere, and for a moment Kathy was back at Summer Camp again, safe and happy. Countless yellow light strings bowed and wove through high branches as a badger, goat and gecko all went about lighting lanterns hung onto posts by bent nails. Each of them bore the same kind of smock and white pants as Benjamin, a gaggle of bedsheets in action, like clothes dancing on a line.

The gecko spotted them first and waved, bounding over with big eyes and a wide grin. Her surprisingly ample chest bounced as she arrived, rendering her garments tight, despite the general slack they offered others.

“Sister Argenta, meet Sister Katherine,” Ben clicked, wobbling in place from enthusiasm. “Our newest sibling in the Order!”

“You,” Argenta began, placing two sets of stubby lizard fingers on the sheep’s shoulders, “are *so* heavy with burden, you must have left craters for footprints coming up here! I can tell these things.”

“She can,” Benjamin echoed, as the other two came over. “Not in a braggy way, mind! And this is Brother Shaun and Brother Clay!”

“Welcome, welcome,” the goat began, clapping another larger hand on Kathy’s shoulder, setting his hand over the slightly annoyed Argenta’s. “Good to see another face, at last!”

The badger, Shaun (he looked like a Shaun) stayed politely quiet, giving a nod as Clay spoke back up:

“We just finished the lighting rounds, Brother Benjamin, may we join you on your way to the Great Hall?”

To be quite honest, it *was* a great hall. Damn, was it big.

The few log cabins lining the path up to the hall seemed so modest that, by the time they made it up the hill, Kathy had expected some old dirty pavilion or gazebo in disrepair.

This was... a bunker. A great, big bunker, with its top floor furnished like some converted gymnasium-turned-community center. Folding chairs, punch and marshmallow squares on a long table with white, cheap paper tablecloth, stacks of dixie cups, napkins with a small polished stone to keep them down. Bathrooms were on the far right by pushed-in bleachers, two opposing basketball hoops and boards before and behind, with an oversized bulletin across from the spread.

But it wasn’t any of those things that Benjamin, Argenta, Clay or Shaun went for. Instead, they all congregated to the middle of the hall, before nodding for Kathy to come and join them.

“I expected more of a ceremony, heh,” she joked, truthfully.

“Expectation is like that,” Shaun flatly said. “It too will pass.”

“Your attire,” Benjamin started, taking out a folded set of white clothes and holding it out towards the approaching ovis. “Please, use either of our unisex restrooms to change, before your...change.”

“He tells jokes, now?” Argenta cooed, smiling lightly.

“Sister Katherine was more clever, I should say,” the beetle chuckled, making Kathy shudder openly, just as she took her clothes, as though the compliment had literally struck her.

“Gracious, are you alright, Sister?” Argenta asked, cocking her reptilian head.

“Just a chill, I’ll be right back!” Kathy replied, moving to the nearest bathroom as fast as her hoof-toed feet could allow, trembling all the way.

*No, no, no. No.*

By the time Kathy was through the bathroom door, she was crouching. Years of reflex told her to duck low, so that she didn’t hit her head on the way in. Likewise, she already knew to set the clothes in an unused sink, because there was no way in hell they would fit at the moment.

“Easy, easy,” the sheep softly boomed as she thudded before a large mirror, opened her big, deep eyes, and saw that her muzzle and chin were already higher than its top rim. Her woolly head and long floppy ears bulged an inch higher, groaning toward the ceiling and its pipes before she put both growing arms out, letting the sleeves of her sweater creep in along widening arms. “That’s all you get. That’s it. You’re weak, but you already knew that. It’s going away, off into the past, draining out like my life in fast forward.”

Her bosom consumed the front of said sweater, the poor thing’s taxed fabrics groaning as they stretched too wide over tenting nipples. The breathing didn’t help, as much as it did.

“You’re just weak. You’re as important as unused air. Air serves a purpose, at least. You’re just a taker. A weak, stupid taker.”

At that, Kathy stopped. The slow, unreal growth that had filled her bulging body and stretching skin subsided, and the 8-foot sheep began to shudder it out, slipping smaller again, by subtle, deflating degrees, until she was her usual 5 feet and 7 inches.

She calmed back down, got dressed, and composed herself fully, properly. There was no backing down, this time. She couldn't afford to. This insanity was ending...*tonight*.

## **8:20 PM**

No one had asked if Kathy was okay, because they already knew she wasn't. That was the whole reason they thought she had come. For Kathy, it was the last of the last ditches in which to put her efforts—her *hopes*. Neither party was wrong.

When she rejoined the four, Benjamin lit up. He might as well have been part firefly.

“You look very good, like that,” the bug started, only to adjust. “V-very proper.”

Mercifully, Kathy hadn't heard the words. She was too busy gawking at the rest of the congregation. At least fifty, maybe even a hundred other acolytes had gathered, damming up the front and back entrances (and, part of her understood, exits) with a wall of watching eyes and placid smiles.

“Whoa,” she gulped, as Argenta put her hands right back on both wooly shoulders, wrinkling her smock.

“Not too many, not too few,” the female gecko said, her words carefully weaving around any possibility of hubris. “Now, come, Sister Katherine, come! Follow us down to our dear Guru and his wisdom!”

“Down?”

That word had reached the startled sheep. Clay and Shaun had already opened up a large sort of storm door, set on hinges into the floor of the hall. Darkness waited beneath, solid and hungry, holding its breath.

“I thought,” she huffed, confusedly looking around, “with all the food and chairs...”

“The after party!” Benjamin clicked, clasping his segmented hands happily. “The rite itself requires a certain setting, and that's down below! To that end...on to Guru Lathvahr!”

“TO LATHVAHR!”

Katherine nearly leapt at the refrain as it blasted out, the combined force of too many enthused voices at once as Clay and Argenta ushered her down into the gaping black. The light

came grudgingly as her hooved feet felt for steps, not quite being rushed by the others, but not slow enough for her to feel comfortable moving. Whatever the stairs and walls were made of, it sure wasn't carved rock or stone. It was all too smooth.

Down at the last of the steps came the light, a series of silent candles encircling an old toad in a gown that was too basic, yet too overdesigned, clearly meant to out-whatever-this-was everyone else's apparel.

The light was enough that she could see as the older male opened his big, amphibious eyes, blinked, and snapped over to her, suddenly keen and sharp. A wide, knowing smile broke the still waters of his expression, and just as soon as he had smiled, he was in motion.

"Sister!" the Guru roared, calmly, commandingly. His arms shot out to either side in a grand gesture, his robe flowing out from the force of movement. "Welcome, at long last!"

Katherine froze as the surprisingly big toad beckoned for her, so the hands of many others helpfully pushed her to meet his embrace.

"Welcome, Sister," everyone else cheered, thunderous applause echoing off what she could swear had to have been metal. "Wel-come, wel-come!"

"Now then, since you have spent your entire life getting here, to this moment, to your true birth, the least I can do is ask your name, dear."

The Guru took her hands with one and put the other atop, patting soothingly. It wasn't the worst touch. He genuinely seemed glad for her.

"Well, t-thank you, sir," the sheep meekly bleated. "It's Kather-Kathy."

"Kathy it is, then," the old toad laughed, giving both her hands a good shake, as if trying to loosen the fear out of her spine. "Now that we're friends, why not call me Guru? Sir is for Fathers and Policemen. Now! Might I presume this snap-worthy tension possessing you is the reason you've come, tonight?"

"Well, yes," Kathy huffed, collecting herself. "I'm to understand you can strip the ego."

"You certainly *will* be understanding, my dear," the toad rumbled, putting a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Would you believe I was an industrialist, before the change? Haha, nearly a fatal case, at that! Terrible times, just terrible. I was drowning in money until I lost all bearing. Happily, once I conquered...well, myself, I was able to parlay that boon into this fine compound,

and here we are! Here *you* are! And a good thing, too—you will permit me to admit, I am thankful your beauty and stature didn't deter you from this destination.”

In the candle light no one seemed to notice, but Kathy's body creaked needily, swelling a stray inch bigger, her bust inflating a few rumbling degrees against a tightening smock. Something deep and dark screamed inside, emitting a pressure that she could swear was ballooning out against her own skin. She swallowed it down and forced the hunger to stop, for the millionth time in her tired life.

“Now, stand perfectly still, yes?” Lathvahr intoned. “The ritual...commences!”

“The ritual,” the crowd behind them chanted, droning, hypnotic and low.

Kathy went stock-still, even without the order.

“Uh,” she started, sucking on her thick black lip a moment.

“Kathy...do you deny yourself?”

The question bumped the ewe's head, nearly making her twitch.

“What?”

“The self that you have spent your life pretending to be, I mean,” the Guru elaborated, knowing she would ask. “The ‘you’ that you have come here to escape. Are you ready to become your own self, the true self?”

“I am!”

Her eyes widened, her heartbeat thumping against her oversized bosom. The old toad smiled wider and continued on:

“Then it is done, thus. The false self is expelled, all ego stripped from this vessel!”

A single thumb pressed the ewe's forehead, making her go cross-eyed a moment.

“Let all falseness of self leave this form, immediately, never to return!”

With that, the candles *whooshed* dead, and darkness overtook all. A moment later the lights came on, flickering to life overhead and revealing a large metallic chamber. A great wall

rose behind the Guru, littered with countless stuffed effigies, each one a plushie interpretation of one of the brothers or sisters. A blank one was set at the table between the toad and the wall, and as the crowd watched on, he took a plushie from it, wrote 'Kathy' on the belly, and set it back down, clapping his hands three times.

“These specialty dolls are blessed by holy men from the Tibetan mountain clans, made from sacred fibers, designed to contain aspects. So, too, shall this one contain the aspect of ego, of want, of desire, of all that was forced onto the true self throughout life. May the false self remain here, evermore! Kathy, you are expunged proper! Rejoice!”

The crowd bellowed with joy, clapping and cheering, rooting for their new sister in peace. The ewe shook her woolly head, blinked, and smiled warmly as Lathvahr hugged her, then stepped back.

“How do you feel, Sister Kathy?” he asked, his hands together in satisfaction.

“Never better,” she purred, the sheep looking herself over.

“You look so much more free, my dear! Your true radiance emerges, your genuine self, your true beaut—”

At the toad's kind affirmations, Kathy was trembling deeply. Her eyes lidded as her wool shuddered and her bosom swelled a little bigger. Two massive nipples bore out against her stretching smock as she *hu-huffed* darkly, her wool suddenly dropping to a richer, lower tone of orange. Murmurs escaped from the crowd as her color changed subtly, and Ben pointed to the bottom rim of her attire, gasping.

“L-look!” he chittered, his eyes widening.

Sure enough, the smock was nowhere near as low as it was for any of the others present. In fact, it was rising just a little bit higher at a time as the moaning sheep bulged a few inches taller, rising over Lathvahr's head.

“I,” the Guru started, squinting. “What in the world is this?”

“Perfection,” the ewe giggled, before her own praise sent her rumbling body into a miniature explosion of growth, so pronounced, so *certain*, that no one guessed what was happening. “Though I don't like to brag. Better that you all do it, instead.”



In the time it took to get the words out of her expanding throat she stood 11 feet tall, her hips swollen out so wide that even the generous smock stretched around its span. Her wool boofed out thicker, dropping another shade darker, slipping into a sort of creamy amber gold, her dark hide otherwise the same. Her head was over halfway to the chamber ceiling as she sighed and stretched, letting her massive breasts lift and separate, both fat teats dragging lines across pleading fabric.

“But,” the Guru mumbled, stepping back fearfully, then irresistibly forward. “That sort of talk...you...I expelled the ego!”

“Hmm?” she hummed, cocking her head smoothly, just barely able to see beyond her inflated chest. “What, *Katherine*? You succeeded, honey. Thank you for that, sincerely. She’s been holding me back for so many years, it’s been unthinkably dull! Imagine, me, being possessed by mediocrity, for so long!”

“I...”

“Expelled the false one, the *cover*. The killjoy, if you will. I certainly know I will. Mmm. No, I’m the truth, the honesty. I know what I am, despite all her self-loathing and name-calling. Bullying, really. Yes? And me, of all types! What’s wrong with me, after all?”

“N-nothing,” Benjamin chirped, perhaps too readily, from among the crowd.

The golden ewe moaned as her ears pricked up, her body rumbling up even bigger once again, lurching up an electric, hot, bulging foot higher, making her lurch as though she were riding a very, very enjoyable hiccup—only she never lowered back down.

“Benjamin!” she cooed, twirling her heavy, widening bulk about, beaming at the now-tiny bug. Ben’s wings buzzed nonstop, the little male clearly in the throes of multiple blush-worthy things, all at once. “How nice to meet you for real! You adorable thing! Do you want to come up here and join Mommy?”

The little beetle was afire with blush, fiddling sheepishly with his smock.

“Uh, I...”

“Brother Benjamin, don’t,” Clay started, stepping between the embarrassed insect and the looming female. “Don’t be fooled by her wiles! If Sister Kathy is expelled, then all that remains is raw, burning ego! Whatever demon she was then, and is again, do not praise her!”

The 12-foot giantess of a ewe blinked, pursed her thick lip, and snorted with laughter, angelic dust fluttering off her thick, soft, gorgeous wool as she did so.

“Aha! How cute! You really see me as so...imposing, do y-you, darling?”

At that, the huge sheep trembled and snorted, blowing up three more feet on the spot with a hot, loud stretch. Her fluffy head nearly tapped the overhead lights as she began to bring her hands up to clutch her ballooning breasts, but stopped just shy, letting the smock squeeze her bulging body, letting it snuggle in against more and more of her huge heft and tight skin.

“A-am I...that mighty, in your eyes, little goat? How kind!”

A set of nubs crept out from her head-wool, swelling longer, curling out slightly into full-on ram horns, her wool darkening from gold-orange to a near-pink.

“I-I said no su-such thing!” the goat growled, guiding the awestruck Ben back to the arms of Argenta and Shaun, who ushered the beetle into the crowd protectively. “Only an egoist lost to pride would take that away from what I meant!”

“I suppose I *am* clever enough to manage that, aren't I!”

Again, frighteningly, the shuddering ewe blossomed larger, the smock straining and snapping as various seams started to yawn open, letting bulges of wool or near-black breast flesh boom free. Her horns lengthened further, widening and curving up and back, becoming darker and thicker at the bases. Her fur bloodied into a brilliant ruby hue as she laughed deeper, letting her head thump up into the lights, cracking them as they sputtered against her expanding fluff. Her smock had ridden up from a gown into a bra, revealing her huge toned belly and monstrous wooly hips, her bosom twice its previous size now, buffeting greedily out between snaps and tears in the tortured fabric.

“Well?” the 17-foot sheep thundered, chuckling darkly, licking her muzzle over as her deific form became aggressively demonic. “This isn't the sort of thing you stay silent over, little friends! I'm being nice enough to show off for you, so let's have it! React!”

“Remain calm and silent, everyone!” Lathvahr commanded, the toad edging around the ewe's gigantic body cautiously. “Let no fuel find the fires! You want for nothing, remember! She has nothing to offer any of you, you are already free!”

“As am I,” the dark ewe purred, her voice burning-hot silk and cream. “Why not celebrate? Isn't there food up top? Hmm? Who wants to celebrate our freedom? Anyone?”

“So gorgeously perfe—!”

Shaun, of all those present, had his hands over his mouth before he could finish the final word, the badger’s eyes wide with shock. The others looked to him in mutual disbelief as he turned and ran back up the stairs of the bunker, a full erection bobbing about, the male keeping more words from tumbling out in the same manner as he went. Lathvahr went from watching Shaun flee to the huge sheep as her eyes rolled back and her body shook and spasmed, bright flecks of energy and light cascading off her thick wool as she billowed hungrily again, flaring so big that her head and neck and shoulders bashed into the ceiling, denting it slightly, her bust tripling its size and blasting through the shaky threads that tried to contain it. The low, ominous *shriip* of torn clothing mingled with her demonic giggling as a gushing burst of pleasure swelled too large for even her to contain.

“Oho, you...s-sweet...”

Bloated dark-red nipples punched out thick and fat, small pillars throbbing atop swollen, puffy areola. Her horns spread out larger as her growing ears flick-flicked adorably, her rump booming back into the service table, knocking the Kathy plushie back as it crushed everything in its path, swelling wider and heavier and higher, heat pouring off of her growing, 22-foot form.

“Flatterer!” she bleated playfully, her hands growing larger and wider as they hammered down onto the floor, the growing female fighting to keep in a kneeling position as she filled more and more of the chamber with her rump and heaving thighs. “Hooray for h...huh-honesty!”

“Everyone, out! She...she has a field of influence! I can feel its power!”

“You see it, then, honey?” the 25-foot sheep roared, quaking with untapped, spiking lust. “You admit...to muh-my...power!? GOOOOOD!”

The shaking worsened considerably, throwing the entire floor into a violent quake.

“Everyone, out, out! Run! Flee!” the poor old toad hollered, charging into the crowd, spurring them all clumsily up the stairs in a mass panic. “Up, go! Escape!”

“ARE YOU SO FUH-FEARFUL OF MY STATURE? HAHA! GOOD TO S-SEE YOU ALL RE-RESPECT...MY...MUH-MY GROOOOWTH—”

Just as Lathvahr forced everyone up the stairs, as the devilish sheep’s quaking intensified to a fever pitch, the small Kathy doll watched on, upturned and prostrate, a plushie that could



“We need to fan out until they can get the door forced open, up there,” Daniel panted, looking around the landing of the floor. “Anywhere but here!”

“We have the emergency exits on every other floor, remind them, up ahead! Everyone disperse to the nearest fire exit, on each floor! Tell them—”

The floor to B9 could be heard shattering as the enormous demon-ewe blew up into it, blasting the floor tiles and piping apart with a basso quake that stuttered the overhead lights.

“T-tell them! I..I’m going to intercept her!”

“What!?” Daniel moaned, the rat stunned even further. “Guru, no!”

“I’ll do everything I can to expel this demon from her body! Or failing that, shrink her down as much as I can! I must deflate that ego!”

The order climbed uphill as everyone scattered to their own floors, as close to orderly as one could hope. Guru Lathvahr turned and headed back down his flight, down into the trembling halls below. B9 was a warping mess of cracks and bending walls as the toad shoved a door open, and came face-to-face with a red emerging head, easily as big as a house.

“YOU CAME BACK!” Midnight chirped, giggling darkly at the sight of him. Even the mere sound was a room-shaking eruption of power, making the Guru stagger in place. “I KNEW I WAS JUST... THAT... IRRESISTIBLE!”

At that, the roaring ewe’s head swelled even bigger, and bigger, her horns plowing up through the ceiling of B9 and smashing up into B8, shoving heating ducts, wiring and paneling into a mess as more and more of her pushed up through it. Her eyes flared with a neon pink swirl over bright yellow as she nuzzled nearer, her soft, huge lips colliding with the amphibian, a wall of rubber-black smoothness and warmth pressing his entire body with a kiss as he felt her grow and grow. His webbed hands slapped and stroked uselessly against a sheer wall of black, latex-like lips, feeling them swell uncontrollably bigger, dimpling against his form like balloons.

*“HMMMMHMMMMM.”*

Her head alone was at least 40 feet in size by the time the growth spurt stopped, making her more than large enough to cover him in a campaign of successive kisses, knocking him back on his rear, his robe flapping back to reveal a modestly large erection, at full mast.

“HMM?” she sniffed loudly, before perking her ears out against the cracked walls. “OHO! I KNEW IT! YOU, WITH THE ULTIMATE COMPLIM...MMM–”

The rumbling renewed as Midnight huffed into him, her head filling B8, the floor of B9 bulging up and groaning as tiles snapped loose and the grout crackled away and her rubbery breasts exploded up to fill the space, catching the toad in her cleavage, and heaving up through the snapping ceiling as the 280-foot ewe swelled even *bigger*.

“Egoist beast!” Lathvahr bellowed, trying to stay standing on the shifting plain of the ewe’s vast breasts. “I’ll expel you, yet!”

“HOW?” her voice detonated, a full story up from where he was. The vibrations tickled through her flesh, rattling his feet as he pitched and wobbled. “I *AM* ME! UNVARNISHED, PURE, GORGEOUS TRUTH!”

“Then I’ll...bring you down! You foul, nauseating ghoul!”

That massive set of lips, all he could see of her gigantic muzzle, finally puckered sourly. There was no growth spurt from that, nothing of herself duly stroked.

“OH, DON’T BE DULL, LAMB,” she flatly boomed, unamused. “DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HOLD NO PURPOSE FOR ME? NO USE? IS THAT VERY WISE? OR FUN?”

*Come on, the toad silently willed, desperate. Shrink! Lessen!*

Horrifically, nothing happened. No dent was made, no footage lost. The gargantuan female snorted, impatient, and that much alone nearly knocked him back onto the soft valley of her cleavage.

“WHAT?” she rumbled, getting indignant. “IT SHOULDN’T BE THAT HARD TO SCRAPE THAT LITTLE MIND OF YOURS FOR ENOUGH PROPER ADJECTIVES TO DESCRIBE SUCH GLORY! SUCH...M-MAGNIFICENCE!”

*Curses! He wanted to. He wanted to, so help him!*

The rumbling within Midnight was rising up again, in force, and her will battered him.

“I have plenty I could call you, but nothing pleasant is on the list! Such vile selfishness and indifference to others! Such arrogance! Such p-power and might! Such...sweet scented...soft, bulging...”

He shook his head, shocked beyond any reckoning or repair. The rumbling increased.

“THAT’S BETTER!”

“N-no, I didn’t mean...”

“ALL THOSE COLDHEARTED, CHILDISH SLINGS? OH, I KNOW, LOVE!”

What had he been thinking!? Expel such a powerful being that had lived in such a strange and unique body, for so long a time? Why had he done this!? If she was right, and this was her true self, then why in the blazes did he bother!?

*Because she was there. Because she was impossible to be without.*

Her influence was growing, clearly. Tremendously. Too fast to combat. He had to get away. He had to escape! She *wanted* this! Even bad attention was attention!

Up above, Brothers and Sisters stumbled over one another, scattering down the kitchen and cafeteria and its clattering bowls and pots and shuddering cabinets and drawers as the rumbling below only grew deeper and meaner. Some slammed into bunk beds or bounced against hallway edges as one Brother, a fish, flung the exit door to B6 open on the West corridor, only to be plowed into by ten other panicked members as they all stuffed through. A wall of red wool blew through the hall they had just vacated, throbbing bigger, lust and steam billowing off it.

Up on B4, everyone from B5 was surging to get through the higher crowd, damming up the stairwell as several others looked back and saw the glass window panes snapping and cracking, ceiling panels jittering and dancing loose from the frame work as a massive dark-red nipple burst through a wall, filled that room, and flattened hotly against a cracking window.

Up further still, at B1, the crowd shoved again and again, some stubbornly set on forcing the rec center trap door back open, hell or high water. The doors rose, snagged, and forced them back down, again and again, as the rumbling rose to a deafening, all-consuming madness.

Guru Lathvahr fell to his knees, wobbling on Midnight’s swelling bust, helplessly genuflecting low to her dark, sweet-smelling body. Up above on B5, despite being too big to look down into B7, where her growing bosom had lifted the toad, she smiled, knowing it was happening on its own. Her words were nearly impossible to understand, crashing waves of sultry, smoky, lust-smothered heat:

“GOOD BOY. NOW...JUST HOW GORGEOUS...AM I? DON'T BE MODEST! IT'S A SIN TO FEIGN HUMILITY!”

The toad fought against the wave of joy, knowing it was really abandonment in disguise, and rapidly caring less either way. He felt the words push out, even as he tore himself away with all his strength, and slid down off her lobby-sized breasts:

“You're incredible! Y...dammit! You're the m-most amazing creature...I've ever witnessed, or e-ever w...will!”

As he hit the partially-annihilated floor of B7, the impact shook him to his senses, and the elder amphibian scabbled upright, through a warping doorway, and up onto the breaking stairwell, determined to escape to B5's exit, and go from there. One lily pad at a time.

***“YEEEESSSSS...”***

The entire bunker rocked hard, shaken by Midnight's frantic eruption. The moment he cleared the flight up into B6, all of B7 was obliterated, blown away in a rumbling, rolling swell of body heat and fulminating wool and hellfire musk. As he wound up the stairs and onto the landing of B6, a sidewall blew out, pinging railings loose as a set of monstrous lips and flashing, growing fangs filled the newly-opened interior; a sea of red wool and black breasts expanded to fill everything below it as her quaking body overflowed, filling the bunker, higher and higher.

“No!!!”

Lathvahr careened up onto the flight to B5 and rounded it only to see the briefest flash of one colossal yellow-pink eye as it vanished up into B4, replacing it once more with those same lips and flaring ewe nostrils, only bigger than ever, filling his periphery as the stairs snapped apart, the steps crumbling away and leaving him to clutch at the railing, pulling himself up as the sounds of her hammering heartbeat and stretching growth filled his ear holes, a cacophony of womanly giggles and utter physical devastation. She didn't even need to play with her prey—her body did it on its own, chasing him without moving.

PVC snapped, rafters shattered and walls exploded as too much trembling, groaning female filled them, bulging, booming and battering through everything below and around the poor, desperately tired toad. He limp-hopped his way through the B4 landing, even as Midnight's booming laughter echoed up above him; with no chance of getting higher than the mega-ewe demon was swelling, he instead hurled himself through the side exit, into the elevator, and let the doors close, just as he saw the landing blast away to dust against a single titanic, steaming nipple.



The elevator shuddered, the light cut out, and the fear-struck, love-attacked Guru leaned into the corner of his only salvation as it dumbly wound up, dinging past another floor, then another, still working despite the creature's endless, bursting, *inescapable* growth.

*DING*

The doorway slid awkwardly half-open, leaving the beleaguered Guru to shove and push, forcing them open bit by bit as he caught sight of the outside through the window of the small maintenance cabin his elevator had taken him up into.

“Oh!”

The toad pushed, and pushed, and strained, before popping free, tearing his robes nearly in half in the process. He crashed through the cabin door, wild and erect, back out into cooler air, air that wasn't so perfumed or blazingly warm. He wheezed, gathering himself a moment as he staggered into the pines, before looking up to see Benjamin at the base of a great pine, crying bitterly by himself.

“Collect yourself, Brother!” Lathvahr said, coming over to him with a limp.

“I-I failed!” the beetle sobbed, flush with deep humiliation. “I was tempted, and I fuh-failed! Guru, I'm suh-so sorry! Believe me!”

“Ben, where are the others?”

Ben pointed back toward the camp center, and Lathvahr looked. An entire crowd of members had joined into a mass flock, just outside of the rec center, just as the entire earth seemed to violently quake. Those that had nearly killed themselves fleeing had stopped, even joined together, seemingly more desperate to stay close to the rumbling, shaking Great Hall.

“S-she's coming!” Benjamin wailed, kneeling down and covering himself pitifully.  
“S-she's coming! Guru—”

At that, the ground surrendered. A titanic swell of crackling dirt and pulling roots and tilting pine trees all sang the emergence of a goddess as Midnight's colossal head and horns burst through, sending a volcanic discharge of rock, wood, splintered rec center, piping, and musky steam, all at once. Fragments of too many things flung high into the night air as the beast's floppy ears and bulging wool neck kept pumping up and up and up, higher and higher, before a set of monstrous shoulders uprooted the soil in a widening crater, flinging the drawn rabble

everywhere as some flew free, others hugging needfully into her glimmering maroon wool, her vast eyes glowing bright, lighting up the canopy as she just kept emerging.

“G-guru!”

Ben looked up just in time to see Lathvahr scrambling like a madman towards Midnight’s breasts as they blew up above the ground, furthering the wide rim of devastation as the 370-foot behemoth fully climbed out, her huge, heavy knees crashing onto the campsite with a catastrophic impact that blew trees and cabins back, flinging poor Benjamin to the winds.

“THAT’S BETTER!” the demonic female blast-spoke, her voice cracking the air like the devil’s own whip. “I FEEL YOU... YOU KIND, DELICIOUS MORSELS, DOWN THERE... THAT’S RIGHT... WORSHIP ALL YOU LIKE! I AM GENEROUS ENOUGH TO LET YOU DARLINGS BASK! SO, TELL ME YOU LO-LOVE MEEEE! MAKE MUH-ME... BIGGER! MORE GLORIOUS, YET!! STROKE... THE EGO!”

Her oversized words sent the landscape into a tremor as Benjamin wailed and hugged himself, having no other recourse left. He hid behind one of the remaining cabins farther out, seemingly out of sight.

“Oh no, oh no, no, no,” the beetle huffed, clutching his armored little head in despair. “What do I, what? I...”

“Ben!”

A little voice squeaked, and something small hugged into him, making Benjamin shout openly, before he looked down to see a plushie there, now in the form of a female sheep. She...she looked familiar...

Benjamin collected himself long enough over the booming laughter nearby and picked the foot-tall plushie up on both sides, making it squeal adorably as he read its belly.

“K-kathy!?” he gasped, before hugging her tight, making her toy-squeak yet again. “It’s you! But how!? The Guru’s dolls...I thought they were figurative...”

“I know, but I figured out how to move once Midnight started growing bigger! I (*squeak*) leapt onto the Guru’s robe and held on, before he took off,” she peeped, her voice tiny and sweet. “You wouldn’t believe how hard it was to make myself move around, let alone hang on! I don’t know how to pilot this stupid thing!”

“A-am I glad to see you, Sister! I...wait, Midnight? She...that monster has a name!?”

Midnight’s growth began to resume nearby as stretching rubber squeals of her own echoed, mingling with the billowing demoness’ wild, unfettered laughter, cutting them both off abruptly. Neither party was keen on observing at the moment.

“How do we stop her?” Ben asked, shaking Kathy frantically.

“I was (*squeak*) going to ask you the same! Usually I could stop myself before getting too big...but I got thrown out, I can’t do anything to slow her down—”

The snapping of countless trees forced Ben into a scramble, the little blue bug panting cutely as he tore off down the dirt path, down toward the rural route exit, not looking back.

“S-she’s growing even bigger, isn’t she?” he pant-clicked doggedly, already tired.

Kathy’s soft plushie body squeak-squeaked as she made herself climb over Ben’s shoulder, taking a grudging look back. The fabric ewe-doll still managed to make a face.

“Run faster, Ben.”

### **9:15 PM**

380 feet lurched up easily to 390, a relative inch-spurt bumping Midnight up a pleasant extra bit bigger as her numerous followers snuggled deep into her red wool, slipping on the sweat of her mountainous, round breasts, skidding heedlessly over elongated, bloated nipples, tickling along her slick, rubbery folds down below, happily caked between them and the heat of her tremendous thighs as she stretched and beamed.

400 feet tremble-boomed up, up, thick and heated spurts of pressurized size inflating her huge body higher and wider. Her hips flared into masses so wide that they stretched nearly half her size, across, a slight bounce playing at them every time she hiccupped even *bigger*.

Her sights pushed higher into the night as the devil-ewe squeezed her bulbous teats harder, grinning wide, making sure to feel her nipples swell furiously, stubbornly larger and hotter against her mighty hands as she passed 420 feet, then 430.

Waves of scented, honeyed warmth pulsed off of her growing figure as she rumbled to herself, then scooped her pendulous breasts up between both vast arms, flexed, and mashed them together, so very tight that once again her cleavage boomed up to kiss her chin just-so.

“SURELY ANYTHING THIS GLORIOUS...COULD BE BIGGER.”

Her body took that hint as a last burst of growth rocketed up inside her, ballooning her stretchy hide with an echoing squeal of expansion as she boom-boomed up past 440 feet...450 feet...460 feet...

At 470 feet, she exhaled brimstone and white smoldering clouds, a long, forking tongue lashing out into the night air, tasting cool promise and sweet darkness.

A deep shudder pulsed through her massive frame and heavy hips, the hundred followers of the former cult hollering and crying the same way crowds might on a theme park ride, making Midnight break into a husky, loving, ground shaking laughter.

“RIGHT?” she bellowed, sticking that same demonic tongue out in a raspberry. “THAT SPOILSPORT KATHY NEVER LET ME HAVE THIS MUCH FUN. NO GOOD LITTLE JAILER. BUT YOU ALL UNDERSTAND. YOU ACCEPT BEAUTY!”

Her now-massive horns swung as she looked around the forests below, snorting powerfully, a gigantic palm idly rubbing her fat teat, huge fingers trailing the rims, stirring up tiny followers along with it as she hummed thoughtfully. Her freed bat-wings fluttered in relief, dark red and massive, taking the breeze gladly behind her vast self.

“I’VE SEEN SO MUCH, THROUGH KATHY’S EYES. ALL THE FUN SHE NEVER LET ME HAVE. TEASING ME SO. WELL, WHAT SAY YOU LITTLE DARLINGS? HOW ABOUT A NIGHT OF IT? HMM? SHOULD WE GO AND HAVE FUN, LIVE A LITTLE!?”

Countless cheers erupted, but to the nude, swollen colossus, they were insect chirps. Not that she wasn’t listening for them anyhow.

If anything, it made her bite her lip, her glowing eyes rolling up as she bulged loudly, pressure-swelling internally, blowing up messily to a staggering 420 feet in height. Her huge feet boomed bigger, spreading over the crackling ground as her stubby ewe-tail whipped happily, thumping against the vast cleft in her overgrown, wide, inflated rump cheeks.

“MMM. SOUNDS LIKE A DATE.”

One monstrous foot raised, debris littering down over snapped trees that only reached her ankles as Midnight *thoomed* forth, callously stepping on log cabins, rocks, shrubs, whole trees and all, snapping the tiny light strings with zero effort below. Those *things* couldn’t praise her.

As she stepped over the forests themselves, leaving dent after mighty dent, Benjamin reached the rural route at the edge of the property—in that he stumble-rolled to a stop on the side of the road, wheezing. The rolling impacts of Midnight’s footsteps found them as the road shook, rocking poor Ben on his back a bit, before trailing off down the way, the trees swaying anxiously high up above.

“Are you okay?” Kathy asked, the one-foot plushie climbing up his chest, patting with a uselessly fingerless hand at his head. “I hate to push you, Ben, but we can’t let her go free like this, we need to move!”

“A-and do what?” Ben huffed, genuinely asking. “Her influence is growing wider! Even I felt a momentary urge to turn around and run to her, I’m ashamed to say. I *wanted*. I wanted, so very badly. To get anywhere near her would be disastrous, wouldn’t it?”

Kathy sat and thought, and thought.

“I’m not saying there... isn’t any way, mind you, no offense,” Ben continued, sitting up. “I’m sure you’re very smart, and all—”

At that, to both their surprise, Kathy trembled. The tiny plushie rumbled and shook as her fabric body stretched bigger, blowing up to three feet, and nearly toppling Benjamin back again as she grew. Just as soon as it had started, it stopped, leaving her more than half his short size.

“K-Kathy!?”

“Holy smokes, what,” she muttered, looking her soft body over. “I grew, too?”

“I...I just said you were smart—”

Again, Kathy shook, her big jewel eyes widening as she burst even larger, her belly booming against his carapace and torn smock, a set of modest mounds forming just above into breasts as she quickly surpassed his height at 6 feet. She backed away, looking herself over in stupefaction, twisting this way and that, wiggling her felt tail behind her.

“The Guru,” she bleated, thinking fast. “What did he say about these dolls? They’re special, right? Blessed, or something?”

Ben nodded quickly, getting up and dusting himself off. He ambled over and circled the enlarged plushie over, gently poking at the wave of felt wool that had formed over her body, becoming more and more like her former self. Just...softer, and much cuter.

“Indeed,” the insect chittered, a new excitement filling him. “How incredible! I think you had the same capabilities as Midnight, then, perhaps even all this time you shared the body! I mean, I don’t know how else this is happening...”

“Works for me!”

She had both fabric arms around Ben in a heartbeat, hugging the blushing beetle up warmly to her chest. His clicking increased dramatically as he looked about, then turned to face her again, looking up this time.

“Incredible! Y-you’re truly incredible!”

At that, without even meaning to, his compliment sent Kathy into a tremble as she boomed even larger, still, swelling warm and soft against him, her bosom blowing out on either side as her hugging harms surged, and her head and chin and muzzle pushed higher yet. She shivered happily as she rumbled up to 12 feet, then 18, the edges of her stitched grin rising higher as she giggled.

“I...I can finally enjoy that, haha,” she chuckled, before perking up, her fabric floppy ears rising. “I mean, I can put this to use! If I keep you close, it might be safe enough to try chasing Midnight down, and stopping her!”

“Well, maybe,” Ben grumbled, clearly afraid. “But how?”

“The one thing that damages an ego most—something bigger and better.”

Ben’s eyes widened.

“Wait, I...you mean, I should...make you...bigger?”

**9:49 PM**

*“OHO, YES.”*

The words blasted out from nowhere, echoing over the night skies in the city. Panes of every window on every skyscraper rattled slightly, their reflections of innumerable lights and neon marquees fluttering a moment.

Then, the impacts hit.

Drivers tarrying impatiently at stop lights rolled windows down, shut off radios and looked about to one another, quizzically reacting to one soft quake below, then another, harder one. And another. And another.

Suddenly, street lights wobbled and wires whipped, sending birds to flight in a panic as another boom hit, making manholes jitter in the roads. Display mannequins of different species swayed into an eerie dance as entire buildings rattled, windows finally snapping here and there as the tremors grew into muffled explosions in the dark beyond the skyline...

...where a looming silhouette appeared, bleeding out of the night sky.

“MUCH BETTER~”

What could only be described as an agonizingly attractive, terrifying demon stepped in between the skyscrapers of downtown, a 540-foot giantess of wing, horn and hoof. With one step the roads cracked and fissured, cars leaping up and crashing awkwardly back down on their tires.

From many dozens of windows the go-getters and stay-behinds flocked, leaving their work desks and copiers and coffeemakers to see great fields of female outside, stretching on with the most pristine, heinous swaths of red perfumed wool imaginable. Everything about her defied imagination, stoked it, teased and tortured and promised, even through cracking glass.

A set of breasts nearly as big as the being's torso wobbled, the edges bumping and smacking the sides of buildings as she huffed happily, looking down below. Her hips actively rubbed against them in the same fashion as she snuffled the air, rumbled in her throat, and cleared it.

“IS EVERYONE HERE TONIGHT FOR A SHOW?” Midnight boomed, cocking her head sweetly, her glowing pink-yellow eyes lidding lower. “THIS *IS* DOWNTOWN, RIGHT?”

There were screams in reply as some ran, but some wasn't *everyone*. Far from it, rather.

“WELL. HERE I AM.”