

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 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-that, you know you can,” Rizii purrs, with all the affection in the world. “Just you lot, though, haha. I can’t believe I lucked into you!”

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, for sure! 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 laugh. 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 it 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 momentarily 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 huffs, 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, soft 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, all around the mega-structure, which itself looks halfway to forever in size. Compared to it, however, you’re all still 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 surprisingly 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 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 chuckle, 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 tip 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 sighs, 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 rumbles, “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, 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 other girls as, one by one, every demon scabbles 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, 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 amount 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 grows and bulge loudly, heaving from frightening to insane.

“HAAAAAAAAAAHAHAHAAAAHA!”

“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...PPPPOOOOO-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 along 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, even 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 sigh, 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:

“LLLLLOOOOOOYYYYYD! 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, honey!” Byrna adds, encouraging.

“I’ll try...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 rumble, perking your ears up cutely. “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 chuckle. 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 booms 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, FRIEND. 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 BIIIIGGGERRR!

“HHHHHHHHHHH-HHHHHH-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!

“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 Alrie, 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 wide, 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!"

"And then some, heh," Bryna adds, as Rizii snorts and folds her impossibly brawny, swollen arms...a task that proves impossible, after all. "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.

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, dark-furred, very dark blue to 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 labor.

A kirin, clad in robes, so b...big that planets are *specks*, at best, hovering anxiously around his vast, vast 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 sub-bug, the maid barely a speck 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 little *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 other kirin’s bulky form stretches through 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!”

“IT’S ALL 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 still grows 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 up an enormous hand to stroke up at 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 rumbles, 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!”

“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—AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAUGH!!”

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 terribly fast, that you’re summarily crushed in tight between their surging bodies. Scales meet scales as they 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...4,000 miles...

“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.

A wall 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, and the svelte young kirin simply dusts his undamaged robe with a colossal, graceful hand.

“YOU COULD JUST BE PATIENT, UNTIL IT’S TIME, HAHA,” he chuckles, closing his glowing red eyes calmly, 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 rumbles:

“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 even still smiling his coy, deer-like grin.

“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.

“YYYYEEEEEEAAAAAAAHAH!” 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 coming to 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 AND RESURRECT THE ARCHMAGE.”

“SO, YOU LET US DO IT?” Byrna asks, the incredibly vast female purring the words out, her breasts nearly eclipsing the rest of 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.

“Wait, what?” you start, gobsmacked.

“Father?” Byrna gasps, hands up to her smooched cheeks.

“YOU NEVER CALLED ME THAT, SON,” Mohz says, slowly, a terrible weight on his words as you start to 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.

“Wait,” 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 clears his throat calmly.

"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 POINT ZERO."

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.”

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 and growing 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!

“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 hadn't ascended, even. Instead, he was 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, roaring 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 chuckle, 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, we’d...”

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 huffs, 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, grinning. “We can do this!”

“Right!”

There, once more, lies the beaten up and battered Gorj, the naga miserably sniffing in a heap 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 joyfull 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! 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, obeying the snake's call into his opened mouth as they climb up into it. 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 build 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, hot nods and 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 under the inflated mass of engorged 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 sized body, his huge growing hands rubbing with squeaks and rumbly squeals as he rubs his inflating belly, more and more and more and more demons spilling out, wriggling up and down every opening they can muster, 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 unhurt.

“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 roar, as Arlei puts both huge hands out, and bellows the skill she developed, thanks to your countless deadly exploits:

“SEAL!”

Success!!

Bands of holy energy ensnared 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 beautifully you grew! Teehee! You can stop now!”

“BIIIIIIIGGGUUURRRRR,” 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. 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 chuckles coldly, nodding.

“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.”***

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 bellows and rumbles, stretching and booming 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 hums, 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.”**

“Huaaaaah, 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 and 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 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-HAAAAAAAAAHAAHAAAA, LOOOOVELLYYYYY!”

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 to you.

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...

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 boom-sighs, 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 scary, all that insanity, but...I believe this belongs to you.”

You dig through the bag of holding, and withdraw the final dragon 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, 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.

“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 gnoll, 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 biggest breath you ever have, 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 boom up over him, almost gulping right away.

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 huffs, 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 THE 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 panic, gathering the enlarge Mohz, Arlei and Byrna and Rizii up in your huge pectorals as you try to flee, only to get slammed by the wall of the Archmage’s swelling muscles as he blows too big to escape from!

There’s a rumbling in your pectorals as, of all party members, Grath emerges, his head bursting up bigger, before his red body swells to suit, the dragon popping awkwardly out from your chest as he rumbles, then doubles his size again...and again...and again!

Still, he’s barely a grain of rice, compared to you! He must have started swallowing the multiplying nuggets a while back, when things got out of hand. Er, moreso.

“I’m...t-trying to catch u-up, Lloyd!” Grath roars, between mouthful gulps of nuggets, his body exploding wildly bigger as his scales stretch and pull and groan over more and more feral muscle. “JUST...MMMM, G-GIVE ME A S...S-SECOND!”

Good, good! That’s one thing on your side!

Hopefully he let a massive amount of food build up in his mouth, before he started, since each one is a doubler, three times, and you can only presume that each triple-doubling doubles the others. If this wasn’t an intense emergency, you would consider Grath a doomsday grower. Well, he is, but.

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, RIIIIIGHT," 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 as he roars and billows a hundred thousand trillion times bigger—only to be smothered flat 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?”

“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 *bumping* 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! Hahahaaaa! 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 rumbles, 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 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. ***"I'll still be a better deal for***

everyone than this 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, 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.

“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!

-39,000 DAMAGE
-52,000 DAMAGE
-61,000 DAMAGE

The Archmage shakes his head, his remaining ears lowering back as he seethes.

“You poisoned me this entire time, stacking the numbers over and over. Hah. I have reflect, I can’t heal myself. You...miserable. I didn’t even notice this entire time.”

“You don’t feel the pain, remember?” you pant, your muscle bound self and selves all readying to strike again. “What a perk, right!?”

“I WILL NOT DIE...BY ANT BITES!”

At that, the ruined, blasted interior of the cabin drops lower, the lights fading to some hellish pitch as the Archmage glows red. All of you stop mid-attack as the living room quakes worse and worse.

-90,000 DAMAGE
-110,000 DAMAGE
-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!? BAHAAAAHA! 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 bulk!

“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! GRRRRRUUUH!”

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!

“Lloyd!”

You turn, stuck against the wall by the ever-surging phallus, to see Arlei there, roughly your own size, having warped into the fray!

“A-Arlei, get out of here!” you groan, trying to move, as one by one, your copies break down and vanish, cracking against the warping cabin walls. “Keep the seal g-going!”

“No way,” she barks, ignoring your orders. “HOLY FLARE!”

The swollen monster of a kirin bellows as white fire blasts his body, shearing his fur off in huge, blazing patches, even as he trembles and swells with more and more heaving muscle!

-24,784,613 DAMAGE!!!

“Y-YOU!?” the screaming corpse-kirin rumbles, enraged. ***“THE DAMNED MAID!? HOW DARE YOU! I'LL CRUSH YOU BOTH TO DUST!”***

“HOLY FLARE!”

Again, another wave of white heat blasts the sizzling kirin, his now-smooth, burned muscles surging unstoppably bigger, overflowing through the living room as the walls and even the rafters start to snap and pop, the cabin threatening to finally blow as he grows endlessly more bulked and huge!

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 rumble, 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 monstrously vast blue kobold tail going wild behind her vast, muscled rump. “WE’RE CRAZY-HUGE, 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 processing things. His 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 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 ‘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 rumbling making you and Rizii quake slightly (and Byrna a whole, whole lot). “POOR, MISGUIDED BOY.”

“It is a serious waste of talent,” 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 in, ‘zooming’ 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 balloons 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 bounding 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.

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 honey against your feet and tail, making them slick as they slip and play on them!

LV 1,000

Her pulsing curves explode through the cosmos as she roars in jubilation, blowing up to a jaw-dropping 400,000,000 miles, only to cover you in her lips as she kisses your far smaller body, mrps, then rumble-BOOMS, her lips swelling over you like two vast bronze fields of warmth that overtake your reality as she moans needfully!

LV 2,000

Her huge rear plows out, battering and bumping speck-sized planets as she blasts hot juice out of her slicked scaly lips, firing off more and more waterfalls of sweetness that cake her legs and drift into space. Her breasts triple in size, trembling and shuddering as too much milk to contain blows loose, geysering far up overhead, before shaking and exploding bigger, blasting through her own mess in one hard, gushing burst!

LV 3,000

Her humongous hands find you, little bug that you are now, and the ever-growing colossus, the 90,000,000,000-mile giantess strokes you down against her sex, two endless, loving fingers pressing you in for a maddening, wet ride as she uses you to do what needs doing! Her head pushes up and up, her growing eyes lidding so softly as she bites her lip and quivers, blowing more fluid out around her expanding fingers as you ride the interior like fine, hot silk, letting your maid do whatever she damn well pleases as she screams and blasts up bigger, and

aperture...and finds the last nugget of dragon's food, itself beyond planetary-sized.

Grath begins to hyperventilate in dragon, seeing just a vast fraction of it. He dances about in place, laughs, then charges in and starts to take bite after bite after bite after bite...

The bag quickly overfills as Grath's growth rampages freely, the greedy dragon eating unchecked, thousands and thousands of bites making him boom cosmically huge, stuck happily inside of the bag, despite the fact that he's blowing up bigger than a dozen Suns...

And still...he eats.

The world has changed, but not so much as to be unrecognizable.

King Endid has swollen up to the size of his entire castle, pushing the proud gryphon to 6 miles tall—so tall, in fact, that he simply carved his throne into the mountain itself, where he watches over the entire kingdom. Literally.

And yet, he has to look up when you visit.

"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. Still a 30-foot colossus, you smile and wave to everyone as you pass on your way to the auditorium, where you lean down and hand out new quest maps and medals to the recruits.

One especially small lizard-man meekly accepts, but has trouble looking you in the eyes.

“It’s okay,” you purr, 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.

“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 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 cabin door and wave hello to Arlei.

“I’m back, honey!” you growl-boom, beaming wide.

“You look happy, Lloyd! Good day?” she rumbles back, the even-larger female perking up on sight of you.

“Haha, there he is!” Rizii bellows, throwing a monstrous arm around you both, squeezing you in tightly. “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.

“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. 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 come 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 tough doing.

“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.

“Maybe we’ll let her out, at some point,” you mutter. “Thanks!”

“If she misbehaves, let us know, Lloyd. Even gods need friends.”

“Amen.”

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.