

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-kin’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.

“HAAAAAAAAAAHAAHAAAAAAAAHA!”

“She’s...combining drain...with perm buff!?” you shout, genuinely impressed, as the shuddering female’s muscles blow up even wilder in size, adding to a permanent buff state as her yellow eyes glow and bulge wide. Her biceps, formerly as big as her torso is wide, erupt far, far larger, her head nearly vanishing on her neck as it bloats with raw strength. Her forearms boom uncontrollably, her thighs blasting into mad pillars of godhood, her back muscles consuming everything, her shoulders blowing up as big as several Byrnas put together, on either side!

Her power...her strength stats...are going berserk!

“P...PPPPPOOOO-OOOWWW-WWWEERRRRR-HURRRRR!”

The kobold’s body starts to object, despite its great lusting joy, her scales threatening to split as they’re forced to take on so much, so very fast. For her own good, the spells run out, letting the rest of her grow properly around that much stupendous blue muscle. Her huffing 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:

“LLLLLOOOOOOYYYYYYD! COMMMMMME OOOOONNNNN!”

“FULL STUN!”

By your own willpower, coupled with chaos magic, the spell instantly connects, making Gorj freeze in space with a startled *hrrk*. Still, even without his gulping, the demons climb in furiously, swelling the quaking snake even bigger, and bigger, and BIGGER, AND BIGGER!

“Crap!” you moan, wagging quickly in thought.

“Can you just, you know...will him away?” Arlei asks.

“Yeah, you’ve got all these new powers, Lloyd, 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.

“YYYYEEEEEEAAAAAAAH!” 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?”

As a matter of fact...you do. You nod to Arlei, grinning wider.

“You’re not only brilliant, Arlei, but you’re brilliant, and right! Let’s go, ladies!”

“R-right,” Rizii says, the muscle-kobold and salamander thooming along behind you.

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.

“Did you really just pull the Archmage out of Gorj!?” Rizii huffs, storming up alongside you.

“I did! And that’s not all. I have an idea, a way to keep us from getting wailed on in a save state loop of doom.”

“Well, good,” Rizii adds, content with that.

You snap your fingers, and a new cabin appears.

“Another subspace, within this subspace?” Arlei rumbles, curious.

“Last resort,” you reply. “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, having retrieved the last nuggets of dragon’s food from your bag. “Grath! Come on out, it’s safe for the moment.”

The red dragon peeks back out of Byrna’s warm cleavage, sighing.

“Is...is all that madness over with, Lloyd?”

“It will be, with your help! Here you go again, buddy, eat up. We just need you big enough to cover that cabin over there. Smother it like a hen on a nest, okay?”

“Really, I can grow more!?! Ah, 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. 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 asks. “This is it, right? Tell me we aren’t going to keep doing this forever!”

“We aren’t,” 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 larger size starts to shrink a bit lower, and lower, and lower, the huge reptilian maid blinking quizzically. “The cabin equalizes size, Rizii, w-what’s the...p-point!?”

You huff as raw growth starts to flood into you, your muscles surging drastically wider, your chaos-fitted armor stretching and splitting open as you groan.

Rizii squeals in joy, her yellow eyes rolling as she rumbles and grows, surging up bigger and stronger, her breasts *bumphing* tight to your expanding pectorals.

“Maybe so,” she thick-purrs, beaming lovingly at you as you both swell bigger and bigger still. “But our stats climb with it, dummy! We need every scrap of damage we can manage, right? That doesn’t go down, remember?”

“Oh, hell, that’s right,” you chuckle, laughing, adding even more growth as you balloon up over her, and she shudders up to your chest in height, putting her at 3 miles, and you at 4...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 4 miles, to your 5!

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 4.5 miles, quakes, then grins and erupts to 5 miles...5.5 miles...6 miles!

You close your eyes and roar with her, two giddy kobolds swelling bigger and stronger together, pressing in gladly as you boom past 7 miles, Rizii blowing up past you at 7.5, before you gasp and tremble and BOOM to 8, 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 7 miles, still a mind-breaking size, and puffs the rest out softly. She looks on as you and Rizii float in subspace beside her, almost her exact height!

A pinprick-sized Byrna pants openly, grinding happily against her far bigger lover, before kissing one huge blue thigh as Arlei watches with a blush. It’s an understanding face she makes.

“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.

"MEGAD&AETH."

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!

“MULTIPLY!” all three of you shout, splitting into six. “POWERFLOW! POWERFLOW! POWERFLOW! IMMUNE! INVULNERABLE!”

All six kobolds blow up even stronger, thirty-six strikes piling up to a whopping total of:

-45,328,968 DAMAGE!!!! UNTHINKABLE!!!

“ERASURE!” Aram roars, the annoyed Archmage actually staggering back at that many heavy blows at once.

[POISON]
[POISON]
[POISON]
[POISON]
[POISON]
[POISON]
[POISON]
[POISON]
[POISON]
[POISON]

The kirin’s erasure orb impacts one Lloyd, then another, and another as he keeps firing them off, getting more frustrated with each one he has to bother annihilating.

“Very clever, bug,” the Archmage hisses, looking to strike as another three Lloyds appear. ***“That’s very cute! But don’t think you’ve gone and graduated to a real god! I’m beyond even them now! Observe: all your efforts have only cost me what...50,000,000 HP? A trivial sliver, for me! I still have...”***

310,000,000/999,999,999 HP

The vile kirin pauses, not even noticing as you and your party of clones strike him,

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! GRRRRUUUH!"

Unfortunately, his growth is so quick, so violent, that his ever-swelling muscles erupt into every single one of you. Though your invulnerability command works, and none of you take damage, you can't manage any attacks, either! Every one of you thumps against the far walls as Aram's astonishingly vast bulk doubles out, booming bigger, biceps and pectorals and thigh muscles and shoulder blades all squeezing your self-party flatter and flatter, as he darkly chuckles up above you, an ocean of still-growing girth, immobilized with raw power!

His erection and sacs smother the true you tighter and tighter, the Archmage panting from the sheer overload as he continues to swell bulkier and bulkier and bulkier!

"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!

The Archmage himself evaporates. But, as he does so, the number 10 appears over Arlei's head. In a few seconds, before you can even ask if she's okay, it ticks down to 09.

"Lloyd," she huffs, dusting herself off.

08

"Arlei, he hit you with a countdown, you only have seconds!"

07

"RAISE ALL!" she says, ignoring you for the moment as holy light floods over Rizii, Mohz and Byrna's bodies.

06

"Arlei, stop, you're about to die!"

05

"I know, Lloyd, just, trust me! I know what I'm doing!"

04

"B-but!"

"Ugh, what the hell happened?" Rizii moans, yawning, as Byrna stretches.

03

"I'm warping back to outside of Arast! You, warp to Kogo Varan, all of you!"

02

"Oh...okay! I trust you!" you reply, going with it.

01

"I love you, Lloyd! So much! WARP!"

"I love you, too!"

She blinks away, before it can hit 00.

You have no smelling salts. You could have maybe made them, but likely not in that time span. You shake it off as Byrna and Rizii and Mohz walk over, looking around the destroyed

cabin room. You're back to two arms, and you need them as you wobble and fall, only for the three comrades to catch you.

"She...she went back," you rumble, processing. "We need to go to Kogo Varan! Byrna, Mohz, quick!"

Just like that, you reappear, back on Arlei's original body, lost somewhere on her vast, plated breasts, warping in just as the embers of shadow Arlei's destructed body float about, slowly reabsorbing into the bigger maid as she slumbers. Even nearly 10 miles tall, you're just toy-sized to her enormity.

"She already perished, looks like," you huff, shaking your head sadly.

"It'll be fine, twerp, no worries," Rizii says, patting your bulky kobold back comfortingly, rubbing it a bit. "She'll wake up, the end."

"Not quite, Byrna says, pointing out over the horizon, from Arlei's sky-high bosom. "Look, at Kogo Varan, over there!"

Only Mohz doesn't follow her pointing; the kirin seems to be silently processed everything, and understandably so.

"That's...Aram!" you growl.

Sure enough, a foul, dark mist circles about Kogo Varan, down far below.

"My son's essence," Mohz quietly sighs. "His soul is that of a dark god's. Killing his body only goes so far. Much like with a demon."

"Well, what do we do, then?" Byrna frets. "Storm Kogo Varan?"

"Maybe, only I don't think Arlei can fit in—WHOA!"

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.

"H-hold on, everyone!" you shout, as Arlei stands upright...into the sky.

Her 600-mile body rises off the dented hemisphere, sparing those below as she blows up even larger, still; with a single push of kingdom-sized feet, she departs the planet entirely, floating with little to no trouble out into space.

"Wh-what do I do, now?" Byrna roars as the ever-growing reptile grunts, then moans.

“H...HAAAAAAAAA...GHAAAAAAAA!”

Again, she cries out and explodes bigger, her breasts bounding out around one thick finger as she surges too fast, pumping up to 1,000 miles, the huffing female reptile bur-bur-BURSTING to 2,000 miles, then 3,000...7,000!

“L-LLOOOOOOOOYYYYYD! HUH, W-WHERE A...AAHHHHH!!!”

Her scales stretch all around you, the party clinging tight.

“Go to her, dummy!” Rizii barks, despite her aroused purrs. “GROW!”

You nod rapidly, then put your recent practice to the best use you ever have. You rumble-BOOM up larger, stronger, swelling hotly with rolling kobold muscle, raging up so big that the other members can only cling instead to your bulk and hang on, their arms and legs spreading wide as you keep expanding tirelessly.

She won't be alone. Not ever again!

“LLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOO-OOOOYYYYY-YD-D-DDDDD!”

I seconds, you've erupted to such a stupendous size that you're just as big as Arlei, two 10,000-mile behemoths cuddling tight in the cold of space. She's about to cry out in relief, before you go in for the glory.

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-kirin 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.

“Hehe, hi there,” she trills, bumping her bronze muzzle over your hair and tall, perked ears. “I finished cleaning the place up.”

“It's looking beautiful, from here,” you purr back, locking eyes with hers momentarily.

Finally, the shower of embers approaches, having had to filter through space to reach.

+50,000,000 GOLD

+999,999,999,999,999,999 EXP

WEIGHT: ??????

SKILLS: ECONO MAX, COVER ALL, LASH ALL, EMBER MAX, CRUSH ALL,
RUMP COMET, VOLCANO BLAST, BULGE MAX, METEOR CHEST
SPELLS: GODFIRE, PERM BUFF, WARP, SUB-WARP, HEAT SHIELD ALL

NEXT LEVEL: 70,000,000/890,000,000 EXP

MOHZ, LV 1,150, KIRIN BLACK MAGIC DEMIGOD

HP: 5,300,000/5,300,000

MP: 110,900/110,900

STRENGTH: 6999999999 + 900,000,000 BONUS

DEFENSE: 5999999999 + 600,000,000 BONUS

DEXTERITY: 499999999

SPEED: 8999999999

HEIGHT: 16,500'

WEIGHT: ??????????????????

SPELLS: BUFF MAX, REMEDY ALL, REFLECT OUT, FLAME MAX, ICE MAX,
WAVE MAX, THUNDER MAX, CHARM ALL, RAISE ALL, FLOAT, COMET, FLARE, ALL
STONE, CATAclysm

NEXT LEVEL: 61,190,000/1,300,200,000 EXP

You all practically glow from the intake, as you absorb the powers of not only the Archmage, but the mighty god he had absorbed, which now spreads into you! Your levels are beyond imagination, raw power coursing and playing and tickling through you incredibly huge bodies as the glow finally fades off.

But Arlei.

BUT ARLEI.

This time, the female doesn't spend her growth alone! She snuggles you in with a wild purr as the creaking lizard quakes and spasms and groans deep, her body booming out through space! Already-diminutive planets outright vanish between her scales as she roars out kind words and lewd rumblings, letting you nuzzle against her nipples as they inflate too big, her breasts and hips and rump screaming bigger and bigger as she holds you close, and lets her swelling lips jet 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 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

The slumber on Arlei's immeasurable body is long, warm, and well-earned. Only Grath seems awake as the infinitely smaller dragon wanders the vast plains of Rizii's body, taking to flight just to reach one end of one blue scale.

"Hello?" the red dragon peeps, wandering the landscape of each party member's vast body, until he comes at long last to your own. "Lloyd?"

The rise and fall of your endless pectorals is surprisingly comforting as your heartbeat boom-booms up into Grath's tiny paws, the feral dragon wandering and flying, resting, sleeping, then flying again, day after day.

Until he reaches your infinitely bigger bag of holding, wriggles into the tiny aperture...and finds the last nugget of dragon's food, itself country-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 the Sun...

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 10,000-mile size, and then some.

By the time you reach your cabin, floating out among the larger planets, you’re well over 1,000,000 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 encompasses your view, each scale as big as a planet as he happily shakes his head. 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.