

**11:02 PM**

Ben's attempts to fire (and the plural had been earned) repeatedly fell through as Kathy's 600-foot body lurched higher and higher, throwing the rig, the ray gun and the screaming little beetle into chaos against her fabric chest. His segmented hand kept attacking the make-go button, but again and again, the readouts flickered and died, sputtering out with no power left.

"Oh no, no, it detached from the power source," Benjamin chittered, forced to cling to the console with big, wide eyes, holding on for dear life as Kathy surged even higher—without the benefit of growing.

"H-HEY!" the plushie ewe barked, scooped up into a pair of monstrous, musclebound arms and bristling goat fur. "PUT ME DOWN!"

**"THE RAY GUN, YOU LITTLE IDIOTS, COME ON!"** Clay bellowed, the bleating 4-mile titan demanding obedience as his muzzle loomed beyond his pectorals. **"HURRY! BLAST ME BIGGER! I CAN'T LOSE HER NOW, I WAS SO CLOSE TO HAVING HER...I-IN MY HANDS!"**

Even the towering male was stuttering, pitching forward in a series of thudding stumbles as the wall of moist, throbbing cleavage boomed bigger and bigger and bigger against him, shoving the three out over what had formerly been not one, not two, but five major cities. The state itself was progressively buried flat under more and more and more and more billowing, roaring, spilling, gushing insanity, in the form of the ever-growing Midnight.

The millions of citizens therein remained unharmed, stuck to sweaty, milky flesh, boofing blood-dark wool and unfathomable areola, the demon-ewe's body collecting every single thing capable of worshiping her magnifying form. Her vast aura of influence altered minds and hearts (and even enough of reality) that those entrapped remained unhurt, as per the female's promise—and every single one stuck to her stretching mass did indeed praise.

Only three very confused and rushed souls resisted; to be fair, they were occupied.

**"MAKE WITH THE GROWTH! COME ON, DOWN THERE! LET'S GO!"**

"DON'T YOU DO IT, BEN!" Kathy *baahed*, perhaps a bit spitefully.

Ben was still screaming, clutching the console as its lights fizzled out.

***“I’M NOT GOING TO ASK AGAIN, KATHY! DON’T MAKE ME CRUSH YOU–HOOHAAAAAUUUUUUH!”***

A great, rumbling surge of power blasted loose from within Clay, pumping the groaning goat up *massively*. 4 miles jerked, trembled, then blew messily up to 5 miles, in one hard, straining burst, his furred bulk exploding nearly twice its already-incredible size. His pectorals boomed so large that all sights of his muzzle vanished as his biceps rolled bigger and stronger, diamond hard with tension and unspent power, yet soft and fluffed as his hide stretched loudly to accommodate it.

His neck erupted into an island of brawn supporting a huge head, his pink tongue flopping out as he huff-huffed his way into a kind of wild, mad laughter as the spigot that was Midnight’s runoff power swelled into a waterfall, then a dam’s burst, filling him faster than his body could handle as he gushed up to 6 miles, then 7!

***“HUUUHAAAHAHAHAHAHAUUUHUUH,”*** he rumbled, struck dumb with godhood, his erection swinging up and pushing out so painfully red-tight with pressure that the rest swelled his sacs all the way down to his bulging shins.

“HANG ON, BEN,” Kathy grunted, forcing herself and the beetle further into Clay’s pees, wriggling tickling into expanding, booming, tightening male cleavage. “WE’RE...GETTING OUT OF HERE...”

All poor little Ben understood was the sudden wall of swelling, hot male-fluff and throbbing muscle as Kathy pressed deeper in, to the point where her unharmable plushie body warped and squeezed in, allowing her to escape the force of Clay’s growing bear-hug. Then, it was just a matter of squirming her way down his cleavage as it continued to expand bigger, and bigger, and bigger.

Given how only echoing growls of delight and dark cackling were all that echoed down through his bulk, Kathy imagined the titanic goat no longer realized they were escaping, and moreso, no longer cared.

So much the better. *Sort of.*

Still, Ben clung tight. It was his specialty, and years of reflexive social paralysis paid off in spades as he rode out their flight, feeling the squishing and pressing and shifting as Kathy’s much bigger body slipped down, down—then tumbled into a freefall, once she emerged beneath the swelling curve of his pectorals.

The first thing Kathy did, rather than panic, was wrap her gargantuan plush arms about the rig, the gun, and Benjamin, before she impacted Clay's still-swelling foot, bounced off, and rolled out along the gradual incline of the yet-unmarred terrain.

A 600-foot ball of rolling stitchwork, it turned out, was still enough to leave an impression, as Kathy bowled over forests and bumped over highways, snapping signs and crashing through abandoned old buildings as she kept on tumbling away. That very speed saved them both, proving just fast enough to outpace Clay's 10-mile high body and the mountainous female propelling him forward, now well over a horrifying *500 miles* in size.

The entire state was covered, in the space of a few minutes, as the ewe kept surging larger, blowing up and out in ugly, wonderful, hot spurts of pure raging joy. Midnight's vast, glowing eyes rolled back into her skull as her horns curled even further, her rowed horns growing jagged, meaner, darkening into cruel spires along her billowing back wool. Her huge wings shuddered and flared wider, the uppermost joint swelling as a massive black spike jutted forth, protruding into a talon-like curve.

Her humongous rump bobbed as both warm cheeks bashed through tiny mountain ranges, obliterating everything in their path as her stretched lips spluttered oceans of juice down over trembling thighs. Unthinkably colossal hips quivered, then boomed unstoppably in either direction, her arms quaking as they swelled, her breasts detonating loudly as they tripled in size, overwhelming all sight of her from the front and shoving miniscule cloud banks away far below, where they met the crumbling earth.

***“L-LOOOOK...A-HUH-AT M-MEEEEEE...”***

Her mere utterance shook the continent as the rumbling ewe huffed flame and soot, suddenly snarling and tensing deep, arching her back in hard as her hoof-toes curled, her thick tail wiggled anxiously, and her entire body *exploded* bigger.

600 miles...

***“S-SEE...HOW AMAZ-I-IIIIHIII-IING... I AAAAAAM!!”***

700 miles...

A clitoris over 360,000 feet wide shook as rivers of honey shot loose around it, sheer pressure forcing jets out around the taut rims of her overtaxed folds, raw lust and delight inflating it more and more as it boomed over the cracked landscape, dimpling into a hot oval

between bloated inner thighs. Wholly ravenous, the sky-dwarfing female ranted and panted and moaned fire and need and sweet heat as her shaking breasts gave in, stretched agonizingly bigger, then blasted out a lewd geyser-burst of pink milk, buffeting the neighboring states in torrents of fluid, a horizontal hurricane of strawberry release as she screamed and *GREW*...

**11:08 PM**

Kathy emerged from the other side of a lake, her lower half sopping wet, sloshing from the water her plush body had absorbed, heavy steps slowing her some as she turned to see Midnight's bosom swelling frantically larger on the horizon.

"OKAY, I THINK SHE'S BUSY GROWING THAT WAY," the toy ewe muttered, pitching some from the effort of trying to kick water off of her legs. "SHE ISN'T STOPPING, THOUGH, THAT'S ALL KINDS OF BAD."

She waited, heard no reply, then finally thought to check down on her expanded fabric chest, seeing the teeny rig there. With a bit of squinting, she could see Ben there, still attached desperately to the machinery. He was shouting, but she was just too big to understand it.

"I CAN'T HEAR, BEN," she said, apologetically. "I'M SORRY. HELL, THIS ALL HAPPENED BECAUSE I COULDN'T ACCEPT MIDNIGHT AS PART OF MYSELF. THIS...THIS IS MY FAULT, ISN'T IT?"

"You couldn't have known!" Ben shouted, his little throat getting hoarse by this point. "Kathy! Hey! Don't blame yourself, please! No one could have foreseen this! Hello?"

Kathy sighed, despite not really breathing.

"I'M GLAD YOU'RE OKAY, BENJAMIN. REALLY GLAD. THANKS FOR... YOU KNOW, NOT... GOING TO HER SIDE, IN ALL THIS. I'M GLAD I HAVE A FRIEND."

Ben stopped trying to speak, at those last words.

Who was he kidding—it *was* the last word.

The tiny blue insect paused, fidgeted unhappily, then nodded. Then, he nodded for real.

"I-I'll help however I can..."

Even without the instructions of the guru, and even without matters of devotion, Ben would have acted the same. Modesty above all. Still, despite that, despite having only met her that same evening, he couldn't help it. No amount of logic could excise that growing little ball of heat within him, that strange and ironclad certainty that, no matter what, he wanted to stay close, to be snuggled up against her softness and warmth forever. It was beyond stupid. It was crazy.

But it had become a crazy world, and fair was fair.

"THE RAY GUN," Kathy interjected, her stitched sheep muzzle looming overhead. "YOU WOULD HAVE FIRED IT BEFORE, AND I DON'T SEE ANY LIGHTS BLINKING ON THE CONSOLE, SO...OKAY, IT'S OUT OF POWER. RIGHT? SO, WE...AH, JUST NEED A POWER SOURCE TO CHARGE IT... THEN, WE CAN SHRINK HER DOWN!"

Ben could only think of making Kathy so enormous and soft that he vanished into her. Panic surged as he shook it off, the way one might thrash awake against a tangle of sheets, or realizing the alarm had been slept past. Surely, it was the influence field. Surely, some of Midnight's raw power was seeping in, affecting his judgment. *Probably.*

The horror wasn't that it was happening, at all; it was in the fact that he was more and more okay with it.

"Right!" he buzzed, wiping his hands (and unclean thoughts) off on the tattered remains of his smock. "W-we need a power station or something--"

Kathy was already wetly *squelching* her way along the rim of the lake, thudding into the harbor of what seemed to be a small town. Each adorable foot boomed down, shaking small fishing shops and rattling telephone wires as she stuck to the border, only glancing down into the streets below.

"They're all empty," Ben clicked, the bug looking all over from her chest. "Is everyone inside, I suppose?"

"ALL THOSE GLOWING HOUSES, DOWN THERE," Kathy rumbled, worry spiking in her tone. "YOU DON'T THINK...THEY'RE ALL WATCHING THE NEWS?"

As if in reply, a great shockwave boomed past, putting even Kathy into a teeter as Midnight's growth spurts began to register as quakes, from a whole state away. The lake behind them churned and stirred, rippling ominously as another concussive shudder tore through, followed at last by hungry, detonating boom-moans that deafened and overwhelmed, dominating the skies below her.

“Sounds like it!” Ben grunted, before ripping the back of his smock open, enough so that his beautifully-prismatic wings could slide free and buzz into a frenzy.

Kathy blinked in shock as Ben’s speck-sized self flew up to meet her eyes, huge and soft and kind, his darting to and fro catching her attention as he looked to her, clicked happily, then made himself turn and do his actual job—scouting out a power station.

“IS THAT YOU, BEN?”

Kathy, perhaps, heard the faintest of sounds as the now-nearer bug hollered for her to follow him—which she did—as he flew through the night air, over stilled houses and a wharf and cannery, down to the edge of town and a library. Kathy slowed her follow and watched, head cocked, as Benjamin flittered down to the front, grabbed a trash can, and smashed the front glass door open with it.

“Sorry, sorry, sorry,” Ben whimpered, the embarrassed beetle slipping in as the security alert blared.

He ran to the lobby, looked about, and quickly zeroed in on the public computers.

“Okay, good, good...”

Kathy couldn’t help looking back as Ben did whatever it was he was doing, the plushie ewe stifling a groan as Midnight’s dark body spilled over more and more of the horizon, consuming it as she billowed and pumped in all directions—

“Got it!”

Faint as it was, being far enough away from the din and hysteria surrounding Midnight, Kathy could actually sort of make Ben’s shouting out. She turned back to him, toy eyes bright.

“WHAT?” she soft-boomed, hearing the alarm blaring in the library below.  
“S-SHOULDN’T WE GET OUT OF HERE, FIRST? THE COPS—”

“Are watching Midnight,” Ben interrupted, flying back up to where she could make him out better. “No one cares about anything else, I think! That’s one advantage: we can just waltz right over to the other bunker!”

Kathy paused.

“THERE’S ANOTHER ONE? LIKE...THE SAME?”

“It is the same! The Guru bought it from the government years ago, it was designed to reach from the inland over to the bay as part of its whole survival and repopulation initiative! He just converted it over time, being insanely rich and all...”

“FINE, FINE, BUT...WHY THERE?”

“Well, before the brotherhood formed, I was...actually his...personal assistant...so I know a whole lot about his past purchases and the facility, and how it runs...”

“YOU...CONVERTED WITH HIM?”

“W-we can talk about that later! If the ray gun’s power time without a source is any indication, we need a massive upgrade to even hope to blast Midnight long enough to fully shrink her down to size, Clay included...and the output and capacity of the power cells originally designed for the bunker system are...well, insane. Like, crazy-insane.”

“BEN, THAT’S AMAZING!” Kathy whooped. “YOU’RE AMAZING! LET’S GO, LEAD THE WAY THERE!”

Some sliver of Ben’s old self, the business end, shuddered at the thought of praise making him blow up bigger, too. *Her* praise, specifically.

***11:09 PM***

Clay was caught between the torturous urge to adore Midnight and the all-consuming need to possess her for his own. Despite having swollen into a 20-mile tall behemoth, a bruiser some 105,000 feet in size and over 60,000 wide with bulk, the goat found himself woefully inadequate to the task. All that mind-stretching, achingly wonderful power, and he was effectively impotent, giddy with a perfect level of frustration.

The red-glow influence from Midnight’s still-growing body demanded obedience and worship, but Clay remained willing only to worship, and how he saw fit: not so much defiance of the force, as a twisting of its intentions.

An erection larger than his entire self raged angrily, feeling ready to explode or explode as he set his enormous hands to Midnight's swollen breast, pushed off, and staggered to a thooming stand separate from her. He swung back around, the penis swaying heavily about as he thudded backward on two-and-a-half mile feet, panting and gulping, driven all the more wild now that he caught sight of her bosom stretching into the haze of space above.

***“HOOOOH,”*** he moaned, bleating shakily, his mammoth pecs rising and falling. ***“OH, OH! Y-YES...HAHA, YESSS! SO...I-INCREDIBLE!”***

***“T-THAT’S...RIIIIGHT.”***

Midnight's voice might as well have been the moon nuzzling the Earth. Untold pressure and force crashed down over Clay, his sheer muscle the only thing keeping him upright as the ultra-ewe's reply nearly blew him away.

***“SOUNDS L-LIKE YOU’RE MY GOOD, SWEET BILLY GOAT AGAIN...SO. YOU’LL BEHAVE FOR YOUR BIG, HUGE, PER-PERFECT GODDESS? NO MORE BAAAAD BOY MISBEHAVING? HMM?”***

Something overpowering screamed in Clay's other ear, from inside, determined to have her, even if she didn't want that. To him, she just didn't realize what a good thing that was yet. It wasn't a lie to say he had bad intentions, and could therefore certainly be a *good* boy...

***“I’LL SHOW YOU, YES! I’LL PROVE HOW WORTHY I...I AM!”***

Across the neighboring states, every home with a TV set left on, every cell phone anyone watched while in bed, every radio playing at every graveyard shift—all of them obsessed over Midnight, and Midnight alone. While any insistence from DJs and every camera angle on the news was able to convey some measure of her glory, it proved too pale, and more and more folks clamored against windows and began piling out into the open, pointing and crowing in amazement at the sky-sized tracts of breast and rump and belly and thighs, all of which ballooned ever larger with a periphery-covering groan of rubbery, echoing growth.

1,000 miles, over half a million feet of burning female delight quivered and swelled across the steady curve of the hemisphere, her body consuming a third of the entire nation as more and more were either watching, watching in real time, or outright smothered or stuck to her unending growth and wet, bulging body.



**“GOOOOOD...BOOOOY...”** Midnight ultra-boomed, her muzzle up in space, her bosom crushing a whopping seven states under its hefty span. **“IF Y-YOU’RE ALL G-G-GUH-GOOD TO MEEEE...OHHH, HOW GOOD I’LL BE...T-TO YOOOOU...CLAY, HONEY...I WANT YOU T-TO TAKE A LITTLE WALK...LET’S S-SPEED THINGS UP...”**

A vast, immeasurably big hand found the 40-mile goat, and gently lifted him up, depositing him back down in slow, looming motion onto the other side of the entire world. She was indeed that big.

**12:13 PM**

World leaders on the other side of the planet were having a different kind of day, entirely.

Breakfast in Japan was cut short as a pair of goat’s feet met the firmament, each one so big that they covered a 5-mile stretch of countryside. Gale-force shockwaves tore out over mountains and woodland as he impacted, set down by something so utterly gigantic that none on the ground could comprehend it.

No sooner than the sound had cleared out, came a thundering blast of speech, from up beyond the clouds:

**“...SUBMIT.”**

TV sets around the country switched to satellite footage of the colossal, 50-mile tall male, his pendulous sacs making camera roll from the planet’s surface pointless. The male goat smiled wide, enjoying the attention with a few thick, power-radiating flexes, letting them see how ridiculously high his biceps could peak, how flared and huge his rumbling pecs were...but ultimately, he cut it short and instead pointed the satellites up, up, forcing the operators to alter its positioning in space.

Suddenly, the country had more to consider than the goat.

**“YOU WILL WORSHIP THE IMPOSSIBLE MAJESTY OF MY LORD, MY EMPRESS, MY GODDESS, MIDNIGHT! LET ALL BELOW HEAR AND OBEY! HOP TO IT, Y’ALL, COME ON!”**

There were instantly translations and hurried reports as the country tried to make some sense of it all; by the time those reports came in, the translators were heaping praise, the citizenry following suit.

***8:15 AM***

It took all of a few minutes for Clay to cross the water over to Russia's borders, and before he even got there, the reports from Japan were coming in hot. Hotter still was the looming wall of fur and abdominal mass swelling up from the skies, the ocean hardly able to contain the male's overloaded orbs and shadow-casting pillar of a member overhead.

***“LET’S HAVE IT, COMRADES, CHOP-CHOP!”***

***12:20 PM***

To its credit, China took a minute longer. Maybe four.

***11:24 PM***

Midnight's growth boomed to a stop, leaving her a complete immensity at 1,600 miles. Her breasts slowly, loudly uprooted from the planet's curve, magma bleeding up from the crater-wounds they had made. Even sitting upright, her rump hammering down into the wheezing continent, her chest nearly stole a spot in her wide lap.

She dusted her cleavage off, smugly huffed smoke into space, and straightened up. She closed her eyes and basked nakedly, awaiting the adoration of the rest of the world.

***“YOU’LL SEE,”*** she smoothly thundered, squeezing in on her monstrous chest; her fattened teats dammed up, the milk flow struggling and tickling to escape as Midnight giggled.  
***“I’LL SHOW YOU WHO THE SUPERIOR ONE...ALWAYS  
W...WUH-H-HHHH...HUH-UH-AAAAH...AAAAAH!”***

The vast demon's eyes lidded to slits, their prior glow blazing a brilliant neon doom so powerful that it glowed through as a violent spasm overtook her, making her bloated nethers and inflated clit tremble in anticipation. Her back shook, wobbling her glittery wool about, shaking

her now-billions of followers as they happily hung on, treating it like a ride as she gulped and sputtered and snarled in joy. The buildup was so massive that even at her size it had trouble fitting, pushing and pumping from the ether into her body, daring her to scream as eerie ripples coursed through her skin and bobbling nipples.

Something so big was trying to stuff into her that even Midnight's mass had trouble accepting it, her shaking getting worse and worse as she helplessly whined and nuzzled down into her cleavage, roaring into it for help as the entire hemisphere began to shake...

### ***11:31 PM***

All it took was one hard footplant for Kathy to bash the bunker door open. The second one dented it inward enough that Ben was easily able to flutter down inside, fumble about, then find and throw the power switch.

“Got it!” Ben cheered, wiggling his wings like a wagging tail.

“AWESOME!” he heard Kathy bleat, back outside. “TRY AND GET WHAT YOU NEED QUICK, OKAY BEN? BE CAREFUL DOWN THERE!”

“R-right!”

Sure, the world was imperiled and all that, but there was a certain elation going through Benjamin as he hummed and jogged down the entryway stairwell, down into the innards of the other end of the bunker system. It wasn't serving, exactly—just, *helping*.

“Power cells, power cells,” he chirped, going right over to the 4th floor readout map on a far wall, and tracing a pointy fingertip along a route. “Hee, got you! Okay!”

Okay, this was the influence, for sure. At this point, it had to be.

Scary as everything was, Ben could swear he was happy. Not happy at doing his job, like in old times, not even in subservience and humility, like up until now. This was all his own. Ego or not, it just felt...good. This wasn't a collective thing happening, like at the compound. The one person he wanted to be around more than any others needed *him*, and him alone.

The lights were dotting in and out overhead as more and more external pressure mounted, the world moaning in disdain; yet, the stronghold held strong, and the emboldened bug wasted

no time, made no wrong turn, until the power room and its many, many connecting lines were before him, waiting for a master.

“Ah,” Ben chirped, pulling back from the rush of it all, retreating from removing the cells from their opened core box on the wall. “Not yet, I...okay!”

He stumbled over a chair, putting it into a spin as he rummaged through a toolbox, fished out a small flashlight, tested it, and then returned to removed the core cells. Of course, once he did, the lights did indeed go out, leaving the flashlight held with his mandibles, and one glowing core barely fitting under each little arm.

“Heh, heh,” the beetle huffed, trundling goofily out into the main hallway landing, his huffing making the spotlight from the torch shudder around the floor and walls. “Thoth pow’ cohs hll...huff, mhk h-waygun...thup’rch’rg’d!”

Given how the bunker hatch had been busted inward, the ladder out proved useless. As a result, Benjamin had to set both cores down, take the flashlight in hand, and buzz his way up and out of the aperture, waving the tiny light about for the looming Kathy’s attention.

“Here! Huh, huh, down here, Kathy!”

The vast toy ewe turned, confused, before blinking and glancing down at the little waving light, its reflections glinting hints of life in her oversized eyes.

“AH, YOU’RE OKAY, GOOD!” Kathy sighed, wiggling her woolen tail puff. “HOW’S IT GO, DOWN THERE?”

Rather than shout more, Ben pointed the flashlight down into the bunker; Kathy peered over the opening she had made, saw the illuminated, glowing cores down on the landing, and smiled wide.

“YOU DID IT! HAHA! OKAY, LET ME.”

Ben fluttered aside, tired but gratified, as the enormous plushie scooped both cells up, turned to the rig, and gently held her fabric palm, so that Ben could land as well, collect them, and set them up in the ray gun console.

“This shouldn’t take long!” Ben huffed, dutifully opening the console’s side hatch, and pulling the dead cells out of the core. In one went. “The effects of the shrink settings should be wildly magnified, wait and see!”

“DO WHAT, HONEY?” Kathy gently boomed, making Ben blush near-black across his endoskeleton. It took everything he had to push away the swell of affection that came with being called that, for the first time ever.

“I-it should be really impressive, is what I mean!”

As he corrected himself, Ben looked up to Kathy. Just beyond her, the mountains, the dam, the town, everything was suddenly vanished and gone, subsumed by a surging wall of wool. That wall slammed into Kathy at top speed, knocking her down into him and the rig, all of which was pushed down into the unwilling opening, widening it as more and more red wool billowed out of control, over a shaking world.

### ***11:50 PM***

Midnight’s mouth was open in a wild, undulating bellow, her body growing so big as the entire world’s attention finally slammed into her that the sound took several minutes to arrive down at the surface. That deep boom warbled and warped, getting bigger with her, stretching and straining as the 2,000-mile ewe’s trembling body spasmed hard and exploded everywhere, all entirely at once.

Her huge neck lengthened, longer, thicker, more draconic, her horns erupting so big that they consumed the sides of her growing head, weighing it down a moment, before it and her breasts exploded bigger again, bouncing her chin up into space once more.

Vast, near-black hoof-claws shoved across the planet’s sides, digging trenches through the oceans, cracking the plates as her overloaded bosom smothered blasting steam geysers and streaking gouts of lava as the globe vehemently objected.

The highest of darkened cloud banks scattered like a thin film as her toes curled through, entire cities so tiny as to be paper-flat in comparison, her swollen soles and knuckles and ankles dominating the skies overhead, far far above.

Her cheeks bulged and wobbled farther up into the atmosphere and far beyond it, the ewe carelessly presenting to the moon as her back muscles arched under her fluffing wool; her wings beat-beating helplessly out into zero gravity, her lengthening tail thumping in abject lust against

the opposing curve of the planet itself as she heaved to 2,500 miles, then 3,100, burst upon hot, throbbing burst battering her senses to nothing.

Oceans, islands, continents, civilizations—all were flattened to a simple kind of wrap, a false texture clinging to a smaller and smaller ball as she hiccuped and blew up to 4,000 miles, half its size! Her titanic breasts smothered down, rolling and thundering across the hemisphere like a heft, warm drape, some lowered blanket, and no nation complained for it.

Billions more specks dusted her wool and peppered her thick hide as sweat and juice stuck them close. An oceanic swath of nuzzling and hugs, kisses and strokes and squeezes only fueled the mad fires within Midnight, sending the demon into a blind frenzy as she bleated to shake the world. The trembling only became worse as a thick blast of pre beat onto the underside of the planet, caking around an overgrown, bulbous clitoris, itself approaching some rude mimicry of the moon as it bashed and rubbed an entire archipelago to happy dust.

Her aura swelled to consume the world itself as the feedback soaked into her pulsing body, the demon-ewe violently billowing up past 5,000 miles, then 6,000; her skin stretched with an fantastic, reverberating echo as power ballooned portions of her anatomy to comical size, the rest of her struggling to keep up as she throb-throbbled faster, screamed, and volcanically erupted to a mind-breaking, planet-dwarfing 9,000 miles.

Fires fit to demolish entire worlds fumed and coiled, billowing out around her opened maw as she blew twin geysers of milk into the void, her rump expanding down over the other end of the equator, her heaving thighs swelling over the sides in a swath of divine warmth and musk, her figure curling in against the now smaller ball as she rambled incoherent delights.

***“I...AM THE ONLY ONE! THE ONLY THING T-TO  
SEEEE! ME, ALONE! ME, ME, ME, ME.  
M-MUH-MMMEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!”***

The moment she threw her head back into space and allowed her monstrous bust to float up into the haze beyond, Clay arose. The smothered goat swelled larger and stronger, yet, blowing up from a godling into a full-on deity of a male: unharmed, he sat upright on the smashed face of the Northern Hemisphere, some 500 miles tall, and still growing bigger, and bigger. Immense shoulders crowded an ever larger column of a neck, his pectorals far out ahead as they rose and rose, never falling, even as he exhaled.

And still.

*Still!*

**“UNBELIEVABLE...”**

The desire to have Midnight all to himself persisted, certainly...but that could wait. At that moment, even the fantastic specimen could only gawk up at the space-filling sight of *that much female*.

The adoration added that much extra of a push, swelling Midnight even larger out in the depths. The curve of the world rose as Clay watched the ewe’s belly boom around it and past it, the 13,000-mile goddess of a demon exploding fitfully bigger, and bigger, and bigger, all sights of her bellowing muzzle and lips lost behind the inflation of her impossible bosom.

On some level, deep, deep down, sensations of a dwindling world on her stomach penetrated and were understood. She was bigger than the entire world, and then some. It wasn’t enough, naturally, how could it be? Yet...the thought of losing all that attention, outright, of having something around to positively compare herself...some part of her enormity recoiled at the thought of losing it, of losing that lovely little mirror that reminded her how much bigger and better she was.

The answer was simple enough: *She would keep it. All of it. Even the moment itself!*

*THIS*, Midnight thought, lost in absolute rapture, boundless interest on a wildly-overdue payment. *THIS! MORE OF THIS! MOOOORE! JUST...LIKE...T-THIIIIIS–*

The strange red aura redoubled, twisting like mist about the 15,000-mile female, growing larger and stronger as more smoky magics poured from her muzzle, blowing out in patches as she spoke through it with a boundlessly huge voice:

**“I...DESERVE TO K-KEEP...ALL OF THIS!”**

To the uninitiated down on Earth, and to the entire population that had migrated onto her scented, soft, forgiving wool and heat, this was correct, because their goddess had willed it so. Fine and dandy and right. But to Midnight, this was new, entirely and completely alien. No demon had ever been empowered like this, had been left so ravenous and wanting as to turn into a being of raw chaos. Something had gone so horribly, bizarrely *right*.

That cloud enveloped everything, out in space, drifting around Midnight’s immense form, overtaking the planet and those left and even the looming Clay with its smoldering grip.

***11:59 PM***

Clay's rump covered the entire state as he shook his head, the ego within him demanding he fight back—but the billowing smoke that was Midnight's will overpowered everything. Every clock in every former nation halted and froze, willed that way by an overpowered demon's ever-increasing, uncontrollably power surges. And, as it happened, everyone seemed more and more fine with it.

To the billions of Midnight inhabitants, she had every right to do so. Why advance time, when all time should be about her?

The Guru, Argenta and the entire cult spread the word, traveling from strand to mountainous wool strand, encouraging more worship, more fealty, for love, making Midnight tremble with bliss as more smoke burst from her muzzle, her spikes pushing larger along her back, becoming vast plates penetrating her supple wool.

Two more long, thick, feminine arms burst out from her sides as she cried out, tingle-booming angrily up to a startling 20,000 miles, the planet more and more of a workout ball in comparison to her towering beauty.

***“I...CAN SHOW YOU EVEN...BETTER...”***

Back on Earth, with a single wave of a looming fingertip, the damage began to mend. Building knitted like bones, streets uncracking and aligning back to solid form. Several billion vehicles sighed as they un-crinkled and snapped back to place, shards of glass leaping back up into whole windshields. Street lamps bent upright again, glowing, the clouds rolling back into place. Those left on the other side of the world cheered as their homes and sites and vistas all returned, reset back to just how they had already been.

***“I WOULDN'T DEPRIVE MY PERFECT LITTLE ANGELS...A CHANCE TO SEE HOW MUCH GREATER...HUH-H-I'M...BECOMINNNNG!”***

Yet again, frighteningly, the chorus of praises swelled, and so did she.



**11:59 PM**

Down, far down, wedged into an unpleasant tangle of stitches and stuffing, was all 600 feet of Kathy, mashed down the entry passage, vertically corking it. Several flights of stairs were no more, having been blasted away by her passage, leaving an unconscious Ben on the 9th floor landing. Kathy's cheek lay against the rig, pinching the entire mess between it and her shoulder as she remained hopelessly stuck in place.

With no means by which to pass out she waited, upside down, looking at the poor tiny bug beneath her. The flashlight was all the explanation she had as darkness otherwise filled the stuffed bunker, with only the rumbling of unthinkable growth outside. Well, no...no, there was something else acting as a light source. Most likely, they were the power cells, glowing away.

"GAH, BEN," she muttered, still trying to move. The rig shifted slightly, but otherwise proved too stuck to undo. "BEN, SWEETIE...CAN YOU HEAR ME? BEN?"

*C-click*

"ARE YOU OKAY? HEY."

Ben's mandibles flailed dumbly as he groaned, his large eyes slow to open.

"Muh."

"BEN?"

"Mm."

**"BEN."**

"Hm, up, m'up."

He rocked on his elytra a bit, trying to right himself as the bunker shook again, jittering the flashlight about on the floor. With a final buzz to push things along he righted, shook his horned little head, and stood. As he took the light and shone it overhead, the problem became painfully clear.

"Oh."

“YEAH. I HAVE NO LEVERAGE LIKE THIS, I-I CAN’T GET LOOSE. I THINK MIDNIGHT GREW CLEAR OVER US—”

“Hold ti—well, hang o... sorry! Just let me get up there to the rig!”

“I’M NOT GOING ANYWHERE,” Kathy murmured, embarrassed, watching as Ben flittered up to the vertically hanging rig and grasped the console. “SEE IF YOU CAN SHRINK ME ENOUGH TO GET FREE, AND I’LL TAKE US BACK UP TO THE TOPSIDE!”

“On it!”

The right buttons were pushed, and the one power cell glowed from within as the ray gun whirred energetically to life, energy crackling in eerie green bolts over its surface. If a machine could ever have sounded *enthused*, this was it. Almost too-much, so.

He hung on nonetheless, nudging the controller stick over (using his horn in lieu of occupied hands) and began guiding the ray turret over toward Kathy—only to hear it THUNK right away, refusing to budge from its spot. He tried once more, then once again. Nothing.

“Ah,” Ben gulped. “I uh, think it’s stuck from the bad landing...”

“AS IN, YOU CAN’T MOVE THE NOZZLE OVER TO ME? AT ALL?”

“It’s facing opposite, I can’t get it to twist around.”

Kathy’s upside-down muzzle frowned ‘up’ into a pseudo grin.

“CAN’T YOU MAYBE, I DUNNO...FORCE IT OVER?”

“By hand? I mean, look at me, Kathy, I’m tiny!”

“OKAY, YEAH, SORRY. I DIDN’T. DIDN’T MEAN IT THAT WAY.”

Ben buzzed, his wings muttering in embarrassed stead for his mouth.

“It’s okay, y-you’re good.”

Kathy blew up another few feet, wedging even tighter.

“GRAAAH, B-BEN...”

“Sorry! Ah, what...what do I...”

He held on, looking up at the turret. He didn't dare acknowledge the forming idea.

“BEN.”

“Y-yes?”

“YOU HAVE TO GET BIG.”

The overlap of ideas only cemented something building up in Benjamin's bug-mind, and his heart soared quietly. Still, a lifetime of training proved hard to stop:

*“O-oh, no, no, I couldn't—”*

“BEN, GROW. WE NEED TO UNCORK HERE, AND I NEED MUSCLE FOR THAT TO HAPPEN. RIGHT?”

“Bhuh, w-well. How big should I even—”

“I'M BIG AS A BUILDING, BEN, SO...YOU KNOW. HUGE.”

*Clickclickclick-ick-ick*

Kathy laughed, of all things. It wasn't an insult. Ben was excited, and doing just, the worst possible job of faking it, and it was beyond cute.

“HAH, JUST GET BIG, YOU GOOFBALL. IMPRESS ME EVEN MORE.”

Ben could have ignited paper, he was so hot.

“Whu-hoo, w...yeah, okay. Yes.”

“RIGHT.”

“He-here goes. Titanic Ben. That is me.”

He turned the knob anxiously, too humble to crank it directly up to its max GROWTH setting, before that buried part of him turned it all the way, and tried to go even further. The ray

gun glowed furiously, overfed by the power cell, and rattled as it glared down at the puny bug. As if caught in the sights of an angered predator, Ben closed his eyes and recoiled as a blinding burst of raw energy barreled into him, blowing him clear off the rig. The blast shoved him all the way back to the landing, then through it as he crashed farther and farther down.

“B-BEN!?”

Mid-fall, Ben’s chitinous body rumbled and shook, green energy lancing across his plates as they stretched and swelled. Booming pockets of brawn blew out into his tattered smock, pulling, catching, ripping, popping, snapping it away to clutching threads as he kept clattering and banging down the lower flights.

Kathy waited, her felt ears perking out, as though they could listen—which they could.

“HEY.”

Silence.

The ray gun fired down, down into the pitch, Kathy trying to nudge it to a stop with his huge chin, until the ray fell quiet again, the violent emerald glow fading out and cooling away.

*Click*

Kathy’s ears pricked up (down).

“BEN?”

*Clickclick*

A rumbling *groan* swelled, shuddering the walls. That shuddering did not diminish.

***CLICKCLICKCLICKCLICKCLICK***

Two adorably big bright amber eyes blinked open in the darkness, and grew. And grew. And grew. And GREW.

“AH, B-BEN—”

Kathy screamed as an impossibly cute, utterly massive beetle head blew up through the floors of the landing, blowing apart the stairwells and crushing wider and bigger and thicker

through the sheared cement walls. The 600-foot ewe gasped as a head much bigger than hers roared up, Ben's horn slamming into her and pushing incessantly higher, bigger, forcing the overgrown toy to dimple up against herself as the pressure kept mounting.

***“K-KAAAAT-TTTT-THHHEEEEEEEE–”***

***11:59 PM***

The ground up above, the crater in which Kathy had been forced suddenly widened, cracking out more and more as her fabric rear and tail blew up into the open and shook. Snapping faults and uprooted earth surrounded it as her legs and hips pumped up around it, widening the rim more, until all of Kathy exploded free, 650 feet and many tons of soft plushie fluff flung into the sky, before she came tumbling back to the terrain with a cloud-kicking crash.

As the dust settled, Kathy stirred, her body unharmed. She stood, shook it off, and looked about; on one side, there was the landscape, looking quite...fine, actually. Pristine, even. Beyond it, beyond the mountains and the seas and clouds, far, far beyond the atmosphere, there was something else. Kathy needed a moment, before it really sunk in.

*Thighs.*

*In space.*

Out among the ghost lights of countless stars were the inner walls of what had to be thighs, legs. *Midnight's legs*. Which meant...

She turned around, grudgingly, and stepped back.

A cosmically huge sort of ramp extended past the heavens, going up and up, ad infinitum. A wall of dark skin, just barely bordered on either end by blood-red wool, stretching so big that Kathy's mind hurt from trying to process it.

**“SHE'S... THAT BIG.”**

Even the idea was too large to accept all at once, so Kathy began taking it in installments, when the earth beneath her quaked, then quaked harder. Despite the lingering night, a darker shadow still spilled over everything, over her, eclipsing her gigantic self like she was less than a flea. A flea to a flea, before a dinosaur—or, in this case, an extremely enormous goat.

***“FOUND YOU,”*** Clay blast-spoke, sending out gale winds that knocked Kathy off her felt feet. ***“I THOUGHT SOMETHING TEENY WENT AIRBORNE FOR A SECOND.”***

Indeed, the male rose well over the slope of the countryside (though to Kathy, it was still very much a straight horizon line) by a mighty margin, his oversized pectorals nearly smothering a dozen mountain ranges and overshadowing multiple cities and lakes all at once. Even the clouds bowed to his 1,000-mile body as he squinted and smiled.

***“MIDNIGHT WANTS TO SEE YOU, YOU KNOW.”***

“W-WELL, I WANT TO SEE HER—”

***“WELL, YOU WON’T,”*** Clay boom-thundered, dismissively snorting. The aftershocks from the modest huff finally reached Kathy, pushing her down. ***“YOU CLEARLY DIDN’T KNOW WHAT POWER YOU REALLY HAD, WHEN YOU ARRIVED AT CAMP. YOU DIDN’T WANT ANYTHING TO DO WITH HER, RIGHT? YES? WELL, DONE AND DONE. YOU CAN BUGGER OFF AND LET MIDNIGHT STOP OBSESSING OVER YOUR STUPID ATTENTION!”***

“WAIT, WHAT?” Kathy grumbled, watching as Clay shook his head, closed his eyes, and ballooned even *BIGGER*.

***“YOU...NNNGH, DON’T...EVEN DESERVE...HER ATTENTION, KATHY!”*** Clay roared through grit teeth as his muscles burst even greater, his erection swelling up past his horns, forcing him to push it away with a happy quiver on contact. ***“I’M SO MUCH BIGGER...SO MUCH GREATER! IT’S STUPID THAT SHE WANTS YOUR PRAISE, MORE THAN MINE! I HATE IT! WHY...NNM, DID YOU EVEN...S-SHOW BACK UP, AFTER ALL THIS TIME!?”***

Those last words were less expected than anything else, and it had been a wild time.

“ALL THIS TIME?” she repeated, only to look up at a sky-filling hand coming her way, making to grab her up. “HEY, WAIT—”

***“NO CHANCE, KATHERINE,”*** the much bigger voice bellowed as a hand many, many times bigger than her closed and brought her up, open-palmed, into the great sky. ***“SHE DOESN’T HAVE TO KNOW YOU’RE GONE. IT’S FOR THE BEST.”***

“WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL THAT TALK ABOUT NO EGO!?” she shouted, as the massive goat’s fingers began to close in for a crush-grip. “YOU’RE BETTER THAN THIS!”

***“NOT YET, I’M NOT. BUT THAT’LL CHANGE.”***

Great pillars advanced menacingly inward, each so grand that Kathy had continued trouble registering them as fingers, in the old internal library. To be fair, a *lot* of cards were flying out of a lot of reference drawers.

RAY GUN, one flying card read, stealing her attention back.

She looked her false body over, patting massive swaths of stuffing and stitching, hoping that the ray gun was still on her somewhere, because if not–

“YES!”

Good God, okay, there it was! Snagged like an accessory to a loose thread on her shoulder, the tiny rig hung and swayed like an exhausted mosquito, momentarily spent. The speck-glow of the power cell within its console was all the eye needed to see as she slapped her rounded plushie hand over it, collecting it as the fingers closed ever-nearer.

“AH, H-HOW DO IT, UH–”

The ray gun was barely toy-sized, making it difficult for a plush-digit with no real functioning fingers to turn the tiny knob where she wanted it to go. Knowing it had been set to max GROWTH at least informed her that the answer was the opposite way, so she pushed in and twisted, hoping it would do the job.

A flash of green energy exploded loose, streaking out in a thick bolt that smashed into Clay’s flared chest, having to fire out over the state below to even impact him.

“HAH!” Kathy wheezed, aiming it forward with her hands, watching as Clay’s monstrous form began to tingle and rattle all over...then slip down. And down. And down.

Diminishing muscles allowed better sight of the goat’s muzzle; his smug grin slipped into unpleasant confusion as he melted from 600 miles to 550, then 500 even.

***“THE HELL IS...HEY! NO!”***

470 miles deflated to 440, Clay glowering like all doom over his pecs as he traced the bolt to Kathy. His free hand rose high as he shrank to 400 miles, clearly readying to slap Kathy flat, when the earth itself erupted, and true hell broke loose.

The unattended ground had, in that span, swollen higher, cracks and breaks and gouges tearing over the towns and roads, separating highway rises and splitting cities. The protected denizens of the world were severely inconvenienced as office towers and stadiums and parks blew apart, toppling and crashing, the entire stretch parting open as a shining blue mass of musclebound carapace emerged in the form of one single, massive, hulking arm.

The other blew up through several chained lakes, blasting water up as it rose, flexed bigger, and *thoomed* to the cracked plates with a fantastic *boom*. Between them, right where Clay happened to be kneeling low, rose a single, unfathomably big, cerulean horn. It rose and rose, lifting the startled 100-mile tall goat, soon after revealing two humongous, kind amber eyes, lidded from the strain of incredible growth as Benjamin's head breached the surface.

Then, came the rest of him.

Plated pectorals over 100 miles across each swelled forth, bullying the terrain apart as he relentlessly grew and grew. Green power flicked and played across his stretching armor as the titan-bug roared into the skies, trembling and bulging higher, wider, mighty blue shoulders pushing the neighboring states apart as he surged evermore.

Kathy held on to Clay's hand, still firing the ray gun, shrinking her one momentary salvation to 70 miles; Clay, somewhat distracted by the 800-mile insect bulging over the curve of the planet, could only wail miserably as Ben's horn swelled thicker and longer, parting the goat's huge arms rapidly.

His thorax and monster-sized thighs burst free last, the insect's looming bulk settling awkwardly through the night sky as he huff-clicked, shook his immense head cutely (flinging Clay clear off, and Kathy with), and sighed.

***“HUH, HUH...WHOA!”***

Even his voice was so big that it chased Kathy through the air as she sailed away, the world spinning free and wild around her; she watched as the bigger, heavier Clay broke his arc and hit the bayside, then crashed hard, herself, once more onto land.



## ***11:59 PM***

Wherever Kathy had landed, whichever city in whatever state, it was clear she wasn't welcome. The moment the titanic plushie rose to a stand and leaned against a skyscraper to get her bearings, a chorus of teeny, tiny boos and hisses found her, from all sides. Windows and streets suddenly filled with citizens, mite-sized, their congregations forming solid masses of disdain.

"SORRY," Kathy panted, dusting her stitches off. "SORRY FOR THE MESS..."

The multitude of boos increased.

*"Go back to wherever you crawled out of, usurper!"*

A single voice penetrated into clarity, larger and stronger, making Kathy's sheep-ears bobble. A familiar voice, no less, far less friendly than it had been previously. She rose fully and looked about, curious—not so much in a good way.

"...ARGENTA?"

She finally looked up beyond the skyscraper, and gasped. There, sitting on a kind of makeshift throne between stacked buildings, was indeed the reptile, glaring daggers at the smaller sheep from on high. All told, she must have sat at about 1,300 feet—far, far smaller than Clay. Still, it was more than enough to make the huge ewe-toy stagger back.

"YOU AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE, KATHERINE," the towering reptile huffed, her amplified bust looming tight in a modified, gargantuan smock bearing the blood-red tones of Midnight's wool. "YOU, WHO WOULD SEND US ALL BACK TO THE DARK AGES, TRYING TO STOP OUR GODDESS!"

The boos rose in firm agreement, all around the city.

"WHAT DARK AGES?" Kathy rumbled, suddenly indignant. "YOU MEAN, THE NORMAL WORLD? HOW LONG WAS I DOWN THERE? WHAT TIME IS IT, EVEN?"

"YOU DON'T KNOW?" Argenta mockingly growled. "YOU'RE THAT IGNORANT, AND YOU WOULD STILL SEE FIT TO TAKE MIDNIGHT DOWN, SOMEHOW?"

"SHE STOLE MY BODY, SO... YES."

“SHE IS THE RIGHTFUL RULER OF EVERYTHING! ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE, FROZEN IN TIME, A WORLD PERFECTLY PRESERVED! WE ARE ALWAYS A MINUTE FROM MIDNIGHT, SEE. THERE’S NO CRIME. NO WAR. NO POLLUTION, FAMINE, POVERTY, STRUGGLE. IT ALL WENT AWAY, KATHY.”

Suddenly, a familiar softness made it into the huge female’s monologue.

“DO YOU KNOW HOW UNHAPPY MOST OF US WERE, BEFORE THE GURU? BEFORE YOU CAME, AND GAVE US MIDNIGHT? LIFE WAS MISERY, KATHY. I MEAN...DO I EVEN NEED TO EXPLAIN? YOU WERE SO HEAVY WHEN YOU ARRIVED AT CAMP ALL THAT TIME AGO—”

“JUST HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN, ARGENTA?” Kathy pressed, increasingly nervous about finding out for real.

“WHO CAN REALLY SAY?” the massive lizard sighed, grinning crookedly. “WHAT DOES IT MATTER? TIME IS ONLY A MARKER BY WHICH TO MEASURE MIDNIGHT’S LUSCIOUS, PULSING GROWTH. SHE’S BEEN FED SO MUCH...HER GLORY INCREASES MADDENINGLY, EVERY MINUTE THAT...WELL, *SHOULD* BE PASSING.”

“THIS IS INSANITY, THOUGH,” Kathy pleaded, as Argenta arched her brows sourly, not much caring to hear it. “WHERE’S THE GURU?”

“LATHVAHR?” Argenta sneered. “THAT BROWN-NOSING RAT IS...ON MIDNIGHT, AS WE SPEAK. BASKING IN HER SOFT, WARM PERFECTION...WHILE I WAS ASKED TO MANAGE DOWN HERE. NOT THAT IT’S NEEDED. I SHOULD BE WITH HER, KATHY. I SHOULD BE IMMENSE, SOAKING UP HER POWER AND ATTENTION! ME!”

Kathy thought, and thought fast. If she broke for an escape, no one around seemed able to stop her—except the way bigger Argenta, herself. Her massive scaly thighs were bulging with tension as she seethed and stewed, and it seemed like if she wanted, she could pounce on her before she made it out of the city limits.

“T-TAKE ME TO HER, THEN,” Kathy said, plainly.

“OH, I INTEND TO, THAT’S A GIVEN,” Argenta snorted, starting to rumble all over and tremble openly, before blowing up even bigger. Her rump ballooned tight as she swelled too big, overflowing the cracking throne of buildings, nearly doubling in size as the citizens all

cheered in glee. “NGHHGH...HAH, I’LL CURRY HER FAVOR WITH YOU, YOU CAN BET–”

***“SHE’S MINE, ARGENTA!”***

A slamming bang struck the landscape, shuddering the city, before another, heavier one fell after, drawing devastatingly close. Kathy didn’t bother looking, she knew the voice by now. Instead, she frantically twisted the dial on the undetected ray gun, wasting no time as Clay loomed over the entire city, hooves bigger than towns crashing down on the outskirts.

“UGH, DAMMIT,” Argenta moaned, the reptile rolling her eyes so far back that her head rocked after, in a drawn out circle of frustration. “BEAT IT, CLAY! YOU–GOT SMALLER? WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?”

Sure, she and Kathy didn’t even reach beyond the goat’s hooves, his 50-mile body still unbelievably big, looming into the night’s breadth. But the lizard clearly was used to his 600-mile stature, before. She even had the nerve to laugh.

***“I’LL BE TAKING THE TOY. MOVE AWAY, RUNTS.”***

“STUPID LOUSY KISS-UP,” Argenta fumed, her huge claws digging into the buildings as her breasts and hips shoved them apart. The half-mile reptile seemed all the angrier with him, forcing a crazy idea into the ewe’s head.

If she grew herself, Clay would be on her before long, and could maybe overpower her before any advantage points were hit; fleeing was still the best course. But, to do that...

The ray beam shot out from Kathy’s mitts, battering up into a startled Argenta.

***“WH-WHAT IS...T...TTTHHHI-III–”***

Instantly, Argenta blasted up in size, her rear and thickening thighs crashing down and out through the throne, decimating it as her ass slammed the city. The sinking only lowered her for a second before she roared and burst up from half a mile to 2 miles, then 5, then 8. The downtown region blew apart, a great dust cloud consuming the citizens and even Kathy as Argenta blew up, up into the sky, the clouds parting her massive chest, her quaking shoulders ripping through the over-tight smock.

Red-dyed fabric tore and angled, threads clinging to her booming breasts, snagging a swelling nipple and making the enormous lizard huff in dark delight as she tremble-burst to 12 miles, incessantly rising and widening and heaving in messy, warm spurts.

Clay must have finally noticed, given how his hooves thudded back over entire mountains and forest ranges far beyond Argenta's territory. Kathy kept backing away through the rising cloud, lasting the moaning female up to 20 miles, Argenta's swaying breasts blowing the cloud cover back as they ballooned overhead, humongous teats bashing the tallest buildings apart as they clipped them, mid-swing.

***“MMMHM...OOO...HOOOOORE...”***

More Kathy gave, forcing Argenta to rumble harder as green waves of power pumped her nude body larger, and larger, and larger, until Kathy saw fit to shut it off and break into a hard run. The sounds of rubber-like growth reverberated everywhere, marrying a heady, deep groan of joy as scales kept stretching bigger, Argenta's plump rear crushing the city as her figure relentlessly expanded...

“BEN!” Kathy cried out, waving the smoke and grit away as she cleared the city.

Thankfully, it wasn't so hard to find the bug: at over four million feet tall, sitting down, Benjamin's lower legs glinted in the moonlight, reflecting far off in another state, making Kathy sprint destructively over the countryside towards her only real friend.

All the while, the sounds of a 30-mile tall lizard grappling and shoving and swearing at an even bigger goat filled the territory, the two pushing and punching and biting, two fervent believers fervent in their belief that they were the one deserving of a mad god's love.

Just *maybe*, perhaps, Kathy realized, she should have stayed on the bus.

Still, it was done. She turned the ray on herself. Braced, and pulled the trigger—only for the beam to soak into her for a few seconds, then cut off. Still running, she checked the console on the tiny rig, and saw the one power cell, now extinguished. Still, she was growing *some*.

“...SHIT.”

With no recourse left, she continued on, running at the fullest speed her squeaky toy feed could possibly manage. Regrettably, another, angrier sound rattled the landscape and something much bigger *slam-slammed* nearer and nearer, gaining whatever ground she had managed to get.

**11:59 PM**

Ben blinked, feeling how much ridiculous force each meeting of his lids created, how heavy he was, yet how easy it was to make such huge parts move. A hand so big entire cities teetered between his fingers lifted, slowly, as Ben chittered and felt himself over, almost unable to see where his muscles ended on his heaving 900-mile body. One smooth rump cheek rested on a state, and the other in another. For all intents and purposes, when he looked down, he was looking at a real life map of his own home country, in real time.

There was, admittedly, a flicker or three of absolute panic.

***“HOOOH, HAH,”*** Ben boom-boomed, knocking his segmented fists together like a kid in trouble. ***“I D-DIDN’T THINK I’D ER, G-GET THESE KINDS OF RESULTS, HAHA...K-KATHY! KATHY? HELLO?”***

*EEEEEN*

Ben’s huge hands pressed up against his overloaded pecs, feeling them swell in and out as he panted, not knowing what else to do with himself as he balled his monstrous muscles up.

*BEEEEEEEEEEEN!!*

The mortified super-colossus blinked, buzzing curiously as he tasked himself with managing to see out over the sheer mass of his own muscle. It was a difficulty that, like everything in the past minute, he had no idea was coming.

*BENBENBEN*

For all his godly size and power, Benjamin screamed as something bug-crawled up his plating, making him shudder in alarm—before seeing that it was a very, *very* small sheep plushie.

***“KATHY!”***

*“BENHE’SRIGHTBEHINDME—”*

***“GIVE ME THAT GODDAMN GUN, KATHY! I MEAN IT!”***

The rest of the plot pretty much presented itself as Ben felt a larger body clutching its way up his hulking thigh, despite repeatedly slipping down along his chitinous shell. Clay,

reduced to a ‘mere’ 50 miles in size, struggled in a rage after a mile-tall Kathy, who leapt from one upper thigh to the huge rim of his leg plate, tickling her way up his vast abs.

The urge to bug-laugh was suddenly overwhelming as she tickled him, making the mega-sized beetle ball his fists a moment before reaching down to very, very gently collect her. Being roughly nine hundred times her size, however, that was easier said than done.

***“AH, I CAN’T TELL IF YOU’RE ABLE TO GET ON MY HAND OR NOT, KATHY,”*** Ben clicked anxiously, unable to see past his swollen chest.  
***“WHICH IS A SHAME, BECAUSE ALL I WANT TO DO IS...S-SNUGGLE YOUR GORGEOUS SELF TIGHT...”***

Immediately, he felt something small rumbling and booming bigger, surging warmly larger in size, in his grip. In seconds, Kathy’s plush body had exploded so large that she filled his monstrous palm, and he brought her all the way up to his head, greeting her with the equivalent of a goofy insect grin.

“GOOD THINKING, BEN!” she whooped, the 25-mile tall ewe plushie wagging her wooly tail in joy.

***“HEHE, WELL.”***

***“GIVE...ME...THE RAY GUN! YOU HEAR ME, BEN!?”***

***“OH, RIGHT, CLAY,”*** Ben murmured quietly (to him, at least).

“OH, NUTS TO HIM,” Kathy grumbled, hugging Ben’s massive finger. “COME ON, LET’S GET TO MIDNIGHT, AND SETTLE THIS CRAP OUT!”

***“RIGHT...BUT, SHE’S ALL THE WAY OUT IN SPACE.”***

***“HEY!”*** Clay roared, ineffectually pounding against Ben’s even bulkier thighs, trying to climb up his slippery exterior. ***“GAH, DON’T YOU...IGNORE ME, YOU LITTLE PUNK!”***

“WAS HE LIKE THIS BEFORE LATHVAHR HELPED OUT?” Kathy asked, sincerely.

***“HE WAS...A HANDFUL.”***

“YOU’RE BIGGER THAN AN ENTIRE STATE, BEN,” Kathy laughed, holding on tight. “YOU DON’T HAVE TO BE THIS RESTRAINED ANYMORE.”

**“WELL, WEREN’T YOU?”**

“WUH, I MEAN, I. I HAD A BIT MORE REASON, YOU KNOW,” Kathy stammered, looking away in a soft sheep huff. “I WAS KEEPING PURE EVIL AT BAY.”

**“I MEAN,”** Ben softly clicked, cocking his vast head, his next suggestion coming so gently, for something his size and might. **“IS SHE, THOUGH?”**

“SHE SURE ISN’T MADE OF GOODNESS AND LIGHT, BENJAMIN.”

A massive fingertip lowered in politely, as though letting her see first and understand, before Ben gave a long, reassuring stroke against Kathy, something more of comfort than any advancement. When she looked back, Ben’s massive eyes were locked with hers, open and patient and slow.

**“IF SHE CAME FROM YOU, KATHY...SHE CAN’T BE SO BAD.”**

It was there and then that, in Kathy’s eyes, Ben was truly a giant—and it had nothing to do with his height.

Okay, the height didn’t hurt, either.

“T-THANKS,” Kathy started, before the compliment blew her stretching fabric self up to 50 miles, forcing her growing legs to thread down and out between Ben’s segmented fingers. “WHEW! HEHE...SO, SOMEHOW, WE NEED TO ESCAPE ORBIT AND MAKE IT UP TO MIDNIGHT’S BODY...”

**“THE RAY GUN—”**

“IS OUT OF JUICE,” she concluded, cutting Ben off. “I USED IT UP ESCAPING FROM CLAY BACK WHERE I LANDED EARLIER. I’LL EXPLAIN LATER. YOU DON’T MAYBE STILL HAVE THAT LAST POWER CELL AROUND?”

Ben went silent, his huge, adorable eyes darting back and forth in realization.

**“...OOH.”**

As he paused, a green bolt tickled through him, drawing Kathy's attention, then his own, just as a second bolt crackled along his rumbling carapace, then a third. Ben's eyes widened.

***“O...OOOHOO...AHHHHH–”***

The effects of the initial blast resurfaced, unannounced, and the rumbling bug's 900-mile tall body started up a shaking so violent, so potent and terrible that a great verdant glow overwhelmed it, getting worse and worse, before–

***BUH-WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM***

***11:59 PM***

Clay, having been so defeated that his running away went unnoticed, sulked as he thudded and crashed along the countryside, his body tension caught in a state of perpetual flexion. His biceps shook, diamond hard and massive, his erection down to a swaying trunk of pink as he puffed angrily, waggled his tail, then sat down–crushing four counties flat and pinning a mess of unhurt, startled citizens under his rear.

***“STUPID LITTLE TOWERING BEHEMOTH, DUMB BUG”***

The colossal goat grumbled and fussed as he sat there, stirring clouds far below with a finger, the beta-ed male a ball of vast, tight muscles and self-pity.

***“YOU THINK...YOU LOOK SORRY NOW, CLAY...”***

He looked up, then stumbled back on his huge hands, wide-eyed.

***“WAIT'LL I GET THROUGH WITH YOU.”***

Argenta was...big. Bigger than him, now. The female stepped over entire states with vast, heavy soles, toes crushing the tectonic plates as she put fists to widening hips and leaned in, snarling, letting herself swell uncontrollably as green energy coursed through her 200-mile tall body. And that body was still growing higher and higher.

***“BHU...NO...NO!”*** Clay whined, fuming and fearful, all at once. ***“NO WAY!”***



The nude reptile's breasts surged loudly, overflowing his sight of her upper body as she stomped one monster crater right beside Clay, shaking him up and down, then another on the other side, letting her feet swell bigger still. Clawed toes ballooned up over the rim of the impact site, spreading the crater mile after rumbling mile as she chuckled meanly.

***“I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE KIND OF A TURD, ANYHOW, EVEN BACK AT THE COMPOUND. I REALLY HAVE NO IDEA WHAT MIDNIGHT SEES IN YOU.”***

At 400 miles in size, electric power still pumping her bigger, Argenta shrugged, and simply raised one growing foot high, placing it down hot and heavy atop Clay's muscled belly and huge pecs, her heel swelled more and more against his pushed-out penis, pressing it to his leg-filling sacs as he struggled.

***“BUT WHATEVER. NO ONE WILL SEE ANYTHING OF YOU AGAIN, ANYHOW.”***

A violent burst of displaced air buffeted them both, drawing Argenta's attention out over the country—and even she gawked in stupefaction.

Ben.

Ben, the beetle. The tiniest little weiner in the dick basket. He was...

*He was magnificent.*

In a blink, she had caught sight of most of his 900-mile body in the distance as it exploded in size. The next, and Ben's segmented feet and pointy bug-toes were steamrolling towards them both, smothering out over state after state after state. Forget the rest of him; there were only feet and ballooning calves as the giga-insect ascended, crawling with crackling green energy, same as her own.

Even as she inflated up to a trembly 600 miles, Argenta didn't notice. She could only go from gasping to stumbling back in panic as Ben's feet just...kept growing closer, without stop. No—they were accelerating!

As she crashed back and scrambled off on all fours, the surprised Clay backed away further, not yet realizing the apocalyptically huge Ben was growing into his path. The huge goat's hand smashed down over acre after acre of farmland as he struggled to get upright, in so doing smashing barns and fields and forests all at once.

He only had a moment to right himself, when Ben's wall-sized foot bashed into him, forcing the crying goat forward, so that his opened maw sank into the earth, swallowing up untold tons of dirt and grass and roadway. With a single huge gulp, the shoved male swallowed one particular item, lost to the turf in the earlier confusion and fuss.

As he pushed and rolled and spluttered against Ben's still-growing foot, less than a grain of salt to the almighty bug, Clay's body also began to crackle with a now-familiar energy...

### ***11:59 PM***

Ben wasn't simply growing, at this point. Ben was *exploding*.

900 miles had long since shied away, replaced by a beetle standing at over 4,000 miles in size. His scope humiliated the spread of the continent as his feet sank and sank through it, obliterating the mantle like dead leaves in autumn as he grew. The thinning patchwork of varying night greens, yellows and browns all shrank to a muted sameness as his heels rolled over mountain ranges as high as a partially crumpled gum wrapper on a floor.

Clouds that couldn't make it above the undercurves of his feet scattered to nil as his ankles vanished into the haze above, shuddering and wobbling, colossal knees knocking in space as his 5,000-mile body roughly expanded to 7,000, then 9,000, literal *millions* of feet hammering into his shaking muscles and swelling plates every second, attacking him every time he tried to open his huge eyes or even out his swimming equilibrium.

The words, even the most basic of reactive utterances failed him, dammed up behind a vibrating quake that kept swelling inside him, radiating out as his feet slid over the planet's steady curve, the once-tiny beetle standing in multiple time zones, and still booming uncontrollably *bigger*.

Yet Kathy remained there throughout, clutching in alarm at a finger too big to even partially hug about (not that it stopped her efforts). Facing inward, she could see far out ahead as the bug's plated pectorals strained too huge, too full, overflowing with energy and bulk, his every labored huff and clicking making them stretch painfully larger, as though he were holding together by trembling threads as he twitched, tensed tighter, and blew up to 20,000 miles, then 40,000, doubling and doubling as the glow swelled stronger still.

For the second time in its history, the planet was left behind, an embarrassed runner-up in some odd cosmic theater; Ben drifted up in space, his hands up against his chest, as if struggling to even barely resist the growth. Kathy, unharmed in her state, was simply mashed tight between

his hot palm and his throbbing pectoral, feeling it dominantly blow out against it, relishing the sliver of resistance by which it could better measure its raw strength.

His mandibles whirled and fussed, desperate to get any sound out beyond the stretching pull and deep rumbling of his ever-swelling girth, but nothing came. Instead, the overgrown muscle fields trembled and exploded yet again, surging out into tight, shiny, smooth clusters of unending, pure brawn, barely contained godhood in bug form.

80,000 miles. 422,400,000 feet.

That was where Ben finally stopped growing. Feet larger than the polar caps hovered in the void, his swollen thorax pulsing eagerly, his pectorals so massive that he had to struggle to lower his head any against their topsides. Ten planets could have been stacked up to his horn. Jet planes would have needed a day and a half to fly nonstop from his toes to his eyes—*at mach 3*. Biceps as big as the Earth twitched happily, stretching his armor as he huffed, shook his head, then realized he was still breathing at all.

***“HOH,”*** Ben finally gushed, shivering out the lingering pleasure.  
***“HOLY...M-MACARONI, LOOK AT ME! HUH, OH, OH GEEZ...”***

Strangely (or stranger, still), his words were muffled, despite existing in the vacuum, as though his power and the laws of space had formed some shaky, vague compromise. Even that treaty didn't mask the pure force rumbling from his speaking—power enough to crush worlds throbbed within him as the green electricity slowly ebbed off, leaving him to look around at last with opened eyes.

***“...OH, G-GEEZ!”***

To be clear, Ben was incredible. A giant to shame giants.

Ben found, at a proper glance, that all he could make out of space was, instead of stars or asteroids or the inky depths of the cosmos...was wool. Red, endless, glittering wool, as far as even his eyes could see. On and on and on and on. The occasional planet floated about nearby, only to finally sink deep into the ocean of ruby softness as the fluff shook violently and blew up even bigger, hungrily consuming it.

Ben might as well have been the largest flea ever, because that's what he was.

Midnight had soaked up so much attention from the planet that Earth might as well have been a normal-sized adult, and her the true globe. He wasn't even sure where to go, because she was too big to discern up from down on her growing body.

***“WUH-OH-”***

Indeed, the shuddering plains of bloody-hued wool were still growing more and more expansive, wider and higher; in mere seconds, Ben himself was hit by their raging swell, caught up along with entire planets in the tsunami of glimmering, demonic warmth.

***11:59 PM***

The forest was alien but comfortable, and through his dread and caution even Ben started to feel more and more at home in the vast tangle of wool into which he and Kathy had sunk.

***“AMAZING! YOUR ORIGINAL BODY WAS JUST THAT BEAUTIFUL, WASN'T IT?”***

At Ben's compliment, Kathy felt herself bulging bigger, and bigger—yet, even blown up to 1,000 miles in size, she didn't occupy so much as a portion of his immense, smooth palm.

***“TO THINK...YOU HAD THIS KIND OF POWER INSIDE OF YOU...I CAN'T IMAGINE THE WILLPOWER NEEDED...”***

Again, Kathy surged, pouring out larger across said palm. Her plushie arms shot out over widening, stuffed hips, her stitched-together bosom expanding all the larger and bouncier as her tail wiggled in muted glee.

“YOU DON'T HAVE TO LAY IT ON TOO THICK, B-BEN, HEH,” she chuckled, the ewe swollen up to 4,000 miles, half the size of the Earth—yet, presently, she was still the smallest around. Maybe Ben was on the money. “I DIDN'T KNOW HER POWERS COULD GET THIS BERSERK, I'M AS SURPRISED AS YOU ARE—”

The terrain of Midnight's thigh billowed larger, still, stretching with a surreal groan of its own as Ben felt his feet spread wider, the wool jungle rising even higher above. The canopy nearly swallowed any sight of space as the demon-goddess grunted from far, far away, sending warm ripples through everything.

“YOU...DON'T THINK THAT COUNTED AS A COMPLIMENT, RIGHT?”

**“YOU'RE THE ONE I WANT WITH ME,”** Ben rumbled, more upfront than he had perhaps meant to be. **“I'LL GET YOU EVEN BIGGER THAN HER, IF NEED BE!”**

*BOOMPH*

Kathy swelled up to 8,000 miles, finally toy-sized to the colossal insect.

“HAH, T-THANKS! SAME TO YOU, BEN, REALLY.”

**“HEHE. SO, AH...ANY PLANS ON HOW TO, UH–”**

“AS A MATTER OF FACT, I *DO* HAVE ONE,” Kathy replied, squeak-nodding rapidly, trying to be serious enough to offset her built-in toy sounds. “YOU WERE PROBABLY WAY TOO BIG TO SEE, BUT ON EARTH I RAN INTO AN UPSIZED ARGENTA. SHE GROUSED ABOUT LATHVAHR BEING ON MIDNIGHT, SO IF WE FIND HIM, WE CAN MAKE HIM PUT ME BACK IN MY BODY, AND I CAN REPRESS MIDNIGHT.”

**“WILL YOU, MY DEAR?”**

Up above the wool-top, something massive loomed. A green mass of amphibious bulk, comfortably sitting, cross-legged, a monstrosly immense red robe about his inflated brawn. Kathy winced, not even having to look up from Benjamin's huge hands.

“OOH.”

**“GURU!”** Ben chirped, buzzing excitedly into flight. He cleared the red canopy and fluttered around powerfully, nodding up to his old leader. **“YOU'RE ALRIGHT!”**

All 250,000 miles of Lathvahr regarded the bug, before grinning wide. What kind of wide grin it really was, had yet to be known.

**“BENJAMIN, HELLO!”** the towering toad laughed, nodding back down cordially. **“SORRY I DEPARTED SO UNCEREMONIOUSLY,**

***BEFORE. I'M DULY EMBARRASSED. I BELIEVE I HEARD KATHERINE, TOO? YES?"***

Ben humbly nodded, his bulk still outclassing even the massive guru's as he managed to stay afloat. Kathy's wince remained unchanged.

"HI," she sighed.

***"SO YOU HEARD, THEN,"*** Ben quickly interjected, having known his superior for so long, and how to deal with him. ***"YOU LOOK SO POWERFUL, NOW! I BET YOU COULD PUT KATHY BACK IN, NO PROBLEM, RIGHT?"***

The massive amphibian smiled, a little sadly.

***"PART OF ME WANTS TO. THIS LEVEL OF CONTENTMENT...I CAN'T STAND IT. NOR CAN I WITHSTAND IT. HEH. I CAN'T BE WITHOUT THIS WARMTH, BENJAMIN, KATHY. I CAN'T."***

***"SOUNDS LIKE THE OLD VENTURE CAPITALIST IN YOU, GURU. COMFORTABLE, BUT WITH NO WORLDS TO CONQUER."***

Billions of far smaller acolytes had gathered among the fields of Midnight's woolly geography, listening on. Lathvahr made to respond, but pursed his lip. Ben had immediately hit it on the head.

***"INDEED, MY BOY. I HARDLY THOUGHT THIS WOULD BRING IT ALL BACK. SAY...I WERE TO SIMPLY EXPLAIN HOW IT COULD BE DONE. THE TRANSFERENCE. I WILL NOT MAKE A MOVE AGAINST MY G...GODDESS...MM. BUT SIMPLY WONDERING ALOUD HOW IT MIGHT HAPPEN, THAT'S NO SIN."***

Kathy perked up, down in Ben's gentle hands.

“REALLY! THANK YOU, SIR!”

Lathvahr saw her there, snuggled in Ben’s hulking arms, and swapped to a genuinely happy, knowing grin.

**“HMM. GLAD TO FINALLY BE OF TRUE HELP, SISTER KATHERINE. NOW, SINCE YOU ARE INHABITING YOUR EFFIGY DOLL, YOU TWO ARE STILL LINKED. CONTACT ALONE ISN’T ENOUGH, BUT SHOULD YOU INVERT THE RITUAL...SHOULD YOU REVERSE YOUR DENIAL–”**

“HEY, HOLD UP, WHOA,” Kathy stammered, already shaking her head in a series of protecting *squeaks*. “YOU MEAN, I HAVE TO...”

**“ACCEPT HER.”**

“THE *HELL* I WILL–”

The hand that descended upon them all was so massive that Kathy’s periphery had no way of detecting it. The stars beyond the wool fields simply disappeared, darkness overtook them, and that was that.

**11:59 PM**

**“Finally.”**

Midnight’s utterance should have been catastrophic, big enough to break worlds apart—yet to Kathy and Ben, it was no more than an impatient huff of annoyance. When the hand opened up, there was something far beyond, but whatever it was, there was so much of it that it defied classification. It was like trying to positively ID the horizon.

A demonic muzzle stretched for infinity overhead, supplanting the void of space with a black lower lip over 900,000 miles in diameter. A mouth that could eat the Sun like a jawbreaker lowered closer, brilliant-glowing eyes radiating raw power as Midnight stared down into her own palm expectantly.

A demon-sheep 31,000,000 miles tall floated in the heavens, her wings casually draped on her sides, letting pebble-sized planets roll away against them. Over one hundred and sixty-three billion feet of living, warm, overpowered female dominated them, dominated everything in space, just by virtue of *being*.

***“I’d ask if you see me now,”*** Midnight purred, calmly, warmly, some unmasked smugness practically overflowing within her swelling frame. ***“But I suppose, actually, you can’t. Hah. And Benjamin! Ben-Ben! Hello, honey!”***

Ben hugged Kathy’s toy-sized body like an overwhelmed larva.

“Ahah, h-hi, yes.”

***“Are you comfortable, sweetheart? Ooh, look how big you grew! Haha, too bad you didn’t join me from the start—you’re almost a fraction of my own g...gloreeeeeeeeaaah—”***

A shotgun blast of release hit as Midnight’s self-praise blew her body up even *larger*. Her vast oceans of wool swelled hungrily as her breasts billowed tighter, fuller, rumbling happily with a mounting, vacuum-defying stretch of growth, far below her occupied hand. Nipples so big that moons could slip into the tips became even bigger, groaning hot and huge as smoke and heat poured off of them.

A 40,000,000-mile Midnight blew pleasure-suffused smoke out in a long, lewd trail, before she cleared her throat and smiled coyly.

***“Mmm. Right. Ben, darling, you just watch. I believe my Kathy here has something to say to me. Something denied all our life together—something I am very, very much owed.”***

Kath’s plush arms were folded defiantly, her possessed fabrics shifting as she managed a mean glare and turned her head away, pressing her cheek to Ben’s warm, gargantuan pectoral.

“NO WAY,” Kathy bleated, sniffing angrily. “WHATEVER IT IS—”

***“Admit it,”*** Midnight seethed, suddenly demanding beyond words. ***“You. Admit. It. Admit I’m the better half, the right one! I wanted us to get out there and live. I wanted us to love ourselves. I loved you. I did. Why can’t you love me back?”***

Kathy snorted, refusing to answer, as Ben awkwardly clicked, growing nervous.

***“ADMIT IT.”***



“YOU’VE GOTTEN ENOUGH PRAISE, ALREADY,” Kathy muttered.

**“BUT NOT...FROM...YOU.”**

**“SERIOUSLY, KATHY,”** Ben offered, quickly, anxiously. **“MAYBE W-WE SHOULD—”**

“I HATE YOU.”

Midnight froze. Millions and millions of miles of godhood went still, struck immeasurably deep by a single, stupid phrase.

**“YOU DON’T,”** Midnight countered. No...*ordered*.

Her aura blasted larger, throbbing out through space, demanding obedience. Even Ben shook his head groggily, fighting the intensity off internally.

“DROP DEAD,” Kathy hissed. “JUST *FINALLY* DROP DEAD, ALREADY.”

Midnight had no comeback, no change in expression. It wasn’t that Kathy or even Ben could see it. It was more that all of space stopped.

**“MAYBE YOU SHOULD, KATHERINE.”**

A black, unfathomable bitterness dripped from the words as Midnight’s entire body changed, and quickly. Her wooly hips, endlessly massive below, sprouted enormous black horns on either side, her fluff darkening into a terrifying pitch as her eyes seeped hellfire.

Kathy refused to look, but the reflection on Ben’s metallic blue carapace showed her everything, and the stomach she no longer had sank anyway.

“Y...YOU WOULDN’T DARE,” Kathy added, last-minute, a perilous and haphazard bluff echoing out as Midnight’s hand began to close in on them from billions of feet away in every direction. “YOU CAN’T KILL ME, I’M—”

**“WHAT!?”** Midnight boomed, her volume un-lowered drastically.

Kathy knew where she was being guided, even as Midnight openly raged, her wool starting to smolder from sheer heat, then catching fire and covering her backside and tail in a black-red blaze. But still, the toy ewe refused to answer.

*Part of you*

No. No, bullshit. That was Midnight, the bad one. Kathy had done everything imaginable to be good, fought tooth and nail to be clean, be better, be *right*. Midnight had no call to even imply it. It wasn't fair. None of this had ever been fair.

***“FIIIIINE,”*** Midnight doom-rumbled, her fires swelling out of control behind her, not caring about what the physics of space had to say about it. ***“I DON'T HAVE TO DIRTY MY HANDS MAKING YOU INTO A STAIN. BEN, HONEY, SQUASH THAT BUG, WOULD YOU? YOU THINK I'M RIGHT, YES?”***

Ben shook his head, blinking, the influence getting so impossibly strong.

***“C-CAN'T YOU TWO...MAKE P-PEACE?”*** Ben offered, desperate.

“YOU'RE GOING TO TAKE HER SIDE?” Kathy balked, looking up with a huff at the looming beetle.

***“N-NO.”***

***“OH, YES HE IS.”***

“BEN!”

The beetle began to rumble anew, a single bolt of green tickling through his plating, unseen by both ladies. Midnight redoubled her influence, and the field of dark red swallowed everything, leaving tiny planets drifting silhouetted around her enormity.

***“REALLY!?”*** Midnight bellowed, fury starting to overwhelm her smugness like a wave over sand. ***“DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE IN THE PRESENCE OF, BEN? YOU'RE REALLY STUPID ENOUGH TO SAY NO TO ALL OF THIS!?”***

***“S...SH...UT...UP...”***

Midnight went from red to completely black, countless spikes blasting up through her back-flame as she ballooned to 100,000,000 feet, literally pumping with heat and pressurized rage. She opened her flame-quaking maw to roar something, but—

***“SHUT UP!! ENOUGH!”***

“HAH! YOU TELL HER, BEN—”

***“BOTH OF YOU!”***

Kathy lurched back in Ben’s grip, stunned.

***“YOU KNOW,”*** Ben growled, lowering his voice as his mandibles clicked in a hurry, ***“MAYBE YOU WERE AT ODDS—BUT AT LEAST YOU HAD EACH OTHER. YOU WANTED ATTENTION, MIDNIGHT? I HAD NO-ONE. NO ONE, EVER. I’D HAVE KILLED FOR WHAT YOU TWO HAD, GROWING UP. AT LEAST YOU HAD SOMEONE TO FIGHT, KATHY. WHY DO YOU THINK I ATTACHED TO ANYONE I COULD, ANYONE THAT NOTICED ME? YOU REALLY THINK MIDNIGHT’S THE ONLY ONE WHO WANTS WHAT SHE WANTS?”***

Kathy’s toy mouth was open, but she thought, and closed it, thinking.

Midnight glided back through space, her aura growing cooler, her blank, fire-glowing eyes unblinking as she thought too.

***“MAYBE...MAYBE SO,”*** Midnight boomed, albeit more calmly. ***“BUT I CAN’T GO BACK TO BEING LOCKED UP. IF WIPING YOU OUT IS THE ONLY WAY, THEN...THAT’S YOUR DECISION. NOT MINE. CLAY...COME HERE.”***

Her aura pulsed, a beacon of sorts, throbbing silently around her.

“WAIT,” Kathy began, halting immediately, stumbling through the words. “I, UH—”

***“WHATEVER,”*** Midnight snorted. ***“CLAY, GROW UP HERE AND WIPE THEM OUT FOR ME. NOW. TAKE ALL THE OVERFLOW POWER YOU NEED. DO YOUR THING, THEN...YOU CAN GET THE HONOR OF PRAISING ME...FOREVER. NONSTOP.”***

In a singular rush of displacement, there the goat was, expanded to such a magnitude that even Midnight could at least see him.

***“F-FINALLY, I CAN SEE YOU!”*** Clay bleated, the 300,000-mile tall goat blown up so full of muscle and bulk that even Ben seemed a bit thinner, in comparison. ***“AT LAST! I CAN BASK WHERE I SHOULD BE—BY YOUR GLORY!”***

Midnight closed her eyes and rumbled deep, forcing a grin as the pleasure swelled within her, the god-ewe making the most of things as she started to balloon much, *much* bigger.

***“I DON’T NEED YOU, KATHY,”*** Midnight told herself as she strained and pulled, her blackened mass inflating to a staggering, stunning 50,000,000 miles, then 100,000,000, looming over all of the planets at once. ***“YOU WERE NEVER GOOD! YOU WERE JUST HOW YOU WERE TO NOT GET IN TROUBLE, NOT BE-BECAUSE IT WAS RI-RIGHT! WELL, I’LL FIND MORE LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE, AND REALLY BECOME AMAZING, ON MUH-MY OWN! YOU CAN GET SQUASHED, KNOWING I...HUH, N-NEVER NEEDED...UGH, Y-YYYYYOOOOUUUAAAAAH!”***

Space itself convulsed as Midnight’s trembling body doubled in size. Then, it doubled again. And again. And again. Over 800,000,000 miles, over four trillion feet of swelling sheep-hide and dark wool and black flame erupted through the pitch, blotting out stars and shoving the Sun back with the force of each concussive, lustful burst of growth.

Ben hugged Kathy tight, protecting her despite his lecturing, his immensity paling more and more as Midnight’s palm swelled unstoppably under and around and even above him.

***“THERE...SHOULD ONLY BE...MEEEEEEEE...”***

The god-ewe blew past a billion miles in moments, her throbs sending out aftershocks that shuddered planets, her nipples spewing milk uncontrollably as her breasts consumed her entire torso, her arms all flexing and swelling faster, her impossible thighs bulging broader, hotter, heavier, her abandon finally hitting a climax as she lost all care or control.

The excess power buffeted into Clay as his erection loomed higher and fatter, so huge that his hands spread wider out trying to contain its excitement at the sight of her growth.

***“SO...TREMENDOUS...SHE’S...PERFECT!”***

Then, Clay shook, and grew more.

And more.

***“I...CAN’T...STANNNNND...ITTTT...”***

Midnight’s multimillion-mile eyes fluttered through her pleasure, then squinted in bafflement as the quaking goat bellowed, green energy glowing around him, bolts of power lancing through his overgrown, horrendously vast muscles, before he *boomed* to half her size, suddenly, instantly over 700,000,000 miles tall. With no effort.

***“...T-THE HELL. CLAY, S-STOP. THAT’S...PLENTY. STOP. STOP!”***

Stop, Clay did not. Her red and his green commingled strangely as the panting goat roared into his bloated pectorals, vibrated worse and worse, and blew up again, violently rocketing up and out, slamming into Midnight’s 1.5 billion mile self as he...

*Outgrew her.*

***11:59 PM***

***“STOP.”***

***“MINE.”***

Clay’s logic-breaking voice shuddered through the heavens, pushing even Midnight’s vastness back a relative foot. She perked her demonic ears, gulping, watching as her 2 billion-mile form sank lower, swallowed up by a cliff of pectoral madness. Clay surged with power even the ewe couldn’t understand, his eyes glowing green, snaking threads of red and green energy tracing the dome of his massive tip, his penis grown so large that it scooped her up with it.

***“ALL. M-MUH-MIIIIINE!”***

The 9,000,000,000-mile goat breathed pure energy out in great clouds, his biceps, thighs, chest, neck and shoulders all booming larger with every breath, relinquishing no loss on the exhales. A row of vast abs towered up to planetoid pecs, a panting goat muzzle looming far beyond even them. Below, the dull pulsations of his erection rose and fell between the stretching of his ever-larger testes, now all the way down to his toes.

In her sudden flailing, Midnight had let Ben go, the bug-sized bug fluttering off in a tumble, having no bearings with which to right himself.

**“STOP!”** Midnight commanded, then finally pleaded, as Clay’s growing belly and swelling member pinched in on her, smothering bigger and hotter. **“HMMPH!”**

**“THE POWER CELL FROM EARTH,”** Ben rumbled, watching as Clay’s green-hued body blew up even larger. **“THAT’S THAT ENERGY, SAME AS M-MINE! SHE...MIDNIGHT HIT HIM WITH AN INSANE DOSE OF GROWTH, WHILE HE WAS ALREADY POWERED UP! OH, NO, NO...”**

“BUT,” Kathy sputtered, hugging in tight, “SHE CAN’T REALLY LOSE, RIGHT? I MEAN, SHE’S PURE EGO—”

**“AND I KNOW CLAY! HE’S PURE ID!”**

“ARE WE EVEN USING ‘EGO’ CORRECTLY, THEN?” Kathy wondered, only momentarily. “BECAUSE, I MEAN—”

**“KATHY, HE’LL EITHER CRUSH MIDNIGHT OR TAKE HER PRISONER! IT’S YOUR BODY, ISN’T IT? WE HAVE TO STOP THIS!”**

Kathy still struggled against it, years of hard-driven reflex kicking in.

Clay filled the hesitation with another terrible, reverberating *boom* of growth, his body overwhelmed with torrents of oceanic muscle, his fur over-tight and ruffling as he rolled his eyes back and squeezed his mammoth penis tight, crushing Midnight in, trapping the bleating goddess as he surged bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and *bigger*.

**“MUH-MIIIIIIIIINNNNE...HUH-HUAAAAH  
...MMMMMIIIIIIIIINE!!”**

“DAMMIT,” Kathy wailed, burying her felt head in her soft plushie mitts. “JUST...JUST GET ME THERE, BEN, PLEASE!”

**“I’LL D-DO WHAT I CAN, KATHY, OF COURSE!”** Ben chittered helpfully, as more electric bolts covered his bulky bug brawn. **“I J-JUH-JUSSST...GRAAAAAAAHHAH—”**

The resurgence caught Ben hard as he bellowed cutely, his plating stretching and separating from the raw pressure of his muscles as they detonated all over in size, booming him up to 100,000 miles, then 500,000, his back blowing up over the rest of him, his brawn disproportionately blossoming bigger in pockets and spurts.

Still, the ever-growing insect faithfully held Kathy, tiny as she was, determined not to lose her as he propelled forth in huge, loud, rubbery waves of expansion. 2,000,000 miles fitfully bloated to 10,000,000, 60,000,000, Ben's body eclipsing the Sun by a grand leap, forget poor Earth. The merest striations and variances in the surface of his blue plates became comparative canyons, one of which easily snuggled their home world tight as he roared and *quadrupled* in size...

Clay kept feeding on Midnight's overflow, without her say, the struggling demon goddess thoroughly wedged between his hugged-in erection and furry muscle. The 300,000,000,000-mile monstrosity's follicles were thicker than the largest planet's diameter, sinews that could bridge the gaps between worlds bunching and bulging larger, tighter, stronger yet.

Even with his own rocketing scope, Ben's 20,000,000-mile body wasn't anywhere near large enough to qualify as *nothing*, before Clay's growth. The goat was over fifteen thousand times his size, his godly spurts outpacing even the mighty bug's as Ben braced for impact, then felt the wall of Clay's bulk blow right into him, into everything.

Kathy, too small to be held, went flying out of Ben's attempts at protection at the slam, flung off into the ever-swelling expanse of the goat's fur. Feeling a sensation of movement separate from the thrumming beat of Clay's erection and bursting abs, the toy-ewe forced her way down between the two masses, scouring and searching, before at last reaching what she thought she might:

Midnight's ego seemed smothered out, snuffed to nothing as she lay there, sandwiched in humiliation by someone so much bigger. The oversized demon ewe said nothing, having since ceased her struggling, and as Kathy neared her head and horns, she only heard one thing—a hard, miserable snuffle.

Finally, there in the panic and insanity their misadventure had brought, at long, long last, Kathy felt it; a stabbing sensation that penetrated years of resentment and anger, even hatred, cutting a buried core inside her.

Pity.

Magma lined the demon's vast eyes as she cried, no longer glorious, no longer even playing it being so. Midnight was crying, sobbing with the same frustration that only Kathy could understand.

Without anything else, as there was nothing anything of her miniscule size could offer or say (and be heard), Kathy slid down the side of one gargantuan horn, landed deep with the woolly top of Midnight's head, and sat there on her scalp. She rode the rise of her massive head with every sharp sob, the possessed toy slowly, gently putting a stitched hand down on it, giving it a single pat of comfort.

*Suppressed again, aren't you.*

She had worked so hard to be good, she really had. Yet, Kathy suddenly felt awful.

She hadn't been wrong to exercise caution all these years, to be responsible. And yet, the thought crept in...maybe she hadn't been *right*, either.

"I'M...I'M SORRY."

Another hard sob echoed as the pressure from Clay's growth redoubled outside, the goat blowing up unthinkably *bigger*.

*That isn't the right set of words, though, is it.*

Kathy looked up, took a long breath, and held it. Both toy hands touched down.

"...YOU'RE ME, AREN'T YOU. OKAY, THEN."

Kathy hugged down into the head, and pressed in.

*"I ACCEPT."*

**11:59 AM**

When Kathy opened her eyes, all was dark.

Unbelievable body heat raged against her, two walls of girth—one of naked flesh, the other fur. She blinked, grimaced, then shook her head, feeling the heft and swing of two monstrous horns. Her wings beat angrily, or tried to, pinned flat by goat bulk.

"Kathy?"

Her own voice spoke, out of her own colossal mouth, and when it stopped, she used it to answer back:



“Yeah. Hey.”

“What happened? You’re...you’re back?”

A pause.

“NO! GET AWAY! YOU CAN’T—”

“I’m not going to,” Kathy interrupted, arguing with herself. “I’m here to help. Take it or leave it, Midnight.”

“You what? How? How can you help?”

Both halves of the vast demon waited.

“You’re incredible, Midnight,” Kathy sighed, meaning it. “You are. I was...I was scared of it. No...envious. You were fearless and strong—too much, let’s face it. But, had I just worked with you, I...I think it would have worked out.”

Silence.

“Whatever it was my parents did to bring you and I together...I’m sorry I wasted it. I wasted so much time fighting you, I thought it was the right thing to do. But I was right in the wrong way. I didn’t put in the real work, the scary work. I didn’t like how I measured up to you.”

Silence, still.

“I admit it. You’re better at *living* than I am, and I couldn’t live with it. I don’t agree with your expression, but...I think I understand it now.”

Even as she spoke, tears were pooling at the edges of Kathy’s massive eyes—Midnight’s eyes. Surely, her tears.

“I’m *so* sorry—”

***12:00 AM***

Clay’s body was so big that his mind, already drunk on power and lust, slipped more and more of its grip, losing all ability to comprehend itself.

Nearly 1 trillion miles of goat bulk swelled beyond sanity, Clay's width actually exceeding his height as his girth rumbled frantically larger, tightening, swelling, tightening, swelling, exploding out at random bursts. Pectorals so big his neck and head were relatively lost to erupted bigger, huge pink nipples bulging through bristling fields of scented, hot fur.

A sixth of a light year tall, and still growing, Clay's body consumed enough space that he was graduating into the Milky Way's domain. He clenched impossibly vast teeth as his nostrils flared, shuddering hard as his erection boomed painfully larger, higher, towering and wobbling at the reddening tip.

***“MMMMMN-MMMMMIIIIIIINE...A  
-HAAHLLL MUH...M...MMMM-”***

His arms swelled until they were almost the same massive size as his overfed erection, allowing them to squeeze in even tighter, feeling Midnight trapped snugly close, all his—all his, at last! His, and his alone to possess—

In an instant, the growth stopped, and stopped flat.

Clay's titanic eyes unrolled as he blinked, then looked down over his boundless chest in confusion. Before he could figure out which swears to employ in his questioning, his erection parted back, forcibly pushed further from his belly as something massive blew up against him.

A set of throbbing teats popped up over the rim of his pectorals, followed by a vast swell of inflating breasts, stretching and ballooning so fast that the goat's hollering was smothered as his head was overtaken by hot cleavage. His mighty shoulders followed as Midnight's bosom overtook it, surging over his body as the light-year tall female bellowed in joy, pure delight blowing her body up to two light years instantly, then three.

Her vast thighs caged out around Clay as he wriggled in place, her bulbous clit pummeling out wet and hot against his stomach, swelling bigger and rounder and tighter. Her rear spilled so big that Clay's pushed member flossed in deeper and deeper, a toothpick against two watermelons that outclassed the male's gargantuan sacs.

10 light years—60,000,000,000 miles (and over what scientists and calculators would say was 3.1680000E=17 feet) tall. That was what Clay *wished* he was still dealing with.

When Midnight screamed, it was Kathy and Midnight doing so, together. Both entities, both halves shared the combined fury of getting larger than any living thing ever had, and the giddy madness, the relief of feeling that growth get even *greater*.

*HOLY SHIT*, Kathy roared, internally, being the ones to bring Midnight's growing hands up to fondle her bloated, gushing nipples. *I DIDN'T THINK IT COULD FEEL LIKE THIS!*

*IT'S GOOD, ISN'T IT!* Midnight rumbled back, overflowing with happiness.

*WE'RE BIG!*

*HELL YEAH, WE ARE! WATCH T-THISSSSSS*

Clay screamed in panic as he felt his entire upper body wedging up into mind-warping, humongous, cosmic-grade cleavage, his lower half slipping up from between her vast thighs and wet groin, up along her smooth black belly, his feet kicking pointlessly as Midnight continued to burst and burst around him, larger and greater, still.

Nebulae and clusters began to pepper her wool alongside stars as Midnight filled more and more of space itself, passing 100 light years, quaking and stroking her gushing breasts, caking them with milk as she sheep-roared, bucked, and blasted out a long, ropy gush of honey, boom-boom-*BOOMING* to 300 light years—400—700!

*WE'LL STOP SOON, I PROMISE*, Midnight offered, making sure to push reassurance through the crashing tons of pleasure they shared. *JUST...I NEVER GOT TO...*

*GO NUTS?* Kathy laughed. *DO IT. GET IT OUT OF OUR SYSTEM, I OWE YOU.*

*R-REALLY?* Midnight squealed aloud, wagging her growing monster of a tail.

*SHOW ME WHAT I ALREADY KNOW, HONEY! **GROW!***

Sure, it was madness. It was unthinkably wild and irresponsible. But Midnight had a point: she needed release. They both did, terribly. Her colossal thighs squeezed in on her clit as it inflated too large, slipping and bulging and stretching between both slick masses as she played with herself without even using her busy hands, the deific ewe huff-panting, screaming, giggling and groaning as her 2,000 light-year body relentlessly exploded, faster, harder, hotter, the torturously pent-up creature gushing everything from everywhere as her slippery hands squeezed painfully tight, blowing her up into a 10,000 light-year tall impossibility.

What was a speck to the Milky Way blew up into a pea, then a ball, then a tentire *mansion* as Midnight roared wild and raw, blowing a violent, long, steaming orgasm out over her legs, over everything around her, still pumping, still growing, stretching like gleeful hot rubber, ballooning endlessly larger and happier and fuller as she came.

Her gigantic fingers stroked and slipped and tickled as her teats nearly doubled in width, blasting milk so fast and frantically that it hurt deliciously, pleasure and pain mixing, good and bad, lewd and pure, everything swirling into a hazy, shuddering oblivion as she grew.

And grew.

And GREW.

AND GREW.

### ***12:30 AM***

The poor Milky Way stretched its scattering borders as a ewe over 800,000 light years, over  $4.80000000E=18$  miles tall suddenly wore it like a tight skirt, shook, bleated hotly, and blew too big to wear it as it ripped away.

### ***12:42 AM***

Kathy/Midnight's body finally began to change, the Demonic shades returning to a more vibrant, bloodied crimson, then to a brilliant gold as something more angelic mingled with the chaotic. Hoof-fingers longer than any ship could hope to travel at top speed in years only grew longer, larger, digging into supple, inflating, sweat-dappled bulk.

Golden teats blew fatter still, spraying more sweet cream as her draconic wings grew brighter, her horn remaining, but dipping smoother, cleaner, her wool glimmering as she swelled aggressively into the Andromeda galaxy, still playing with herself gladly, the two almost taking turns touching or squeezing whatever they liked.

*MORE?* Kathy suggested.

*"U...UH-HUH, HUH-UH!"* Midnight gasped with a cascading god-voice, as they rocketed larger—this time, blowing up to the fifth power. Then that, by the tenth.

## ***12:55 AM***

Ben crackled with more power as he rumbled and blew up a fifth time, the power cell payload repeating its cycle and swelling him from 500,000,000 miles all the way up to 3 billion, making him a match for the great Midnight...maybe, what, an hour ago?

“Whew,” the bug gently rumbled, his musculature so magnified that it was difficult to even move it much. “Can’t believe it’s still repeating. Is it a bio-energy feedback loop? What, am I the power source, and the power keeps climbing? Heheh.”

He didn’t actually know, but it was fine enough. The sheer joy pouring off of Midnight’s booming wool was more than enough to keep him happy. In fact, that very delight filled everyone so thoroughly lost in her gold-tinted fluff, from planets to entire galaxies and on. There was no hint of demand or subservience or devotion—just an overflowing kindness, a gladness too big for description. And the feeling just wouldn’t stop growing.

“Looks like it’s still nowhere near enough to keep up, though.”

The same likely held true for Clay, wherever he was. Surprisingly, any worries about how out of hand this had all gotten seemed wiped away, nonexistent, leaving Ben to sigh in contentment as he nuzzled in against his dear ewe, knowing inside it was Kathy. Really, the dramatic color shift said enough.

“Now this...is a moment to get lost in.”

In such a placid state, Ben imagined things would get righted at some point. Until then, this would do him just fine.

## ***10:30 AM***

The bus rolled along highway 88, weaving through the woods and mountains, before finally pulling to a stop at a rural road. It idled a moment as the driver thankfully nodded to the occupant, who kindly stepped out, waved, and walked down it.

The doorbell rang, and an elderly ram answered, all smiles.

“Well, howdy stranger!” he baah-ed, wagging his old tail. “Get yourself on in here!”

“Hi Dad,” Kathy cooed, the towering golden ewe just able to squeeze indoors. She stood back up and beamed, her ears nearly brushing the ceiling as she heard a chair scoot over the kitchen floor, followed by her mother rounding the hall and attacking her with a hug.

“Ah, honey, hello!” her mother bleated, overjoyed, pulling off the hug and tugging on her big, soft hand, ushering her into the living room. “It’s good to see you! You look big as ever, my goodness you’re something!”

At that, Kathy snorted cutely, shook, and swelled even bigger. Filling the living room with a hot, happy grunt of pleasure. Her shirt pulled too tight and popped at several crucial seams, her huge teats tenting out into mounds as her pants ripped, her tail boofing out. Her wings had diminished enough to fit within the shirt, but as she grew they burst free, fluttering in relief, the giantess stopping just before she cracked the ceiling.

Both her parents just shrugged it off, each one snuggling into her gigantic hands.

“Still working on the restraint, are we?” her Father joked, patting a massive finger.

“Getting there,” Kathy boomed softly, a crooked grin snaking up.

“Well, where’s our other girl?” her Mother asked. “You said you two were figuring out a system, I think? Was that it?”

“Well, let her talk, Helen.”

Kathy grinned wider, and pulled a large plushie out of her tiny backpack. Both parents watched as she gently sat it on the carpet; it looked like some customized toy or doll, a stitched facsimile of a ewe, but more...demon-like. Horns and the lot, even. Still, there was no sense of dread or malice from it. Quite the opposite.

“You awake, Midnight?” Kathy asked, nudging the doll lightly.

Just like that, the plushie stretched to life, grunting. Then, it exploded larger, and larger, swelling warmly until it was at least 10 feet tall. Her fabric breasts pushed bigger as she chuckled and wagged, nodding.

“Yup, yup,” Midnight huffed, turning to hug both her parents up tight. After all, that was correct: they were hers, too. “Mom, Dad!”

“Oh, you made it work!” Herb said, the Father hugging back. “Congratulations! That didn’t take long to figure out, at all, wow. You two are really—”

“Let’s *not* have to ask them to rebuild the house, Herb,” Helen warned, making the embarrassed ram nod.

“We would have lost you, even with life support, you were so underdeveloped as a baby,” Helen explained, sitting with Herb at a table both Kathy and Midnight loomed over. “Our options kept running out, so yes, we eventually resorted to the most desperate of measures, and...consulted a demonologist. Midnight here, she...no joke, really did save your life. We didn’t know that she was actually *sharing* your body, though, not for a decent while.”

“That was a hell of a birthday,” Herb sighed, wide-eyed.

“Well, I had been bored to death,” Midnight laughed, wagging her faux tail. “And you two seemed to love her so much. I suppose I flirted with curiosity about what that felt like.”

“Glad that you did, sweetheart,” Helen quietly said, putting a tiny hand on her huge stitchwork mitts. Kathy let Midnight have the moment. She was terribly due.

Midnight sponged the affection right up, beaming stupidly wide.

“So, I mean,” Herb began, clearing his throat. “That goat fella was the last thing needing fixing, y’all said...so he’s, you know...better now? All cured, his growing is stopped?”

“We figured it out. Guru Lathvahr is holding a seminar as we speak on control,” Kathy hummed, sipping tea from a huge barrel her Father had set for her. “Clay’s made a lot of progress on his lingering ID problems. Compulsion control therapy, it’s called. You remember Ben? He’s the one running it.”

Both folks made a little face at the mention.

“I liked Ben,” Helen said, not subtly.

“Good, because he should be here any—”

The bell rang, and Kathy lit up as Herb went to attend. Her Mother’s face was sustained as the door closed, hellos echoed closer, and a massively built blue japanese rhinoceros beetle

entered, his oversized shirt stretched against vast plated muscles, his big amber eyes lighting up as he saw the gigantic ewe, bigger than even he.

“Hi~”

“Hee. Hi.”

“Midnight,” he chittered, just as the massive plushie tackled him with a thick hug.

“Hehe, Ben-Ben!”

“Come on in, come on in, we’re just chatting it up,” Herb started, the old ram fixing two chairs side-by-side—even then, Ben was too big, but he made it work.

As they caught up, and as the long night took a break and let the day happen, Kathy stopped listening for a moment. She watched everyone speak, looked to Midnight, and finally to Ben. The bug caught a glimpse of her in all her glory and closed his eyes, nodding right at her.

From that alone, Kathy rumbled and blew up so big she flooded the house.

Midnight was right there with her, encouraging. She always had been.