

Who's Bigger Now?

By Dragonien

"Ok, Ok You're bigger I get it!" Reuben exclaimed desperately, voice slurred from vertigo and dizziness. "Put me down!"

For the fourth time in the last few minutes the poor yellow-furred experiment sailed through the air, flipping end over end, before crashing back down into the massive plain of blue fur that was Stitch's palm. It was humiliating enough that he was being effortlessly tossed around and juggled like some toy for his younger sibling but he was even more indignant that to anyone else the idea of even moving Reuben against his will would have been nigh-impossible. But even his massive two-hundred-foot-tall self was no match for the multi-mile tall monster that 626 had become.

"Haka taba. Meega bigger. You teeny tiny." Stitch replied, once more lifting the dazed Reuben up to one of his massive eyes. "Not step on me now!"

Some part of Reuben knew that he deserved this at least a little bit. He had been the first one that had gone a little power hungry after getting a bigger dose of the growth ray's effects. The rest of him, though, simply wanted to have his feet back on the ground. If only that last blast had hit him instead of Stitch then It'd be Reuben that was large and in charge at the moment, not the overgrown blue fur-ball currently using him as a hacky sack! In a brief span of stillness as he lay there, sprawled out in Stitch's palm while Stitch readjusted his stance, Reuben silently cursed Gantu and his awful aim. Hell, even if he ran away after dropping the growth ray then Reuben might have...

An idea struck him. A wave of hope washing away the sense of powerlessness that came from being the size of a toy to someone far larger. Gantu had dropped the growth ray! A quick glance over the edge of Stitch's palm showed him that the area of the island Gantu had been standing in was the small area near the edge of the island that hadn't been bulldozed by Stitch's initial growth spurt or smashed by his cataclysmic sit-down. There was still a chance for him! Now he just had to figure out how to get away from Stitch long enough to scour the tiny forest for something that would be smaller than a marble to him. Reuben wasn't big on long, complicated plans though. So, once he had decided what he needed to do he just let his instincts take over.

He bit Stitch.

His mouth clamped down on the edge of Stitch's thumb with all the force that years of tearing sandwiches apart and decades of scientific bioweapon engineering could combine to make. Granted even if their size difference wasn't so great Reuben still wasn't sure he could bite

through Stitch's genetically-enhanced skin. At this size he was lucky if he could even leave a mark. Even if he didn't, though, the sharp pain and surprise of the action was more than enough to startle Stitch into dropping him.

"Ah! Smitec!" Stitch thundered angrily.

His multi-city-block-sized hand jerking upwards and shaking back and forth as if to shake off the discomfort that Reuben's attack had caused. In the process it sent the smaller of the two giant experiments flying off towards the ground below. Now, Reuben wasn't the ass of some multi-mile tall titan but he was still well over two hundred feet tall and weighed at least a few thousand tons so while he may not be destroying the island with a belly flop anytime soon his impact on the ground created a respectably impressive earthquake and impact crater; not that there was really anyone left around to see it other than the titanic blue terror sticking a building-sized thumb in his mouth to nurse the barely noticeable injury 625 had given him.

Reuben wasted no time in scrambling his way towards the surviving bit of forest on the edge of the island. He stayed down on hands and knees both to try to avoid Stitch's gaze for even a second longer and to keep his face low to the ground in hopes of spotting the gleam of metal that he hoped would be his salvation. Despite his smaller size, though, even his movements were devastatingly destructive. Each time he gripped the ground with his hands or dug in his toes to push himself forward he displaced literally dozens if not hundreds of tons of dirt. Shrubbery and trees snapped like twigs beneath his grip and were ripped up along with the dirt to be tossed back behind him like little more than displaced sand with bits of leaves in it. Even his breathing was almost too much for the forest to take; his desperate and sharp exhalations blowing across the trees below him like gale force winds that threatened to uproot some of the smaller trees. It's hard not to be destructive when you're as big a skyscraper and in a desperate hurry.

Reuben could hear Stitch's self-reassuring mumbles turning to angry grumbles as his attention shifted from his own pain to what had caused it. He knew that he only had a few more seconds before the giant experiment turned his gaze down on him and a blue hand from the sky would reach down intent on revenge. He was desperate to find the growth ray and at least even the playing field so that Stitch wouldn't just toss him around like a plaything anymore. So, he kept scanning the trees down below, ignoring everything happening behind and above him as he focused on nothing more than finding a tiny piece of glinting metallic technology amidst the trees, dirt and leaves. Which is why he was so surprised to find the island, in fact, had a third survivor that had been hiding out amongst the trees.

"Gantu?" Reuben's deep voice rumbled through the air.

"Blitznak, be quiet or you're let him know I'm here!" Gantu snarled up at Reuben.

The formerly towering (One couldn't really consider someone smaller than one of their toes towering anymore) whale-like alien was peeking out from behind a particularly thick bit of foliage and staring up at Reuben's face through a break in the trees. He looked battered and bruised, clearly having been tossed about during the cataclysm that had been Stitch's rise to his current status. For a moment the sight of Gantu sent a very uncharacteristic pang of rage through Reuben; placing the blame of being left so small and helpless compared to Stitch squarely on Gantu's incompetence at using the growth ray. Even Reuben was a bit surprised how easily the thought of just slamming a hand down on top of the chunk of forest Gantu was in and squashing him for his own satisfaction came to the formerly placid and lazy experiment's mind. For all of his laziness and newly found power-hunger, though, Reuben had never once been what anyone would call stupid and he wasn't about to pass up an opportunity to get some assistance in finding the device.

"Look you little sushi roll. This is all your fault. So help me find where you dropped the growth ray and maybe I won't eat you like a piece of finger food." Reuben threatened, daring to take a quick glance over his shoulder up at the massive blue mountain that was 626 to see him taking the inured finger out of his mouth and starting to scan the island for him. It would only take him seconds to spot where Reuben had crawled off too.

"Oh no, you overgrown furball! You're already big eno-" Gantu started to protest. When Reuben gave him a flat stare and raised a fist the size of a small building directly over Gantu, he relented. "I mean... Alright."

Gantu took a brief glance past Reuben's shoulder at the mountain of blue fur behind him for a moment as if comparing his options before he turned and began scurrying his way through the brush. Gantu was a bit too big to be easily searching through the trees for something so small but everything was relative. For all his difficulty fitting under branches and between tree trunks it was still a lot better than Reuben trying to crawl his way into the forest when none of the trees even came up to his shoulders even when he was down on his hands and knees. Just as they had started to make progress combing the forest, though, Reuben heard the deep rumble of a voice thunder in his direction from above.

"Aaah! Aka tiki baba! There you are." Stitch rumbled.

Reuben could actually feel the ground shaking just from the shifting of Stitch's immense weight, feel the change in pressure around him as massive amounts of air was displaced by the swinging of an arm that stretched on for thousands of feet. Risking a quick glance over his shoulder, Reuben saw the massive, spread, fingers of Stitch's enormous hand lowering down towards him like he was the toy in some kind of claw machine game! Out of reflex the smaller experiment clenched his eyes shut in preparation of the near-crushing force of Stitch's fist closing around him once more. To his shock, it never came.

Instead he felt a blast of air and heat wash across his face like a momentary burst of air from a hair dryer. Peeking one eye open, Reuben saw a pair of bright, fiery orange blooms of color blossoming along Stitch's wrist and forearm. It took him a moment to recognize them for what they were; both his and Stitch's disproportionate scale hampering his ability to recognize things he should have understood immediately. They were explosions!

Both he and Stitch turned their heads to the side in unison trying to follow the origin of whatever had caused the explosions along Stitch's arms. Though both of them had vastly different expressions on their face; Reuben a look of confusion while Stitch's face twisted in annoyance. It didn't take them long to spot the source though. Out in the water, most likely having been dispatched from a nearby military base, was an entire fleet of naval battle ships. A second string of explosions blossomed across Stitch's chest and shoulder; powerful enough to briefly unbalance even the massive behemoth that 626 had become though they did little actual damage. It was more the shock of being attacked than the actual force of such comparatively tiny weapons that made him wobble. That look of annoyance turned to outrage as Stitch let out a snarl that, at his normal size would have been somewhere between concerning and cute, but at this size came out like a resonant sonic boom of challenge. Whether some lingering bit of his initial programming forcing him to respond violently to a new threat or simply the absolute indignity of such tiny toys daring to challenge him, the attack had turned Stitch's entire attention towards the approaching naval fleet. More importantly, though, it had turned it away from Reuben.

As the behemoth began to rise up to his full, titanic roughly three-mile height was both the Navy and Reuben got their first look at how truly massive Stitch really was now that his growth had finally stopped. Even the Mauna Kea volcano would have barely come up to the top of Stitch's chest were he to be standing right next to it. The entire island was scarcely more than two or three times larger than Stitch's entire body was if he had chosen to simply sprawl out atop it. It didn't help the sheer intimidation factor that Stitch stood so high up in the sky that he actually rose up above the sparse, tropical cloud coverage surrounding the island. Wisps of puffy, white condensed moisture fluttered around his chest and head and partially obscured the view of his face for anyone down below. Anyone smart seeing something so powerful, so utterly massive being pissed off at them would have ran for their lives. That is unless you had the overwhelming audacity of the United States military.

A new chorus of explosions blossomed like tiny fiery flowers across Stitch's chest, each one creating a shockwave powerful enough to blow away some of the cloud cover surrounding Stitch's upper body. This time, though, the blue behemoth wasn't caught off guard and the impacts didn't even seem to faze him. Those had been some of the highest yield missiles that the Navy kept on hand and they could barely even see any singe marks on the fur of Stitch's chest! That didn't stop them from continuing to fire, though. What did eventually halt their assault was Stitch's slow, ponderous walk towards them. The first step landed on the shore of the island and sent an earthquake rocking through the island that nearly made Reuben lose his balance and roll over onto the section of the forest Gantu was currently scouring. The second step landed deep

into the water off of the coastal shelf and sent a small tidal wave rolling through the water in every direction. His second step into the water created another wave that rapidly caught up and joined with the first; eventually reaching the fleet of ships and sending them one and all rocking back and forth across the surface of the water. By then the ships had mostly stopped firing as their crews struggled against the waves; it taking everything they had just to keep their ships from capsizing from the waves crated by the blue titan wading his way towards them through what, to him, was barely thigh-high water.

Meanwhile, back on the island, Reuben and Gantu were eagerly taking advantage of Stitch's distraction to try to save their own hides.

"Hurry up, hurry up! Those ships aren't gonna keep him distracted for long!" Reuben demanded as he all but slammed his fist down on the edge of the forest insistently.

"I know that you overgrown Sandwich compactor! Why am I the only one doing the searching anyway?" Gantu grumbled.

"Because for one, I don't really fit between the trees anymore, Genius. And for two, I'm the one that could swallow you and your ship like a gel tablet. And I personally prefer to delegate my tasks to my underlings." Reuben responded, taking a shot at the demeaning way Gantu had used to talk about him when ordering him around back when their positions had been reversed.

Grumbling, Gantu returned to his searching rather than continuing to argue with the giant. For all of his anger and blustered, Gantu wasn't exactly confident 625 wouldn't actually do something to him. He had seen how active Reuben had been trying to take out 626 when he had the height advantage and wasn't quite sure what the normally lazy and uncaring experiment was capable of anymore. As he searched Reuben watched over his shoulder as Stitch waded his way through the ocean towards the ships attacking him. It was a thought he'd never expected to have before but somehow, he found himself a bit jealous of his younger sibling. All that overwhelming, unstoppable power that made even Reuben's own current massive self seem puny and helpless by comparison. Maybe it was his own leftover programming speaking up for once or simply the results of power corrupting him but he wished that was him out there effortlessly batting aside explosions that could have taken down buildings and capsizing battleships with a casual sweep of a leg through the water. He found himself lost in thought for longer than he expected and when he noticed how long he had been sitting there, staring and watching the spectacle of Stitch effortlessly demolishing the Navy fleet he realized he hadn't heard even a complaint from Gantu in a while.

"Hey, Sushi-bite. did you find it?" Reuben called out into the forest down below. When he got no answer he tried again. "Gantu? You still down there?"

When again no answer came Reuben started to get nervous. He wasn't sure if it was concern for Gantu's well-being or simply worry that Gantu was up to something. The big lug could be incredibly annoying but he'd also stuck with Reuben longer than anyone else. After a few moments of the giant experiment trying to carefully comb his fingers across the tree line, with only minimal success not knocking down some of the trees, he finally spotted Gantu and any twinge of concern that he might have had for the orca-like alien vanished. Standing there, exposed by Reuben's giant fingers pushing a particularly large tree to the side and half-uprooting it in the process, was Gantu. Gantu, standing there with the growth ray in hand and his too-thick fingers fumbling with the controls with the device aimed right at his own chest.

"Time to put you overgrown science experiments back in your place!" Gantu called out triumphantly!

Just as he was about to jam the button down to set the device off, he turned his attention to the side where a wall of yellow fur had suddenly appeared. A look of shock and confusion spread across his face for a split second before the finger jerked out and flicked him with enough force to send the orca-alien flying across the ground. He slammed into a nearby tree so hard he actually broke through it and landed in a small clearing behind where the small tree had toppled over. The growth ray tumbled out of his grasp and lay on the ground a few feet away from Gantu's dazed form. Thankfully, His species was far more resilient than someone else might have been so Reuben didn't have to worry about him being seriously hurt. Carefully, with more care than Reuben had even known that he was capable of, he tenderly squeezed two of his claw-tips around the comparatively tiny device laying on the ground and lifted it up into the air. Letting it tumble down into the middle of his palm, Reuben closed his fingers around it in a protective fist to ensure nothing happened to the device and, more importantly, that no one else besides him could use it again since he obviously couldn't trust Gantu. Still annoyed that Gantu had tried to betray him like that, Reuben began to stand up and turn back towards the shoreline where Stitch now seemed to be lumbering off into the distance; having decimated the Navy fleet and most likely looking for where they came from. He paused as he stood, though, and glanced back down at the dazed form of Gantu. Brief thoughts of how Stitch had treated him brought both feelings of annoyance at the indignity, as well as a sense of temptation. Unable to keep a grin from spreading across his face, Reuben reached down and scooped up Gantu in his other fist. If Stitch could have a little toy to play with, why couldn't Reuben? Besides, he felt like he owed Gantu for trying to double-cross him.

But first, he needed to follow after Stitch before he lost track of the overgrown blue furball.

Stitch had found himself oddly enjoying smashing apart the ships that had attacked him. Sure, he'd taken down spaceships before but always from inside having to attack their sensitive areas and set off chain reactions. He'd never been able to just slap them aside and watch them crumble to pieces from the casual swat. It made him feel powerful in a way he'd never experienced before even with all the gifts he'd been granted as a genetically engineered weaponize. So when all the ships had been smashed apart, he had been sorely disappointed he'd run out of toys to play with. That was when he had spotted the jets flying off towards the horizon. Eagerly, Stitch had begun lumbering his way through the ocean to follow their flight-path in search of more things to play with. It wasn't hard to follow them, either. Even at its deepest the ocean surrounding the Hawaiian Islands at best came up to his chest at the deepest parts. There was also something to be said about being able to wade through the ocean like it were a kiddie pool.

Before long he'd come across another, larger, island only a few miles off the coast of his former home. Along the shoreline was a large Naval base where the ships undoubtedly had been launched from and, further inland, looked to be a city much larger than the one from back home. Both were potential toys the titanic experiment was eager to begin playing with! At this size, the entire world was little more than a toy box to him. The military had shown that they had no hopes of stopping him when their attack had barely done more than give him an itch. He could already hear the warning klaxons blaring in the distance, barely more than high pitched squeaking even to his sensitive ears due to the sheer size difference. But it was already far too late for them. The behemoth that was 626 was already rising up out of the water, lumbering his way towards shore. He'd already long forgotten about his little yellow toy from the previous island in favor of these new ones.

Said 'little yellow toy' grumbled and growled as he swam his way across the ocean as fast as his massive limbs could carry him. Even with him being several dozen stories tall swimming the several miles between islands wasn't exactly easy. Sure, he could do a mile in just a few minutes but it was still taxing! Thankfully the big blue behemoth off in the distance was a constant mile marker to make sure Reuben didn't lose track of his heading so he didn't have to worry about getting lost.

In his left hand he still held the growth ray securely in his fist; keeping his fingers tightly closed to in hopes to prevent water from getting in and potentially shorting it out. In his other hand, held far more loosely, was the now wide-awake and panicking form of Gantu. He yelped and hollered a constantly shuffling string of angry demands, curses, protests, apologies and just as often simply sputtered as water got into his mouth when Reuben's arm would dive back

under the surface for another stroke. The giant experiment mostly ignored his captives hollering as he focused on the effort of hauling his multi-thousand-ton mass through the ocean but once or twice he'd pause to take a breather and raise Gantu up to his face and threaten him with being eaten or squashed if he didn't quite down. The quiet never lasted for a few moments, though, but Reuben still got a bit of a thrill at the look of fear that flashed across Gantu's expression before he could hide it each time he found himself staring up at Reuben's gigantic face. Reuben found himself increasingly enjoying intimidating the formerly much-larger alien. Part of it was a simple thrill of revenge he'd never known he'd wanted from the way Gantu used to treat him. The other part though? That was mostly him imagining Gantu as a stand-in for Stitch; eager to fantasize about being so large that even 626's titanic self fit firmly in his closed fist just like Gantu did now.

By the time Reuben neared the shore Stitch had already gone further inland; leaving a trail of enormous foot craters in his wake to follow as if he and everyone else couldn't see the massive blue monolith standing in the distance. As he pulled himself up onto the shore, chest heaving to get his breath back from the effort of swimming so far, Reuben lay there and watched Stitch off in the distance.

He watched as Stitch got down on his hands and knees over the city in the middle of the island. From the way the mountainous backside of Stitch's was wiggling back and forth 626 was clearly amused by whatever he was seeing or doing to the tiny city down below. maybe it was the simple fact of him enjoying how tiny everything looked; having his titanic face literally filling the sky overhead making him feel unstoppable and powerful. He could see where Stitch's hands were pressed into the ground to either side of the city displacing enough dirt with the casual flexing of his fingers to create new valleys and mountain ridges. He was saying something to the city down below but between being this far away and having part of a small mountain between Reuben and Stitch all Reuben felt was the ground shaking and heard a dull rumble of incoherent thunder rather than understandable words. That was about all Reuben could stand before his jealousy finally took hold of him fully.

Sitting himself upright on the shore, Reuben raised both hands in front of his face and opened them both. In one, Gantu's exhausted and battered self stood up to glare up at his captor but otherwise kept silent. Reuben didn't miss the furtive, almost desperate glance he briefly shot to the side where he saw the growth ray still laying seemingly unharmed in Reuben's opposite palm.

"You know. I wouldn't have minded making you a bit bigger if you hadn't tried to double-cross me. I mean. I'd still want you to only be like, knee height to me. you know, for old times' sake. But when I'm big enough to put my little brother back in his place that'll still be big enough to do almost anything you want! Now though. You'll just have to scurry around on the ground like all the other ants and hope you don't get squashed." Reuben taunted, unable to resist gloating a bit more.

With that, he carelessly turned his hand to the side and let Gantu slip off of his palm and fall down below. He briefly felt the orca-alien flop down across one of his pudgy thighs and grab ahold of his fur to stare up at him but Reuben's attention was already turning away from Gantu and towards his prize.

Carefully, with the same care he had used to pick the device up in the first place, Reuben reached out two claw tips and carefully began trying to manipulate the growth ray. His tongue stuck out of the left side of his mouth in an unconscious show of concentration as he carefully tipped the device upright. Then, gently nudging its side until it was pointing at the cliff-face that was his chest he tried to find the control switch. He found the button on the back of the device and tried to tap it with his claw tip, but the force just shoved the device forward rather than pressing the button down. Grumbling, Reuben pressed his other claw tip against the front of the device to hold it in place, then tried pressing down on the back of the device again to hit the button.

Crack.

For all of his genetically engineered super-reflexes, there was still only so much someone could do when they were over thirty times larger than they were supposed to be to try to use an object. So the moment he had trapped the device between his two claw tips and applied pressure the whole thing had cracked and broken apart. Before Reuben could curse at his misfortune, before he had even fully realized what had happened, he heard an ominous hum starting to build up in the air. In hindsight it made perfect sense some device that could create a monster like what 626 had become must have a hell of a power supply but it had never occurred to Reuben until that moment when he had a sudden terrifying suspicion it was about to overload. He didn't even have time to react before it was too late. Arm already halfway through trying to swing back in preparation of throwing the device to a safe distance there was another click, then the world went silent before a flash of green blinded the entire island; engulfing Reuben, the shoreline, and even the little orca-alien who was still in the process of trying to climb down the side of Reuben's hip.

When the light faded and Gantu could see again at first he didn't recognize where he was. Unlike the two experiments, though, he was much quicker on the uptake. When he adjusted his stance, he felt the ground splintering beneath his feet and felt several twig-like objects snapping apart under his foot. Looking down, Gantu's eyes went wide as he saw what looked like a small forest straddled between his feet! The tallest of the trees barely came up to his ankle! A sudden wave of superiority and confidence flooded through Gantu as he put two and two together. the

overload of the device had caused him to grow too! Judging by the size of the trees he had to be at least five hundred feet tall! More than big enough to remind 625 who was in charge. When he turned to the side, ready to speak up and call out to the experiment he gleefully expected to be only thigh-high to him now, he instead found himself staring at an absolutely titanic wall of yellow fur. That brief flutter of confidence and satisfaction melted into a sensation of concern and fear as he realized that the massive hip he was still staring at, the one he had just been climbing down, looked even bigger to him than it had been before he'd grown!

"Oh... Blitznak.

nervously, Gantu turned to the side and started trying to tiptoe his way across the minuscule countryside. He did his best to avoid destroying anything beneath his steps not because he cared about damaging anything down below but for fear of making noise and being noticed. It was bad enough Reuben had been messing with him but his saving grace had been at least he had been too small for 626 to have noticed. Now, though, he was certainly big enough to draw attention from both of them. The last thing he wanted was to be a plaything for TWO out of control experiments.

Stitch was so engrossed in his teasing of the city down below, sprawled out on his side and casually digging an impassable trench in the ground around the city with a claw tip to trap everyone inside, that he hadn't even noticed the flash of green behind him. He dismissed the deep, rumbling sound of breathing as just the wind whipping through his massive ears and even the occasional rumbles of the earth to be his own weight shifting without him realizing rather than signs of something else. It wasn't until he felt something bump against his back that Stitch's head snapped up and he finally realized he wasn't alone in the mile-high club anymore.

Rolling his head back, his eyes went wide as he saw the grinning, looming visage of Reuben looking over his shoulder down at Stitch. A sense of indignation welled up in Stitch that he hadn't expected at being looked down on; having grown far too used to being the biggest thing around to be ok with anything making him feel small anymore. Quickly, he rolled up to backside and hopped to his feet, uncaring as his shifting hip and ass smashed the remains of the naval base into a butt-shaped inlet on the edge of the island. When he got to his feet, though, Stitch felt that indignation turn to concern as his ears flattened to his head. Standing fully upright, he still found himself looking up a few inches (From his perspective anyway) at Reuben's smug face. The worst part about that, though? Stitch was looking up at Reuben, and Reuben was still sitting down.

"Oh, hey, lil bro." Reuben teased with a playfully innocent tone of voice. "How's the weather down there?"

Stitch started to open his mouth and snarl some challenging retort back at 626. His words died in his throat though when he noticed the tiny flickers of what looked like green electricity seeming to surge across Reuben's fur. In response, Stitch watched as Reuben's entire body briefly but abruptly surged larger; stretching out in every direction. Stitch was forced to take a step back as Reuben swelled outwards and his ass bulldozed across a good half-mile more of the island itself; barely more than a mile away from the city that Stitch had previously been messing with. Whatever had happened to the growth ray hadn't just grown Reuben and, unknown to both of them, Gantu. Whatever it had done seemed to also be having a lasting effect on Reuben. Every few moments he could feel an electric tingle swelling up inside of him; manifesting in those flickers of green lightning that matched the color of the energy the growth ray had released. Suffice to say, even with the growth ray destroyed, Reuben didn't think he was going to have any trouble being as big as he wanted to be.

As another crackle of growth energy surged through Reuben and caused him to swell further, his ass fully bulldozing across the downtown portion of the city, He started to lean down towards 626. The titanic, but now smaller, experiment took another nervous step backwards as he found Reuben's face hovering directly above him. It was all the more intimidating that, as Reuben spoke, another surge of green lightning arced across his body and face and caused it to grow even larger mid-sentence.

"So, tell me little bro." Reuben taunted in his rumbling, increasingly loud and deep voice. "Who's bigger now?"