

Ratchet's Big Break

"We need to face facts, Clank...we're lost."

Ratchet slumped forward, his face landing heavily on the navigation console.

"And this was supposed to be my big break! I finally got accepted into the Galactic Rangers, do you know how hard that was? This was supposed to be a cakewalk, just a quick little courier job. If I can't even do that..."

Clank just sat back, letting Ratchet continue his moaning for a little longer. He'd learned that it was sometimes best to just let him vent for a little while. Surreptitiously, he pressed a few buttons on the console.

"...can't turn on the emergency beacon, can you imagine how embarrassing it would be to need rescue on my first mission? But, I mean, what else can we do?"

"I have started a system and stellar scan, our ship's computers will identify our location relative to other known stars."

Ratchet sat up. "Oh...right, that's, uh...that's a good idea." He perked up, opening the navigational hologram of the system in front of him. The display showed a small reddish star, two rocky planets, and a distant ice giant. The second planet seemed to be habitable, showing signs of plant and animal life.

"The system does not match any known stars in our database, beginning stellar survey." Clank stated.

Ratchet just responded with a grunt, his focus on the floating hologram of the second planet. Uncharted systems were pretty rare, most stars had been visited by someone at least ONCE. And one with a habitable planet? He just had to take a closer look.

He swung the control yoke to the side, pointing the ship towards the planet.

"Ratchet, what are you doing? I haven't yet completed the star survey." Clank protested.

"I just wanna take a look! This planet looks interesting, and if we're going to be late for the delivery anyway, I at least want to have something to show for it."

"Galactic Ranger protocol states that surveying uncharted worlds requires completing form-"

"Yeah, yeah, but we're already here, might as well check it out. You know, unofficially. Hey, you think they'd let me name it if I'm the first one to discover it? Maybe...Ratchetopia? Or New Ratchetland? Nah, I think..."

Clank refrained from reminding him of the Rangers' regulations about naming newly discovered celestial objects, and just let Ratchet's mouth and the stellar survey run. Ah, good, a match! They weren't far from

an inhabited system. Once Ratchet was done with his little sightseeing trip, they could get back to what they were doing.

Before long, the ship slid into orbit, and a myriad of scanners began sweeping over the planet. Information about the planet began to flow in—nitro/oxygen atmosphere, a relatively humid, hot climate, multiple large rivers...pretty typical jungle planet, Ratchet thought. Wait, what was that? Something was showing up on the subsurface scan. He zoomed in to the highlighted spot, eyes widening in shock as the structure came into view. Faint outlines of dozens of square rooms connected by tunnels indicated some sort of bunker of advanced design.

"Clank, look! There's some sort of underground base here! We have to go down and check it out!"

"Ratchet, Galactic Ranger protocol requires a full hazmat and surveyor team for-"

"Screw that! I'm not letting someone else have all the fun and take all the glory. I'm taking us down to the entrance."

The ship dove down towards the surface before Clank could highlight the many ways in which this could be a bad idea for both of them. While Ratchet was distracted, he quietly activated the emergency beacon. Hopefully someone competent would come by in case things went poorly, which Clank could be almost certain of.

The small vessel had landed on a rocky outcrop, near the mysterious compound. Surface scans had confirmed its existence, as well as showed the presence of electronics and power systems. This was no primitive, abandoned temple—someone quite advanced had made this.

"Ratchet, this is a really bad idea." Clank said, worriedly. "We have no idea what's in there."

"Scans show no lifeforms inside, so what's the worst we can expect? I think we can handle a few crusty old defense turrets."

"What if this is a smuggler's base, and they decide to come back while we're breaking in? I don't think we should take our chances with pirates." Clank pointed out.

Ratchet was already pushing through the foliage towards the door, Clank's protests either not heard or outright ignored. The heavy blast doors were almost completely obscured by vines, the outline of the entrance only barely discernible from the outside. A few quick shots from Ratchet's buzz blade launcher cleared the bulk of them away.

To the side of the entrance, Ratchet noticed a grimy, worn panel. Brushing aside the dirt, he almost yelped in surprise when he saw what was underneath.

"Clank! Look at this! This is Lombax writing! This must have been one of their facilities...maybe a laboratory? Oh, I HAVE to get in now." In the center of the panel was the imprint of a hand—some sort

of bio-metric lock. Ratchet placed his hand into the indent, not really grasping how these sorts of locks worked, but...nothing happened.

"Oh, right...the power's probably long gone." he groaned. "Uh, Clank, could you give this thing a jolt?"

Clank, ever the loyal companion despite his personal misgivings about this operation, placed his own mechanical hand into the scanner. A few jolts of electricity jumped into the bio-metric lock as he overrode the ancient security system. The doors let out a sudden *BANG* as the mechanical locks slid out of the way, dislodging several pounds of rust, and the doors creaked as they slid aside to reveal the yawning blackness of the staircase below.

Ratchet stared with awe at the mysterious facility that lay before him. He pulled out a Hover-Lite from his bag, pushing a few buttons and programming it to float in front of him. The floating orb cast light deep into the tunnel, illuminating a distant hallway at the bottom.

"Shall we?" Ratchet said, grinning, as he looked back at Clank.

Clank didn't say anything, but just scowled at the cocky lombax. He watched Ratchet take the first few steps into the facility, following behind him after mentally overriding all his misgivings about this little dungeon delving session. Inky blackness engulfed the two as they descended deeper and deeper into the heart of the mysterious facility...

"Well this has been a wash so far. Nothing but bathrooms, cubicles, cafeteria—best thing we've found so far are these Twakees." Ratchet said, munching on one of the effectively immortal snack cakes. "I mean - *gulp* - why bother hiding all this underground?"

Ratchet pulled up the subsurface scan again. They'd gone through every room shown on the subsurface scan, where was the juicy stuff?

Clank pondered for a moment. "Yes...it is puzzling."

Ratchet pulled out his personal scanner, instructing it to perform another subsurface scan. Nothing new. Again.

"I think I have an idea, Ratchet. Let me borrow your scanner." Clank said, cautiously.

Ratchet shrugged, handing him the scanner. "You think you'll have better luck?"

"It's possible there are rooms shielded by a graviton-absorption layer. I can boost the scanning power with my own generator, produce a more detailed scan." Clank opened up the front of the scanner, connecting his own electronics into the exposed circuitry.

"You should get behind a wall. The pulse may be harmful to organics." Clank said, as power flowed into the device.

Ratchet quickly slid behind a wall, hoping that a few feet of concrete would prevent him from the majority of the radiation.

"Go ahead, Clank!" Ratchet shouted.

A moment later, there was a loud pop and a flash of blue light. Ratchet was worried for a moment that Clank had exploded himself again, until the little robot called him back out of hiding.

Clank was blackened with soot, as was the hallway around him. Nothing remained of the scanner, apart from a few shards of plastic.

"This scanner was cheap Megacorp junk, but it worked." Clank said. "I found a large shielded room underneath the cafeteria."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Ratchet, who hadn't. "Do you know where the entrance is?"

"Yes, and I think I can override the security, like before."

Ratchet was already running back to the cafeteria before Clank finished speaking, and Clank had to sprint to catch back up with him. Sure enough, he was able to find another hand scanner hidden inside a tray of what might have once been some sort of baked beans, but was now just a hardened sludge. Ratchet let him take care of that on his own.

The floor slid aside next to them, revealing another long, descending staircase. Ratchet excitedly jumped down, his Hover-Lite barely able to stay ahead of him as he bounded down the stairs. He didn't even wait for Clank to join him at the next door, simply cutting off the reinforced hinges with an arc welder and rushing through the open doorway.

Ratchet's light illuminated a huge, cavernous laboratory as he ran in. This room was almost completely free of dust, compared to the other areas, likely because it was originally designed as a cleanroom. Rows of vats lined one wall, empty of any fluid or specimens, but hinting at the purpose of the area as a biology lab. Banks of old computers sat on another, alongside a rack of lombax-sized lab coats and environment suits. Ratchet could only stand in awe, his mouth agape, at the invaluable contents of the room.

"Incredible. It appears to be some sort of gene lab." Clank remarked, as he caught up. His internal scanners scoured the room, picking up the circuit signatures of gene recombinators, electron microscopes, and dozens of other advanced machines. He turned to the row of computers, hoping they were intact enough to draw some data from. He didn't even notice Ratchet wander off as he started interfacing with the nearest server rack.

His scans probed into the data banks, sending sparks of power into the long-dead systems. Bits of data flowed back into his mind—corrupted, encrypted—this wasn't going to be easy to work with.

"This was some sort of military installation..." he said, focused on the computer bank as Ratchet wandered through the lab. "It seems like they were experimenting with lombax DNA."

"What were they trying to do?" Ratchet asked. A sparkle of blue light on a distant table caught his eye.

"I'm not sure...these files are badly corrupted." Clank stated.

Ratchet walked over towards the glint of light. One vial, sitting on the central table, wasn't empty like all the others. It held a glowing blue liquid, untouched by the passage of time. Carefully, Ratchet picked it up, watching it bubble and swirl as he turned the vial in his fingers.

"I've managed to get something. The genetic changes are focused mostly on the lombax muscular and skeletal systems. It looks like they were trying to enhance the size and strength of soldiers...yes, here! This file refers to the project as a 'Super Soldier Serum'."

"So they made something to enhance the size and strength of lombaxes, huh?" Ratchet said, grinning slyly at the vial in his hand. Carefully, he unscrewed the cap, giving the liquid a cautious sniff. It had no smell at all, nothing to indicate acid or poison. "How did it work?"

"Oral ingestion." Clank replied. "Nanobots in the solution would alter the DNA in each cell, and provide condensed nutrients for the changes to take effect more quickly."

It was really that simple? Ratchet stared down into the open vial, his mind whirling with possibility. Lombaxes were not exactly a physically imposing species, and he'd often resented his short stature. This would make him bigger, right? Wouldn't it be nice to look down on others for once? It was too tempting. He had to do it before his rational mind thought of any good reason not to.

"Looking through the test data..." Clank said, as Ratchet gulped down the blue liquid. "Maybe that will tell us why this place was abandoned."

"Hmm." Ratchet grunted as he looked at the empty vial. Was it working? Was he supposed to feel anything? A slight tingling in his throat began to spread down his torso and into his stomach as nanobots began to flow into his bloodstream, latching onto cells and delivering their genetic payload.

Clank didn't notice anything while he focused on the computer banks. "It looks like there were some side effects they couldn't manage. The amount of growth was wildly unpredictable, even with minuscule doses. And there was often an increase in—oh my." Clank would have blushed if he could have. "In, ah, libido and, uh...genital volume."

Ratchet leaned forward onto the table as he felt the tingling spread down his limbs. His whole body felt hot, and sweat began to bead on his forehead. He felt a tightness across his whole body, like his clothes were squeezing him from every side.

"Sorry, I, uh...I missed that last part..." Ratchet panted as the sensation engulfed his whole body. He could barely hear the sound of seams bursting across his outfit as blood pulsed through his ears.

"I said, increased libido and-" Clank stopped as he turned towards Ratchet, the lombax hunched over at the table. Clank gasped as he saw that the lombax's eyes were glowing bright blue, and the tips of his fur shone like fiber optics.

"Ratchet, what's going on!?" he exclaimed, rushing over to the lombax. The vial had dropped to the floor, traces of blue liquid coating the interior. Clank's sensors immediately identified it as the serum he had just warned Ratchet about.

"Did...did you drink that?" Clank asked, incredulously. He didn't want to believe that Ratchet could be that stupid, despite the mountain of evidence that indicated he absolutely was.

"Uh..." Ratchet started, until a loud popping sound startled him. His feet were now sticking out of a pair of torn boots. "M-maybe." he said sheepishly.

"You idiot, didn't you hear what I said?" Clank yelled.

"I drank it before you said anything about side effects! Maybe you should start with that next time."

The glow had subsided, but the physical changes were only accelerating. The top of Ratchet's head was at least a foot higher than it had been before. His shirt barely came down to his midriff now, and his pants clung tight to his thickening legs. They did increasingly little to hide the lombax's tenting bulge.

"Ratchet, not only did you just drink a wildly unpredictable growth serum, but you just drank enough for an entire battalion!" Clank exclaimed. "We need to get you out of here, and call for a medical ship, now!"

Ratchet grunted as another wave of growth coursed through him. His thin arms bulged with new biceps and triceps, and his chest pressed heavily against the confines of his vest.

"Y-yeah...let's get back to the s-ship..." Ratchet groaned as he felt his body pop and stretch in new ways.

He pushed himself up from the laboratory table, trying to steady himself as he stood back up. The motion was finally too much for his over-strained shirt, which tore from collar to hem in a single dramatic burst. Ratchet gasped as his chest was exposed to the cool air, which stung his sensitive nipples. His muscles rippled as they formed a tight six pack on his stomach, his pecs bulging even further out.

Slowly, he turned to the side, taking a careful step towards the room's entrance. Not careful enough, ultimately, as that was enough for his pants to give up too. The waistband popped open, tearing his pants down the crotch and releasing his dick from its tight confines. Nearly a foot and a half of meat sprung out, standing half-erect from his hips, with two grapefruit-sized balls hanging from the base. Even if Ratchet had been the size of a normal lombax, it would have been an impressive member, but at nearly twice his normal size it was undoubtedly a record-setter. More ripping indicated that each pant leg had torn down the seam, exposing two pillar-like legs full of muscle. His swelling ankles finally tore the last remaining shreds of his boots away, leaving the lombax bare below the waist.

Before Ratchet could even take another step, his shirt finally came free. It wouldn't be inaccurate to say that it "exploded" off his back as his shoulders forced themselves wider, his chest broadening to fit even more muscle. And that muscle flowed on almost immediately, swelling his chest with additional bulk and thickening his arms with new ropes of muscle. Ratchet collapsed to his knees, reflexively reaching for the table for support. His arm simply cracked it in half as he leaned on it, his weight finally too much for the

old table, and it sent glassware and documents spilling to the floor.

"Ratchet, you need to get out of here before you outgrow the room!" Clank exclaimed as Ratchet swelled even larger. The lombax grunted as his knees spread out, his swelling testicles forcing his legs open and pushing aside the fallen debris.

"I just...urgh...need to take care of this..." he grunted, his hands gripping the base of his shaft. Drops of precum, each one nearly a quart at his current size, began to bead around the tip of his penis. Ratchet gasped as his massive cock twitched, flicking the precum onto the floor.

Clank looked back at the door, and then at the rapidly expanding lombax. The calculation he made didn't give him very good odds, and every second they got even worse. He made the split-second decision that escaping out the door with Ratchet wasn't going to be possible, and he'd have to hope that Ratchet's growth would slow down before he broke through the entire base. Maybe he could get back to a lab, produce an antidote? In that case, he needed as much information as possible on this "super soldier serum".

He looked on the ground for the discarded vial, but Ratchet's swelling testicles had scattered dozens of pieces of glassware across the floor. He could have tried to find it among the debris, but he didn't want to end up buried underneath his friend's rapidly growing balls. A quick scan of the room didn't show any other vials of serum he could grab...he'd have to hope the formula was stored on the computer banks.

Dodging puddles of sticky precum, he ran back to the banks of computers, reconnecting to the aged databanks. Even while kneeling, Ratchet's head was now close to scraping the room's high ceiling. Clank ignored his booming grunts and moans as he sorted through terabytes of data, desperately searching for any information on the formula.

Ratchet groaned as the aching in his cock grew more and more intense. His hands groped at it with incredible strength, stimulating nerves he had never even known existed, but his needy cock was never satisfied. Precum now flowed out in gallons, a steady stream of thick fluid spilling down his massive shaft. The tip reached all the way up to the base of his pecs, which stuck out from his chest like a pair of mountains, squeezing the tip between them in a vice-like grip. Every unconscious movement flattened tables and expensive machinery, but Ratchet could barely notice the feeling against his rock-hard muscles. Every bit of his sensation was focused on desperately trying to satisfy his rising libido.

Meanwhile, Clank's search was becoming more desperate. He found inventory records of certain rare compounds, dozens of bits of various lombax gene sequences, but nothing that would let him recreate the troublesome compound—or neutralize it. Ratchet's activity was becoming more distracting, causing the room to shake with each pump of his tree-trunk-like arms. A layer of thick precum was slowly flooding the room; nearly half the floor was already covered.

Clank had an idea. Maybe he could work out the compound from the records left on the manufacturing machines! He spotted a turntable with several vials—a centrifuge, probably part of the production process! Narrowly ducking under a spurt of precum as he ran towards the centrifuge, he quickly

connected to the abandoned machine. Yes, there were logs on here! Several preset programs were still intact. Quickly downloading them, he looked around for anything else that might help.

Over there, a nanobot forge! The exact design of the nanobots in the solution would be essential if he wanted to counteract them. But the machine was sitting in almost a foot of sticky precum, and the level was rapidly rising with each pump of Ratchet's cock.

"Damn it...I'm going to need a deep cleaning after this." Clank lamented, before diving into the thick puddle. His servos strained as they struggled to push through the hot, viscous liquid, but he managed to reach the forge before the data link was submerged. Not wasting a single moment, Clank connected with the old machine and sent a jolt of power through its data banks, gritting his mechanical teeth as he struggled to filter the burst of incoming data.

"Yes...yes! I've got it! I can-" His exclamation was cut short as a huge cockhead slammed through the nanobot forge like a truck through a mailbox. Clank narrowly avoided becoming part of the collision, but was flung aside like a scrap of paper, slamming hard into the wall.

He had to take a moment to stare in amazement at what had become of his friend. Ratchet could now only crawl on all fours, his back pressing hard against the two-story-high ceiling. Each hand was the size of a card table, but the arms they were attached to bulged even thicker with literal tons of muscle. His head was almost buried beneath two colossal shoulders, and his chest jutted out like a cliff face. His legs bulged out even thicker than his arms, the outline of every muscle chiseled into the surface, and his feet left cracks in the solid concrete wall as he braced against it. An absurdly huge dick jutted out from his hips like a bus, reaching so far up he could have licked the tip, and his balls were squeezed between his thighs like a pair of yoga balls.

Clank hadn't managed to download much of the forge's data, but it would have to be enough. It was time to get out of here. Hopefully, Ratchet would either stop growing or would be able to break through the thick steel and concrete walls—and Clank expected the former was not very likely. He ran for the door, wading through the chest-high cum with as much speed as he could muster, managing to dive through just before another wave of spooge impacted the doorway with shocking force. Not taking another moment to look back, he ran back up the stairs into the top level of the base. As cracks began to work their way through the walls of the compound, Clank desperately hoped that someone had responded to his emergency beacon.

Captain Qwark glanced down at his ship's console, eyeing the red blip emanating from the system map. Usually he wouldn't be bothering with these sorts of trivial missions, but he'd been nearby, and, well...when he noticed that it was from that new recruit's ship, he was curious. He'd pegged the enthusiastic young lombax as a promising recruit, a real go-getter—in short, he liked the cut of his jib. So why was he wildly off-course from his destination, landed on an uncharted jungle planet, and blaring his distress signal? Either the young fellow—Ratchet, right?—was wildly incompetent, or he had found something VERY interesting. In the latter case, well...Captain Qwark didn't want to let him get ALL the

credit for whatever he had just discovered.

His ship, a mid-sized hauler with a few extra combat modifications, approached the bright green planet. No crew was needed for this ship—Captain Qwark had shelled out for the best in robotics and AI to run all the systems, as he valued his privacy while out on...certain types of missions. Sensors confirmed the presence of the lombax's ship on the surface; it seemed to be undamaged, and landed deliberately. Not a mechanical failure, then, or at least nothing obvious. He set the autopilot to land nearby, and headed into his personal quarters to pick out his equipment.

The large ship settled down next to Ratchet's smaller ship, landing thrusters kicking up dust and gravel from the mesa's surface. The cargo ramp whirred as it folded down, releasing clouds of unnecessarily dramatic steam as it descended. Captain Quark descended the ramp, striking a pose as he emerged from the cloud of steam. On cue, a couple of camera drones flew from the cargo bay and snapped several pictures of the heroic space captain. He always liked to commemorate his first landing on any planet—those pictures might be good promotional material, too. Having gotten the important part out of the way, he blanked for a moment on what he was doing here to begin with. Oh, that's right! Finding that lombax.

He had a pretty good clue where he might have gone, once he noticed the wide-open bunker doors. Ooh, mysterious ruins! Those were always a nice find. Hand on his plasma blaster, he strode confidently towards the darkened entrance.

Captain Qwark stopped at the threshold, looking down into the yawning blackness. Faint footsteps in the dusty steps indicated that someone had descended them recently.

"Hello? Young recruit?" Captain Qwark yelled into the dark stairway. "This is Captain Qwark, I received your distress signal!"

Nothing responded except his own echo. A faint, barely perceptible rumbling shook the ground.

"Are you in there, Ratchet?" he shouted, warily. Another rumble, stronger than the last, rolled through.

Then, a faint green light illuminated the distant bottom of the stairway. The source soon came into view - two glowing, green eyes. They looked up the stairway, straight at the captain standing in the entrance. His blood ran cold as his mind conjured images of the horrible creatures they could belong to.

He heard a rising clattering sound as the glowing eyes grew brighter. Oh god, it was coming for him! Captain Qwark was frozen in fear, unable to move away from the oncoming monstrosity. Closer, closer...this was going to be how he was going to die, wasn't it? It was right on top of him!

He let out a shrill scream as his muscles finally regained control, diving clumsily to the side of the entrance out of reflex. Huddled into a ball, he took one last look at the monstrous creature that had no doubt claimed the life of the poor new recruit...

"Oh, Captain! I'm so glad you're here! Ratchet is—are...you alright, Captain?"

It was a little robot...oh, right, the lombax had something like that, didn't he? With green eyes...

"Um, yes, I'm fine I was just...practicing for a play!" Qwark lied, unconvincingly.

"Oh, I didn't realize you were a stage actor! What part are you rehearsing for?" Clank asked.

"Uhhh..." he paused, racking his brain for any plays he might have heard of at some point. "It's the part of, um...Hambone, from the play...Bordello?"

"That's incredible! I'd love to come watch it, when are you—no, wait, more important! Ratchet went down into the bunker, he drank-"

"Whoa, whoa, slow down, little buddy. Let me get this straight. Ratchet..." Qwark started, scratching his chin.

"Yes, Ratchet." Clank stated hurriedly, as another rumble shook the ground.

"He went down in there, right?" he continued, not noticing the shaking.

"Yes, it's an abandoned bio lab, he found-"

"Bio lab, hmm? Fascinating!" he remarked, as the rumbling grew more intense.

"It was, but Ratchet-" Clank said, before being cut off once more.

"Well, what kind of laboratory was this? What did you find down there?" Captain Qwark asked, grinding Clank's explanation to a halt once again. A loud bang echoed from the tunnel, almost like the sound of an entire floor shattering under some sort of immense, expanding force.

"Super serums! They were making lombax super serums! And Ratchet drank one, and now-" Clank yelled, desperate to drill the urgency of the situation through Qwark's thick skull.

"Super serums, eh? So what exactly do these 'super serums' do, and-" Clank finally interrupted him, grasping his collar and pulling his face down towards his.

"GIANT. GROWING. HORNY. RATCHET." he yelled, so loud that Captain Qwark's teeth rattled. "WE NEED TO RUN. NOW!"

Captain Qwark just stared bug-eyed at the little robot, mouth agape, trying to process what it just yelled into his ear. Another round of shaking, stronger than the last, woke him from his stupor. He still wasn't entirely sure what the little robot was yelling about, but running seemed like a good idea right now.

The ground creaked and groaned as it shook, throwing the two off-balance as they scrambled back towards the two parked ships. Qwark turned as he reached the cargo ramp, looking back to see the solid steel bunker doors bouncing like canoes in an ocean storm. Trees on top of the hill began falling one by one as the hill distorted underneath them, the soil they clung to sloughing off in huge sheets. The now barren hill bulged to nearly twice its original height, groaning under the colossal forces that stretched it

to its breaking point.

A loud crack resounded through the jungle, and then everything exploded. The hill burst with the force of a volcano, sending thousand-ton boulders flying in every direction. Nearby trees snapped, and tufts of grass were uprooted and flung by the wind. Captain Qwark was knocked flat on his back by the force of the shockwave. Dust and debris showered the entire area, momentarily blinding Qwark, who coughed and sputtered as he sat back up.

Through the dust he saw the silhouette of a rising mountain...a yellow mountain? He gasped as he recognized a pair of pointy ears, and orange stripes, and green eyes...but at an impossibly huge size. The little robot's words finally came back to him...giant, growing, and...what was the other one?

The ground rumbled again. Cracks began to form in the mesa once again, but this time emanating from somewhere in front of the bunker. Qwark scrambled back towards the ramp of his ship as the ground in front of him bulged up, the shaking intensifying as the stone once again approached its breaking point. A thunderous crack sounded out as it gave way, gouging a huge valley that barely stopped before Qwark's transport. He was once again thrown head over heels by the force, coming to rest at the top of his ship's ramp. Groaning as he pushed himself up from his stomach, he squinted as he tried to look through the cloud of orange dust. As it began to settle, he stared in shock as he finally remembered that last part—horny.

Ratchet let out an earthshaking bellow as he stood waist-high in the cratered remains of the bunker. Every muscle on his gigantic frame bulged impossibly thick, making Captain Qwark look like a dainty acrobat in comparison. And his massive cock jutted high into the air, towering far over the flabbergasted captain, as two meaty hands gripped it with incredible strength.

The gigantic lombax emanated pure power. Qwark could feel the air rumble with each of his heavy, gasping breaths. Every twitch of that colossal cock, every minuscule motion, shook the ground from the sheer mass of the lombax's body. Thick, translucent precum spurted from his cockhead like a geyser on the verge of eruption.

Finally free from the confines of the bunker, Ratchet's growth seemed to have slowed to a halt. Even the depths of the ruined facility only contained his powerful legs, his torso jutting high out of the crater and into the planet's sky. That enormous dick was about the same size as Qwark's hundred-meter long vessel and nearly as thick. His head stood only slightly higher, squeezed on each side between the pair of hills that were his shoulders. His torso looked almost as wide as it was tall, bulging with thousands of tons of muscle in every direction.

The hazy cloud of sexual frustration in Ratchet's brain thinned for a brief moment as he finally felt the sensation of growth subside. Opening his eyes, he saw the ruined jungle landscape all around him. The huge, pink shaft of his cock stuck up in the center of his vision, and the yellow shelves of his pecs framed the bottom of his view. Shoving the shaft to the side, he saw the stone platform where he had landed, along with the toy-sized exploration vessel he'd come in. Before he could ponder the difficult logistics of getting back inside, its engines lit up, hovering over the mesa for a moment before rocketing high into

the sky.

His attention shifted to the other ship—a large freighter of some sort? He probably wouldn't fit in that either...but as another spike of libido overtook his mind, he had another thought. Maybe his DICK could fit in there...

"H...horny..." he groaned, staring hungrily at the large freighter. Captain Qwark yelled as Ratchet's bright green eyes focused on him like a laser beam. One of the lombax's huge hands began reaching towards the ship, grasping into the ground and crumpling the hard stone like it was dust as he crawled forwards. Captain Qwark scrambled to his feet, sprinting for the cockpit.

"C-computer! Get me out of here, now!" he yelled, diving into his pilot's seat. The ship's huge engines rumbled to life, the landing engines lighting up as they began to lift the ship from the surface. But before the ship could launch itself safely into orbit, a huge hand grasped it from the rear, bringing its ascent to an abrupt halt. Thick steel plating screeched at it was bent and torn by the truck-sized fingers, which grasped it roughly from each side. The powerful engines strained as they tried to break free, but couldn't even come close to matching the strength of the giant lombax's grip before they sputtered and died.

Captain Qwark hung on to his seat for dear life as the ship was hoisted up into the air, tilting back as it was lifted up towards Ratchet's face. Through the cracked windshield, Qwark saw the hungry look in his eyes for one last moment, before the ship slammed straight down onto his colossal dick like a massive metallic condom.

Rooms and decks on the ship crumpled as the cockhead slammed through them with incredible force. The ship's hull bulged and distorted as the obscenely huge dick filled every bit of empty space. The reinforced bulkhead doors to the cockpit bulged inwards, but just managed to hold it together. Qwark was sent tumbling out of his seat as his ship was turned into an expensive piece of scrap metal, landing hard on his back as the ship was pulled upwards once again. Ratchet's moans of pleasure shook the entire ship as the crumpled metal finally stimulated nerves all across his penis in a way his hands alone never could. He pulled the wrecked ship back up, sending Qwark tumbling once again, before slamming it down again with even more force.

Captain Qwark lost track of time as he was flung around the cockpit like ice in a tumbler. Cum began to leak into the sealed cockpit as repeated thrusts wore down the ship's remaining structural integrity. Then, the ship seemed to hang in the air for one agonizing moment—a calm before the storm.

One last, aggressive thrust finally pushed Ratchet over the edge. He let out an earth-shaking bellow as he slammed the ship down his shaft with tremendous force. The front of the ship bulged for a brief moment as cum flooded into it, stretching thick steel plating like it was a balloon. Then, the pressure finally broke free, launching the battered cockpit like a cork high into the sky as thousands of gallons of cum flew out with the force of a volcano. Captain Qwark's scream as he flew far into the distance was drowned out by Ratchet's immense grunts and snarls as he finally reached the satisfaction of climax. Cum rained down on the pristine jungle landscape, landing miles away as the lombax's dick released wave after wave of hot semen with each throb. The remains of the freighter finally crumpled away as

his dick split the makeshift condom into pieces. It took almost a minute for the seemingly inexhaustible supply of semen in his balls to reach its limit, the last few bursts of cum dripping down onto the ground in front of him before he finally ran dry.

Ratchet gasped heavily as he came down from his orgasm, post-nut clarity beginning to take hold. His softening dick started to droop down, finally giving him a clear view of the destruction he'd caused with just a single orgasm. Huge lakes of white dotted the landscape in an arc front of him, burying trees under their sticky, cloying depth almost all the way out to the horizon. His immediate surroundings were blasted clear; flattened trees emanated outwards with him at the epicenter, and boulders were strewn haphazardly about the jungle. The whole mesa had been cracked like a dropped plate, the once smooth surface now a chaotic mess of upheaved stones and muddy pools of cum. Gingerly, he picked up a fragment of the ship he had just shattered into pieces, wincing as he recognized the colors and markings of Captain Qwark's ship.

"Oh...I am SO fired."

Up in orbit, Clank had observed the entire event from the ship. Even having witnessed Ratchet's growth firsthand, he could hardly believe the amount of destruction the lombax had caused. Blobs of ejaculate had almost reached high enough to threaten his ship, sitting in low orbit, and the volume calculations on the cum were...well, physically impossible, to say the least.

Clank took a moment to reorganize the data he'd managed to grab in his head. It wasn't much, but with a little help from the Galactic Rangers' records of lombax science, he'd probably be able to come up with some sort of antidote. He looked down at Ratchet, his huge yellow body easily visible even from orbit, dozens of miles above the planet.

"You'll have to hang in there, buddy. I'll be back as soon as I can!" he promised, speaking to no-one in particular. Pressing a few buttons on the console, the ship's engines began to glow as the hyperjump charged up. A flash of light, and then the ship disappeared into the field of stars, leaving the exhausted giant and the tiny, soaked captain behind on that troublesome little planet.

"Clank, cool it with the needles! I—ow! I feel fine, okay?"

Ratchet grimaced as Clank clambered over his body, jabbing him seemingly at random with various needles and syringes.

"Ratchet, I am simply trying to obtain a more complete understanding of the growth serum process. Unless I do, I will not be able to reverse the remaining effects!"

Ratchet frowned as he shifted in his seat. Clank had returned about two days (or roughly thirty orgasms) after the initial "incident", as he called it, piloting some sort of giant needle ship with thrusters bolted

on. That monster-sized jab of antidote had managed to drop Ratchet from more than three hundred skyscraping meters tall down to around forty, enough to squeeze him into the cargo bay of a borrowed bulk freighter. A few more doses of various compounds shrunk him bit by bit, while also taking the edge off his oversized libido. A month later, after hundreds of Clank's injections at seemingly random hours of the day and night, his height had roughly stabilized. Three meters of towering lombax was the smallest Clank had managed to achieve, and he'd had even less success reversing the muscular changes. His pecs still ballooned out like slabs, sticking nearly a foot out from his rock-hard six pack. His legs strained with massive ropes of muscle, and each bicep bulged thicker than his head. And speaking of bulges, nearly a meter of thick lombax meat still hung from his waist, restrained by a custom-made harness, with two melon-sized balls dangling below.

"I'm just saying that, you know...maybe you've done enough? I think I can manage like this. Right?" he offered, wincing Clank took another jab.

"Manage?...Ratchet, I need to get you back to normal! Not just 'managed'! You can barely fit through regular doors right now, how are you supposed to do anything like this?"

"Yeah, but...I kinda like being like this, you know? I drank that serum for a reason. Sure, it ended up being a bit more than I expected, but I'm still glad I did it! Apparently I've overtaken Captain Qwark as the quadrant's 'number one hunk', did you know that? Ladies and dudes alike are gonna be lining up for a ride on the-

"STOP! Stop. I don't want to hear whatever weird name you've come up with for your p- for...that thing." Clank grimaced. "But is that really all you want? To be an interstellar playboy?"

"No, no, not at all!" Ratchet interjected. "But think how much easier bounty hunting is going to be from now on! I could probably carry around a literal tank cannon, and enough armor to stop an artillery barrage. Although I think I could probably just deflect small-arms plasma with my abs." he said, grinning as he flexed his chest muscles. "And we've got enough money from Captain Qwark to get a custom-made ship from pretty much any shipyard...provided I keep quiet about his involvement in the 'incident'."

After Clank had managed to find Captain Qwark on the jungle planet, tired and soaked to the bone with Ratchet's cum, he had very generously offered to let the two stay with the Rangers and even offered a large, dubiously legitimate "exploration bounty" payout if they refrained from mentioning his presence on the jungle planet. His tough, heroic image would have been permanently ruined if the galaxy at large learned that he had ended up as the unwitting plaything of a horny lombax, giant or otherwise. Anticipating the prohibitive costs of feeding and housing a possibly building-sized lombax, the two were glad to agree to his proposal, as well as his altered retelling of recent events.

Clank pondered for a moment. "I...suppose it's your decision. Are you sure you want to stay like this? If I stop the treatments, the changes will only become more ingrained in your DNA, and might never be reversible. Is that what you want?"

Ratchet turned to the side, looking into a large wall mirror. He grinned as he drew a meaty finger across

his chin, admiring the smooth lines of his jaw. He moved it down his neck, feeling a tuft of chest fur sticking out between the valley between his gigantic pecs. He flexed his other arm, watching the veins ripple as they pressed against the surface of his bulging muscles.

"I'm sure. After all, I am the last lombax in the universe." he noted, smiling as he looked back at his robot partner. "I may as well be as much lombax as I can be!"