

Those Flame Orbs zoomed down towards the towering A-Ninetales. Each one held the same flame-like texture to them, though a couple appeared to radiate with power. He guessed that, much like the first one, they would explode as soon as they landed on his back. Once done, he would absorb all the flames into himself and grow.

Although, he thought of one way.

“Not today!” A-Ninetales lunged forward into a sprint. Despite how massive he grew, he remained nimble and quick. With a few steps, he avoided the falling Flame Orbs. “Whew. That was—”

The Flame Orbs paused their fall halfway down A-Ninetales’s size. Half a second later, they changed course and flew toward A-Ninetales. He widened his eyes and continued sprinting away.

“Why is this happening?! Who is doing this?!”

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“You know,” Glorfindel said. He rubbed his chin while observing the Flame Orbs flying towards A-Ninetales. “I hate to say it, but what you did was pretty clever.”

“Why, thank you.” Glaurung gave Glorfindel a deep bow. “I happen to know some tricks, among them a way for objects to follow their targets, no matter how far or fast.

That one really wowed the audiences, especially those who thought that was all done by wire."

"Yes. Very good." Glorfindel rolled his eyes. Glaurung always had a feel for the theatrics. Maybe if he practiced more on controlling his magic instead of doing party tricks. Glorfindel shook his head at that thought. "Still, he is fast, even without using his growth energy to enhance it. Are you sure they would be able to catch up?"

"Oh, please!" Glaurung sneered. "In fact, he is vindicating my original plans."

Glorfindel and Saria raised an eyebrow.

"What are you talking about?" Saria asked.

"You remember the cliff idea I had?" Glaurung asked in turn. When Glorfindel and Saria responded with a reluctant nod, he grinned wider. "He's heading in that direction."

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A-Ninetales kept running away from the Flame Orbs, sweat dripping down his forehead. He avoided stepping on any mushroom trees or fungal creatures despite how much a single paw of his dominated the ground. With each step, the gap between him and the Flame Orbs widened by

the yard. That would make him happy if there was a limit on how far they flew. If there was a limit, then—

His front left paw slipped.

A-Ninetales blinked and tumbled onto the ground. Losing control, he landed with a massive thud, knocking dirt and gravel aside and into the air. He rolled around a couple of times until he lay on his back. He grunted, wondering what had happened, until he saw the cliff. It stood about a quarter of his height, which should be obvious even to him.

A-Ninetales grunted to himself. “Gah. I should’ve seen that—”

He paused, noting a glimmer by the cliffside’s bottom. He rolled onto his paws and glanced closer, noting a large wooden box. Within lay dozens of orbs, each shining red, orange, and yellow. He widened his eyes, realizing those were also Flame Orbs.

“Did-did someone think I was going to fall down a cliff?” A-Ninetales asked. “If so, they must be super—”

The flying Flame Orbs flew out from over the cliff.

He yelped and pushed himself back up—

The flying Flame Orb slammed against his chest, each exploding into a firestorm.

“GAH!”

The firestorm lay on his fur, fierce like before but absorbed faster into A-Ninetales’s body. He glowed in a gold color from head to tails. Before he knew it, he exploded in size.

Within half a second, he doubled in height. His front paws slammed against the cliff without moving an inch, causing him to yelp. He backed away from the box full of Flame Orbs, not wanting more growth than he already had.

His shadow cast over mountains increasingly by the second. With each head turn, his size doubled. His face blushed hot from the embarrassment and the joy. He attempted to push down his joy but could not help but grin.

A-Ninetales’s head either pushed aside the clouds, scattered them, or carried them to greater heights. His paw stood taller than the cliff from before. His nine tails wiggled behind him, shifting wind currents.

By the time A-Ninetales stopped growing, he stood at 120,009 feet tall.

"G-geez!" A-Ninetales fluffed his golden-white fur with a single strange larger than the mushroom trees. Mountains lay there as mere bumps beneath him. Rivers all around lay thinner than his eyelashes. When he spoke, the ground rumbled. "That was a lot of growth."

A-Ninetales glanced around, shifting his eyes. He felt like someone almost played him for a fool. After all, that box with more Flame Orbs was meant for him. He wondered who planned this and why, especially if they sought to kill him.

He frowned at that thought. No, that could not be right. After all, whoever masterminded this must be observing him. If teleporting a single Flame Orb after leading him to that location was not proof enough, then sending many of them on top of him was. So, this mastermind must have already realized the first time that fire only made him huge.

Unless this person wanted him huge.

A-Ninetales lowered his eyelids. "Saria? Glorfindel? Are you behind this?"

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"He caught on quick," Glorfindel remarked.

He, Glaurung, and Saria craned their heads toward the humongous A-Ninetales. If they considered his previous size huge, this new size dwarfed it to a ridiculous degree. By size of comparison, his old size stood as a mere mouse compared to his gargantuan self.

If calling someone about 23 miles would be 'gargantuan.'

The word felt too small even for him.

Glaurung rubbed his padded hand-paws together. "He still has no idea about me."

Glorfindel sighed and shook his head. "Of course, he wouldn't piece you along with Saria and me. He knows Saria loves him huge, so it would be reasonable to guess her involvement. The clear magic on display, from the teleportation to the flying Flame Orbs, indicated a magic user. He knows I should be with Saria and thus reasons that I should be involved. Plus, he knows that us two go together like—"

"—like peas in a pod!" Glaurung teased, sticking his fork tongue out.

Glorfindel flattened his eyes back. "Not remotely."

Glaurung waited for a response from Saria, but none came. He shifted his eyes to the right toward her. "Uh, isn't this your cue?"

Saria stared at the colossal A-Ninetales with eyes that glowed like stars. She hung her jaws open in complete awe. If it were possible, her chest would protrude a heart beating in and out.

Glaurung waved a hand-paw over her face and frowned. "She is really out of it."

"So, 'great genius,'" Glorfindel said. He crossed his arms. "What will you do next?"

Glaurung rubbed his chin and grinned.

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"Come on, my dear! Stop hiding!" A-Ninetales said. He took a couple of steps to the left. "You too, Glorfindel!"

A-Ninetales frowned and shook his head. It made so much sense that he wondered why it did not click with him before. Still, now he knew who was behind this, he should counter whatever tricks they pulled. He glanced around at the sea of blue grass for a green and a white dot.

Meanwhile, below him, the box full of Flame Orbs floated a foot off the ground.

Four tire wheels formed on the sides, with the box bounding up and down once landed.

The wheels spun and, after burning rubber, zoomed toward A-Ninetales's paw.