

Rush of Power
By holodrom

MadLeomon stared down a horde of enemies, his bright red pupils trembling in his dark eyes. They converged on him and his Tamer, gnashing their teeth and claws as they readied themselves to pounce and rip the duo to pieces. "Damnit, it's all gone to shit!" Wave cursed, running through the battle in his head. Where had it gone wrong? He was certain he'd correctly gauged the number of enemies, the extent of MadLeomon's skills, and just how many of these beasts the undead lion could take out. And yet, there were at least a half dozen left, and they were just about out of options.

"Wave..." MadLeomon's voice was a rasping growl. His greyish purple fur stood on end, and his muscles bulged, tense and ready to lunge as soon as the enemy made their move. "We can still finish them. You still have that shield, right?"

It was a personal shield bubble that would negate a single attack of any severity. A useful tool, but it wouldn't solve facing down a half dozen monsters. "I do, but-"

The lion looked at Wave from the corner of his eyes, the red coals of his pupils fixing confidently on his Tamer. "We still have THAT."

Wave took a step back in surprise. "W-wait, but that would be overkill!"

"Are you saying you'd rather be defeated?" he roared, clenching his crimson teeth. His eyes burned with determination, his muscles bulged with power.

"...You're right. Fine then, stop holding back MadLeomon, make them regret messing with us!"

"Heh! Damn right. You little punks think you have the upper hand?" MadLeomon took a step forward, and the ground cracked under his paw. A faint red glow became visible in his core, behind his abs. "Well that's.... Impossible!" With a boisterous roar, his abs distended, losing some of their definition as they pushed out into a bulging muscle gut. The red glow intensified and a palpable energy radiated out from him, kicking up dust. The smaller monsters stopped their advance, hesitating.

Wave put up his shield, wrapping a bubble of protective energy around him as MadLeomon's body stockpiled energy. His stomach ballooned again, stretching his sides and rounding his abs until the definition of the muscles grew faint around the swell of his middle. His pecks grew thicker in a surge, forcing his head to tilt up as they nudged against his muzzle. Another pulse of growth forced size into his arms, making his arm muscles thicker but less defined, mirroring the inflation of his stomach. He grit his teeth and his eyes opened wide as he looked out over his expanding form. "I refuse to be defeated!!"

The seams of his worn pants creaked as his powerful thighs took on some of the bloating strength that was overloading his body. The light inside of him pulsed, visible though his skin, and each pulse inflated his form further. His stomach took the worst of it, inflating with a series of hissing creaks as though he were a balloon. His pecks lagged behind but still grew in size as though they wanted to consume his head, which seemed ever smaller as the rest of his body relentlessly expanded. His dark mane crackled with red sparks and spiked out from the energy coursing through him. His flesh groaned under the strain. His bulging body trembled, muscles creaking as they flexed with more power than they could use. His stomach rounded

and widened until the faint imprints of his abs vanished completely, stretched flat around his immense circumference.

"You see what happens?" He gasped, steam blasting from his jaws as he spoke. The undead digimon was now a bloated parody of his former muscular self, with his body so pumped that his arms and legs looked as inflated as his belly, though not nearly as big as that frame-dominating globe. The light inside his body pulsed faster and brighter, pumping surges of power into his body that it couldn't handle. He hardly stretched anymore, but the pressure increased, making his skin so taut it was rock-hard to the touch. His eyes were wild and his mouth was stretched into a manic grin as steam whistled out between his teeth like a kettle boiling over. The monsters opposing him and Wave realized too late that MadLeomon wasn't simply powering up; he was completely overloading.

"You think you're... Strong? I'll SHOW you strong!" The pressurized wails of MadLeomon's body drowned out his mad boasting. The pressure climbed to unbearable peaks, and his eyes rolled back as his mouth started to foam. A final brilliant flash of internal light detonated MadLeomon. His body exploded into a torrent of red light that scorched the ground and blasted the monsters into junk data. Crimson light split around Wave's shield as he closed his eyes against the blinding radiance of his Digimon's self-destruct. The sound rang out for miles and rumbled in the air for minutes afterwards, still loud enough to feel the aftershocks of the sound.

Wave peeked as the blast settled. His shield bubble flickered away, expended, and there was nothing left of the enemies or of MadLeomon other than the scorched crater blasted into the ground. "Holy... Did that do it?" He consulted the Digivice on his wrist. The simple screen displayed large golden text reading "Battle completed!" Wave pumped his fist and hissed out a "Yes!" He took in the scene for a few moments more, then pressed a button on the Digivice. "Alright, let's requeue and run it again. This time we can get it without you self-destructing MadLeomon, I'm sure of it!"

The Digimon's voice came through the Digivice in a rumbling sigh. "Doesn't matter to me, long as we get it done, Tamer."

"Just head over as soon as you're set! We've got to do this a few more times to get your upgrade materials."

"Whatever you say." MadLeomon nodded dutifully and cut the line to finish refreshing himself before the next fight. He appreciated that Wave was trying to manage the battle without blowing him up, but all in all, he kind of enjoyed the rush of filling with power until he blasted apart.