

## Out of Douse & Being Bigger

Story by Pennsylvania Kite Weather

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The instant Liliace awoke, she perceived the condition of the soil from the shady darkness inside her flower. Her roots knurled in the earth like toes wriggling through sand.

The nutrient balance was different. Slightly more traces of stone. Neighbors. *Dozens* of them.

The alraune uncurled the large orange petals surrounding her while straightening her back and emerged into the slightly cool morning air and the warmth of the brilliant summer sunlight on her fern-green skin.

There was a quaint A-frame house before her, a story and a half tall, covered in dark cedar-colored siding and flanked by lush bushes of oakleaf hydrangea and rhododendron with flowering azaleas.

Liliace turned her body this way and that as best as her stuck-together legs would allow, and spied so many varieties of plants and flowers in bloom, a few arm-lengths behind her remote patch of soil. Beyond the violets, pansies, and phlox, there were several cultivars of long-leafed shrubs, with white wild indigo, blue-eyed-grass and woolly sunbonnets. Others were fiery pink and creamy white, mingling among the spreading and weeping mountain laurel and drooping leucothoe. Plenty of shade in the back of the lawn was provided by oval and vase-shaped trees — oaks, mostly.

As much as she admired the work of the gardener, she still had no idea how she got here. Liliace put a hand to the base of her broad, lengthy orange hair petals. She felt more alive than she'd ever been, and yet, her memories were clouded by something.

“Aroof!” She was startled by a small, furry creature that had just stumbled out of the hostas. It had grey and blondish hairs that drooped all over its body like whiskers, and it kept bumbling nearer and nearer, yipping and yapping as its noises and slightly wall-eyed stare unnerved her.

Where could she go? As Liliace grew more tense, the ivy vine did too — the extension of her presence that wound around her body and connected from the depths of her abode to the side of her head. An end lifted away as the alraune was about to lash out at the creature with it—

“Daniel!” A female snapped as a door from the house swung open. Masked partially by the screened-in porch, the slightly hunched figure exited into the daylight and onto the cobblestone patio. “Oh, and you must be Liliace,” she said, happily surprised.

“I am...?” the plantgirl pointed to her ribcage and her two perky but diminutive, nipples. “Oh...! Right...” She was slowly piecing together her past after an indefinite amount of time being dormant. “I don’t... know you, do I?”

“Oh, nah,” the woman answered. She was middle-aged in a loose, flowery-rose blouse with no sleeves over her beauty-mark speckled arms and bony wrists. “I’s a neighbor of the young man whose yard you used to live in. Call me Marji. That’s Daniel, the auld man.” She gestured to the four-legged animal who went wandering among the growths again.

“What’s wrong with your voice...?” Liliace asked.



“Oh,” The Marji woman chuckled and turned to check the level of seed in a hanging bird feeder. “I used to live in Britain. Tyneside.”

As if Liliace had the faintest clue what that meant.

“You still look a tad puzzled,” Marji continued. “Do alraunes maybes lose their memories when they regrow?”

The plantgirl still knit her brow as the human went to a circle of wrought iron chairs and dragged one of them further into the lawn to sit a few meters away. Liliace felt, despite how innocent this lady seemed, she couldn’t place whether they had met. “Tell me how you know my name,” she spoke, arms crossed.

Marji massaged both her knees. “I told you,” she reminded the other gently. “You were growing in my neighbor’s yard. There was an incident between you and he — last summer it was. After a hurricane, there you were, all massive and waterlogged he says. Those storms are the one thing I’s can do without since moving to America, but, ahh... There was quite the explosion that rocked the neighborhood, and goodness me how much it surprised me when Logan told me it was you...!”

“Him!” It suddenly clicked for Liliace, and she leaned forward so suddenly, she’d have tripped. Her stem of a spine swayed as she felt her stomach and chest, the past sensation of countless gallons of water crammed into her frame, threatening to burst her at the seams before her extravagant, temporary end. And the human who caused it all...

“Where is he now?” Though she looked past the dense shrubs and trees, the high fences offered her no glimpses of the nearby homes. Perhaps she’d probe underground with her roots to gather clues from the soil if her rapidly-returning memory could help, but with so many other plants here to compete with...

“Be calm, don’t worry yasel’,” Marji assured. “I told him you’d be safe with me, and that I’s a capable gardener, like you can see. He showed up at my front door with your little bulb in a dainty little pot. I’s picked the spot and he set your sprout with plenty of care. Seems that he still feels some guilt for treating you poorly. But is it true that you killed all the other plants in ‘is lot?”

Liliace frowned and glanced away. “I did what I had to during the drought to survive.” And maybe selfishly, all things considered, she wanted to be the only thing he would take care of — to also hoard all of the delicious, nourishing water for herself. For whatever reason she was thirsty now for a drink, and a hand slipped down idly to her backside to caress the curve of her hip.

Marji was beaming from Liliace’s remark, her head tilted up like a sunflower. “Ahh, but y’see? The drought’s over, and all the greenery’s back to normal like. Logan and I feel you could use a little time to relax here, to see if you can be a good neighbor to all my prized plants. Them and Dan, and little Hamilton gnome over there.” She pointed to a nearby stone figure of a miniature, bearded man riding a large snail. The woman’s pet came snuffling up behind the alraune, checking the vibrant orange bloom that sprawled like the sun’s rays, a little larger than a hula hoop.

“And you’ll still take care of me,” Liliace said bitterly; it felt as though with all the flourishing plant life around her, that was a given.



“Aye, course!” Marji nodded and stood. “Oi, you need doused with some water? Logan told me you like being fed.”

Liliace shrugged her shoulders but let her roots creep nearer to the surface, waiting expectantly like a sea of open hands at the front row of a concert. “I’d like that, but, I’m feeling fine already.”

“I gave most of the garden its water earlier, but there’s no harm in sharing a little more, eh?” Marji raised her voice as she kept going to the side of the house for a hose. “I think it’ll be interesting to care for a plant that’ll temme exactly how it’s doing!” The woman with greying dirty-blond hair returned with the tubing pouring a generous stream of crisp water.

Once Marji was a few steps away, she aimed the arc at Liliace’s flower. “Right here?”

“Anywhere,” the alraune gestured to her whole body and sighed as she was showered in the stomach. “I’ll absorb it as long as it’s near me.” It felt like a cool massage pitter-pattering on her fibrous skin as she placed a hand over where her navel would be. And sure enough, as droplets ran across her fingers and along her arm, her middle was slowly swelling.

“Now this is summat I been rather curious about, seeing it with me own eyes.”

Liliace opened her eyelids, her red irises watching as the other gazed at her thickening green hips, and the moisture sheeting down to add to her frame, burbling within her now-voluptuous curves. She smiled, and oh how she wanted to show off and coo if there was a younger or more-familiar person watching her filling up. Her thighs filtered the volume evenly, all the way up to her chest which now hung heavier and grew closer to grazing the top of her large tummy.

Marji cocked her head. “That sorta figure has to be hard for men to resist...” she observed candidly. “Minus the fat gut, hawhaw.”

It seemed it was up to Liliace to make the feeding a little less awkward. “Do you live alone here?” the plantgirl asked, hands circling her burgeoning hips.

“Aye, wey, not in actuality,” was the answer as she scratched her scalp. “I live here because the major city is where my publisher is headquartered — I’s a writer, y’see.”

As far as Liliace was concerned, if she could keep the human chattering, she could keep getting bigger. She smiled as she hugged her cantaloupe-sized knockers and her belly and buttocks grew unrestrained. “Mhmm, and what do you write?”

“Children’s novels, mostly. Historical sorts of fiction for the backdrop of adventure and mys’try. Living during the Viking ages, times of the Pilgrims — what it’d be like for a young person, me audience, to be a hero. I write important characters their age.”

Liliace mixed her pleasure with intrigue as she bowed and gave her gurgling gut a good squeeze. “Ohhh, mhmm...” She still had no idea where this was going.

“Most days I’s up there, see, in the loft,” she indicated a small window between the steep roof sides. “Just making my next manuscript. And I’s invite my editor over sometimes to consult with me at my



kitchen table, and then there's the group of college girls from the city who we have sort of a book club together, meet every other week. I make tea for everyone. Their school's staff reached out to me about being an adjunct professor, and I's said to them — 'would you really want a course about how to write a book like for secondary schoolchildren along the lines of what it meant to survive in the times of the plague, because...' Oh, hinney, you're looking a little bloated and taller, there."

Liliace balanced herself by raising her arms and tucking them behind her head. Below her heavy, head-sized breasts, an exercise ball gutted with water sagged from her wide waist and flanks. She gave her form a tiny shake and rippled around the hips twice as intensely. Since Marji was aiming in the other direction, it seemed the obese alraune could finally have a breather. "Oof, that was good," she said, slightly slurring her words, punctuating them with a hiccup. "Hope the water wasn't wasted, but... Mmm, this'll last me a few days."

"I must've created a monster," the writer beamed and she tossed the hose away, then hobbled off to close the valve.

Liliace smiled too; this was pleasant, and maybe it was just the water buoying her emotions, but she could work with this. As she raked her fingers through the round, pliant expanse of her tummy, she figured the woman could keep her company as much as she kept her full.

The alraune bent with a grunt and grasped a pair of her petals on the soil, shaking off some extra moisture so she could stop bloating sooner. She smelled the honey-like nectar she secreted from the base of her legs and gave the broadest portion of her petals a tacky, golden sheen until they dried — if she could see the ground, anyway. It had been a while since she felt *this* good.

Marji reapproached as Liliace hauled herself back up to full height. "Did you grow a half of a meter on me since you bloomed?" she remarked with a smirk. "It boggles the mind. Who'd believe I's caring for a plant that enjoys being overfed?"

"I like being unique," Liliace replied with the slightest of sways.

"Don'tcha want to sit down? I guess you can't, but, is there anything else I can do to make you comfortable? 'Can put some rolled wire fencing around you, stop the dog from getting too close." She seemed eager to start another backyard project. "Ah, and I's can ask the book club girls, we should meet inside from now on to keep you some privacy."

"Shouldn't be necessary," Liliace's fuller cheeks dimpled with a smile. "I may emerge from my flower to see your visitors, I may not. But, it'll be a bit hard to hide when I can't fit..." She checked her tush.

"Though I would like a little fencing. And maybe, if you could tell me the weather; specifically, if there's a hurricane coming?"

"I'll notify you even before I tell my family back across the pond, I promise," came the reply with a grin.

"The pond? There's a pond here?" the bulbous alraune swiveled her body sluggishly for another source of water she could draw from if she stretched her roots.

"Is a figure of speech, dear. Shall we chat a little more where each of us are from?"



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Marji was a woman of her word and on the following afternoon had brought out a roll of wire hoops from the shed that was shrouded in buckwheat, yellow anise-tree, and other spreading and weeping bushes in the very back corner of the yard. She measured out a perfect circle, leaving several inches between the base petals and the fence posts. She strung and secured the barrier's arches which only reached about halfway up the human's shin. But true to Marji's experience, when the fence was complete, the dog just circled around and around the outside of the ring at a comfortable distance.

The woman sat in her chair, sipping lemonade after a day on her hands and knees. "It's a flimsy-looking thing, but it looks pretty and Daniel will never try to get past it," she chuckled.

Liliace was still swollen a bit from the previous day's drink, and looked past her hefty hips to watch the animal gnaw gently with its tiny teeth on a portion of wire. "If you say so..."

Marji swigged the last of her drink. "So is it your thought you'll live around people from now on instead of the forests you said you came from?"

"Well," Liliace responded. "More company, almost limitless access to water..." the alraune stroked along the thick vine that plunged between her breasts. "What more could a girl ask for?"

"Oh, there has to be more than that in terms of your ambitions..." Marji stood up. "How 'bout some talents? What about love, maybes?"

Liliace tugged the green rope tepidly. "What about them? They're not so important."

"You can't honestly crave water all *that* much..." Marji laughed and dumped her glass on the soil. The cold cubes made the plantgirl wince but the heat of the ground was quickly melting them away. "Ah wey, if that's really the key to your heart, that's how it 'tis. Howay, Daniel — we're gannin inside. I'll check on you this evening, Liliace."

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A week passed with a mix of sun, clouds and the intermittent drizzle. The magic of keeping plump waned for Liliace and she allowed herself to slim down if only to hide better in her flower for the get-together that'd be happening in a matter of days.

The alraune spent a few afternoons listening to Marji read her works-in-progress, quiet nights peering at the slow blink of fireflies.

Underground, her roots sprawled like a massive net, but very discreetly so as to not affect the other plants or herself as Marji dutifully fed the entire lawn. Burrowing deeper than the aging tree roots, slowly puncturing through the stonier layers of soil — it'd be interesting if she found an aquifer or a hint of where her past planting place had been. In that span, Liliace's body was now like the tip of the iceberg for a fast-growing artery system of roots. She just needed *something* to do.

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So on the morning Marji gave her just a quick drink and retreated inside to prepare for the meeting, afterwards the alraune stirred in the afternoon to chatter by the iron chair circle.

Several younger ladies had come in from the gated fence to the side. Liliace parted just a tip of her bulb's petals to see them — seven of them and Marji — with different hair styles, lightweight outfits and skin colors. If there was one thing that united them though, it was the books they had on their laps.

It seemed as though they hadn't noticed the newest resident of the garden now, and with a majority of their backs turned, their earnest conversations with each other, and Marji leading the club, perhaps she could simply listen and observe.

"How fucking stupid is it that the governor's son died in the middle of the game?" one of the girls raised her voice.

"Wey now," Marji interjected sagely. "The author obviously included that event for summat. Let's talk about the effect it has on our two meen characters..."

Despite the spirited discussion, an outsider like Liliace was quickly drifting off again.

"Woah, Marji...!" a visitor piped up. "Did you grow that?"

One of the alraune's red irises peeped through the sliver of space to see them all craned around to look at her shelter, and then they were getting out of their chairs. Should she introduce herself, or should she remain shy, bundled up at the bottom of her bulb?

Marji tried to rein in their interest as they came nearer. "Oh, that's a special 'un that's been recently transplanted. Surprised you girls didn't notice it last time when it was almost matured. It's an alraune."

"Like a monstergirl?"

"Sheesh, never met one'a those before..."

Liliace could feel the slight pressure of their shoes through the soil as they gathered at the wire fence. Marji explained. "We'll see if she feels comfortable to come out. She's very well-behaved, a canny lass."

"Unlike Daniel?" a stranger giggled.

The alraune was not a pet, so responding gradually to that remark, Liliace reared her head out with an exaggerated sleepy stretch, and silently reveled in the few awestruck gasps and coos as they took in her peculiar looks.

"She's beautiful," one commented quietly.

"Hello," Liliace pretended to rub her eyes open.

"We didn't mean to wake you, Liliace," Marji massaged her writing wrist.

"I'm fine," the plantgirl replied. "It's nice to meet the book club. This is the most people I've ever seen in one place before."



“Where’d you live in the past?” one bob-cut girl asked.

“How do you fuck with your legs closed all the time like that...?” a tanner-skinned human added.

“Girls...!” Marji couldn’t hold back a whooping laugh, nor could the others, as Liliace glowered at her front.

She didn’t want to fuck anything, nor did she have to. All she wanted deep down was contact, comfort — being gawked at was fine, but Liliace wasn’t sure how she’d react to grabby hands reaching for her. Nobody had tried — Logan sure didn’t.

Marji carried on. “There’s still much I’s don’t know about her meself. And really now — does it matter? She’s only staying here a temporary bit.” And the Brit shared a warm smile, which Liliace hesitated to return simply because there was another question being thrown at her.

“Is it Liliace? Is that right?” A palish student with jet-black hair piped up. “Have you met any other monstergirls?”

The alraune caressed the curled sepal at her elbow, arms relaxed in a fold. “A butterfly and a squirrel, when I lived in the wooded regions. I had to move in order to find a better source of water. That was last year.”

“You can move? How’s that work?”

“W-Well, I...” Liliace would have stumbled at explaining how she could move underground with enough time, or overground if...

“How much water do you need a day?” came another, piggybacking off her last answer.

It was Marji who butted in this time. “Ahawhaw, she doesn’t need much, trust me. Otherwise, she swells up...!”

The fun fact made Liliace cower a bit as the women studied her frame and laughed. She didn’t look too bloated, did she? She was healthy enough.

But there was a stranger who wasn’t giggling — instead, staring inquisitively not at her body, but into her face. Liliace took in the other’s dark eyes, her ebony skin and stoic face framed by frizzy, chocolate locks with blondish ends. The more they stared at each other, the more Liliace became conscious of what made her seem so curious.

The awkward silence that now hung over the group was enough for Marji to begin shooing everyone back to the circle. “Wey now, let’s return to our discussion, girls! Liliace could use some time to rest — she sleeps a majority of the day to store her water and whatnot.”

Only two gazes lingered in her direction as they all went away — the author’s, who winked, and the Black girl who seemed strangely fixated on her.

That was the last they regarded the alraune that afternoon, and by the time Liliace stirred from her usual nap, it was late-evening.



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Two nights later, a yellow-orange light was streaming through the hairsbreadth gaps in her flower petals, and Liliace unfurled herself grumpily expecting the dog out for a bathroom trip with the aid of the motion-activated light between the roof's gable.

Instead, there was a figure standing rigid by the table, half-transparent protrusions from its back both silhouetted and illuminated by the moon's and the man-made glow overhead.

"Shoot..." a girl's breathy voice complained, then she turned Liliace's way. "Oh! You're the plantgirl..."

Liliace's vine uncoiled from her hair, however woefully underprepared to fend off a trespasser. But the alraune's eyes adjusted to spy a pair of antennae on the stranger's head, hear the chafe of ovular wings folding against her back, and spot hips accentuated by the roundness of an insect abdomen behind her. A bee monstergirl — here and also somehow knowing her. This person wasn't in her memories.

"Listen," the insectoid stood near the fence. "Whoever lives in there isn't going to call the cops or something, right? If they wake up?"

Liliace got a better look at the other's pretty, human-skinned face, long, dark, straight-banged and shoulder-length hair, and a comparatively fuller bust curving out from an open lightweight jacket. Immediately, the alraune was willing to entertain this encounter. She kept her voice low. "It shouldn't happen. And you are...?"

"Seta," the beegirl replied. "One of the girls who comes here to the book club — she's my roommate. She told me about you, a-and I had to visit you myself." With her hands reaching back to fiddle with her fuzzy lower abdomen, it seemed she was only growing more anxious. "She's not here; she doesn't know."

"And you traveled here from who-knows-where just to introduce yourself?"

"More than that...!" Seta suddenly skipped over the fence, standing face-to-face with the alraune, the toes of sneakered feet accidentally trodding on the tip of a petal and causing it to shrivel. Liliace didn't mind, as the bright whites and dark ink for irises the other possessed were just a fraction of the fetching features the plantgirl took in from this close. "When Rania told me you can absorb water and... and expand... I just wanted to know if it was true. But you're so gorgeous too! And basically naked..."

Liliace had no pulse that could race as she understood what was wanted of her; she simply spread her arms to reassure the desperate-looking girl. "I suppose that's all correct. What will you do about it, hmm?"

Restrained long enough, Seta seemed to lunge for her lips and they connected as soon as the plantgirl closed her eyes. It was dreamy enough to make her stem feel weak, her back arch as the brave beegirl insisted with her inquisitive tongue and steady hands on her upper back. As she probed and tangled, their exchange allowed Seta to sample the nectary film throughout Liliace's mouth through all the slipping and flicking. It felt natural — an instinct even, to offer the insectoid a taste.





And when Seta pulled away, her jaw hung slack as she gripped Liliace's shoulders with a wildly impressed look. "You taste... *wonderful!*" Leaning in again, she ran her tongue along her bottom lip. "Do you make more?"

The alraune's thighs trembled at the proposition, an excited little spasm as the core of her flower welled the sticky golden fluid up into her stomach, and discreetly into the base of her petals. "It takes a while..." Liliace answered. "But the fastest way? ... Take off your clothes."

Seta determinedly, immediately wriggled out of her jacket. "As long as you're *sure* we won't get caught." The top's hem whipped up over her tummy, and the plantgirl got a look at her covered E cups and the flex of moonlit wings as they drew out from the hole in the garment's back.

"We don't have to be too crazy, do we?" Liliace asked as the pants dropped next. "We can be slow, sensual... Ahh..." She was draped onto by the pretty bumblebee before her trousers were off the ankles. "Ohhh-ho-ho..." Her buttocks were being groped, her collar suckled on, and the nectar built within her and wafted its traces like a delectable perfume.

At first Liliace's hands were nowhere in particular, unsure of where to touch, but they roved down the small of the back and drifted to the sides of those voluptuous hips. A naughty thought compelled her to start easing the underwear down, all while watching the beegirl lap and kiss with experienced precision down to her smooth breast.

The tender close of lips around her mound, while warm, didn't excite Liliace in the same sensitive way it might for a human. But she felt the swirling of a tongue seeping moisture into her body, which delighted her, made her salivate in wanting so quickly she spontaneously took hold of Seta's antennae and raised them back like handlebars to stroke a saturating, sappy lick along her new lover's cheek.

Seta whined and didn't touch the glistening mark it left, only watching golden beads drip from the alraune's presented tongue onto that average but inviting chest. She was holding herself back from diving in again to mop it up.

"So," Liliace paused and swallowed the excess. "Want to see me swell?"

"You have no idea how much I'd love that..." Seta began to reach for the shoulder straps of her bra, but the pair of green hands clapped onto her.

"Find the hose," Liliace pointed to the gloom made by the clusters of bushes lining the home's side. "Turn it a few times. Not too much. Bring it here." The alraune painted trails of golden-caramel as a hand stroked across her own chest. "We should have plenty of time to show you my... talents."

Seta moved so quick her expression wasn't apparent. Liliace stared at her abdomen and comparatively smaller cheeks as she went, wondering if...

No, now that she had a moment to think, this couldn't possibly be a dream, nor was it going to end well if they got caught. Here was an attractive fellow monster with also low inhibitions; perhaps the first time in her several lives she had felt truly in love. Her core was heating up like a lava lamp flowing with water and viscous nectar, and she needed a moment to appreciate how it all tumbled, melded, and mixed.



Liliace unwound the vine from her fronds and extended it out to sweep up the discarded panties onto the snakehead-shaped bud at the end of it. A souvenir, almost.

The beegirl came bounding back, bare feet squelching on the slick grass made from the dew and spattering hose at her side.

Liliace's eyes went wide. "Where is your other top?" The areolae were on full display, jiggling as they drew nearer and docked directly against the alraune's bust.

"Don't worry...!~ I hung it on a branch so I don't forget..." The hose was left to spill over the soil as she stood within the plantgirl's fenced domain, close in contact as their chests spread the nectar into a glaze between their bodies. "So how big can you get?"

"L-Large enough to crush this whole yard..." Liliace boasted breathlessly. "Although..." she remembered her promise to Marji. "Maybe, I shouldn't..."

"How fast does it happen?" Seta seemed to beg as she massaged the other's upper arms.

"You'll see." Liliace simply turned the other's chin and gently pressed her lips to Seta's.

And while neither of them could see what was transpiring, the beegirl sucking some of Liliace's sap, it was the slow but steady bloating of thighs and middle that forced them to break away and look down.

The plantgirl's belly rolled outwards and went from poochy to pregnant, but deformed easily like a silky-smooth waterskin from her hands that bundled it upwards and let it drop with a quiet *gloomp*.

Liliace watched her companion carefully as she leaned out her legs and cradled her gut as it hung, and the changes were radiating through her hips and breasts next. "Don't you want to feel?~" she decided to tease, and her creeping vine brushed against an insect wing, ushering Seta nearer.

"Ohhh, you're so..." the other moaned as her hand eventually rubbed faster and faster around the belly, pushing and nestling it against the bends in their bodies. "Soft," she concluded. "This feels so much nicer and cooler than air..."

"You've filled before?" Liliace noticed Seta's face glowing slightly with sweat already.

"It has to be dozens of times..." came the bashful reply and Seta only remained near as she tried to lean away from the alraune holding tenderly to her hands. "It's been a few years; but a month or so since my roommate caught me filling up in private...<sup>1</sup> But you, you can do this all naturally. I'm so jealous — it's so hoooot..." Seta's eyes widened upon noticing the ripening orbs on Liliace's chest eclipsing her own, gleaming with the sap, and after a moment's hesitation she glided in, mouth wide, using her tongue to swab and teeth to massage.

Liliace chuckled at first then yelped as she perceived a slight pinch.

"I love the texture of your skin..." Seta continued fawning as the quietly bubbling breasts provided the perfect rift of cleavage to surround her face. "It's like latex, almost, but super thick for how flexible it

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<sup>1</sup> See 'Being Big'.



is.” As the alraune’s belly neared a hulking beachball in breadth, the head-sized knockers were gripped and fluffed to a stereo sound of galoshing.

“Your admiration is very kind...!” Liliace beamed as she toyed with a few strands of hair. “I’d like to start appreciating you — more of you, if I could. Would you like a drink of sap?”

Seta’s eyes alighted with curiosity, and maybe a little hesitation. “Drink?”

“From the vine...” the plantgirl steered closer the long hollow bendy-straw adorned with ivy leaves. The bud carefully parted like the middle of a paper fortune-teller, spilling a stringy golden bounty.

Seta rushed to cup some in her hands, and smacked her palm to her mouth to begin eating the glob that had formed. Liliace chuckled as some sap seeped through the other’s fingers even as more waited patiently at the corner of Seta’s lips.

The beegirl accepted the vine like a skinny chalice, feeding from the pitcher-like plant which emptied indefinitely and faster as Liliace raised a portion of the stem.

“Careful,” Liliace warned softly. “It’s quite sugary, I’ve found.” While her fingers pattered lightly on the side of her gluttoned, groaning exercise-ball gut, her other arm had slipped around to trace beneath Seta’s buttock, then against the fuzz protruding from the tailbone.

And as Liliace’s touch doubled-back along the outer thigh, then the midriff, she could feel the insectoid’s waist widening, beginning to grow plump from the gorging on the sinfully sweet sap. Seta realized it and welcomed it with a quiet croon, continuing to gulp ever so often and causing the hungry grumbling in her middle to intensify.

“Ahahaha, it settles in you nicely...” Liliace patted a thickening leg, warming to the idea of using some of her own retained water to blimp this beautiful specimen up like her.

But Seta, growing ever tubbier with a bellyful of nectar, gripped the vine bud. “Mlllph... More!~” she squeaked, and the wringing sensation, coupled with an expertly deft grope to her supple boobflesh, made the alraune moan boisterously and release a particularly pressurized blast of sap as she threw back her head — so much at once, even with Seta’s lips around the opening, it overflowed from her bulging cheeks and cast a goopy curtain down her chin.

“Ohhh, mmnnggh...!” Liliace groaned, still processing the reaction she made, but realized the beegirl was bent over, covering her mouth and clutching her neck and she seemed a bit too panic-stricken to appreciate the massive expanse of alraune gut before her. “H-Here, honey, let’s wash all that nectar down, and that gunk off...”

It took a moment for the flow from her base to switch from arousal-warmed sap to the cool water flooding in gallons throughout her bloated frame. The vine quietly acted as a second hose, helping rinse mouth and skin alongside the garden implement Seta scrambled to retrieve from the grass.

Both monstergirls were soaking from the neck down, silent for a span but still handsy and ogling each other’s irresistible curves. Liliace could tell she was at least twice as wide as Seta’s stout stature,



whereas the beegirl sported a wobbly tum with new love handles that was rounding from several more swallows of water from the tap.

Seta could finally speak. “Aaah, this is all amazing...” she sighed, as if the predicament had never happened. “And you...!” Liliace’s growth in every direction meant she was nearly two heads above the insectoid, two melon-shaped, pillow-sized mounds drooping slightly on a barrel-like middle, rear-end balancing out her breathtaking breadth. And still she was filling steadily, insides churning around all the water being siphoned from the surrounding moisture.

“If you keep getting taller like that,” Seta continued. “You might even become larger than my queen...!”

“Your queen?” Liliace repeated with an endearing smile. Something told the alraune that such a size would excite her companion very much, so she raised her back, slipped her arms under her massive rack and folded her hands like a saint. “Haha, would I really?”

“W-Well, she wasn’t quite so curvy...” Seta admitted shyly, hands playing with her naked posterior. “She was just voluptuous, like me, except so much prettier — radiant wings, flowing hair...” She rubbed up against Liliace’s moaning middle, where she was now the perfect level for the plantgirl to start combing her fingers through the top of Seta’s head. “I *wish* she had just a giant, magnificent belly like this though. Ohh, I’d never have left the hive, just begged her to let me snuggle with her...~” Seta sank deeper and deeper into a hug, even as the building pressure and looming size of Liliace could drift them apart.

“I’ve never thought of myself as a queen before...” Liliace said. “Hee-hee, would you do whatever I command?”

“Oh, *yes please*,” Seta replied, awestruck as she struggled to stand up high enough to see over the plantgirl’s breasts, their undersides squished slightly on the apex of the gut, yet quivering enticingly from their fullness.

Liliace’s tongue hung from the corner of her mouth, teasing the other as her groaning skin longed for a little relief. She desired to share, and motioned for the hose at Seta’s side, spilling its bottomless bounty. “Why don’t we have you drink to your heart’s content?”

“I-I’ve never filled up with anything but air before...”

“Mmm, but you certainly must have some impressive capacity?”

“...Just about as huge as you are now.”

“Then I demand you show me,” Liliace laughed, sweetening the deal by wavering the vine into view with its wafting lemon-drop scent.

“I could wind up immobile!” Poor Seta could’ve blushed as red as a ladybug, swaying there as her hard nipples chafed against Liliace’s form.



“But tonight I am your *queen*,” the alraune insisted, pouting as her forearm squeezed her side and flared out her front so the other let out an uninhibited moan at its advance. “Do it or I’ll smother you under this gargantuan stomach of mine...! Hee-hee...”

Seta pulled away from the temptation at the worst of times, causing the leaning Liliace to bend so far over her belly she hit and bounced upon the grass and flattened a section of fencing. “Oomph, f— *bluuuhp!* Here is fine...” Balancing there as the mist from her belch dissipated, she could now look levelly at her companion while her body greedily continued to add to its volume. Rounding, rumbling, so supple-looking...

Seta slowly brought the hose end to her mouth while Liliace’s vine and digits were skirting around the thighs and hips. She held it with a slack hand and clenched teeth, cooing as she swallowed second by second, letting her free fingers mingle with the alraune’s larger, thicker feelers. Though the beegirl winced at the pace she chugged, nostrils flaring, exhales huffing around mouthfuls, their eyes never left each other.

But within a minute they were drawn to the fruit of her labor, the naked swell of a water-bloated, turgid tummy. It drew the loose skin around the pale, shallow navel pleasantly taut, and they both shared a turn cupping it, playing with its growing weight, just as the beegirl seemed to grow in confidence with a hands-free hold of the hose, one wrist curling and perching on her rear abdomen.

Still holding hands, Liliace brought up Seta’s and kissed a knuckle, then let it rest on one of the full-blown beanbags the alraune sported for breasts. The insectoid hummed a single note and ran her opposite hand down the other’s cheek; Liliace craned her head forward and snaked her slimy tongue between the bridge of a few fingers, slyly acknowledging how much harder it was for Seta to concentrate on swallowing.

By now the monstergirl’s bare gut was toiling to avoid bowing out with several gallons full. Liliace’s intertwined hand slipped between her canyon-like cleavage, and Seta, seemingly exhausted from squatting with her fill, lowered herself onto the squishy shelf of plantgirl belly protruding outwards and scooted her bridging thighs up into the alraune’s tits.

The vine maneuvered into place to rinse Seta’s sticky hand, but the bud then suddenly sealed itself again. “You know...” Liliace smirked. “You could manage filling even *faster*...”

Seta’s eyes did the smiling, her cheeks dimpling as her head shook no, she simply couldn’t, but the way she lovingly squeezed her middle — and now had her hind and abdomen both trickling up in size, it seemed the other could only assert. She whimpered as the vine gently eased the hose to the side, wiggled into her maw, and began steadily pumping its flow. The beegirl raised back her head, wavered her arms for balance, but hardly leaked a drop or spattered from her crammed lips.

Liliace gaped as the gulping was near-constant, Seta’s skin flexed audibly around the rising pool within her, and her weight pressed harder, all despite her toes just about leaving the ground. The beegirl gracefully patted her swelling boobs, comparatively small Hs lifting from her fizzling-sounding front. She bore a proud smile like a dog with two tennis balls in its mouth.



But Liliace was far from letting the other get comfortable — she wanted to make Seta squeal and squirm at the sacrifice of making too much noise, and she possessed just the part to do it.

The vine carefully withdrew and Liliace shushed an objection early and recentered the hose for her. The alraune couldn't help be a gentle giant as she laid a hand on Seta's bloated middle, admiring how pressurized and protruding it was that it parted the green sacs so they were about to graze the ground from spilling off her own tummy.

"Here," Liliace slipped her hand around Seta's back and eased her forwards, fingering the papery wings, forcing the other to grip her waist and turn her head from being smothered against her own bust and belly. "Let's make you feel enraptured..."

The bud snaked behind Seta, and in Liliace's mind's eye she wormed it gradually underneath the heavy abdomen, probing, steering it towards the beegirl's core as the other generously leaned out her hips a little more. "Hhhrrrm~mh!" Seta bleated as the tip grazed her womanhood, then dove in with a quiet squelch.

Liliace was awash in lust from the heat already, like dipping a set of fingers into a rain puddle warmed all afternoon by the ensuing sun. Seta's quim was slick, spreading easily as she was penetrated a hair deeper by the second. Still advancing, the vine became soaked by the beegirl's juices, shameless vocalizations together growing in unbridled tandem as Liliace neared the cervix.

Seta's eyes widened as her cumbersome hips twitched. "Hmmm~aaaah...!" She suddenly spat out the hose, sending a mouthful of water chuting off her tongue. She caught the tube just in time. Her shoulderblades shimmied, her wings buzzed in short bursts. "Liliace...!" she gasped. "Oh, Liliace, please...!"

The alraune had to help move the insectoid's bulk back and forth, and did so tenderly by the tucking her hips around the small of the other's back, even if it was a doorframe in width already. They jostled upon the double-king mattress they laid on together. She thrust with a slight tug of her neck, a flex of the fibrous vine, and struggled to expand it for whatever she could force through it. Her eyes rolled up as it was blissfully cool water, enough to make them shiver, in pressurized, large beads that came like a runaway train, growing from squirts to a full-on stream as the striped, swollen rear finally was propped up.

Liliace plunged in and out rhythmically, their bloated bodies slapping and sloshing, trembling and creaking as they grew. The noises rose as well, to the point it was like a pool party with all the raucous splashing.

As Seta's body crept larger, Liliace felt something slender chafing against her distended vine.

"Sh-Shiiit," Seta panted. "My stinger..."

"Don't worry...!" Liliace rocked her a little more gingerly. "It's to the side — it won't puncture me."

"But it's so sensitiiiv—aaaah...!~" she covered her mouth before her cry carried around the neighborhood. In desperation she fit the hose back in and squeezed her bulbous front and clamped her



thighs, like palish filled trash bags in diameter, harder around the flaring expanse of Liliace's belly beneath her for leverage.

Moisture oozed freely, spilling over the grass. Liliace was expanding so tall and voluminous that her hips were wavering nearer over the neighboring, delicate clusters of flowers. The tops of her breasts were being pulled flatter by the weights drooping off either side, shedding droplets whenever her skin lifted and glunked back down. But the tension, the fullness, the excitement of coupling with Seta was making her oblivious to any consequence. Even—

“Yeow...!” Liliace seized up and turned one of her thighs as she prodded it off the pointed cap of Hamilton gnome. Thank goodness that she didn't crush it or spring a leak as a result, but the rolling and roiling her body caused by the jerk made her hug tight to Seta to the effect the hose splurged from the other's lips again, but their bodies stayed stable. Seta was flushed, ragged and with stiff, swollen arms to match her broad shoulders.

“Just a little more...” Seta pleaded. “Hang onto me and— ohh, mmmngh~!” She leaned back and smooched herself into the top of her abdomen, which its ridge was reminiscent of a honeypot ant.

Liliace squeezed her lids shut as the tightening of loins and heft closed her like a dam. Seta shuddered and made a face as the warmest drips yet curled down from the crest of the alraune's gut. Just the slightest relaxation was enough for the plantgirl to begin pumping a pent-up bubble and an injection of nectar, so much, so fast, the two of them moaned together as Seta's dimensions visibly billowed out, but then promptly settled. Her stomach rollicked and swayed, tender stretch marks marring it like rose-colored marker.

It seemed both of them had had their fun as Liliace painstakingly withdrew.

“I can't move...” Seta muttered through her haze.

“Wait for your strength to come back, honey,” Liliace looked down with a tired smile. The vine flicked remnants off and caressed congratulations along the girl's dresser-sized buttock.

“No, I—I literally can't move...” Seta raised her chin from between her breasts which overflowed her upper arms. “What if I can't reach the hose? What happens if you keep soaking up the water and just... just...”

Liliace shut her eyes briefly as she reached along her nerves to her network of roots below. Water had seeped into such a wide, deep area, it was going to be impossible to shift the hundreds of straws out of the way unless she shoved aside other plants as well and injured them.

She leaned on her forearm, belly bulging out to one side, careful not to stray too close to the gnome. Her eyeline was as high as the porch roof— it was clear there was little room left.

“Liliace...!” Seta looked up pleadingly, the gurgling hose mingling with the sound of rumbling as the alraune adjusted her position.

“Then I burst,” came the reply, a concession with a little laugh. “There are worse things that could happen to me, but what I worry about is you.” She huffed. “Besides, it's going to take a lot more water



to endanger me.” Liliace glanced at the loft window up at the light. The room was dark. Could she stretch out an arm and tap the house to Marji for help?

In fact, maybe she didn’t need Marji. She might not need anything but Seta and a quiet space in nature for themselves.

“Liliace...” Seta began to whine again. “You can pick me up and put me down, right? I’m like a third of your size, I can—”

“I have a question,” Liliace cut in, a dull glint in her ruby eye. “Would you live with me if we ran away together?”

“H—What?” Seta stammered. She pitched her weight from side to side. “I mean, I do love you, but monstergirls getting hooked up off the grid? Especially when I’m earning a diploma still for my hive and queen and all...”

“I am your queen, remember?” Liliace smiled. She intended it as a tease, but she couldn’t conceal the edge to it. The alraune set her jaw and spread her arms slightly, pressing her fingertips to the grass and curling them in. Instead of leaning up straighter, she hunkered down and compressed her body — pond-sized stomach, above-ground pool-sized breasts, and with the extent of her strength she hauled herself forward.

*Crrrrmmbll...*

“What are you doing?” Seta wobbled on her splayed thighs.

Liliace let out a strain as she clawed with her hands like digging herself from quicksand. She pulled herself along with all her might, but let her roots go limp, become unanchored— and the more she started to extend out from the base of her flower, the more of the trailing, thick appendages began to wrap together and bind against themselves as they breached the surface, following each other as if to not get left behind. The ground quaked, even splintered in some places as the giant alraune came away so forcefully.

“Liliaaaace!” Seta shrieked, clinging to both a hulking boob and her own underside.

The plantgirl wasn’t listening, hardly acknowledging the din or the light finally switching on in the loft.

The bird feeder fell; the hostas and fire pink were uprooted. Barking was heard from inside above the opening rift in the terrain.

*Krrrcroooooom...!* At last, with a triumphant sigh and the snap of some final sinews, Liliace separated from her flower with a vicious swing from the serpentine tail made from the tough tangle of roots. Soil showered on the garden — more was trashed as the coiled length wrapped around.

The destruction made Liliace cringe for a moment, but the freedom — the familiarity of being untethered once again — all she could do was beam fearlessly. She inched herself out a little more on her elbow, aware of all her quivering skin, her curves blocking her view and obstructing her movement,





but she held on firmly to the screaming beegirl against her waist as she shuffled her new legs underneath herself and rotated around.

She straightened up to the woods awaiting over the yard's fence, merely a curb to her height now. Liliace began winding and weaving the albeit stubby tail through the garden, propelling herself through the loamy soil and high bushes towards the shed.

Liliace paused at the sight of her vine lying discarded on the grass and the enlarged flower she once sheltered in with its middle hollowed into a cone some two-dozen feet into the earth. It was enough time for Marji to come hobbling out from the porch. Behind the huge green rump sagging onto her tail, Liliace saw the woman waving both arms on the crooked cobblestone. "*Stoppit! I said stoppit!*"

The terror, the anger, the despair the monstergirl witnessed, coupled with the sniffing, weeping Seta cradled in her arms, gave Liliace further hesitation. But this entire night was full of moments she wouldn't want to lose, or have humans try to arrest that experience from her.

Simply giggling, Liliace waved goodbye. "Tell Logan I've moved on."

Turning away, and digging a shallow trench as she bunched and careened forth, Liliace thrashed slowly but surely through the adult trees and precious flora in her way, escaping into the forested area between the homes towards the hills and the concealment of Appalachia to the north, and in her wake, a meager hose trickled out into silence near the orange bloom and the yawning crater that remained.

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Now that it's done, I can say this is a clear continuation to two different stories in the Modern Monstergirls saga at the same time. I think they coalesced well, but throughout I was really conflicted how it would all weave together, and, somehow if I found a bit of inspiration, to keep going.

Back when I first started with 'Out of Drought' I always thought that was a one-off story, until many months later I managed to make it a sequel, and believed the limit would be a trilogy — this one. But as I struggled to imagine an impactful ending to shelve these two main characters, and the side people tied to them, in the falling action I think I just snapped and figured out a way to keep things moving, however out of control.

I handwrote the final 2,000 words or so in my journal in a single sitting before bed, possessed to just see what I could produce with this ending instead of a "Wow, that was fun, come again" sort of angle I had been dragging my heels toward.

I'm excited to write a fourth someday and hope there'll be readers wanting to see it when I get around to it.

Thank you so much for reading.

[Project: "WHAT AM I DuwulNG" / "pseudonymized for this weakness"]

