

Out of Control

Story by Pennsylvania Kite Weather

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The forest's still night air was disturbed by what sounded like a wrecking ball being dragged through a sea of gravel. The dissonant sounds of trees being shouldered through and earth being carved apart were amplified dozens of times from a creature well over a dozen tons.

Giant fern-green hands reached through the gloom to move aside the oaks and evergreens like curtains, and behind their owner, a tightly bunched, trailing mass of oversized roots knocked trunks askew and shook trampled bushes from its tailtip.

Liliace the alraune had the water, size and strength now to move her humanoid upper half and serpentine lower body outside the puny flower she had severed herself from. She had satellite dish-sized stamens sticking out of her scalp and enormous orange petals reaching down as fiery-colored hair to her thick upper arms.

She hugged the obese form of her precious beegirl Seta, who was getting jostled by two quivering breasts with an above-ground pool's volume in each. Her bobbing, blimped stomach grazed the ground on occasion, and if she ducked it bulldozed the shrubs. The fifty-foot plant warded off the tree branches stroking and poking her distended curves, and the boughs were crunching as the alraune determinedly swiped through them.

Seta had been quietly crying ever since she had been carried out of the old author's ruined yard. She was immobilized with a stretched stomach full of caloric sap and water. Adipose and liquid padding weighed her down all over her furry striped abdomen and pale bare buttocks beneath them, verging on the width of a French door. She was just about belly-up staring into Liliace's angry features, being gripped and fumbled in the alraune's groping hands, and a panic was seeping in.

There was no way they ran away without causing a ruckus. The homeowner would call the cops; Seta was practically being abducted! If Liliace was this unstoppable, there could be special agencies involved, and it might take forever for either of them to go back to normal...

The discomfort increased as the alraune squeezed her tight and began to struggle uphill. Wading, coiling, springing, Liliace made Seta teeter in a single hand as the plantgirl used her free one to dig in and pull herself forward with trees and small stony ridges in the incline.

"Can you please slow down...?!" Seta raised her voice and begged. "Please, Liliace, I want to go back home!"

A giant crimson eye with light green sclera regarded her blankly and the beegirl was hoisted to shoulder-height. "We'll make a new home together," Liliace paused to say confidently.

Seta shook like a doughy muffin-sized blob in the giantess' hands as she tried to lean up straighter against the cupped fingers. "Liliace, that can wait until I finish college!"

The alraune moved more methodically as she stroked a digit along the top of Seta's thick, brown shoulder-length hair, and tenderly smoothed over the antennae, much to the smaller girl's chagrin. "...Don't you understand? We love being huge. But those humans — they looked at me all funny like I was crazy. Haven't you had to keep the way you'd like your body to look, to feel — always a secret?"



Seta, her face slack in surprise, had no idea Liliace may have faced similar shame, but then she thought of her roommate who caught her reveling in her fetish. “B-But there’s humans who love big bodies like ours too! I’m dating one! And... I have to go back to her!”

Liliace shook her head, and her petals whispered like papery windchimes. “The both of you would still be part of a world that doesn’t let you be as big and as beautiful as you are...! Seta, let me protect y—”

“Waaaiiee!” The beegirl felt gravity shift as Liliace had crested the hill and was toppling over down the forested, rocky decline with all their incalculable weight. She was swiftly tucked in, smooshed hard against the perfectly smooth, spongy consistency of the alraune’s enormous breast, as a shoulder slammed into the earth.

Liliace laid on her side, her tremendous tail of roots trying to slow the descent by gripping tree trunks, but always snapping them or scrabbling at debris already flattened by the giant monstergirl’s back or backside sliding down the slope.

Seta ceased screaming as Liliace soon rolled onto her back and wedged her like a watermelon between two others, using both hands to compress her as the plantgirl went head-first to the bottom.

When the rumbling stopped and both could relax, Seta wriggled up from the waxy crevice of plant fibers and laughed in relief at the wincing, smiling Liliace. “...You’re amazing,” the beegirl admitted.

“Is it really all so bad?” Liliace gently asked with a coo, her forearms tucking beneath her chest.

Seta was lovingly squeezed and sank back down between the lightly undulating mounds. A clear night sky visible through the thinned trees. “Can we just like, not be on the run forever though?”

“I’ll have to replant myself eventually... Until then, no more vine, no more feeding. Just you and I and your squishy little body...” This time when Liliace touched a finger to smooth along Seta’s head, there was a brief, elated buzz of useless wings humming in her cleavage, like a cell phone vibrating only once.

The fleshy bee groaned in pleasure as a set of digits teased about by rolling in a circle on her vast belly, barely visible over her eye-popping bust. A fat leg tried to lift in a sensual reply. “I could get used to you groping me all over. I feel like a little insect, like a bloated mosquito...” she sighed.

And still, Seta believed that maybe in a few days a search party would find her. Maybe the novelty of these sizes would wear off and they’d go back together. All she could do was hope when it was over, this tryst might be determined to be no fault of her own.

She felt bad that Liliace would, to others’ assumptions, be the “bigger” monster. But couldn’t there be a way to make everyone else see the delicate flower the alraune was, and help her companion find solace in human relationships, as she did?

After all, Seta knew she’d be unharmed, just as Liliace began to roll over with her in-hand. The plantgirl dragged herself with her tail slaking behind her into a flatter copse of trees and knocked over a few more by setting her inflated curves on their side.

The beegirl found her distended front nestled against the apex of the gurgling green stomach and the underside of a turgid breast. She was steadied there by a loosely curled hand out of view with a ridge of digits toying with her buttock.



Seta breathed deeper on the expanse of her tits squished in front of her, a position not unlike when she was left as an air-tight orb after revealing her secrets to Rania. As her eyelids began to shut, the beegirl hoped she'd dream of a rosy relationship developing the same way...

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Marji called me at 3:15 in the morning in a panic. Did I hear or did I see a giant plantgirl moving through the neighborhood? And then I was given a dire list of what was destroyed in her backyard.

I told her to hang up with me and call the police, and I'd be over first-thing at dawn. Even though I tried to get more sleep, I just couldn't.

My mistakes weighed on me like a winter jacket as I drove my used compact around to the street that lined the hillier woods. The filtered morning summer sun illuminated my tired blue eyes in the rearview mirror, and the swept bangs of my hastily rinsed and combed light-brown hair.

There were only a group of strangers milling on the sidewalk before Marji's triangular A-frame house, which was unique amongst the squarish suburban one-and-a-half-story flats that dominated this cozy development. I parked along the curb and stepped out to grab the bagged newspaper hanging from her mailbox flag.

A woman in a purple hoodie not unlike my green one broke away from the other onlookers by stepping over the leashed Labradoodle at her feet. "Are you the plant killer?" she asked innocently.

Reflexively, I scoffed, for though I'd call her my neighbor I've never met, I didn't realize how the word got around since last summer. "The alraune is the plant killer," I answered bluntly and continued towards the home's side on a stone path marked in the lawn, with blooming rhododendrons to my right.

"Well, we were just saying we're all lucky there wasn't any damage to everyone else's homes," the woman rambled. "Considering it must've grown back. Just everyone's a bit worried that..."

My focus was on a large bra hanging from a bush's branch by the hose's knob. The open gate to the backyard invited me in.

And there I finally saw the destroyed majesty of Marji's garden: a pile of upheaved earth and a large, shriveled orange flower inside a tangled mess of wire fence. The ground was mangled into a trough, and several trees were leaning over in opposite directions. The largest beds, and at least twenty feet of perimeter fencing, were flattened before the same winding pattern continued into the woods.

"She's practically a snake...!" I said aloud, and only noticed Marji when she turned in her iron chair, the patio table beside her.

The British author appeared drained of color and cheer, now that the hysteria of the call was long over. A pen in her wrinkly hand clicked over and over again as she waited for me to come nearer, a shawl over her freckly shoulders and blanket over her lap like she tried to sleep there but hadn't moved for a while. "I'm ruined, Logan," she spoke forlornly, and even her accent was subdued. "This cou'be the death of me."

"I'm... sorry, Marji," was all I could offer, besides the newspaper I laid on the table.



“I’s can’t meet the deadline for me next book *and* replant everything at once,” she continued gravely. It worried me I’d be accused, again, of destroying property, but this time by who was usually the kindest person I knew.

“W-Well, me and I’m sure the neighbors would be willing to lend a hand with the garden...!”

“I cannae *focus* on the garden right noo,” the Geordie insisted, threatening to crack the pen’s plastic case. “That gerl; there ‘us this big lass I’d never seen who must’a trespassed and overwatered Liliace. But the fact tha’ alraune *took* ‘er with ‘er...! I don’t get it, I simply don’t!”

“Where’s the police...?”

“Called three times and I’s jess get told they’re sending summ’un... I’s want them to start tracking them doon already. I have soo many notes of what I’s witnessed...!” She reached and absently circled an entire page of the notebook on the table. “I’s want ‘em t’ first trace whose clothes those’re in th’ grass over there...!” Marji pointed with her sandal.

Another voice, a young city-woman’s, came up behind me. “They’re Seta’s. They’re my roommate’s.”

There was a Black girl carrying the limp bra, and a Caucasian companion of hers with deep-dark hair holding up her phone sideways. Both looked college-aged and might be members of Marji’s book club.

“Rania! Skye! You girls!” she hoisted herself out of her chair.

Rania had thick hair of thin strands which twirled down her shoulders and ended blonde. “Knew something was wrong when my roommate never answered her texts. But this looks like she was fuckin’ kidnapped. Who’s this guy?”

“Logan here gave me Liliace, and Liliace gave me...” Marji despondently slapped her thighs. “So was it you who brought that beegirl here...?!”

I slapped my forehead. None of us could have seen this coming, but still.

Rania was already rooting through Seta’s clothes to retrieve a cellphone. Upon checking the locked screen, she resigned to stowing it in her jean short pocket. “All I did was tell her there’s a girl living here in a flower who can absorb water and stuff. How was I supposed to know she’d get a rideshare or something...?!”

“You’s never told me you live with one ‘o those *creatures!*” Marji clutched both her elbows, hurt.

I interjected. “We can argue all we want.” I prepared to dial the emergency number again. “But I think we’re all responsible in some ways for this, and we’ve got to start by getting the police involved.”

“The police won’t be necessary,” came a confident woman’s voice. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Skye had turned towards a group in business attire entering the yard.

It belonged to— by far the biggest woman I’d ever witnessed in-person. The obese lady looked like a lawyer in her 3XL blue blouse and cinnamon-brown open vest, parted from an overgrown melon-shaped middle and a dark belt squeezing it like a rubber band. Her long hair with curvy ends matched her overwear’s hue, and though her cone-like stacked legs waddled unsteadily on the grass in her black dress shoes, her round face still glowed.



“Your name’s Logan, isn’t it, from the report in this neighborhood last year? I’m Karla. We’re from the Moequa Corporation. We’re the company that documents, supports, and protects women and men of extra-human descent.” She offered a hand. “And this is my assistant, Regina.”

Despite her unremarkable name, this adult monstergirl who sauntered up had the tail of an *actual* snake. She had to be at least eighteen feet long from her head to her skinny tailtip which trailed out the yard, with shiny plate-grey, almost olive-green scales on top. But despite looking more of a lithe water-swimmer than a thick constrictor or cobra, her black blazer cut off at her waist to show a trim set of abdominals, and to each side a yellow-tan coloration that matched her scaled underside. A pair of thin black pinstripes also ran down either flank and disappeared down her pencil skirt.

As Regina took off and folded her sunglasses, the whites of her eyes were more of cloudy grey instead, with even inkier, vertical slits sizing me up. Framed by obsidian, straight hair, her charming face was a tad wider, squarer than most; a mouth like that could stuff a tennis ball or chicken’s egg in it for fun...

I gulped so I didn’t smile and shook her slender, oddly cold hand next. “I’m not under arrest, am I?” my voice wavered, just like it did answering the door last year for the deputies.

“Well, not yet,” Karla replied cheerfully. “That depends on if we can see you’ve let this alraune of yours go on a rampage on purpose.”

“/ let?” I bristled. “She kind of has a mind of her own, obviously.”

The lamia chipped in icily with a little smirk. “She’s under your care if she resides on your property and you provide for her for more than two days.”

“Well, the blame isn’t bloody going t’me now, issit?” Marji blurted out.

Regina held up her hand. “If I could speak to who knows the most about the woman who disappeared from here last night,” came her calm reply. “Karla can interview the homeowner and the alraune’s caretaker.”

Rania came forward with the bundle of Seta’s clothes in her arms and pushed them into Skye’s hands. “Better than talking to the cops, I guess,” she answered, aloof and frowning.

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Seta was dreaming. She was stumbling into the center of her hive through castlelike doors of the towering, multi-story, hollow structure her community inhabited, with all its cozy apartments lining the perimeter walls. The huge rotunda was tinged orange from a brilliant sunset leaking through the giant, hexagonal glass panels at the top of the narrowing peak; while normally by day, the rays would illuminate a giant throne chiseled for a 24-foot queen, all that was the bottom floor was instead a pool of golden honey, faintly glistening like the surface of a lake.

Seta was starving. She leapt into it naked, propelling her usual-old, slimmer-yet-still-voluptuous self and spent a moment hovering on the sticky surface before its quicksand consistency sucked her in up to the thighs.

Seta was in bliss. She slurped, lapped and licked, swallowing seemingly every second just to cram as much of it into herself, and felt its weight knotting in her stomach. In her dream, she could be at this nonstop...!



However, Seta was not alone. The back of the extensively long brown hair of her queen rose like a monolith from the opposite edge of the pool. The honey uncharacteristically rippled like water in a quake as the tall woman stood, and sheeted off the ends of her glossy strands. Lifting from the honey was an enormously round, striped abdomen above a pendulous posterior.

Seta was in awe. She was imagining her queen naked, and *fat* — but with such luscious, tight curves apparent as the monarch rotated slowly around to face her. The low light revealed not the royal's expression, but the copious honey clung like a form-fitting dress to a bowed belly hanging just below her crotch, mammoth thighs that swayed as they moved through the molasses like milk, and breasts with lipidic inverted nipples half-visible through the sweet, shimmering film.

“You think you can outgrow your own queen?” came a syrupy voice dripping with content confidence.

Seta was defiant. “Watch me!” she boasted, bending right over and trying to shovel the honey in on her tongue. Then she tried to take handfuls, not managing to lift one to her mouth as her wrists and forearms sank into the sludge. She wasn't sure if she was eating or drinking it as she soon perceived her vision filming over with dark gold and miniscule bubbles.

But Seta was absolutely ballooning in size; she felt the pressure from the growth of all her body parts pushing to displace the honey around her. She was inches, then a foot below the surface, feeling her warm, ticklish belly scrape the smooth polished ground of the pool. A tremble coursed through, then another, almost as if the queen was approaching to fish her out. But she wanted to be much too heavy even for that...!

Seta's headrest quivered as she stirred from a gentle voice carrying right into her ears. “Good moorning, Seta...”

Before the beegirl could sit up straight and process where she was, and if she was different from the body she possessed in the dream, she was clutched in a hand as easily as a beanbag. Lofted, still hundreds of pounds heavier than any obese woman had any right to be, she felt like a teddy bear filled with gel instead of fuzzy stuffing. She was dumped on her belly on Liliace's own.

The alraune's was still massive like a foyer-sized, plastic-smooth hill that sank like a trampoline. Between the nipless breasts sagging to either side, Liliace's beaming face looked Seta's way.

“You moan when you sleep,” the plantgirl remarked.

“Only when I'm dreaming of something hot. Someone hot, like my queen.”

“Oh?” Liliace raised a hand and tenderly touched the bumblebee's wing with just her little finger's tip. A string of curled digits then ran through her enlarged abdomen's hairs. “I'm jealous. I don't have dreams.”

Seta tried to scooch higher to reach out her arms and touch even the slightest patch of giant, green underboob, but there was over a thousand pounds of tummy cementing her in a pool of her own flesh. “Mnnh... Really? If you sleep most of the day and night in your petal cocoon, you just... don't think of anything?”

“Nothing,” the alraune answered softly. “I have very vague shapes in my mind. Hardly any sensations or feelings.” Her bare arms folded like two drawbridges behind her head, her body basking in the morning sun's glory. “Being awake, active, revered... I suppose it's all I crave.”

Seta frowned a bit, letting her chin rest on the trough of her fatty udders. Liliace just seemed to be wired differently than even most monstergirls who behaved half-human. The plantgirl was almost part-



animal— primitive, innocent, relying on instinct instead of norms, with all the volatility of a powder keg the way Seta always saw the disarming upturns on the corners of the alraune's lips.

Liliace had to get excited in *some* way, Seta thought. And yet it was only the beegirl who possessed a womanhood to tingle with need as she pushed her face down into her own pillowy mounds and groaned, grinding her swelling nips into the oblivious giantess.

Seta moaned. "Fuuuuck, I don't know if I need a bath, real food, or more sex."

Liliace then rolled her hips, causing a throe all the way to her tailtip, which pushed over another weak sapling somewhere with a distant crackling and thud. She again groped Seta from below, a grip on her smaller lover like a big ball of pizza dough to her chest. She leaned on one elbow, looking at the tranquil forest ahead. "Let's see what we find, hmm?"

Between Liliace's shoulderblades, there was a stable enough space for Seta to ride on the plantgirl's back. The beegirl was sitting up, propped up by her fat ass and rear abdomen. Liliace crawled low to the ground with her thick arms and tail, compressing her resilient, bloated front which glunked and rumbled like the containers of ten water trucks were rolling through the trees.

Seta rocked worse than a boat, blinking blearily into the treetops as the collisions of her fat areas against each other made her drool. With every movement of Liliace's sinews, each pull through the earth, Seta would tilt to either side, pressing buttock upon abdomen, upon love handle, upon belly, upon breast, ricocheting softly every time. Her arms laid uselessly on either side of herself, only raking a bit of her copious flesh.

"Liliaaaace..." Seta whined, her brow knit. "If I cum on your back, you'd better not grow anymore."

There was a curtain swish of orange hair petals being tossed, and Liliace narrowed an eye over her shoulder. "Hee-hee, if I don't find water in the next few minutes, I'm coming after your nectar."

Seta's eyelids fluttered closed as she imagined the presence of a massive tongue probing between her chunky legs. Or a finger. She'd probably burst like a blister.

"Grass is getting more lush..." Liliace sighed as she tousled a patch of turf in a fist. "I can almost taste it... A pond...!"

The figurative oasis took a moment to come into view beyond the rowboat-sized hair petals of the alraune pulling herself closer. To Liliace's size, it was about the surface area of an office desk. Its murkiness concealed its shallowness to Seta as she hovered over it on her perch like an apple about to go bobbing, in size and in shape.

Part of the soft bank collapsed under Liliace's heft and a hand attempting to balance herself.

"Oops," the alraune giggled. "Good thing I can rid this of all its water." She reached her arm around to her opposite shoulder and caught Seta who was sliding off her tilted back.

"God... Liliace, you're already big enough!" the beegirl bemoaned. Her companion carefully positioned her at wading depth to stand in. But as Seta tilted her head back and the giant's hand was taken away, she groaned and collapsed on her tush with a mighty splash.

"You don't want these curves to *shrink*, do you~?" Liliace teased. The plantgirl's hand wandered up between her boobs, squeezing one like a slippery waterlogged stress ball in her fingers. "Just to help me top up."



And then, she pitched onto one side and reached over her friend. Liliace opened the other palm and pressed it flat to the pond's bottom. It was quieter but as fast as a bathtub draining, though soon her body rumbled above it. She sighed and gently closed a fist as if clutching a volume of liquid inside while it all receded below her wrist.

"Thaaat's right..." the alraune shut her eyes and explored her swelling bust by touch. Groping again, green flesh bulged from between the bridges of her fingers before she let it go and distend, swat her chest from underneath, and laugh as she quivered from it clapping violently off the top of her bloated stomach. With a pause, basking in the few moments left of her minute expansion, Liliace eased forward to offer herself.

Seta waited like a water tower was leaning in slow motion to come down to kiss her from behind. And despite how instinctively she cried out playfully for fear of being crushed, she reared up with a stretch of her spine and buzz of her wings and let her face full-on smack into the balloons. She even raised her arms, weighed down like a grocery bag was clutched in each, and embraced the hundreds of pounds of cool, dew-scented girth.

Seta tried to bite, but Liliace's tit was too big and turgid to fit around. Yet it compressed delightfully, swallowing up her face and even blotting the edges of her ears, pushing back her antennae. There was no heartbeat to hear, but deep, slow-motion sloshing of the alraune's respiration.

She could be buried underneath this beautiful woman for ages. Underboob compressed down on her heavier, and *heavier*...

And relented just in time. "Okay," Liliace giggled. "Before I flatten you like a bug..."

"Liliace, I..." Seta immediately reached up after her, and motioned for even part of the belly lounging behind her. "I want to go again."

The plantgirl inclined her chin and began to lift Seta out of the empty pond. "Oh...! Oh, I see...~"

In moments they found the perfect position. Liliace sat up — barely — and let her tail stretch before her; it tucked itself all with in the damp crater. The base of it was smothered by her space-dominating belly. Her middle's volume leaned her back slightly, but with a hand behind on the ground to right herself, the resilient and flexible creature hunkered and hunched down to aim to bring her face closer to the lovely insect who poked out from between the cleavage of her giant breasts.

Seta ran her hands over them hugging her sides as she wriggled; her near-useless legs were split around the start of Liliace's thumb. The span before the bend in it was the perfect length, thickness, and angle to grind against. Her companion's fist beneath her was rotated vertically and practically stashed away while anchored on the top of her tummy, so it moved up when Liliace's seat did; clumsy, intermittent hip-lifts that jostled everything—as if making the grassy ground shift like the middle of a trampoline.

"Liliaaace..." Seta groaned after another tremoring thump.

"Yes...?"

"I love you...!"

"Heh... Awww..." the alraune cooed, large lips brushing the side of Seta's head.

Thoomp. Gloonk. Anytime Seta would moan, Liliace laughed softly, or offered a dry kiss against the temple, or blew lightly on the antennae.



The beegirl panted openly, so hard it reached across the space to Liliace's neck. She had to be hydrating the plantgirl off her gushing juices, the accumulating sweat, even the drool from trying to give hickeys to the bottom of the face cozied up to her. "Hah-harder...!"

Liliace shifted to get the joint, the crook of her thumb wedged underneath Seta's sex. No bone, but a more-pronounced ridge to mash against.

And it took so much effort to even curl her toes, to keep her eyes open. Liliace just boundlessly kept bouncing her over and over and over. "Ohhhh... OHHHH..." Small fingers knurled, bracing, into the immense crevice fluffing her still.

"Go on..."

"Errrhhaahhh...!~" Seta's orgasmic cry pierced the woods. As she shuddered and the nigh-invisible spasms of her pelvis weakened, her breath forced itself through her nose while she gnawed on her bottom lip. So good, so *bad*, even tears streaked down her cheeks.

"There there, honey," Liliace told her saintly. With a slow-motion flop, she laid back with Seta and kept her tucked lovingly between her chest. Stickier smooches from the sap that welled up on her tongue went on for minutes more.

Seta languidly chased the sweet taste of it, letting it gum up her grinning face.

There was maybe no better gratefulness she could feel than cuddling into the body of her giant new girlfriend.

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An hour passed while Marji and I told Karla our stories, and Rania to Regina. Two men in suits also wandered in to take pictures for Moequa's records and share that they had gotten the neighbors out front to disperse.

The big woman, while chatting and reading Marji's notes, had somehow spent all this time wedged in one of those antiquated iron chairs without it collapsing, and put the pages aside. "So here's what we can do. Logan, you said Liliace seemed to like you when you cared for her in the drought year. You'll join our efforts to track her down. We need to negotiate to let her Seta friend go. And, having her pledge to settle somewhere safe would be best, either in the wild or with a volunteer we know." A simple nod. "You, if it can be done."

Marji shook her head. "He maybes won't help, I must say. Logan — before she went, she's wanted me to tell you's she's moved on."

I was in two minds, sitting opposite the Moequa rep with my hands in my hoodie pockets; I wanted to help — and needed to in order to dodge any further consequences, as explained to me — but a longer stay with Liliace *seemed* far from the peaceful life I wanted back, although close to the companionship I craved from somebody. "What can I even do at this point?" I asked, slumping back in my seat.

"Come with us, and Marji can stay," Karla endeared. "Doesn't it sound exciting, a little? And you have our guarantee to keep you safe."

"You have an approach for a giant plantgirl who's some two stories tall," I stated in skepticism.



“Regina is an expert in restraint, and she’s quicker than she looks. We also have an attack force at our disposal if needed,” she offered. “But I have a feeling the last thing you want is her slashed into ribbons or put full of holes, even if she is sort of immortal from the roots-down.”

Despite how I knew more of Moequa as the monstergirl diplomats, rather than the assassins, I grimaced a bit, believing it. “Ok, but you said there’s a van to go in?”

“It may not be enough room for everyone to go together,” Karla replied. “Considering...”

Regina came gliding up. “Rania agrees to come along,” the agent beamed. I stared at the steadily sidwinding, slate-colored tail as it followed the monstergirl, but I also realized her chest was naturally small, perhaps nonexistent.

The Black girl had to skip over the elongated body coiling up on the grass beneath its host, but her glare at me looked scarily determined.

Karla opened and showed five fingers. “With our two bodyguards, me, Rania here, and Regina, who coils up in the back of our vehicle, I’m afraid you’ll need to follow us in yours. ...I take up two seats in the back row, uhuhu.”

My head shook. “Alright then.”

“And please,” Regina arched her back and stooped to gaze levelly into my eyes. I always imagined snake people to emphasize their “S”s or flick around a forked tongue, but she only just faintly breathed a metallic smell on me. “Don’t drive off or wander by yourself. We have a good idea where the alraune might be going, if we use the records we know of other species and bodies of water out there.”

“The butterfly ‘n the squirrel, eh?” Marji seemed to recall; a story Liliace shared of her past, maybe.

“So can we all friggin’ go already? It’s going to rain tonight.” Rania waved an arm that it was time for Skye to leave too, who was playing tug-o-war using a knotted sock with the author’s dog on a leash lashed to the shut patio door.

As we left into the side yard, I took a moment to inspect the bushes again, just to slow down and fall in stride with the stranger.

“Do you have a problem with me?” I asked Rania sotto voce.

Her volume was unfiltered as she looked straight ahead. “You grew a flower that took my girlfriend. You better hope she’s ok, or I swear... to fucking God...”

Her dark eyes shot me a look that robbed me of words and slowed my steps. Skye passed me with a similar cross, contemptuous frown.

“Ah...” Standing there, it was a miracle how I could even stave off processing all this so I wouldn’t shut down from my inactions. The wooden gate clunking shut behind me rattled me. Looking back, I saw Marji peering an eye between the top arch and a post.

“On ye go, go on,” she urged before she disappeared, and it seemed to be the only indicator of someone believing in me.

With the engine humming in the car over my thoughts, I waited as the four Moequa members and Rania piled into an unmarked black van and began leading the way to the remote routes of the county.



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Seta whooped. “I’m doing it!” That something was, very minimally, walking again. Arms out to either side, skimpy wings buzzing to correct herself, the rotund beegirl was working her bicycle tire-round legs, grunting with gratitude that she was going back to normal.

A body so big fed on nothing but semi-liquid sweetness could indeed burn it off so easily. She felt Liliace’s looming gaze on her as the alraune crept at a snail’s pace courteously behind her.

“Come on, can’t I carry you again?” the plantgirl pouted, leaning over the swell of her breasts, each green and giant as a garbage truck. And her stomach’s volume, like a detached garage, threatened to brush the ground, but could probably push Seta in the back of the head if the smaller one straightened her spine.

“Only if we’re going near a hill...!” Seta replied, panting now, tongue lolling like a happy dog. The pounds had to be sublimating off of her with all her nakedness exposed to the woods. “...Hohhhh... Where are we even at, anyway?”

Liliace bent aside a treetop, like a broccoli floret up at her brow and made a face. She had lost quite a few feet, Seta could tell. “I vaguely know where this is. Certainly won’t be any humans still.”

“Gooood... Gahhh...” Seta finally had to stoop over and take one of her loads off — her pendulous stomach. The shaded grass was pleasant on her perspiring pores.

The alraune took the breather as a moment to lounge, laying ever so carefully on her side with an arm stretched out to support her smiling face on her bicep. There was quiet for a moment as Seta toddled sideways and pressed herself against one of Liliace’s cushy breasts. The beegirl heard the plant skin faintly bubbling, and then, to her surprise, a serene, distant voice...

“It was this way...”

Seta bounced up straight from leaning on her giant lover. “Your Majesty?!” Liliace immediately squashed her defensively to her breast.

Peeking around a large pine tree was only an average-height, elegantly thin, beautifully hued butterfly woman with sunset-orange streaks in her hair and wide black wings, spotted with white, and a featherlight dark draping dress over her aging body.

Behind her, a girl with stubby antennae, wide-eyed with similar straight brown hair like Seta, leaned out just enough to show a glimpse of silvery round bee wings.

“Hey!” Seta gaped, keeping her upper torso turned into Liliace but straining her neck to see if she recognized the hive dweller.

The other insect gasped and fled. The butterfly lady tried to reach for a hand and was too late, chuckling. “Oh goodness,” she then shook her head sadly. “I suppose anyone would run when there’s two scary large creatures in these woods.”

She stepped forward, an unbothered, understanding smile on her angular features. “That’s you, isn’t it, Liliace?”



The giantess, as she propped herself up on an elbow and let go of Seta, tried to pull herself closer and had her jaw slack, aghast. “Wh-Who are you again?” she asked the delicate stranger, shifting her rumbling weight.

The butterfly had lovely fairy lashes that were long and curled at the outer ends. Her narrow, dark orange eyes had white blotchy pupils, blinking charmingly as her soft wrinkles scrunched. “I’m Miralis. I know, I look quite different. It’s been years. You’ve... certainly grown, hmm-hmm!”

There was something light and youthful about her mood and tone, despite the faint scratch in her voice. Her thin and curling, tumbling off-black locks swayed as she tilted and turned her head. “Who is this? Same hive as the little one?”

Seta again felt Liliace’s hand close like a swaddling stack of oversized pool noodles cupping her broad belly. They were both returning visitors to their former neck of the woods. “Seta is my... good friend,” Liliace answered, trying to smile with the same grace. “That’s not to say you aren’t, too, it’s just... my memory has... have I been away that long?”

Miralis nodded sagely. “It has, it has.” As a green index finger slipped from Seta’s front to the butterfly’s head, the thin lady giggled as it lifted her chin. “The first spring we met and enjoyed each other’s company, that was the happiest season of my life. I envy your ageless body. And your *full figure*. Your body’s *enormous*.”

“It’s a long story how I... got here. And came back,” said Liliace forlornly.

“Don’t you worry,” Miralis grinned. “I’m content seeing you once again. This is, can I say, the sexiest you’ve ever been, ha ha ha...!” She came up and put a hand on the alraune’s chin and another to steady herself against a breast bulging out from underneath Liliace laying there.

“And you, Seta,” she continued, drifting to huddle into the sliver of space between the two larger bodies. “You’re the biggest bee I’ve ever seen.”

Seta smiled softly at the delicate touch to her shoulder as Miralis’ reedy frame brushed up against her bloated gut. Maybe this was how Liliace felt squashing her curves against somebody smaller. By the butterfly’s admission, perhaps Miralis hadn’t met the queen, but if there were youth who wandered out and met Miralis... how close was Seta to home? “Alraune nectar is... addictive, heh,” was all she could manage to say.

“Oh, it tastes divine,” Miralis replied, cuddling into a spot where she could rub the side of Liliace’s tummy with one arm and place the underside of a cool breast against the left of her face, nudging Seta’s front with a hip. “I never got as heavy as you. I liked being light enough to step into Liliace’s petal cocoon and embrace face-to-face all night.

“You don’t mind me sharing the love for a bit, do you two?” she then asked, coming out of her cavity to play with Seta’s navel. “Just a little bit. And then I’ll let you two have all the time in the world.”

Liliace had been so quiet, Seta flinched a bit at her voice and her enormity moving once more. “Why...?” She pulled away and curled herself, leaning on the ground on her forearm, eyes insistent. “Why are you talking like that? And why can I not remember us together so well?” Seta saw the alraune wincing, pain apparent in her wavering voice.

Miralis opened her arms, the draperies of her dark dress dangling as she gestured for a hug. “Oh, Liliace... I’m not upset. You didn’t know my people live short lives?”



Liliace laid down, snaking her entire body around the smaller pair in a wide circle, arms crossed underneath her body. She struggled to extract her hands and clutch her temples, reaching through her hair petals, and her gaze bored into the earth. “But... Wh-Why did I just leave you?”

Seta hefted her paunch and tried to waddle for the plantgirl’s elbow for a comforting hand, and Miralis was faster than her. “There, there,” the butterfly began. “I didn’t know how you managed to disappear, but I’m sure you had your reasons. There was a brutal summer.”

“But now...!”

“Yes, Liliace, I’m afraid so. I am dying.”

“No!” she bellowed. Liliace pushed herself up so quick, the base of her tail coiling up to support her, Seta could feel the air rush on her back, rear abdomen and behind like they were jostled by a passing subway train. “Please don’t say that! I-I feel so guilty!” The shadow of her pitiful wretched face hung overhead as too her fists, gut and boobs. “And I can’t be with you... Not when humans are after us... Not ever again...!”

Seta watched her titanic, trembling companion with unease. How could a thirty-foot creature be left alone to calm down when it seemed she wanted to cling to this other lady instead...?

“It’s alright, Liliace,” Miralis assured her quietly. “Tell me what’s happening, and know I’ll be right here...”

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“No...!”

A wave of sound hitting my car made it practically drift sideways for a second. I slammed on my brakes at about the same time as the Moequa van just ahead of me. That was the same bellowing as when I had Liliace in my backyard.

It was just our two vehicles stopped on a two-lane rural road that stretched on and on through areas of trees and overgrown fields. I’d lost cellphone and GPS signal minutes ago.

I rolled down the window right away and shouted at the van. “That’s her!”

I parked and watched the van doors fly open. Regina had snaked her way down the step and wholly into the grass before I could even get out of my car.

I stood out and faced the woods, witnessing Rania and the two men scramble from the vehicle too. The agents certainly looked more human with the whites of their eyes open, sunglasses left behind as late afternoon grey clouds formed overhead. The trio began hurrying into the forest gloom, the trees only getting more dense for them to weave between.

A final door thud happened after Karla tipped herself out of her seat. She sighed and looked up, waddling to me without her jacket, showing her pillowy upper arms. “Hopefully,” she beamed widely, “how close that sounded means we don’t have to walk very far. I don’t quite see her in the treetops.”

“Maybe she shrank,” I surmised, scanning the same things. “Is now a good time to ask a question?”

“Only if I can hold your hand.” A pause. “I’m in heels.”



I kept the Moequa rep steady as she maneuvered into the grass. “Okay, first,” I began, a different thought top-of-mind. “Why are you going in there with me?”

“That’s a great question,” Karla replied in good humor. “I can’t really answer—unless, you want to go groping around under my clothes, trying to find what thing I have with me.”

“...I won’t. Then, if my entire neighborhood was able to suspect that an alraune burst apart in my backyard, why didn’t your gang visit me first to interrogate me?”

The woman wore a steady smile. “Oh, simple. Everyday police care about the property damage and disturbing the peace when it comes to these species. We looked at your background and saw nothing that alarmed us and we just... did nothing. Because we assumed she’d regrow. You’d both get a second chance to have a sweet, little mutually beneficial relationship. Couldn’t predict you’d share her with somebody else.”

I felt my lip quiver. So many screwups from everyone.

Karla stopped me at some small shrubs and slapped me in the back. “Go. Run. There’s no way either of the four of them deescalate this.”

So I took off, further aimlessly into the woods. I cast a look back at the Moequa rep taking her first wading step into the softer earth and scattered foliage, and just went for it. I didn’t know what Liliace would do, or I’d do.

Or what I was doing in general pulling out my compass app and continuing to head east-northeast. I went in a straight line and deviated only for the trees; pines that blotted the sparse light from the sky. When I skirted under yet another and kicked a pinecone, I remembered the time I had tossed one at the window of the girl I wanted to take to senior prom. It didn’t work and just pissed off her dad that night. I was never going to throw something at Liliace, or to distract her, so...

After sprinting over the straw, shouldering low boughs, I suddenly came across Rania coming the opposite way in a hurry.

“Move!” she snapped, her eyes wild with disbelief. “I need to tell the fat lady to flip the kill switch!”

“Why?!” I shouted back. No answer.

And so, I came to a clearing where many trees were askew, a trough wound its way further into the woods, and two wildly contrasting figures were sheltered behind the bent-over silhouette of a gigantic green one, whose tail loomed overhead before her within reaching distance of me... and the two injured men crawling and dragging themselves towards me.

“Don’t take photos...!” a whale of a beegirl shrieked at me and my phone, her flabby arms crossed over a fat, *fat* chest. A hand of the alraune’s scooted her back.

I pocketed my device and stepped between the retreating agents. But where was Regina...?

“You...” Liliace leered down with her blemishless face, rocking herself and her crushing curves to straighten up. “...Logan? ...What are *you* doing with these people?”

It struck me I’d never seen her in reality this huge... at least, not upright. “I... just wanted to share that,” I didn’t mean to shake my head, “this group told me I can have you back nice and safe at my home, if you want to.”



“You liar...!” her mouth gaped. “They said I’ll either surrender, or they’ll pop me...!”

I glanced at the others. While the beegirl cowered, face and all, I locked eyes with a pale lady with vibrant, thin wings. She had her arms folded loosely with the least of concern, and though her face drooped a bit, it had this perfect symmetry like her monster features. Her eerie pupils exuded what I felt was some distant and undimnable light contrary to her age, emanating compassion, curiosity, and a confidence in me. Who was she?

The butterfly woman calmly shrank back further into Liliace’s shadow as the alraune persisted.

“Well?! Even YOU popped me!”

“And that w-was a mistake, and I’m sorry!” I held up both hands and they soon clasped. “You have every right to be angry, Liliace. But I just wanna make it up to you if you’d let me.” And solve everyone’s issues, too. If all she needed was a place to mack on her new fling, the obese bee, I’d live with that—literally live. “If you just need privacy and the space to love somebody...”

“LOVE?!” screamed Liliace. I shielded myself as the tailtip whipped down in front of her, slithered tightly around her soft left hip, and thrust herself forward with a levering, sweeping motion that showered dirt and gravel to the side behind her.

“I don’t love, you idiot! I lust!” She groped herself—sank her fingers forcefully into her enormous breasts so that her skin was tinged with pale spots from the water trapped underneath. She pressed them together in happy hysteria. “Being big is liberating...! I want to be so big, so resilient, so invincible, so... so seen, that—!”

“Liliace...!” Seta piped up.

The alraune’s face fell. With dread, she let herself go and turned not towards her fat friend to her left, but to her right.

Walking slowly around her, I saw the butterfly woman crumpled face-down as Liliace’s tail slowly slunk back towards the center of her mass.

“No...” Liliace dragged herself around and stagger-wobbled onto her stomach. “Noooo...~” A shaky hand picked up the old monstergirl like a discarded doll. The sadness in her voice formed a fog of tears in my eyes, but even briefly, I could see the limp woman smiling. I thought of forgiveness.

The alraune set her down gingerly before she reared up and pounded her fists so hard, coiling herself, the earth shook and I fell on my backside. “NOOOOO!” she howled to the heavens with her arms under her at full stretch.

Then, I saw the lamia who must’ve snuck around the clearing dive from the tallest tree. In an instant Regina landed on the back of Liliace’s neck like a boa, a living garotte, and bent her upper body over the slender wrist that came up to swipe. Like a trapeze artist, the agent lunged back underneath the collar to tackle the other flailing limb. Regina wound herself deftly to leave the alraune stuck in a pose between scratching the back of her head with one hand and trying to take off an astronaut helmet with the other.

As Regina squeezed like a choker, she grimaced at me and rolled with Liliace seized on her side with a cacophony of shifting gravel. I knew it wasn’t like the alraune would soon run out of air. But the giantess was clearly struggling, more so trying not to thrash about and flatten more people.



“You stupid... dumb... traitor...!” Liliace grunted, mashing a shoulder and her swell into the ground, finally getting a set of fingers around Regina’s upper back and a thumb underneath her tail. There was a brief, rough tug, another scream, and the snake loosened her hold immediately, like the knot on a shoelace coming undone.

Regina writhed flat on the ground a few yards from me, clutching her abdomen, tail kinked in agony, but Liliace only dragged herself away.

“Leave us alone...!” the alraune begged and wouldn’t face us as she hitched up Seta, who was waiting for Liliace to wait. More dirt spattered, stumbling me right back down again. Like an out-of-control train, I heard and watched her tail of roots propel her deeper into the forest, silencing a din that let me recognize the agents groaning.

I went to Regina gasping on her back, who looked more frustrated than anything, baring her teeth at the sky. “She just pulled my muscles... Gaaahhh... Thought I bought enough time...” She leaned up on her elbows, hissing to herself. “Where’s the... heli with our ace already...?”

That’s when there was a flash and a distant boom — but there wasn’t anything natural about them.

We all looked up and saw, beyond the tree peaks, an explosion cloud and a disintegrating metal hull, scattering in the direction back towards the road.

“But that’s...!” Regina muttered in shock. “Not ours...! I think...?”

Still, as I watched the wreckage tumble, I could see the shape of a person just freefalling...

My legs seemed to take me wherever they wanted. I wordlessly left the Moequa reps and ran searching for any signal on my phone. I think I was going southwest. I didn’t run into anyone as I broke through the treeline, started across the road, and saw my vehicle with the van a hundred yards away.

Out of breath, I climbed into the driver’s seat, gunned it up the road a minute in the direction of the fading smoke, and parked on the opposite side of the pavement.

Solemnly in the silence, all I encountered was akin to a dozen small campfires burning in a bell pepper farm.

They were the smoldering remnants of a private jet.

I was scared to encounter a body... But then, I heard a leathery set of wings flap. I walked in a daze onto the field as an individual floated down.

A ragged-looking darker-skinned woman with big scaly sails on her back that were moss-green and black landed in almost complete nakedness. I wanted to avert my eyes, but her bright-orange irises possessed me with her intensity, all while she clutched her reptilian arms over her incredible bust and draped a thick tail around her leg. We paused before each other, seemingly a pair of sole survivors...

“I am Ceniza,” she spoke somberly. “Do you have a home for me?”

When I wrote at the end of *Out of Douse and Being Bigger*, “I’m excited to write a fourth someday” to this saga, I didn’t expect it to become nearly five years since July 2021. That’s my bad. Fortunately, there was a lot of work being done on this entry and the entries to come that I’m optimistic there’ll be at least two more, hopefully sooner rather than later.



This whole narrative was planned since the last scrap work of Octumember 2021. I wrote 30 Feet Around with the intention its sequel would converge with this one, and I'm looking forward to sharing how that'll wind up. But most of what slowed this piece's production down was ultimately how many scenes and whether to introduce one more pivotal character here.

But beyond that, there just isn't really much to say besides I hope you're enjoying this storyverse as much as I am while putting it together. If you stuck around through it this long, I really appreciate you.

Thanks so much for reading.

[Project: light around the edges]

