

This is a commission for Nearl (FurAffinity.net)

Warning: This story contains growth, macro, hourglass expansion, brief hyper growth and lactation. And lesbians, too!

Amber is owned by Nearl.

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Never say Never, by DragonMasterX.

It was another boring day in Amber's convenience store. The local podcast she had set up to play throughout her modest but fully-stocked establishment announced another late summer, sunny day. One glance out of the shop's windows and the anthropomorphic chicken could see the almost empty streets' asphalt still sizzling with the last few heat waves.

Summer wasn't an especially booming season for Amber's little shop. She lived in a relatively small town after all. And even with the school season starting again soon, many families, regulars included, were still out on vacation. It was hard to keep the public interested during the holidays when the big city nearby had many more luxuries and even the beach side to offer. As a result, Amber spent most of her days with very few encounters.

If there was one thing the redheaded avian could thank, however, was that the max temperatures weren't as scorching as the first half of the season. The yellow feathered Amber was wearing a plain white undershirt and the rest of her was dressed in blue coveralls rolled up at the knees. She felt fresh this way and certainly didn't have to worry about showing off too much skin. Not only was she short, but it also was a lot harder to break dressing codes when she didn't have cleavage to speak of after all.

Resting her freckled beak on her palms, Amber let out a frustrated sigh while leaning against the counter. "I'm so bored!" she thought as she lethargically rolled her head on her arms. After looking at the monitor on her laptop, the chicken disdainfully reached for the computer to open a web browser. "Might as well check the news or something..."

Amber instantly regretted her choice when the newscast streamed numerous tourists of all ages and species enjoying the apex of summer fun: Beach parties. From music concerts to beer advertisements, everything and everyone was being featured on the coast side, further cementing the reason for Amber's lack of clientele. The chicken groaned, blowing a droopy lock of hair off the front of her face. Amber knew summer wasn't good for business, and she certainly was jealous of all the beach bums having fun at the beach, but at the same time she didn't really feel good about going there herself.

The beach was one of Amber's favorite places to be, but ever since coming of age and seeing girls around her blossom into fine young women, wearing swimsuits had become less than promising for a girl who puberty hadn't been as kind to. She had stopped going to the beach or public pools just to avoid having to expose her underdeveloped body. Amber didn't like being judged, and getting accusing, mocking stares had ended up making her hate her small body.

Maybe it was her species, maybe it was her genes; but Amber was so short and plain-looking that she was often mistaken for a minor. She could doll herself up with makeup and pick out a pretty dress, and still the overabundance of plentifully curvy women would make her disappear in the

crowd. And if by chance she was noticed, Amber would just get a “cute” at the most anyway. “I hate summer,” she mumbled in defeat as she saw the last walking hourglass dressed in a bikini waving at the camera.

A sharp ringing interrupted Amber’s self-loathing. She picked herself up right on time and managed to stand up straight and comb her hair back before any potential client could see her in low spirits. It was poor business practice not to greet a customer with a smile after all. “Good afternoon!” she chirped. Amber’s friendly waving froze in place as the door closed behind the large visitor.

Large was mildly putting it. The customer was feasibly on the 7ft. tall mark. For a below average sized girl like Amber, a person like that was a giant. It was a female anthro alligator, a curvaceous one at that, and she had to bow her head to enter without hitting her head on the doorframe. The reptile was gracious in her step despite her size. Amber’s eyes couldn’t believe any non-mammal could get that large.

The gator girl had long red hair, wearing it straight down her back save for a few generous locks draping over her left shoulder. Nevermind the hair or feminine eyelashes, the green and yellow scaly was truly blessed with her figure. Large, round yet perky breasts dominated her chest; Amber felt intimidated as she estimated each orb being as big as their owner’s head. Hips that could put a model’s to shame swayed in a tantalizing manner as long legs carried them. It was a complete and utter babe no different from those Amber had seen on the beach on the news earlier.

What was most baffling of all was that this lady was wearing a beige sun hat, dark sunglasses and, Amber could tell, also clearly wearing a bikini under her dark red crop top and shorts. Amber’s first thought was obviously just how many cows this gator had eaten to get this big and busty. Her second thought was she had never seen this woman before; and the third wondered whether the gator was lost. The beach was on the city, and the only local public pool was at least a mile away from downtown. “Tourist, probably...” Amber quietly muttered as the voluptuous customer approached the counter. Trying to settle down from her initial shock, the chicken disguised her uneasiness with a renewed smile and put her hand down on the counter to continue with the service. “May I help...” she paused as the larger female came up close enough to positively loom over Amber. Looking up to make eye contact became impossible thanks to the big headlights ahead, “...you?”

“Ohaaaa! Nice meeting you,” the alligator swiped her sunglasses off and with a big grin leaned down, making a little wave with her free claw. “You must be a real help around here!”

Amber’s beak was about to open in response but she frowned in confusion instead. The friendly greeting had been normal enough, but the follow-up phrase caught her off guard. “Um,” she stuttered, “Y-yes. Is there anything I can help you with?”

“D’aww, you’re so adorbs!” the redhead almost jumped in place, clearly excited about something. Amber was even more confused, and more taken aback than ever thanks to the simple bouncing motion adding so much egregious jiggle to the gator’s immense chest. “Is your mommy or daddy around? I’d like to ask them for some directions while I buy stuff!”

“Tourist,” Amber thought as her stare flattened and shoulders deflated. Her head fell not because of the annoyance of having to deal with tourists; she could do that just fine. The frustration from realizing she was being mistaken for a child made the chicken’s cheeks puff out. She couldn’t fault the gator girl, however. With her size, this wasn’t an uncommon occurrence. “I’m an adult, lady,” Amber corrected, forcing herself to smile, “And I’m the store owner!”

“Oh dear!” the gator stood up straight all of a sudden, catching her sun hat before it fell off. The redhead seemed apologetic. “I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean anything by that. Um... Let me start again!”

The air grew thicker as the awkward scene made both girls uncomfortable. Amber, satisfied that she wasn’t being intentionally mocked, tried to dismiss the deal with a wave of her arm, but she suddenly found herself several feet off the ground and in the amazon’s arms, “The hell?!”

“Nice to meet’cha! I’m Lola!” the huge alligator cheerfully cuddled her fellow redhead, ignoring any and all chirps and groans of discomfort from her captive. “You’re such a cutie!”

Now Amber felt targeted, but above all, threatened. Forget the height difference; Amber had made a grave miscalculation about the reptile honkers. Those things were much bigger up close and personal; and they were going to suffocate her if the deadly hug continued. Gasping for air, Amber managed to tear her head off Lola’s cleavage, her feathery cheeks slightly on the blue side. “What the heck do you think you’re doing? Put me down!” Amber cried out while uselessly squirming.

At the loud demand, Lola seemed to perk and loosen up at once. “Oh. Sorry. I like greeting adults with hugs!” the gator stuck her tongue out in an almost endearingly innocent manner. Doing as requested, however, Lola put Amber down. “You *are* an adult, right?”

Amber coughed a little as her breathing normalized. She lifted a finger to correct Lola, but the question stopped her. “Forget it. Uhm... nice to meet’cha too, Lola. Amber. I’m not used to getting hugged by customers.”

“But you’re so fluffy and your feathers so soft!” Lola argued as if she was exposing a serious contradiction, “You’re so huggable and adorable. Oooh, I could just eat you up!”

“Ahem, n-no eating the management,” Amber hid a blush by turning around at the end of that joke, not expecting so many compliments at once. This was really an odd encounter. Amber was used to seeing larger species as bullies, and certainly had never imagined she’d be on the receiving end of praise from such a gorgeous girl.

A girlish, almost lady-like giggle left the taller redhead’s maw, “Hehe, don’t be silly! I may be hungry for a snack, but I wouldn’t nom on a cutie like you, freckles!”

“F-freckles?!” Amber turned back around in reaction to the nickname. “I-I told you my name’s Amber...” her words trailed off and her eyes widened. The moment she turned around, Lola had stepped closer again, and Amber was dangerously close to being sucked in-between the gator’s massive boobs.

“But you have such pretty freckles! I’m so jealous!” Lola insisted with a whimper as she leaned down to meet face to face with the smaller chicken. From that new position, Amber could easily see Lola was wiggling her hips behind like an over-excited pup.

“Jeez... s-suit yourself!” Embarrassed, Amber covered her face with a palm while Lola seemed to celebrate with an excited squeal. It was all Amber could do to survive the bubblyness. Being exposed to such exuberance was exhausting the chicken. “So Lola, uh... Yeah. You’re here to buy stuff and get directions. Guess you’re not from around these parts, right?”

“Right!” the gator nodded.

“Alright, so where are you going?”

“Hmm, well... I heard there was a beach nearby!” Lola replied with a quick nod. “Phone died, so I haven’t been able to check my GPS. I thought I could buy a new battery pack while I’m here, but since I met a friendly local, I figured I’d outright ask!”

“Uhh...” Amber scratched one of her cheeks out of concern. “The nearest beach is in the city thirty miles away.”

“Oh...” Lola seemed to pause for a bit, but instead of frowning she just perked up with a big smile. “Well, maybe I can go there tomorrow! Gives me a chance to stock up and have fun in this town instead!”

“Sheesh and I thought I’d end up feeling bad for telling her the truth,” Amber chuckled to herself. “Ahh, anyway, yeah,” she chirped up to Lola, “I got some smartphone battery packs for sale. We can get you up and running in no time. They’re uh... over here!”

Since the store wasn’t very big, comprised of just three aisles, Amber didn’t mind fetching stuff for customers. Lola accompanied the store owner over to the electronics’ section, which was a tall rack where numerous gadgets and accessories were on display. After asking about Lola’s phone model, Amber started looking around. She was well aware that most phones used the same battery pack type, which was very handy, but other, newer versions had reduced the size for whichever aesthetically ludicrous reason. As a result, none of the typical battery packs directly in front of her were good. “Mmph, figures...” Amber grumbled to herself as she looked up at the other options and wiggled an arm up, stepping up on the tip of her talons. It didn’t matter how much she tried however, the packs were out of her reach. “Ah, sorry. I’ll go get the stepladder and...” but before Amber could finish her sentence, a long, slender green arm glided overhead. Amber’s eyes followed the scaly limb as the claw at its end easily captured their target, no stepladder necessary.

“Oh, freckles, you’re a lifesaver!” Lola beamed as she held the battery pack up, “I was afraid my phone was too new for stores to be carrying spares already. This’ll do the trick I bet!”

The petite chicken was speechless. It wasn’t the first time Amber had needed assistance to get something out of her reach, and it was common for her to need her stepladder to reach the tall places even average sized males would need to lean up to reach; but the huge alligator lady had just casually swiped the item above her without a second thought. “Y-yeah... uh... N-no problem! Bet it’s a pain in the butt they keep making phones smaller and smaller, huh?”

“You’ve said it! Now I’m kind of regretting my choice. I liked my old phone too. I shouldn’t have upgraded, huh?”

Amber had been trying to make small talk to distract herself from the fact she had been staring up at Lola for a long time, but the word “upgrade” stuck out to the bird. Amber always felt small around tall people, but before Lola she felt incredibly tiny. She shook her head and tried to focus on aiding her customer instead. “Maybe so,” she managed to remain neutral and then smiled again, “You said you were hungry for a snack earlier. Do you have any preferences? I’ve got lots of different flavored chips!”

“Really?!” Lola completely turned away from the phone topic and almost threw herself at Amber. “Show me, show me! Do you have the bacon cheeseburger ones?”

“Ah!” Amber laughed nervously as she backed away to avoid being steamrolled by the voluminous

woman, “Ahhh... so you like the less traditional flavors, huh? I’m pretty sure I have something like that around. Smoked pork ribs is also an option if I recall... hmm...”

Like an oversized elementary student being guided by her teacher, Lola followed Amber around the food aisle until they reached the intersection where the snacks were. “Oooh, potato chip heaven!” the gator had to resist the urge of sequestering every last bag of lightly-salted potato goodness. Instead, she swiped six different bags. “I’ll take all of these! Tasty, tasty. Mmm, you’re all going in my mouth as soon as I’m done shopping, teehee!”

“Wait, all of them at once?” Amber repeated out of curiosity. She had met some food fanatics before, but even an amazon like Lola didn’t look the type to eat so much. In fact, with the reptile’s figure it seemed just the opposite. The gator was giving Amber a curious look. It didn’t occur to the chicken that in her surprise she had actually blurted her words out. “Ahh! S-sorry. Didn’t mean anything by that!” the store clerk shook her hands in defense.

“Oh?” Lola started grinning a bit, “Could it be... that you’re also hungry and want some? In that case,” the gator used her tail to swipe six additional bags into her arms. “More snacks!”

“Whoa! Hold on. I mean, thanks for worrying but...” Amber couldn’t believe she didn’t even have time to explain her thoughts, not that she wanted to really say what was on her mind, “...I can’t eat that much! Hell, a single bag is too much to start with!” she nervously laughed.

“Hmmm, really?” Lola appeared a bit confused and half disappointed, putting one of the bags back into its rack before she shrugged, “More for me then!”

“A-are you really going to eat all of that now?”

“Don’t be silly! I got one for you too,” Lola stuck her tongue out playfully, still holding eleven potato chip bags in her arms.

“Sheesh. Just...” Amber was full of concern all of a sudden, “Are you sure? Won’t you ruin your figure if you binge eat so much junk food?”

“I’ll just swim extra hard tomorrow!” Lola justified with a big grin, to which Amber just let out a defeated a sigh.

“I don’t think that’s how it works, Lola...”

“Pfft, details! Nothing beats a light snack with friends on a summer afternoon!”

“*That’s* what she considers a light snack?!” Amber thought, simply at a loss for words. She had never met someone so excited about potato chips, much less someone so whimsical about shopping sprees. In the course of the next fifteen minutes, Lola had to get a shopping basket to stuff full of packed sandwiches, sodas and tons and tons of candy. Amber was thankful for the sheer amount of business, but couldn’t stop thinking about Lola’s poor stomach.

“Hey, do you mind if we start the picnic now?” Lola asked, patting her flat stomach, “I’m starving! I can continue stocking up later.”

“Uh,” Amber didn’t remember ever agreeing to a picnic but for some reason she didn’t feel uneasy about the invitation. “S-sure. I’ve got all you’ve picked up here, so we’ll run the numbers later!” the store clerk smiled, feeling eager all of a sudden. “In fact, I’m going to discount whatever I eat,” she

thought to herself with a sly smile, “Don’t feel right taking advantage of her. She seems so nice.”

“Awesome! Well, to be fair, I’ll leave my stuff by the counter. Alright?” Lola went to the counter by the entrance, dropping her bag with her personal effects in it there.

Amber hadn’t considered the fact Lola was planning on swindling her. Perhaps it was because the bubbly gator appeared so honest and earnest about everything. Whichever the case, Amber was both hungry and determined to see if Lola’s claim of eating the mountain of food she had acquired was a bluff or not. After bringing out a couple of folding chairs and sitting by an empty counter, the girls started to eat.

Around twenty five minutes later, every doubt in Amber’s mind had been cleared. She was dealing with some sort of junk food monster. The alligator had simply scarfed down each and every last sandwich and cleaned out every single bag of potato chips on her side. Not just that, but Amber, full from simply a couple of sandwiches and half a bag of snacks, was absolutely baffled at how Lola continued to stuff her face with candy. “Are... are you going to be okay?” Amber forced herself to ask, more out of worry than amazement by now.

“Mmhm! Candy’s the best way to end a picnic!” Lola cooed out in pure satisfaction. Her long, reptilian tongue slipped out of her maw to lick over her chops and lips before she popped another jawbreaker into her mouth. “Want some?”

“Uhh... n-no, I’m full. Still, how are you packing all that away? I’ve never seen anyone eat so much food before in my life!” Amber’s eyes continued to go up and down on Lola’s figure, failing to find any sort of bulge on the gator’s waistline.

“Oh, y’know what they say! A growing girl’s gotta eat riiiiight?” Lola’s giggling response didn’t really explain much to Amber, who simply found the notion to be silly. As the chicken looked down at her soda, she briefly entertained the thought of eating like Lola and getting to be as tall and sexy, but the daydream disappeared immediately.

“If I ate like this girl every day, I’d just grow sideways and roll down a hill like a barrel...” Amber quietly lamented, frowning at her reflection on the glass of crystal soda.

Lola, who caught sight of Amber’s deflated mood, scooted nearer, chair and all. “Hey, something wrong?”

The closer those gigantic gator knockers got to Amber, however, the stronger that phrase Lola had used pulsed in Amber’s mind. “A growing girl’s gotta eat!” the bubbly voice echoed in Amber’s head. “A growing girl...” the chicken repeated to herself, “Growing?” she finally said out loud, blinking fast.

“Huh?” Lola cocked her head to the side as she noticed Amber blinking fast and looking away from her soda.

“You mean you still have growing left in you?!” cried out the awe-struck chicken.

“Oh. That? Well... it *is* a saying,” Lola covered her maw to giggle in a dignified way, “But we’re young, right? Gotta give the body what it needs to grow big and strong!”

“I doubt that’s anything close to how it works,” pessimistic Amber grumbled, loud enough that Lola heard. “Just look at me. I’ve finished growing a while, and stuffing myself silly’s just gonna make

me fat like a tur..." the chicken caught her questionable line of thought just in time and coughed. "Ahem, point is, there's always a limit."

"Au contraire!" the gator chirped up, "Food is just one way to make your body grow. Haven't you heard that no matter how much water, quality soil and sunlight a flower gets, it'll never be a match for one that's been showered with love and affection?!"

Amber rolled her eyes up, impatiently staring at the ceiling with a sigh of disappointed. "I'm not a plant, Lola."

"Plants, shmants!" Lola dismissively waved her claw, "They're living beings, and all living beings deserve being happy, loved and as big as they want!"

The passionate way in which the alligator argued made Amber snicker. The proposed idea was beyond preposterous, but Amber wasn't up to sitting down to debate with her new friend. "Well, you've certainly given a lot of love to your belly today," a finger pointed at Lola's mid-section made the gator girl stick her tongue out and bop her own head in a humbled manner. "Want to go get the rest of your things?"

"Alright, but... Hmm. You didn't sound very convinced, freckles!" Lola insisted as she stood up, again towering over the bird. With her claws rested at her wide hips, Lola gave Amber a smirk and narrowed her eyes.

Amber concealed her exasperation with a small laugh as she turned around to guide Lola over to the aisles. "Well, excuse me for being skeptical about the whole be happy get bigger discourse, ma'am!" the sarcasm wasn't lost on Lola, who folded her arms under her prominent bust while watching Amber walk off.

"Mmm... well, I personally think it's all a matter of how you feel about it!" Lola added, "Getting to be big and strong... It's obviously tied to how your insides work, sure. But it's also kind of like a self-inflicted limit sometimes. Your head has a lot of influence on that stuff, y'know!"

"Mmhm. Right. So, one night you go to sleep thinking you'd like to wear size fifteen tennis shoes and suddenly nothing fits you the next morning. Pretty convenient stuff, the brain thing I mean."

Lola started walking again with a smile. "I imagine anybody going through that would be very happy during that morning!" she paused and grinned "...wallet aside, of course!"

Amber glanced back as they went around the corner to pick up some sun lotion for Lola. "I was just joking."

"I know," Lola nodded at her friend, who turned around and kept looking for the correct protection factor, "But I bet you were thinking about it too! From one moment to the next, bwoomp! Bigger. Nothing fits. And suddenly there's a lot more of you to cuddle, teehee!"

The store clerk's motions became increasingly robotic and forced with every word the bubbly gator spoke. Even something as simple as flipping through different bagged beach sets on the stands became difficult as Amber's mind was suddenly lost in a weird fantasy. In her mind, the featureless person she had been entertaining Lola's silly thoughts with had suddenly taken Amber's own shape. An overnight transformation leading to the same looks, only taller, heavier-set and sexier than before. "R-right..." Amber felt a shiver running up her spine. It was like she had just been shocked by a jolt of electricity. Shuddering to get rid of the distracting sensation, the chicken just shook her

head. "But it still is only a dream. That stuff only happens in comic books or silly fiction by shoddy third-rate writers. Here, this has sun-lotion, conditioner and shampoo. It's a better price than buying them separately."

Putting the beach set into her shopping basket, Lola giddily took note of how her friend was averting her gaze.

"So, uh, what else did you need?" Amber asked between pauses. She felt a warm sensation that was making her face feel hot. The chicken didn't need a mirror to tell her face was likely flushed, and she certainly didn't want to show it off.

By her account, Lola kept a giggle from escaping by putting a hand over her snout. "Ahem..." she cleared her throat a little before continuing on with the shopping spree. Throughout their little trip, however, Lola kept taking every opportunity and opening Amber gave her to add in another phrase or far-fetched fantasy that had to do with what the gator had determined was a deep-seated, almost ingrained inferiority complex. Every time Lola opened her mouth, uncomfortable rhetoric came out.

"Just imagine how silly it'd be to go to the gym if you got as strong as you grow."

"Wouldn't it be insane to suddenly swell up a whole cup-size?"

"If you ask me, getting measured every day and discovering you're taller each time would get pretty exciting! I mean... who knows when it would stop, right? Mhmhmhm!"

As a result of each improbable scenario being inevitably considered, what should have been a simple, ten minute circle around the small mini-mart to Amber had suddenly turned into an eternity of entrapment. Between confusion and desire, Amber wasn't sure what it was she could settle on. "Bigger?" she murmured, almost dragging her heavy feet on the floor. "Like, really big?" she repeated in her mind. It slowly stopped to matter what kind of story Lola told. All of the information was diluting, blending together. It had become impossible to disagree because Amber wasn't even thinking straight any longer. She was stuck walking around like a mindless zombie locked in a never-ending trail. Lola took no issue and simply followed Amber at the same pace all the while she talked.

Amber's pupils had become dilated, her breathing growing laborious. A pleasant tingle was firing every nerve in her system, accentuating the mental self-inserted fantasies further. It felt like she was walking on warm sand instead of her shop's tiled floor. The air conditioner unit might as well not have been working, because Amber felt like she was on fire. It was her loins. She was become hopelessly aroused.

At first, the chicken couldn't even react. She just continued the rounds, hoping Lola wouldn't notice. If Amber had contributed to the discussion at all, the store owner didn't know. Every so often, Amber felt the overwhelming need to stop and touch herself, but she resisted, which resulted in more forced movements and stiff walking. She felt like her whole body had become extremely sensitive all of a sudden. Her clothes felt incredibly tight, especially around her hips and chest. In spite of the weight in her step, her strides strangely felt lighter and longer. This disheveled sensation caused her to move erratically, as she sensed the stands of each aisle to be closer, as if an encroaching feeling of claustrophobia had set in. The light-headedness of this bizarre ecstasy was driving Amber crazy. She felt itchy, but there was no concrete location on her body to scratch. She felt hotter than the Sun itself, yet she wasn't sweating at all. The tightness of her coveralls was simply unbearable, almost as if they were shrinking around her frame. Amber started wondering if at one point she had been slipped a potent aphrodisiac. If this kept up, Amber was sure to scream!



“... oh, and may I have another one of those milky ways? They were yummy!” Lola’s voice pierced the hormonal storm clouding Amber’s head. In one moment of lucidity, Amber managed to gain enough control to suddenly swipe the candy bar off the tallest rack before giving it over to her fellow redhead. “Thanks, freckles! It’s really handy to have you around.”

“Handy, y-yeah...” Amber repeated with a small smile, but her beak twisted into a trembling pout when she realized something was definitely not right about what had just transpired. The chicken stretched her arm out at the candy rack’s middle basket and then raised it to the higher tier, which was where she usually had to stand tip-toed to reach. For an even bigger surprise, Amber gasped as she actually reached up to grab the basket at the very top, where the milky way candy bars Lola wanted were. “Wh-wh-what the hell...?!”

“Om nom nom,” Lola bounced in place as she relished the taste of sweet milk chocolate, “Oh, I love candy so much! Oops. Freckles, you don’t mind adding this to the tab earlier, right? Sorry I couldn’t wait to open it!”

“Never mind the candy!” wide eyed Amber cried out as she looked at her longer limb. She looked down at her much longer chicken legs. They weren’t simply longer; they had also thickened up, gaining noticeable girth at the thighs and rounding out at her hips. Amber couldn’t believe she hadn’t been hallucinating about her clothes. Her coveralls were struggling to keep her hips and rump in check. Amber ran both hands over her thighs all the way up to her waist and noticed how she curved in and out in perfect bottom flare. What really caught her eyes however, was her torn undershirt which had split down the center. Overflowing masses of feather-covered flesh were pushing up. Rosy and squishy, like a pair of suffocating cheeks, the mounds were attempting to escape their tight confines. “Look at me!” she finally said out loud, pointing at her prominent bust ready to tear the straps of her coveralls. “What happened to me?!”

“Hmm...” Lola narrowed her eyes, silently chewing chocolate while rubbing her chin. “Well... if I had to be the judge of poorly made decisions...” the alligator covered her mouth as she swallowed her candy, cheerfully giggling, “I’d say you picked the wrong outfit to work today!”

“Wh-what? Don’t act like this...” for emphasis, Amber reached up to grab her expanded chest, holding it out at the alligator girl, “...is normal! Sheesh, no wonder I could barely breathe! M-my boobs... heck, all of me got huge!”

“Oh. Well that’s a familiar word I’ve been hearing a lot today!” Lola snapped her fingers as if she had made a pertinent logical connection, “Want some chocolate?”

“C-could you stop making light of this?!” Amber snapped, letting go of her huge chest as it bounced within the coverall top. At the initial grope, Amber had managed to hold back a moan, but she failed when she let go and the clothes started snuggling harder as a result. “Ahh! Wh-what’s going on...?” The enlarged chicken couldn’t stop trembling. Her whole body felt alien to her thanks to the change in perspective. It hadn’t been a minor growth spurt either. If she had been right about Lola being close to 7ft. tall, then Amber herself had to be on the larger side of 6. With her new size, all of her proportions had increased, but her breasts and rump had also gained considerable mass as well. “Is... is this real?” Amber ventured to ask with a weak whimper as she again ran her hands over her swollen body.

“Sure does look like it, freckles!” Lola clapped her hands together as she began to circle around her friend, “You’re still looking so soft and huggable!”

“Y-you can’t be serious. This?” Amber repeated in disbelief, glancing at her curvaceous body one more time before she turned her head to look at Lola, “Me?”

“I don’t see how it could be anyone else,” Lola remarked, leaning down as she looked over the large chicken, “You’ve been so focused on just thinking about it. Isn’t it about time you concentrated on feeling it instead?”

“Thinking about it...?” Amber paused for a moment, feeling at a loss for a comeback. She began to think if she didn’t talk back she’d just go crazy. Her words came out as a stuttered mess. “I... do you mean...? But I never...”

“Hush, dear.” The alligator reached a claw around to gently push Amber’s beak closed. In the next moment, Amber felt Lola’s weight at her back as the alligator pressed against her. Amber saw one of Lola’s arms draping over her shoulder, embracing her from behind. “You should reserve the word “never” for lost causes,” the reptile’s eyes sensually narrowed as she began to smirk.

Another shudder took over Amber, but this time for an entirely different reason from before. Her face went as red as Lola’s and her own hair as she felt the other woman holding her from behind. Strangely, the chicken felt less abrasive towards her unbelievable situation just from having someone else so close. More than anything, however, the heavy orbs squishing against her back kept making Amber look down at her own making their best effort at escaping their prison.

“Why do you act as if this is wrong?” the gator girl’s voice was like a silky smooth cloth gently blanketing the unsettled chicken. “I could see you enjoying this. I could see you wanting this. So why are you fighting it now?”

Even with Lola’s fingers off her beak, Amber didn’t dare move it now. She could only whimper like a spring chick, as if she truly hadn’t stretched two whole feet taller. Feelings of embarrassment and inadequacy hounded her thoughts, making Amber wish she could escape this situation, but Lola continued to speak.

“You don’t need to hold yourself back, sweetie,” Lola purred in a comforting way as she ran her claw through Amber’s hair. “It’s not healthy. Whoever convinced you that you don’t deserve this... they’re the one who’s wrong.”

The phrase sank into Amber’s brain like a rock shattering the window to her soul. The bird only needed a second to realize that the inadequacy wasn’t there because of how others saw her, but how she compared herself to them instead. She was embarrassed of herself not because how she looked, but because she didn’t believe she could amount to anything greater. Amber reasoned she was the one holding her back. And once she accepted the source of her envy, Lola’s words began to make sense to her.

The gator softly smiled as she sensed Amber’s shivering body settle down, “Atta girl.” Lola grinned a little, gently pushing herself away from the chicken. “There, that wasn’t so hard, was it?”

“I uhm...” Amber stammered a little, “I don’t know what you did to me, but...”

“Nuh uh, miss,” interrupted Lola while wagging her finger negative, “That wasn’t me. That was all you.”

“It was...?” Amber still felt light-headed, turning around to face her customer. It then dawned on Amber that she was looking down at her instead of up. “Ahh!”

“...and you’re still doing it. How exciting!” exclaimed a cheerful Lola as she observed Amber swelling larger.

“H-how do I stop it?!” the chicken quickly phrased, pressing her arms against her sides as if trying to shrink herself, “Th-this is too much! I must be like 8ft. tall!”

“And rising!”

“C-can’t you do anything?!” Amber impatiently grunted, feeling the straps of her coveralls digging into her shoulders. The sound of stretching fabric and tearing denim was getting louder as the chicken grew bigger. To succor the chicken, two green claws suddenly slapped themselves around her enlarging breasts and squeezed really hard, “...something *else*, Lola!” the blushing Amber shouted.

“Sorry! I couldn’t help it. You’re getting soooo big up there!” Lola admitted and looked down, hip-bumping Amber’s rump, “And down here too! Just look at you grow!”

“I... I don’t need to see! I *know* I’m growing!” Amber was completely at the mercy of her newfound ability. She knew not the means to control this heavenly yet raucously unbridled sensation. Everything was shrinking around her fast. She was already at 9ft. tall and her coveralls were showing signs of irreparable damage. Her outfit was busting at the seams, her thighs pulling the rolled-up denim apart while the rest of it was split by her widening hips.

To Amber, it didn’t even matter how hard or intensely Lola groped her. Her enlarging mammaries felt amazing on their own thanks to the expansion and her top trying to halt it. The marvelous sensation was unbeatable and she was ready to submit to it, but Amber wanted to at least give herself a chance to grasp control where there was only inner chaos. “Th-this is so embarrassing... but it feels so good...! Oh, it feels so... so good...!” the chicken shivered, focusing on the pulsing muscles of her chest and pelvis as they relayed pleasure thanks to their growth.

She couldn’t hold it in much longer. Each time Amber thought of relieving herself from the burden of her clothes, she failed to even more an arm, and Lola’s joyous gropes were simply making Amber think of how good the touch felt. She didn’t want to admit it, but she wanted more of it. She wanted Lola’s claws on her breasts. “I have such big boobs now,” Amber thought while panting, “So big... nnngh... I can even feel her bump against my butt. It’s so huge too...! I want...” she gasped.

Shocked at the loud sound of a rip, Amber looked down. The coveralls had finally torn, split in two at the middle of her curvy waist. And that’s when the expansion grinded to an abrupt halt, leaving Amber a confused 10ft. tall bird. She was about to open her beak to ask if it really was over before she suddenly heard another loud rip and watched Lola’s claws be pushed out of the way by her breasts as they swelled several times larger in one go. Amber’s eyes went wide as plates as the straps of her coveralls came off and the rest of her top was violently catapulted by her inflating tits. The massive, butter-colored, feathery boobs bounded out uncontrollably as pieces of her undershirt and the remains of her pitiful A-cup bra flew away.

Lola seemed very surprised. “Oh my! What an explosive development, hehe!” Before the alligator could even wrap her mind around the incredible amount of side-boob she could see under and beside Amber’s arms, the gator felt a sudden bump in front of her. “Oooh? Oof!” the impact was very soft, but Lola was caught unprepared. Not content with destroying just half of the outfit, Amber’s body also triggered a surge of growth dedicated to her behind. Staggered, Lola fell back

and witnessed as what was left of Amber's coverall bottoms and her underwear either came apart at the flaring, growing hips or sank in-between the chicken's enlarging buttocks. "Ka-POW!" Lola punched the air in tandem with Amber's growing ass destroying her clothes.

"S-sorry about that! I didn't mean to!" Amber panicked and turned around; unable to stop moaning and groaning as she scrambled to hold her still expanding assets back with her arms. The chicken breasts had become truly gigantic, and were certainly impossible to hide. Amber literally had her hands full trying to keep her nipples unexposed, but the pink flesh was simply growing just as her unimpeded boobs. "I can't stop... so big... ugh...! Nnhhh...!"

"Well, don't! Just look at how big and beautiful you're getting!" Lola cheered from her spot on the floor. While Amber wasn't growing any taller for now, it was still a treat to see her develop more and more. Amber's hips were beyond motherly. Her thighs were so huge that they had become an unexpected view block for her womanhood. Her legs had thickened up to truly massive proportions simply to be able to support her immensely heavy ass. With breasts twice the size of her own head and still growing, Amber's body had taken the hourglass build and had cranked it up to eleven.

Amber didn't count with the sufficient concentration to snap back at the light-hearted Lola. Her brain was swimming in a sea of raging hormones. Her huge legs were wobbling under her continuously increasing weight. "Wh-when am I going to stop?!" she cried out helplessly as she felt her breasts suddenly lurch out and grow several cup sizes at once again. She squealed in a mixture of mental fright and physical delight as her ass suddenly doubled in size as well. Her expanding curves were out of control. Amber couldn't stand straight, wobbling and jiggling all over the place. She had become too large and the overgrown proportions ended making her topple forwards. "Ahhh!" the poor bird started skipping a couple of steps before she realized she was about to crush her friend under her giant tits, so she tried to pull herself back. The amount of strength she used however ended making her topple backwards instead. In the end, the entire store shook as the massively stacked chicken collapsed on her back with a hefty crash.

Lola had been patiently observing, excited to see such rampant expansion on the bird's once small body; everything was progressing so well! Even she couldn't expect what would come next though. When Amber collapsed backwards, her back hit the soft-serve ice-cream machine next to the counter. The impact with Amber's right shoulder and elbow was strong enough to bend it at an awkward angle, causing widespread damage to the dispenser mechanism. As a result, vanilla and chocolate cream started spurting out in obscene amounts, slapping the back of Amber's right arm and breast. With the pressure regulators broken, the sweet treat meant to go on cones and bowls sputtered all over Amber's side and started raining over her body. Lola's eyes lit up as she jumped to her feet.

"Eeeyaah!" Amber screamed out helplessly, too huge and curvy to properly move. All she could do was writhe and squirm as ice-cream stained her exposed feathers and chilled her naked body. "C-cold! That's cold...!" she cried out, shivering in response to the low temperatures, making her ass and tits jiggle around like Jell-O.

"And tasty! Mmmm!" Lola's voice crashed through Amber's worries. The chicken couldn't see past her gargantuan mammaries that were pinning her down, but it wasn't long before she was able to feel Lola climb her body.

"H-hold on there! What're you... Eeeep!" Amber cutely shrieked as she felt a jolt of pleasure strike every nerve in her body. She had just felt something wet, slimy and squirmy over her belly.

"Relax!" Lola chimed as she licked her chops with a small giggle. With her knees finding support

on the chicken's huge thighs, Lola had no problem bending down to lick the oversized girl's feathers clean. "There was a spill at the entrance. Just doing some voluntary cleanup work, chief!"

The irritable giggle wasn't helping Amber's situation. The chicken just realized she wasn't only pinned down by her own curves, but that she had just broken- thoroughly demolished rather – part of her store. Looking up at the ceiling, it seemed extremely low all of a sudden, especially thanks to her clearly titanic bust on the verge of touching it. And to top it all off, the one person who seemed to know something about what was going on was licking ice-cream off her body like some sort of fetish! "This day's only getting weirder."

"Weird can be fun, freckles!" Lola was truly taking it to heart to clean the huge chicken off. "I didn't know chicken cream swirl could be so good. I'll recommend this place to everybody I know!"

"G-get real here! Lola, I'm pinned down by my own tits!" Amber whined, again making a futile attempt to get up, but only managed to shift a couple inches to the side at most. The whining turned into a whimper of delight as she felt claws and tongue on the underside of her incredible boobs. "Y-you... ahh..."

"Sorry, the machine's empty now I guess. So I'm moving up on the dessert, teehee!" Lola's tongue was like a slick shovel dragging over Amber's severely amplified erogenous zones. Sweetness was collected and gulped down, each second being sexual torture that the moaning Amber couldn't escape. Lola would close her maw around certain spots and even nip at others, ensuring to leave every last square-inch of those massive chicken breasts spotless.

Amber was in heaven but she didn't want to admit it. She couldn't outright say it, especially with her vocal chords only being capable of emitting groans and squeals of delight. The store owner had never once in her life imagined this would be a possibility in her life. Being so massive, so incredibly big, yet being pampered by another girl in such an unexpectedly pleasant, freaky way. The ice-cream's cold gradually was replaced with semi-warm alligator saliva, and the uneasiness melted as the talon-curling pleasure wrapped around Amber's brain. She suddenly didn't want it to stop. She wanted more. She wanted to feel those claws grope harder and she wanted to sense all the trouble Lola was having trying to cover her massive body with her comparatively smaller one.

And as if obeying Amber's lust-fueled thoughts, her body did respond. With a few rumbles coming from within, Amber cried out as her body started expanding again. Arousal was renewed like flames stoked by a wild wind. The chicken's beak became smothered shut by her own flesh as her breasts finally hit the ceiling. Growing taller made Amber's already disproportionately curvy body take up much more space, and it wasn't long before she started running out of room. "It feels... ohhh... it feels so good...!" her thoughts went directly opposite from what her mind had been pondering until now.

Worry seemed to have melted and dispersed. The shop started to matter very little even as Amber started to see cracks fissuring along the ceiling. She was growing so big; too big for her "little" convenience store. "Heh..." Amber chuckled with half-lidded eyes as she held her palms up against the breaking ceiling, her forehead getting nearer and nearer to touching it. Her head slid across the floor until the automatic doors were crushed behind it. Her talons knocked down scores of racks and stands, throwing the dwindling store into disarray. Amber's legs, thighs and hips filled the rest of what passed for empty space. If there wasn't room left, Amber's body simply grew into it, knocking everything back or squishing it under her bulk. "It... really is a tiny little store..." she finally thought with a somewhat pleased grin.

Caught in-between Amber's swelling, squishy orbs, Lola found herself in a frantic swimming session among huge feathers. "Eeeeeee! So soft!" her squeals of joy fell upon deaf ears, but she continued hugging and squeezing her arms around the immense bust nevertheless. "C'mon, birdie. Grow nice and plump! You've got this!" she chirped encouragingly.

Amber moaned out loud, feeling her arousal spike. The expansion, the very knowledge that everything around her was so small, the cruel yet enjoyable ministrations by Lola; and the fact she was still enlarging drove the chicken over the edge. Amber was unable to stop the gates closed to stop the impending flood.

With a booming squawk of delight, Amber arched her back and burst through the ceiling. Her chest tore through concrete in its expansion, drilling widening holes that merged into an even bigger one. The chicken was forced to sit up when she slammed her pelvis down involuntarily upon orgasming. Amber felt absolutely no pain, her sensations numbed by pleasure. Her vision was lost in a sequence of vivid colors even as her eyes remained shut. Her whole body was shuddering not simply from its continuous expansion anymore, but also from sheer bliss. Amber had never experienced such a powerful sexual climax in her life.

When she was finally able to open her eyes again, Amber felt lightheaded from the afterglow. She looked left and right, holding a hand against her throbbing head. She could barely concentrate enough to tell what was going on.

Debris and glass was rolling off the arm she had just moved, indicating the store had collapsed on her when she finally outgrew it. She could feel her ass stuck over many things underneath, from the broken tiled floor to her counter and several other stands. Her giant breasts had spilled over what remained of the building's upper part, blocking her view. Amber judged that her legs had grown through and razed everything else in the store, since even though she could see undamaged sections of the building left, she could feel a breeze against her talons, indicating they had kicked holes through the wall at some point. "I... really went all out there... h-huh?" the chicken nervously laughed, which was all she could do to hide the embarrassment of having just destroyed her entire establishment.

"Hell yeah you did! That was quite the smooshy-smoosh!" a familiar yet muffled voice alerted Amber, who blinked in surprise. She didn't have to spend a long time searching for the source one glance downwards showed how violently her new and improved bust was jostling around. "Nnghh... nnnngh... bwaaaaah!" after putting a ton of effort, the top half of a very small looking alligator lady popped out between the giant chicken's mounds. "Freedom! Oooh. You're looking really big there, freckles! Good job, good job!"

Amber was speechless. There was literally nothing she could say to refute anything Lola had been talking about earlier anymore, and to top things off, she now felt bad she had put her into question. Forget the destroyed building or the fact she had just squirted all of her juices over its remains; she had just experienced one of the most wonderful sensations of her life; this was priceless. With that in mind, Amber silently grabbed Lola, pulling her out of her cleavage with gentle motions. The chicken took a small moment to notice how her body proportions had somehow evened out during the massive growth spurt. Amber felt free to move now at least, and she could definitely appreciate her filled-out hourglass figure now.

"Mmm, enjoying the view, birdie butt?" Lola teased, not at all concerned for her own safety in spite of being the captive of a 60ft. tall supersized chicken. Amber blushed at the usual directness, but her beak lightly curved into a smile.

“This feels... this is... wonderful, Lola,” Amber spoke amidst paused breathing. The giantess was still recovering after the intense experience yet she showed to at least be able to hold Lola up without crushing her in her grip. “I’m so huge, and I did it. I didn’t think it was possible but you kept telling me to try. I didn’t give up. This is amazing!”

“Gee, freckles, you’re going to turn me into a tomato at this rate,” the gator gal giggled as she tossed her long hair back.

“Thank you,” the oversized chicken grinned a little. Amber leaned down to gently nuzzle Lola as a show of affection when she heard the smaller redhead’s voice let out an audible murmur.

“And we’re just getting started.”

Amber had no time to properly react to what came next. In the time it took for the bird to pull away and give Lola a confused stare, the gator had begun pushing the chicken’s hands and fingers away from her. What surprised Amber was that Lola wasn’t using her arms to release the grip; it was her body pushing out. The alligator had started to grow.

“Ahh...” Lola sighed in relief, eyes narrowing in a sensually amused stare as she lavished Amber’s dumbfounded look. The curvy reptile’s crop top protested as her chest billowed larger with the rest of her. Her shorts stretched as her hips tore through them. Lola was rapidly expanding, and her increasingly taller body was soon too much for even Amber to hold up. “It’s been a while... let me know if you think I’m looking rusty!”

Without words to speak through her surprise, Amber was stuck watching. And without Amber holding her up, the smaller but rapidly growing redhead dropped back onto Amber’s chest. As Lola grew, she clung to Amber, progressively weighing the giantess down with her own expanding frame. Lola’s outfit wasn’t going to survive as long as Amber’s had; it already had been looking tight even before the alligator started growing. The huge pair at Lola’s chest wasted no time in decimating fabric, tearing through her triangle bikini top after the crop top was destroyed. Her shorts and bottoms were completely annihilated by Lola’s large, heart-shaped ass.

In almost no time, Amber found herself lying on her back against the hot street asphalt. This time, she wasn’t pinned by oversized curves, but a fully figured, very nude alligator. The sight was incredible to Amber. She had experienced it only a few minutes earlier, but she had never expected to witness someone else going through such a gigantic growth spurt. Obviously, Amber couldn’t directly experience what Lola was feeling, but the combination of looking at her grow larger and larger while having her body weight Amber down was enough to make her whole being tingle.

The giant chicken’s fingers twitched, eyes open wide. Her breathing accelerated as she watched Lola ascend, eventually straddling Amber one her green legs touched the ground besides them. Lola seemed to be relishing it too, yet she was displaying a grand amount of grace throughout the process unlike Amber’s orgasmic explosiveness. The gator gal smiled and tilted her head backwards as she grew, stretching her arms overhead as if she was merely trying to rid her muscles of cramps.

What Amber decidedly could not stop staring at was Lola’s enormous breasts. They had been the objects of envy and anxiety for Amber for the past hour. Yet now that the chicken was so huge herself, Lola’s bouncing, naked, scaly and soft-looking mammaries were looking incredibly inviting. Amber realized then that what she was feeling as she watched Lola top her with her expansion wasn’t embarrassment or jealousy, but attraction. The feeling became impossible to ignore even more so as Lola swelled large enough to take up Amber’s entire purview.

“Mmm... oooh, it feels so good to cut loose a little!” Lola laughed as she flexed her arms, flapping them inwards a couple of times. Her enormous tail whipped backwards, innocently toppling a street light down behind her. Immediately, Lola focused on Amber’s trembling eyes; so full of shyness yet totally lit with expectation. Melted by such adorability, Lola grinned and proceeded to bend down.

“Ahhhhnnhh...!” a soft moan escaped Amber’s beak as she felt the weight of Lola’s massive chest slamming her equally huge bust. It was very odd. Until a few seconds ago the giant chicken had been holding Lola up like a hostage in a monster film, yet Lola was now even bigger, although slightly smaller than their usual size difference. Amber felt so absolutely overwhelmed by Lola’s weight that she couldn’t do more than squirm underneath.

With a tender stroke of her backhand, Lola softly caressed Amber’s blushing cheeks. The giant alligator’s eyes stared Amber down with the authority and presence of any given field’s senior. Lola’s green snout poised itself over Amber and she gently whispered: “Hello.”

The cooing was unexpected as it was welcome. Amber chirped with a helpless wiggle of her huge hips, grinding what remained of her store under her fat and shapely rump. The chicken was stunned and serendipitous. “H-how...?” she weakly panted with a smile, “I didn’t... I mean, how did you also...?”

“Oh, c’mon, freckles. I thought you were paying attention!” Lola smirked as she gently pressed the tip of Amber’s beak like a button. “I’m a growing girl too, y’know!”

“Th-that doesn’t make any sense, no matter how many times you say it,” Amber laughed a lot less skeptically than before. Lola merely grinned wider.

“Well then. I guess I don’t make sense! Big surprise,” The long-haired redhead rested a hand on Amber’s shoulder before brushing some of her locks out of the way. “I have something that I bet will make a lot of sense to you, though.”

“Hmm? What’shhchmmmm...” Amber’s words were drowned out into muffled mumblings as the rumbling Lola pressed her snout against Amber’s beak. Cranking her head to the side to enable better access to Amber’s mouth, Lola opened her maw and slipped her tongue inside. The chicken had no time to even feel surprised; she didn’t even resist. Her body stopped squirming, tensing up for a brief moment before relaxing and falling submissive to the larger female’s forward oral assault.

It came without warning. Lola’s kiss was a gentle façade that disguised the incoming whirlwind of passion. In a mere few seconds, Amber felt like she had lost all of her control, her mouth filled with Lola’s active tongue. The alligator’s slick muscle wormed its way around in an almost erratic fashion only to smack the avian’s sense of taste with heavy aggression.

“Mmm, grow with me, freckles,” Lola mumbled in the middle of the kiss. She quickly returned to the slick tongue wrestle inside of Amber’s mouth and wasted no time in swelling to over 70ft. tall. Amber’s eyes widened as she felt a significant increase in reptilian tongue mass stuffing her beak almost to its limits. With her mouth sealed by the kiss and unable to visually protest thanks to Lola’s eyes being closed, Amber had no room for objections.

The giant bird female figured she had gotten this far by somehow believing in the dribble Lola had been spouting earlier. Perhaps it had been her subconscious or maybe they really had some sort of mysterious power. Whichever the case, Amber wanted to draw upon those energies. She didn’t know exactly how, but simply feeling Lola’s incredible body growing against hers seemed to be



enough to get her going. With a deep wish to become even bigger, Amber shut her eyes closed and took a deep breathe through her nostrils. Her whole body began to shudder.

Lola was very pleased when the tightness surrounding her tongue eventually began to loosen. “Nothing like a little peer pressure to get things going!” the alligator cheerfully praised herself in her mind and continued the intense make-out session. She didn’t stop her expansion either, and to get Amber out of her passive demeanor, she decided to take things up another notch.

Amber was simply glad she had managed to call forth her newfound ability once again. She didn’t know why it had stopped so suddenly, or even why it could be so volatile, but she definitely felt more comfortable now that she wasn’t going to be squished under Lola. The thought did pass her mind for a brief consideration, and Amber couldn’t deny she was curious about riding the huge gator girl’s cleavage just like it had happened earlier with the roles reversed, but right now that kiss was all she wanted to continue. At least, that’s what Amber believed before Lola’s claws suddenly smacked her wide sides. Amber’s eyes froze in an open position just in time to see a lustful, naughty tint on Lola’s expression. Amber wiggled around and moaned into the kiss as she felt the scaly giantess grip her hips and squeeze them with gusto. Lola’s hands soon slid down and her fingers crept under Amber’s back, sinking against the soft flesh of her rump, making Amber whimper.

The alligator then popped their lips separate and licked her chops happily, “Huh! You really do taste like chicken. Soooo much meat back here too!”

“C-can it!” Amber snapped, her voice breaking into a groan as she felt Lola squeeze her sensitive ass from underneath. “Mmmnghh...wh-what was that? Why are you doing this?”

“’cause you’ve got a groppable ass, that’s why!”

“N-not that, you...!” Amber stopped herself from hurling an unnecessary insult to promiscuity, realizing their incessant growth and the molestation was simply making her impatient. “...the kiss, the growth. Why are you...?”

“Hmmm, you’re focusing too much on unimportant deets, freckles!” Lola chuckled, “I want to do this together because it feels awesome. How’s that sound to ya, huh?”

“T-together...?”

“Well duh!” Lola squeezed her grip even tighter around Amber’s ass, pressing down on the moaning chicken. “We’re swelling. Bigger ‘n bigger. And it feels much better than doing it alone. Mmm... do you disagree?” she winked.

“N-no... actually, I don’t...” Their expansion was simply too much for Amber’s befuddled mind to resist. Without the off switch clearly defined in her head, the chicken was stuck feeling her feathery skin grind against the asphalt as her back stretched along the streets. Her head collided against the buildings across the corner her store used to be in; her legs, growing in the opposite way, toppled the other markets and stores she shared the block with. Amber didn’t feel pain, only pleasure as her weight combined with Lola’s dominated the town. It was an indescribable pleasure to feel her growth so palpably referenced by the increasingly smaller objects her bulk was crushing. Amber couldn’t stop her beak from drooling. She couldn’t even properly close her legs; she had been trying to keep Lola from finding out she was still moist between them. Talking intelligently with Lola was becoming a challenge.

But Lola didn’t seem to mind Amber’s anxiety. The alligator could easily discern the overpowering

scent of arousal coming from beneath her; and she could especially tell because she herself was horny. Watching the slightly smaller giantess growing to keep up with her was such a delectable sight that she couldn't help but reward Amber with more squeezes and boob-on-boob collisions. "Mmm, then let's have fun together. We don't just have to lie down and wait until we get even huger. Actually, since we *are* lying down, we might as well have even more fun! Hehe. C'mon! Have your fun!"

"H-huh...?" Amber was so confused that it took a brief moment to realize Lola's claws had finally left her poor, oversized ass alone. In turn, Lola had returned to her straddling position only that this time her arms were behind her, one hand wrapped around her own wrists. From her vantage point, Amber saw Lola's face disappear behind her breasts. All that the chicken could see were those immense, wobbling, pink-tipped, dull-yellow scaled mammaries hanging above her.

"Well, don't just stare!" Lola grinned, "Although I don't mind if you do. They're pretty big, aren't they? Hehe!" the growing alligator smirked as she shook her chest, jostling her huge melons for Amber's eyes. The chicken hadn't expected this, but then again, she hadn't expected more than half the things that had happened to her that day. Amber had felt so good when handled by Lola, yet she felt insignificant under the alligator. It didn't matter that she was still slowly and steadily keeping their size difference; it was clear who was in charge here. However, seeing those perky, round balloons almost mocking Amber from above with their size and round shape made her mad.

"Nngh..." Amber quietly grumbled, not exactly angry at Lola, but the wobbling motions of her chest made her feel slighted. She had always saved it inside whenever a busty girl walked in to poke fun at her for her size, and now the pent up aggression seemed to simply claim her actions. "C'mere, you!"

"Eeeee!" Lola's squeal resounded in the area as she happily accepted Amber's sudden, powerful gropes. The alligator moaned and simply relished the attention to her enormous bust, causing her to involuntarily grind her behind against Amber's thick thighs. "Mmm! Oooh, squeeze 'em! C'mon, freckles. Play with them... aaaand... I'll do the same with yours!" she giggled, suddenly throwing her claws down.

"Ahhhh!" Amber groaned as Lola gripped her breasts harder, which prompted the bird to redouble her efforts. Both girls started to roughly play with the other's mammaries; an inverse tug-o-war with only winners as its contestants. Amidst moans of pleasures, Amber slowly came to realize that she was really not feeling envy of Lola anymore. Amber didn't feel the obstinate self-loathing that would depress her day after day any longer. Every tug and squeeze given and received was effectively peeling layers of inhibitions that until today had held the bird down. "I don't feel worthless anymore," the giant chicken said to herself in silence as her voice was occupied groaning in pleasure. Her smile was that of a young girl just playing with a friend and having fun. "She's doing her best to make me feel good. And that's why... I won't lose!"

Lola was caught by surprise when a sudden rumbling below made her focus her vision on the chicken's breast flesh as it began to spill between her fingers, pushing her grip back. The alligator was overrun by excitement as she looked at the feathered giantess's growth suddenly pick up. In mere moments, Amber had topped Lola and was already making headway with her expansion. The avian's bulk was soon engulfing the roads and blocks surrounding them, and Lola was forced to accelerate her own growth speed just to keep up. "Mmm! Now that's a... whoop!"

Throwing her arms around Lola, the larger Amber narrowed her eyes and pulled her over the top of her chest. "D-don't think..." Amber stuttered a little at first, her body shivering from her explosive growth, "...that this is over! I'll make you come first!"

Lola's cheeks brightly blushed, her reptilian eyes thinning out as she practically beamed with her toothy-grin. "I love challenges! I'll be sure to... meep!" the alligator playfully squealed as the chicken forcefully spread her legs. "O-oh you devious little...!" Lola gasped as she felt Amber's beak closer and closer to her exposed womanhood. The alligator's tail shot up in full rigidity above her bubble butt as she sensed the aggressive Amber nuzzle between her inner thighs. "Nngh... Fine. You're on, freckles!"

Amber smirked, feeling every last piece of insecurity melt with the other female's juices of arousal dripping over her beak. She opened her mouth to let her tongue out; keeping Lola firmly sat her chicken breasts with her hands. With her tongue next to the alligator girl's vulva, she started to circle the tip in order to excite and further arouse Lola. Amber was confident now, and sure that she could take her time exploring the other woman's sex, but it didn't take long before an intense sensation on her very own womanhood shook Amber to her core.

The impact was immediate and brutal, an insertion of unbelievable girth and length that stuffed Amber's love hole with no lesser force. Every nerve in the giant chicken girl screamed out at once at the unexpected penetration, her legs becoming stiff as they kicked out, demolishing several buildings at once by accident. Her love hole felt full and heavy with something inside. But with Lola in the way, Amber couldn't see much. Her eyes full of questions couldn't even fathom to draw an answer out of the gator thanks to those massive scaly knockers being in the way as usual.

Amber didn't need to wonder for much longer though, as she felt the intruder within her body squirm in an unpredictable way. The unfamiliar yet nuanced sensation of lightly jagged tips rubbing over the sensitive surface of her inner walls made Amber's grip on Lola's buttocks fail as shock overtook her.

"Teehee," Lola giggled from above, "I told ya it was on, bird butt! Now get back to work!" the alligator grinned as she slapped her claws down and began to fondle the sides of Amber's bust. In the meantime, the reptilian giantess' long tail swept left and right, forcing the section trapped within Amber's vagina to grind, slide in and slide out in quick succession.

"Th-that crazy girl's using her own tail to...?!" Amber's thoughts shared her palpable bewilderment, but she couldn't afford to give up now. "N-no way I'm letting you win, Lola!" the chicken audibly said among stutters and moans. The chicken's hands returned to hold Lola down by the rump cheeks and Amber immediately dunked her face forwards.

"Aiiiyeee!" Lola shrieked as Amber's beak pecked its way inside of her pussy, and soon enough the chicken started using her tongue to pleasure her. Unwilling to give up at that point, Lola plunged her tail deeper inside of Amber and started pounding harder. In response, Amber started fondling and smacking the alligator's ass, which made Lola squeeze and tug Amber's breasts. It was a contest to see which giantess could make the other cum first. But it didn't stop at just that.

Their mutual expansion had put Amber's body atop several of the town's blocks already, and this wild competitive spirit was only making the two grow bigger and faster in accordance with their overactive hormones. The licking and tail-fucking were merely catalysts for increasingly more powerful growth spurts that shamed the size-gains from previous ones. In mere minutes, they had reached and passed thousands of feet tall, and they didn't seem to be running out of juice. But both Amber and Lola were so lost in their friendly, sexy competition that it didn't occur to them that their combined bulk was burying the whole city under. Because just as they had become bigger than buildings, they also became larger than anything else in Amber's town. And when there wasn't anything else in town left to outgrow, the very town became their bed.

The amorous giantesses' romp came to be known as the ultimate summer-time highlight in the media, and their rampant growth caught on-camera gave spectators a good idea of how far they had to be from the oncoming titanic amounts of womanly bulk to avoid being squished flat. They were simply unstoppable in their expansion, incapable of extinguishing the flames burning in their loins. Amber and Lola were caught in a never ending cycle of pleasure that led into growth which enhanced their pleasure even more.

It was a competition that lasted no less than an hour during which everything unfortunate enough to be in the way of the giantesses' expanding forms was trampled underneath. Neighboring cities were engulfed in no time, and the geographical limits keeping them within the state weren't going to mean a lot to their growth for much longer.

Amber had no idea they had gone this far already. Her cognition was fully absorbed with sensing the heat surrounding Lola's vagina, smelling the scent of her deep arousal and tasting those natural lubricants expelled by the hole her tongue and beak were digging into. She really wanted to make Lola explode from bliss, and even made an attempt to make it easier by changing positions. What Amber did was shift her weight while pulling Lola over; forcing the giant alligator down on her back while Amber dutifully knelt down on several cities simply to give herself better access to Lola's cunt.

By her account, Lola wasn't going down without a fight. Amber's eagerness was definitely wearing her down, and the flip made Lola fall back across the state division, losing her chance to continue groping Amber's breasts. It was hard enough to pull herself back up with pleasure wracking every nerve in her system, but Lola quickly gave up on sitting up with her tail on the way. Instead, the long-haired redhead slammed her claws down on the terra firma, digging holes hundreds of feet deep with the tip of her fingers just to get a grip. With that support, Lola began to rock her hips against Amber and swished her tail in and out of Amber with even bigger force.

The gargantuan alligator's tail turned into a veritable jackhammer bent on conquering Amber's femininity. There was nothing the chicken could do about it, and her tongue was starting to get tired. She couldn't even bring her fingers to properly grip Lola's buttocks anymore. The pleasure was delectable, incomparable to anything Amber had ever felt. She was going to give out. She didn't care about winning anymore. Sweet release was near, but Amber wasn't alone. Both giantesses let out booming moans of true delight as their vaginas clenched and squirted nearly at the same time, gushing juice over each other in a blast of orgasmic proportions.

Likewise, their bodies responded with a surge of growth that totaled the several states their unfathomable bulk had been experiencing their lay on. Miles upon miles of massive, climaxing women claimed the landscape in seconds. Their affection had conquered the country in an overflow of ecstasy.

Amber was so overwhelmed by the incredible sensation that she felt her consciousness slipping away soon after the afterglow kicked in.

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When she came to, Amber squeezed her closed eyes tighter. There was a grand amount of sunlight hitting her straight in the face, and she just wanted to hide her head under her pillow. Try as she might, however, the bird was unable to pull the pillow over, so she tried with the second one against her arms. "Wait, I don't have two pillows..." the chicken's eyes lazily opened to more yellow than she was used to. After shaking the cobwebs off her head, Amber's eyes widened and she realized

the pillows she was so neatly snuggled against were two huge, scaly yet smooth breasts, and the blanket behind her was just an arm draped over her body.

“Mmm...” rumbled a cute, familiar voice as the green beauty cuddling Amber slowly sat up. Amber saw past the mountainous breasts and saw Lola’s snout giving her a warm smile. “Finally up? Good!”

“Lola?” Amber’s words gathered at her throat in a rush, and she ended up saying nothing else. Instead, the startled chicken looked left and right not to see a bed, or her shop, or her town; but a vast landscape of green, reddish brown underneath them, an almost endless amount of blue surrounding them and a black curtain above. “You’ve gotta be kidding me...!” she finally yelped, “That wasn’t... that wasn’t a dream?”

“Oh ho ho ho!” Lola couldn’t help blurting out laughter, “Really? You’re only gonna ask *that* at this point?”

“B-but... we’re huge! No, we’re enormous- forget that, we’re *ginormous*!” Amber carefully sat up and turned, looking around a second time to make sure her eyes weren’t playing her any tricks. “Pinch me.” Shrugging, Lola did as asked and pinched Amber. “Eeeeeee! N-not there!” the chicken cried out as she felt Lola’s fingers tweezing her nipples. That was when Amber noticed all of her curves, all of what she had always wanted, was there, intact, and definitely belonging to her. “Dear God we really are giants.”

“Ahem, the term you’re looking for is... growing girls!” Lola smiled, tightly hugging Amber against her chest. “See? All a girl needs to get bigger is a bit of love! ...and food!”

“Aha... haha...” Amber nervously laughed, but even with the doubts in her mind she couldn’t deny the reality she was caught up in. She was so imposingly big, there was absolutely no way anybody would be able to look down at her again. And she could share this with her friend who, ignoring her eccentricity, was a very lovable goof. “Y-yeah... actually... it’s silly if I start doubting that at this point, isn’t it?”

“The silliest!” Lola snickered, but then her stomach started to grumble, “Oooh. It’s been quite a while since we’ve had anything to eat. My tummy’s hungry.”

“Huh... come to think of it, I’m kind of hungry too...” Amber patted her flat belly, rubbing it slightly, “Feels like I haven’t eaten in a day, too.”

“Well, you were asleep for hours! I think it’s morning again by now,” Lola grinned in a matter-of-factly way, “So I guess it’s only natural we want breakfast. Oh well, nothing to it! Omph!”

Amber’s eyes froze as she watched Lola bump her snout down at the same time she pulled one of her breasts up. The chicken watched as the busty alligator opened her maw to capture one of those perky nipples into her mouth. The chicken heard her equally massive friend purr in delight as she began sucking, and it wasn’t long before Amber witnessed relatively thin lines of white liquid flow outside the rim of Lola’s maw and down her breasts. It was milk. “Holy cow, you’re lactating!”

Lola’s eyes fluttered open after sampling herself for a few moments and let go of her teat. A few drips of milk splashed out and down by the east coast. “Mmhm. You didn’t think I was this big without there being a little extra in here, didja?” she giggled.

“Th-that’s not the issue here! How are you even...?” Amber didn’t complete the phrase. She didn’t

dare to. The whole day had been a very important lesson about not letting her preconceptions decide what was possible or not. To Amber, doubting what she was seeing was tantamount to negating everything she had so thoroughly enjoyed for the past day. With her belly rumbling, Amber's thoughts returned to her empty stomach. She looked at Lola's breasts and then at her own. With her hands under her voluptuous bust, Amber cocked an eyebrow up and decided not to think about it anymore.

Beak made contact with nipple flesh. At first, Amber whimpered as her eagerness made her poke the pink bud too harshly, but she soon fixed the problem by gently nipping the areola and using her tongue to bathe the sore spot. Murmuring, the experimenting bird suckled and rolled her tongue over her hardening nipple until eventually, the duct within opened. Amber's eyes flew open as her tongue was splashed by a liquid with creamy consistence. The texture wasn't bad, and it tasted somewhat sweet. After a few seconds of constant oral stimulation, Amber felt her nipples lactate on demand with little effort. It felt good, it tasted good, and she definitely didn't want to stop now. But suddenly, she felt extra weight against her head and had to pull away lest she suffocated. "H-huh...?" she blinked as her beak let go of her massive, leaking teat. The wet nipple smacked Lola's breast, spilling some of its white goodness over the surface of the alligator's bust.

"Didn't you go to kindergarten, freckles?" Lola smirked as she threw her arms and legs around her friend, hugging her tightly as she nuzzled the bird's huge boobs. "You have to shaaaare!"

A shivering Amber ended up laughing instead of protesting. "F-fine! Fine! Weren't you the one that started it, anyway?"

"Details," Lola winked while sticking her tongue out. "Hmm, you can have mine too. Sounds fair?" she licked her lips.

"You've got a deal," Amber nodded with a little grin. At that point, the two shuffled around until they could easily fit one of the other's nipples into their mouth. A mutual nursing session started with each side doing its best at draining those heavy, lactating mounds. This time, however, it was no competition. The fire had died down, and all the pair did was simply enjoy on the other's bounty. Rich, sweet breast milk flowed down their throats, filling their empty stomachs with creamy goodness. Their bodies began to rumble in response, starting their expansion anew. The calmness of their shared feeding allowed their bodies to swell in smaller, paused intervals. At the end of the tender moment, the entire continent had become their sitting cushion.

"Mmm..." Amber shivered a little, looking down at the tiny, insignificant geographical mass under their rumps. She then looked back at Lola and popped her breast free from her beak. Lola did the same with her maw, and then they looked at each other. "We just got even bigger..."

"You're a very cute Captain Obvious, if I ever saw one," the alligator grinned, but then she found herself on her back as Amber pounced her down. "Mmm, are we going at it again so soon?"

"No," Amber nuzzled the big gator, cuddling her while their country-sized breasts mashed together. "I just want to stay like this for a while."

"Can do, birdie," Lola threw her arms around her friend and pressed her lips against the bird's forehead. It was going to take time for the feathered giantess to get used this, but Lola had no doubt Amber's self-esteem wouldn't have any problems from now on.

The End.