

The car hit another goddamned bump in the road.

"That's it. I'm pulling this car over." Beatrice had had enough.

"Bea, no! We're almost there!" Mae, who was in the car with her, resisted.

"Almost where? We've never been up to this part of the park before."

"I don't know! I just felt like coming up here!"

The road objected to their forward progress. Another larger bump.

"Mae, if we keep going up this road. A flat tire will happen."

"Fiiiine!" Mae whined, adventurous, but overall somewhat ignorant of what the car could take.

The weak vehicle pulled off to the side of the road, and the crocodile and cat sat in their seats for a minute, almost dumbly, before opening the doors at the same time, and letting out the light buildup of smoke which had been accumulating inside. The windows were partially open, of course, but the momentum had made it difficult for breath to circulate.

A too-loud-for-such-a-dinky-car beep rung, indicating the keyholder had locked it, and a moment later Bea put it back in her pocket and sat on the hood, on a corner in case it was hot. Mae's ears twitched, sitting near the smoking, sharp-toothed vehicle owner. One put her hand over the other's, holding it.

After a couple more minutes of just sitting on the hood, light crackling came from the woods, and a faint glimmer shone between trunks of trees to the opposite side of the road.

"Bea! Did you see that?"

"I was facing it." She breathed in, as though she saw the future, and wasn't surprised. "Are you going to cross the road to go look at whatever that was?"

"Yes?" Mae got up, putting her arm on Bea's shoulder and pulling her up to stand.

The both of them walked together, Bea looking to see if both sides of the road were clear, Mae walking ahead of her, in prime position to get hit if there were any cars this late. The sun clung to the horizon, prolonging the dusk.

The two of them had been camping out, driving across the country with money they'd actually managed to save. Both holding maintenance jobs, one more glamorous than the other (Mae was a janitor), they had grown quite attached to each other just in time for their road trip, which was now coming up on the fourth week. Thus, they'd been driving through a national park forest, and taken a particularly unpaved road because Mae believed it would lead to good sightseeing.

After a few broad steps over brush, Mae tripped, curving around and landing on her back, bringing her green companion with her as she fell. Bea landed on her front, and both

bouncing roughly against a patch of shiny mushrooms, caps reflecting the late day light. Mae sat up first, followed shortly, but more slowly, after by Bea. Her cig was on the ground, so Mae got up quite fast and stepped on it, extinguishing the burning stick. "Only I can save the forest from burning down," she said, face blank with happiness. She turned to Bea, noticing what had replaced the extinguished roll.

"Are you gonna eat that mushroom?" She stared at her girlfriend, amused but not laughing, in part because she was hoping for a "Yes".

Bea spat the mess immediately. "No way."

"Aw what?" Mae threw her hands up. "Come on, eat eeeemmm"

Resistant to the urging, the croc blinked, then got up to her feet. "I'm not going to eat weird woods shrooms. That's the second worst thing you've told me to eat so far."

Mae remembered the first. "But the chicken turned to liquid! How is that not cool!?"

"I don't even know what the melting point of chicken is. But I don't want to scald myself." Bea chided, voice not rising in the slightest. "Besides. I think I accidentally swallowed one anyway. And they taste horrible." Her face moved into a slight frown.

"O-kay...Let's go then. We should get back on the actual road."

"I better not die or whatever from eating those." Bea commented, as the two girls started moving back over to their car.

The weak, old car made a noise as it passed from unpaved road back to main route.

"What was that noise?" Mae placed the question in the backseat. The driver slowed a bit to listen to the car more accurately, pushing the question to the front, since it wasn't wearing a seatbelt.

"It sounded like a crash?"

"No, it was more like... Krrrracka!" Mae tried to raise her arms in an excited Y, but her left arm hit the door halfway up, and both her arms bounced back down.

"There was a bit of a water sound." Bea was starting to slow quite a bit, really trying to listen.

"I don't hear it now. Maybe we hit a puddle. Splooosh." A groan noise, somewhat droning, started then stopped.

"Was that the car?" Mae asked, leaning over to look at the fuel tank, concerned they might be out of gas.

"No. That was me." Bea braked. "One moment, I'm gonna go vomit and be right back."

"Whoa. Did those shrooms mess you up that badly?" Mae kept leaning, but drifted her eyes to the visible eye of Bea on her side.

"I don't know. Yes?" Bea left the key in and got out, walking past the front of the car. Mae turned it off, and hopped out as her gothic friend passed her door. She helped her friend, who didn't get anything out, then made something in the backseat, and they both ate a quick, small meal. Bea didn't seem sick aside from insisting that she was so. In fact, she seemed to be standing up completely straight and tall. Maybe it was the angle? Or the light? Either way, the two turned in for a relatively early night, leaning the car seats back all the way, taking the key out and putting it in a hiding spot in case some maniac living in the park saw a car and jacked them. They didn't kiss goodnight for once, because sickness makes loners of us all.

Mae woke up first, slightly aware that the car was leaning a bit.

"Shit, Bea, someone stole our tires." Mae assumed, but was quickly disproven. Her companion woke up quicker, squinting and a tad grumpy. She sat up faster than she should've, and hit her head on the top of the car. "Ow!" Despite being an exclamation, didn't involve a raising of Bea's voice. It sounded as deadpan and straightly delivered as any of her other sentences, the only indicator of it being different as a sentence being the almost audible exclamation point at the end. The lizard girl put herself back down in her seat, tossing her hand over the lever to push the seat up, finding it closer than expected. She slowly pulled it up, and Mae just watched, somewhat captivated.

Still squinting, Bea was only able to make up 2/3rds of the way before her snout was almost touching the roof of the car again. She reached over, popped a door, and slipped out of the car, swinging her upper body, forcing Mae to dodge the swing as she accidentally cracked her own door and tumbled backwards out of it. She got up quickly. After performing an awkward movement to avoid hitting her head on the roof again on her way out, Bea exited, and Mae slid over the hood to cut distance.

Both gasped, Mae out of surprise and some amazement, though Bea's merely sounded obligatory - just her nature.

Beatrice was normally fairly tall, especially in the realm of 20-somethings females. Somewhere in the realm of 5' 8" to solid 6'. It was hard to tell because her posture was somewhat hard to understand. At the moment, however, she was 8 and a half feet.

"Behold, world, the girl is huge!" was the first exclamation from Mae. The croc girl finally opened her eyes a bit more, huffing the somewhat cold mountain forest air. It was visible.

"I'm not hallucinating, right Mae?" Bea asked, looking down at the girl who now but reached just below her quite mild breasts. She sat on the hood of the car, putting one hand between her legs. That padded down the dress she had worn overnight, and planned to change out of. Her increased height had brought the loose knee length skirt tighter, and practically up to her butt. Thankfully, her legs weren't constricted by leggings or shoes, but she still hid her tight underwear the best she could from the shortie.

"Uhh. No? Unless I am, too." Mae looked at the car, carriage leaning from the weight.

"Oh. That's good to know." Bea didn't quite know what to say, she was...still wrapping her thoughts around this.

The sun rose over some more banter. The air was a bit cold, but the day was warmed by the light. The pure emptiness of the park was made clear, the long, empty stretch of road going off in either direction for a while, before curving around some trees out of sight. They were alone. Breakfast was made, more plentiful than usual, and served by Mae. Over the time gap, Bea had picked up some more inches, and she knew it, since putting her hand down was no longer a viable method of keeping moderately decent. She had crossed her legs, now practically lying across the top of the car. She was soft, if heavy, so the beat up vehicle stuck out the weight for now.

Mae poked the bare green foot of the lounging girl, holding some plastic, flimsy implements of breakfast, struggling to hold the glorious bounty. In response, the foot's owner peeked one eye, her large pointed face some mixture of cockiness and anxiety. They had both gotten over the initial shock. Bea received the meal, bringing a long arm behind her halfling. She hefted the navy blue cat up onto her lap, poking and eating in same sized bites as normal.

"You know there's still a part of me that's panicking and wants to cry." She whispered, snout leaning over a bare shoulder.

"Oh." An ear twitch brushed the side of her face.

"I'm wearing my dress like a nightshirt, Mae."

"Yesh?" Talking while eating.

"Anyone riding this road would see my ass." Her breath wavered.

"Nobody's here! Your ass is being seen by squirrels."

"Nngh." She huffed, poking around her plate, pushing mushrooms around.

"Are you not going to eat those?" Mae looked into her larger eyes.

"Mushrooms and I aren't on speaking terms at the moment."

"Can I have them?" The furry face tickled the edge of the dragon holding her in lap.

Bea sighed, settling hers near Mae's empty plate and hugging her against large, soft belly with one hand. "Sure."

"You aren't hungry?"

"Not more than usual?"

Mae started eating, and Bea smiled lightly. She was still anxious, but the cat girl in her lap comforted her, like a teddy bear.

After breakfast she was 12 feet, and had to get off the car, sitting in a kneel beside it. She stayed 12 feet until lunch time, at which point she quickly grew to 20 feet, and her remaining clothes tore off.

“Whoa. Wow.” Mae stood in front of the grown gator, who stayed covered with a hand across her chest and knees in front of her nudity. Her free arm couldn’t quite find a spot to settle.

“Please don’t stare.” Bea was almost visibly shaking, embarrassed by her predicament.

“Are you worried?” the knee-high cat put her hands on the lower thigh, leaning close to the girl now taller than a giraffe.

“I-” she exhaled a bit of foggy air, making a cloud almost like smoke. She’d kept smoking for a brief while, but had stopped, saying she might accidentally inhale it, and that she didn’t want to fumble with tiny cigarettes. The kitty hands started to slip to the sides of her round leg, one slipping between the lower thighs, getting stuck. However, Margaret wasn’t the one who’d be bugged by that, since her chin now rested pleasantly on Beatrice’s thigh. She purred.

“It’ll be okay, Beabea. Nobodysh around, itsh jusht me.” Her jaw didn’t open all the way since it was resting on leg, so Mae slurred a bit. Bea snickered in response, then took a deep breath.

“Okay. What if I’m embarrassed by you looking at me?”

“There’s a gigantic one piece in the trunk! I borrowed it from...someone.”

“What?”

“Yeah!”

“Who had a giant one piece swimsuit? Who was it supposed to be for? By what circumstances did this mystery person let you have their swimsuit?”

Mae blinked.

Seconds passed.

“I don’t remember!” She spoke, triumphantly, then rubbed her face against the light-scaled thigh. Uncomfortable with having the paw-hand between her knees, Bea moved her other leg slightly, freeing the cat arm and creating a small window. She closed it once Mae removed her hand.

“My hand fell asleep.”

“Sorry.” With one pointy digit, Bea scritchd between her eye and where her snout started, which was more or less just where her cheeks were. She was blushing. They sat together for a moment.

“Do you think I’ll keep getting bigger?” Bea seemed worried.

“Probably?” Mae decided to try to be realistic.

“Do you think I’ll reach a maximum size, and not get larger than that?”

"Yeah, I think. But not soon, though." Mae ran a hand up higher on Bea's thigh. She'd gotten about five feet larger since the conversation started.

"Do you think I'll eventually...y'know. Go back to normal?" Bea's spare hand pet her smallfriend.

"I don't know."

They sat for another few minutes, talking about less important things in the meantime. Bea, bored of sitting around all day, stood up, meeting the height of shorter, newer trees closer to the road, but being merely a third or so the height of taller trees a greater distance away. Her previously free hand drifted to cover where her knees no longer sufficed. Mae made some comments about shame and how it was fine not to be ashamed of her nudity because it was just her, before blowing an air kiss at her big girlfriend. When that didn't work, Mae rummaged in the car, slightly dented on top from the moment when Bea realized she needed to get off, and reemerged a moment later. She had a towel, and offered it up the smooth leg, sitting on the smooth curvature of the gator foot. Their extremities, hands, feet, mildly resembled those of their respective animals, but not to the point of impracticality or unusability. The towel was for covering herself up a bit, or something.

Bea bent down and accepted the towel, but then rapidly gained some more feet, 45 feet now. She was still anxious after each growth spurt, but was reassured more completely and faster by her smaller cat each time. Mae hugged Bea's leg, and Bea shook a bit. She murmured something audible and called the relatively doll-sized cat MaeDay at the end of it. Taking another deep breath, she let her hands off of herself, using one to put a floor under Mae's hiking boots, the other to wall her. She appeared only 7 or 8 inches to the still expanding crocodile.

Mae was lifted up by the two hands, about face level, shy of booping distance. Mae sat down on the palm, breaking her trend of looking all over Bea's body to look her in the eyes. One of the large fingers dropped the towel on her back. She treated it like a blanket and wrapped it around herself. After a few moments, Mae decided to be more silly. She swung a leg over the edge of the palm, then leaned back, imitating her bedtime routine of almost violently popping her boots off. The first one landed on top of the car. The second landed on its hole just to the side of the car, rolling underneath it. She put her soles on two of Bea's fingers. The feel of soft peets, unexpected but welcome, was surprising enough that Bea actually laughed, and then continued as Mae rubbed them, a small mischievous smile appearing, and then staying. She stood up again. This was how it went with them since they started the trip - no words, just play.

The cat put her mitts on the slowly increasing fingertips, climbing up, balancing on the top of one like she used to do on top of mailboxes. She hopped one foot over each, sliding down the thumb, pressing her small soles against the wrist as Bea straightened out her arm, watching Mae jog up to her bare shoulder. The weight of bare heel bumping the inner side of her elbow was surreal, and Bea started snickering by the time Mae reached her neck. Also surreal was feeling shorts-clad legs and short sleeved arms both hug the side of her neck as Mae flung herself affectionately at it. Bea's growth accelerated for a few moments from surprise, then she pet the kitty. As her growth slowed back to a crawl, Mae started climbing up the side of the gently scaled face (more like, she scaled the scaled face of

increased scale), and sat facing Bea's eyes with her legs on either side of her snout, like a cowgirl.

They flirted for a minute or so. Bea had gone from 60 feet to 100 over the course of it.

"Do you think it'd be okay if I take a walk in the forest?" The nose shook as she spoke.

"For who?" the hand brushed her green face.

"What if I like. Step on animals or spook a tourist?"

"And they what - paint the giant?" Purring.

"Or take a picture."

"Beaaaa."

"What?"

"Nobody's heeere!" the patting of the snout sped up. Mae was drumming.

"Mae stop. You'll make me sneeze." Mae didn't.

"You've gotta stop being all embarrassed, Beabea! You're a huge beautiful naked dragon!" Dark blue paws drummed, her feet kicked and gently tapped bottom of her sole against her.

"Mae...Ah -!"

Bea sneezed, sniffing as she reopened her eyes from the reflexive wince. She was bigger. Mae was no longer on her nose. She briefly panicked, looking around the ground. Finding no sign of her, she slowly lowered herself, almost sitting on the car. She was massively heavy now. She briefly ran her hands over herself to see if her small friend had found herself somewhere compromising. This didn't appear the case, and she wasn't sitting on her.

"Mae, where'd you go?"

From the third tree layer out from the road, she heard rustling. She stood up, leaning over the trees now. Mae was stuck in one.

"Are you okay?"

Mae coughed, then gave a thumbs up, jumping up to a higher branch, then looking up. Her eyes sparkled at the sight of the towering body before her. She lifted her arms to indicate she wanted to be picked up. Bea plucked the cat up, then quickly sat down where she was, shaking the road with just her ass. Unsure of what to do with her, she set her tiny girlfriend down on her knee.

Bea was now 500 feet. If she was still growing, it was so very slow it was not meaningful. Her fingers tapped her calves. At least she wasn't trying to cover up, but her butt took up pretty much the whole road.

"Are you okay Bea?" The miniature cat was perched on the same position as Bea, facing her.

Silence.

"Bea?" Leaning forward, Mae shifted position to one where her legs were to either side of her, almost straddling the knee. Her hands were in front of her torso.

"Mae." She had an odd look on her gigantic face. The cat had long since had enough, however.

"Can you lean down?" Mae swept her legs a bit. Her fuzzy legs tickled.

"Are you going to climb on my face again? I'm not going to let you do that."

"Auuugh. Would you just lean down?"

"Why."

"Beaaaaa! Why do you gotta be this wayyy?"

"I'm as big as a fucking skyscraper, I think I've earned the right to be a little upset."

"Would you just listen to me??" Mae's legs were throwing a mini-tantrum.

"Why? You haven't done anything to help me since I started growing." She huffed, in a bitter spell.

"I made you breakfast!" Mae was indignant.

"You usually make breakfast. Besides, you wanted to check out the mushrooms."

"This isn't my fault! It isn't!" Her voice cracked.

"I don't want to be angry at you, Mae. But I'm currently the biggest thing in the whole damned park - and for all I know there are people who can see me - and I have no idea if I'm ever going to go back to normal - and!" She kept rambling.

"Beatriiice listen to me!"

"What!?" She brought her head down, practically yelling, voice rustling trees. Her breath was powerful. It seemed her rage could not be quelled by the miniature feline.

Mae kissed the towering crocodile, right on the lips, and put her hand-paws on the gigantic, seething face. She was gentle, she took care, and after several, very long seconds, she let go and looked up. With very little effort, the giantess swept her off her seat, hugging her tight between her breasts, tight with her soft, smooth hands. Mae felt her fast heartbeat. It

was so fast, it seemed worrying, but as the hug went on, it got slower, more calmed. The spot where it settled still seemed high. It must have been because she was always fretting over things. Always. Mae had to keep herself from being squeezed too tightly from the hug that it might hurt.

They met eyes. Huge, watery eyes gazed at the small kitty. Feline, dream eyes looked up at Bea. For several minutes, everything was quiet, melancholy, and delightful.

And, of course, because neither of them were mature, it was mutually decided upon to ruin this tender moment.

Mae went first. "Did you know this park used to be private property?" She whispered. Bea brought her small kitty up in her palm in front of her nose.

"Noo." Bea's voice was still a bit shaky, but she whispered, merry and intrigued.

"This entire stretch was just one dude's yard. His mansion's still there, except it's been converted to a museum."

"Uhuh...what about it?"

"When he died, the park was "donated in his name" because he didn't have a will and the government wanted to put a road through it."

Bea made a face.

"That's what happens when you're a lonely curmudgeon." Mae was laughing between syllables, "You don't have an heir, and your whole mansion and gigantic yard gets stolen by the government."

"Stupid government." Bea whispered in the same tone, instinctually.

"And then," Mae was practically having a giggling fit. She kissed Bea's snout, then quietly cheered, "Then your yard gets invaded by huge lesbians."

Bea's eyes went wide. An entire lungful of air left her nostrils, and she let Mae down on the ground, then rolled around, knocking down trees and almost crushing the car more than once, laughing her head off.

After laughing uncontrollably and creating a clearing in the shape of her rolling, svelte, naked form, Bea settled, catching her breath, stomach down on the road. One of her feet was angled in such a way that the car was perfectly situated underneath the ankle, spared from whatever amazing weight just that part of her could force down on the already-slightly-dented roof. The other foot, as the grounded cat noticed, was exposed, a weakspot to capitalize on.

"Mreaow~"

Mae pounced on the sole, landing entire-body-surface-first against the entirely uncalledoused plushy foot. She bounced an inch or so up and off upon impact, but her hands never left it,

holding on with her entire spread palms. After flopping against it the second time, settling down, she quite joyously felt it up. The entirety of Bea's "skin" didn't have a lot of give or squish, partially because she wasn't particularly meaty in the first place, and because her scales, while not sharp or hard, lent firmness to her form. Her feet, to the cat's delight and surprise, were the exception. These were almost unnaturally soft, softer than her own, even. That was particularly amazing, since hers were outright padded. To be softer than that was amazing. They were squishy, pleasant, and, were they not several times larger than her height (which enhanced the first two traits), huggable. That didn't stop Mae from attempting.

Bea, still catching her breath from her laughing fit, continued snickering, curving her body so she was on her side, and lifting her knee so Mae was within reach. She poked the tiny kitty's back, smushing her into her middle toe.

"Awww. Big BeaBea." She gave a few quick kisses to Bea's toe, and relaxed. After a few more minutes, Bea plucked Mae off, then, holding her so she was practically laying on her fingers, returned the kiss from earlier.

"You're too cute for your own good." Bea left Mae on her nose, and for the rest of the day, both cuddled to pure excess.

In the morning, things were back to normal. For about ten seconds. Bea had returned to normal, and out of celebratory joy, the couple snogged like the gross couple they usually were. At the end of the kiss, however, Bea had gained 6 feet. Of course, that didn't last long. After a few minutes of calming, she returned to normal, then both were even more overjoyed. What appeared to be the case was that the croc's growth was triggered through affections, and with this knowledge, Bea redressed, and both set out for more of their adventure. In their wake they left a dented clearing, filled with knocked over trees which would later be discovered, its source hotly debated over, and misattributed to aliens in numerous holistic conspiracy theories. They also left burnt rubber tracks, due in part to their cars struggling, off road, which coupled with what looked like a rock road (but was actually a pure coincidence), led to a patch of particularly dubious mushrooms in the woods, which would later be tripped over by others, most prominently another couple, a wolf and bear, on their way to someplace absolutely terrific, after saving up to move. One would tease the other with a mushroom (rather, he put it in his mouth), would naturally experience its effects, and would scare the pants off of everyone for miles around with a howl they would be unable to trace the origins of before the couple got the hell out of there.

As for the other gay couple, however, Bea and Mae would later take more vacations, and Margaret would find that she had much, much more of her home away from home with her. And that was comforting.