**The familiar ding of the Regretevator awoke Melanie from her nap.**

She had been snoozing away in a small corner of Mozelle’s bright and pink “Pet Sanctuary” as she called it when her slumber had been interrupted by the peculiar elevator. Melanie stretched her arms above her head while yawning and picked herself up from the ground.

She was just wearing her black shirt and half heart necklace paired with her blue skirt and pink and white stockings, but as she went to investigate the elevator’s arrival, she grabbed her bright purple jacket and slipped it on before sliding on her bright blue and white sneakers, which were decorated with small doodles, courtesy of Mozelle.

Melanie made sure her clothes were all fitted properly before stepping over to a nearby mirror to check. Her white fur gleamed in the bright light of the Sanctuary while her pink television screen gleamed ever brighter. Her tall black eyes over her cat-like mouth greeted her as she met her gaze while her tall bunny ears gently swayed in the imperceptible breeze. She looked great.

Melanie let out a contented sigh before making her way out of the little corner she was secluded in. The Sanctuary was decorated with various drawings along the pastel pink walls and blue blocky floor, some by her and some by the various critters that resided there. Thankfully, the critters hadn’t escaped again with the Elevator’s arrival, as they had many times, and were all sleeping soundly in their cages.

Melanie stepped out of the building into the white expanse that surrounded it and saw the Regretevator in its mysterious glory. The large steel container was surrounded by a small brick structure while the metal doors slowly grinded open. Inside was a well lit interior made of wood and with metal bars along the perimeter, while on the back wall were several panels which currently depicted a watermelon wearing sandals. What meaning it held was a mystery to Melanie and everyone else who used the strange elevator.

The arrow shaped lights on top of the doorframe lit up to indicate the elevator was going down, which didn’t mean much considering it seemed capable of going every which way. Melanie decided to peek her head inside to see if anyone was currently using it. If not, maybe she’d tag along, and see what it had in store for her.

As Melanie drew closer, she heard familiar voices speaking. She stepped up to the doorway and peered inside and saw the sources.

“Ah Melanie!” said Split. The strange amalgamation of a dog, snail, and banana. Her yellow fruity skin covered her entire body while her lower half had four legs, each tipped with a fluffy paw. Along her hindquarters was a large banana peel coiled in a spiral shape, resembling a snail shell. Split’s upper half was covered up by a striped dark brown sweater, while her face had a slight snout and long, droopy strands of banana peeling to make up her hair. Above her face sat two small antennas, while right below were her bright yellow glasses.

“Oh you! Hi! Great to see you!” said another familiar figure. Melanie turned to see Bive standing there, the paranoid hairy detective. Her entire body was coated in thick black fur, with the only distinguishable features being her massive set of sharp teeth. She was wearing a thick brown overcoat and brown pants along with thick white glasses, which had dark lenses that covered up her eyes. Her portly body was covered by her coat almost entirely, but her paws, hands, and large catlike tail snaked out from the folds of it. She looked around nervously as Melanie stepped into the elevator.

“Hi guys! Wow, it seems like a slow day today.” Melanie exclaimed. Usually the REgretevator was chock full of people from all walks of life, but today, it was just Bive and Split.

“Yep. Although I’m sure we’ll see a ‘rise’ in people joining us later in the day.” Split said, her familiar puns a relief to hear once more.

“Don’t you see Split? They all left cause they know something weird is going on!” Bive said in her all too familiar paranoid panic.

“Oh calm down Bivey. I’m sure it's nothing.” Split said, before turning back to Melanie.

“We’re both heading to Crem’s to get some Ice cream. Wanna tag along and ‘chill’ out?” Split asked. Melanie nodded happily and gave a big smile.

“Yes of course! Would love to hang out with you guys.” she said before stepping into the Regretevator fully. As if waiting for her, the elevator doors began to grind shut before closing behind her. With a familiar ka-chunk, the elevator began to move, giving everyone inside that strange sensation of motion.

“So Melanie. How have you been? Have any ‘hare-raising’ adventures without us?” Split asked. Melanie chuckled a bit at her pun before answering.

“Kind of. I’ve mainly been busy helping Mozelle maintain her Sanctuary. Had a lot of catch up work to do after my… uh… absence.” Melanie said. No one but Mozelle had known what had actually happened to her, and for her friend’s sake, she planned on keeping it that way.

“What are you using those critters for??? Are they being raised as weapons for the clown government???” Bive suddenly asked, causing Melanie’s brain to freeze for a moment.

“Uh…. no. She just likes collecting them.” Melanie said. Bive gave a quiet ooh.

“Ok. Carry on.” she said quickly. Melanie continued while Split gave Bive a confused look.

“Then I’ve had to catch up on all the tea parties I missed with her, but she picks some wild locations for them. Just yesterday, we were sipping Earl Greys in the 9th Ring. It was FREEZING down there.” Melanie said.

Mozelle, being the ruler of Hell in her father’s absence (the big S was out on a business trip apparently), was pretty lonely, so Melanie had made it her goal to be her best friend until he returned. They had tea parties, regular parties, soul-hunting parties (she was still unsure about the ramifications of that), and any other sort of party you could think of. Mozelle was a strange case. Despite her environment and status, she was as sweet as the treats she baked, and Melanie was better to have met her. Especially considering-

DING! The elevator let out a pleasant ring as it came to an abrupt stop. Split and Melanie almost lost their balance while Bive ended up falling flat on her back, causing her paws to flail about wildly as she tried to get back up.

“HELP! WE’RE UNDER ATTACK! THAT GREEN CAT THING IS TRYING TO KILL US!” Bive shouted frantically as Split walked over to her.

“It’s ok, Bivey! We just stopped. Here let me get you back up.” Split said. Bive seemed to calm down and reached her hand up to grab Split’s while Melanie became aware of a weird noise. It sounded like clicking, and was coming from the light right above them.

“Guys, is that light-”

Before she could even finish, the light in the elevator went out. Melanie, Split, and Bive were plunged into a deep darkness and immediately began to panic.

“Stay calm guys! Just an outage. We’ll be fine, I think.” Split said, which didn’t help Bive.

“YOU THINK??? What do we do??? I can’t see anything!” Bive shouted. As if on cue, Melanie felt her television screen light up and bathe the elevator in a pink glow. Bive was already beginning to claw at the wooden walls while Split let out a sigh of relief.

“Thank goodness you’re such a ‘bright’ person Melanie.” she said, clearly trying to ease the tension in the air. Melanie smiled and gave a slight nod, but she’ll admit. The darkness was something she wasn’t fond of either.

“Bive! You gotta stop scratching walls. You’re gonna break your claws.” Split called out to the panicking detective. Bive seemed to slow down and turned around, her massive fangs in a frown.

“Sorry. Sorry. I shouldn’t panic as much. I’m just… not really fond of the dark. Or cramped space. Or both at the same time.” Bive said sheepishly. Melanie could understand that. Bive had apparently come from a messed up laboratory, owned by that weird rock thing, and had been poked and prodded and secluded in a cell for days on end.

“It’s ok. Now, let’s say we see if we can get this thing running again.” Melanie said. Split and Bive both nodded as they carefully crowded around the elevator panel. Each of the buttons, all marked with an infinity symbol, were all inert and dark. Melanie experimentally pressed one, but it didn’t do anything besides emit a pathetic click.

“Hmmm. Usually when the Regretevator is stuck like this, the doors should open anyway. Let me try.” Split said. She walked up to the steel doors and rolled up her sleeves before digging her nails into the small slit between them. Split let out a grunt of exertion as she pulled the doors apart slowly, causing them to grind and creak in defiance.

WHOOSH! The doors easily slid apart and opened up to reveal a dimly lit elevator shaft. The group looked up and saw that there looked like sparks coming down from above.

“Uh oh. I think one of the generators got fried.” Bive said as she got a closer look through the oppressive darkness.

“What does that mean?” Melanie asked. Bive turned to look at her.

“Means one of us has to go up there and fix it. I can take care of that.” she said as she slowly began unbuttoning her coat. Melanie was shocked as she pulled it off, revealing a white button up undershirt paired with a black tie. She gently passed the coat over to Split, who was currently staring at Bive’s surprisingly toned forearms with wide eyes.

“You two stay here and keep watch.” Bive said.

“Watch? For what?” Melanie asked.

“Jeremy or Jaoba.” was all she said before leaping out of the elevator and towards a truss. Her claws and hands easily grabbed onto it and she began climbing up the truss at an inhuman level of speed.

“...who’s Jeremy?” Melanie asked, and Split shrugged. They both stepped back and sat down on the floor across from the door.

“So… where were you all this time?” Split asked out of the blue as she set down Bive’s coat on the ground next to her. Melanie could feel digital sweat well up on her screen as she struggled to find a fitting answer.

“Uhh.. well you see… ummm.” Melanie struggled to put words together as Split raised an eyebrow.

“You seem a bit tongue-tied. If you don’t want to talk about it, that's ok.” Split said with a hint of sadness. Melanie looked over in a panic.

“No no it's not that I don’t want to talk about it! I just… I don't know how to explain it.” she said. Split looked a bit concerned now.

“It’s just… I’m worried how you or Bive or anyone else will react, and I’m terrified that… *she’s* … listening.” Melanie almost struggled to get that last part out and felt a chill run down her spine. She could almost see her again out of the corner of her eye. Her snow white sweater that hid her true nature. Her spiky black tendrils. Her *awful* piercing red eye…

WARNING: EXCESS STRESS DETECTED. PROCEED TO MONITOR. CURRENT LEVEL: 58%

“Huh?” Melanie saw the text appear on the corner of her vision, and realized it was part of the new systems Mozelle had installed. She hadn’t realized it, but she was beginning to quiver a bit, and could feel her heart beating faster. She might have been more anxious than she thought.

“She? Which she? Bive? You know she’s harmless, especially to you. Although after seeing her without her coat on, I’m not so sure about that.” Split said. Melanie let out a forced chuckle as she ended up digging her fingers into the floor.

“No, not her… Uh… it’s… I don’t…” Melanie was still struggling and felt her heart beating faster and faster. She could feel sweat rolling down below her fur, and gently tugged on the collar of her black shirt.

STRESS LEVEL: 73%. COUNTERMEASURES SET TO DEPLOY

*Countermeasures?!?!* Mozelle had a bad habit of over-engineering this kind of stuff, so she wasn’t exactly sure what those countermeasures could be, nor what would happen to her if they triggered. The thought was making her panic more, which seemed a bit counterintuitive.

“Melanie, you ok? You seem super stressed.” Split asked. Melanie tried to give a fake nod, but there was no point hiding it. She was visibly taking in big gulps of air and she felt like her eyes were welling up with tears. She didn’t know if she wanted to yell, cry, or laugh, or all at once.

“I’m…. I don’t know. Where is Bive?” she asked. Split got up and looked up the shaft. She could distantly see Bive tinkering with a generator, her figure lit up by the bright fluorescent lights behind her.

“She’s working on the generator now. She should be done soon, and then we’ll go get that ice cream. How does that sound?” Split asked.

“That sounds… good.” she said, taking in another panicked breath. She was clearly having some sort of panic attack now, and the cramped, dark space wasn’t helping.

STRESS LEVEL: 90%. COUNTERMEASURES PREPARED.

Melanie did her best to calm down. She focused on a single point. She tried drowning out the panic with happy memories. She tried closing her eyes and taking a deep breath. She could feel herself beginning to calm down, and thought she had a solid grasp on it.

THUMP! Melanie quickly opened her eyes and saw Bive standing in the door of the elevator. With her wild black hair, white undershirt, and the red emergency light flashing behind her, she almost looked like… Folly.

STRESS LEVEL AT MAXIMUM: COUNTERMEASURES NOW AVAILABLE. AWAITING CODE WORD.

The moment her killer’s name crossed her mind, Melanie felt herself curl up into a little ball and begin shivering. Split and Bive both noticed immediately as the lights for the elevator clicked back on. The metal doors slid shut and the elevator began moving once more as Split and Bive began to panic.

“Melanie?! What’s wrong? Are you hurt?” Split asked. Melanie tried to speak, but all that came out were panicked gasps for air. Her eyes were quivering and she was having trouble staying focused.

“Did Jaoba show up??? He can cause anyone to panic if they aren’t prepared.” Bive said.

“Bive! Not helping.” Split said with a bit of anger.

“Sorry.” she responded sheepishly.

“No, it's fine! It’s not any of your faults!” Melanie shouted, catching both of them off guard.

“What can we do to help? Do you want us to hug you?” Split asked.

“We can see about getting off at the next stop! Or maybe ordering a Squishy for you???” Bive suggested.

Melanie felt them all begin drowning out her thoughts with their suggestions and she began gritting her digital teeth. She wanted quiet. She wanted space. She wanted to get out of this elevator.

“I JUST REALLY NEED YOU BOTH TO BE QUIET PLEASE!!! I WANT OUT OF THIS SMALL, CRAMPED, ELEVATOR. I WANT TO BE SOMEWHERE BIG AND OPEN RIGHT NOW, AND NOT HAVE TO THINK ABOUT THAT AWFUL PARASITE!!!” Melanie suddenly shouted as she looked up from the floor.

Both Split and Bive froze and were dead silent as only the quiet whir of the elevator and Melanie’s frustrated breaths could be heard. As she tried to calm down, the text in the corner of her eye lit up once more.

CODE WORD “BIG” RECEIVED. INITIATING GROWTH SEQUENCE. RECOMMENDED THAT ALL CLOTHING BE REMOVED PRIOR.

“W-what?” Melanie asked aloud in a quiet, meek voice. As she said that, she felt a peculiar sensation along her limbs. Melanie looked down at her hands, still laying flat against the cold floor of the Elevator, and saw that they were beginning to pulse ever so slightly.

Melanie picked up her left and right hands and held them in front of her as Bive and Split looked in confusion. The hands looked like they were bubbling as her white fur and pink paw pads seemed to be… growing?????

“What’s… happening?” Melanie asked aloud as if Split and Bive knew the answer. She curled her fingers a bit as she felt them beginning to grow larger. She heard cracking noises as the bones stretched and creaked out, causing her fingers and palms to grow larger.

“I DON’T KNOW!!! Did we trigger something?!?!” Bive asked in a panic as Split tried to get her to calm down. Melanie just stared in confusion as her fingers and hands began to stretch out. Her wrists followed suit and began stretching out of her jacket’s sleeve, revealing a bit of her forearm in turn.

“Melanie! Are you ok? We’re sorry for causing… this…” Split said confused as Melanie could feel the changes spreading across her body. Her arms and chest began to puff out slightly as whatever mysterious mechanism Mozelle had planted within her got to work.

“It’s ok! I’m not mad! I’m sorry for- URK!” Melanie tried to explain, but was cut off from a sudden growth spurt. Her legs stretched out from under her as her stomach and chest packed on fur and mass. Her stockings began to feel tighter across her legs as they grew and stretched out while her arms already kept growing further and further.

Her normally 6’4” frame grew taller as Melanie began to feel her shirt and jacket cramping up around her chest. The ground felt like it was getting further away and Melanie could see her eyeline rising to meet Split’s and Bive’s. They both regarded her changes with confusion and worry.

RIP! Melanie’s ears flopped down in surprise as she looked down and saw that her right shoulder had torn through her jacket sleeve, exposing her snow white fur to the cool air. In an instant, she felt her face light up a bright red as she realized why she was supposed to take off her clothes.

“I… I… augh!” Melanie felt another rip as her left shoulder tore through. She reached up her now large hand to cover it up and was shocked by how big it had gotten. Her jacket sleeves had stretched all the way back up to her elbows, leaving her forearms now exposed.

Melanie winced a bit as she felt smaller rips appearing along her stockings. She looked down at her legs bent right below her and saw her fur poking through numerous rips and tears along their surface. The rips grew in size and made louder and louder noises as her thighs and calves kept growing.

But the worst pain was coming from her sneakers. She looked past her stockings to see the white tips of them bending and stretching out over the soles. She could feel her toes getting smooshed in the leather as the blue cloth and white leather began to contort around her growing paws.

“I need to… guh! Get out.. of here!” Melanie said aloud as she tried to stand up. Underestimating how much she had grown, she jumped up only to accidentally bash her head into the ceiling. She groaned and held her television head as Split and Bive ran over to her to try and help her stand up.

“Melanie! We should be at a new floor soon. Just hold on a bit longer and we’ll-” Split tried to get out.

SNAP! POP!

Split was struck in the forehead by a small metallic object. Melanie looked down in horror and realized her skirt’s belt had snapped from the pressure, causing its latch to fly off. Her face burned a brighter red as she reached a hand down to cover up her now exposed stomach fur as Bive went to make sure Split was ok.

She was fine, although a bit dazed from the sudden clothing attack. But as Melanie saw her get back up, she felt her shoes cramp up again and ended up losing her balance. Melanie slammed into the back wall of the elevator and heard it creak from the weight as she slid back down to the floor.

Her legs continued to stretch out in front of her as her shoes looked like deformed lumps. They were immensely tight and were not going to last much longer. Her white laces began to snap one by one and slowly the cloth began to separate, showing a bit of her torn up stockings around her paws.

“It’s… too tight!” Melanie exclaimed as she dug her hands into the floor to ease the soreness. Her jacket sleeves had begun to rip along her arms now from the growing mass, but her feet were in the most pain at the moment. She could feel her paws bubbling and trying their hardest to overcome the tight leather.

“Here! I’ll help get them off!” Bive shouted in a bit of a panic. As she began to reach down to begin undoing the laces, Melanie felt something snap in both her shoes.

“WAIT BIVE! DON’T-”

POP! Before Melanie could finish, the tips of her shoes gave out. From both emerged a barely held together stocking around her massive paws, which had already deformed to fit around. In an instant, the tips of the stockings tore away, exposing Melanie's four big toes and her pink, squishy paw pads on each paw. And unfortunately, Bive was right above her left shoe just as they had torn out.

“Ough!” Bive ended up getting kicked in the face from the sudden shoe burst and Melanie could see her glasses fly off her face and land on the ground nearby. Bive backed into the wall to recover while Melanie began to panic more as her feet stretched and cracked out of the openings.

“I’m sorry! I can’t… urk...control it!” Melanie blubbered out as her sleeves continued to tear apart. The front of her shirt began to come undone as her massive chest of fur began tearing through the cloth.

Her skirt had risen from her knees all the way to the middle of her thighs, and though she had on some shorts underneath, she still instinctively brought her knees together to cover up the opening. As she did, the tension caused her knees to tear through her stockings, exposing more of her white fur.

“Where are my glasses!?” Bive asked in a panic. Melanie looked up to see Bive’s small white eyes, which were currently darting around the elevator for her glasses. As she looked to the floor to try and find them. Melanie could feel her body getting bigger and bigger. Her jacket’s back began to tear open from the strain, while her legs continued to grow longer. She scrunched her paws to try and get the growth into her control, but they just stretched out further and caused the sole of her shoe to be pushed out of the way.

In fact, her legs were starting to get dangerously long, to the point where she was running out of room fast. Split squeezed herself into the wall to try and stay out of the way, but Bive was not so fortunate. As she began searching the floor and finally managed to snag her glasses, she put them on just in time to hear another loud popping noise.

Melanie’s shoes finally gave out and the sole and cloth split apart. They fell to the Regretevator’s floor as her paws tore through the bottom of the stockings as well, leaving her barefoot. With nothing to hold them back now, her legs stretched to quickly catch up with the rest of her body, her stockings tearing apart more and more.

Melanie felt her right paw hit something soft and was mortified to see Bive getting pushed into the wall by it. She let out a few spats as she got white fur in her mouth, but she was utterly pinned to the wall by the paw.

“BIVE! Are you hurt!” Split asked as Melanie’s growing body began to push her into the wall slightly. Bive managed to poke her head out from Melanie’s paw, which she felt as a tingling sensation along it, and gave a meek thumbs up.

“I’m ok! Just a bit stuck is all. I’m sure I can get out if I just…ack!” she said, before Melanie’s growing paw pinned her tighter to the wall. Even though she was fine, Melanie still felt guilty and clutched her face in her hands as her growth continued.

By this point, Melanie was terrified she was going to outgrow the elevator. Her body now occupied a good 60% of it, and it didn’t seem like it was going to stop anytime soon. Both her paws were planted on the opposite wall (with Bive still pinned under one of them from the chest down), while her hands were pressed into the walls around her. Split was trapped between her stomach and the wall opposite of the door, and let out a dogfish yipe as she felt Melanie’s fur beginning to encroach on her.

“Guys…. I can’t… stop it.” Melanie finally said defeated. Her jacket sleeves had torn all the way up to her shoulders, while her stockings had only bits and pieces around her calves. Her paws and hands were massive and continued to grow and crack. Her chest and stomach were immensely fluffy now while her black shirt continued to tear down the center.

“Melanie! It’s ok. We’ll be fine. Just don’t panic any more. It might be accelerating the growth.” Split said, a bit muffled owing to her current predicament. Melanie was happy to see her friend still offering support despite the circumstances, but this happiness was quickly replaced with fear as she felt one last jolt of energy along her body.

“AUGHHH!” Melanie let out a surprised yell as her body expanded out one last time. Her paws grew to immense size, almost fully trapping Bive under just one of them. Her head rose up and bonked the ceiling of the Regretevator once more, causing it to shake. Her black shirt tore almost entirely down the center while her back exploded out of her jacket, exposing her massive body to the outside. Her jacket sleeves tore away entirely along with her black shirt, leaving her arms completely bare. Her skirt took its final resting spot right at the top of her thighs, exposing a bit of her blue shorts underneath.

Melanie took in several panicked breaths as she tried to get her bearings. She could feel Split and Bive struggling against her fluffy mass and she let out a panicked yelp. She carefully pulled back her right paw and slightly scooted to the left to give Bive and Split room to breath.

They both let out gasps for air as Bive poked her arms and head out from Melanie’s paw while Split pulled her upper half out from the edge of Melanie’s stomach. Melanie couldn’t move much further, as the Regretevator was more like being inside a trash can by this point. But at least her friends were ok.

“I’m so sorry. I’m really so sorry.” Melanie said sadly as she looked down embarrassed. How could she have let herself panic like that. Now here she was, stuck in a cramped elevator in ill-fitting clothes and her friend are stuck in there with her.

“Melanie…” Split said as she gently rubbed her stomach to soothe her anxiety. It did make her feel a bit better, but Melanie could feel the tears welling up and realized she had to let it go.

“Split. Bive… I’m… I’m so sorry for disappearing like that…” Melanie said between sobs. She tried her best to calm down, but it was hard. The floodgates were open and digital tears rolled down her screen as Melanie just let it all out.

“I… I wanted to tell you all why… and what I was doing… but I was… so afraid of what… she’d do to you if she found out…” Melanie said. Bive looked over to her with understanding from under her paw.

“Folly. You mentioned an ‘awful parasite’. What did she do to you?” Bive asked, her tone dead serious. It was rare to see her that focused, and Melanie couldn’t help but see it as comforting.

“I figured out something… Something that we could use to stop her. So I arranged a meeting with Pest and Dr. Retro but… she got there first.” Melanie said gloomily.

She remembered it all too well. That strange floor, where there was a stage and some balls. Then the lights went out. Then that awful laugh. Then her crimson gaze. Then… nothing. It was like she had just ceased to exist. It was… horrifying.

“And I didn’t tell you or anyone because… I’m terrified of what she’ll do to you if she figures that out. I don’t want to put you into danger like that. I have to… do this myself.” Melanie explained, tears still streaming down her screen. Bive and Split both looked at her sadly as they managed to squeeze more out of their confines.

“Melanie, you don’t have to face this alone. You have us. You have Mozelle. You have Pest and Dr. Retro. She’s a monster, and she is toying with you. But it's clear she can’t hurt you anymore. You’re far stronger than you were, and with that strength, you can protect us too. But that doesn’t mean you have to be alone.” Split said. Bive nodded in agreement.

“She’s right. Folly is not someone you try to take down alone. She’s crafty and manipulative, and maybe scarily powerful, but she and that rock are all alone. You have us, and we’re not going to stand by and let her torment you like some kind of plaything.” Bive added on.

Melanie could slowly feel her tears drying up as she began to smile a bit. She felt a warmth light up in her chest that she thought was long gone. Hope, and happiness.

“Thank you. Thank you so much. I’m so glad to have met you both.” Melanie said happily. Split and Bive both smiled and, with loud pops, managed to pull themselves out from under Melanie’s immense size. They slowly scurried over her large body that dominated the Regretevator and hugged her stomach. Melanie felt their heartbeats and gently hugged them from behind with her massive arms. The trio sat there for a moment, content in each other’s company, as the Regretevator suddenly dinged.

Melanie, Split, and Bive both looked over to see the door slowly slide open to reveal the HC Icecream Store. The all too familiar acoustic guitar song that constantly played on its speakers slowly drifted into the open elevator.

“Welcome…oh. Is anyone there?” asked a familiar, chill voice. Melanie leaned down, making sure to be cautious of Bive and Split, and peaked through the open door. Right across from the doorway was Crem, the sentient ice cream who owned the shop. He was standing behind the counter and his melty face seemed to regard Melanie’s giant screen with confusion.

“Hi!” Melanie said cheerfully to ease the tension as Split and Bive slowly pulled themselves over her massive body to enter the store. As they did, they looked back and Melanie began figuring out the best course of action.

Now that she didn’t have to worry about crushing her friends, Melanie slowly turned her body around and tucked her legs in as best as she could. Her massive blocky head barely managed to fit through the door as she tucked in her shoulder and arms.

She managed to get the top half of her body out, but was struggling with her lower half. However, after turning her body sideways, she managed to pull herself out of the elevator. She, Split, and Bive all let out a sigh of relief as Melanie managed to stand up fully.

Her ears had to flop down so she fit, but she was easily 15 ft. tall by this point. Her massive frame was only covered up by her skirt and shorts around her waist and upper thighs and her black shirt and jacket, which were little more than vests now. Otherwise, her arms and legs were free, and Melanie couldn’t help but find it a bit relieving to be out of her normally stuffy clothes.

“My.. you’ve grown a lot.” Crem said in his usual relaxed tone as he gestured to the ice cream counter in front of him.

“Any flavors I can interest you in?” he asked. Both Split and Bive raced up to the counter to find one they liked while Melanie crouched down next to it to get a better look.

“I’ll have your peanut butter supreme please.” Bive said, pointing to the murky brown tub of ice cream.

“I’ll take a scoop of your finest mint chocolate chip.” Split said, pointing to the bright green tub. They both looked back expectedly at Melanie as she decided on her choice.

“I’ll have a cone of bubble gum please.” Melanie said excitedly. Crem nodded and they each passed over their payment for their ice cream (although Melanie struggled a bit taking the coins out of her pouch considering her great size). Crem grabbed his scooper and scooped up each cone of ice cream before passing them over the counter. Split, Bive, and Melanie each took their cones before backing up.

Although her cone was much smaller than usual, Melanie still enjoyed her ice cream immensely as Bive and Split followed suit. They sat there for a moment in the quiet store, just enjoying each other’s company and the sweet treat.

“So Melanie, are you able to uh… undo this somehow?” Split asked. Melanie hadn’t really thought about it, but she decided to try now. She tried to focus on returning to her original size now that she was calm, but an error message popped up.

ERROR: AUTHENTICATION FAILED. EXTERNAL ACTION REQUIRED.

“No luck… I think Mozelle can help me with this, but how are we going to get to her?” Melanie said, before sighing. The Regretevator was completely random and didn’t follow any set paths or rules. It could be 1 floor, or 10, or even 50 before they reach Mozelle’s Castle.

“Don’t worry. I got you all covered.” Split said with a grin. She reached into her sweater’s pocket and pulled out a rainbow paper ticket, which was marked with a bright F. Melanie’s eyes widened.

“A Floor Ticket! Of course! Why didn’t I think of that?” Melanie said gleefully. She was so happy she could jump. But she realized the folly of that decision too late.

As she stood up and bounced into the air, her head slammed into the ceiling and bashed a massive hole into it. Plaster and paint fell down from above as Melanie landed, her massive paws shaking the entire store’s foundation and almost causing Bive and Split to fall over.

“Keep it down over there.” Crem said, still as cool as a cucumber. Melanie felt her face light up again.

“Sorry Crem.” she said embarrassed.

“Eh.” was all he said in response. He really was a chill guy as Split would say.

Split and Bive both looked like they were trying their best not to laugh, but Melanie just sighed before gesturing to the Regretevator.

“Well, I guess we should ‘split’ it then.” she said with a grin. Split sputtered and looked like she was trying not to even chuckle while Bive just broke out into a hyena laugh, baring her massive fangs for all to see.

The trio finished off their ice creams and waved Crem goodbye as they set off to leave. Melanie squeezed into the elevator first and tucked in her body as much as she could. She scrunched her paws over each other and sat down, curling up into a ball much like before. Her massive frame still took up half the elevator, but now that she wasn’t sprawled out, Bive and Split could actually move around.

Split walked up to the ticket machine and inserted her ticket. It popped up with a screen displaying various floors, and Split scrolled down before selecting Mozelle’s Castle. The elevator doors slid shut and it began to move once more.

“Did you use a new perfume, Melanie?” Split asked. Melanie raised a confused eyebrow until she remembered that with her size, her perfume must have been dominating the entire elevator. She was thankful she had been liberal in her application, or else her friends might have passed out.

“Yes I did! It’s a new one Mozelle gave me. It's a blend of roses and springwater.” she explained.

“You gotta lend me some sometime. Bive doesn’t bathe herself… often, so I need something that helps take the stench out easier.” Split explained.

“HEY! I don’t need that fluorine water all over me. That’s how the clown government takes over your brain and gets you to buy a car.” Bive said in her usual paranoid tone. Split and Bive just laughed from the absurdity as Bive just crept in closer.

“But I will say, you are quite fluffy Melanie. Honestly, your paws are so soft it didn’t really hurt when I got stuck there.” Bive said.

“Thank you! Uhhhh… you are as well.” she said. It was true though. She had felt Bive’s fluff under her paw and it had felt like stepping on a fuzzy carpet. Melanie was conflicted that this had been the circumstances that she had figured that out, but it was still nice to know.

The elevator dinged as it came to a stop. Melanie, Split, and Bive all looked to the door as it slid open, revealing a pastel pink castle. The windows outside all showed a fiery hellscape, but the interior was clean and pristine. In front of the elevator was a massive fountain statue, which depicted Princess Mozelle in all her unholy authority. The small mouse like figure regarded them with joy, while right below, the real Mozelle was more shocked than anything.

“MELANIE! I’m so sorry your countermeasures reacted like that. They’re only supposed to be in the prototype phase and inactive, but I didn’t code it properly so it must have slipped through. I saw it pop up on my end and I tried to text you to let you know, but I couldn’t get a signal and-”

“Mozelle! It’s ok. I’m ok. We’re all ok.” Melanie said to calm down the young princess. Mozelle stopped her spiel to take a breath, but still looked a bit panicked.

“I should have done better though. Imagine if this had been activated in worse circumstances. You could have gotten hurt, or worse.” Mozelle said sheepishly. Split and Bive cleared the way as Melanie pulled herself out of the Regretevator. Owing to the massive size of Mozelle’s Castle, she was able to rise to her full height.

However, Melanie instead crouched down next to Mozelle and gently picked her up. The princess was hardly 3 ft. tall and was still as Melanie brought her up to her face.

“It’s ok Mozelle. You don’t have to worry. I’ll be ok.” Melanie said, before bringing her in for a hug. Mozelle seemed to squeal with joy as she returned the gesture. Split and Bive joined in for another hug and they shared a moment of friendship and joy together.

“I’m so happy you’re ok again. Now, if you’ll follow me I’ll get you all fixed up and cleaned up.” Mozelle said, before turning to Split and Bive.

“Split and Bive! Bring me the remains of her clothes, so that I might be able to repair them. After that, meet me at the dining room posthaste. We shall dine to celebrate this occasion.” Mozelle said with almost queenly authority. Split and Bive both raised eyebrows.

“What occasion?” they both asked.

“Having my old friend back once more.” she responded with a smile.

Melanie was overjoyed to hear that from her.