

Author's Note: If you are under 18 turn back now! This is NOT for you.

This was a ton of fun to write! I appreciate any feedback I've gotten and I hope readers continue to enjoy. Feel free to follow me on deviantart at [a-spooky-ghost](#) which is the best place to contact me.

Sweet As Honey

There was nowhere else for Queen to run. Her hive had been utterly overrun by the oncoming horde of wasps. Nothing was left for her but to stay hidden under a leaf and hope she could escape before she was found. Just as the thought crossed her mind three drones from the invading force lifted her cover away. She assumed, and prepared, for the worst to happen.

“Apporto apis...ad me,” an ethereal voice suddenly echoed on the wind. Queen looked up for its source but the wasps began to advance upon her. She shakily threw her arms up as though to defend herself.

“Apporto! Apis! Ad me!” the voice rang out once more. A feeling of vertigo overtook Queen just as her vision went black. Nothing had punctured her skin nor caused any pain for which she was thankful.

“Oh, no, it's ap-es. I just summoned *the* bee,” a nearby masculine voice lamented. Queen opened her eyes and to her great delight was uninjured. However, she was no longer sitting in the ruins of her hive hiding under a leaf. A glance around the room suggested she was in another hive entirely but it was made of wood. Perhaps, she thought, this was instead a tree that had been hollowed out. In fact, she had been transported to a house somewhere in London.

“Uh, ah, er,” Queen heard the male's voice sputtering. Looking at him he appeared human which was a rare sight. He had a short mop of brown hair, fair skin and looked to be about the height of an average sunflower—5'10”.

“We would have you give us your name,” Queen directed the man. Despite retaining her posh inflection her voice lacked the royal timbre to which she had become accustomed. A quick look down at herself proved her theory correct; she had been reduced to the size of a worker. She wore a black and yellow striped skirt over her relatively generous hips and ass. A black and yellow striped crop top was draped over a firm pair of C-cup breasts. A rather small bee abdomen protruded from the base of her spine, decorated by alternating bands of black and yellow.

At 5'1” Queen was utterly dwarfed by the cowering human before her. Her black hair was tied up in a double bun atop her head while still providing bangs hanging low enough on her head to fully obscure her eyes. Her skin was the shade of deep gold, nearly the color of honey itself. Two short antennae stuck out from atop her head. The proud and literal Queen bee placed two of her arms on her hips, and folded the other two over her torso, pushing her breasts up and into her top somewhat.

“A-A-A-Archie,” he fumbled over pronouncing his own name, “w-w-w...are you a bee...person?”

“You may refer to us as Queen, or ‘majesty’, or not at all!” Queen huffed, “now, enough of this palaver!”

Just then Queen’s wings began fluttering, causing purple mist to spread throughout the room. When Archie took a single breath, the entire mass seemed to rush into his throat. He exhaled and suddenly his concerns melted away.

“Now, Archie, be a good drone and take us to this colony’s so-called ‘queen’,” the matriarch ordered.

“A queen...” Archie spoke as though in a daze. His mind groggily attempted to find somebody that fit. Enough reason was left that he could think of Buckingham palace and dismiss it immediately as an unreasonable option. What next came to mind was his girlfriend, Rose. He immediately turned and walked through the doorway.

Queen followed Archie out after taking one last look at the room. She’d been brought to the chamber inside of a chalk circle drawn on the ground and filled with symbols she couldn’t comprehend. A leatherbound book that looked so twisted it was in pain was sitting on the ground next to the circle. All concerns related to what she’d seen evaporated as she followed Archie out.

They entered the house’s entryway, rounded a corner and arrived at a closed door. Archie swung it open, revealing a short brunette woman sitting at a desk working on a large laptop. The brunette looked up at Archie with pained expression. Queen presumed that this person was the pretender she sought.

“Oh, Archie, you know I’m workin’,” Rose bemoaned the interruption in a thick cockney accent. The young woman was dressed in blue sweatpants and a grey t-shirt, with her hair tied up in a messy bun.

Queen stepped forward, pushing Archie aside as she forced her way into the room. While Rose began offering an objection, Queen flashed a brilliant and wide smile as she lifted up her top to reveal her smooth, naked breasts. Stiff pink nipples capped her golden globes which began to engorge. A viscous yellow substance began to leak from both breasts, filling the room with an unnaturally sweet scent. In the blink of an eye Queen shoved a honey-producing breast into Rose’s open mouth.

All concerns immediately vacated Rose’s mind the moment Queen’s honey touched her tongue. Initially she only drank in the honey that flowed from Queen’s breast into her mouth. Warmth spread throughout her body with each delicious drop. Queen watched as Rose pushed further into her breast, and then grasped it with both hands.

A soft moan escaped Queen's lips, elicited by Rose's increasing enthusiasm. Beads of sweat began to form on Rose's forehead as her body's temperature struck a peak. Her brunette hair began to darken until it matched Queen's shade of black. Her sweatpants seemed to melt away until they had been separated into a thong and thigh-high fishnet stockings that tightly hugged her legs. Rose's shirt, too, had shrunk into a sleeveless crop top.

Honey was beginning to pool on the ground from out of Queen's unattended breast. Both of her left arms were lifting the tit from which Rose was feeding while her right arms had begun to massage her other tit. Though Archie was still in a stupor he recognized something was happening to his girlfriend. The new, skimpier clothing revealed that her hips and thighs were piling on inches of soft, pliant flesh. As though she was adjusting her sitting position, she seemed to rise from the chair's cushion. The supple skin pouring into her hips and thighs was being shared by her ass.

A golden discoloration began spreading over Rose's face, starting from her mouth. Each gulp of honey caused the hue to spread further until her skin matched Queen's own. Her lips plumped until they were soft and pillowy. Though muffled by the continued feeding, Rose let out an aroused moan. Both of her hands gradually withdrew from Queen's delicious breast in order to grope her own.

Inch after inch of generously-soft breastflesh began to push Rose's hands up and out. Though her new top was rather small it was sturdy. Her breasts surged outward until cleavage could be seen bulging over her top. The crop top stretched to its very limit against the rising tide of boob that crashed against it. Archie noticed the scene seemed to turn in a way that bothered him, somehow. In the midst of Rose's expanding thighs and billowing breasts she seemed to be sitting even higher on the chair.

Not yet had Rose's ass finished its generous swelling, but it alone was not responsible for her increased position. Her legs, too, had begun expanding away from her body as though to make room for the rest of her to grow larger. The additional strain caused her stockings to pinch against her deliciously thick thighs.

When Queen withdrew her breasts, Rose had soared to a statuesque 6'1", and boasted a double-E-cup bust that created cleavage both above and below her top. Her ass, hips and thighs jiggled atop a pair of legs that seemed to stretch on without end. Black and yellow stripes began manifesting on her clothing to match Queen's own. Rose's hair had re-styled itself as a bowl cut to include bangs that covered her eyes, also like Queen's.

"Oh, mmm...majesty," Rose mumbled through a haze of arousal. She couldn't stop her hands from exploring the sensitivity of her new body. A rush of heat spread throughout Queen's own body but she chose to store it away.

"Yes, that will do, my love," Queen said sweetly. She noticed that not a drop of honey was left on the tit from which Rose had been feeding. In the meantime, she scooped what remained from her right breast and offered it to Rose. Her expression changed as she turned to face Archie.

“We require more drones. You must find us more, just like this one,” Queen motioned to Rose. Behind the conversing pair Rose had consumed the extra honey. Her assets swelled outward once more, which finally left her at 6’3” and triple-E-cup breasts. Rose stood to go to her majesty’s side but her thighs caught on the chair’s armrests.

“None...here, Queen,” Archie struggled to think through the fog. In the background Rose struggled to pry the chair from her body. The vigorous motion sent her curves into a bouncing, jiggling avalanche. Her breasts threatened to bounce out of her inadequate top yet stayed miraculously contained.

“Oh, my resplendent majesty! My gorgeous Queen!” Rose’s voice had utterly changed to match Queen’s posh accent, “this drone knows how to add to your hive!”

Just as Queen turned to face Rose the chair was finally pulled free. As though on cue, a bee abdomen burst from her back just above her ass, and a pair of antennae sprouted from atop her head.

“The human, Rose, was part of her own hive. This drone can compel them to this place!” Rose explained enthusiastically.

“We find this an acceptable proposal,” Queen faced Archie once again, “but our hive must still grow! You will leave this place in search of more subjects, and only return when you have found another pretender queen to bring to us! Do you understand?”

Archie nodded along and went about taking leave of the house. Rose then began making calls on her phone to as many contacts as she could. Satisfied that her drones were performing their assigned tasks, Queen found her way to the bedroom and passed out on the bed. Nightmarish visions of her former colony being sundered under the force of a thousand wasps plagued her mind.

Soft, whispering voices brought Queen out of her slumber. She fully awoke to the sight of two women that seemed Rose’s age sitting on the bed. One of them, a blond, had been poking her leg under the assumption that her skin color would rub off like paint. The other woman, a brunette like Rose had been, she realized was leaning over her body in preparation to poke one of her antennae.

“Do you find our form pleasing?” Queen purred seductively.

“Izzit a costume?” The blond asked in a cockney accent similar to Rose’s.

“We would hear your names before speaking about ourselves,” Queen sat up in the bed.

“Lily,” said the brunette.

“Iris,” the blond answered with a nervous laugh.

The commonality in Rose, Lily and Iris' names did not escape Queen's notice. A broad smile spread across her partially-obscured face. She cupped both breasts with one each of her left and right arms, pulling the crop top up and revealing them with the others. An anticipatory shiver ran through her body. Honey was already beginning to leak from the tips of her engorged nipples.

Just as fast as before Queen scooped a right hand over a breast and shoved two honey-covered digits into Lily's mouth. The brunette's face burned bright red and she hungrily locked her lips on Queen's right breast. Iris let out a frightful scream but came to Lily's side rather than run. Queen once again pushed two fingers dripping with her honey into the woman's mouth.

Iris wasted no time latching to Queen's left breast. The suckling women's clothing underwent the first change. Lily was soon clad in a backless halter top and a miniskirt. Iris' clothing shrunk inward until she was wearing a sports bra and leggings so tight, they looked like they were painted on. Warmth spread throughout all three women's bodies. Honey flowed freely into Iris and Lily's eager mouths without end. The both of them let out moans between each gulp as their transformations continued.

Deliciously soft and supple skin began pouring into Iris and Lily's thighs, hips and asses. They both moved further in on the bed, sitting on their knees as they drank more deeply of Queen's honey. Their thighs continued bubbling outward, their hips flared and their buttocks rounded and plumped. Iris' miniskirt was slowly pushed outward by her bottom half until her cheeks could be seen poking out from the bottom. Lily's leggings left nothing to the imagination, perfectly molded to her bubbling, heart-shaped buttocks, swelling thighs and flaring hips.

Queen's willpower was losing the battle against the rising tide of heat within her own body. Panting, she began to moan softly. Still resolute, she knew what came next and brought two arms up to support each of her ever-lactating breasts. A roiling tide of boob began to push outward from both Iris and Lily at that moment. Cleavage puffed up and out of Iris' halter top, her tits distending more of the garment with each mouthful of honey she swallowed.

A generous swell of titflesh began to rise from Lily's sports bra. Her boobs inched outward, swelling upward out of the bra. Despite the ever-increasing volume of boob, the bra held strong and firm, creating a tight canyon of cleavage absolutely exploding from the neckline. Both Iris and Lily began to explore their swelling bodies, withdrawing their hands from Queen's breasts. The sight of her swelling drones finally drove the matriarch over the edge.

While both Iris and Lily were still swelling and growing, Queen began her own expansion. Inches piled onto her thighs until they easily overwhelmed her miniskirt. Her hips pumped outward in rapid, jiggling spurts. The matriarch's buttocks began soaring outward in every direction, pushing her up from the bed. With every inch that generously poured into her growing thighs, expanding hips and inflating rear end her own clothing began to transform.

Queen's miniskirt slid down from her generous hips as though it had a mind of its own. The inadequate skirt seemed to split in two, extending along her legs into a pair of black and yellow stockings. A piece of fabric stayed behind to mold itself into a thong bikini bottom.

Queen's thighs overfilled and overflowed the clothing, pinched and bulging by her stockings. Her hips strained against the unyielding strings and her buttocks nearly swallowed the thong as they continued their outward conquest. Her crop top split entirely in two, molded itself into black and yellow elbow gloves, and left her topless.

Iris and Lily passed out of D-cup range when Queen felt the warmth center on her own chest. She instinctively reached out and with two arms for each girl, grasped the backs of their heads to pushed them into her breasts. No sooner had she done so did her tits begin to swell. The vigorous motion of her drones' suckling caused her bust to wobble.

Each time Iris and Lily drank of Queen's honey their heads were pushed further away from their master's divine body. More and more, her boobs surged larger in every direction without end. Gold spread out over the girls' skin, eliminating all blemishes, stretch marks or scars. Just as it seemed Queen's growing body was barely catching up to her two drones, the warmth she had stored from Rose's transformation unleashed.

Queen's thighs swelled until, in her kneeling position, they pushed against one another, creating a wall of soft, pillowy flesh. Her hips flowed outward several inches and her buttocks pumped and plumped into a pillowy heart shape. As though running from her torso, her breasts billowed until their size eclipsed Iris and Lily's heads.

Not for a moment did Queen's rapid growth cease, but as it went onward her face underwent its own change. Her shimmering black hair burst from its confinement in the double buns and fell softly upon her shoulders. Still, her hair grew outward, pouring both over and behind her shoulders until it pooled on the bed. Had she been standing, her hair would have been long enough to touch the ground. Her bangs pulled back, revealing her enchanting purple eyes.

Queen's face reshaped somewhat, losing its round shape to become more recognizably mature. Her features became sharper, her lips plump and suddenly layered by glossy black lipstick. Still, enough of a layer of fat remained on her face to retain a modicum of softness. She bit her lower lip as the pressure from her growing drones seemed to increase.

So desperate were Iris and Lily to drink of Queen's honey that they had ceased fondling their own enlarging bodies. Both girls were moving forward, reaching out to their matriarch's body. Much as Queen's breasts seemed to push them away, the girls pressed inward until they could get a single hand around her back. The three hugged each other and, at such close proximity, began swelling into one another.

Both Iris and Lily's breasts brushed up against each other. Queen could feel the bottoms her own breasts, having passed M-cups, brushing against the tops of the girls' chests. Both of the former humans had piled inch after inch into their legs as well, their bodies expanding upward to dwarf Queen even further. Their busts threatened to push up and over her own as they pushed to greater heights.

Queen found the wherewithal to take a deep breath. An electric jolt ran through her expanding body. In small spurts at first, her body grew taller inches at a time. Her legs slid across the bed, her shoulders rose up over the girls' heads and her torso stretched as if only to give more space for her breasts to conquer. Her growth spurts were coming faster and faster until her entire body was surging upward.

As Queen grew to match Rose's penultimate height of 6'1" there came a knock at the door. A trio of orgasmic, muffled moans answered the interloper's request. Iris and Lily still outmatched her at 6'2", but her growth continued increasing in speed. For every inch the girls piled onto their assets and height, Queen added two, and then three. The mounting weight of the three growing women caused the bed's wooden frame to creak in protest.

Onward did Queen's body surge, passing the 7'0" mark with a shudder. At such proportions every single movement created a cascade of jiggling across her succulent body. While still proportionate, the layer of baby fat that lined her body ensured not one inch of her lacked the supple softness that was obviously abundant in her generous hips and breasts. Lily and Iris had just barely crested 6'3" when the door was opened. Rose stepped and was brought to the bed by a single twitch of Queen's antennae.

Queen placed a finger in each of the suckling girls' mouths, which sucked and licked her fingers with as much abandon as they did her honey nipples. She withdrew them both, covered in honey and offered them to Rose. With a delighted squeal, Rose drank from Queen's outstretched hands. Even from such a modest amount, her body swelled outward and upward once more. Her tits plumped outward most of all, balancing her from bottom-heavy to an hourglass figure.

Then, Queen released her hands from the other girls' heads as their growth came to a slow stop. Iris, Lily and Rose each topped out at 6'5", HH-cup breasts, and a set of thighs, hips and asses that were unparalleled with the exception of one person. With a final spurt, Queen's body settled on 7'7" tall, boasting triple-Q-cup breasts that perfectly balanced out her plump buttocks, generous hips and supple thighs.

The bed delivered another complaint before collapsing under the quartet's combined weight. A fit of giggles broke out from the three former humans. Queen, however, remained aloft even to her own surprise. What were formerly a pair of dull, crystalline wings had transformed. Enormous and fairylike, a prismatic shimmer fluttered across them with each flap. With just these three drones, she thought, my glory is restored.

"We are pleased, but our work is not over," Queen tutted. As Lily and Iris stood antennae sprouted from their heads, and bee abdomens grew from out of their backs. Pheromones from their Queen communicated their directive. They spoke out in unison.

"The hive must grow."