

Bee Stings to Honey Pots

A summer morning's sun beat down on Raul and Clary. Having been walking through the downtown park for an hour, the heat was starting to take its toll on the couple.

"Whew... Let's take a breather..." Raul huffed. Always the less athletic of the two, he had no issues requesting the break upon seeing a park bench. Sitting amongst the shade of a tree line, it was almost as tantalizing an image as an ice-cold glass of water. He sat with a grunt and enjoyed the sensation of relief washing over his legs.

"Not tired already, are ya?" Clary laughed. Coming to his side, she stared down at her boyfriend. "We've only gone three miles! And we're not even at the halfway mark!"

Raul snorted. "Is it wrong to say I wish it were winter again? This was easier when it wasn't eighty degrees by ten a.m."

"It's not wrong!" Clary kicked him lightly against the side of his shoe. "But I'm allowed to bring up all the times you wished it was summer a few months ago."

"Do what you have to do!" Raul brushed off her teasing without a second thought. Stretching his ankle to the left and right, he complained, "It might be about time to get a new pair of shoes. These things are killing me."

"Or just learn to stretch."

Clary's attention wandered while Raul recuperated. Looking at the side of the park bench, she spied a newspaper hanging halfway out of a trash can. A visible headline read 'Mutated Bees! Science Experiment Gone Wrong Escapes from Lab!'

"Heh... Look at this." Clary approached the trash to retrieve the news article. As she leaned forward, Raul was blessed with an open invitation to gaze through the fallen armhole of Clary's bro-tank.

Always the tomboy, she preferred to dress in casual streetwear. A thin, semi-transparent tank top hung off her tiny frame as more of a courtesy to those around her. Underneath sat a black sports bra hugging an otherwise flat torso. To match, a flat rear pushed into a pair of torn jean shorts. With the proper haircut, Clary could easily pass as a male. Her lack of curves didn't stop Raul from accepting a peek at her sports bra whenever able, however. A black ponytail hung over one shoulder to tie together her athletic appearance.

"Have you heard about this?" she laughed while skimming the article.

Raul replied, seeing the headline. "I heard about those on the radio the other day! Apparently some holding chamber broke and an entire hive escaped into the air ducts. They know some escaped, but they're not sure how many. It sounded like they're no more dangerous than regular bees."

Clary rolled her eyes. "Well that's kind of boring, don't you think? When I hear 'mutant bees', I picture some kind of flying monstrosity capable of carrying me off to some hive where I'm force-fed honey until my body transforms into a sick, bee-human hybrid and they make me their queen."

Raul blinked several times at the girl's insane mental image. "That's haunting, Clary..."

"But you love me anyway!"

She'd lost interest in the news article. Replacing it back in the trash can, she looked around the vicinity once more. In the distance, she spied an empty beer can tossed aside the walking path, no doubt by a lazy college student the night before. "You want a little show while your feet are getting their spirit back?"

"In what way?"

Clary nodded towards the can. "Betcha I can kick that into this trash can."

"You're on! And if you miss, I get to shower first when we get home."

She was already on her way toward the discarded container. "Doesn't mean you can stop me from jumping in with you!"

The beer can sat fifty feet from the park bench. Knowing she would have to kick it with significant force, Raul was ready for any outcome. This included ducking to the ground if Clary's aim sent it straight towards his face.

"Get ready to lose your shower privileges for the day!" she yelled.

"That's not what we agreed on as the--"

CLANK!!

The can sailed through the air. Completely overshooting her target, it crashed into a tree beyond the park bench with several rattles.

"Whoops." Clary started jogging to make another attempt.

THUMP!

BZZZZZZZZZZ

A frightening sound of hundreds of wings vibrated from the tree. Squinting, Raul's face turned white when he saw the can sticking out of what looked to be a large beehive.

"Uhhh... Clary? I think you kicked it a little too hard."

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

A swarm of bees descended from the tree in a cloud of yellow and black. They grouped together, immediately heading towards Raul.

"Oh shit!!!"

Frantic, he jumped from the bench to escape the stingers of retribution. There was no hope of him outrunning the insects. Stumbling forward, he felt dozens of tiny objects whiz by his body. His hair whipped back and forth from their air currents.

BZZZZ

"OW!!!"

Though he remained mostly ignored, one bee saw fit to deliver a sting to Raul's thigh and he clamped a hand over the wound. The pain was no more than a gentle pinprick, however. What was more concerning was the cloud of bees heading toward Clary.

"Fuck!! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!!!"

Clary couldn't scramble fast enough. There was no escape from the bees' wrath. Falling upon her in a swirling cloud, she began dancing and smacking her hands to avoid any stings.

"Ow!! OW!! Dammit!! Ow!!!"

The method didn't prove especially effective. Regardless of who may have been around to see, Clary slapped herself several times across the chest, butt, and thighs. The bees seemed especially drawn to these locations, though they did not completely ignore the rest of her body.

Slowly the cloud dispersed like a dissipating buzzing black fog. Each bee went its separate way in search of pollen or to return to the hive. Clary was left in their wake, broken, scared, and feeling dozens of gentle pricks all over her body.

"Are you alright?!" Raul asked while rushing to her side.

"I... Nngh..." Clary rubbed her arms and body several times. It itched and crawled as if she'd touched fiberglass. Miniscule dots revealed each of her wounds, though no stingers or bee corpses were left behind.

SLAP!

"Ow! Hey!" Raul rubbed where she'd smacked him on his arm.

"Thanks for the help!"

"What was I supposed to do?? You're the one who kicked a can into a beehive! I got stung too, you know!"

Clary rolled her eyes. "Oh yea, I saw you with your *one little sting*. *God that sucked! Stupid beehive should be burned and--whoaaaaa...*"

Unsteady on her feet, Clary swayed and held a hand to her head. The pain of the stings was gone, but heat was building within her body. Dizziness overcame her mind in a wave of strange euphoria and desire.

"W...What the... What's going on..."

"What? Are you feeling ok? Are you allergic to bees??"

"No... N-No, I just feel kind of... My body feels like it's--"

STTRRRRTCH

A strange sound filled the walking path. Looking for the source, Raul's eyes settled on his girlfriend's shorts. The tears across her thighs bulged open more than usual.

SSTTRRRRRRTCH

"M-Mmgh...!"

Raul's mouth went dry when Clary's legs trembled. They thickened before his eyes. The sound was her denim shorts stretching across her butt and legs as they swelled and thickened. Astoundingly, Clary's previously flat ass had transformed into a respectable asset begging for freedom from the tiny shorts.

"Raul... R-Raul..." she panted, sweat beading on her brow. *"Raul!! My tits!!"*

This caught his attention immediately. Turning his gaze up at Clary's cry, his gaze matched hers and focused on the black sports bra showing through her tank top.

STTTTRRRRRRCH

It bulged outward. For the first time, Raul saw two gentle mounds of flesh resting atop his girlfriend's torso. Swelling outward from nothing, they stood out on her body more and more with each passing second until they rivaled two halves of a grapefruit. The sides of her breasts came to push the black fabric to the sides of her shirt where it peeked out of the armholes. Pale skin shone stuffed into the garment under her arms where it piled up from the rising pressure of spandex.

"Clary..." Raul gulped. Watching his girlfriend's body fill out as if by an invisible pump was sheer magic. Her curves were thickening in the exact right places. Already she looked like a different person. D-cups were incredible on her tiny body, though he hoped he would get to see a larger size. *"You're swelling up!!"*

"M-My boobs!! What's happening to my boobs?!" Her ponytail whipped back and forth as she switched between ogling her left and right mammary.

SSTTTTRRRRRRCH!!

RITIP!!

The girth of her thighs widened a tear on her shorts. Frantic, Clary raced her hands across her body to grope her accentuating curves. Ass cheeks the size of her head jiggled tightly from being crammed into her shorts. Each one squeezed over her waistband while her thighs bulged around the bottoms of the denim legs.

"My body is... I-It's growing!! Mnnngh!!! What did those bees do to me?!" Carly chewed on her lip and felt her clothes tighten to dangerous pressures. *"It... It feels kind of... Good..."*

"Are you sure you're feeling alright?? Your body is blowing up like a--"

SSSTTTTRRRRRRCHHH

Raul's eyes widened when Clary's breasts distended. Growing heavier by the second, they surpassed volleyballs in size and tested the limits of her sports bra. Flesh rose high and tight into the hot air. Seeing cleavage split her chest down the middle was more than she could handle.

"MMMNGHH!!! Ooohhhh God, this feels incredible!! I-I don't know what's happening to me!! Everything feels so...BIG!!! A-And...TIGHT!!! My pussy feels like it's in a vice!! These shorts...are so stuffed!! It's like they're about to--"

SSTTTTRRR--RIP!!!

The sound of denim bursting at the seams shot through the park. Looking down, they saw her ass, thighs, and pink lace of her underwear expanding into the open through broken shorts. They'd split in several places, leaving themselves useless against the growing mass of Clary's bottom half.

"I just split my pants!!" Clary moaned. Weighed down by her new features, she was forced to cradle her watermelon breasts in an arm while leaning on Raul for support. Panting for breath, she demanded, *"T-Take me."*

"What??"

“Take me somewhere and FUCK ME.”

“H-Here??”

SSTTTTRRRRTCH!!!

“M-MMNGH!!!!” Clary’s arm tightened on her breasts when her sports bra threatened to release them. Their weight made her soft, supple legs weak. *“ANYWHERE!!! I DON’T CARE WHERE!! JUST FUCK ME!! I FEEL LIKE I’M GOING TO LOSE MY MIND!!! EVERYTHING IS STRETCHING!!!”*

Raul wondered if she’d already lost it. Taking in her hourglassing figure, it was a wonder she could stay standing. Much of her waist was hidden between her breasts and hips. Blown big enough to explode her shorts, the outline of her cramped pussy pushing against her exposed panties was driving Raul insane.

“Mmmnnghhhh fuck me...!! Please FUCK ME!!”

They wouldn’t be able to avoid detection for long. The park was big, but between Clary’s creaking clothing, her overflowing curves, near nakedness, and screams for sex, something was bound to attract attention.

Raul wasn’t about to argue with her request.

“Ok! Ok, let’s get you out of here first!” Ducking under her arm, Raul helped support her growing body and led her off the path into the tree line. They only managed to go twenty feet until Clary had enough.

“R-Right here. Fuck me right here!!”

SSTTTTRRRRRRTCH

With her sports bra overflowing on all sides with the flesh of beach ball knockers, she turned to face a tree and presented her ass to Raul. His mouth went dry when the massive rear and thighs pushed toward him. Big enough to overflow a chair, they jiggled with her gasping breaths and need for sexual release. Pink panties vanished between her cheeks, only to teasingly cup a swollen pussy squished between her thighs. Its elastic strained and dug into her curves, causing dangerous bulges of pressure.

SHRII-POP!!

“MNNGH!!! N-Now!! Please take me!!!”

Clary’s underwear split open to fall limp around her ankles with her shorts. Raul’s pants were undone before he knew what he was doing. Stepping forward and sinking his hands several inches into her hips, he grabbed Clary and plunged his cock into the depths of her thighs.

“MMGNH!!!”

Fluid and warmth greeted him immediately. With so much jiggling mass, thrusting himself into her pussy was an entirely new experience. Ripples traveled across her rear when their pelvises smacked and echoed through the trees.

SMACK!!

BWOOMPH

SMACK!!

BWOOMPH

“MNGHHH oohhhhh my TITS!!! God you’re thick today!! H-How hard are you?!”

Every heave threw her chest into the tree. The meager tank top was little more than a sports bra now, hugging her overly bloated chest with every fiber and seam.

“I-It’s gonna rip!!! It’s gonna burst!!! My bra can’t stretch anymore!!” Clary yelled. Clawing at the tree as Raul rammed himself in and out of her crotch, she felt her breasts swell to the breaking point.

SHRRRRRIIIIP!!!!

BWOOMPH!!!

“MMNGHHH!!! GOD!!!”

Titanic udders fell from her body amid the tattered remains of her clothes. Naked and engorged into a jiggling hourglass figure, Clary leaned sweating against the tree taking the full force of Raul.

“You’re so HUGE!!” he moaned.

“Look at me... Ooohhhhhh look at me!! I’m still blowing up!! How can they swell this big?!” Clary stared at the breasts inching towards the ground. They itched and tingled from countless bee stings. Each nipple felt swollen and puffy like giant pink marshmallows. She would have loved to massage them if she could reach them.

“H-Harder!!! Make me bigger!!” she begged,

Raul was eager to please. With his limit approaching, he rammed himself as deep as Clary’s ass would allow his cock to penetrate. A rustling came from the ground where her nipples brushed against dirt and leaves. He watched from behind as her chest grew wider and pressed into the ground. Flesh rose to engulf Clary’s stomach as she billowed and swelled. He wanted nothing more than to grab her by the ponytail and bury her face into her own cleavage, though he knew if he did so, he wouldn’t be able to contain himself.

“I-I can feel it!!” she screamed. *“I’m filling up!!! I’m gonna blow!!! OOOHHHH I’M GONNA COME!!! I’M GONNA COME!!!”* Arching her back and clenching around Raul’s shaft, she yelled, *“AHHHHH!!!!”*

Cum erupted to push Clary to the limit. Filled to the brim, she endured Raul’s release until he stepped back and withdrew his dripping manhood. It was far harder than he expected, having gained girth and length.

Gasping, Clary stared into the wobbling chasm of her cleavage. *“O-Oh my God... That was the best orgasm... I’ve ever had... Look at the size of these things!!”*

Clary turned around and slumped to the ground with her back to the tree. Swaying on top of her ass, she brought her breasts to overflow her lap. Her eyes bulged when she looked up and saw Raul standing over her. The size of his member made her throat go dry.

“W-Was that thing in ME?!”

Raul would have responded if he weren't distracted by Clary's throbbing nipples. Pulsating and puffing outward, they engorged until a thick white liquid ran from her pores. An intense sweetness filled the air like honey.

"Clary..." he gulped. "Y-You're...*leaking*."

"*HUH?!*"

Struggling to see her own nipples, Clary watched Raul stoop down to inspect.

"*N-NGH!! Ooohhh gentle!! They're sensitive!! I feel like they could pop!!*"

Raul withdrew his hands. A thick, sticky fluid coated his hands in white. It had the consistency of syrup and the scent of honey. Bringing his hand to his mouth, he licked the substance.

"It's milk..." His eyes widened. "*It's incredibly sweet and thick, but it's milk!!*"

GUUUURRRRRGLE

Clary's jugs churned and swelled slightly. From her nipples came several thick streams of sweetness. Feeling them tighten under her hands and bloat with lactation pressure, Clary squeaked and whimpered. "*W-Why am I lactating?*"