

Honeypot Adventurer

Necile walked off the trail into the thick forest, ignoring the various warning signs set up by the villagers to prevent ignorant travelers from meeting their doom. It was a common practice for adventurers like her to go out where few dared with only the sword at her hip and her fighting skills to defend herself. The leather armor adorning her hourglass-shaped body eased the burden of pushing through bushes and branches to find her quarry. Picking out several twigs from her long, brown hair, a dull buzzing noise made her emerald eyes glimmer.

Roughing it through the wilderness in pursuit of unknown danger was just another day on the job for an adventurer like Necile. While she was still new in the field, that didn't stop her desire to bring justice to the world and protect the innocent from the fearsome beasts that roamed the countryside. Despite her good intentions, her rash attitude had caused her to run out ahead of the other members of the guild upon hearing of the task, assured that she could handle it all by herself.

Taking cover behind a tree, she spotted her target. Sticking out like a sore thumb in the middle of the forest was a cylinder-shaped tower that reached up towards the sky with a curved roof. In replacement of wood or stone, the walls were made with a sticky, yellow material that occasionally dripped onto the forest floor. Hexagonal holes were scattered about the exterior, letting its monstrous residents come and go as they please.

Watching her targets flying back and forth, Necile looked for her best opportunity to strike. Her concentration was hindered by the constant buzzing noise that echoed from the hive, making it hard to even think. Ears drowned out by the hum of the countless creatures, she failed to notice that one source was getting dangerously close to her until she heard something brush by

a nearby tree branch. Drawing her sword in a singular, smooth motion, Necile turned to face her attacker.

Hovering a few feet away with her translucent wings was one of the bee girls that Necile had come to exterminate. Her feminine face was one of soft beauty, tarnished by her glossy red eyes and the pair of antennae jutting out from her long, honey blonde hair. A leather corset did the job of keeping her heavy, F-cup breasts in check while allowing her four arms encased in yellow and black stripes to move about freely. Easily viewable behind her black, chitin covered legs was a bulbous black and yellow abdomen. Necile couldn't stop herself from involuntarily gulping as she beheld the pointy stinger attached to the bee girl's abdomen that had been the key tool in helping the hive kidnap so many villagers.

"Back off foul beast," Necile declared pointing her sword at the smiling bug woman. "Your hive's reign of terror ends today."

The bee girl let out a small, child-like laugh. Using Necile's momentary confusion, the bee girl came flying at her with her arms outstretched. In response, Necile slashed with her sword only to watch the bee girl fly over her head. Hovering around the frustrated warrior, the bee girl constantly jabbed away with her stinger. Necile managed to dodge most of the attacks, with her armor deflecting a few glancing blows. Any attempts to counterattack the bee girl fell short, the teasing laughter that accompanied each missed attack slowly degrading the adventurer's morale. While she was confident in her abilities, Necile was unsure if she could handle the entire hive if they discovered her.

Wanting to end the battle fast to allow her a chance to retreat back to the village, Necile extended her arm in an attempt to stab at the bee girl's chest. Her sword stopped mere inches

from the bee girl's torso, her arm frozen solid. Tilting her head down with what little control she had left of her body, Necile saw the tip of the bee girl's stinger sunken into her leg.

Poison coursing through her veins sent Necile crumpling to the ground. Her sword clanged against the ground as her body convulsed and her vision began to darken. Just before she fell unconscious, she felt the bee girl lift up her body and carry her off, giggling the entire way.

A sickeningly sweet aroma drifting into Necile's nose roused her from her slumber. Her eyelids slowly opened to gaze upon a landscape of golden honeycombs dripping onto the far floor below. The sight of hundreds of bee girls buzzing about shook off any lingering drowsiness she still had.

Her attempts to move her arms were stopped by the thick wax encasing her limbs. The sticky substance kept her firmly latched onto the wall with no means of escape. Even if she could move, there was a 50-foot drop waiting for her below. All of her belongings had been removed, save for the leather armor that's only use was to soak up the lingering wax dripping onto her body.

Something out the corner of her eye sent a shiver down her spine. Turning her head to the side, she saw a large orb of spherical flesh dripping with honey. Looking past the swarm of bee girls, she could dozens more of the round balls clinging to the walls. They varied in size, but there was one commonality between them all: the sorrowful faces of the people that had been abducted from the village.

“Aren't they magnificent?”

Necile jerked her head back to the front to see the same bee girl she had met in the forest hovering a few feet away. Despite her childish smile and bouncy attitude, Necile could only summon an angered scowl.

“Release me now!” Necile demanded, futilely trying to break free from the wall.

“Why would I do that?” Flying over, the bee girl grazed her fingers along Necile’s chin. “You were the one that intruded on our territory. I believe I was quite merciful for letting you live.”

Necile tried to bite down on her finger, only for the bee girl to pull it away. “I was sent here by the guild to slay you evil creatures. Your entire hive as a bounty on its head for kidnapping people.”

The bee girl crossed her arms and showed a slight frown. “That’s awfully rude of them. We’re just doing what comes natural to us.”

“That’s a god forsaken lie,” Necile snapped. “Bee girl hives aren’t known for abducting people to be turned into...those things.”

“True, it’s a little strange, but it’s necessary. Typically, we just use a queen for the task, but we lost ours in a recent attack by your people. After we moved the hive, we had to get creative for how to store honey for the winter months. I assure you, no harm will come to the people we’ve...borrowed. We’ll be releasing them once they’ve fulfilled their purpose.”

“You have no right to do with people as you please. When the guild hears of my failure, they’ll ransack this place and impale your heads on pikes as a warning to all monsters.”

The bee girl looked taken aback as she put a hand to her chest. “There’s no reason to be so hostile. Try anything too violent and I might need to give you another taste of my stinger. Just a little of course, I’m going to need you conscious for what’s about to happen.”

“Whatever you’re planning to do with me, go ahead. The guild had trained me in ways to resist torture and endure all kinds of pain. I won’t beg for mercy from your kind.”

A malicious smile spread across the bee girl’s face. “Trust me, you won’t be able to.”

Drifting toward Necile, the bee girl undid the clasps of her corset. The leather garment fell off and hung off her hip, letting her breasts freely sway about. Pulling away her clothing, she let it flutter to the ground to leave her form bare. As she drew closer, Necile could see something drip from her teats. The same sweet scent filled her nostrils just as she noticed the golden gleam of honey leaking from her nipples. So enamored with the unusual sight, she left her mouth wide open for the bee girl to shove in her breast.

“Here you are,” the bee girl said, massaging her breast. “You must be so hungry. Go on, eat to your heart’s content.”

A deluge of honey poured down Necile’s throat. The sticky substance was a delicacy in the kingdom, a rare find and probably the main reason the hive had been attacked in the first place. Overwhelmed by the irresistible flavor that graced her tongue, she began to understand why it was so desirable. She sucked from the teat like a newborn baby, feeling at ease for the first time since she arrived at the hive.

Discomfort in her mid-section quickly brought Necile back to reality. Looking past the bosom pressed up against her face, she saw a slight bulge around her belly. As she continued to drink, the sight of her stomach swelling further made her realize she was becoming like the other victims on the wall. Forcing her head back, Necile clamped her mouth shut. No matter how much the bee girl pressed her leaking teat against her lips, she remained steadfast in avoiding being changed into another living honeypot.

“This could have been so easy,” the bee girl sighed. “Very well, I guess I have to be a little more forceful.”

The bee girl used her topmost arms to hold Necile’s head still. Prying her mouth open with one hand, she shoved her breast back in. While it was awkward trying to feed Necile with only one hand, the gradual flow of honey continued to swell the adventurer’s gut. Swapping to the other breast, the bee girl fought against Necile’s desperate struggling with little effort.

When the bee girl finally saw fit to pull away, she left behind a trail of honey between her nipple and Necile’s lips. Freed from the bee girl’s grasp, Necile tilted her head down to stare at the swollen potbelly that stretched the confines of her leather tunic. The impressive growth came at the cost of the bee girl’s once buxom breasts being reduced to a flat chest, leaving her plenty of room to go out in search of more honey.

“My, my,” the bee girl said, rubbing Necile’s gut. “So much room and space.”

“How?” Necile asked, honey dribbling from the side of her mouth.

“Our honey has a variety magical properties, such as making a body more elastic.” Pressing her head against Necile’s belly, she let her antennae poke and prod the protrusion. “Most people can only handle a moderate amount of our honey, but you seem different. I see...potential,” she said, a malicious grin spread across her face.

Flying away from Necile, the bee girl clapped all four of her hands together. The bee girls in the area dropped what they were doing and flew straight towards her. With the swarm all gathered around her, the bee girl cleared her throat.

“My sisters, we have quite the opportunity here,” she said, gesturing towards Necile. “This human is quite receptive to our honey. She might be the perfect container to help us store our food for the winter. I recommend that we stuff her as much as possible.”

The gathering of bee women broke into a cacophony of conversation mixed with the constant buzzing. After several minutes of discussion, the bee girls came to an agreement to put Necile through a test run. Surrounding Necile on all sides, they watched and waited like she was their new pet.

A bee girl with buzz cut hair and breasts the size of melons was the first to approach Necile. The adventurer's attempts to keep her mouth shut were halted as her captor hovered nearby to force her mouth open. Just like before, a honey-laden breast was shoved past her lips as the bee girl pushed and massaged her bosom.

The sweet taste that graced Necile's tongue did little to dissuade her fears as she felt her armor growing tighter around her body. A moment's respite came as the bee girl swapped to her other teat, letting Necile take a gander at her spherical belly begin to tear through the reinforced leather. A few more gulps from the bee girl's nipple was enough to tear her armor enough for her belly button to poke through for all of the hive to see it change from an innie to an outie.

"You were right Zennia," the bee girl with the buzz cut hair announced as she let the last few drops of her honey trickle down Necile's throat. "This human is perfect. Her flesh is supple and ripe for our honey's modifications. An excellent asset for the hive."

The long-haired bee girl took a bow. "Shall we proceed then?"

A loud pop echoing through the chamber as the nipple was taken from Necile's mouth was like a reverse dinner bell. With little fuss, the hive organized themselves into a line in front of her. Necile's attempt to count the crowd was disrupted as another bee girl flew up to have her turn filling her with another load of honey.

The tear across Necile's mid-section gradually grew alongside her swelling belly. It only took half of a C-cup breast for her belly to lurch out of her tattered armor. The hefty sphere gave her the appearance of a woman close to giving birth to twins as it hung further between her legs.

To better even her out and match her motherly appearance, Necile felt her chest begin to take on some of the honey's weight. Her modest bosom blossomed out into a set of heavy breasts that was comparative to the accursed bee woman who had abducted her. The rapid swelling of her tits stretched the tear across her armor to free them. Boobs left to dangle freely like an exotic dancer, Necile shivered as she watched drops of honey come from her own teats.

As her latest feedee flew away, Necile recoiled as her abductor took a break from holding her mouth open to grope her breasts. "What excellent consistency," Zennia said as she bounced Necile's boobs between her palms. "It should make for easy retrieval when the cold weather comes."

"Move aside," a voice from the crowd called out. "I want a turn. I spent all day gathering and I need a break."

Zennia let out a sigh. "As you wish," she said, leaving Necile with a small peck to her cheek.

Zennia hovered out of the way and took her place as Necile's retainer again. This gave Necile the perfect view to watch a bee girl with braided hair drifting towards her. The insect woman's breasts were the size of beer kegs with nipples the width and length of wine bottlenecks. The overburdened bee girl constantly dipped as she flew, struggling to keep her weight in check. Smothering Necile with her gigantic breasts, she struggled even to fit her swollen nipple inside of her mouth.

Finding her mark, the braided hair bee girl squeezed hard on her boob. A torrent of honey poured down Necile's throat, threatening to choke her if she didn't keep up her pace. As the heavy breasts were emptied out of their sweet treasure, the adventurer's cute potbelly bloated into a massive sphere that could contain a full-grown adult. Her tits sagged further with each pound of honey pumped inside, rushing to match up with her stomach's growth. Necile found herself beginning to break free from the wall, hoping the extra cushioning would be enough to soften her landing. Mercy did not come for her, as Zennia used her free hand to plaster more wax around her limbs to ensure that her body was kept in place for the braided hair bee girl to finish unloading her cargo.

An expression of well-deserved relief washed over the bee girl's face. Her hands traced over the flat area of where her humongous honey sacs used to reside. She stared in awe at the three heavy orbs hanging off of Necile's body, each one weighing no less than 100 pounds. "You are a magnificent human. I can't wait to see how far we can push you," she said, hovering back to her sisters.

Zennia stopped the line of bees from moving to give herself a moment's reprieve. Stretching out her arms, she used the down time to let go of Necile's mouth in order to apply more wax to ensure she was ready for the waiting swarm. For lack of any other way to free herself, Necile tried to shout out curses and warnings of the adventurers that would surely come in her place. The warrior's words were muffled by droplets of honey spewing from her mouth, sliding down her chin, and gradually dripping between her cleavage. Another attempt to speak was foiled as Zennia pinched her cheeks.

“Don’t talk,” Zennia said, rubbing her free hands along Necile’s tummy. “We’re going to need every last drop. Now hold still, there are so many more of my sisters that need to drop off their day’s work.”

Settling back into her position as Necile’s force feeder, Zennia beckoned for the bee girls to proceed. Sliding another heavy breast into her captive’s mouth, she helped the bee girl massage her overburdened breasts to relieve the weight that been plaguing her wings all day. The extreme contrast between the bee girl’s look of bliss and Necile’s panicked expression made it appear that the human was taking on more than just the hive’s honey. She was becoming a receptacle for the bee girls to unwind after a long day, not that she was in any position to appreciate what she meant to them.

The procession of honey laden bee girls continued to swell Necile’s breasts and belly. Before it was completely obscured by her bosom, Necile could see her stomach grow into a sphere large enough to fit a horse. She shivered as honey dripped from her latest feeder’s nipples and slid between her cleavage to coat her belly button. Over the course of several more feeding sessions, her belly took on the same, glimmering gold color as the accursed honey that was being pumped into her.

A moment’s reprieve came to Necile as she realized that her enlarging breasts were making it difficult for even the most endowed girls to reach her mouth. She took on a smirk as she watched a bee girl try in vain to climb over her carriage size tits to reach her. The small victory was all for naught as Zennia guided the frustrated bee girl down. Using Necile’s swollen boobs as a cushion, the bee girl let herself stretch out as she crawled back over to Necile’s head. Tired and falling into despair for the loss of her only escape, Necile let her mouth hang open to allow the bee girl to shove in her nipple without a fight.

“What’s this?” Zennia asked, knowing full well Necile wouldn’t respond with a mouthful full of a honey logged nipple. “The mighty adventurer that was so adamant about eradicating our entire hive has given up? Well I’m glad to see that you’ve finally seen our way of thinking.” Zennia hovered off of the wall and stretched out arms. “Since I am no longer needed, I leave you in the capable and caring hands of my sisters.”

Necile lost track of her main tormenter as the bee girls buzzed around, eager to get their turn. A moment of clarity reared its head as she watched several of the bee girls break out of line to attend to her body. While she could no longer see her swelling form between the constant line up of breasts, she could certainly feel the others were using her compromised state to pass the time.

The bee girls buzzed about her body, sliding their fingers against her taut flesh in wonder of her growth rate. Necile shivered as she felt their lips and tongues touch her flesh in an attempt to soak up the misplaced drops of honey that encased the orb-like growths. She couldn’t really tell if it was just a way for them to save very last bit of the precious substance or an excuse to further torment her in the name of sick pleasure.

Necile’s answer came as she felt a pair of bee girls latch onto her drooping breasts. Their fingers pulled and groped away at the massive mammaries in an attempt to guess at their weight. A honey muffled moan escaped Necile’s lips as an adventurous bee girl teased one of her plumped up nipples. Just as she felt the bee girl attempt to suckle from her teats, she was relieved to watch the others shoo her away.

The procession of feeding and prodding Necile made her lose all sense of time. What little thought process wasn’t focused on dealing with the flood of honey noticed a number of repeat visits from the same bee girls. Tilting her head up, she could see members of the hive

visiting fellow living honeypots to drain them of their resources. Floating back to Necile with their breasts heavy with honey, they would get back in line to transfer their stores into her. At the very least, Necile took solace in the thought that her presence lessened the torture of those who had fallen before her.

Necile's feeding session ended with a familiar face. Carried along by several bee girls, Zennia buzzed over to Necile with breasts like massive boulders hanging from her torso. Easing herself down on top of Necile's chest, her helpers tugged at her breasts to place her nipples right in front of Necile's waiting mouth. Making sure her smile was visible to Necile, Zennia raised her hand and snapped her fingers.

A pair of bee girls pressed down hard on Zennia's breasts, releasing a raging river of honey from her teats. The waterfall of sticky goo kept Necile's open, forcing more of the sweet substance into her waiting maw at the rate of a gallon per second. Necile's already enormous body went through one last growth spurt. All three of her overstuffed spheres stretched her skin to its limit to accommodate the rest of the hive's surplus. With the last droplets of honey trickling down Necile's throat, the hive gathered around to gaze at her form. Drifting away with her chest reduced to resemble a cutting board, Zennia let out a haughty laugh as she beheld the trio of 12-foot wide spheres dangling from the former adventurer.

Hovering up to Necile's face, Zennia ran her fingers through her hair. "You did such a wonderful job. In return, we'll make sure to take good care of you." Leaning down, Zennia went in for a deep kiss, sampling the delicious honey that Necile would be holding for several months.

Necile's eyes opened at the feeling of a warm, spring breeze drifting through the hive. After the long months of winter weather, it was one of the few sensations that stirred her from

her restful slumber. Shifting her head as much as the wax keeping her stuck to the hive's wall would allow, she could see the bee girl's frantically buzzing around.

Immediately her gaze was cast towards where the bee girls had kept the collection of adventurers that had come to rescue her. She could still recall the day when they were captured and turned into living honeypots like her. At the time, she had retained enough of herself to call out for mercy only to receive another honey feeding session for her efforts. The image of dozens of her fellow adventurers getting filled still fresh in her mind made her all the more worrisome that she couldn't see a trace of them or any of the hive's other victims.

Necile's attention turned to a loud gathering of buzzing noises coming from below her. Still unable to look past her engorged assets, it was only once the eloquent, golden palanquin rose above her chest did she see it. The chair was held aloft by dozens of bee girls, their wings flapping double time to keep their most precious asset safe.

Zennia was seated upon the mobile throne, her wings lazily tucked behind her back. The majority of her mass was centered around her stomach, a large sphere that jutted out several feet from her body. Her abdomen looked like a gigantic, stuffed sausage as it hung out the back of her chair, the once imposing stinger miniscule in comparison. Two breasts half the size of Necile's own were balanced atop her stomach, stray drops of honey dripping from her nipples. A golden crown studded with glimmering jewels was perched atop her head between her antennae, identifying her as the new queen of the hive.

"How is my favorite honeypot doing?" Zennia asked, getting twisted pleasure from Necile's weak attempt to respond. "I want to thank you again for getting me where I am today. Through your hardship, we were able to survive through the winter with more than enough food in reserve."

Snapping her fingers, Zennia guided her fellow bee girls to fly her closer to Necile's head. "Since I was the one credited with bringing you here, the hive has elected me as the new queen. Sorry I haven't been around to give you the proper attention you need. It takes a lot of royal jelly to transform our kind into hive queens."

Leaning forward in her seat, Zennia rubbed her belly against Necile's face. "Do you feel that? It's the perfect receptacle for storing the hive's honey and bringing forth a new generation of bee women. All of this is thanks to you and so I have decided to release you from your service."

A glimmer of hope that Necile had thought was long extinguished shined in her eyes.

"I thought you'd like that," Zennia replied. "You might have noticed that the others have already been released. Like them, we intend to drain you of your honey and send you off with a few provisions to make up for your time with us. I've been told our honey is worth quite a lot to you humans."

Zennia's gentle nature turned grim as she shoved her belly against Necile's face. "But let me make one thing absolutely clear. Should you or any of your kind try to attack my hive again, our vengeance will be swift and merciless. Do you understand?"

Necile nodded her head several times to assure that Zennia understood her response.

"Very good," Zennia said, another snap of her fingers pulling her way. "Please see that our treasured guest is taken care during her transition back to her old self. Make sure you're thorough."

"Yes my queen," several of the bee girls replied as they surrounded Necile.

They lined up in front of the long dormant adventurer and took turns sucking the honey from her teats. While Necile marveled at the sight of her body gradually shrinking down, she

noticed a second line of bee women on the opposite wall. Zennia lounged about there, her mouth wide open to receive their honey-laden breasts. Watching Zennia take on her main duty as the new queen, Necile caught a knowing glance from her. It was a silent promise that she meant what she said and a reminder for Necile of the power of the hive that she would never dare cross again.