

HONEY B. LOVELIER

COMMISSION STORY

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There were many ways to celebrate Halloween.

The most *obvious* way was for those who were kids, or at least those who *had* kids. Being able to dress up and go trick or treating (or at least accompany your children trick or treating) was basically the bread and butter of the holiday. Without that aspect Halloween wouldn't be much of a holiday at all, as the lockdowns brought to us by COVID several years ago had shown. But as you grew older, and definitely when you were older than eighteen, trick or treating *yourself* wasn't really all that feasible.

Enter adulthood, where the *next* manner of Halloween celebration became more commonplace. Costume parties. Admittedly, they were a little more unhinged the younger you were from my experience. The closer you were to the twenty year old mark, the more likely the expectation that you get drunk off your ass in a sexy costume was – for better or for worse. But these parties weren't really my scene, and I was a little old for them anyways.

Enter: a more modern and less socially reliant form of Halloween party. Not only could you participate in this party from the comfort of your own home, but you didn't even need to buy anything for it! Well, with *real* money at least. This could be accomplished by participating in a party within something like an online video game. Like, perhaps, *Final Fantasy XIV*? That MMO had a number of ways to host meetups, but the most common ones were in personal housing.

“Oh, wait. I wonder how hard a costume based on *her* would be...” And that was more or less where I was at. The Free Company

(which was essentially a guild in FFXIV) I was in was throwing a Halloween party, and I was left with the task of figuring out a costume idea for my Warrior of Light character, S'aiya. The rules of the event were that costumes had to be put together with in-game items, so mods were off the table.

So, while it hadn't been my *focus* by any means, I had spent a better part of my day brainstorming potential costume ideas for my Miqu'te. Once I finally had time to play, I had logged into account and spent a little *too much* time flipping through the clothing listed on the market board for ideas. That was when inspiration had stuck, and I typed in 'bee'. The most recent Dawntrail expansion had added a raid series that featured some very interesting characters, one of which was Honey B. Lovely.

Honey B. Lovely was a fighter in the Arcadion with a manically loyal fanbase. She was a take on the character archetype of a sweet and lovely idol whose demeanor would gradually shift to something that was meaner and more defiant as her loss became more and more apparent. Still, she had a great design and instantly became a fan favorite. **"I'm sure a lot of people will be dressing as her, but I haven't done it yet."**

But what would be the best gear to match her sense of style? Fortunately, I didn't need to search for very long before something caught my eye. **"Honey B. Lovely Attire?"** I arched an eyebrow. That was the naming scheme they always used when they released character costumes, but to my knowledge they hadn't released such a thing. It probably would have been all over the place if so, but it *was* listed on the market board. Which meant it was an in-game item. **"Hm..."**

I had my doubts, but it *was* listed at a Gil price that I could afford. So, I clicked the purchase button and watched the outfit get added to my library. The transaction had been passed over to my account, but at that exact moment? Something odd was happening with my desktop computer. Or, well, something odd was *crawling out of it*. A tiny bee that didn't look particularly remarkable had crawled out of my PC case – passed onto it through the purchase of the Honey B. Lovely attire.

And it took flight when I wasn't paying attention, buzzing its way into the air of my room where it flew around to try and reorient itself. But this bee was there with a mission, and once it had confirmed where the target of that mission was? *It struck*. **"OW!? What the hell!?"** Something sharp suddenly pierced the nape of my neck preceded by a shrill buzzing sound that had filled my ear.

I'd unfortunately been stung enough in the past to recognize the feeling of being attacked by a bee or wasp, and as I reached a hand behind my

neck I'd expected to find the source. But there was no insect there, and with fingers rubbing my neck? I couldn't even find a wound. No hole, no raised skin, *nothing*. It was like it had been all in my head, and my attacker just up and disappeared. **"What in *tarnation* was that!?"** The momentary use of a Southern term with a Southern accent was certainly odd, but I *did* end up saying weird stuff sometimes. So I didn't think too much of it.

The bee I hadn't even seen really *had* disappeared though. Right back into my computer, in fact!

"Ugh. The *achin'* is going away, but what gives? There was no way I was just *imagining* that, right?" Yeah. The pain was going away, but I could still feel it as proof that it had existed in the first place. That couldn't have been possible been a trick of my mind, but there wasn't any proof that anything had happened in the first place. I stood with the intention of going to the bathroom to double check, but didn't manage to turn away before my computer caught my eye. It had turned off? *When?* I was *really* hoping that it wasn't broken.

The issue with me being distracted by my computer was that I wasn't paying as much attention to *other* things. Not that what *was* happening would have necessarily been simple to see in the first place. It was October, which meant it was cooler out and so I was wearing a long sleeved shirt and jeans. Only my hands, neck, and face were exposed, basically – meaning the only regions where this would have been noticeable were difficult to see unless I was directly looking at them.

It was something that happened suddenly, but also had a very clear point of origin: *the point on my neck where I believed myself to have been stung*. **"Hmm..."** There was no bump nor puncture wound there, but the coloration of my pale skin on that spot had darkened to a relatively dark tan before, well... *exploding*. Not in the literal sense. It was more like a rhetorical explosion that had pushed that spot to spread, blasting all over my body in a matter of seconds so that my entire complexion was this natural tan instead of my usual tone. This included darker nipples.

But also, lighter colored hair? To be fair, that wasn't as immediate of a change as my skin. Or, at least, it didn't occur in tandem. There was a brief moment of respite after my complexion changed where nothing else seemed to be happening, but then... My brows lightened and thinner above my eyes until they were a platinum blonde – and that color was replicated through *all* of the rest of the hair on my body, including my messy bush of pubes.

“If my computer’s broken, that’s *gonna be a dang pain in the booty!*” My slippage into unfamiliar, and honestly *Southern* sounding verbiage, was only worsening. It still hadn’t struck me that I was doing it, but I *did* at least finally notice my hair. Namely because the platinum blonde that had replaced its original darker color had *forced* its way into my view. My bangs had grown longer... *No*, my entire head of hair had been growing, reaching past by shoulders but then pulling back up just above them as that blonde hair was styled into roughly eight curls.

“Uh, what in the *Sam Hill’s* happening here?” I reached up a hand to try touching some of this hair but stopped just short of doing so as my hands reached eye level. I could see how *dark* my skin had become now, but it also *wasn’t* just that. Aside from the skin color, my hands didn’t look very familiar. The fingers were too thin, the palms too small, and the nails were both long and painted pink. **“These *ain’t* my hands!”**

Now my own voice was starting to register. **“Wait, what’s up with this accent? My voice’s kinda soundin’ more like a woman’s, too? But...”** While I’d been figuring this out, more had transpired that I hadn’t even noticed. My face had actually thinned quite a great deal, which allowed my features to stand out all the more as they shifted in design. My nose thinned generally, but the bridge somehow thickened a bit. My lips swelled nice and plump above a rounded chin, and the lashes around my eyes grew as those eyes narrowed in shape.

Their colors taking on heterochromia. Gold in the right eye, and a bright teal in the left.

“Am I going crazy!? This can’t be happening!” Be? Bee? I was stung by a bee after downloading... No, that was too weird to be true! Panicked as I rightfully was, I didn’t even notice my pants and boxers slip from my waist. Because it wasn’t *just* my face that had slimmed down. Inch after inch of extra weight had been shed from my form, skin tightening more and more around the lessened weight. My frame was rendered perfectly thin with an otherwise toned appearance.

But I was also *shrinking*. My shirt was essentially becoming a dress that reached down to my knees as I dipped down to 5’4” from nearly six feet. My smaller hands looked better suited to this height, and the feet within my socks had regressed into smaller, cuter forms as well. But that was essentially summarizing how I was beginning to appear. Smaller, cuter, and *prettier*. Like a gorgeous young lady in her late teens. *Naturally!*

Ugh, why was I feeling *smug* about it?

The ‘young lady’ aspect of things couldn’t have been truer in the end. **“Ngh!? WHAT THE HELL!?”** Surprising or not, my outright aggressive reaction to what could best be described as the sensation of my cock and balls being *shoved* back into my body violently. I had keeled over in a way that a building weight upon my bosom ended up capitalizing on, and I almost fell completely forward. I was only spared from the fall because an additional weight had been pumped into my *behind*.

With a pussy between my legs instead of a dick now? I was biologically female and even subconsciously identified as a *woman* even a small part of me disagreed. And the weight that had tossed me around otherwise was more or less what you would have expected. My flat chest had erupted into a pair of fleshy, tanned orbs that grew into a perky, cute pair of *C-cup* tits, whereas my ass had blown up into a plump bubbled shape above thicker thighs. I was the spitting image of a pretty Southern Belle, and my attitude was falling more and more in line with it as the seconds ticked by.

“Well, I certainly *am* beautiful. And I must say, *charming as well!*” Still, there was something about all of this that was strikingly familiar. It was as if there was a familiarity to my own voice, appearance, and attitude. But it wasn’t until things took a turn for the (even more) bizarre that it finally dawned on me. As I felt something push out of my back and against my shirt. **“What now!?”** I stomped my feet like a spoiled brat.

Whatever was pushing out from beneath my shoulder blades, the fit of my shirt absolutely *wasn’t* holding it back. It continued to grow as I looked over my shoulder with curiosity, but eventually? The back of that shirt was *blown out*, tatters raining on the floor so that an uncomfortable sight could be revealed to me. Two pairs of wings overtop of one another. *Insect wings. Bee wings*, specifically.

“This has *gotta* be a joke, right? They’re like... *hers!*” If I’d needed any *further* confirmation of what I was already assuming, the sensation of my ass bloating certainly provided it. Well, it wasn’t quite my ass itself. It was more like the space between my ass crack and my tailbone. The skin there had darkened and protruded in the form of what resembled a tube... but at the end of that six inch growth? This ‘flesh’ thickened. It became larger and larger, rounding into an oval shape that was black on the underside and yellow and fuzzy on the top. It was bigger than my torso by the time it stopped growing, and a rather painful looking *stinger* emerged from the tip.

It was the whole damn abdomen of a *bee*!

Confirming what I'd been assuming. But if I was becoming *her* in *this form*, then wasn't I too sma— "**CRAP!?**" I shouldn't have said or thought anything! It really *was* just a coincidence that it had occurred to me before it began, but at the time I felt responsible. Responsible for my body suddenly *growing*. Not strictly *taller* or anything like that. It was like I was being enlarged consistently, with my body retaining its current proportions regardless of how big I became.

"No, no, no! I ain't gonna fit in here!" I ducked my head nearing the ceiling, but I knew full well that it wouldn't be enough. The front of my shirt had remained affixed to my body even without the back, but it eventually succumbed to my size and fell off, revealing my perky tits and bare pussy. "**Ugh!**" I dropped down to my knees as I pushed well over the twelve foot mark. My insect abdomen was growing with me and ended up pushing through the door behind me while I struggled to avoid crushing my computer in front of me. Before all was said and done? I was on my hands and knees with my head tilted down. It was the *only* way I could fit, gosh darn it!



"This is so darn uncomfortable!" Having grown to fill my entire office, the posture that I presently had was all I could do to avoid my head crashing through the ceiling. It was *real* lucky that my office was on the ground floor and we didn't have a darned basement, 'cause I probably would have crashed right through the floor at my current weight otherwise! **"How am I s'posed to even get outta here!?"**

The Southern Belle manner of speaking that I'd adopted had taken a nosedive into something much less proper, a side effect of my panic and new personality both. As *Honey B. Lovely*, I projected myself as a refined and proper lady! But it was just a lil bit of projection in the end. I was more like *this*. If I wasn't reigning in my accent, then it ended up becoming stronger. **"Ugh, and I ain't Honey B.! I need to stop thinkin' all that!"**

I still had my sense of self from before the transformation, but if I wasn't careful? I started thinking of myself as *the* Honey B. Lovely! It was confusing as all hell, but at least I didn't feel like I was at risk of losing who I used t'be and all. With my bee stinger out my door and pushed into the hall, I was worried about causin' more structural damage of I tried to wiggle it.

Fortunately? **"OH, WHAT THE HELL NOW!?"** I'd been panicked as all hell when a red glow began to swirl around my pretty lil face but felt relief when it clear and I was sittin' on my floor at a normal size. **"Did I return to normal?"** I could reign in my accent a bit now that I felt more relieved, but the fact that I had to do that meant that I wasn't 'normal'. Seein' my tanned hands was proof of that too.

I stood up and smoothed down my cute, yellow cardigan. **"Oh, I get it. I'm just regular Honey B. now, huh? Suits me better than being a giant in a small room, and it solves that whole nudity problem."** My queen bee traits were gone, recalled back into the regulator on the left side of my head. But I knew I could recall 'em whenever I wanted to. **"Guess the question is: now what? Do I gotta keep living like this?"** Looking around, I found that my office was... different.



It was painted with yellows, my computer was *bee themed*, and I even had honeycomb shelves with my trophies on it. When the hell'd I earn trophies? It wasn't until I checked the ID on my desk that I realized. **"Wait, this ID says Honey B. Lovely. My whole reality changed? Guess that makes things easier but... I'm still a fighter? Hah!"**

"Well, I guess I have an obligation as the adorable but deadly, sweet but poisonous, HONEY B. LOVELY to put on a good show! Plus, the money can't be too bad, right?"

Could I spice up my stage costume for Halloween somehow?