

Bee Party Fillin'

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YCH Story done for Shade the Raven of FurAffinity

“Gimme something hard!”

“Something hard?”

“Something that'll make me forget about this crappy day!” Petra groaned, taking her seat at the bar. Not a second later, she put her arms on it and let her head fall into them.

Today had been such a shit show for the woman. It all started with waking up to gloomy skies and heavy rain when the weather reported a sunny day yesterday. It spiraled out from there to her job, dealing with an unending stream of aggressive customers at work. Retail sucked but it sucked a lot more than usual.

She wasn't for drinking, not even a little bit usually. However, after a day like the one she just had, she needed something. Something stiff and with a lot of punch. She didn't know what exactly, but she was sure a bartender would know.

“Hmmm, maybe you should lighten up a little?” The bartender's voice drifted down sweetly to the tired woman. “You should be having fun!”

“This is a bar, isn't it?” grumbled Petra, “I'm pretty sure people can be sad at bars.”

“True, but this is also a club, girl!” Petra turned her head, while not lifting it off her arms, to the side. She saw the raving party floor, tons of people dancing and mingling together. The music thumped and pounded, loudly over the speakers, echoing in her head. It was amazing she could hear the bartender or even herself think over it.

Petra didn't care though, turning her face back into her arm. “Yeah, yeah.”

“Gees, if you weren't interested in partyin', why did you even come?”

“My friends told me to come here after I told them about my crappy day. Thing is, they couldn't come, so how can I cheer up? Ugh, I don't even know why I bothered coming alone then. I'm so stupid... just gimme some booze or whatever.”

“This is very serious, I see.” The bartender spoke, mostly to herself.

Petra could still hear her clearly and huffed. “Yes. I'm seriously feeling down. Why don't you just-” She looked up for the first time at the bartender and flinched.

It was a green witch, one with sharp glasses and two black hair buns. She looked at Petra with an amused smile, Petra looking back confused. This green woman looked very familiar. “Haven't I seen you before?”

“Probably!” The witch proudly smiled. “I work many jobs! It's great life experience and market research for future magic spells and potions for my coven!”

She cleared her throat. “Anyway, my name is Traci.” Her gaze softened as she leaned a little over the counter. “So, you want something to chase the blues away, eh? Well, I personally don't think you need anything that's just “hard”. What you need is something wild, something that'll get you pumping! Something very *sweet*.”

“Sweet?” The little emphasis Traci had put on the word made Petra curious, if not a tad suspicious about what she meant.

The witch didn't elaborate though. She instead reached below the counter, continuing to talk, “I got something nice and special. It's something of my own design that the owner's been letting me sell occasionally. Feels like the right time to break it out.”

Traci placed a large, full, frosty mug on the bar next to Petra. It was shaped like a cartoon beehive, the liquid inside a vibrant yellow like honey. In fact, the human could even pick up the scent of honey.

“I call it, “Queen Bee's Hard Honey”!” Traci grinned proudly, tapping the mug. “It's for those wanting to forget a bad day and have the best time.”

Petra couldn't help but look at the mug strangely. It certainly had a most peculiar shape. It was the kind of thing one might find in a theme park for sale rather than at some adult club.

Then again, was it any weirder than the witch working as a bartender?

That was something Petra would have to think about. Later at least. Now, she was all in on this drink.

“How much?”

“Ten!” Traci said pleasantly, “This is ‘specially made and brewed by moi! If it sweetens the deal, you can keep the mug too if you want.”

The price seemed a little high, but, again, Petra didn't know much about alcohol or what went into preparing drinks. She just got a twenty out and slapped it down on the counter.

“Keep the change.” The long, white-haired woman took the chilled mug and brought it in close. The scent of honey grew stronger, sweeter even. It positively made her mouth water.

Petra took a swig and was taken on a ride. The taste was incredible. It was as sweet, no, sweeter than the smell implied. It was absolutely delicious, making her feel so warm and fuzzy all over. Her pupils dilated like she took a hit off something, her mind bubbly and cloudy.

Something eager crept in as she soaked in that enticing sensation.

After a moment, she placed the mug down and sighed, quivering a moment. “Damn bitch, dat some goood drink there!” Her voice was as warm as she felt while also being haughty and downright playful in a way.

“Glad to hear it!” Traci smiled, an eager glint in it. “Keep it up!”

“You don't need to tell me twice!” Petra took another drink, smaller than before to really absorb that flavor. Letting it linger on her tongue sent tingles through it and across her head.

Said tingles came to settle in her ears. They wiggled a bit, slowly stretching. They shifted up to the top sides of her head, growing larger and poking out of her white locks. They widened, growing light sand-colored fur over them, reddish brown strips appearing along their backs.

As they finished their vulpine-esque shapes, the new ears stretched long at the tips. Then they kept stretching, growing longer and longer, narrowing as they did. Fur turned to black, the ends a little bulbous in form. It was like her new ears had developed their own antennas.

“Yeeeaah, that's the shit!” Petra declared with a goofy grin. Upon her face, there were some light adjustments. Reddish brown spots, three on them, appeared on her cheeks. Two more appeared between her eyes, a redder curved marking appearing above those. A sharp, alluring coating of black eyeliner appeared around her eyes. Below them, black teardrop-esque markings appeared, looking as if wet makeup was dripping down her cheeks.

Most curious of all was at the edges of her eyes. Hair or some similar material sprouted, as black as her eyeliner. It stretched out away from her head, narrow and thin, other than the bulbous ends they had. They looked like the antenna features on her ears.

Petra never noticed, just happily eyeing up her drink. *This shit is incredible!* She blinked, her irises turning a vibrant pinkish red. *Is all booze like this? Fuck, I've been missing out!*

She took another drink, longer again. It made her feel so... buzzy!

The woman wiggled in her seat, warm tingles flowing down her back to her feet. Any trace of excess body fat melted off, her form trim and fit now. Her body lengthened, inch after inch being added and exposing her navel from under her shirt.

Mmmm, soooo goooooood! Petra leaned over the counter, hands gripping as her body quaked harder. She let out a sensual moan, her bottom half swelling. Her pants tightened as her hips widened into a very noticeable curve. Her thighs thickened, pressing and rubbing against each other.

Her eyes clenched shut, her body leaning forward more. Her butt thrust outward as a rumble came. A big, puffy fox tail came bursting out above her jeans.

The fox tail swished about happily, coated in light sandy fur. It grew and grew... and grew and grew some more. It went from bushy to... wavy. Wavy and flowing. It was soon almost as long as her body, its appearance overworldly and looking like it was made of liquid. Red yellow, blue, pinkish red, and more colors flowed and bubbled like a lava lamp. Bubbles seemed to even float off of it as her tail swished gently, popping after a moment.

"I take it that the Hard Honey is sitting well with you?" Traci asked innocently.

"Yeah bitch!" Petra declared, her voice lighter and peppier now. "Like, it tastes so sweet and delish! I ain't nevah had anything this fine in my life! Can yah hook up a girl with some more?"

Traci winked, pointing at the mug. Petra looked. It was still full! It must've been witch magic, but the changing woman hardly cared about the details. This just meant that she could keep going!

Petra slammed down her mug, some of the alcohol dripping down her face and onto her shirt. It soaked through to her chest, the woman quivering. A flame was set alight there.

Her breasts pulsed and began to swell. They pushed and pushed, stretching her shirt out and lifting it higher on her. Her bra tightened, squeezing those soft mounds.

Her new C-cups gently jiggled as fur sprouted. It grew out from her visible belly button and spread around her torso. It was a soft white upon her belly, sandy fuzz on her sides and going around to her back. The coating stretched and disappeared beneath her top, covering her breasts.

Then, something hypnotic hit her. The same, lava lamp-esque colors and flow appeared over her belly. They bubbled and floated around, shifting color and shape constantly. Like her tail, her belly “fur” even gave off a glow.

The fuzz continued spreading all over, staying more normal instead of that flowing rainbow. Sandy brown spread almost everywhere, white fuzz going up over her chest and the front of her neck, stopping around her maw. It was so warm, so cozy.

It was good, her body so eager and wanting. She happily drank more and more. It was probably dangerous to drink so much booze at once, especially for someone so inexperienced. Yet, outside of a tingle and an increasingly happy, party-like drive, her mind was clear.

That tingle expanded into a full quiver, her teeth gritting and showing how sharp they were. The back of her shirt bulged, pushing more and more until it burst open. Pinkish, clear wings came forward, thin as could be still strong enough to tear her fabric.

The wings even snapped her bra, letting it tumble out and into her lap. Petra hardly noticed, especially with her breasts feeling so light and firm.

“Wooooo!” Petra slammed the mug back down, trembling excitedly. “Damn girl, you really made this? You gotta get it outta here and sell it to everyone! I'm sure everyone would drink this shit up!” She whisked her head as the tingles went up into it.

Her long white hair bounced and shook with the shake before stiffening. It lifted up, going higher and higher. It shifted until it was between her fox ears, getting spikier and growing longer. From the roots, it turned a hot pink with a striking crown of black on its most center.

It then kept going. Above the pink, the color turned into neon blue and wilder, puffing up more than her tail. Then above the blue, it grew further and began to flow and bubble like her lava lamp tail. The colors were warm reds, yellows, and oranges, naturally floating in the air and moving with her head.

“Oh, don't you worry, I will sell this elsewhere eventually,” Traci casually said with a sly smile, leaning over the bar, “Right now, I’m comfortable where I am. There's something special about selling it one on one and seeing the fruits of my labor in action.”

“Hmm, whatever floats your boat, girl.” Petra chugged, not noticing the drink was full yet again. She was too busy quivering as that drink pounded her more.

Her legs grew longer, adding another foot onto her height. Black fur could be seen growing out of her jeans and down into her shoes. Moments after, her shoes and socks hit the ground with light thuds. Her feet were down to three toes each with white fur over the digits and long black claws extending from each.

“Mmmm, fuuuuck!” Petra moaned, the heat and punch of the booze harder than ever. Her hands clamped down the bar again, black fur coming down her arms and onto her palms. Her fingers dug into the sleek surface, white fur crawling over them. Fingernails grew longer and sharper, turning into black claws that seriously scratched the surface.

Then, another set of hands came clamping down onto the bar. The same black fur and claws with white furry digits, also seriously scratching the surface.

She had grown another set of arms, these extending out of her lava lamp-esque waist.

Petra breathed heavily, licking her chops. She looked into her mug. Still full. The witch knew how to keep them coming! *One more fucking cup... then I'll... I'll...* She didn't know what exactly needed to be done, but she knew she had to do something.

She kept grip on the counter with her new hands unconsciously while she clasped the mug with her original ones. She brought it in and downed it as fast and hard as she could. More sweet alcohol spilled and dripped down her mouth and face. She loved it, not wanting to stop.

As her body shook, the warmth turning to pure, delighted pleasure, her face cracked and popped. Her nose darkened and turned beastly, shrinking into a cute black snout. Her face slowly extended out, pushing the mug further back and pulling her nose along with it. She developed a muzzle, sharp and narrow, befitting a vulpine like her.

Her body felt so alive. *More... more! Need more!* She never stopped to take a breath. *Need it all! Can't... can't be fucking complete without it!*

Her paws clutched that mug harder than ever, her other hands leaving the counter. Instead, one went up and the other down. One gripped her butt, the other groped a breast. Her body pulsed, her loins so hot and needy.

It all ballooned. Her ass swelled into a wide, firm bubble butt, one ready to be twerked and bounced on the dance floor. Her breasts swelled into heavy D-cups, never sagging once. Her clothing was stretched to their limits, highlighting their perfect shapes.

With it, she finally hit the bottom of the cup, and everything felt perfect.

“FUCK! That's good!” Petra Bee shouted, slamming the empty mug on the counter with a loud thud. She let out a little howl of delight, throwing her head back to do so. Her fists pumped into the air, her wings flapping excitedly. She was lifted out of her chair for a moment before plopping back down into it.

“So,” Traci asked, a giggle in her voice, “Feeling better now?”

“Better?” Petra snorted. “Like, the day sucked before, a total shitshow, ya know? But now, bitch?” Both of her bottom arms clenched her breasts together, gently caressing them. Her ears bent back as she pushed her chest out. “MmMMM, I feel so tasty, and I'm feelin' all the happy vibes being put down in here!”

She leaned in over the counter, her gaze hungry and lustful. “It's all so yummy.”

Petra spun fast around in her stool, facing the party floor. Some of the patrons were looking her way, intrigued by the fantastically hot anthro. Most were still busy doing their own thing, partyin' and vibin'. They were all her kind of people.

She would have never thought such a thing before. She was usually reserved and only hung out with her small circle of friends. Now? Things were different. She felt like a party queen with a taste for indulgence and hedonism.

“So, I take it you like how you're looking too?” Traci sweetly asked.

Petra looked back at the witch oddly. What did she mean by that? She looked down and stared at herself. Her fox and bug-esque appearance with all the flowing colors, second set of arms, her muzzle, and all the rest?

Of course she liked how she looked! Petra Bee always looked incredible. Sure, there was a part of her that felt this all seemed off. She was both reserved and a party girl? But, with the buzz in her head and heat burning in her body, she could hardly care.

“Yea bitch. Course I like how I look!” She smirked. “You like it too?”

“Sure!” Traci said shamelessly, “You're pretty hot!”

“Shit, that's sweet of you!” Petra Bee laughed, “Like, we should totally hang sometime!”

The new demon-esque lady looked back at the crowd. “Later. This girl hasta fly and get in on all of that tasty energy! Later, bitch!”

She gave the witch a wink, her wings beating fast. Soon, she flew off her chair and out onto the dance floor, like she had done this many times in the past.

She placed herself right down the middle of the crowd, slowly descending and striking an elegant, heavenly pose. She had everyone's attention now. People were mesmerized, absolutely in love with her and her aura. It didn't matter who, they eyed her up and soaked her in.

She loved it.

“Sup, peeps!” Petra Bee declared, throwing two of her hands into the air while the others rested on her cocked hips, “Your Queen Bee is in the house ta-NIGHT and is looking to have a good time... and to make your time especially good, if ya know what I mean!” There was excited talking and buzzing amongst the crowd.

“Now, let's get this fucking party going!” Everyone cheered. She could feel it coming off of them. Their energy, their love and admiration, their desire and hunger. Up close to it, it made her tremble harder than that drink she had.

Tonight was going to be the best night of her life.

For some irritating reason, she briefly remembered today being totally lame and an utter drag. It was like the back of her mind was still trying to bring her down.

Well, she wasn't going to let that happen! This was Petra Bee's time to shine and treat everyone to her sweet self.

THE END