

Royal Jelly

by Normal_Abnormalities

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This was great. The week was a complete washout. Her roommate was barely giving her the time of day the past five days and orders to 'lay low and stay inside' weren't doing her any favors on her restless legs.

Entering the kitchen, she dragged her feet over to the fridge to cool down and use as an excuse to stretch her tense legs. Ninety-degree weather with 50% humidity wasn't helping matters as well. Opening the fridge with a satisfying sigh, her eyes glance over what was available. Sadly noting they were out of milk, her eyes rested on a small vial with an odd marking on it.

*That's a weird mark*, she wondered, taking out the vial to smell its contents. Smelling distinctly of something sweet yet foreign, she smiled and quickly searched for something to add it to. Deciding on some herbal tea, she quickly mixed it up in the sweltering kitchen. They really needed to get a fan in here soon or she'd melt right then and there.

Returning to her room with drink in hand, she sipped her tea. Satisfied with its taste, she then added a few drops of the mystery liquid from the vial. Taking her next sip was like tasting the sweetest herbal nectar! Whatever it was, it completely added to the earthy flavor. If it was a new brand of sugar or a homemade concoction she wasn't sure, but would surely ask around once she got some attention later that evening. She quickly gulped down the remaining contents and was satisfied with how it helped to calm her nerves and seemingly cool her down.

Full of the best-tasting tea she'd had in a long time, she decided to rest her eyes and belly on her comfortably cooler bed. Setting down her empty cup next to the vial, she decided to think about an outfit to wear for tonight's night on the town. As she was wondering to go with something simple and comfy, she felt a peculiar warmth radiate from her midsection. Passing it off as a trick of the heat, she decided to roll off her stomach towards her fan. Glancing at the time, she noted to get herself ready to leave within half an hour.

While rolling onto the edge of the bed, feet dangling above her slippers, a cold sweat broke out on her forehead. Puzzled as to why a simple action would cause her to get go winded, she wiped her arm to alleviate her perspiration. Attempting to get up, a sporadic pulse from her middle sent her right back down on the bed. Feeling clammy all over, she attempted to fan herself with her hand in an attempt to make out what just occurred.

*I hope I'm not getting sick!* she feared as she decided to pick at her tank top to air her chest out. The last thing she wanted to miss was a chance to go out tonight and enjoy the cooler late-June air with her gal pals. She wasn't fond of wearing a bra on such a warm afternoon but was told it was 'more ladylike' even when they were the only ones home. As a matter of fact, it was a lot tighter than she preferred.

*Waaay tighter than you normally do.*

Reaching behind her to lengthen her straps, she felt the warmth spread all the way to her fingers and

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toes. Frustrated about being short of breath due to a tight bra was one thing, but getting a fever wasn't doing any favors for her temperament and easing her discomfort. Fighting off the worry, she enlarged her straps to their max, which was only an inch more. *Great, another one shrank in the wash! It's hard enough finding these cute ones...* she sadly mused. She wasn't in charge of getting the undergarments, for her cute style tended to fall under name-brand makers and she was a dangerous shopaholic when left in charge of the wallet.

Lost in her thoughts of fashion and upper torso woes, she failed to notice her thigh-highs were slowly tightening and creeping down her legs. Her thighs were quietly pumping with a rush unlike the one that quickly made her head dizzy. Holding her head steady with her left hand, her right picked at a sudden wedgie biting into her backside. She then caught a fuzzy sensation in her mouth, quickly drying it out.

The curious sensation was getting almost unbearable when she then noticed the smell of the sweet liquid sitting in its innocent vial next to her empty cup of tea. What she'd give for some water! Gathering her empty cup, she quickly crossed her room to the bathroom for a quick drink of water. Unfiltered or not, she needed something in her now.

After gulping down two cups, she carried a third back into her room. *Hopefully that was it! I feel a lot better now, but that annoying feeling isn't gone from my mouth.* Aiming for the side of her bed closest to her fan, her bottom hit the bed a lot sooner than she expected. She must still be getting over her dizzy spell and with only twenty minutes left to spare! She would have to see if she could hide her discomfort enough to enjoy her one chance to enjoy the crowds this week, slight bloatedness or not.

*That's okay; I can go with my looser outfits! I can say I'm cold if asked, and hopefully airy enough to-*  
*Snap!*

Glancing down, she saw her breasts jostling for position. Realizing her front bra clasp had snapped, she then noticed how large her glistening mammaries had gotten. It wasn't her bra that had shrunk; her boobs had grown to a much larger size! Her mouth suddenly became dangerously dry again, as was her awareness of the fragrance emerging from the lonely vial. Leaning forward to grab the vial, her shorts groaned in protest, her underwear slipping neatly into her puffed-out vulva. The sweet nectar in the vial was calling her, and she was fine obeying as long as it sweetened the water her taste buds desired.

Dripping a generous amount of the vial into her water, she watched as it softly swirled and dissolved with a flash of color as quickly as it appeared. She could just smell the flavoring in her water, giving it a subtle smell of nectar. Inhaling deeply, she then felt her nipples digging pleasurably into her top, now bunched underneath her absurdly large breasts. They were huge, resting on her warm stomach, sticking out with an unearthly warmth. Her socks were now fraying, no thanks to her toes fighting her thinning threads for freedom.

Taking a cautious sip, it was like reaching a hidden oasis. It was easing her discomfort with such a single sip! What was that delicious sugary treat in her water? As she took another long gulp, her hips grew with a newfound energy. Her shorts were straining to contain hips that their tag was woefully underequipped to handle. Her socks now down to her knees, her calves were beginning to shred what thin fabric that desperately held on to their duty.

Her lips curled in contentment as she felt a familiar warmth radiate between her much plumper thighs,

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her underwear quickly becoming an inadequate thong. Pressing deeper into her, she'd have to take care of that soon with either a shower or a quickie. She wiggled as a warm shiver traveled down her spine, wiggling her bigger toes in her gleeful buzzed state.

Suddenly her mouth was dry again. Painfully dry, desperately craving something more. Her smile quickly vanished as she opened her eyes to an empty cup. She was getting up to return for more water when her stomach suddenly lurched. Doubling over in sudden pain, she fell forward onto her desk, her fan only slightly easing her flustered self. Going for the sink would take too long, but the vial was right there, the aroma too tantalizing to resist.

She slowly reached for the vial, holding it to the setting light between shaking fingers. What if this was the cause of it? She'd have to test it out. But what if it was too dangerous? It was in tea and water before and this would be drinking it straight. Staring at the odd symbol, she considered the dangers. This was clearly marked that way for a reason, and it's probably what was giving her this heated sickness! Was it unwise to drink it? Yes. Would drinking this stuff straight make matters worse? Definitely.

*Worse than dying of thirst..?*

Taking the vial to her lips, she slowly tipped it until a drop landed on her tongue, quickly pulling the vial back. It was the sweetest thing she'd ever tasted, a flavor unmatched in sugary sweetness. She swirled it around her mouth as it quickly gave her essential saliva her mouth needed to function. Moaning in contentment, she felt the heat quickly return with a vengeance to her top and lower halves. She was feeling less bloated than before and now felt distinctly more *full* of something. Be it energy or something else, she wasn't sure. Slowly opening her legs, she felt something thick crawl down her inner thighs, reaching her now fraying remains of her thigh-highs.

Her nipples were sticking out at full attention atop puffer areolae. She could feel her boobs expanding ever so slowly, rendering her shirt more a sheer and shrinking bra than a proper top. Beginning to hear the stitching giving out, she rubbed her legs together in hazy contemplation, smearing her gooey thighs together. She wanted, no, needed the rest of that vial. The feeling was euphoric, a sweet-tasting morphine-filled paradise in this otherwise dry and heated hell. Swirling the vial slowly in one hand, she reached for her ripe melons and immediately felt a spark shoot down her back. It was pliant and plush, warm and malleable, just like a breast should be, except for the obscenely large thumb-sized nipple and areola the size of her palm.

Kneading her right breast, she decided she couldn't deny what was coming. Downing the rest of the vial in one quick swig, she promptly swallowed and prepared for the worst. The first thing she noticed was the amount of saliva in her mouth, mixed with the lingering sweet flavor. Gone was the fuzzy feeling, replaced with the same soft warmth spreading throughout her entire being, sinking into her skin like a warm glove. Tweaking her right nipple once more, she moaned as the warmth slowly receded, the calm before the inevitable storm. Her mouth hanging open in anticipation, a long thick string of drool pooled down into the chasm of her breasts, her top straining to its breaking point, her huge boobs kissing her desk as she waited.

Suddenly, her eyes shot open, her stomach heaving as she brought her arms to her desk to brace herself, panting as her heartbeat suddenly raced with a shot of energy. Shaking all over, she noted her cheap ring snapped off her finger, hitting the window with a sharp ping. This was going to be huge. She gasped as her nipples roared to attention, fighting to break free of her sweat-soaked make-shift bra. Her

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entire body broke out in a warm sweat, so warm that she could see wisps of steam radiating from her skin. Tensing up in shock, she inhaled and felt the unnatural nectar begin its mission.

In a heartbeat, she expanded in every direction. Her shorts split at the sides, plush flesh taking the opportunity to seek freedom from their even-tighter confines. A faint popping came from her hips as her bones expanded in an effort to contain her new flesh. She winced as the straps of her broken bra dug harshly into her ever-widening shoulders, her shirt slowly losing its tug-of-war with her expanding udders. Reaching underneath her tightening shirt, she tugged her bra down, the straps snapping off her shoulders. With a sigh she flung it uselessly to the floor, relieved to be rid of unnecessary pressure.

Opening her eyes after gasping for much-needed breath, she noticed her hair dangling in her vision. Was her hair growing as well? Her head was swimming so much it was hard to focus on details. Her tits were still wobbling from her sudden growth spurt, nipples pointing outwards on their newfound girth. Standing upright to steady herself on her wall, she noticed her room seemed off. Something was amiss, as if she was focusing on a smaller room.

*Oh crap, am I getting taller?* she wondered as she felt her toes wiggle out of the remains of her thigh-highs that rested on her feet. Reaching for her thighs, she felt how much larger and longer they had become. Glancing at her mirror, she noticed less of her ceiling, proving her vantage point was indeed higher than fifteen minutes ago.

As she was about to call out to her roommate, she gargled on her words. Her saliva was overflowing her mouth, dribbling from her moist lips. Wiping her mouth on her arm, she felt another twinge from her nether regions. Within moments, it was radiating with that now-familiar warmth, filling her with overwhelming lust. Resisting the urge to stroke herself, she decided to attempt to walk to her roommate.

After her first step, her heart skipped a beat as the heat concentrated behind her straining shirt. Focusing to keep her arousal in check, she took another step, reaching for her desk to stabilize her weakening legs. She suddenly gasped in shock, her mouth forming a wanton "o" as another thin string of drool fell atop her warming breasts, slowly evaporating after contact.

Feeling the building pressure in her chest, she was mid-step when they suddenly pulsed. Turning towards the desk to brace herself, her boobs slowly expanded as the pressure built to a breaking point. She felt them pulse a second time, and felt as the pressure was being pushed forward towards her eager nipples. Within seconds it reached behind her areolae, causing them to constrict with a sudden pleasurable pain.

Yelping from her sudden arousal, she felt an impending orgasm building behind her wet and stretched short-shorts. Letting lose another string of drool, she swallowed her saliva to try crying out for assistance again. She immediately regretted her action, as she noticed her saliva was sweeter than normal, and was similar to her mystery ingredient that caused her predicament.

Her knees buckled as her hips twitched in response to her erect nipples. Fearing she'd fall on the ground, she fell back on her bed until she could regain control of her arousal. Biting her lip, she felt her boobs fill up with the creeping pressure within them, wider than she was. As the pressure was becoming painful, she reached around to ease her rock-hard nipples, hoping to release whatever was building up behind them. Upon groping her protrusions, she felt them constrict and pulsate in time with her rapid heartbeat.

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She let go with a gurgled scream as her nipples slowly inflated with the dammed substance behind them. Whatever it was, it wasn't escaping through her ducts, seemingly too thick to simply pass through. Her body decided to compensate; her nipples then slowly opened up dead-center, forming shot glass-sized organic hoses and staining her shorts even further in the process.

Her lubricated legs squirming in pleasure, she glanced down and gasped for air as she felt the pressure begin to force the substance out of her new bigger teats. The thick liquid began to emerge as her nipples pushed out their new bounty, hitting the fabric of her sheer makeshift bra. Unfazed by the obstacle, it began oozing through the shirt, gathering in thick globs, creating the illusion of two heavy, slowly inflating cream colored soap bubbles. She bit her lip in earnest as her nipples gave another slow push of her magical produce.

Seeping through her shirt, the globs slowly crawled down her huge tits. She detected their overpowering scent, triggering another round of saliva. Eager to satisfy her cravings, she slowly traced the thick liquid and brought it to her nose. Breathing in their sugary scent, she moaned as a small orgasm sent shivers down her spine. She felt her body grow in a small spurt, tearing the right side of her immodest bra.

*No! Don't do it!* she protested inwardly. Her body was seemingly under a trance, obeying the nectar's hidden agenda. Her mouth opened slowly, failing to overpower her body's new obsession. As her fingers slipped into her mouth, she quietly whimpered as her tongue betrayed her sliver of fear, eagerly lapping up the homemade concoction. Sucking on her fingers, wetness escaped her moist crotch as she relished in the terrific flavor of sweetness her taste buds were dancing with in her mouth.

Closing her eyes, she felt herself swallow her bounty, feeling it slowly nestle into her middle. Within seconds she felt her body begin to tremble with anticipation of their inbound expansion. She fought to take deep breaths and remain in control of what was bound to be another round of sensory-overloading growth. With a jolt, she felt her sheets tighten underneath her as her body shot out a few inches. This sudden growth was simply the warning shot of this second wave, as she felt her tits tighten with newfound vigor.

A tingling soon erupted all over her skin as a new round of heat enveloped her body. Alongside new beads of sweat, her boobs started inflating with terrifying speed. Her shirt was at its breaking point as her nipples suddenly tightened up again, her insides seemingly plugging up her fresh batch. With wide eyes, she felt as the liquid inside her suddenly funneled behind her closed off nipples with a painful push. Seeking a way to escape, they then started retreating back into her breasts, causing her to cry out in pain. The liquid was pushing against itself, spreading into the rest of her mammaries.

She gurgled a moan of pleasure as it seeped back towards her tightening skin, watching as her areolae puffed up and out as the substance sought a way to escape. Her nipples suddenly opened its valve, causing her tits to push out her nectar's creation in a concentrated explosion. Her shirt finally gave up the ghost as it snapped in two, sending globs of the gooey product into her open mouth and face. Gulping it on reflex, she cried out as her body wracked in orgasm, her hips snapping her shorts apart.

Feeling her ingested jelly slickly slide down her throat, she came down from her rapture to lift her upper torso off the bed. Leaning on her hands behind her back, she projected her boobs even further forward. Gazing at her mirror through half-lidded eyes, she noted her outrageous proportions, shaking with small orgasmic aftershocks. She had never seen another girl like her in her life. Her thighs were massive, bulging with newfound muscle underneath feminine padding, coated on the inside with her thickening lubrication. It was probably the nectar's doing, but at that moment she swore she'd never seen anything

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as beautiful and drop-dead gorgeous than the goddess she spied in her mirror. Cracking a lecherous smile, some of her thicker saliva slipped between her lips.

It was hard for her to look down past her outrageous breasts, larger than her waist ever was. They were capped with puffy areolae, topped off with obscenely-huge nipples, twitching as they once again constricted on par with the track record her body had decided on. If she learned anything from her body's magical pattern these past twenty minutes, she knew they were preparing to expand even further to let even thicker liquid out in agonizingly slow pushes and pulses.

Sitting up as best she could, she noticed how much of a ridiculous caricature of an hourglass figure she had become. Her waist seemed much smaller than her boobs and hips, her plush ass muffling the faint sounds of her groaning bed frame. Her hair stuck to the sides of her face in damp clumps, definitely longer. Wiping her fuller bangs to the side, she opened her mouth to call once more for help, knowing she'd likely spill out more of her clear and thicker spit. Her saliva was now distinctly sweet, forming two trails from the corners of her mouth down onto her jiggling tits. Her body was warming up again, and she swallowed her abundant drool as well as her remaining dignity.

As her nipples constricted in a familiar scrunch of pain, she took the opportunity to sample even more from her new snack machines. Cupping a palmful of the sweet nirvana from her left boob, she smeared the stickier gel as best she could into her gaping maw. In a brief flash of clarity, she now realized what her bounty tasted of.

*Honey.*

She was producing her own honey! That nectar was certainly something from a magical place, or a laboratory experiment gone wrong. Either way, she would soon care less if she was producing the best-tasting honey she'd ever had in her life. And now she was making it all herself! She would never go hungry again. And it was time for another round of growth.

With the excitement of a girl gone mad, she grabbed her right tit with both hands and aimed its enormity to her smiling face. She wouldn't let any more of it go to waste than she already had. How could she? Grasping her nipple with her left hand, she could barely tongue the tip of her constricted nipples. She would clamp down on them the moment they inevitably lengthened and widened.

*Waste not~*

Taking in double the amount of homemade honey, her head violently slammed into her headboard as she grew five inches in the blink of an eye. This was of little concern to her, as her substantially longer legs were long enough to hang over the edge of her bed yet bent enough to prop up her useless legs. With her lengthening done, her ample assets would soon overcompensate, and with it more sweet excretions.

In a rush out of place with her thickening legs, her breasts quickly refilled with more of the thick honey, her right hand sinking further into its fatty abundance. Long lost in her deep and puffy sex, her recently-made thong tightly ground against her enlarged and trembling clit. This was enough to send her over the edge, and she expelled a gallon of molten wetness all over her thighs, snapping her string-thin underwear in the process. Arching her back as her spine popped and lengthened to match with her growing back muscles, she moaned a guttural gargle of approval, her nose telling her legs were now soaked with the same nectar she ingested that began her metamorphosis.

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Soon enough, the viscous snack in her breasts had inflated their container enough to begin travelling towards her nipples, building behind her udders' newly-acquired valves. Pooling behind her areolae, they puffed out even further, pushing her left breast to dangle on the edge of her bed and left her throbbing right nipple flirting with her lips. Smiling like a kid under a soda fountain, she eagerly pumped her tingling teat in reckless anticipation. It slowly lengthened into her mouth, and she wrapped her lips around her erect fountain, awaiting her treat.

With another pulse, her breasts pumped up as the second glob of swallowed honey kicked in. Pushing her mounds even further into her face, they tightened as the newfound honey impatiently pushed against her organic dam. Unyielding, it quickly inflated her tits, quickly outpacing the growth of her skin.

Rapidly tightening her honey sacks from the intense pressure of their sudden double order, her fingers quickly spread apart as her boobs grew to the size of taunt party balloons. Opening her eyes in shock, her nipples had extended half a foot, her right shooting deep into her slick mouth, the sensitive tip descending into her throat.

Her eyes boggled at her sudden skill for deep throating her own teat, and quickly realized she couldn't pull it back out if she wanted to. They had simultaneously widened to the size of soda cans, firmly trapping her enclosed one between her plump lips. With her teeth grazing her engorging nipple, it caused another round of nectar to fire out of her sex, and was her body's cue to let it all loose. In a flash, her left breast fired out her honey with enough force to leap onto her curled up toes, while her right let loose its load directly into her stomach.

Her eyes rolled up behind her eyelids as she loudly murmured approval on her oversexed state. It was orgasmically delicious! Immediately her body began growing in miniature spurts, in time with her overclocked heartbeat. Her ass quickly sank into her creaking bed, her legs spasming as they grew beyond the size of tree trunks, her toes popping as they lengthened and curled in bliss. Her boobs filled up like overstressed water balloons, their tautness being replaced with sheer sweater meat. Her nipples poured even more honey both onto her floor and into her bottomless pit of a stomach, the latter transforming her sugar into pure growth.

The unrelenting growth was sending constant orgasms throughout her body, her flesh a growing caricature of the ultimate hourglass. Her vulva plumped with a sudden rush, and her nectar began bubbling out in sporadic spurts, thickly coating her muscular trunk sized thighs with her own sap. Her left breast was in constant motion, splurging out her honey in violent globs, splashing onto her toppled slippers in heavy splats. A scream of pleasure reverberated throughout her right tit, causing her thicker saliva to ooze out between her lips, coating her outstretched areolae with her accumulating drool. She smiled to herself, knowing her sweet saliva could mix with her delectable honey.

*How would that taste...?*

Wiggling in her left arm as much as she could between her massive jugs, she pushed her right breast as hard as she could muster. With her areolae puffed up against her lips, her natural suction was proving difficult to break even with copious amounts of her new clear sweet spittle oozing onto her plate-sized areola. She needed leverage, a way to force her massive nips out of her mouth rather than pushing her boob from her locked mouth. Remembering how her tits gushed with new bounty in time with her orgasms, she decided to change to a more fun tactic. If this experiment worked, she'd not only be lost in another focused and massive orgasm, she'd be able to mix her new organic cocktail!

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Testing out a theory, she focused deep within her nipples to her valves. Thinking of holding back an orgasm, she flexed her inner muscles in an attempt to dam up her product herself. Feeling them twitch, she focused on the energy her honey had given her and tapped into a new part of her brain, reaching for muscles she didn't know she had. With a mental grunt she managed to activate them, her nipples closing her honey's exit. They quickly built up with a familiar pressure, so she quickly opened back up her hoses to let them continue their steady pushing. Satisfied with her experiment, she then began phase two of her plan.

Knowing she couldn't lift her upper body due to the increased heft of her gigantic breasts, she tried moving her legs apart to more easily accomplish her goal. With a grunt, she realized her legs, each thicker than the width of her pre-transforming body, were so deeply covered in her expelled nectar and honey that it held them in a thick, sweet embrace her orgasm-tired legs couldn't begin to move from in their current state. Keeping her right arm underneath her corresponding tit due to its increasingly-heavy girth, her left arm slowly followed her body down her torso to reach her active sex.

A quick patting around her middle showed that her waspish waist hadn't kept up proportionally compared to her boobs and hips. It was longer thanks to her height increase, though it was hard to tell since she'd been on her back for most of the growth session. Finally reaching her puffy mons, she snaked into them and rubbed up against her cherry sized nub. Even more sensitive than normal, contact with it activated another rush of nectar, shooting between her slightly-spread legs and cementing her tired feet to the sticky ground.

Breathing heavily through her nose, her subconscious mind would have wondered how it was she was still breathing with her nipple dutifully pushing honey down her throat. If it wasn't being suppressed by her newer obsessed craving for sweets, her rational side would have hypothesized that her body had undergone modifications both above and below her expanding skin. The magical nectar simply willed her ability to breathe could not interfere with its desire to mold its queen to its perverted liking, so it bestowed her body the ability to apply its newfound energy to rearrange an alternative method of obtaining oxygen. Her tingling skin had also rearranged and added new microscopic openings next to her pores, what she would later research to have been spiracles, making poetic sci-fi sense of her final incoming transformation in hindsight.

But that was neither here nor there in the moment; it mattered not to the horny female.

Repositioning her hand to the underside of her leaking left tit, she gathered as much dribbling honey from its plush areola as she could scoop. Holding her breath for her crazy experiment, she quickly dove her hand into her molten cave, slathering her clit and squeezing it with sloppy abandon. Slathered in honey and nectar, she belted out a muffled scream as she felt her clit constrict as it absorbed the two sweet substances. Mixing together, it crystalized over it, halting her arousal in a sea of heated nectar.

*If I can think of it hard enough...*

Following her nipples' lead, her encased love nub began inflating in the hardened liquid. It quickly grew to fill her new sugary cap, and began pushing out towards it with reckless abandon. Screaming as much as she could past her boob, her saliva began oozing out with greater force. With a sharp crack, her strawberry sized clit broke free, causing a torrent of nectar to fly out of her. Her tits responded by pushing out her honey with the pressure of a fire hose.

*NOW!!!*

Using all of her new mental abilities, she was able to quickly force herself to clamp down hard on her firing honey after letting them fire up with momentum. Lifting up from the sudden pressure, her left nipple shot a bucketful of honey at her desk, coating her chair as the honey fell in heated globs to the bedroom floor. Lubricated from her copious thick saliva, her right nipple finally slipped out of her mouth with a sloppy pop, firing its bounty all into her insatiable stomach, her unnatural suction leaving the insides completely clean. Her lightning-quick closing of her nipples meant none of the honey escaped her greedy gullet. Content with her right flesh pillow bouncing onto her firmer stomach, her toned middle continued convulsing from her massive orgasm.

Eager to enact her final step, she cupped some of her nectar and swallowed as much as she could, knowing it would kick her saliva back into overdrive. Feeling her mouth begin to salivate with her thick gel, she shut her mouth, allowing her tongue to swim in a sweet and filling pool.

Moaning in satisfaction from her high, she opened her eyes to see her right boob jiggling with her cleaned six inch nipple, twitching as it held back more dammed honey. Breathing through her mouth while she could, she could feel herself slowly pulsing with small growth. Travelling up her massive tit, her right hand grasped her erect tube as it constricted to keep her honey from escaping. Grasping her left hand on her nipple, she joined both hands and aimed her twitching nozzle right before her mouth, seeing it spasm and gasp in front of her, begging for release.

Gathering all of her saliva that was building behind her Cheshire grin, she quickly opened up her lips, some strings of spit escaping their confines as she did. Locking her lips around her nipple's opening, with a concentrated push she spat as much of her saliva down her tube as she could muster, quickly filling it to the brim. Not content with wasting even more of her spit, she blew as hard as she could into her right hose, determined to make this work. Her inner valve was beginning to lose the pressure battle as she had managed to temporarily will her breasts to pause her honey making. With a final wave of spit production, managed to force open her valve and push her saliva deep into her growing boob, filling it up even further with her magical spit, hoping it would mix with whatever made her honey and thus create the sweetest substance she had ever known.

Fueled by her nectar consumption, she managed to empty what she deemed a satisfying amount into her udder and with a great push closed her sticky valves again. With a satisfying smack, she released her grip on her obscene nipple, watching as it began to recede into her enormous tit. Her left breast's nipple had also decided to shrink down, sensing its partner's new foreign liquid. With a delirious smile, she awaited with bated breath how her body would react. If the mixture of honey and nectar caused a growth-inducing shell of sugar, what would her portable snack makers make if she mixed her sweet saliva directly into her honey-producing jugs?

*It'll be delicious, and it'll all be mine...* She had lost all rational thought, smiling for her next fix, her growth slowing to a stop as her body sensed its new order. The ten-foot girl had only one thing in mind, and this cocktail would be her crowning achievement from this transformation. With a rumble, she felt a new warmth radiate from deep within her right boob and travel into her left. Her body knew she wanted this, and was happy to oblige.

*Make me the biggest, sweetest girl alive!*

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Churning with its new addition, her massively full boobs began pulsating with activity. Shivering in a building orgasm, she felt the magical energy change whatever it was inside her that produced her honey. Tightening once more, she brought her hands on her left nipple, feeling bad she'd neglected it for so long. It was much easier to bring her nozzle into her plump lips, her breasts now the size of beanbag chairs. Pumping with a growing rhythm, her nipple quickly extended a foot long, easily slipping down her throat, happily smirking for her lack of gag reflex.

Widening with its new product, she felt her valve effortlessly open up to release her new cocktail. Wet with overwhelming anticipation, she began to bubble and spurt even more nectar from between her legs, forever staining her sheets with her boiling sugar. With an agonizingly slow push, she felt her new honey wind its way up her nipples, apparently too thick and heavy for her current state. Impatient with her new sugary mix, she inhaled an unnatural amount of air through her nose and skin, proceeding to suck on her nipple like a giant foot-long straw.

Her suction increasing the pressure on her sensitive tips, they crinkled up as her arousal shot into overdrive. Splashing another bucket of nectar from her nethers, it was enough for her body to compel her colossal tits to fire out her new honey. Shooting into her salivating mouth, she got her first taste of her experiment. It had the consistency of jelly, and the taste of the purest sugar. Grinning from the orgasmic taste, she quickly swallowed her new bounty, eager to see her body react.

With beads of sweat appearing over her body, she immediately felt her skin heat once more and begin to grow for one final change. Confident with her powerful sealed lips sucking for all their worth and her widening nipples firmly implanted in her throat, she decided to explore her tingling body. Placing her hands over her expanding breasts, she felt her skin begin to rise up like warm dough. As her pounds added on, she heard her bones lengthen and pop, anticipating her ultimate form.

Her curves began inflating with urgency. Grinning ear to ear, she felt her legs pile on more feminine padding by the second. With an ass that could now crush her sticky desk chair, she felt her back arch more as her supple bum sank deeper into her bed, its frame groaning its protest at its newfound load. Her shoulders felt tense, her back beginning to burn with a searing heat comparable to her gurgling pussy, a constant furnace of lady lust. Her legs lengthening beyond the five foot mark, her bigger feet were firmly rooted to her floor by the pounds of nectar and honey. Her thighs were in constant motion, trembling from her continuous orgasm, shaking the floor with a force of a small earthquake. Her roommate would probably hear something at this rate, but she had no thoughts of anyone but herself.

Lost in perpetual arousal, she smiled as she felt her hourglass become even more extreme. Her ass and legs were enough to crush any human, her fridge-sized boobs jiggling in growing pulses, her right nipple firing of globs of her new jelly all over her body. Her head had begun stretching across the other edge of her bed, her damp hair messily splayed across her head desk, her pillow outclassed by her new sensitive pair.

Her mirror and window were now clouding up from her musky heat, her room a heavy aroma of sex and sugar. Wisps of heat and sweat swirled above her as she lengthened beyond thrice her normal height. Her proportions were even more insane, many times above any normal proportional growth. Her obscene tits were her biggest feature, growing in a constant jiggle of girl flesh, eager to produce the best honey anyone could ever want. Her areola stretched to obscene lengths, any modest girl would die of shame with 18" nipples the size of two liter soda bottles. How her mouth and throat handled such girth was beyond her, though to be fair she was beyond caring.

## Royal Jelly

A sudden twinge of pain brought her slightly out of her skyrocketing lust. Two pressures centered above her eyes and behind her shoulders. The pain would've scared her normal mind, but her constant orgasms had dulled all other emotion beyond lust. To her, the pain was amplifying her incoming eruption, granting her closer to her final transformation. With a tearing sound, two antennae shot out of her damp full hair, giving her an awareness she wasn't prepared for. Rewriting her brain, she could sense her magical essence pumping through her enlarging body, the magical nectar a glowing yellow gold to her newer senses.

Her taut shoulders were digging into her bed, her head thrashing in pleasure pain. With a concentrated push, she felt her skin unfold as wings burst out from behind her shoulder blades. This rush was too much for her, as the overwhelming sensations finally triggered her monstrous orgasm. Her pussy bubbled and gushed out her pure nectar, splashing thickly over her bedroom door, slamming it shut. Her right tit enlarged in a sudden surge, firing off her pressurized super honey with such force that it broke through her window. Her left nipple shot out of her giant lips, gushing in a sticky fountain directly at her ceiling, spraying all over her room.

Eyes crossing, her senses all shut down save for her new twitching antennae. She could see the magical energy expel from her body and into the room, filling it with her sweet love. Coming down from her massive high, she felt her left hand had wedged itself in a fresh hole adorning her headboard. Stretching her right arm after her mind-numbing growth, her new wings fanned out behind her arching back, the setting sun reflecting intricate hexagonal patterns throughout her room through her honey-broken window.

Her breathing finally calming down, she felt her nipples slowly retract back into her massive titflesh, dribbling its final globs of royal jelly onto her longer toned torso. Her room a sticky mess, she swallowed the last of her thick saliva and closed her unfocused eyes for much-needed rest. Wrapping her arms around her massive self as she could, her arms overflowed with massive over- and underboob, mashing them together and squeezing out the last of her enhanced honey from their tunnels.

That night on the town would have to wait, for Her Majesty needed her beauty sleep.

As her body cooled down from the effort of its laborious expansion, the sound of her oscillating fan, spared from any direct shots from her sweet ammunition, was the only sound as her mind finally shut off its consciousness, the nectar satisfied with its result. As her fan ended its turn, another sound slowly emanated from her sex. A soft bubbling emanated from beneath her peach-sized love button, sending an air pocket to escape with a sticky wet pop. With a smile and a shiver, her wings softly fluttered under her backside as her mind settled on one thought:

*It sure is sweet being a queen bee~*