

Being Big

Story by Pennsylvania Kite Weather

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“Hey!” Seta screeched at the oncoming car that had just coasted out of the campus parking garage, and her instinct was to try flying over it. With an angry buzz of four stubby, oval-shaped wings, Seta hefted herself into a hover, just enough for the beegirl to come plunking down on her knees on the hood of the dark green sedan as it squealed to a standstill.

Seta huffed as momentum tipped her forwards and made her plant her hands on the windshield, and she glared from inches away at the eyeglasses-wearing, bleach-blonde student who gripped the steering wheel and let the smartphone fall mid-text to the floor.

“You crazy, dumb idiot!” Seta rattled off as she shimmied backwards off her emergency perch. Her frustration simmered; she probably could’ve cleared the vehicle if it weren’t for the bulky backpack with two textbooks and a laptop weighing her down and blocking the full spread of her wings. Even the shortest span of frenzied flapping could make her back muscles sore, since her kind’s evolution made flight less important.

The car’s four windows and sunroof were open to welcome the splendor of this sunny late-spring day. Despite that fact, the driver sat stunned in silence and Seta didn’t wait or expect an apology. She hurried across the crosswalk enduring the feeling she pulled something in her wings.

Seta’s shared apartment was up a concrete, square spiral staircase, and she hurried up the steps muttering about stupid humans. Her slightly stocky frame caused quivers throughout her breasts and thighs, stuffed into slimming black jeans and a loose lilac top, more bumblebee-esque than a lithe honeybee. From dark-brown hair that flowed down to armpit length, two black antennae, set just behind her straight bangs, protruded out with a slight crook in each.

Inside on the couch, Rania looked Seta’s way, expecting to hear some drama or a complaint of some kind as the beegirl swung open the door and took a big step in. “I officially have no weekend,” Seta proclaimed to her roommate, and shrugged off her backpack by the coat rack and shoe tray.

Rania had ebony skin and glossy golden highlights towards the ends of her frizzy black strands. “Ohh shit,” she began, until a realization cut her off. “Wait—”

“Owww-ha-how...!” Seta stumbled forward as the thick composite door shut on its self-closing hinges right on her round, fuzzy lower abdomen. It was always sticking out at tailbone-height above her hips, yet another inconvenient thing about her anatomy.

The times she either bumped a shelf, table, wall or doorframe were tied with the instances she felt people staring at that protruding part of her body, drawing eyes more than her standard set of buns just underneath. Slightly bigger than a volleyball and bobbing gently with her steps with all its yellow and deep black hairs, it also possessed a short, slender stinger with a sickle tip, too naturally tucked into her underside to be worth brandishing.



Now that the pain had ebbed, Seta continued with a huff. “I forgot the first draft of my final paper is due on Monday.”

The beegirl’s roommate was an aspiring journalist a year above. “Just BS it,” she grinned, and Rania’s hand rode coolly atop the couch and an invisible wave.

“That’s the thing that makes me mad!” Seta turned and went towards the modest kitchen they shared. “This moronic professor is grading them!”

“Aww, shit sucks. Lemme know if you want me to proofread it,” Rania replied as she saw Seta open the pantry and retrieve one of the bottles of honey. The lid on the plastic bear’s head unscrewed and the insectoid tipped the opening up to her lips and waited to sip the sweetness as she returned to the TV.

“Whad you watching?”

“The news. You see that catgirl?”

Seta paused to swallow a glob of her snack. “Which one?” She didn’t imagine it was someone in the school, for the feline monster girls rarely had the smarts, unfortunately, for rigorous academia if they weren’t already meandering city and countryside as strays. She counted them lucky they didn’t have to be raised to learn about the supply chain, or the environment, or agriculture, or whatever that busy little bees like herself were supposed to do to live and thrive among the human folk.

Rania broke Seta out of the thought. “*That* one.¹ They’re showing the pictures again.”

What Seta saw made her eyes widen. If through a microscope, an observer could see the screen’s light reflected over hundreds of thousands of tiny grid-like crosshatches in her dark brown irises which were trained to every detail on a massive, round body smooshed between two buildings.

“Is she... inflated?”

“And butt-ass naked!” Rania laughed raucously, and quickly caught herself. “My bad,” she coughed. “I don’t know if seeing another half-monster being the center of attention like this is mean to you or not.”

“No, not really,” Seta continued to scrutinize the giant catgirl’s frame from photos taken at two ends of an alley.

By the perspective and position of the blurring, those looming tits had to be jutting out the same as those fat yet stubby arms to either side. The stout black tail was standing up from a pickup-sized posterior, its owner balanced delicately on an enormous, peachy belly. “How’d this even happen?” Seta asked.

“Some kinda spray. Some banned product.”

“And where was this again?”

¹ See ‘Alley Cat’.



“Just over the state border. But this is on the national news...! Though I can turn it off.” Rania reached for the remote on the coffee table as Seta at last took another slow-mo draught of her honey. “I’ve gotta get ready to go out with my girlfriends.”

The beegirl was peeking around the bottle all the way up to the screen going dark. That was a lot to process — today was a lot in general.

“Are you upset?” Rania stood, jean shorts and a cyan cotton blouse hugging close to her average build. “I wasn’t tryna make your day worse.”

“Mmno, no!” Seta hurried to clear the gumminess in her mouth. She giggled actually, glad that Rania was always aware of what the media could show at the worst of times. But intrigue more than anything made her think through the circumstances of the story. “Just catgirls and their antics...!” she waved. “I’m sure whoever that girl was thought it was fun. In a like, naïve way. Not like, fun-fun.”

“Speaking’a fun,” Rania passed by and paused at the corner that led away to her bedroom. “Guess you ain’t planning on joining us to have some drinks at Ralph’s?”

Seta checked her half-full bottle. “I don’t feel like I’ll get started on my paper tonight, but I also don’t feel like making progress with a hangover the next day. I’d say no.”

“Mhm,” the Black girl tapped her nails against a flaking portion of drywall. “We won’t be gathering here before heading over anyway. So you’ve got the place to yourself.”

Seta stood there contemplating for a bit after Rania shut her bedroom door. Maybe she could turn on the news for just a little bit longer to wrap her head around the catgirl.

She was so *big!* Bigger than the queen of Seta’s colony by several heads and shoulders. It had been at least two years since she last saw the queen — a gentle, Rubenesque, amazon-like figure with a magnificent, shimmering-silver set of wings, and a flowing dress as soft and voluminous as her hair.

Seta was always floored by her beauty and size, perhaps the sight she missed most about her upbringing in the meadow hive. Having received the queen’s blessing when it was time to depart and separate from her family to see the world, Seta had lingering memories of that towering, calming presence even still.

So it was possible for somebody to get even larger than a creature naturally so immense. What Seta wouldn’t have sacrificed to be an onlooker in that alley, taking that in.

Great. Instead of just being demotivated, now she was horny.

The beegirl darted for the remote, hoping to learn more about that spray and absorb more of the sights, already tapping the volume button down. The news had already switched to another story.

Though she turned the set off with a sigh, she still had butterflies. She had to do her thing when she was alone tonight.

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After a makeshift college-grade meal of microwave waffles and cheese curls, Seta was now just killing time on the couch and waiting for the moment Rania left. Turning on the news for a recap of today's top story would be too obvious, probably.

So instead Seta was browsing the photos on her phone. Amateur shots floated around here and there on social media. Double the number of angles that were broadcast on TV. Indulging in this when so many others were vocally confused or dismayed for this unnamed catgirl — it made her feel a little guilty.

But there were so many breathtaking shots of her huge belly, and the one charming clip of the blimp twiddling her fingers at an onlooker below without a care — all Seta needed to sate her thirst was an uncensored view of those tits that had to be floating out there...

"Hey Set'," Rania had seemingly appeared out of the kitchen and made the beegirl smuggle her phone into her lap. "You see my bra if I do this?" The roommate raised her arms and turned her back this way and that; the open back of the dress revealed much of Rania's dark shoulderblades and shaven underarms, and a gleaming gold hoop earring that matched her highlights, but there wasn't a peek of the undergarments above the vibrant, form-fitting red dress.

"You look pretty," Seta concluded.

"So do you, bumblebutt," Rania grinned, her lips a smoky grey, her eyeshadow a shade darker.

Seta rolled her eyes with a smile and leaned back, letting her phone disappear into the depths of her thighs. Maybe it was an empty feel-good compliment, or maybe Rania meant it. Seta certainly did with hers.

"If you want to throw on some different clothes and do up your hair, you know where to find us." Rania peered out the front door window over the railing and street below. "If you wanna drink. We'll probably be gone most of the night."

"Oh, gotcha." Jackpot. "Text me to let me know if you need anything or you're coming home." Seta settled across the couch, heels on the arm and her back arched over her fuzzy abdomen, eyes on her phone and Rania patiently swaying her hips beyond it.

Those few minutes in silence seemingly took forever; between ogling catgirl photos and letting her mind wander to her roommate's looks, Seta's thighs alternated from tensing to relaxing.

"See ya," Rania finally slung her purse on her shoulder and was out the door within a moment's notice. Seta waited some more as the girls shouted salutations to each from the stairs and the car, and finally the idling engine motored up and faded away. A few more seconds passed, just to be safe.

And then she hurried to her bedroom and began to undress as fast as she could.

"Owww." It turned out as she stepped inside, pulling off her top, that she wasn't being careful maneuvering the holes in its back for her wings, and she aggravated the already-stiff muscles.



But once her top and jeans were off, she gave herself a once-over in the full-length, wall-mounted mirror just inside her bedroom. Seta went to the standing wardrobe next and pushed aside the blouses and dresses of different pastel hues on the interior rack. She retrieved a plastic briefcase and popped open the latches.

Inside was the devilish little contraption she loved, a product of the humans' ingenuity: a handheld air compressor — a grey box-shaped case that narrowed at one side towards the bottom for a squeezable trigger, and a big rectangular slot underneath for the rechargeable battery, which was stowed beside it.

“Let's hope you've got some charge...” the beegirl attached the power block with a satisfying *ka-chunk* and pressed on the control pad to make compressor's electronic read-out light up.

Carrying it with her, she slid out a storage bin from under her queen bed, and dug underneath bunches of an extension cord and ethernet cable for a long, clear, plastic hose. She cast it out on the floor on the black shag rug, its multiple feet of noodly length capped off at one end with a narrow rubber nozzle, and on the other a brass connector which she screwed onto the side of the case, like an oversized walky-talky in her hands.

Seta tested the trigger — *whizz-whizzzz* — and the hose whistled and danced like a snake. It was neat how this thing could suck in air through its large vents, pressurize it just enough so quickly, and not too noisily either; to the neighboring apartment through the wall, it had to be like running a vacuum cleaner. She grinned. Almost ready.

A second time she checked herself in the mirror, but this time from behind as she stuck out her hips and hooked a finger around her panty to ease it down to the back of her thighs. There the lightweight dandelion-hued undies caught as they often did on her pollen baskets, a pair of strips of short, upright hairs, like a bristly horsehair brush.

And as she thought about how weird this part of her would seem to humans, the nozzle slipped between her loins and put the dissonant feelings far behind her. “Haaauu...” Seta let out a breathy moan and waddled to her bed to perch on the side of it and begin her fun with the first few blasts from the compressor in her hand.

Ffwhiiiz...! Tickling, tingling air coursed through into her core, making her arch her back, and she eased down again and kept her legs open, the hose lying limply off the edge and looping around over her knee.

Ffffwhiiirrr... She could control everything with her finger so delicately balanced on the trigger — feel herself puffing up with the surge, coasting to a stall as it ebbed. She tapped it again, and again, slipping further and further into her fantasy behind closed eyes. Seta tweaked her hips upward following one short burst and clapped her free hand on her naked stomach, smoothing over the bump that had risen out.

It felt fluffy in her pinch, but that would change. She'd get as magnificently big as the queen, if she wanted to pretend. But no, she had a new benchmark for her proportions — the bloated, blimpy form of the catgirl. If she could get even close to that kind of big, it'd probably feel godly...!



Seta squeezed the compressor and folded up her dangling legs, leaning back now on her knees as she presented her swelling tummy to the bright-white ceiling light. Her blush, her smile only grew as she ran her hands over her plumping thighs, the mounds of her buttocks brushing her heels as the focused stream of air dispersed to other parts of her body.

Even her breasts and fuzzy abdomen joined in on the action with the faintest of stretches as they unfurled; Seta let go of the trigger just to hear her skin flex, the surrealness of every curvy cavity throughout her, accentuated with some extra volume. But there was so much more to add.

She raised her arms and tucked them behind her head, balancing on her furred abdomen underneath her. She wanted to just lift off atop it as it competed with the back of her shins and rump to own the space she kept firmly compressed beneath her back.

And then her chest grew increasingly pronounced, pulling her bra snug, areolas peeking out from the cups as she slipped her arm over the top-most part of her bulging belly. Should she it snap tonight?, she debated as the strap rubbed firmly between her shoulderblades. What the hell, Rania or anyone else wouldn't know it was gone.

Ptoing! “Ahhh...!” That moan might've been a little loud, but what a relief as she shed it to the floor and basked in the overhead light, her stomach steadily working on blotting it out before her.

She hugged her front as hard as she could, staring fascinated at the chasm of her cleavage. Seta pressed the trigger by digging it into her underside, breathless as it got easier the tighter her skin became and yet tougher as her arms stretched to their maximum. The beegirl nestled deeper into the beachball below her and strained to hoard the one in front of her as well.

Normally she'd pace things slower, but tonight she was going full-throttle, enjoying the challenge of burying herself between the six spheres her expanding body comprised of. So full, thrumming with air all over already...

Seta forced herself to relax, since pressing her wings flat to her lower abdomen was just making herself sore again. As she let her turgid belly hover off the bed, she decided what she *really* wanted was to be that lucky feline, immobilized on top of her own gut. The sweat was already forming on her brow as her eyes darted about the room, wondering what she could smooch herself between to imagine she was stuck between the buildings.

She shimmied her mammoth legs underneath her and inched herself off the bed with her fingertips and soon realized that with all her furniture along the walls, there was instead no better location than in the center where she had the most freedom. Tonight she just wanted to go her absolute largest, even if it was nowhere near her inspiration's immensity. Besides, she could go all-out if she wouldn't see Rania all night.

The circular rug was a decent cushion for her to lean her belly on, off the cold, firm apartment vinyl. She rocked on her toes, her backside swaying in the air as she tested putting her weight on her middle, mindful of her balance. “Here... we... go— Hah~!” Her curves were still so wobbly, blooming together as she picked up her legs and let her heavenly body settle. The compressor nearly slipped from her fingers at the sensation.



She carefully put her knees and one hand on the only accessible parts of her stomach, like some oversized beanbag that rumbled and creaked as she scarcely shifted her weight. Always keeping her fingers around the compressor's trigger, though she was starting to shake, she curled her hand again and now felt her body stabilizing as she crept upwards and grew tauter, other parts of her frame stretching away, others chafing against each other.

Whimpering slightly, she rested her chin down against her cavernous cleavage, daring to prod her fingers into the sides of her breasts and—

Clatter. Her clammy hand let the device go.

“Son of a... crap,” Seta grunted. It had been going so well but now cut off from her air supply and the ability to keep pushing her boundaries, it frustrated her alongside the difficulty of getting herself to budge again.

The insectoid threw her hips from one side to the other, teasing squeaks the sounds of her struggle. Flumping to the floor on her side was simple enough, but wrenching the compressor out from underneath the boob that smothered it was the trickier part.

Huffing and gasping as she worked slowly, she soon fished it out by pulling the hose gently from above her head. A deep breath in relief escaped as she held her contraption again, though awkwardly out of sight behind all that stretched flesh. The next conundrum was getting back on her belly when wriggling her legs and arms couldn't generate any push, and her buttocks and striped exterior were too insurmountable as shelves to simply roll over onto.

She tried her wings—“Eeeef...!” she seized up and hugged herself for comfort. “Th-These stupid, sore, w-weak wings...” Seta muttered to herself as she massaged her globes to imagine the pain subsiding.

“Seta?”

It was Rania.

“Do you have an extra earring back? Maybe some tissues while I'm at it?” The front door closed with a sound that might as well be thunder.

Her face flushed red in panic, in shame. She didn't even need to see her bedroom door behind her to know she hadn't locked it.

Staring into her chest, faintly rising and falling faster and faster as Rania's movements in the living room were too quiet, Seta wondered whether to pretend to be asleep *or just play dead.*

“Yo Setaaa...” her roommate's voice drew nearer, forcing a reaction.

“Don't come in!” the beegirl shrieked. “Please, I-I can grab an earring back for you, just stay out there!”

“I'll just come in and get it quick.”

“No!”



“Seta, come on,” Rania’s voice suggested her patience was already up. “The girls are waiting for me. Are you already using the tissues for something...?”

The sly tone — almost like Rania knew she was fooling around in private, coupled with the turn of the knob, condemned Seta to having to reveal her secret.

“Don’t take photos!” Seta burst out crying right away, twisting her neck to see Rania standing there in disbelief, a bloated butt and abdomen taking up nearly all of the view they had of each other. “Pleeease don’t post pictures, please don’t tell!”

And all the while Seta freaked out through a cloud of tears, Rania had thrown up her hands and was repeating “alright, alright” as steady as could be.

Rania took the purse off her shoulder. “Here, watch, I’m just gonna...” She cracked the door open and slid all her belongings outside while the beegirl continued to wallow in her embarrassment, just struggling to sit up, look her acquaintance levelly, not feel so helpless. “Set’,” the Black girl told her firmly. “Just tell me what the fuck is going on. You’re *huge*.”

“It was the catgirl...!” Seta seemingly accused. She choked out the real explanation. “I’ve just always... had this kink about being big and I don’t know if being turned on by the one on the news or my queen makes me gay, but I just... ever since I could live alone I wanted to...”

Rania’s face had softened. “Listen, listen. I’ll keep your secret and you don’t gotta explain. Do you need help?”

“Y-Yeah...” A chubby arm stuck out and Seta was sitting up in moments.

Rania pushed a finger into the bigger girl’s side, then backed up a step. “Damn. I see two of the craziest things in the same day,” she said, surprisingly unfazed, or just dumbfounded. “You normally do this when I’m not around? You look like you’re gonna pop.”

“I’m okay. I’ve had... practice,” she shuffled her large legs, too swollen to fold underneath herself. It was then as she splayed her thighs a little, she realized the hose had fallen out of her. Perhaps her progress was over.

But being witnessed like this, noticing how Rania’s eyes had never left Seta’s chest or thighs— it did feel strangely nice to be admired. Maybe Rania held the same intrigue...?

“Uh,” Rania started toward the mini-dresser to the other side of the room and stopped after a step. “I don’t wanna leave you, but I have to get going.”

The beegirl found herself giggling. “Why do you sound so reluctant?”

“Because you’re gonna be stuck there all night, probably. And like, sheesh, knowing this about you now and having to keep this under wraps? I just want to wrap my head around why you’d like this so much.”

“Well, I don’t mind being stuck, and I don’t mind telling you more...” Seta could see Rania growing conflicted as the other circled around her front and paused again to stare at her engorged nips, hard as



stone and quivering slightly with her breath. Rania's smooth lips were gaping a little, dark eyes roving between the tits and the even bigger belly.

"It's funny," the beegirl timidly continued. "I thought you wouldn't know I burst my bra inflating this much tonight."

"Sure?" Rania clearly wasn't focusing.

"Rania... Do you want to touch me some more? Actually, can you do me a favor?"

"Yeah, sure," came the reply, and much more attentively this time as Rania bent to lay her fingertips on the monster girl's waist.

Seta cooed, leaning back and making her rump and abdomen groan softly. "Can you lift my belly up a little, and stick the hose back in my..."

"Ohh, let's see..." the other squeezed gently for grip and disappeared beneath the doming front. Seta tried to spread her legs as best she could, carefully straining.

"Are these your pollen baskets you said you had?" A hand stroked underneath one, smoothing along the underside of the thighs and pulling the hairs back, and Seta bristled all over from those exploratory fingers. "You're dripping all over the floor..." Rania said dismayed, and Seta tried to reassure.

"It just feels so good, Rania...!" the blimped bee shut her eyes. "The fullness inside, the curviness outside, but being so clumsy takes some getting *used*—" She yelped as Rania stuffed rather than slipped the hose end into her womanhood, and that broke another barrier. "...I bet if you tried it a little, y-you could write a whole article on it...!" she gabbled out.

Rania stood up quick like Seta's skin was hot, but never had the insectoid seen such a flustered expression from the other, and only grow sultrier as the Black girl leaned in and let them touch middles.

"Nah, I'd rather *you* be the big one." The beautiful flash of white teeth, the straddle of Rania's legs made Seta swoon; her belly was mounted on and only her rear parts prevented her from reclining all the way back.

"Does this hurt?" A few testing bobs followed like Rania was on a sit-and-bounce toy much too small for an adult like her.

"Nope..." All this time, the compressor was leaning against Seta's thigh, and she wrenched herself to one side to snatch it up and show off just how large she was willing to go.

Ffffwhiirr... Rania shifted some as Seta felt the pressure always swishing around. It took just moments for her breasts to start brushing into Rania below the ribs and force the roommate to use her palms to push back.

"Rania!" Seta keeled back and paused momentarily, panting and trying not to drool.

"Sorry, sorry, there's just not a lot of space for me on here, as comfortable as you are..."



“Just let me keep blowing up, a-and there’ll be plenty.” God, how she just wanted this for so long, to feel somebody’s warmth, their weight dueling against her volume, exploring her new dimensions for her. As Rania inched closer, leaning up on her knees and touching bare thighs against her gut as the dress rode up, Seta had to have on a blush.

“I wanna feel your fuzzy tush back there...” Rania said, and slumped over the beegirl’s shoulder with a sigh.

This was the closest they had ever been — strangers before, when it had taken weeks of living together to finally feel acquainted, and now they were linked, in love with how large one of them had pumped themselves up, to the point Rania was at least three feet off the floor. Seta wished she had the mobility to embrace her, but now she was at the other’s mercy.

Hands reached down to grope through the short, but glossy-smooth hairs and the perfectly spherical skin underneath, too stiff to knead but relaxing with its sibilant squeaks and creaks. “It’s like a giant pom-pom...” Rania remarked, a vanilla-sweet, flowery perfume like a calming aura around Seta, allowing her to breathe deep.

Her fingers grew sore, and the discomfort was distracting her from getting lost in the pleasure. “Take the compressor,” Seta urged. “Keep going until I say stop.”

Rania took over and rolled over, too, sprawling her legs off the beegirl’s huge middle, resting her head between the hissing, swelling breasts. For Seta, holding up the other’s weight became easier as her ever-resilient body continued its push.

Seconds ticked by as the inches tacked on, and Seta’s width soon exceeded her wingspan. Her actual wings, those buzzed intermittently out of pure, emanating warmth; without Rania she may have gotten bored or stuck, but now, just being filled uninterrupted by somebody was perhaps the biggest thrill of her life. Her sex life, anyway.

Both suddenly froze as they heard a ringtone on the other side of the bedroom door, of chill notes, snaps, and claps emitting from the depths of a purse. “Uuugh,” Rania groaned, recognizing it, and wriggled her hips trying fruitlessly to nestle deeper into the burgeoning frame beneath her. “I’m busyyy...” She returned to her task, effortless as it was, cramming Seta ever larger.

The beegirl grunted as she felt — but couldn’t see with her drum-tight torpedoes in the way — Rania’s legs fold up and her wedged shoes thump into her front. “Hmgh...! Careful... I’m soooo tiiight...” Her rate of growth had slowed, but the increasing pressure had certainly not. Only her fingers and toes could reliably wiggle in the midst of all her bloated limbs, smooth, flared curves getting ever nearer to the surrounding furniture, her dimensions like two queen mattresses stacked on top of one another and presenting Rania with all sorts of room to stretch out on now.

The Black girl sat up. “Still don’t feel like stopping yet?”

Seta peered out, her tiny antenna like straws to the tub-sized curves surrounding her. “Mmm! Just a little more... And then I need a break...!”



“Sheesh, imagine if we had that spray...” Rania sighed, scooching nearer. “Wonder if we’d have to find somebody to deal it to us.” Her fingers spread and latched onto the inside curve of a breast, pushing in against the slow advance that her opposite hand commanded.

To Seta it was a sensual battle on a knife’s edge, her skin audibly crackling all over as a delighted moan rose above it. And just when it could peak, Rania let go and allowed the compressor to ratchet to a stop. “My birthday’s in May...” the beegirl managed to grin after her breath returned, and exhaustedly tipped her head to lay it on a puffy shoulder, nearly engulfing her neck.

“I want us to do something like this again,” Rania smiled back. “And I promise I’m not going to tell a soul. But I should run...” She paused as she began to shuffle off. “What do I do with this?”

“Can you stick it in my cleavage...? I-I think there’s enough give in me where you can wedge it in.”

“If you somehow manage...” Rania said on all-fours as she plunged it in upside-down. “To fill yourself up even more before I get back — take a photo just for me,” she teased. She kissed a spot and kept a hand tracing along the other’s circumference as long as she could.

Seta sleepily rolled her eyes. “There’s a tissue pack in my desk drawer, the bottom...” With Rania’s weight leaving her body and settling a bit, she wished she really *could* keep going. While footsteps went from the jewelry box to her drawer and to the bedroom door, Seta just looked at her stretched, shiny skin from every available angle, fingertips barely feeling her waist.

“Anything else you need?” Rania spoke.

Seta craned her neck to spy the gap in the door and the scalp of some frizzy strands. “No, but... thank you,” came her grateful reply.

And a second after she heard Rania chuckle and the door close, an urgent knocking from the living room caused a somewhat-frustrated sigh. “God damn, girl, I’m coming, I’m coming...!”

Seta listened to Rania bicker with a friend even before the front door was open.

“Let’s goooo. You’re holding us up, Ry!”

“Yeah and I’m sorry, but my roommate needed me for somethin’!”

“Like what...?!”

“It’s between me and her. Don’t gimme that look — mind your own damn business...!”

All was quiet save for the whispers of Seta’s breath off the swollen skin in front of her. Try as she might, she couldn’t hold back a few tears of relief as it hit her just how lucky she was, how *big* she was, and remaining this worked-up when she couldn’t move wouldn’t do her any good.

Soon the beegirl had closed her eyes, and until she fell asleep let her imagination wander between fantasies where it was her with a close confidant in private, and being in public — no inflated curves to be seen — but with her hand interlocked with another girl’s.



Not much to really say about this one, besides it's been a project in the back pocket for a couple years. Once I started it, about 90% of this story was handwritten in a journal, working on about a page or so every night before bed. It's been a good system if you haven't tried it with your writing, and hopefully it'll get me publishing this story's planned sequel of sorts sooner in the near future.

Thank you so much for reading.

[Project: "standuard de la crosse"]

