

Becoming the Queen

By: Firingwall

“Oh for god’s sake!” Jenny complained loudly, swatting her hand through the air, “Why won’t these bees just leave me alone?!”

Everyone around the area, from the sidewalk she was on to the ones sitting outside a coffee shop nearby, looked at her. Jenny immediately stopped waving her hands about and glanced at the people. Her face went red and her head turned down, staring at the ground before hurrying off in complete silence from the scene.

Jenny was a young, thin, and blonde woman of the shy variety. She was usually quite quiet and kept to herself, but was also easily riled under the right circumstances. Being constantly buzzed and harassed by bees was one of those cases. No matter where she went and what she did that lovely warm day, bees just seemed to follow and pester her.

“Dang it,” she mumbled said as she trudged along, “I just want to enjoy this weather after being cooped up all winter... I just wish I had... had some kind of bee repellent...”

Off to her left, there was a sudden breeze and the sound of a wind chime being blown about. She looked off in the direction of the sound and saw that the chime belonged to a dingy-looking shop, dusk and gunk covering most of the windows. However, what she found most peculiar about the establishment though was the fact that it actually wasn’t there a few seconds ago.

Pushing her rectangular glasses up her nose a bit, Jenny approached the front door curiously and stepped through it. There were shelves and glass cases containing many different items and trinkets, from bottles to lockets to sticks to even old coins. It almost looked like antique shop crossed with a pawn store, but smaller.

Behind the counter was a far more curious sight though, a young woman with messy, black hair and a long nose. Her fingernails were lengthy and sharp and her eyes were a fierce yellow, her skin an ugly dirty green. Without one bit of hesitation, Jenny remarked, shyly and nervously, “Y-y-you’re a wi-witch!”

The woman smiled and stood up straight after leaning against the counter, replying with a devious, sly voice, “Why yes I am. Was it obvious from my appearance? My name is Cassidy and welcome to my shop. If you’re here, you are in obvious need for something right away.”

Jenny rapidly shook her head “no”, causing a strange look in the witch’s eye. “Really?” Cassidy asked, “Surely you want something, otherwise my store wouldn’t be here right now. Come on, out with it!”

Jenny nervously gulped and slowly said, “Well... I-I’m having some problems with bees... pestering me and stuff. They keep following me around and buzzing all around my face. I... I kind of want something that would keep them away... or just something that would just make things easier.”

“Oh!” Cassidy remarked, “Something that would make things easier for dealing with bees? Well I got the perfect solution for that! Give me a second!” With that, she dropped below the counter and vanished out of sight.

Jenny heard some strange, odd sounds that soon followed. It sounded like a combination of a person rummaging, glass breaking, and bizarrely, an avalanche. “Umm,” the young woman asked, “Are you okay there?”

She approached the counter to look over it, but the witch immediately popped right back up with a beaming smile on her face. “Sorry about that!” she remarked, “I have so many things in storage. I really need to clean things out down there a bit more often. Any-who! I got what you want right here!”

Cassidy handed the young woman... a yellow cookie. It was the shape of a cartoon beehive with bright yellow frosting and a very light yellow glaze that smelled of honey. Despite... whatever sounds there were from wherever the witch had pulled out the treat, the cookie seemed and looked perfectly fine and normal.

“What’s this?” Jenny asked.

“It’s a bee-begone cookie!” the witch stated, “I still have some left! Eat it and your body will give off a kind of energy that’ll keep bees away guaranteed! It’s perfectly safe and it’s yours for just two bucks!”

“Two bucks?” Jenny quietly spoke. She thought carefully, *it seems expensive for a cookie and who knows where she got that from... however, to protect me completely from bees... also she’s a witch and she might get mad if I turn her down, this all sounds reasonable.*

She took a deep breath and pulled out the money for the cookie, handing it over to the witch. Cassidy smiled and handed her the treat, saying, “A wise choice my dear lady. Please enjoy and if you ever find yourself wishing for something again, I’ll see you then!”

Jenny didn’t respond, already hurrying out the door. The second she was gone, there was a flash of light and the location of the shop had changed. When that happened, Cassidy wondered out loud, “Wait a minute... how long ago did I get those cookies again?”

However, Jenny didn’t hear her at all and when she turned around, she was back on the sidewalk and the shop was gone from view. “That certainly was something,” she privately said, “but... I guess this will help...”

Jenny glanced at the treat in her hand and slowly & carefully, not sure what to expect, took a bite out of it. It was kind of stale, but only just a tad and not particularly noticeable in the grand scheme of things. The delicious taste of the frosting and honey easily overwhelmed any particular bad taste and gave the young woman a strong, powerful thrill.

“Wow,” she panted, feeling almost weak in the knees as goosebumps broke out over her entire body, “That was amazing... and just from one bite?” Eagerly, she scarfed down the rest of the cookie, even licking her hands to get the crumbs off of them.

So good, Jenny thought happily, I wonder if I can buy more of these in the future just to eat them? Oh well, let's hope it worked regardless.

With that statement, Jenny set out on her walk again, hoping it would be a nice, bug free experience this time around. However, that would not completely be the case for her at all. In fact, things would turn rather strange.

And it all started very subtly with her face. At first, it was just her cheekbones, which rose a bit more, and her chin that became less sharp-looking. Her nose turned a bit more petite and cute as well. Then it was her eyebrows, which thinned and looked tweezed, and then her eyelashes, which grew longer and more luscious. Then lastly it was her lips, which plumped up considerably to a fuller look, just a tiny bit away from looking like a collagen-injection.

As she walked about, she got some looks from people, including smiles from a few guys. She blushed and her eyes looked down at the ground once more as she walked along. *Why is everyone looking at me? She thought, do I have crumbs on my face or something?*

She sighed, but continued on as more of her body's form began to change as well. Her slim figure began to expand just a tad. Her arms and legs thickened with a bit of muscle, giving her the same body type as that of an athletic woman who exercised frequently. Not too noticeable, but her clothing did feel tighter on her.

She kept up her walking, but thought, *huh... did my clothes shrink in the wash or something? They feel smaller now...*

However, there was no way she could not pick up on what happened next to her. Her stomach and torso began feeling weird, like uncomfortable and almost ill to a certain degree. She stopped to look down at herself and was surprised to see that her waist looked smaller and her chest was pushed farther out than before. She muttered, “What the heck?”

There was a sudden burst of warmth and her face turned red, a strange feeling striking her body in her lower regions. Her legs and hips grew and pushed against the confines of her jeans, which turned tighter and tighter. Her thighs started packing in the muscle and fat, becoming ever so thick and shapely. Her hips widened considerably, turning rounder and to child-rearing proportions. Her rear also expanded as well, plumping up to an incredibly bulbous and heart-shaped size. It was a miracle that her jeans didn't simply rip themselves to pieces.

“Tighttighttight!” Jenny remarked, walking over to a bench on the sidewalk to sit down, “Way too tight!” Sitting down, she found herself sitting a bit higher up than before due to her cushy bottom, but she didn't focus on it. Instead, she just went for her belt to immediately take it off to get some relief.

A few moments later, she let out a breath of relief and said, “Ok... that's better, but what was that about?”

Suddenly, her chest started growing, her breasts underneath her shirt expanding several cup sizes rapidly. Her modest B-cups enlarged into a C-cup range, her shirt clinging to her mounds like a wet t-shirt. They bounced up to a D and finally a DD-cup size, the fabric acting almost as if it was spandex with how it highlighted their size. It was a miracle that her bra didn't break apart due to the breast expansion.

“Holy crap,” Jenny remarked, her face completely red as she felt her breasts. They were much heavier than before, while still remaining perky and not sagging in the slightest. Heck, despite the size, her back felt fine and when she stood up, her balance didn't feel off either. She thought, *well... I guess this isn't TOO bad. This is probably just a side effect of the cookie and it'll wear off. I can deal with this for the time being...*

With that, she headed off once more, this time heading over into the park to walk. She hummed pleasantly as she strolled in and onto the main path, unaware that her transformation was far from over. In fact, it was just commencing with the second half right then.

Her lovely blonde hair turned a different shade. It darkened ever so slightly and subtly, changing tone and color. The blonde shade gave away to a more vibrant light-orange and it turned glossier and shinier in a way. It almost looked as if she had the kind of hair one would see in a shampoo commercial.

She causally ran her hand through her locks as she glanced around, noticing there were no bees, wasps, or hornets in sight. Everything seemed to be going smoothly for her, bringing a smile to her face. She thought pleasantly, *finally! No more worrying about getting stung repeatedly today.*

As she thought about that, her clothing began to radically alter. Her jeans and shirt merged together, becoming one large piece of clothing. From there, her pants legs became one and shrank up her legs until the outfit was more dress-like and stopping around her mid-thighs. Her sleeves shrank up into her outfit completely as the fabric turned lighter and softer.

Noticing the strange brushing on her arms as her sleeves retracted, Jenny looked at both of her limbs. While initially stunned by the lack of short sleeves, that's not what she instantly noticed. It was the fur. The bright, sun-yellow fur that was sprouting up on her forearms.

“What the hell?!” she remarked, “What's going on?!” Irrationally, she tried wiping the fur off of her arms, but it didn't remotely work. In fact, the yellow fur seemed to spread down her arms and covered her both of her hands, while also spreading up the rest of her arms as well. Dark brown bands of fur appeared on her upper limbs as well.

“What is this?!” she asked, “What is going on?” Her outfit's collar grew more, turning into a turtleneck, while the color became a bright orange. Then the back portion of the outfit opened up... immensely. It opened up more and more until it looked like her outfit had lost its back and the top of her butt was visible for all to see. It looked like a halterneck sweater missing its backside.

Unseen by her, the yellow fur grew up to her shoulders and proceeded down her torso. Every inch of skin, visible or not, was quickly covered in the golden coat, which swept down and up her body like a wave. Brown bands of fur appeared on her legs as it came over them, but nowhere else besides her limbs. After only a few moments, she was now completely covered from head to toe.

“What’s happening?” she gasped. Glancing around, she ducked into a more wooded part of the park away from most people so they wouldn’t see her. Just in time as well as two large, brown antennas burst out of her head, the top parts bending forward.

“Okay,” Jenny said, reaching up to touch the new appendages, “That’s different.” The second she touched them, her entire body quivered and shivered. They were incredibly sensitive, making her weak in the knees.

From around her neck, a light honey-yellow band of puffy fur sprouted out. It grew out wildly, stretching and expanding so much that it hid her entire neck behind it. It almost looked like a thick scarf from a far, but it was just a big puffy band of fur in the end.

“This is just too weird for words,” Jenny panted, “What was in that cookie?” Her eyes started to sting and she clenched them tightly, quickly rubbing them furiously. The stinging only lasted for a little bit, so she was able to open her eyes eventually. However, when they opened once more, they were now dark purple and her pupils seemed to be missing from them.

Her eyesight remained fine and she was unaware of the change, but she still felt nervous regardless. “What do I do?” she wondered out loud, “Who do I call for help? Do I try wishing and hoping that the witch pops back up and can hopefully fix things?”

Her face blushed again and suddenly, something burst out of her back, unimpeded by any fabric. It was a large pair of clear-ish, brown wings. They were nearly double the length of her arms and stretched far to each side, flapping about and making an eerie familiar sounding noise.

“Oh crap!” Jenny remarked, feeling her wings buzzing about on her back, “I’m... I’m turning into a frickin’ bee girl!”

Her butt started to tingle and her face went completely red once more. She bit down on her bottom lip and clenched her eyes shut as she felt something... weird emerge from that area. Not from her butt, but from just above it. Something large, thick, and bulbous expanded out and away from her.

Oh no..., she thought with almost a whimper in it, I... I know what this is... why me? Why is this all happening to me?

After some time passed, the feeling went away and she sensed something hanging from her backside. She reached around and felt a large, roundish, furry body part. It was bee abdomen, covered in bright yellow fur with brown fur bands and a small stinger at the end of it. With that, she was now a full-fledged bee girl.

“This sucks,” Jenny sighed sadly, her wings beating so fast that she now floated off the ground, “I shouldn’t have eaten that cookie. Now I’m some kind of freak...”

At that moment, a brown door appeared a few yards ahead of her, just standing up right as if it was attached to some unseen force. It didn’t move or do anything, just stand upright like nothing was wrong. Jenny stared at it, not sure what to expect or what to do.

But then the door opened up wide and out walked a figure. It was Cassidy, the witch from earlier who gave her the cookie. The green woman was rushing over and calling out, “Wait! It took forever, b-but I tr-tracked you down! D-don’t e-eat the coo-cookie!”

However, she came to an immediate stop in front of Jenny, who now had an angry, frustrated look on her face. “Oh...” Cassidy remarked, looking at the new bug anthro, “I... I see. You already had the cookie... yeah... it was a bit stale and the magic wasn’t as stable in it as it used to be.”

Jenny just continued to glare angrily at her, not saying a single word at all. After a moment of awkward silence and staring, Cassidy shrugged and weakly said, “Well... good thing this isn’t permanent, right?”

THE END