

## Honey Toasted Party Time: Part 2

By: Firingwall

With that, Callie rushed towards the first door she saw, her mind hazy and disoriented by the insanity going on around her. She dipped, dived, and dodged around the numerous Cravers, all of whom started to blur together as more and more appeared. She reached the door and swung it open, charging through it without even looking what laid ahead of her.

That proved to be a problem, since the moment she got into the room, she realized the mistake she made. She had run into one of the bathrooms and from a quick, frantic glance around it, there appeared to be no windows at all. She was trapped!

“Crap crap crap!” she remarked, looking around the room wildly before looking back at the door she had just entered. She just couldn’t go back out the way she came. She had no idea what would become of her if she tried it.

Callie quickly ducked into one of the stalls that was there and locked it, even though it was foolish given what was out there. *Just need to lie low*, she thought, *call the police maybe and get some help...*

She pulled out her phone and looked at it, her expression turning to horror once more. *Oh come on!!!* She angrily thought, dropping her phone to the tile floor and griping her forehead, *No signal? What kind of horror movie did I walk into?! What do I do now!?! Just wait them out until they leave or something!?*

A piercing shout suddenly echoed from the club area, filling the bathroom and sounding as if she was right next to it. The shout cried out, “HONEYCOMB, HONEYCOMB! ME WANT HONEYCOMB!!”

“What else is new?” she grumbled, holding her face in her hands sadly. She rubbed her head and tried to think about she should do next, but nothing really came to her.

She let out another sad sigh and her hands dropped onto her lap, her head drooping down as well. Her eyes stared down at the tiles and drifted over to her hands, not really looking anywhere in particular. However, her eyes widened and her jaw began to drop as her eyes focused more on her hands.

They... did not look right. In fact, they looked completely wrong and terrifyingly familiar. Her long fingernails were completely gone and her fingers looked thicker, almost pudgy. The color of her skin was no longer tan, but bright brownish-orange and the texture was rubbery and off-looking.

“Oh no,” Callie whispered, what was happening dawning on her horribly. Her skin looked just like the rest of those Honeycomb Cravers in club. The only difference being that the color of it wasn’t similar to her original’s.

“Crapcrapcrap!” she exclaimed again faster, looking at both of her hands and wiggling her fingers, “It’s happening to me now too! What do I do, what do I do?!” As almost to mock her, her ring fingers slowly melded with her middle fingers and the Craver skin began descending her arms, removing any hidden blemish or near invisible hair in its wake.

“Not good at all!” Callie continued to panic. Her arms thinned considerably and turned quite rubbery-looking as the brownish-orange Craver skin spread down both of her limbs and up her shoulders. Her limbs soon felt far lighter and wobblier, like they were capable of more movement and able to bend in different ways.

“I don’t know what to do!!” she went on again, “I’m so lost! Me should try to leave... me should get some **toasted honey on the way out!** EEP!” She smacked her cartoonish hands against her face, making a big **SMACK** sound effect in their wake.

*Oh no!* She thought, *now me talkin’ like Cravers too! ...me even thinkin’ like one too!* Her voice and even her inner thoughts sounded almost perfectly like the other creatures she ran from, her voice having a more distinct male tone to it than the girls.

She didn’t have time to dwell on that because her stomach let out a mighty, loud growl. Her stomach area rumbled and groaned, a strong feeling and desire striking her out of nowhere like an assassin. Images of Honeycomb Cereal flashed in her mind and her body shivered with excitement and terror. She really was becoming like them now!

“**N-n-n-no...**,” she moaned out, “**Me don’t... don’t want this... me want home! Me want...**” Her nose suddenly sniffed loudly and cartoonishly, a faint scent floating through the air and grabbing its attention. It was the toasted honey of the cereal outside the door, having managed to sneak its way into the bathroom.

“**Smells good,**” she muttered, her guard dropping and her body relaxing. She comically sniffed the air, breathing in more of the alluring smell. Doing so though, her body shivered and shook as changes instantly struck it, punishing her for giving into temptation. A bunch of shoulder-length blonde hair turned to a golden brown and began spiking out and her nose turned black and bumpy, lifting up and pushing outwards slightly into a canine snout.

“**Dang it!**” Callie remarked, seeing her nose sticking out at the end much more now, “**Me can’t lose it! Me want HONEYCOMB! No! Me want it to stop!**”

Her stomach growled loudly again and gripped her stomach area, biting down on her bottom lip a bit. “**Me soooo hungry!**” she complained, “**Me want toasted honey so much!**”

As Callie spoke, the orange, rubbery skin began spreading down her legs. Their toned shape went away instantly, making them as thin and rubbery as her arms. When the skin change reached her high heels however, the changes were far more radical. The heels shot back up into footwear themselves and the material turned leathery and rubbery. The color became bright yellow and black laces popped out of them as her heels became yellow sneakers.

However, such a new addition went by unnoticed by the woman as her mind grew fuzzier and blurry. She couldn't think straight or focus, except on two things: her growing hunger and Honeycomb Cereal, which wouldn't leave her mind. "**Me so hungry,**" she moaned again, more of her hair standing up straight, "**Me want yummy toasted honey but... but not sure...**"

In the background, she heard a very loud, powerful shout, "So much toasted honey! Me want all the honeycomb!"

Those words danced around Callie's ears and into them, causing them to quiver and shake. They immediately changed shape into rounded points, becoming more canine and zipping to the top of her head. They changed to the same, cartoony colored shade as the rest of her skin and the lovely earrings that were hung from her ears turned into honeycomb cereal pieces.

Hearing that there was still so much Honeycomb excited her, but hearing that someone else wanted all of it? That was too horrible for her imagine! "**NO!**" she shouted angrily, all of her hair turning golden brown, whether it stuck out or not, "**ME WANT HONEYCOMB TOO!**"

She tried leave, but she forced herself back on the stall, shaking her head and trying to regain control over herself. "**Get ahold of yourself me!**" she cried out, smacking her head a few times, "**M-me... me just gotta... gotta...**"

The door opened and she jerked back in her seat. However, she heard no footsteps or anything as the door closed again. It seemed like something was just simply knocked against the door and nothing more. However, the scent of the Honeycomb and the Cravers filled the room and with her stronger nose...

...she didn't stand a chance at all. Her mind snapped and a huge, goofy smile was plastered on her face. A long, dark pink tongue popped out of her mouth, licking her lips with a loud **SLURP!** When it shot back in, her lips and face stretched to the right and left several inches as they turned just as brownish-orange as the rest of her skin. Her snout pushed out more as she cried out, "**Me... want... HONEYCOMB!**"

Her hair stood on end, stretching out into a wild, puffy mess all over her head. Hair even seemed to grow out around the sides of her face and her jaw, making her head look like a giant hairball. Her eyelids turned as rubbery and orange as the rest of her skin as her eyeballs began to shake. Then with a cartoonish POP, each eye rapidly inflated to the size of dinnerplates. Her entire head was that of a Honeycomb Craver now, with no trace of her former face at all.

"**ME WANT HONEYCOMB!!**" she shouted in her male Craver voice, "**ME WANT TOASTED HONEY!**" Her entire body shot up into her head, her body completely Craver-like in every way possible now. Callie was gone, lost to the intense, exciting craving that consumed her.

She kicked open the stall and started bouncing all over the walls excitedly, like a metal ball ricocheting off various parts a pinball machine. Eventually, she crashed through the door and out onto the dancefloor where the other Cravers were, still tons of Honeycomb left all over the floor, tables, and chairs. She still had a chance to eat as much as she wanted!

Callie, like the other partygoers, would turn back to normal later. When she back to normal though, would she ultimately love what happened, finding the change surprisingly invigorating like the others? Or, would she still be horrified and upset by what had happened? Only time would tell...

*THE END*