

A Sweet Detour

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A Patreon Vignette for Aurum

Thalia belongs to Aurum

On the advice of a resort worker, Thalia takes a walk to a hidden beach to avoid the summer crowds. She gets lost along the way, however, but finds something arguably much more enjoyable.

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Female Alolan Vulpix, BEES, Mild Hypnosis, Mild Bondage, Feeding, Rapid Weight Gain, and Honey Inflation

The strong tropical sun showed brightly overhead, beating narrow shadows into the baked earth. The air shimmered with heat, and the entire resort seemed to sag with half-melted exhaustion. Still, the harsh weather did little to deter the adamant vacationers. Personal fans and icy treats warded off the worst of it as they basked on the ocean shore and played in the waves, determined to make the most of their time. Thalia wreathed herself in a snowy breeze as she scoured the packed beach for an open space, dismayed by the counter-intuitive overcrowding. The alolan vulpix stepped over pokémon of all shapes and sizes in her search, pursuing perhaps the only patch of unclaimed sand left. Her tails drooped with increasing disappointment as her hunt dragged on, until eventually, a particularly helpful resort worker noticed her plight. He introduced himself and offered a word of advice, letting her in on a hidden beach not too far away. The icy vulpine thanked him with delight and rushed to the far end of the resort, where a rusted chain link fence held back a small jungle. She found the mentioned break after a short walk up and down the barrier's length, then carefully squeezed through and narrowly avoided snagging her swim suit. As described, she found something resembling a trail, which led her deeper into the tiny forest.

A sparse canopy offered much-enjoyed relief from the midday sun and greatly eased the light trek, until her winding path forked. Thalia strained her ears and listened for the sounds of the ocean, but heard little more than tropical bird and rustling leaves. Essentially flying blind, she simply trusted her gut and made a choice. The vulpix proceeded with a confident stride, which gradually diminished as each step revealed only more jungle. She reconsidered her selection as she looked to the sky for a rough idea of the time. Though unsure of the hour, the sun had moved considerably, and she entertained the idea of turning back. Before she fully made up her mind, however, she reached the end of her trail. The trees and shrubs opened up into a modest clearing, populated with a planned array of towering plants. Colorful, sap-laden fruit dangled from their branches, more closely resembling water balloons filled with sap. Her appetite leapt at the sight, and she crossed an arm to her middle as it announced its emptiness. A quick glance around confirmed her solitude, convincing her to help herself to a snack. Thalia strained upwards and plucked a fruit from the lowest branches, examined its richly-colored skin, then took a bite. An explosion of decadent juice filled her mouth and flowed over her tongue, spurring her to reach for another.

Frustration played across her face as her second helping just eluded her grasp, forcing her to leap and grab onto its branch. Leaves rustled and fluttered to the ground as she reached her mark, which dropped just beyond her straining fingertips. Thalia dove to spare the treat from a dirty fate, and to her delight, snatched it from the air mere inches from the forest floor. A triumphant grin spread across her muzzle as she dusted it off and brought it to her lips, but paused when a heavy thump shook the ground behind her. The alolan vulpix turned to find the broken wreckage of a beehive, and her blood ran cold when its residents spilled forth. Panic overwhelmed the chilly vulpine as the swarm swirled around her, filling the previously tranquil air with their buzzing. Icy blasts shot across the clearing as she desperately defended herself, but her blind fear settled as their dreaded stings never came. Instead, the cloud of insects calmed their raucous drone and harmonized, then filled the air

with pollen. Thalia sneezed and waved the bright cloud from her face, though her movements slowed as its effects set in. Her muscles grew heavy with lethargy, draining her strength and stumbling her balance. The vulpix fell against the tree and sank to her rear, reclining against the bark while as her head swam. While she teetered on the edge of a trance, the bees swarmed and descended.

The majority of the colony took to the vulpix's wrists, guiding them behind the tree and wrapping her arms around its trunk. Their song softened while they laid the foundations of a new hive in her palms, which quickly eclipsed her hands and bound her to the bountiful tree. A second group raided the branches above and fetched a banquet of fruit, then ushered them to Thalia's lips one by one. The bees pierced the nectar-laden fruits and drained the sweet juices into her waiting muzzle, filling her middle with the delicious and potent cocktail. The vulpix accepted the offering without a thought and eagerly swallowed the sap down, even as her belly began to swell with the unexpected feast. Her bathing suit pulled tight around her sloshing curves as she held their attention for hours, hardly noticing the toll it took on her figure. The tight roll of her belly softened as she metabolized the sticky ooze, disappearing under a generous layer of soft padding. Her thighs thickened and spread across the ground as swelling rear subtly lifted her into the air, creating space for her belly to spill between her legs. The strings of her bikini snapped against the slow avalanche of her pudge, succumbing to her flab and sacrificing her modesty. Her breasts grew and inched down her chest as they took the brunt of the feeding's effects, rounding and firming with fat and nectar alike. A blush kindled in her cheeks as the growing pressure sparked her lust, manifesting as thin rivers of honey that flowed from her breasts. The bees divided their attention to collect her altered bounty, delivering it to their new hive and keeping Thalia on the edge of climax in the process.

She trembled with prolonged denial even after the bees gathered everything from her tree, which only intensified her following orgasm. Her climatic cries echoed through the clearing as her captors scrambled to collect her honeyed fluids, prolonging her climax and draining her of what little stamina she retained. The vulpix's head cleared as she came down from her carnal high, though a warm afterglow continued to color her thoughts. So much so, that instead of attempting to escape, she decided to spend the rest of her vacation as a honey pot. It was the most fun she'd had all week, after all.