

Note: This story may contain bizarre, unrealistic and occasionally ridiculous content. It is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

To anyone who recognizes the inspiration for this story from their childhood, I apologize.

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Wendy Sue loves Honey Cakes

It was nearing the end of summer in the Forty Fathom Forest, and deep within the wood, in a small cozy cottage, a collection of lumps was stirring under a pile of quilts. Wendy Sue blinked her eyes awake, twitching a set of ears that perked up through her matching mop of golden blonde hair.

“That certainly was a good night’s rest.” She said. “I wonder if it’s too late for breakfast.”

Wendy Sue often spoke to herself, being a bear of more words than wits. Sitting up, she stretched her human looking arms up over her head, while her feet, which were slightly fuzzy but otherwise human as well, popped out from under the covers to slide into her warm slippers.

Sue hummed to herself as she rummaged through her cupboards.

“No milk, no butter, and worst of all no honey?”

She was none too pleased. For you see bear girls love nothing more than honey. They will eat it straight from the jar if nobody is watching, but otherwise they prefer it baked or made into things. Honey wine, honey rolls, cornbread

slathered in the sweet nectar, and on and on. Wendy Sue's favorite honey treats were honey cakes. Especially the ones made by her good friend Bunny.

"There is no food in this whole cottage!"

Sue cried out in despair, just as her tummy joined in with a rumbling cry of its own. Suddenly she had what she felt was a quite brilliant idea.

"I should go call on my friend Bunny!" She thought aloud.

Bunny was one of Wendy Sue's best friends in the whole Forest. Sue's favorite thing about Bunny was that she let the bear girl talk as much as she wanted, and used very short sentences like "Hello, Sue" and "How 'bout lunch?"

Wendy Sue skipped happily over to her wardrobe and pulled out one of her favorite summer dresses. It had wide straps over her shoulders and an wide skirt which reached down past her knees. Even though she hadn't had a bite to eat since last night's midnight snack, the dress was a little snug.

Now, Sue was not a fat bear, though few would have called her thin. You see, all the honey cakes, honey mead, and honey cookies that Wendy Sue ate made her gain weight in her chest. She had a pair of full ripe breasts that seemed almost impossibly large on a bear of her limited stature. They filled out the flowery fabric on her dress and showed quite a lot of cleavage.

Wendy Sue decided with a frown that she had better switch to one of her fall dresses. They were a little roomier, you see, to allow for her hibernation weight. She found one that was very similar to the first one she'd tried, but which slipped over her curvy body with no trouble at all. Looking herself over in a full-length mirror, Sue brushed out her bob of golden hair and decided that she was indeed ready for a social call.

Sue sang a little song to herself as she skipped through the Forty Fathom Forest to her friend's house, but you won't find lyrics here because I'm not a songwriter, and I don't want to get sued.

Wendy Sue came to Bunnie's house, which was a hole in the ground kind of like "halflings" have. She skipped up to the door and knocked excitedly.

"Hello, is anyone at home?"

Sue could hear a faintly panicked rustling coming from behind the door.

"Nope, nobody's here."

"Oh bother."

Sue turned to go before her thoughts caught up with her words.

"Wait, if nobody's here, who said 'nobody's here'?"

She turned back to the door, knocking again.

"Bunnie, are you *sure* you're not home?"

"-sigh- Come in."

Bunnie's house had a small round door, about a foot off the ground. It was perfectly sized for bunny girls but just a little snug for the busty Wendy Sue. She used both hands to push against the frame of the door so her plump bosom could squeeze through, and then stepped into Bunnie's cozy little rabbit hole.

"Hello Bunnie!"

"Hello Sue-Bear... How 'bout lunch?"

"Oh, thank you Bunnie."

Wendy Sue sat down at Bunnie's table, dancing happily as she waited for her yummy treat. Bunnie was legendary throughout the Forest for her baking, and her honey cakes were some of Sue's absolute favorites.

"I suppose I could stay for a small snack."

Bunnie carried over a large ceramic jar and placed one square of honey cake on a plate in front of the bear girl.

Sue looked at the lonely treat slowly, and a little sadly.

“Is something the matter?”

“Well, I was hoping for a somewhat larger ‘small snack’...”

“Maybe it would save time if you took the whole-”

Sue took the jar.

“-jar.”

“Oh thanks, Bunnie. Your honey cakes are always the best!”

And so, Sue ate. She ate, and ate, and ate, and ate, and... ate!

When the first jar was empty, Bunnie handed her another. Then another, and another.

There seemed to be no end to Sue’s appetite, as she gobbled up treat after treat.

Soon the honey cakes ran out and she had to munch on honey cookies while Bunnie made more cakes.

Gradually, Wendy Sue’s roomy fall dress started to get tight. First around her waist, then slowly around her chest. As the sandy-blond bear girl popped treat after treat between her lips, her generous bosom swelled up larger, and larger.

Eventually all the jars were empty, and Bunnie – being such a good host – had used up all the honey she had making even more treats, until at last even that was all gone.

Wendy Sue's dress was skin tight across her chest now, breasts bulging out of the neckline as the buttons down the front strained valiantly to hold her in. Her tummy was also pooched out, pressing snugly against her dress, and her bottom had puffed up a bit, lifting her a little higher in Bunnie's dining room chair.

Sue sighed contentedly, sucking the crumbs off each finger one at a time. As she swallowed the last mouthful of crumbs, the creaking of her dress grew a little louder, then even louder, until the topmost button popped off with a soft *-pop-*.

Breasts which were somewhat larger than "plump" wobbled softly. Sue rubbed her hands along the sides of her bosom contentedly and said, in a sugary-sweet voice,

"Well, I should probably get going."

"Oh, alright..."

Bunnie said, to polite to keep from adding,

"if you're sure you wouldn't like some more...?"

Sue had her head halfway out Bunnie's door when she pulled back in surprise.

"Is there any more?"

Bunnie shook her head sadly.

"No..."

Wendy Sue looked down at her abundant cleavage and skin-tight dress, patting her breasts and sending them wobbling again.

"I didn't think so..."

Turning to exit the way she'd come, Sue stepped one foot and then the other through Bunny's odd little door. Carefully she shimmied her now slightly larger bottom and hips through the small opening, then eased her stuffed tummy through.

When she got to her breasts, however, Wendy Sue had a problem. She had indulged herself so completely at Bunny's table that she'd grown too busty to fit through her friend's door!

"Oh dear. Oh, help!"

Bunny crossed the room in a dash, afraid she'd be stuck with her gluttonous house guest if she couldn't fit her out the front door. Bunny pushed on the bear's shoulders, then with a grimace she tried pushing directly on her overfed breasts, trying to squeeze them through the small round doorway.

It was no use, Wendy's breasts were simply too large to fit.

"This is what comes of eating too much..." Bunny muttered accusingly.

"This is what comes of having such small front doors!" Wendy Sue snapped back.

"Small front door... why I'll have you know... you're the one... gobbled up... last the winter... feed your big fat..."

Bunny was pacing nervously, growing frantic now that she seemed to be stuck with the greedy Sue Bear, when they both were saved by a passing voice.

"Oh my, what's happening here? I see a bear-girl's feet and skirt but no head... Is that you, Sue-Bear?"

It was the human, Christobel Robert.

"Christobel, can you help us?" Bunny yelled, "Wendy Sue is stuck in the door."

Christobel grabbed on to Sue's hips and pulled, but it no use. He sent for help and eventually a whole crowd of their friends were gathered in a chain, heaving and hoeing together on the bear girl's hips.

Inside Bunnie's rabbit hole, Sue's breasts appeared to bulge and swell larger with each heave of the crowd outside. Bunnie herself begged and pleaded, pressing one hand into each puffed-up breast with all her might, desperate to unplug the only doorway into her home.

With one last mighty effort, the bunny girl inside and the crowd outside strained, the bear girl budged, and then squeezed slowly through the doorway. The force on her body was so strong that the moment Sue's huge boobs slipped free of the small opening with a *-pop-*, her entire body went flying backwards through the air.

Up, up, and up, through the Forest the blonde bear girl flew, until she landed head-first into a hole in a large old tree.

Christobel and the other animals rushed through the Forest after her, and eventually came to the base of the tree.

"Wendy Sue, are you alright? Don't worry, we'll get you out of there!"

The inside of the tree was large and hollow. It was a popular spot for the bees it turned out, being much too high for a chubby bear like Wendy Sue to climb. Luckily for her, and very unlucky indeed for the bees, Wendy Sue had popped right into the large hole in the trunk all the way up to her belly button. The space was filled with dripping honey, and a vast pool of it stretched out in front of her. The greedy bear girl was scooping up raw honey by the handful, and slurping it down with delight. Already her breasts looked larger than they had when stuck in Bunnie's doorway, and as she gulped down a particularly large glob, a second button popped right off her dress, landing with a *-plop-* in the pool of honey.

"*-ulp, ulp-* Oh, there's no rush, *-om, nom-* take your time..."