

# Honey Toasted Party Time 2: Ball Gown Blitz P1

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Story done for [emailed333 of DeviantArt](#)

“Come oooooon, you’ll have a great time!”

“Y-yeah! It may seem weird, but... but it’s really fun!”

“You two keep saying that, and it’s only making me **more** worried, ya know.” Though, at that point, it was hard not to for Lily. She was nervous. She was always nervous when trying new things and in this case, it was going to a club. Sure, she was going with her besties, but it still made her anxious.

Roxanne smiled, but she couldn’t hide the playful look in her eyes. She took Lily’s hand and tugged her along. “Trust me, this place is amazing! It really helps you cut loose and get in touch with a side of you that you didn’t know you even had!”

“Mhm,” Mary quietly said, blushing gently, “It’s... it’s quite invigorating.”

Lily doubted all of that. For one thing, her friends were into some things she never quite understood. What they found amazing was usually weird and what they found invigorating was most certainly draining. She couldn’t help but think back to past examples, like bungee jumping or cheesy fantasy movie marathons (so many Neverending Story knockoffs out there).

The other thing was the situation itself. They were going to a club, presumably of the night variety given the part of town they were in. Yet, here they all were in some of the fanciest dresses and most elaborate hairstyles of all time in her mind. Lily had on a weird, pale white, flowing ball gown with frills and a corset top. Her hair was done up like some sort of rich, French medieval princess.

The other two weren’t too far off from that either. Roxanne was dressed in a black & gold, raven-themed outfit. Her black hair was done up with two long braids that flowed down her front, while two large twin tails were tied in straps in the back. Mary was dressed in a frilly blue-and-white ball gown with dozens of different bows. Her snow-white hair was strung up with bows and a braided updo that fell into a dozen or so curls.

Lily didn’t get any of this one bit. Sure, Roxanne, who made all of their dresses in the first place, assured her it was part of the club’s special theme night. However, how were she or any of them supposed to cut loose or be invigorated in these dang things?

“Ladies, good evening.” Lily snapped back to reality, noticing they were now at the club entrance. Before time, a dark-skinned man who stood at least a good foot or two above them guarded the way in. He looked at Lily with a hard gaze, causing her to flinch.

However, he looked to Roxanne with a smile, who returned it. “Evenin’, Terry!” she said, “Just here for the special event. Brought a new friend with me!”

“Ain’t that sweet,” he chuckled, beaming at Lily now. “Well, you girls go on in then. The big show’s about ta start, so you don’t wanna miss out!”

“We won’t!” Roxanne took Lily’s hand and pulled her through the front door that Terry stepped away from now. Mary followed closely behind.

Inside, it looked like a nightclub (big shock), but with an odd look slathered over it. It had a dance floor, bar area, tables, and a huge DJ booth off in the corner with fancy lights hanging overhead. However, there was a weirdly elegant, ballroom aesthetic to it with the color of the lighting, the ballroom-like flooring, and more.

Not to mention that all of the other people were dressed up as well. They all wore elaborate costumes and were donning fancy hairstyles. Curiously, there were only women as far as the eye could see. Not even a male employee.

As Lily pondered, Mary sighed blissfully. “This is always such a fun time. It’s... it makes me a bit nervous at first, I’ll admit. B-but... but I just love it, and I know you would t-to if you give it a chance, Lily~.”

She looked around again at the sights and all of the people around, chatting and having fun. She never took her friends for this kind of fancy dress and ballroom thing. She didn’t even think that they were into the waltzy, fancy melodies currently playing, like background music in a fancy, upper-crust party scene of a movie or show.

It wasn’t really all that bad though. Sure, not really her thing, but she could make some sort of an effort though, right? It was for her friends after all.

Though, she did wish there were guys around. She loved to see how they’d try to flirt with her at this party. The only thing that seemed to be a guy was the DJ, but that was difficult to say. There was just a silhouette in a screen that was surrounding the booth.

Lily took a deep breath and let it out, her shoulders dropping. Roxanne smiled and nudged her. “See? Everything is going to be fine. Aren’t you glad I invited you now?”

“I guess.”

“You guess? Pffft! I hope it’s more than just a guess since I took the time out to make sure that dress actually fit you.” The girls all laughed together. Maybe things will be alright.

Suddenly, there was a record scratch. The room’s music cut out, and all of the talking quieted down. “Alright, everybody!” A voice boomed from the speakers. Was it the DJ? “It’s time for the main event! Y’all ready for this?”

Everyone started clapping and a few cheered. Lily looked around curiously. What was this about now?

“Time to get your crave on!” Suddenly, the music roared to life. Instead of the fancy, old-timey sounds of before, the music had energy. It was intense, electronic, with a lot of power and bass to it. Everyone cheered.

Lily felt like she almost got whiplash from that shift. Where the hell did this come from?

Confusion only grew as a curious smell entered the room. It was of pure, sweet honey. She huffed. *Of course, this had to be weird.* “I don’t get this at all. What’s going on?”

Her two cheering friends (well, Mary was very lightly saying “yay”) stopped to look at her. “The best thing!” “It’s... it’s time for some fun, Lily!”

“Fun? Seriously, I’m lost. It’s always something weird with you two. What’s so-”

**BOING!** Lily flinched, her jaw dropping. Some of the hairs of Roxanne’s head... they just shot up. They stood up high, looking wild and unkempt. Heck, maybe even a bit wilder and thicker than what they possibly should be.

Lily’s jaw dropped more, but Roxanne just smirked. “Heh, cool, huh? **Me always** like that!” Lily said nothing. What was that?

Roxanne chuckled now, the pitch of her voice sounding... off. It seemed to fall and rise with each chuckle. But it was hard to focus on that with more of her hair getting wild. Though, oddly enough, the long locks that ran past her chest suddenly shrunk back to her head instead of going nuts, breaking free of their tassels.

More and more of Roxanne’s hair went wild, utterly mystifying Lily further. Why wasn’t her friend freaking out? What’s wrong with her hair?! Why wasn’t anybody-

**SPROING!** From the top of her head, two canine-like ears popped right out. They were burnt, brownish-orange, and thick, triangular in shape. From the right one, a honeycomb-shaped earring now hung.

This was starting to feel familiar, but still creepy. Lily did her best not to freak out, though her heart was pounding. “Wait... what is going on here?”

“Something very adorable!” Mary sighed blissfully.

“Something totally **awesome!**” Roxanne chimed with a bright smile, her teeth rather bright white and pearly.

She reached over and patted Lily’s shoulder as if to try and comfort her. It didn’t work too much when Roxanne’s hand shook. The skin gained the same orange tone as her ears, the texture looking rubbery and dense. Her fingernails vanished from her hands as her fingers went down to four instead of five, the pinkies merging with the ring fingers.

“Don’t worry. **Me just gettin’** my crave on~.” It finally clicked with Lily there.

She looked around the room at the other women around. Some of them were gaining wild hair. Some were gaining that orange, tinted skin. Some had those dog ears. Others’ eyes... those were big and round, protruding out like a cartoon character.

*Honeycomb Craver... Lily thought, I’ve heard of them, and I heard stories about people turning into them but... but it’s so rare and stuff. How is this happening?*

Lily looked at Roxanne and opened her mouth to speak, flinching slightly as she struggled out, “Why?”

“Why what?” Her friend asked as her nose flared, skin turning black, bumpy, and canine.

“Why are you... why are you transforming?”

“I prefer craving out~.” Roxanne laughed, her face gaining that orange tint. “But really, because **it’s fun, duuuuh~.**” Her voice completely shifted, a comically, deep, but somehow girlish tone came out.

She smirked, her cheeks stretching out as her mouth widened. She shook her head and chuckled, hair in the large ponytails in the back popping out. “**Hehe, me’s head is all filled with delicious Honeycomb Cereal~!**”

She licked her lips with a big **SLURP**. Her tongue started normal but grew bigger and pinker by the nanosecond. More of her hair went wild, the big, tied-up braids and locks in the back suddenly snapping. Bands went flying as the hair shrunk back up but in a big mess of puffy, unkempt hair that surrounded most of her head.

“Umm, I think I can translate.” Mary interrupted, blushing as she stared at Roxanne, who seemed to be shrinking now. “I think she means to say that she loves the experience of changing and how wild it is.”

**“YEAH YEAH! Me no care about nuthin’ other dan Honeycomb Cereal!”** Roxanne licked her chops again. **POP-POP**. Her eyes suddenly bugged out, overtaking most of her head as the size of plates. **“Mmmmm, toasted honey! Need Honeycomb!”**

And in a blink of the eye, everything was quickly over. Roxanne shook suddenly and zipped right up. Her entire body, arms and all, shot up towards her head and vanished into her fur. The dress fell to the ground in a big clump as a small Craver that once was her friend hopped down, standing on top of the clothes.

Mary gasped, her eyes twinkling as she studied her friend. Roxanne Craver merely laughed and hurried off in pursuit of the cereal she so desired.

Lily was just unable to say anything, just stunned at what had happened. She hadn't expected anything like this from the club. What had she gotten herself into?

*TO BE CONTINUED*