

Vantia Quen

Age: Milf

Born: June 27 (Cancer)

Height: 4' 11"

She is one of several queens that handles the protection of the Petal Vista country, mainly the [Bug area] along with producing honey and other minor services. She is also a graphic artist, being the first hive to have an individual brand and logo.

She gave birth to the 300 Combee that assists in the hive's various tasks, like helping build, maintain machines and general cleanliness. She's very patient and affectionate towards her Combee, unlike other vespiqueen that treat them like expendable staff.

Runs the strongest hive to date having advanced technology, experienced soldiers and unique abilities.

Personality: Slightly introverted, She's very compassionate and thoughtful towards her Combee and very close friends of which she has quite a few, much to her surprise.

Is usually very lazy and scatterbrained but once determined to do something she gets it done to near perfection.

She's easily agitated and quick to throw hands when lied too, mood also shifts into a rude sarcastic tone when uncomfortable like in extreme weather or hunger.

Job: Not only is she a queen of her hive she's also one of several vespiqueen that act as the first line of defense for their respective countries [Grass, Bug].

She's highly respected despite her lackadaisical nature.

Within the hive: She plans daily activities and chores well in advance for the week, micromanaging to make sure everything is done to her standards, as much as she loves and relies on the Combee she doesn't trust them to not burn down the hive again.

Likes: Beef stew, Fire Emblem, Advance Wars, massages, warm weather, pecan swirls, most of the NIER soundtrack, self-automation within the hive

Dislikes: being hungry, people being loud late at night, cold food, being rushed when there's no real urgency, ticking sounds, cigarettes, not being given urgent news promptly

The kinky stuff you're here for:

General body: Chubby milf, larger breasts than ass. Yellow/blue headpiece has a hard, metallic feel. Jewel has a smooth marble feel to it. Arms/fingers are slightly muscular. Mouth is covered by thin skin, breakable just by a small smile.

Breasts: E-cup at minimum, can expand due to milk/honey production. Milking is done daily to every other day, nipples are large, very badgerben-like. Milk is very sweet and great for cooking but quite fatty.

Ass/thighs: Smooth and silky like the rest of the body but super squishy like jello, jiggles like it too. Farts smell like honey

Belly: Small round and always full of honey, sloshes audibly when walking but is usually airborne. Can fit about 2 average-sized people. Gains weight quickly as she's always digesting honey leads to mild gas and swelling when excited like being shaken or groped in the area. Dairy/sugar kills her.

Feet: Size 10 women, 15 inches, smooth and always clean but gets sweaty fast. Smells like honey mixed with normal foot musk. Almost always wears socks. Pretty ticklish 5/10

Lourelle Naught

Age: Well over a millennium

Born: June 5th (Gemini)

Height: 10ft (min) 55ft(max)

Weight: Oh lawd she comin'

Daughter to the Lord of the Distortion World Kingston, this cheerful juggernaut fought and ate her way to being one of the most respected and feared gods though she's been at the job for less than 200 years. Sometime after her mother's passing, she traveled worldwide to learn more about her father with only a name and a sword he left behind.

She's the harvest goddess but is most famous for her affinity to all things food-related, being able to grow crops almost instantly and create phenomenal meals from nothing. Works to make the world a wonderful place to live through environmental charity and such through Grand Gaia Inc, a self-made company for plus-sized pokemon and bigger due to her fascination with weight gain and fattiness in general.

Personality: Lourelle is motherly, a bit overbearing but playful and childish when she wants to be. She's cutesy, sassy, kind and very loving, she's always wants to hug you or kiss you.

She can also be extremely aggressive when someone messes with those she truly cares for, strong-arming or exuding extreme pressure.

Loyal to true friends and tries to make sure they're as happy as possible, for her enemies however is something a little worse than death.

Job: Over the years she's jumped from occupation to occupation before discovering her godhood, as always it had something to do with the culinary arts. Now she juggles basic god duties, working HR at her father's dinner and managing her own franchise.

God duties: Grants a few wishes here and there but other than that just hangs out in her shrine she built around a mall waiting for the occasional tribute, usually food or rubs. Fights and educates about the dangers of pollution.

Likes: eating, cooking, smothering people with her girth, belly/foot rubs, being stuffed, surf n' turf, kisses, hot apple cider, bellybutton play, songs referenced in Jojo, fattening/inflating/flattening others

Dislikes: being hungry, woken up for no reason, cold weather, having to wear shoes, the idea of food poisoning, weight loss and diets

Kinky stuff you're here for:

General body: Bbw behemoth of a woman with a healthy amount of chest hair and a somewhat well-kept beard. Right eye is always obscured by hair, whole body is soft but firm. Shell is intractable.

Breast: Watermelon sized at minimum, always filled with a marshmallow flavored milk, cream-colored and 30k calories a cup, pepperoni-sized nipples can fit about 5 average-sized people per boob. Yes she has chest hair

Ass/thighs: Doublewide ass needs two chairs to support it, super plush and warm to the touch but firm and rounded when pressure is applied. Farts consist of recently digested food but always loud, wet and sloppy. Not to be used for chemical warfare and banned in the Geneva Conventions.

Belly/ Navel: Always round and tight, constantly filled with gas any pressure applied to it will cause a burp. Practically bottomless and infinite, has access to a [pocket dimension](#) through the navel. Leaks a syrup just as fattening as milk. Navel leads to a small studio apartment with no windows or doors, fully furnished and always stocked with food.

Feet: They're pretty big like 30 inches minus the claws but needs to get custom socks and shoes though prefers to be barefoot, always dirty and has grass stuck to the sole. Has a heart-shaped mark on soles. Has at least three toe rings on at any time. Heavy foot musk with a hint of wet cut grass. Deathly ticklish, 10/10 only thing that can stop her from a full-on rampage.

Pollyanna Quen

Age: 20+

Born: August 17th (Leo)

Height: Normal: 3' 10" Evo: 5' 8"

Weight: Normal: 220lbs Evo: 420lbs

Daughter of Vantia, princess to the [Bug area] and a dimension-hopping Latios on his own adventures. She's the 300th Combee to be born, second in command succeeding her brother Seigfried to operations within the hive that don't involve combat. Developed a temporary evolution using her innate psychic abilities. Gains height and power along with some of her mother's assets.

Personality: She's very compassionate, thoughtful, highly intelligent and at times a true Pollyanna. (Heh clever) Diligent worker just like her brothers though a little more laid back.

Absolutely loves everything mecha so much that she built a [personal mech](#), during her college years as a little side project.

Normally cheerful and optimistic she can turn a complete 180 when lied too, mood also shifts into extreme passive aggression when uncomfortable just like her mother, especially in her evolved state but doesn't enjoy being mean or rude.

Evo form: Sassy, playful and a huge tease. Can be quite aggressive but never hurtful or mean unless it's deserved.

Much lazier now using psychic powers to do chores or convince others to do tasks. Has a thing for hypnosis, can easily control even the strongest of minds

Job: Second in command, does whatever she feels is important or needed. Flip-flop between supervision of the garden and honey production.

Within the hive: Day to day has her supervising the garden which houses all the plants and flowers used to make honey other than that it depends on the task she assigns to herself. Every weekend has to help Segifried with an overproduction issue he has.

Likes: Desserts, foot rubs, mechas, planes, whole family, spa days, the beach boys, strawberry waffles, gracidea flowers, sugar cookies, people who keep promises, second chances, roses kissed with dew, hugs and warm weather

Dislikes: Cold weather, anyone being hurt(mostly mom), being called a loli, being up past midnight for any reason and openly pessimistic people

Kinky stuff you're here for:

General body: Chubbier, around 3 inches tall and larger stinger than the average Combee. Has Latios like wings and ears, triangle is around the belly button rather than on the chest. Stinger has a star-shaped birthmark. Vampiric teeth and forked tongue, mainly for show but can do damage.

Evo: Solid foot taller than most vespiqueen, larger boobs and thicker thighs compared to mother.

Developed quadra-hinged maw for intimidation purposes. More Latias-like head, helmet is the same texture as mothers but hair replaces the usual gemstone.

Breasts: C-cup at minimum, doesn't need milking as often.

Same texture as Vantia's but not as thick. Nipples are half as large but still suckable. Can fit one person per boob.

Evo: E-cup at minimum, can be much larger and over-productive when stimulated.

Feeds the Combee at every opportunity she has. Uses psychic powers to dampen production if needed. Can fit three people per boob.

Ass/Thighs: Smooth and silky like the rest of the body but super squishy like jello, jiggles like it too. Farts smell like honey

Evo: Slightly bigger and firm, other than that no change.

Belly: Pudgy, round and always full of honey, sloshes audibly when walking but is usually airborne. Navel is popped. Can fit about 5 average-sized people. Gains weight quickly as she's always digesting honey leads to mild gas and swelling when excited like being shaken or groped in the area. Prone to the effects of full incense.

Evo: Can fit about 10 average-sized people, no other changes.

Feet: Size 7 women, 10 inches, smooth, plush and always clean but gets sweaty fast. Smells like honey mixed with normal foot musk. Extremely ticklish 11/10 causes feet to grow. Max one yard.

Evo: Size 15 women, 20 inches. No other changes besides max foot growth to five yards.

Kimberly

Age: 20+

Born: May 15th (Taurus)

Height: 3' 5"

Weight: 130 lbs

A Shaymin from a nomadic tribe that cycles through tropical and sub-tropical regions to grow and sell Gracidea flowers as a primary source of income. Kimberly is the tribes pharmacist using local ingredients, special techniques passed down from generations and incenses she trades with from a particular hisuan Typhlosion.

Pollyanna's girlfriend, met while in her tribe was parked in the bug area, became closer after helping her from a bloating case due to an unknown allergy to full and lax incenses. Has left the tribe to be with her but always goes back to help when nearby.

Personality: A mischievous little lady and huge prankster, loves joking around and mixing concoctions that cause inflation. Very pleasant and outgoing, though can be a bit of a bully. Has great bedside manner

Job: Pharmacist and saleswoman, helps in the hive garden but mainly works at a local mall selling perfume and bloating incenses also does community service to clean parks and roads

Likes: Inflating others, Pollyanna, gardening, nature

Dislikes: Cold weather, littering, global warming,

Kinky stuff you're here for:

General body: Bbw behemoth of a woman with a healthy amount of chest hair and a somewhat well-kept beard. Right eye is always obscured by hair, whole body is soft but firm. Shell is instructable.

Breast: Watermelon sized at minimum, always filled with a marshmallow flavored milk, cream-colored and 30k calories a cup, pepperoni-sized nipples can fit about 5 average-sized people per boob. Yes she has chest hair

Ass/thighs: Doublewide ass needs two chairs to support it, super plush and warm to the touch but firm and rounded when pressure is applied. Farts consist of recently digested food but always loud, wet and sloppy. Not to be used for chemical warfare and banned in the Geneva Conventions.

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Feet: They're pretty big like 30 inches minus the claws but needs to get custom socks and shoes though prefers to be barefoot, always dirty and has grass stuck to the sole. Has a

heart-shaped mark on soles. Has at least three toe rings on at any time. Heavy foot musk with a hint of wet cut grass. Deathly ticklish, 10/10 only thing that can stop her from a full-on rampage.

Cookie Snickerdoodle Crumbe

Age: 35 (Post war) 200+ (Current)

Born: Spring

Height: 12ft

Weight: 4k lbs

In the sterile halls of Vault 93, Dr.Crumble was an unremarkable presence — a background figure with brilliant genetics expertise and an almost pathological love for sweets. She wasn't hated or loved, but she was known. People didn't stop to talk, but they always took her cookies. She never seemed bothered by her social purgatory, so long as her desk was full of sugar.

Cookies were her obsession, but she didn't discriminate. Candy, fudge, gumdrops — she hoarded sweets like a dragon with a glucose addiction. Her lab fridge was 80% snacks, 20% research samples. This earned her the nickname "**Cookie**," which she embraced.

She was also one of the lead architects of the **Deathclaw Project**, Vault-Tec's attempt to weaponize Deathclaw genetics. Then the lab accident happened.

Caught in a mutagenic cascade during the breach, Cookie had no choice but to inject herself with the experimental serum. Her body mutated rapidly. She became something *new* — a hybrid creature, still bearing faint traces of her humanity: wide, expressive eyes, an unnaturally high-pitched growl, and most noticeably... her insatiable sweet tooth.

Her transformation came with unexpected **physiological quirks**. While she ballooned to a staggering weight—nearing 4,000 pounds—her mutated physiology made her **surprisingly agile**. Her belly, though **round and taut**, doesn't sag or hinder her motion. She moves like a wrecking ball on legs — faster and more coordinated than any creature her size should be, with bursts of energy when sweets are in sight.

But her min didn't fare so well.

Her intellect declined, replaced with something like a golden retriever's mindset: loving, excitable, untrainable, and entirely food-driven. Her affection can be lethal. Her tantrums, worse. The worst part? She thinks she's being helpful.

After several cookie-related meltdowns and the destruction of an entire wing of the vault, she was sedated and locked in a stasis pod. To keep her calm, she was **tube-fed fattening sweet slop** for decades — until the system failed more than 100 years later.