

# Bug Bites

a TF anthology by Angrboda





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(monstrousdoctor@gmail.com)

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# Self Pollination

a TF story by Angrboda

Lavender, snapdragons, gladiolus, mandevilla, a breed of orchid she'd never seen-

A crash of thunder broke through her cataloging, making Mia wince. Her attention was drawn back to the thrumming of the rainstorm on the greenhouse roof, and, again, she was happy to be inside. Whatever this oddly sophisticated building was actually for, currently it was doing a very good job sheltering her from the storm that had erupted suddenly in the middle of her hike. This place wasn't exactly what you expected to find in the middle of the woods, tucked down an embankment from a barely signed dog leg of a trail, but at least it was better than being outside right now.

It was weird that it was completely unoccupied and unlocked, especially given the time of day, but she didn't see any equipment that looked valuable enough to steal. She also supposed that to the untrained eye, nothing growing there would have been particularly remarkable; they all seemed like garden variety flowers at first pass. You'd probably have to have studied at least a little botany to get that these were all slightly off - weird hybrids, the wrong color here, slightly too large there, and all blooming simultaneously. Too much. The effect was as beautiful as it was disconcerting, and the smell was another level entirely. In different circumstances, she would have been intrigued enough to poke around here a little even without the thunder. Maybe.

Convinced she wouldn't be leaving any time soon by another crack of thunder, Mia wandered from her spot by the door down a row of lavender. Each group of plants was separated by a row of soft grass, and everything somehow stayed within its allotted space, without a hint of anything invasive messing those neat lines. Clearly these rows were maintained by someone with a lot of time on their hands, and just the thought of all that work suddenly hit Mia with a wave of fatigue. Quickly picking her way down that embankment towards the glint of the greenhouse at the first sign of the storm had clearly been the right move, but it had taken a lot out of her. The rhythmic patter of the rain on the roof and the soothing scent of all that lavender weren't helping any to keep her upright. Whatever the cause, her limbs felt incredibly heavy, and the grass seemed incredibly soft. As she slouched down to her knees and nestled gently in the grass, she told herself that maybe the rain would stop if she just took a little nap...



Humming.

A deep sense of warmth, tightness, fullness, but beneath it all, an ever-present hum. It was comforting.

Mia shifted in her sleep, allowing the vines to snake around her thighs more tightly, gently squeezing the exposed flesh below the line of her shorts. In her sleepy daze it all felt so nice, the closeness of that embrace, the pleasant tickle as more of the plant sneaked inside her clothes, wriggling beneath her panties, brushing up against her-

She started from the sensation, but settled back in quickly. Five more minutes... that was all she wanted. The vines curled up and nestled against her body, soaking her shorts with a gentle touch of something sticky. If she was awake, she'd compare it to sap. If she was awake, this would all raise so many alarm bells. But for now, it just felt so... soothing.

Her legs shifted apart slightly, and the vine pressed inside, filling her with its sticky warmth. It was... weird, that it was warm, wasn't it? That it seemed to be generating its own heat. But another vine gently pushed away the edge of that thought as it snaked under her top, moving aside the soft cotton of her sports bra to brush against her nipples.

Mia let out a soft moan, and another tendril took this as an opportunity. Sliding between her lips, the sweet syrup seemed so distant and inviting... and once it was past that opening and pulsing in her mouth, its promise was fulfilled, rewarding her with the ecstasy of its flavor. The warmth inside her ramped up, the feeling of fullness intensifying, while the vines ever-so-slightly tightened their grip on her supple form.

She was vaguely aware somehow that they were maintaining her in a state somewhere between dreaming and awake. That she was being soothed, lulled into some kind of reverie where only dim and distant thoughts were permitted. And that might be true, but... they were warm, and pleasant, and the crook of the tendril brushing against her clit had a level of gentleness and care that was quietly frustrating in the best way. They were teasing her, caressing her, building towards...

A sudden pulse of nectar down her throat cut that thought short. Mia sleepily lapped at the vine, eager for an even larger and tastier follow-up, and she wasn't disappointed. Running her tongue back and forth over the ridges and bumps of the shaft was enough to increase the flow, until she was suckling happily at load after load of the sticky treat.



She felt a new warmth build inside her as the vines tightened even more, starting to dig in earnestly, but the discomfort only lasted for a second before a soothing balm spread out over her thighs and chest to relieve the pressure. The warmth settled somewhere in her lower body, building and building as the force of the vine in her pussy and the pressure of the one wetly circling her clit grew to a much more satisfying pitch. Another moan escaped around the tendril in her mouth. She was... she was... she was finally ready to-

The shudder of her orgasm quaked throughout her body, big enough to wake her on its own, even without the sharp pressure in her lower back that followed. The vines didn't let up though, riding her through another wave until the tension was unbearable. Something... had to... give-

The tendril stimulating her clit abruptly dug in, squeezing, grasping and pulling a last shuddering climax from her, and she felt the pressure slip free, and a weight settle. Something had...

Seemingly finished for now, the tendrils withdrew, and Mia roused herself, awake but incredibly groggy. What had... was that a dream? What was that? But her clothes were disheveled and soaked... and sticky. Her shorts at some point had been slid off to her ankles, and her underwear with them, leaving her lying bottomless on the grass. And... there was something else. An unfamiliar feeling. Struggling to nudge her shorts all the way off, Mia spread her legs and gasped. She was laying on her back, which felt incredibly tender, and she couldn't seem to position herself right to sit up. The reason why, she slowly realized, was because she had... changed. Protruding from her lower back and sitting between her legs was a round, bulbous growth. She reached down to touch it and was met with a rough but supple surface... it was warm, and...

And she could feel her hand on it. This thing was definitely a part of her. Sitting up as best she could, she slid her hand to the end, where there was... some kind of opening. Gingerly touching the lips of it, she drew in her breath sharply. It was... so sensitive... and...

Briefly superimposed over her panic were flashes of what had just happened. The warm press of the vines inside her pussy, the caress of them on her tits, the tide of thick syrup in her mouth...

Idly, her fingers circled her new opening, the stimulation on par with what she had just experienced. What was this? Her other hand crept down to her still sticky pussy, rubbing her clit in time to the movement with her other opening. This was something new, but it felt familiar, just in the wrong place, but still so incredibly good...



Her thoughts drifted back to being fucked by the plant, being filled, being caressed, and pumped full, her body heavy with nectar. How good it felt to be seeded—

The shudder of her climax was at once familiar and completely alien. Her new opening contracted and spasmed, covering her hand in a viscous fluid, something like...

She raised her hand to her face. Wax? As she watched, it dried, clinging to her fingers. She was producing wax... because this new growth was...

Unease and confusion settled heavily in her stomach. It was an abdomen. It felt so alien because it was insectoid, or at least something... like that. Entomology wasn't her area of expertise but she knew enough to be aware that bees didn't work the way this new appendage seemed to, even if there were similarities.

Looking down over the rest of her body, she realized that the vines were still clinging to her in the place where they'd squeezed the tightest. Moving to brush them away with her hands, she had another unpleasant realization. They weren't clinging to her - they were part of her. Sections of the vines had sunk in and merged with her skin, creating a complex web of plant fibers that enveloped large parts of her torso. Running her fingertips over these new ridges, she could feel the branching pathways networking outwards. The smoothness of her skin contrasted with the knotted fibers of the embedded tendrils, and the... exoskeleton that seemed to be part of her abdomen. This was... none of this made any sense.

She let out a loud, plaintive moan.

Mia didn't have time to follow that up with any sort of plans or action though, as her cry was met by a rustling of leaves that seemed to be coming from several rows over, toward the other end of the greenhouse. Soon she was able to make out some more distinct noises in that direction; a wet tearing, followed by a hum of exertion. She hadn't been alone, and whatever was in this place with her was just waking—

Her panic came to a head as a humanoid figure rose from the greenery.

Its figure was feminine, even overtly so, which didn't do much to offset the edge of the rest of its appearance. It was... some kind of intersection of plant and insect, crammed into the shape of a beautiful woman. The creature stretched, as if waking from a long slumber. Her wings began to vibrate slightly, drying as best they could in the humid air of the greenhouse.

Her large, black eyes cast about for the source of the noise that had woken her, and as her head swiveled towards Mia, she saw that its petite, human-esque mouth was framed by a set of mandibles.



The woman hummed out a sound that seemed more like a question than a threat, antennae twitching and swiveling, as if seeking information.

“Uhm,” Mia’s voice cracked slightly, her throat heavy with the remnants of the sap, “I’m uh-sorry? I’ll leave now?”

She should get up, she should get going, she should *get the fuck out of here*, but her limbs were heavy and stuck together, not to mention tangled in the mess of her clothes.

Responding to the fear in her voice, the creature hummed out a soothing note. Nonetheless, it advanced towards her, its curvaceous figure gracefully balanced on its narrow, insect-like legs.

Watching it stroll among the flowers was transfixing. Her hips bobbed as her shimmering, honey-colored hair cascaded back and forth over her bare shoulders, her abdomen swaying in time with her delicate steps.

That observation made Mia’s heart drop, her stomach filling with the fresh ache of panic. It was undeniable that the changes to her own body paralleled many features in the bee-like creature. Its thighs and torso were embedded with the same series of vines, some of them with buds peeking out. It had the same insectoid abdomen she had just grown. She tore her eyes away for a moment, glancing down at her wax-covered hand, only to see that her olive skin there was turning a dark chocolate brown, its surface slowly hardening...

She glanced back up, and her vision was full of the insect woman, upon her at last. She let out a frightened yelp and did the only thing she could do given her predicament; squeeze her eyes shut and wait for this thing to do... whatever it intended.

Her panicked imagination offered a score of horrifying possibilities, but nothing happened.

Above her, the hum switched from a questioning note to a concerned one.

Slowly, Mia opened one eye.

The creature was straddling her now, its ample hips resting on her midsection. It had full control, and could do whatever it wanted. And what it wanted to do-

Was reach out and stroke her hair gently. The hum became somehow reassuring.

The woman withdrew her hand, combining the gesture with the posture of her antennae and a change in the pitch of her hum in a way that somehow communicated her intent:

*this cultivator means you no harm*

“What?” Mia choked, her exclamation trailing off into a rasping cough.

The creature repeated same gestural process as before, but altered it slightly to produce a new meaning:

*you are covered in confusion. this cultivator has waited for another one. you are pupating.*

It only took a half second for the meaning of this to become clear, but once it did, Mia realized she had to push back now before it was too late. “No. No no no no that’s not- I need to-”

A crack of lightning and an immediate peal of thunder shook the greenhouse, rattling every pane of glass and making every leaf quiver.

*the pupating one is safe here. complete your cycle.*

The insect woman fixed Mia with a knowing look

*the other one has already enjoyed itself*

Her gesture for ‘enjoyed’ was to reach behind her, caressing the bare skin of Mia’s abdomen. A shudder ran through her body, and she suddenly became aware of many things at once.

The warmth hadn’t actually left her. It had been subsumed by her panic when she’d realized she wasn’t alone, but the soft touch of the creature brought it all back in a shuddering wave.

She was also suddenly conscious of how naked the insect woman was, her large thighs framing a surprisingly humanoid pussy, resting against Mia’s bare skin. At the top of her torso, her exposed breasts jutted out significantly.

*the other one can enjoy itself further*

The woman reached back more, her finger tracing the opening at the end of Mia’s abdomen, a clear promise of things to come. Feeling the girl shudder beneath her, the creature took the cue to proceed and moved her pussy to sit exactly on Mia’s. Bringing her shoulders down and placing her hands on the ground, she used the leverage to grind their mounds together, her wetness mixing with Mia’s and the leftover residue of the vines.

The pinned girl let out a strangled gasp. It was- this was too much. She couldn’t, she needed, she-

The insect woman lowered herself further, her lips meeting Mia’s, tickling her cheeks with her mandibles. Her tongue extended, questing in Mia’s mouth, sliding down and down,

lapping at the traces of nectar the plant had left. When she withdrew, Mia realized that the creature's tongue was something like a proboscis, its length perfect for exploring spaces inside girls and plants alike. That explained the nonverbal communication, at least.

"Please," Mia muttered. "It's so... warm..."

*this cultivator understands*

The woman resumed grinding, moving one hand to caress Mia's breasts. She ran her fingers from her nipples down the interlocking web of plant matter that twitched and spread in time with her rapid pulse. This contact clearly wasn't helping her situation, if anything, it was only accelerating the changes she was experiencing. The forefront of Mia's mind tied itself in a panicked knot trying to make sense of what was going on, but a quiet voice in the back of her consciousness gradually rose to drown that out.

It became harder and harder to form objections or concerns. Everything was being overridden, overwritten, by the pleasure in the creature's touch. It was good, and if it felt this good, it couldn't be a bad thing. That made the most basic sense imaginable.

The woman withdrew, crawling backwards until her mouth was even with Mia's pussy. She tensed, but the expected contact never came. Instead the insect backed up further, bringing her face to the end of Mia's abdomen. First, she probed it with her fingers, but once she was satisfied that the girl was ready, she lowered her proboscis, rimming the opening gently. Everything in Mia clenched in response. It was beyond any sensation she had ever felt. Her mind shrank back from the contact but her body embraced it, her new orifice leaking openly. The insect woman reached up, smearing Mia's wax over her thighs, coating them with progressively more and more of the stuff, until they were crusty and hard to move.

Mia reached down, fully abandoning any pretense of protestation as she dug her hands into her pussy. The feeling of her self-stimulation combined with the tongue on her new area was almost too much to comprehend, pushing her down into a space that existed below thought. Her body, acting on autopilot, brought her through wave after wave of crashing orgasm. Each time, she could feel the other woman's hands smear more wax over her skin.



For how long the two remained like this, it was impossible to say. There was nothing for Mia to think or do but coast along through burst after burst of absolute bliss as her abdomen produced enough wax to coat her. Her stiffening hands alternated between feverishly pumping in and out of her sticky mess of a pussy and moving up to tease at her nipples, until eventually she realized her tongue could extend and take care of that second task, her own proboscis useful for much more than collecting nectar.

Mia lapped at her body, shuddering with pleasure, until she was too stiff and tired to continue. As her motions ceased, the insect woman relented. Mia's eyes drifted closed, slowly.

The last thing she saw was the insect woman's gesture, her hum changing pitch yet again.

*the pupating one should rest now*

*this cultivator will attend to the finishing*



Sunlight.

As the first cracks appeared in the shell of wax surrounding her, Mia's consciousness drifted back to the surface. Her first thoughts were simple and wordless. Her twitching antennae brought on a torrent of sensations and information, vastly too much to process as coherent concepts. Gradually though, as more of the world encroached on her slumber, the words came back... but different.

Lifting her lower body at last from its wax casing, she observed her legs and their elongated, segmented shape.

*the legs of this harvester are new*

The words came, unbidden. Dispassionate. Her new, clawed hands wandered down her front, taking in her torso's chitinous plating, interspersed with bits of budding plant strands. Despite its rough feeling, her exoskeleton was sensitive to the touch. She cupped her breasts, weighing their full load of nectar, playing with a nipple until it allowed some to leak out.

Of course, it was necessary for the one tasked with harvesting to brim with nectar and

pollen. She would spend her days exchanging these between cultivars, allowing the vines to play with her and enjoying their symbiotic embrace. As much as she retained the memory of all that had happened, something else had embedded in her a deep understanding of her task, and the rewards it would offer.

She made her way unsteadily to the wall of the greenhouse, her large, black eyes trained on her reflection as her abdomen bobbed behind her. Her mandibles quivered briefly as she picked up a hundred enticing scents and colors, while her wings thrummed gently as they unfolded and began to dry. Outside, the sun had broken through. She could feel the contentment its light brought out in the plants around her, and taste its nourishment. Her brittle claws trailed over her reflection, gently.

A questing vine began to wrap itself around her foot. She could feel its intent - it needed to propagate, and she was its vessel. The feeling of it climbing her thigh was somehow reassuring. Familiar.

The harvester turned away from the glass, and tended to her garden.





There's two of them, now? That seems like a big deal," said a woman's voice, distorted by the rasp of a respirator.

The hazmat suits and respirators, they knew, were just a precaution to prevent any outside factors from entering the greenhouse. There were already too many x-factors, what with the appearance of -

"You mean the bee girls?", answered a man's voice. "You've heard the same things I have about them. These plants are some kind of crazy cross breeding experiment, and they just... make them. Outta... nutrients or whatever." There was a pause as the unsatisfying nature of that answer was evaluated, and eventually he added, "from pods or something."

"Do you really believe that?"

"It doesn't matter where they come from, as long as they're doing most of my job for me," he gave a satisfied grunt as his gloved hand tweaked a knob on the irrigation system. "That's just about it. How are you on your end?"

"These roses are... completely out of control," she admitted, "I'm starting to get it in hand. These things are brutal - the damn thorns even tore my suit the other day. Don't tell them, okay? I don't think it's a big deal."

He grunted again, this time a confirmation that the secret was safe. "Anyway, I just want to get a move on," he turned his head, training his gaze meaningfully on the girl with black hair, the new one. "This place gives me the creeps."

The woman finished up with the roses, returning her shears to the tool belt at her waist. "I dunno, it just feels good in here to me. Calming and stuff. Maybe it's the humming."

"What humming?"



bee girl concepts









I KNEW THIS JOB WAS GOING TO BE A PAIN IN THE ASS.


I ALWAYS GET THAT VIBE THE SECOND A GUILD LEADER SAYS THE WORDS 'EASY MONEY'.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING.

SUPERSTITION ASIDE, IT'S HARD NOT TO FEEL LIKE I WAS A BAD FIT FOR THIS ONE FROM THE OUTSET.

I'M A BRAWLER.

HOW AM I SUPPOSED BEAT SOMETHING BY PUNCHING WHEN IT HAS AN EXOSKELET-



OKAY SO,  
THE UH, SITUATION  
HAS...

CLEARLY...

ESCALATED.

# ONE LEG <sup>AT A</sup> TIME

A TF COMIC BY ANGRBODA

WEIRDLY, THE MOST  
UNCOMFORTABLE THING  
RIGHT NOW ISN'T ACTUALLY  
THE NUDITY OR UH...  
CAVE BONDAGE?

(WHICH SAYS A LOT)

IT'S THIS FUCKING **BITE**.  
IF I COULD JUST  
**REACH** IT...

OR...

AHHH

MAYBE I HAVE A  
NEW BIGGEST  
PROBLEM.

SNAP

WHAT DID THAT SPIDER  
DO TO ME?!

IS THIS A STATUS EFFECT?  
S-SOME WEIRD  
HALLUCINATION?



IT'S G-GOTTA BE REAL-

I CAN F-FEEL IT!

**THROB**

FEELS SO... HOT

AND W-WET...

**TWITCH**

AND **STICKY...**

I'VE GOTTA FOCUS AND  
GET OUT OF HERE  
BEFORE I-

-FINISH... CHANGING.

HOW AM I GOING TO ESCAPE...?

TWITCH

THIS BODY... IT'S SO...  
MUCH.

SO... FULL

I CAN BARELY S-

STAN-

**STAND IT!**

THROB

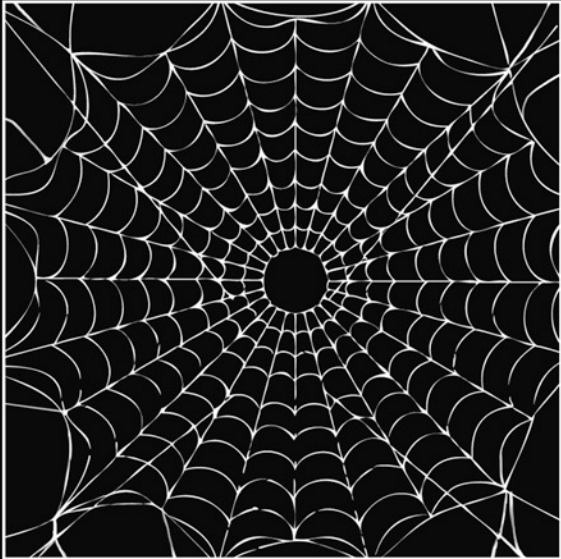


AHHHH

SQUEEZE

DRIP







**WARNING**  
PESTICIDE STATION  
**ACTIVE**

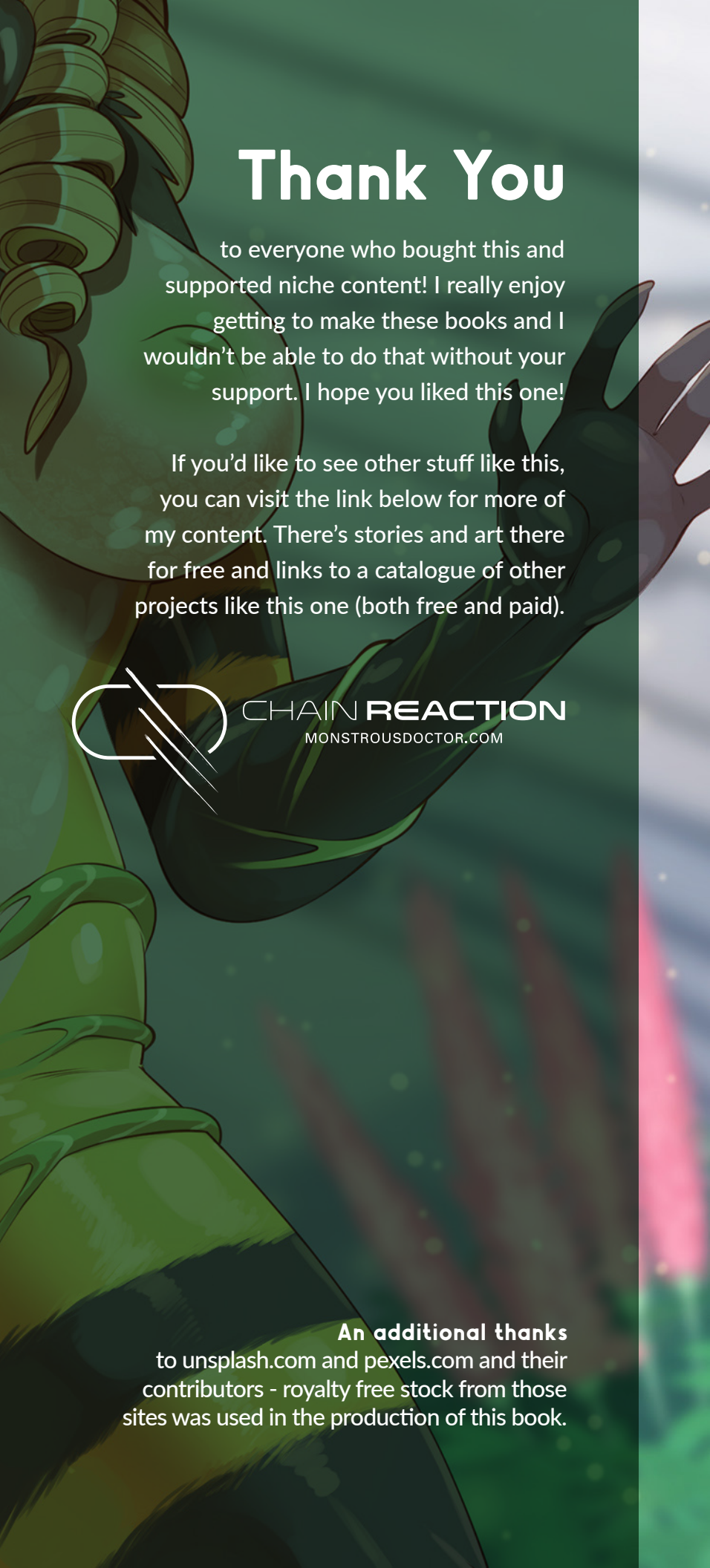
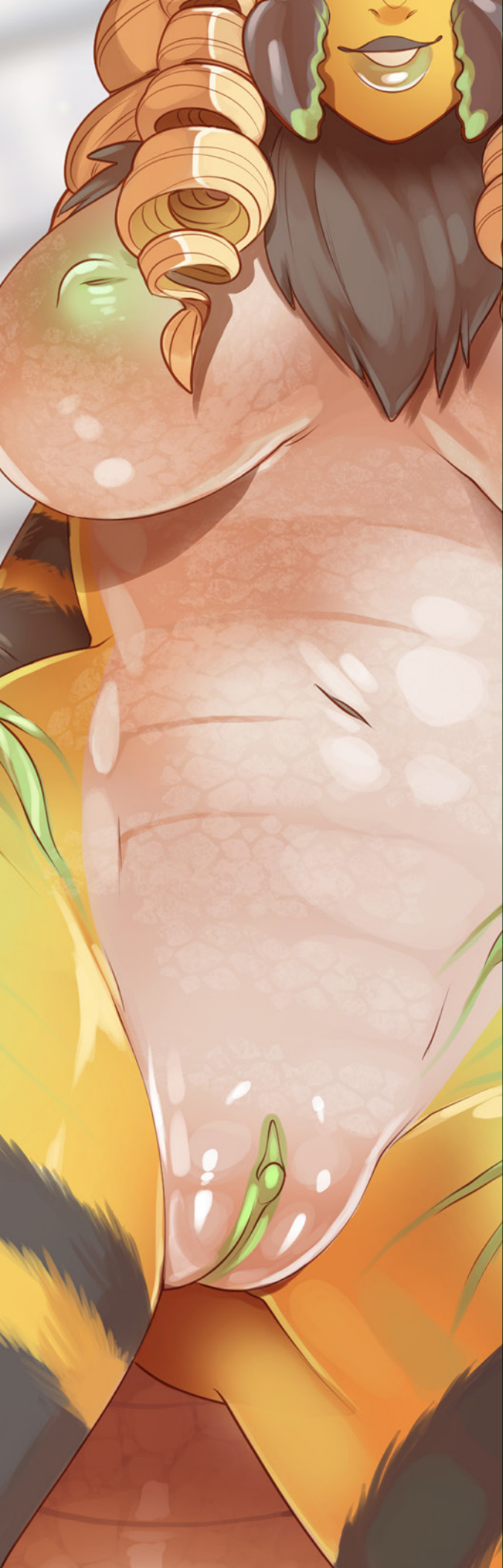




**WARNING**  
PESTICIDE STATION

**ACTIVE**





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