

Becoming a Queen - Part 5

For SpaceBanana
By TheSpiralledEye

John fights against his new instincts but the need to become an ant queen and rule over a colony starts to become far too tempting.

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John stared at the egg sitting on his bedroom floor. It wasn't shaped like a normal egg, but instead was elongated and smooth. Hesitantly he reached a hand down and ran his fingers over the slightly soft surface. It felt wrong but also strangely right. A strange sense of pride filled him knowing that he laid it, that it was *his*. Yet that pride also filled him with shame; he was a freak; he shouldn't be feeling good about laying weird bug eggs against his will! No matter how lovely it felt doing it...

Against all his instincts, he threw it away. Chucking it out the small window at the top of his room and into the garden where hopefully the birds would take care of it. Awkwardly he curled up on the bed at war with himself. Part of him was disgusted by what he was becoming but the other part was strangely fascinated.

He wondered if Kevin was going through this as well; he wasn't sure what to hope for. If he was, at least he wouldn't have to deal with it alone. Heavy footfalls from the floor above made him flinch; what was his mother up to with his father up there. He shuddered and decided to put it out of his mind.

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The fact that John had always been a bit of a shut in started to come in handy. He stayed in his room, refusing to come out except when he needed food, which he admittedly needed a lot of right now. He was so hungry and yet for the first time in his life he wasn't getting any fatter, at least not around his middle. Quite the opposite really, his torso was thinning out, as were his legs and arms.

That didn't mean he was skinny now though, it seemed now instead all the fat was going to his new curves. His chest continued to balloon until he had a great pair of D cups hanging from his chest. His ass was twice the size though, even without the ant abdomen it would have been twice the usual human size.

Speaking of his abdomen, it too was swelling, now almost as big as the one from the video he had watched. The urge to lay came more often and got harder and harder to fight.

He would spend the first half of the day trying to hold back only for one egg to force itself out of him. Then before he knew it, he'd be on his hands and knees, cumming and laying eggs after egg until half a dozen littered the floor.

Each time he chucked them outside, not wanting to look at them but after a full week when he went to open the window he noticed it was blocked. It looked almost like somebody had piled dirt against it from the outside. He tried to open it and only succeeded in sending dirt tumbling down onto his desk.

The smell of damp earth coiled in his nostrils and John felt himself shudder as a brand new instinct flared within him. The need to dig. He loved being in his basement room but the smell of the earth made him want to be deeper. He wanted to be surrounded by it, safely sequestered beneath the Earth.

He shook his head trying to clear away the intrusive thoughts and irritation began to build in his chest. It wasn't fair, why was he beholden to these new insectoid instincts? Gritting his teeth John made the awkward walk up the stairs; if his new body wanted to be underground he was going to do the exact opposite! He had to prove, if only to himself, that he was still a human man deep down; despite the extra arms, tits and insect features.

He stepped out into the front yard, taking deep breaths and trying to ignore how wrong the fresh air felt in his lungs. After a few moments he opened his eyes and realised...the street was empty. It was mid morning, yet there were no cars, no pedestrians, not even the distant sound of buses or people streets away. It almost felt like the world was empty; where was everybody?

The smell of dirt reached his nostrils once more and John, feeling almost lightheaded, followed the scent until he rounded the back of his house and his jaw dropped. There was a hole in the middle of his parent's yard, dirt piled high on either side, explaining how his window got blocked.

His antenna twitched, his ant instincts drawing him forward to enter the strange dirt passage down into the earth. With a mixture of trepidation and excitement, John cautiously stepped into the tunnel, taking deep relaxed breaths of musty air. Darkness engulfed him, save for a faint glow emanating from the depths.

The air was cool and musty, carrying the scent of damp earth. He gingerly moved forward, his hands brushing against the rough walls, trying to discern the purpose of this mysterious tunnel. The edges felt odd, like they had been hand dug but that couldn't possibly be the case, hand digging something this big would take more than a few days.

As he ventured deeper, the tunnel seemed to stretch on indefinitely and the sunlight disappeared around a bend. Its walls remained unadorned, devoid of any signs of life or human intervention. Yet, there was an inexplicable magnetism that drew John further into its depths, compelling him to keep going until he reached a widening in the passage.

What was revealed to him was a large dirty chamber, in the middle of which sat his own mother. She sat atop a large pile of pillows and blankets, now fully transformed into an ant queen like himself but even larger. There was a crown made of woven grass around her brow and she smiled down at him with four extra black eyes. She should have looked terrifying but instead a feeling of warmth and affection bloomed in his chest at the sight.

It was so shocking to see his mother in such a state he almost didn't notice they were not alone. All around her were men, women and all sorts in between. Most of them looked like Kevin; with big butts and ant antennae and eyes, yet none had the distinctive abdomen that he and his mother had. This explained how such a big tunnel had been dug by hand, some of them were gathered at the right of the room, already digging another tunnel further into the earth.

“John, I was wondering when you would come and join us down here.”

“Mom? What the hell is happening?”

“Something wonderful.” She sighed, “Don't you see, the ants have made me a queen and now my new colony is building us a better home.”

“Us?” John squeaked.

“Yes, you and I, we're special.” His mother sounded almost drunk, on power perhaps, “We're queens, the other ants are compelled to obey us. We must rule, I am the queen of this colony but you can be my princess darling. My little ant princess.”

Was the whole world going insane except him? John had just spent the last few days completely shut off from the news; after what he had seen the last few times he didn't trust himself but now he was beginning to regret that decision. Just how much things had changed over the last few days while he was hiding in his room. How many of these ant colonies were forming, was that where everybody was?

He looked over at the people gathered around his mother, his father included. They looked happy, blissful smiles on their faces, especially when his mother gave them even a moment's attention.

“I'm not a woman, mom.” John said evenly, “Even with all this...stuff happening to me.”

“You will be soon dear, the queen strain is for just that, queens. I am sure all your maleness will be gone soon enough, won't that be wonderful?” She cooed, “Oh I always did want a daughter, instead I got a slob of a son but now you can finally make me proud. You'll like that wont you?”

What child didn't want their parents' approval? John had long since given up on winning either of his parents over and he had to admit, the temptation to hear his mother say those words and mean them was strong. He felt his antenna twitch, the pheromones in the room growing thick and heady.

He turned and fled, this was all too much. He just wanted to feel normal! He heard his mother calling after him but he ignored her. He needed to think, to do some research and sort this all out. His abdomen bumped against the walls as he attempted to run, breasts and butt bouncing awkwardly as he made his way back up onto the grass.

It was hard to admit, even to himself, that his mother had a point. That did sound lovely, being waited on hand and foot as a beautiful ant princess. But...it was wrong right? He couldn't let himself give in to those desires. Then a thought crashed over him like a cold wave; Kevin. What was happening to Kevin in all of this? Was he a queen too or a regular ant? Was he joining a colony even now?

If there was one thing in the world that could override John's own stress and self pity it was care for Kevin. So without hesitation he stepped out of the yard and out into the street. With this new body, driving or the bus wasn't an option, not that any buses seemed to be running. So he walked; surprised to find the journey which would normally leave him winded was much easier now, even dragging his abdomen behind him.

His gait was confident, it took several minutes for John to realise the natural sway of his hips and how confident it made him feel. His chin jutted forwards and he walked with confidence for the first time in his life.

As he glanced his own reflection in the shop fronts he passed he couldn't help but smile. Once you got past the inherent oddness of the extra arms and insect features he actually was quite...attractive. The big butt and chest were lovely and his antenna almost looks like some sort of accessory. Once or twice he stopped to get a better look at his face; now smoother and less sweaty than he was used to. The darker skin toned suited him, especially his now full lips.

Once again he shook himself out of the funk, refocusing his attention on getting to Kevin's apartment. Along the way he saw half a dozen holes like the ones in his garden, but no people. Was there anybody left not affected by the pheromone at this point? Part of him was curious to explore one of them but as soon as he got close his new instincts kicked in. It

felt...wrong, being near another colony. He moved away from the hole as quickly as he could, who knew how the new ant people would react to a queen from another colony?

The fact that he was thinking of himself as a queen now made John shudder, perhaps he was more far gone than he'd realised. Eventually, he arrived at Kevin's place and rapped on the door. Silently he prayed Kevin was still here and not out in one of those ant colonies, he wasn't sure he could stomach walking into one of those holes himself, even to save his best friend. But to his great relief; Kevin answered. He looked even more different; his black eyes and antennae were paired with a huge ass and a decent pair of tits. His black eyes shone with emotion when he saw who was at the door.

"Oh, John!"

Without hesitation Kevin flung his arms around John's neck and held him tight. At first John was too stunned to react; they had never been particularly affectionate friends and now he could feel every inch of Kevin's body pressing against his own, curves and all. It made his skin turn hot and his antenna stick on end. Yet, he mourned the body heat as soon as Kevin pulled away, blushing profusely.

"Sorry!" Kevin apologised, "I just...It's so good to see you. After so many days of silence I was starting to get worried and with everything that's been happening I didn't know what to do!"

"Me either," John admitted, stepping inside awkwardly.

"Here, let me help, that looks difficult to manoeuvre."

Gently, Kevin picked up his abdomen and lifted it through the door, helping John navigate the narrow space of the apartment until they reached the living room. Kevin gently placed a number of pillows on the floor to cushion him and John sighed in relief; dragging it all this way had been a lot more tiring than he first thought.

"That must have made walking here hard." Kevin said, impressed, "Hang on, I'll get you a drink."

"Thanks, man."

"Not much of a man anymore." Kevin joked with a dark edge, "Back where I started."

“I’m sure somebody will figure out a way to reverse this.” John said, “Then everything will go back to normal.”

“I don’t think so.” Kevin said as he handed over a glass of water, “Haven’t you been reading the news?”

“No, not really.” John admitted, “I sort of tried to bury my head in the sand.”

“Check it out.” Kevin handed over his tablet, opened the news site and John began to scroll through the last few days worth of articles.

‘ANT PHEROMONE SPREADS COUNTRY WIDE.’

‘PRESIDENT INFECTED WITH QUEEN STRAIN.’

‘QUEENS BUILDING COLONIES ALL OVER THE STATE.’

‘ANT PHEROMONE AFFECTED HUMANS SPOTTED IN CANADA AND MEXICO.’

It was everywhere; and as the days passed the headlines began to take on a different tone.

‘ANT PHEROMONE ENDS CONFLICT IN EASTERN EUROPE.’

‘LIFE SERVING QUEEN EMOTIONALLY AND SPIRITUALLY FULFILLING SURVEY FINDS.’

‘INFECTED PEOPLE REPORT AN INCREASE IN HAPPINESS SINCE EMBRACING ANT LIFESTYLE.’

John devoured the articles; many of them saying much the same thing. With the ant pheromone now compelling people to obey their queens, most armed conflicts in the world were beginning to cease. Colonies as big as a few thousand were forming in places and some scientists theorise it was only a matter of time before some colonies went to war with one another but afterwards an equilibrium was likely to occur.

Mental illness, especially depression and body disorders were disappearing quickly as people found not only purpose but confidence in their new roles.

'I used to hate my body' said one woman, 'but now look at me, I am like sex on legs and my queen is always telling me how pleasing to the eye I am. It's like being complimented all day long!'

The articles stopped being critical of the changes humanity was going through and started to sound more like endorsements. John felt his stomach drop slightly reading about how most scientists studying the phenomena weren't even trying to create a cure anymore. With their new work directives from their queen they were more efficient than ever and nobody seemed to want to give it up.

John swallowed, there was no cure coming, at least not any time soon. So what should he do? Give in and be a princess with his mother? That seemed...wrong somehow. He sighed, leaning back and enjoying the relaxing massage Kevin was giving his shoulders. They were so tense after the walk and stress of the last few days and feeling Kevin's soft hands slowly working out the knots felt-wait, what?

Instantly his back straightened in shock, turning as much as his abdomen allowed to gape at Kevin who was kneeling just beside him.

"Sorry," He demurred, "Did I hit a painful spot, I'll make it up to you."

"Wh-why are you even giving me a massage?" John asked, his voice taking on a higher pitch. "I didn't ask."

"I don't know, I could just sense you were tense and I want you to be comfortable. You did come all this way for me." Kevin blushed.

Suddenly John took stock of what had happened since he arrived here; Kevin had helped him sit down, even made him a throne of pillows just like his mother had in her colony, given him drinks, offered him his tablet and now he was massaging his shoulders.

Panic thrummed through John's veins like lightning and he watched as Kevin seemed to feel his discomfort. Instead of looking embarrassed or horrified at his behaviour though, Kevin looked guilty.

"I've displeased you." He sighed, "Sorry. I'll do better, just tell me what you need and I'll get it."

He was still on his knees, chest pressed forward so that his breasts were prominently displayed, brown chiton cupped them like a low cut bra and John swallowed. He'd been compelling Kevin to serve him without even meaning to!

"No it's okay." he tried, "You don't have to...serve me just because I got the queen strain."

"But I want to." Kevin whined, "It feels...right. Good. Please, John, don't leave me here again, take me back to your colony. I want to join it."

"I don't even have one!" John choked and for the first time Kevin looked horrified.

"But you deserve one!" He insisted, "We could make you one, together! I bet there are some other unclaimed ant people in the building, we can start digging in the park behind the complex!"

"No, no no no I don't want that ummmm uh let's just think about this, okay man?"

Kevin sighed, looking crestfallen; seeing his friend so upset made his heart ache but John still couldn't shake the idea that he should be fighting this change.

"John, if you don't claim me for your colony another queen will." Kevin whispered, "That's why I have been too scared to leave. Please, if I am going to serve a queen I want it to be you."

John swallowed; Kevin was staring at him with those pupilless black eyes that somehow managed to convey so much emotion. He had a point and the idea of Kevin being compelled to serve somebody else was...abhorrent. A surge of jealousy overtook him at the thought; after so many years pining he couldn't stand it if Kevin chose somebody else. And while he was certainly influenced by John's pheromones, this was clearly still his choice.

"Alright, let's go." John breathed, "We'll go back to my place and figure something out, just stick close to me on the way home alright? Just to be safe."

"Oh I will!" Kevin beamed, surging forward and wrapping both arms around one of John's in a tight hug, "Thank you, you have no idea how scared I've been here all on my own."

A surge of protectiveness washed over him and John returned the hug; he could not believe how selfish he'd been, locking himself away in his room while poor Kevin was suffering. He should take care of him, they were friends after all. With these new developments his dream that perhaps they could even become more were starting to feel less out of reach as well. Maybe being an ant queen wouldn't be too bad.

Together they stood when all of a sudden John felt a strange cramping in his stomach. No wait, it was lower than that. His ant abdomen pulsed in turn and John realised with horror and a small amount of shameful excitement that he recognised the sensation. Kevin seemed to know instinctively what was happening and hopped from foot to foot with nervous energy.

“Do you...need to lay an egg?” He breathed, “I've watched so many videos but I've not actually seen it in person yet!”

“Yeah.” John groaned, trying not to focus on the solid feeling slowly making its way from his ass down his bulging new organ. “But there's something else...I feel weird.”

The cramping sensation continued and suddenly the skin between his legs began to burn and tingle. It was like half pain, half pleasure and he found himself sinking back down onto his knees with his legs apart, groaning.

A contraction rocked his abdomen and John was pushing before he could stop himself, that solid feeling sliding through his insides and pleasuring them the whole way. God, laying eggs felt so good it was hard to remind himself he was supposed to find the process horrifying.

That tingling between his legs began to grow and John realised as he was pushing the egg down something else was happening. He could feel his cock shrinking, almost like it was being sucked up into his body along with his balls. He grit his teeth and let out a pleasure moan; it made sense, the rest of his body was female why not the most important part.

Perhaps it was the pheromone or perhaps John was just sick of being a fat, ugly guy and wanted to enjoy his new found hotness because he didn't fight the change. What was even the point? Instead he revelled in the odd yet gratifying feeling of his manhood disappearing and his new pussy opening for the first time. He could feel the moist lips as they pressed into the floor as he rocked his hips. It felt so sensitive!

A shiver worked its way down his spine as the pleasure grew from both his human body and ant abdomen. The egg was getting closer and closer to his hole and it was only a

matter of seconds before it would be out. Even if he wanted to fight his new instincts there would be no point.

Kevin's hand brushed along the smooth form of his ant ass, stroking it though each contraction as the egg made its way through his body. That, mixed with the inherent pleasure of laying brought a wail to John's lips.

"Almost there, John." Kevin cooed, "Keep going...fuck I want to see it. Oh God I'm so turned on right now."

So was he. John still had enough awareness to feel a little embarrassed that his friend was seeing him like this but not enough to send him away. His new ant instincts wanted him here; his lovely worker ant. Finally his precious eggs would not fall to the floor but instead he lovingly held in somebody's hands as they should be.

"A-almost-!" John quivered, feeling his entrance start to open as the egg pushed out. "Ah...ahhhhhh..."

His entrance stretched, this egg was wider than the others and the burning sensation made him see white. Finally, he came; hard. John's whole body shuddered as the egg was finally pushed from him and dropped into Kevin's warm embrace. The orgasm rocked his whole body and the knowledge that Kevin was there made everything so much better.

Wetness pooled between his legs, soaking through his pants and onto the wooden floor. The room was heavy with the smell of sex and it almost made him dizzy. He could hear Kevin behind him moaning; probably getting off himself.

With a gasp he finally came down from the high, breathing heavily as his body revelled in the post orgasm haze. Kevin's hands stroked his back and hair, the egg placed on a cushion between them. John swallowed; there was no going back now. He could smell something in the air and it took him a moment to realise it was Kevin. He had that same glassy, blissed out look his father had when talking to his mother.

No matter what he wanted he knew now that Kevin was part of his colony, whether he wanted it or not and John was slowly realising it was far more the former.