

## Becoming a Queen - Part 6

**For SpaceBanana**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

Kevin snuggled against his side, humming happily as John tried to work out how he was going to proceed. Denial had gotten him nowhere, it was time to face the truth; he was an ant queen now, whether he wanted it or not. Denying his instincts and trying to repress his new self would get him nowhere. It was time to embrace it, strange as that felt. John took a deep breath and relaxed, finally letting his pheromones out to their fullest extent; it felt like all his pores opening at once and beside him Kevin shivered.

He took deep breaths, curling closer to John with a small moan and John let himself enjoy it. Kevin was clearly happy and he finally had his love the way he'd always wanted, there wasn't much of a downside really. Now the question was, what next?

He looked inside himself, trying to unearth the instincts he had spent the last few weeks trying to repress. He found a new urge, one that had started back in his own yard, the need to make a nest. Not one of twigs and sticks but a proper nest underground with winding tunnels and a colony to serve him while he laid his eggs. The idea made him shiver.

There was a problem though; at the moment his colony was just one ant-woman; Kevin. He was going to need more than that. Not only that but where would he have his nest? He wanted to be close to the home he had always been in but his mother had already claimed that land. He remembered her sitting atop her throne and his blood boiled not with anger but with something more primal; the need to assert himself.

"Kevin, I think I need to make a colony." He said after a while.

"Of course, you need a safe place to lay your eggs of course and we need to keep you protected." Kevin agreed, "Where shall we go?"

"We're going to challenge my mother for her colony." Kevin said with determination, "She already has the tunnels and the ant-women we need."

"Are you sure?" Kevin said seriously, "Your mother has always been quite...domineering sorry to say and I don't want you to get hurt. I couldn't bear it."

“I can beat her.” John said, filled with determination. “I just know it.”

He wasn't sure where this confidence was coming from at first; he'd never felt such self assurance in his life. Then he realised it was his new ant powers and body; he finally had a body he could be proud of, one that people found attractive and not just that, *he* liked it too. He was so much more than a man now, he was a queen and a queen needed a throne to rule.

He stood up, holding his head with pride for the first time in...well, ever. Kevin rose to his feet as well, gently holding onto John's abdomen to help him navigate the cramped apartment and out the door. Together the two of them walked, John letting his ant queen pheromones wash over the neighbourhood. As he walked he felt yet another pair of hands on his abdomen and turned to see another ant woman there, smiling placidly as she helped.

With a nod of approval he kept walking and other ant women, ones without colonies or homes yet, joined him. It felt right, like he was giving them a purpose. He watched as light returned to the eyes of one who was sitting alone by the roadside. She looked so happy to have finally found a queen to serve and who was he to deny her?

By the time he had reached his parents house he had almost a dozen ant women by his side including Kevin and John felt confident he could win the rest of this colony for himself. He and his procession moved down the dirt corridors, using their sense of smell to find their way to the queen chamber. John felt a new surge of confidence move through him when not one of his followers seemed tempted by his mothers scent; his will was stronger, he was sure.

When they finally reached the chamber his mother was in even John was impressed by how much it had improved in only one afternoon. Her throne of pillows had grown significantly and she lounged back while several of her ant women fanned her. Hi father among them.

“John! You came back.” She smiled happily, “Come, sit, take your place at my side.”

“No.”

“No?”

His mother looked incredulous and motioned for the women to stop fanning her.

“What do you mean no? Don’t you want to be the princess of the colony?” His mother asked, “We’ll rule it together, and it’s growing every day. I am sure the surrounding queens will give up their subjects to us in no time.”

Kevin squeezed both of John’s right arms tightly and trembled. The idea of Kevin having to serve his mother was abhorrent and gave him even more drive to win this colony for himself.

“I’m taking the colony.” John said full of defiance. “It’s time I stopped living in your basement, I want to rule it myself.”

“You? Rule?” His mother threw back her head and laughed, “John, you can barely look after yourself, let alone a whole colony. You didn’t even want this change, you fought it the whole time while I, I embraced it wholeheartedly. If anybody was meant to rule, it was me.”

“You’re too arrogant to be queen.” John argued, “Look at you, you’re treating your ants like slaves, I am going to love every single one.”

He meant it too, he placed one arm around Kevin and another around one of his newer arrivals, both snuggled into him with genuine affection, none of the glassy eyed look his mothers colony members had. They were simply slaves to the pheromones she produced, his ant women were *loyal*. Then and there John vowed to treat each and every one who joined him with care and love, unlike his mother.

“Well then,” She announced, “We’re at an impasse, I suggest a contest of skills, to see who is worthy of this colony. The loser will become the princess and serve as the queen’s right hand, as it should be.”

She added that last part with such smugness, it was only topped by her confidence. John could tell his mother felt there was no other option but her victory. He may have only just started to embrace these new powers but he planned on using them to the best of his ability.

“I agree.” He nodded, “What sort of contest did you have in mind?”

His mother pondered for a moment before clicking her fingers.

“This colony is small, there are too many competing colonies nearby, I say we expand.” She began, “You and I will both try to attract more ant women to our nest, whoever attracts the most, wins.”

It made sense and oddly John didn't feel disheartened. Yes, his mother's group was already larger than his to begin with but he had gathered all these ant women in just a short walk, now that he was actively trying to recruit surely he would have no troubles.

The two queens made their way to the surface, his mother heading to the front of the house while John walked a ways down the street to easily differentiate each group.

“How are you going to attract more ants?” Kevin asked and John paused, he wasn't sure.

He'd gathered his few followers but walking but the idea of walking for likely miles with his swollen abdomen was hardly appealing. Besides, his mother had somehow managed to bring all those people to her, so how had she done it. He closed his eyes, focusing inwards on those new instincts of his and letting them take over. He found his desire, the need to have as many followers as possible and let it guide him.

His hips began to move, subtly at first but then more, shaking his butt and abdomen in time as he forced more of his pheromone into the air. This was it, his dance to lure in more ants. He opened his eyes and turned his head to see his mother doing the same, all while her followers watched in awe and reverence.

Kevin and his other ant women gathered around him on their knees, looking up at him with wonder. He could see the adoration in their eyes and it filled him with joy; he never dreamed he would even be so wanted. Why had he fought this change for so long? It felt wonderful!

He began to push his butt out further, twerking and dancing to his heart's content. He needed no music, the song was inside his very soul. His long arms cupped his new breasts, squeezing them and moaning as his body released stronger and stronger bursts of scent that the wind carried away.

John swayed his hips from side to side, bending over as he twerked to let his abdomen flare. It felt good, being the centre of attention like this; no longer would he fade into the background. After a few minutes the first signs of ant women began to appear. They started approaching from down the street, caught up in the mix of both he and his mother's displays. John worked harder, bending right over so that his ass was in the air before slamming it back down. His antenna twitched and his extra arms stroked along the curves of his body. He felt his face split into a grin as the women began to approach. He greeted each

one, rubbing his body up against them warmly; enjoying the press of their breasts against his own and their antenna tangling. He danced from woman to woman, urging them all to take a seat, which they did.

John could see his mother was gaining new followers too but not nearly to the same degree he was. He scowled, trying to copy his moves with diminishing effects. In fact, some of the ant women sat at her feet began to turn, their shiny black eyes meeting John's with wonder.

With a warm, confident smile he curled a finger at them, making come hither gestures as he continued to sway to the beat inside his own mind. It was insane to think about how far he had come in just these few weeks. The news was right, this new transformation was the best thing to ever happen to him; he had love, attention and a body that was sexier than anything.

Elation bubbled in his chest as he continued to thrust his hips back and forth and his new colony smiled and clapped along with him. More and more of his mother's group walked over until it was just her and his father that remained. It was clear who the victor was.

Panting with exhaustion John finally stilled, a twitch of his antenna sent one of his new ant women running for water for him while others gently massaged his sore limbs while he took a seat. Their love and affection for him was obvious as they all fought to get closer.

"Relax, you'll all get a turn." he cooed, stroking one ant woman's hair in thanks as she passed him a bottle of water. From where he had no idea.

His mother approached slowly, her antenna drooping in defeat. Unlike her though, John had always planned to be gracious in defeat. He smiled warmly and held out a hand for her to take.

"Don't worry mom, you'll make a great princess."

"Thank you." She said through her teeth.

John wasn't worried though, already he could sense the change in the air, soon enough his mother would have loyalty to him just like everybody else. His father would almost certainly be at her side though but John was fine with that. He didn't really want his father as part of his entourage anyway. It would be good for his mom to have one special follower all her own.

His abdomen tensed and John sighed in contentment as a small pool of pleasure began to build in his base.

“It’s time for me to lay.” he announced, much to his new colony's delight, “Let’s go back to the throne room.”

They all bowed, several reverently picking up his abdomen and carrying it for him so that the weight didn't drag and John and his new family descended into his nest.

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## **Epilogue**

John reclined as much as his abdomen would allow. In the past six months it had swollen to twice that of its original size. He was grateful to his colony, without them he likely wouldn't be able to move at all it weighed him down so much. Perhaps if he wasn't so full of eggs it wouldn't be a problem but these days it was rare for him to go more than an hour or two without needing to produce a new brood of them.

Not that he minded, it was a wonderful experience and the whole colony was rewarded with waves of scent each time. In stark contrast his princess, his former mother, had shrunk. Her abdomen was still bigger than most but not nearly the same size as John's. She didn't mind though. The transition from queen to princess had been hard, but the longer John asserted his dominance the more she fell in line and grew to like her new position. His father still waited on her hand and foot of course.

Kevin curled into his side, slowly feeding him small bites of grape that one of the workers had bought in from the farms. It had been interesting, starting up food production. John rarely went out of the colony these days but from what he had heard some ant queens were even using the old human factories. He preferred their more natural approach though, he had several work forces on permanent rotation growing enough food for all of them.

The most nutritious going to himself of course, he needed the extra energy for all the eggs he laid. Speaking of, the urge was starting up all over again and immediately his colony sprung into action. He barely needed to speak anymore to make his wants and needs known, his pheromones did all of that.

Kevin and another ant woman helped him onto his hands and knees, the best position to push, while others supported his abdomen. Kevin seemed torn, he loved being the one to catch his eggs but also loved pleasuring him at the same time. It was always a tough decision for his favourite ant woman to make. So John did what he usually did and made it for him.

“Stay up here.” he ordered softly, “I like it when I can see you while I lay.”

Kevin shuddered, cumming a little judging by the smell John picked up. He cooed, running his hands through Kevin's long hair and stroking his antennae.

“That's my Kevin.”

“I love it when you call me that.”

“I know.” John giggled, giving him a quick kiss that was swiftly interrupted by a moan of pleasure.

The eggs were ready, his abdomen pulsed and John bore down. He felt them squeezing through his passage and gasped as his whole body began to fill up with pleasure. He continued to hold Kevin close, kissing him, fueled by the lust that laying eggs always bought him. His new pussy dripped wetly and he shivered, pushing down once more as pleasurable contractions wracked his body.

“C-can I...?” Kevin asked, drunk on the scent of his queen.

John knew what he was asking and nodded, shuffling himself back so that Kevin could lay beneath him. Once he was in position John laid down atop him, pressing his wet pussy to Kevin's own and moaning as the first of his eggs neared his exit. He pushed once more, undulating his body so that his breasts and pussy rubbed against Kevin's. With a moan the first egg breached his hole, stretching it open wide before dropping into the loving hands of one of his colony.

The next one followed suit and soon John found his rhythm. He humped against Kevin, using the movement to further push more and more eggs out of him. This was a big lot, he was already at five and his body showed no signs of stopping. Tightness began to form in his core as he watched Kevin writhe beneath him in bliss. No matter how many times they did this John never got sick of it. The faces his lover made were just too perfect.

“Ooooh! Oh! Ahhhhh!” Kevin came for the first time, John knew it wouldn't be long before he was again, Kevin could never hold back with him.

“Hnnng...”

The next egg was bigger, it stretched his inner walls to the limit and made his whole body shudder with a mixture of pleasure and pain. The ant women around them chattered with excitement as he strained and bore down on it. Forcing the smooth object through his abdomen slowly, so slowly.

It felt wonderful. John felt his first orgasm growing as it got closer and closer to his exit. The skin began to stretch as the egg pushed out and for a moment it was suspended there, half inside, half outside. Then orgasm finally washed over him and his whole body convulsed, pushing it out and into another ant woman's hands.

John thrust against Kevin, pressing their clits together as he came long and hard. Kevin wailed beneath him, wrapping all four of his arms around John's body and crushing their chests together so that nothing could come between them if it tried. John continued to thrust, pushing egg after egg out until he thought he body couldn't handle it anymore.

With one final push he forced the last egg out and collapsed atop Kevin who snuggled into him, all four of his arms stroking his sides and back comfortingly. John buried his head in the ant woman's neck and sighed, drinking in his scent. He had sex with plenty of the members of his new colony but Kevin was still his favourite, likely always would be.

After an indeterminate amount of time they finally moved, several other colony workers bought them clothes to clean with and Kevin gave him a loving kiss before disappearing back to work.

John sat himself back atop his throne, closing his eyes and twitching his antenna as he sought out each member of his colony through his pheromones and intricate mental network. He checked all were well and happy which of course they were; he was a good queen who cared for his subjects.

With a happy sigh he reclined once more. Content and happy in his new position as queen.