

## Becoming a Queen - Part 4

**For SpaceBanana**  
**By TheSpiralledEye**

*John's transformations continue but he starts to realise that maybe something more might be going on when he develops a giant abdomen and a strange urge to push...*

~

John was sure he was yelling; he could feel the vibration in his throat but couldn't hear anything over the rushing in his ears. He could see those two extra arms clear as day, feel them even; yet they didn't seem real. They just could not be real! A voice broke through his panic and he looked up to see his mother standing at the top of the stairs, hands over her mouth in shock. There went his chance to hide this or even keep it private for a little while.

His new hands crossed and hugged around his middle tightly and John bit his lip. Willing himself to calm down and try to think rationally. His antenna flicked this way and that, tasting the air, sending out waves of his panic and picking up...something else. Something primal, there was something oddly familiar in the air, a scent he could not place until he realised what it was. Another ant, another person like him.

Slowly, he turned back to face his mother and realised it was coming from her. His eyes roamed over her, still in her pyjamas and robe having clearly just leapt out of bed herself. At the edges of her sleeves he could see it, dark brown skin, hard like chiton and he felt his jaw drop.

"I didn't realise you were infected too." His mother said mournfully, "I thought perhaps it was just me."

"Do...d-do you have...?" He couldn't even get the words out but his mother nodded, an extra arm extending from the opening in her robe. Clearly she'd had them crossed beneath the clothing to hide them.

"Oh Gods."

"Don't worry." She assured him, "I am sure they will find a cure for this soon."

John felt anger begin to build underneath his skin, a righteous fury that he could not hold back. This wasn't fair! Wasn't his life pathetic enough without being turned into some sort of ant freak?

"This is all your fault." He snapped, wrapping the blankets tighter around himself. "If you had just let me be instead of dragging me out into the garden, I wouldn't be like this right now."

"How was I to know this could happen?" His mother put both sets of arms on her hips, "All I wanted was for you to get a little sunlight before you turned stark white."

"I was fine-"

"You were not! You're a grown ass man still living in my basement who was too fat and lazy to do anything with his life."

The words stung, but John also felt a certain level of gratification from them. He'd always known his mother thought those things but denied it; in a way it was nice to have it all out in the open. Regardless, just being around her right now was making him irritated.

"Just go." He huffed, laying back down and pulling the blankets over his head. "I want to be alone."

"Well, keep up this act and that won't be a problem." She snapped.

He listened to her footsteps disappear up the stairs again and flinched as the door slammed. Good riddance. He should have felt vindicated but instead he just felt sad. He was actually feeling guilty for upsetting her, like a goddamn child still compelled to obey his mommy since she was in charge. Pathetic.

He stayed curled under those blankets for as long as he could, trying to hide away from the world. There was a small part of him, the childlike part that hoped if he just blocked it all out for long enough everything would go back to the way it was before this ant pheromone came into his life. But eventually a pressure began to form in his lower gut and he couldn't ignore the call of nature any longer.

With a sigh he reluctantly got out of bed and headed for the bathroom, wishing greatly he could just go back to sleep and dream of better things. As he sat though he couldn't help but notice the pressure in his lower half felt...different. He didn't feel like he had

to go to the bathroom at all, rather it felt like his back and ass themselves were pushing outwards.

He leaned against the sink, gritting his teeth against the pressure. It felt as though all the muscles in his lower back were wound tight and badly needed to stretch. He tried arching his back out and curving it in but nothing seemed to help. He could feel his ass starting to ache and he swore he could feel it...stretching. He took a step back and awkwardly turned his back to the mirror and craned his neck to try and see what was happening.

He was used to his ass being fat, that was a given but it was not normally quite so...shapely. The skin was smooth and tight, with a slight dark redness beneath the ever darkening skin tone. It was an odd shape too, not square or taut like a man's should be but almost like that of an upside down heart; peachy, *feminine*.

There was something else too. He could see a darker patch of skin just above his ass, spreading across his lower back at an alarming rate. The skin was turning hard there, chitinous and was itching like mad. That along with the pressure forming was starting to drive him mad. No matter how he stretched or itched there was no relief; the pressure just kept building.

“Hnnngh!”

He groaned and strained as the overwhelming need to push overtook him. He bore down; feeling his ass swell even further and that pressure in his back lessened even so slightly. Panting heavily he looked at his reflection in the mirror; there was sweat pouring down his forehead and his antennae were twitching in irritation. He relaxed, gasping for breath only to have the pressure build up again, even faster than before.

Once again it hit a crescendo and he felt that urge to push. He did so and watched; half relieved as the pressure lessened and half horrified as that dark chiton patch got larger. It almost felt as though he were pushing something out of him or growing another limb. Slowly, with each and every push he was forced to go through the growth became larger and John realised he could feel it.

It was like another butt, growing out of the small of his back while his normal one grew darker and more voluptuous. His mind immediately went back to the video he'd watched on Mark Sanches, that giant ant queen abdomen growing from...just above his tailbone.

“Oh no...No n-no nononono...” He whispered.

This couldn't be happening, he couldn't be growing into a giant, egg laying ant queen! He tried to hold back, if he just held out and refused to push maybe he could hold it at bay. He ground his teeth together as the pressure mounted, gripping the sink until his knuckles were white with the strain.

“Hnnnn...Nghhhh...I-I can't-AAAAGH!”

He couldn't help it, he pushed; and even more of the abdomen formed. Once again he tried to hold back but he couldn't maintain his concentration. A cycle began, of John trying to resist this new primal urge within him, failing and then repeating. The gap between pushes grew shorter every time until he was practically bearing down at all times as more of that chiton formed from his skin. He could see it without having to turn his head now; in the reflection of the mirror. Not only did more of it slip out of his back with every push but it expanded, becoming even wider than his body; swollen and rotund.

A horrid thought occurred and his eyes slid to the doorway; if he kept growing at this rate he wouldn't be able to fit through the door. In a panic he ran, or stumbled more correctly toward it, as he passed through the door frame his new abdomen caught on it and for a second he thought he was done for as he was forced to push again, making it swell. But thankfully, once he gained control back he was able to pull it through and back out into the middle of this basement bedroom.

He made for the bed before his stomach cramped and he ended up falling to his hands and knees, keening as he pushed more. He could feel it properly now, his new limb if an ant abdomen counted as a limb. It was heavy and swollen with god knows what. He could feel the puckered end of it where eggs would be pushed out into the world and he whimpered as it squeezed tight as did his asshole in solidarity.

It wasn't bad enough having one fat ass, now he had *two*. The arms at least he could hidden but this; there was no way he could go anywhere with this. With one final, shuddering gasp he pushed a final time and felt the pressure, mercifully, end. He stayed on the floor on his hands and knees, bent over and wheezing from the effort. Even though he'd only woken up recently he already felt exhausted.

He let his limbs give out and flopped onto the ground, not caring if he looked pathetic. He winced as soon as his chest hit the ground and let out a small moan. That was...a lot more painful than he thought it would be. He tried to roll over but found his new abdomen made that quite difficult. It took almost a full minute to roll onto his back and look down at himself. He expected to see the underside of his new swollen appendage; what he didn't expect was for his view to be blocked by what were now very clearly, breasts.

There was no getting away with calling them mat tits now. These were full on, proper, lady tits. Complete with brown areola and pert nipples that John would have found attractive on literally anybody who wasn't him. He had been so preoccupied with his new abdomen that he hadn't even noticed they were growing; he'd dismissed the pain in his chest for his heart beating too fast.

He flopped back, closing his eyes and sighing. What was he supposed to do now? He was half ant, half human and god knew what he sex was. He could still feel his cock and balls between his legs but considering how fast everything else had been changing how long would it be until they changed as well?

John had never been a particularly macho or prideful man but he was still a man and growing tits and a bouncy beach ball ass were still hits to his masculinity. If he lost his cock; what else did he have to lose?

For a while he was content to stay there, laying flat on the floor alone with his misery. But the thing about wallowing in self pity is that like most emotions, it can't sustain itself forever and soon boredom begins to creep in.

"They say misery loves company." John muttered, awkwardly flailing, not unlike an ant on its back, for a moment before flipping back onto his knees and standing up.

His abdomen dragged on the floor and he found if he strained, he could hold it up with a bit of effort. If he ever did manage to go outside again he was going to have to get better at it though, he could imagine how painful it would feel to drag the new appendage across hot concrete. As he went to turn on his computer he couldn't help but laugh; guess he would have to add 'ant abdomen' day to his non-existent gym calendar. The idea was so stupid and unfathomable he just kept laughing until tears stung at the corner of his eyes.

"What the fuck even is my life right now, that *that* of all things is something I have to worry about..."

Maybe the laughter was the release value his emotions needed because by the time he finally got a hold of himself he felt a lot better. He turned his office chair sideways, leaning to the right against the backing so that his new abdomen could fit behind him.

John: I had had a seriously weird morning.

After a few minutes a reply blinked on the screen.

**Kevin:** Same.

**John:** Pretty sure I will win if we compare.

**Kevin:** I don't know about that...

**John:** Why? What happened to you?

A few minutes passed and there was no reply.

**John:** I promise you, whatever it was, it couldn't have been weirder than mine. Relax, I am not going to judge.

It was funny, he really meant it too. Even if Kevin responded as told him he too had grown a second, ant styled ass, he wouldn't judge. His heart fluttered at the realisation; it was strange to love somebody so unconditionally that even if they turned into an ant creature he would still find him attractive.

**Kevin:** I have patches all over my. Chiton, it's almost like leather clothing. I can't even fit into my other clothes anymore.

John blinked and paused for a moment before replying. All in all, that didn't sound too bad actually. He glanced behind him seeing the abdomen twitch. Yeah, a bit more chiton didn't sound bad at all; all things considered.

**Kevin:** So what about you?

John swallowed.

**John:** I grew an ant abdomen.

He watched the screen, watching the black cursor line blink on and off as the moments dragged on. A cold sweat formed on the nape of his neck and his stomach began to twist. He knew Kevin wouldn't have stepped away before seeing his answer, so he had to have seen it. The longer his response took the more his nerves grew until finally:

**Kevin:** You're fucking joking.

**John:** I wish I was. I really do. I'm worried I might be like that guy in the news, Mark Sanches.

**Kevin:** Give me a minute, I'll look him up.

A minute passed, then five, then ten. Kevin remained away and John felt himself deflate. His extra arms curled around him in a mock hug that did somehow make him feel better. He was tempted to go and see if there was more news but remembering his reaction to the video yesterday he figured that might be a bad idea.

Instead he got up and awkwardly began to pace the room as best he could without knocking things over with his new, giant, ant posterior. He needed to figure out what he was going to do. As much as he wished it weren't true his mother was right; he couldn't stay in this basement forever.

Even at his most isolated he still had to go upstairs to get food. How long could he stay down here without revealing to his parents what he had become?

He felt itchy, not on his skin but in his mind. There was something scratching at the back of his brain, making it hard to focus. It was as if every time he latched onto a single thought it would disappear in favour of another. His thoughts felt like ants in his brain, crawling everywhere, hard to distinguish from one another.

He remembered how the people in that article said they had been drawn to Mar, perhaps that is what was happening to him? Was there another queen around drawing him in? If simply being near somebody would clear up these scattering thoughts he could see the appeal in staying close by.

“Well fuck you ants.” he hissed, “I’m not going to play by your rules.”

That stupid pheromone may be transforming his body; he refused to let it take his mind. He was going to fight this with every fibre of his being even if it killed him. He was not going to let this new body, ant butt or not, take away his life any more than it already had.

~

He spent the morning working, pouring everything he had into ignoring his itchy brain and new ant appendages. He crossed the new arms across his chest, staunchly ignored his abdomen and brushed his antenna as far back as he could. Still, his stomach was starting to complain about being empty. Every time it grumbled he would glance behind him at the stairs before turning back to his work. They say that work can sustain you right? That's what hard core capitalists who never had to work a day in their life though; for once he found himself wishing they were right.

He could hear movement above him, both his parents were home and his hope that perhaps they would go out long enough for him to make himself a sandwich was starting to feel futile. His stomach growled and John sighed; he was going to have to have this conversation sooner or later he supposed. May as well get it over with.

Manoeuvring the stairs was surprisingly simple once he got the hang of lifting his abdomen up, squeezing through the door on the other hand, that took a bit longer than he would care to admit.

Never in his life had a simple trip to the kitchen been such an ordeal. He turned into the hallway and winched as he turned, fat abdomen knocking over the display table his mother had decorated with family photos.

“Crap!”

He swung around to try and fix it and winced as the sound of more photo frames hitting the floor crashed against his ears. He looked over his shoulder to see his abdomen had swiped them off the wall in his haste. The house simply was not built to accommodate a giant ant.

“What the hell is going on out there?”

John didn't have time to think; a moment later his father was standing there in the doorway leading from the living room. John felt his whole body turn hot with shame as his father's eyes widened; taking in the freak his son had become. For a second John could feel only shame but then his jaw dropped as he took in his father.

It seemed it was not just him and his mother who had been infected by this pheromone but the man of the house as well. If you could even call him that anymore. His father had always been a built man, not from exercise but necessity in a life that involved much manual labour but now all that hardness had been replaced. Soft, round, curving hips and a bubble butt were visible even from a front on angle. His father's workman jeans struggled to contain the huge shape.

“What the hell, dad?”

“Oh I don't think I'm the one who needs to explain.”

The air turned awkward and once again John felt his temper begin to flare; how dare his father stand there judging him as if this was even remotely his choice? Especially when he



was going through the exact same thing? That itching in his mind was shortening his fuse and he felt it burn down to nothing as his anger exploded.

“Don’t stand there judging me!” He snapped, “This pheromone thing has affected us all differently, I can’t help if mine are a bit more noticeable.”

“Noticeable?” His father scoffed, “Is that what you call...that?”

“Well, we will see how you feel when you start growing one too fat ass!”

His father’s brow furrowed.

“What did you call me?”

Even a few days ago John would have demurred but not today, not when he was full of this righteous anger.

“Fat. Ass.” He hissed through clenched teeth.

He and his father had never gotten on well, but the man had never laid a hand on him. For a split second John prepared for that to change but then his mothers voice echoed out from their bedroom down the hall.

“Dears, stop fighting would you? I have a headache.”

“But-”

“No. More. Fighting.”

Almost against his will John bit his tongue but his fathers reaction was even stronger. His eyes took on a glassy look and he stumbled forward, almost seeming a bit drunk.

“Dad?”

“I should go to her.” He mumbled, squeezing past John and heading towards their bedroom with a glazed look in his eyes.

John just blinked in surprise, his anger dissipating in favour of confusion. Just as his father disappeared his stomach growled again, reminding him of why he came back up here in the first place.

He awkwardly stumbled his way to the kitchen, making himself a sandwich and devouring it right then and there before making a second, then a third. All of a sudden he wasn't just hungry, he was starving and eating almost seemed to make him more hungry than the opposite. After half a dozen sandwiches and half a litre of milk he was finally full and he looked down at the leavings with a small pang of shame. His parents would know it was him, he could already see the disappointed looks in their eyes when they next saw him. 'This is why you're fat' his father would tut. Well, at least now he wasn't the only one.

~

*John: Today is the worst day of my life.*

*Kevin: More changes?*

*John: Not yet, thank God, but I just can't catch a break.*

He had already told Kevin all about the arguments he'd had with his parents; something the other man was quite sympathetic to of course. In turn, Kevin had admitted to getting off watching Mark Sanchez's video a number of times, hence his slow replies. It was strange, to talk so frankly about these things with somebody but in a way it was comforting. At least he didn't need to suffer through all this alone or worry that Kevin was hiding things from him again.

*John: My stomach is killing me.*

*Kevin: Well you did eat half a loaf of bread in sandwiches.*

*John: Isn't fibre supposed to help with that sort of thing?*

*Kevin: Ew, gross man.*

John laughed and then winced as his stomach cramped again. The feeling had been getting progressively lower all day. Pushing toad his ass worryingly. He really, really hoped it was just indigestion. He was about to reply to Kevin when a spasm shocked his system, his new ant abdomen pulsing at the base as the cramping moved there.

"It's just a stomach ache." He told himself, "I ate too much, that's all, nothing mo-ah!"

Again his new ant butt contracted; he could feel something moving inside him. Something hard; it was being pushed through the muscles inside, slowly making its way toward the end.

“No.” he hissed, “It’s not like the video...it’s not...”

But no matter what he told himself there was no denying what was happening. His new ant urge to lay was taking over and he began to push with the contractions, unable to hold back as he forced that solid object through his system.

“Hnnng....hnnnnn!”

He could only grunt and groan, thrusting his butt out and arching his back as he tried to rid his body of this new object. It felt good, but also slightly painful; he could feel his inner walls stretching and burning, mixing with the endorphins that were flooding his brain. It was impossible to think, he could only bare down and follow the sensations to their natural end.

He felt his puckered hole opening as something was forced through it. For a moment it lingered, stretching the hole and sending wave after wave of pleasure through his system before a small orgasm rocked him. A spurt of cum in his boxers and the sound of a heavy thunk behind him filled John with shame. He didn’t need to turn around to know there was an egg on the floor.