

Becoming a Queen - Part 3

For SpaceBanana
By TheSpiralledEye

John continues to mutate and while looking for answers online comes across a video of another man who is also affected and John sees a glimpse of his possible future.

~

John could hear his heart beating in his ears, he had to think fast; he couldn't let Kevin see him like this! He looked around the room in a panic and spied a towel. Immediately he thought back to all the times he'd seen his mother walk out of the bathroom in her robe with one tied around her head. How hard could that be?

He grabbed it and awkwardly twisted the fabric around his head, only to have it all crumple. It didn't look anything like the turban his mother wore, but it at least covered the antenna. He could feel them pressing against it though, almost as though they were still growing at a rapid pace and the ache in his skull got worse.

"Hey man, are you awake?" Kevin yawned as he pushed open the door.

"Yeah just uh, having a shower." He smiled awkwardly, before his eyes drifted down to Kevin's chest.

He was scratching at it absentmindedly, still half asleep and John felt his eyes go wide. Kevin had never been thin, quite the opposite and yet, John was sure his chest hadn't been that big last night. There was something odd about the shape. It wasn't fat rolls or extra chub his shirt almost looked...rounded underneath almost like breasts. Kevin blinked his black, pupilless eyes at him and made a confused face.

"The shower is totally dry." He replied, sounding perplexed, pointing to the shower which had obviously not been used.

"I meant I was going to have a shower." John stammered out, "but you know what, maybe I should just head back. Got a lot of work to do, you know how it is."

He awkwardly pushed past Kevin, squashing both their fat bodies into opposite sides of the doorway. John felt the soft, almost bouncy flesh of his friend's growing chest as they rubbed against one another and he felt his heart begin to race. His chest was definitely wrong, John had only felt tits a handful of times in his life but he would always remember what they felt like. It didn't matter, he pushed past and ran for his stuff, still holding the towel on his head and keeping it down. He didn't have time to worry about whether or not Kevin's body was still changing; he had to get home and figure out what was happening to *him*.

“Hey, man, are you alright? You're acting weird.”

“Fine.” He ran for the door, only dropping the towel at the final moment and grabbing a jacket from where it was casually slung over a chair near the door. “Cold out, borrowing this, thanks!”

He pulled the jacket over his head as though it were blustering outside and slammed the door closed, ignoring Kevin's yells to come back and explain what was going on. His forehead was on fire and continued to itch the whole way home. The walk seemed to pass by in a panicked blink and before he knew it he was descended back into his basement bedroom, letting the gloom calm him. There was something about being partially underground that seemed to help his stress levels. He threw the jacket down to the floor and made straight for the bathroom only to be met with a reflection he barely recognised.

That was his face alright; his rough, unshaved, shocked looking face but growing from his forehead where two thin antennas made of brown chiton. They twitched and as they did so he realised he could almost sense and smell the air in his room moving.

Blood rushed in his ears; this couldn't be real, no, no no! That pheromone thing was for other people like Kevin, not him! When he woke up the antenna were just little stubs; now they were fully grown in less than an hour. His eyes still looked normal though, no blackness lid to lid like Kevin. That meant these mutations had an element of randomness to them; he had no way to prepare for what was coming next.

John tried to swallow down his panic, maybe there would be no next change; maybe this was it. He had no way of knowing. He had intended for the thought to be comforting but it was quite the opposite; the uncertainty was killing him.

In his manic state he took hold of one of the antennas and yanked it; perhaps intended to rip or break it off but it was like yanking on a finger. It hurt like hell but it was too firmly attached. There was no way they were coming off. Unless he grabbed some scissors but the idea made him queasy.

Feeling sick and exhausted as the panic inevitably faded as he ran out of adrenaline, John collapsed back into his computer chair. Switching the machine on more out of muscle memory and habit than actually wanting to do anything. Immediately his screen lit up with messages;

Kevin: *What the hell?*

Kevin: *I checked the mirror, I don't look super weird compared to yesterday so what gives?*

Kevin: *Okay my chest is a bit bigger but seriously? That was the line? You can stand me having ant eyes but not manboobs?*

Kevin: *John for fucks sake stop acting like a dramatic teenager!*

John winced as guilt began to swirl in his stomach; that had been a bit of a dick move running out like that. After their discussion yesterday it was no wonder that Kevin immediately thought his own appearance was to blame. After being made to feel shame for his own body for years by almost everybody John felt guilty for doing the same. Especially to his best friend and the man he loved so much.

John: *I'm so sorry. It wasn't you.*

He took a deep breath.

John: *It was me. I'm changing too.*

Typing those words was like pulling teeth but Kevin had been honest with him, the least he could do was be honest in return. Especially after running out like a complete coward. There was a long pause before Kevin wrote back.

Kevin: How?

John: The ants from mu's yard I think.

Kevin: No you dolt, how are you changing.

John actually blushed with embarrassment at the misunderstanding before taking a deep breath and carefully typing out descriptions of his darkening skin and the antenna.

Kevin: *Damn, that's intense, the antenna I mean. Can you feel them?*

John: *Yeah, and the air, it's a little weird actually. I can sort of smell and taste through them a tiny bit.*

Kevin: Gross.

John: Hey, come on!

Kevin: Sorry. Let's just promise to keep one another in the loop shall we?

John: Good idea, I'm going to look up other people being affected, maybe find out what we are in for.

Kevin: Good idea. Let me know what you find.

John: Will do.

It didn't take him long to type out a sick note for work; though he skipped over exactly what the nature of his sickness was. Just having Kevin know was hard enough and sooner or later his parents were bound to find out; he would put that off as long as he possibly could. Glad to at least not have to grit his teeth to get through work he began his research, goggling for more news articles. The first few titles were simple updates, showing men and women, who were affected in various ways. He saw a number with antennae and black eyes; enough to lull him into a false sense of security; perhaps that was the worst of it. Then he saw the line that changed everything.

'For whatever reason, men seem to be far more susceptible to the pheromones than women. To the point that almost 95% of those recorded showing symptoms are men. Strangest of all; many of these men are now starting to show feminine traits such as growing breasts and there have even been rumours of genital mutations.'

John's mind immediately flew back to thoughts of Kevin's chest; those distinctive curves. Perhaps his comparison to breasts wasn't so hyperbolic after all. He swallowed, ripping off his own shirt and studying his own flabby chest. Normally he avoided looking at it but now he was regretting it. Did his chest look bigger or was he just imagining it? The skin across there certainly looked a little tighter, or was that just his darkening skin tone? It was hard to tell.

Footsteps upstairs made him jump as the sound of heels on tile alerted him to the fact that his mother was home. He grabbed a beanie, ignoring the way it made his new appendages ache as he covered them. It was odd, he'd only had the antenna for a few hours and yet he felt as though all his senses were muffled with them covered. He didn't have a choice though; he had to go speak with his mother.

As a rule, for his own mental health, John had always avoided looking too closely at his weight and body. It never went down so what was the point? As a result, he had no idea if he was imagining things. But if there was one thing that had made living with his parents painful; aside from the obvious embarrassment of a man in his thirties living in his parents basement, it was his mothers habit of pointing out his weight.

He stepped into the kitsch to find her humming to herself as she made a cup of tea only to almost drop the kettle as she turned and saw him.

“John, you almost gave me a heart attack. Good to see you out in the light of your own volition for once.”

She screwed up her nose as she looked him up and down and her eyes narrowed in on his hat.

“It’s sweltering out, why on earth are you wearing that? And where is your shirt?”

“I like it and the shirt is...never mind.” He deflected quickly. “Say mom, I was wondering, have I...gained weight?”

For a second she just blinked at him, seemingly utterly put on the spot and bewildered by the question. He couldn’t blame her, usually it was him stopping this conversation, not starting it.

“Well...” She mused, “Your stomach is looking a little less fat but...it seems you’ve put it on at the shoulders and hips instead.”

It was like a stab to the gut; why couldn't he have one of those mothers who sugar coated everything? He looked down at himself and was surprised to see she was right, he could actually see his toes, rather than then being blocked off by his stomach. Yet he felt just as big because of his ballooning ass and chest. John swallowed; he really hoped that wasn't what he suspected.

“Well, thanks mom.” He ducked around the corner and descended once more.

He heard an exasperated sigh from his mother as he left, she was muttering something under her breath but he couldn't quite make it out. Not that he wanted to; there was no doubt whatever it was wasn't flattering to him.

For the second time in as many days John rushed for his mirror, kicking off his pants as he went. He had to stand awkwardly, half way in the shower in order for the chest high mirror to show him his entire body but he did it.

And he didn't know how to feel about what he saw.

His skin was now a rich tanned colour which on a swimsuit ready body would probably look good but he was still sweaty from this morning which made him look almost shiny. His stomach was indeed smaller but his mantits were as big as ever and so was his ass, giving him an almost exaggerated, plus size hourglass figure.

He looked...girly.

John watched as his chest began to rise and fall rapidly as panic took hold.

“Calm down,” He told himself, “Just because some guys are growing tits and stuff doesn't mean you will.”

His antenna flicked nervously, almost like a dog's tail. He turned, twisting his head over his shoulder so he could see his ass in the reflection. It was big. Bigger than he thought it had been and the shape was all wrong. It was smooth and bouncy, with the cheeks taking on a dark red tint as he blushed. It was almost peachy, were it not for his giant thunder thighs. But even they seemed to be slimming, taking on more of that feminine figure.

“No, no no!” He hissed, rushing back to his computer without even bothering to pick up his clothes.

He rushed back to the article, desperately looking for a line or detail about how the changes were temporary or ultra rare. Anything he could grab to give him a single strand of hope. There was nothing. He was just about to turn off the computer and spend the rest of the day wallowing in self pity in bed when the news site he was on updated. A new article filled up the first half of the screen with huge red letters.

ANT PHEROMONE MUTATIONS: THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS

He knew it was stupid, there was no way the article would have anything good in it; at least not anything that would make him feel better but he clicked on it anyway. His sense of dread began to build as he saw the note written just below the title.

The following article contains videos and images that may be disturbing to some viewers, discretion is advised.

John swallowed and began to read.

Breaking news from Chicago this morning as it seems one of the victims of what Scientists are calling the Ant Pheromone Condition (APC) had rapidly developed a new and astonishing trait. Mark Sanches (42) was one of the many in the surrounding area who began exhibiting insect like traits a few weeks ago. Now however it seems he is not just a victim of the pheromones but a producer of them. Many of the affected within a four mile radius have found themselves drawn to Mark in a way they cannot explain.

"I can't help myself." Said one young man, "His smell, I just...need to be around him."

"He is my queen." Said another, though it appears they were drunk or otherwise compromised while speaking.

It is theorised by many of the scientists visiting Mark that he has taken on a slightly different strain to those around him which marks him as the 'Queen'. The title, which seems hyperbolic at first until you witness his latest ability. Laying eggs.

John felt his vision go wobbling at that. Eggs? His mind was temporarily flung backwards into his young days at kindergarten when they learned about ants and bees. How the hive was ruled over by a queen who had all the babies. Was this Mark now doing the same?

Almost as if he were in a trance, John found himself skimming over the article until he reached the video player Yet another warning was splashed against it but he couldn't help himself; his stomach churned and a strange heat was spreading through his body. His antenna twitched in anticipation. He had to watch this video, the curiosity was too much. The little circle spun for a moment before the video loaded and John felt his jaw drop.

The figure on screen looked far closer to a woman than a man but even so it was hard to tell because his eyes were continually drawn to the large ant-like abdomen that was protruding from and melded with Mark's ass. It was joined to the rest of his body right where his ass hole should have been; basically extending him for an extra three or four metres. It was huge and coated in a shiny, oddly beautiful chiton. An almost pornographic moan met his ears and John fumbled to put his headphones in to keep his parents from hearing it. Mark moaned again, leaning forwards against another black eyed ant woman, clenching her shoulders as he groaned. He watched as the other woman's eyes sparkled, she was breathing deeply and John felt himself doing the same thing in solitude; imagining what the room must smell like while this was taking place.

Mark groaned, his legs tensing as they widened and his abdomen pulsed. John felt that odd warmth begin to build in his lower stomach and to his shame, he realised it was arousal. He was getting turned on watching this ant woman moan and push as her abdomen continues to quiver before the camera turned to see it's end. Mark moaned once more, grunting with exertion as something white and hard appeared at the end of his abdomen; the puckered entrance opening as a long, white egg appeared. With a cry his whole form quivered and the egg slipped out into the waiting arms of yet another affected ant man. This one is similar to Kevin; still a man, yet obviously taking on more feminine features.

John was hard and despite the humiliation he felt his hand move to grasp at his cock. This was so wrong; he didn't want to find this sexy but it just was. Already Mark's ant ass was quivering as the entrance opened once more as another egg started to push out. It did not help that it sounded like Mark was in ecstasy. As the camera moved slightly John caught sight of his face; flushed with pleasure as he continued to bare down and push more and more eggs out at a rapid pace.

John couldn't look away; nor could he stop touching himself no matter how hard he tried. It had been a long time since he'd been this horny and he didn't have the self control left to contain his urges.

"Oh f-fuuuuck, this is a big one." Mark groaned on the video, "Hnnnnng! Ah! Ahhhhhh!"

John's grip increased, he could feel his balls tightening as Mark continued to groan on the video. The egg appeared, puckered entrance slowly pushing back but unlike the others who fell out quickly this one seemed almost stuck. Each time the lips parted more and more; the egg was twice the size of the others and John was entranced.

What would it feel like to push something so big and hard out of his own body? Judging by the look of sheer pleasure on Mark's face it felt wonderful. He was met with jealousy, John wanted that. He wanted to feel that ecstasy so badly. The intensity of his desire surprised even him but not enough to stop his touches. He was right on the edge, just like Mark. The egg was almost out now, he just needed one last hard push.

"H-here it comes-! Oh goood, aaaaaagh!!"

The egg finally pushed out and Mark collapsed forward against his helper. The sight pushed John over the edge and he was cumming; harder than he had in years, maybe ever. He was forced to bite down on his knuckles to keep from wailing as the pleasure washed over him and his cock continued to pump hot seed onto his bare thighs. The video ended and he collapsed back in his office chair panting with exertion as the post orgasm haze descended

upon him. For a few moments, there was bliss, nothing but the residual pleasure and perfect relaxation.

The shame slammed into him like a concrete slab. The cum on his legs began to turn cold and thick and his whole body tinged red as the humiliation rose. What the hell was wrong with him? Getting off watching some mutant lay eggs? He'd always know there were weird fetishes in the world and had maintained a no judgement philosophy but that went out the window. He felt so ashamed and knowing one of his parents could have walked in and found their grown ass son fiddling with himself to that video was beyond mortifying.

The very worst part though, was that already there was a temptation in the back of his mind to do it again. He really wanted to see Mark's face and watch those eggs slip out of him. He wanted it so bad it almost hurt; the ache forming between his legs and making his cock twitch.

He wondered if Kevin had seen the video. What would he think of it if he watched it? Perhaps it was the haze that came after a good orgasm making his brain fuzzy but John found himself sending the URL to him. Just for the article of course, if Kevin watched the video that was on him. His mind conjured images of Kevin at his computer furiously masturbating the video the same way he had and John slammed his finger down on his computer's power button. This was wrong, he had to stop.

Even though it wasn't yet lunchtime the morning had been so exhausting John found himself falling into bed. He just wanted today to be over.

~

John dreamed; he was in a deep tunnel underground, roots and sticks poked at him as he scrambled along trying to find his way out. No matter which way he went he seemed to end up going further and further beneath the earth's surface, rather than up into the sunlight like he wanted. The tunnels became narrow, forcing him to crawl on his hands and knees. His sides began to ache as sharp sticks poked and prodded at him. Up ahead was a small hole, an escape he was sure of but as he wiggled his way through it John found himself stuck, the hole digging into his sides until the pain grew and he found himself snapping awake.

He was breathing heavily; the room was totally dark. He went to sleep so early it was probably the middle of the night. The pain around his midsection faded as the memory fog was blinked away. What an odd dream. With a groan he pressed his palms into his eyes. Fingertips brushing against the base of his antenna.

He reached over for this phone to check the time and froze. He was reaching for his phone, he could feel the cool plastic against his fingertips...but both of his palms were still pressed against his eyes. Slowly, with icy dread building in his stomach, John moved his

hands away from his eyes and let them adjust to the darkness before reaching over to flick the lightswitch.

His skin was darker, the beginnings of what had to be chiton forming across the increasingly smooth plain of his stomach. On any other day, this would have been the detail he focused on. As it was, the chiton was barely registered; he had much bigger issues to deal with.

He had four arms. Two sprouting from his shoulders where they had always been and now a second pair growing from his sides just below his chest. His jaw dropped, his heart began beating furiously in his chest and pure panic flooded his system. Trembling, he held out the two new arms; thin, almost dainty, with pretty half moon fingernails. A woman's hands. His hands.

He cried out in pure shock and confusion; there was no hiding it now. He couldn't stuff these new limbs under a hat like he had the antenna. He was becoming an ant woman and there was nothing he could do to stop it.