

## **Camp Queenlay - New Horizon (Insect Queen TFTG Preg)**

### **By FoxFaceStories**

*John Mackford is an ordinary young man who loves playing videogames and reading. The day of his birthday his parents sent him unexpectedly to Camp Queenlay in the middle of nowhere, where it is hoped he will be prepared for a more 'productive future.' But even as John makes some new friends, they each begin to realise that there is a deeper conspiracy in the camp: the head Administrator who is always heard but never seen, the strange cans of nourishment they are made to drink, and, of course, the strange bloating changes slowly occurring to their bodies . . .*

### **Epilogue Description:**

*John finally becomes a ruling alien broodqueen in his own right.*

## **Camp Queenlay - New Horizons**

*'The Queen is dead! Long live the Queen!'*

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. It had finally happened. It had taken several hundred years, during which all of us had changed so much, but I was finally queen of the hive, of my alien species. The signs had all been there: the Queen's egg laying had slowed, and my own - already insanely prodigious - had sped up. I was permanently laying now, with literally no breaks, none, and my body had swollen to even great proportions even as the Hive Queen's body - my alien mother's body - had shrunken and wasted. In her last few weeks she was pushing out less than twenty eggs a day. A lot for a human woman, certainly, but far less than the literal hundreds she used to. I was the one pushing out hundreds now, squeezing them from my pregnant belly to my fat, mansion-sized ovipositor, which then pushed them forth each day, laying in enormous clutches for the insectoid hive drones to sort. And yet still, I could barely believe she had breathed her last.

We had all known it was coming. We all were prepared, and knew our roles once she had passed. It was literally what I had been bred into existence to do: to replace her as the Hive Queen. Me, Kalea, once just humble John, a tubby young human male who never could have imagined that he was in fact a secret princess heir to an alien race that would go on to conquer humanity. And in so many ways, even after hundreds of years, I suppose I was still John at heart. Still sympathising with my 'former' people, still saddened that my true alien race had conquered their world, and still unbelieving that I was an endlessly birthing princess-turned-queen, now the literal leader of this planet.

*'The Queen is dead! Long live the Queen!'*

I blinked my eyes - my *four* great eyes. My dark blue antennae picked up the psychic 'words' being conveyed by Baruva, the drone-controller who had once, hundreds of years ago, been the traitor of our group. The one who I thought had been my friend, and turned out to have worked out what was happening to us earlier than anyone, and willingly gave us over to our fates. She controlled the drones, linked their psychic network together with the Queen's aid, and was utterly loyal to the hive.

Poor Etania, formerly Ethan and now the gestator-imbiber of the hive, had never stopped wanting to tear Baruva limb from limb, starting with her large antennae. Poor Etania was literally inseminated with already-birthing eggs in order to grow them further towards certain hive specialisations. This was achieved by having numerous vagina-like openings across her body, including in her mouth and ass, which were lubricated by drones performing sex upon her. In this way, she also relieved the psychic tensions of the hive. Even after three hundred years, she wasn't a fan of her role. That was particularly the case given how much bigger she had grown, and the size of some of the eggs she was forced to birth, sometimes over a series of literally *days* or even *weeks*.

Not that Mironia, formerly the green-haired punk rebel Mia, had life too much better. Like me, she was often birthing, though not nearly in such great quantities. But the formerly flat-chested woman continued to sprout new large breasts each passing year. Her enormous body could now feed over five hundred and fifty hive hatchlings, and the enormous udders on her chest fed the princesses I birthed, as well as the special drones and hive members that Etania rebirthed. To say she was a busy wetnurse was putting it lightly, though despite her endless fullness, at least she was pleased by the constant milking.

That had been our state for hundreds of years, and now, to my astonishment, the miracle we had all waited for had come. After growing in size for so long, after laying literally *millions* of eggs across hundreds of years, after seeing and learning from my Queen Mother as she ruled over humanity, aided by Baruva in keeping them contained, healthy, flourishing, and yet subjugated, now it was my turn to take the reins.

And for hundreds of years, I had utterly relished what I was going to say as my first official order as the Hive Queen of Earth, ruler of the world, birther of millions, and broodmother of my race.

*'Baruva,'* I said mentally.

*'Yes, my Queen Mother,'* she answered, a slight hesitation in her voice. A slight nervousness. She knew as well as I did that I had not forgotten her betrayal. Perhaps she had been hoping my mind would change after so long. Tough luck, *Eli*.

*'You're fired.'*

*'Queen Mother, there is no need for such haste. As the drone-controller, my usefulness in this power transition is beyond nec-'*

*'Oh, I know that, you snake.'* I said. I paused as my massive ovipositor squeezed. I shifted my body using my psionic power, placing the tip of my egg-layer over a newly excavated clutch ground, and proceeded to grunt as I birthed seventeen more eggs into the world. I continued to speak anyway, more than used to such interruptions. I was gravid beyond belief, and would never cease being so. *'You are fired anyway, Baruva. How can I as a Queen of the hive trust you when you betrayed me as a princess?'*

*'I am a princess also, my Queen, albeit a lesser one. And my betrayal was not a betrayal, simply a return to the duties of the hive itself! The duties to which I am bound!'*

Somehow, she still managed to sound smug even in subservience.

*'The worst part, Baruva - Eli - is that I actually believe you. You'd do anything for this Hive. For our species. Which is exactly why you've got the hive equivalent of two week's notice - you do remember that concept, don't you, back when you were human? You know what, this conversation is shit. Come and stand before me. I want to talk face to face.'*

There was a long pause, but I knew that Baruva would follow my orders, even if she detested what I was doing. One big fun fact about the drone-controller that I learned: more than any other role in the hive, it was instinctively duty-bound to follow the will of the queen once ordered. They were that integral, afterall. It almost made me forgive that big-brained psychic Judas bug, until I learned that her betrayal was all her own idea.

The enormous, town-sized cavern in which my titanic, ever-pregnant body resided opened in the upper layer. Over four thousand feet above, Baruva descended, her grey form utterly distinct among even the stranger members of the hive. *My* hive.

In the centuries since we had been irreversibly changed into members of the alien brood species, we had all changed. To put it bluntly, my already overweight self had put on weight. A lot of weight. And most of it straight to my ass. Ethan/Etania had grown larger, plump with inserted eggs, and gained more orifices until she was literally a living orgy port. Poor Mia was birthing more, and covered in lactating breasts to feed her young, my young, everyone's young. Baruva, like the rest of us, had experienced her own specific changes, and most of them had gone to her head. There was a metaphor there. It was an enormous bus-sized thing, teeming with intelligence, networking literally *billions* of drones across the planet, keeping the streets clean, the laws in order, the courts managed, the technology functioning, and so on. The rest of her had grown too - she was an egg layer after all, even if she laid a mere dozen or so eggs a day at best - but nothing quite in proportion to that mammoth head. It was only her incredibly psionic power that could possibly keep it raised up.

She landed lightly, almost elegantly, and that was also her way. Even in deep service to me, she could be such a damn bitch. Naturally, I loomed over her. I gritted my teeth and pushed, my enormous egg sac trembling as I shifted it and birthed two dozen more eggs.

“Nngghh! Ohhhhh! Ahhhh!!”

It didn't help that my inseminator was gushing semen into my womb within me. These instances of self-fucking happened at least twenty times a day now, sometimes thirty. I was a self-impregnating machine, but at least I'd gotten used to it, and even come to love it. The orgasms were legendary.

“Ohhhhh! O-one moment! Ahhhh!!”

*‘We could communicate psionically, my Queen-’*

“N-no! I said one m-moment! MMhhpph!!”

I pushed out the last of those eggs, even as my belly bloated up with new ones. Several hatchlings squirmed up to suckle from my tits, and I let them. It was mostly Mirona's job to do that, but I still needed to expend my milk. Besides, these babies were special. I'd been keeping them around longer than usual just for this moment.

They were both grey, and had rather large heads. I needed to thank Etania in person for growing them - they had taken literally two weeks each to birth, an act which she no doubt enjoyed and hated at the same time.

I finally finished birthing, and pulled myself up to my full, plump broodmother height. It was an obvious power move, but as the new Queen, my drones already recognising me as such as they sorted my eggs with ginger care, I felt I had the right.

“Like I was s-saying,” I said, pushing out one last egg, coming down from one last orgasm, “I'm firing you Baruva. But you'll get your two weeks' notice in hive time, as I see it.”

*‘You can't expect me to train up-’*

“Speak, please. Your Queen demands it.”

Baruva sighed audibly. When she spoke, her voice was high and intelligent, but slurred slightly, since she was not used to speaking out loud.

“Very well. My Queen, you cannot expect-”

“But I can. You *will* train my new twin drone-controllers, Baruva. Myself and Etania grew them especially for this occasion. Yes, we managed to slip that by you. And now that I am Queen I know you cannot refuse this order. You have a mere twenty years to get these two up to speed on administration and service, but at least their workload will be - ahhh, s-sorry. Birthing.”

We paused for a moment. Baruva joined me, grunting a little as she too birthed, though just a few eggs. Lucky. I finished up, and so did she. I could tell her body was self-impregnating from the brief smile on her features, but she hid it well. At least I had better orgasms. Ha.

“Twenty years?” Baruva asked.

“Twenty. No more, and no less.”

“But - but what am I to do after?”

“I am not completely - ahhh, another lot - not without f-feeling, Baruva. You at least held this world together with our ‘dear Mom’, and you were never ruthless. I expect you to teach these twins the same. They are my babies, my princess, and unlike ‘Mom’ I will raise them as my actual human parents did for me. But you will be their teacher, and once you are finished, I will allow you to live out your days as a member of the hive, but *not* a drone-controller any longer.”

Baruva gave me a look like I had just handed her a fate worse than death. She swallowed, seeming to send signals everywhere with her mind, as if already preparing this transition in her vast mind.

“As your will demands, my Queen. But I must ask, even if you remain stuck fast to this plan, what are you going to do now that you lead the hive? Everything we have built is now yours, you surely cannot wish to throw it away, old friend?”

“We were never friends. You saw to that. But I’ll tell you what I plan to do first, Baruva. Something absolutely radical.”

There was a brief glint in her dark eyes, and that amused me more than anything.

“What do you wish to do?”

I smirked, even as my hatchlings fed from my overfull breasts and my belly plumped up further with nascent eggs for my hive.

“I’m going to enjoy a Hawaii beach holiday,” I said, grinning.

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“Ohhhhh, this is *diviiiiine*,” Mirona moaned. “By the Hive, Kalea, this is the most wonderful I’ve felt in *literally* three hundred years.”

“The girl with the big boobs is right, Kalea. This is f-fucking rad. Ohhh!”

I couldn’t help but grin at my friends as we each lounged upon a wonderful beach in Hawaii. The entire area had been cordoned off for us, though many humans - our own former kind - tried to watch from a distance. I didn’t care: Baruva had thousands and thousands of drones seeing to our security, and I knew it was giving her migraines keeping it all going. Stress migraines, of course. She *had* to ensure our safety.

“Guys, you have no idea how much I wanted this to happen,” I said. “I never forgot our promise to come here, and to travel the world together. Even if the transport is not all that fun.”

I was referring, of course, to the numerous drones that used their psionic energy to carry us across oceans upon great semi-organic barges. It had made Etania a little airsick, particularly since she was still getting fucked by her drones in mid-air. Mirona was too busy nursing several hundred young to really notice the travel at all, apparently.

“Well, it’s fucking h-heaven!” Mirona declared. “I don’t care if I can’t even wear a bikini - not that I ever was the fucking type to wear one when I was human anyway - just feeling the sand under my ovipositor, against my feet, and the sea breeze against my body . . . it’s magnificent.”

“You sound almost - ahhhhh! Oh G-God! - almost poetic, Mirona!” Etania declared. She was busy pushing several specialised eggs out from her distended nipples, which required no small effort. At the same time, seven drones were fucking her orifices, cumming inside her in order to loosen her various vulvas for the insertion and ejection of more eggs. The former male prankster was more than used to it, moaning in pleasure and discomfort as she teased Mirona, who simply said: “Oh, shut up, Ethan!”

She’d never stopped called him that.

“You shut up! I’m getting sand in my holes!”

“Yeah, well I’ve got hatchlings rubbing sand all over my milky tits - and I’ve got over f-five hundred of them n-nooowww! Ohhhh!!”

She spurt more milk from several spare udders, moaning in discomfort until several drones pulled away from Etania to suckle at her, then fix more hatchlings to her. In a few minutes, I’d probably drink from her too, as would Etania: she still tasted of that wonderful *Imbibe*, and it helped me produce even more eggs. Plus, as much as she still denied it after all these centuries, we all knew she loved us drinking from her, especially now that I was a queen. Still, it was a joy to hear my friends bicker in their silly ways after all this time. It wasn’t as hostile as it perhaps sounded to outsiders: we’d all enjoyed one another’s caresses by this time, tasted from Mirona, and helped pleasure Etania when she was needy. And God knows the pair of them had helped me birth clutches several times, their own ministrations becoming quite . . . stimulating. You live several hundred years and sexual mores like that stop mattering to you.

“I still can’t believe you fired Eli,” Etania said after she had a rest from birthing one of her larger eggs. A drone extracted it and carried it away, leaving the poor gestator-imbiber breathing heavily.

“Baruva,” Mirona said. “That was her name, remember. It was who she chose to be, even if she was a bitch.”

“Eh, I’ll s-stick with Eli. Traitorous ass. Leaving me to get fucked by insect cocks all day!”

“Ha! You love it!”

“Of course I do!” he exclaimed, before moaning in double-orgasm as two drones jizzed deep into her, then used that lubricant to help shove two more eggs inside her. “What do you expect of m-m-me, to n-not climax when I can? I’ve got the worst position of all of nng! All of you! I’ll t-take the pleasure when it comes, thank you very much!”

“She’s got a point, Mirona!” I added, chuckling. I laid down a little more on the sand, admiring the gorgeous palm trees and soaking in the sun on my blue skin. Mirona was doing the same, her pink skin making her look sunburnt despite the fact that she literally couldn’t be.

“Yeah, okay, I’ll grant that,” she replied. She shifted to her side after clearing a number of hatchlings to other spots with her arms. “Ohhhhh, I know a bit about t-taking the pleasure where it c-c-comes! Do you g-girls mind drinking from me? My underside t-t-tits are filling up way t-t-too fast! Ohhhhh!!!”

We did exactly as she asked, drinking deeply and loving it. Several times she moaned allowed, thanking me as her “Queen,” something which seemed a little weird, but I should probably get used to. Etania said the same when we both slipped fingers into her many vulvas, stimulating her pleasure zones.

“Q-Queeeen, oh, my f-fucking Queen! God, you’re amazing Kalea! Fuck me if you a-aren’t amazing.”

“We are fucking you, you dolt,” Mirona said, giggling. “Ohhhh - keep suckling! I’m n-nearly empty there. F-for now.”

We finished her up, feeding from her ‘normal’ triple sets of breasts at her front, which were always brimming with her sweet milk. I almost thought of it as my Queenly privilege to drink from there, particularly since I recalled finding Mia attractive from the very start. But before I could thank her she looked at something over my shoulder and burst out laughing.

“No fucking way!”

“Way,” Etania said, gesturing to a drone she must have asked to perform a special duty - we all had localised control that way, though mine and Baruva’s was more expansive. The drone was carrying forth several enormous - really fucking enormous - red bikini tops, clearly intended for Mirona.

“No shitting way,” she repeated. “You are still a - ahhh - trickster.”

“Had to get your front ones empty before I could get away with it, but happy new Queendom to you Kalea, let’s celebrate by finally - after three hundred years - seeing Mia/Mirona in a sexy bikini. No guesses as to her size, though.”

The drone and several others set about fixing four bras to her front, each one barely managing to hold her staggering tits. She giggled the whole time, clearly no longer ashamed of indulging in a little girliness - she was a pink-coloured bug-girl, after all. When they were done, she was wearing the closest thing to a bikini that she’d ever manage. Etania whistled

between moments of being thrust into by a line of drones. Just for fun, I joined in as well. She really did look pretty sexy, at least to my human eyes.

“Well, goddamnit it, this is amazing!” she said, even as her other bare breasts fed her grubs. “I’ve finally got my beach body ready.”

“And you look fucking hot!” Etania said. “A total milky MILF.”

She was quickly cut off by a drone approaching his mouth, its member big, throbbing, and very much erect.

“Oh fuck, if this isn’t k-karma. I finally g-get Mirona in a bikini and now I have to give a drone a blowjob then swallow a damn egg! At least the location is - MMHPHMPHH!!”

She began taking the insect’s cock, and moaning as she enjoyed it. She eyed us both with an expression that practically dared us to question her enjoyment of it.

*‘While I’m stuck like this,’ she managed to communicate between the motions, ‘Why don’t you tell us your plans as Queen, Kalea.’*

“Yeah,” Mirona said, admiring her bikini. “Give us the details. Can’t exactly turn back the clock on global domination, so what do you plan to do about this?”

I paused for a moment just to expel some extra eggs, and also to impregnate myself again. After doing so, I took a deep few breaths, and spoke.

“You’re right, I can’t wind back the clock. But I can hand back more power to the people. I can work to keep humanity educated and peaceful, while also letting them occupy positions of importance, and to make decisions about their society - including if they want to leave ours. It’s not - ahhh, sorry, m-more eggs, ohhh! - it’s not like we can just leave, and our societies are pretty integrated at this point, but we don’t have to rule them. At least, not so overtly.”

I chuckled as Etania gave me the thumbs up as she swallowed an egg. When she was done, she gasped.

“Ahh, I always hate taking an egg down the throat. Great s-start though, Kay! What else?”

“Well, I figure we can tour the earth, introduce ourselves. Let them kn-know our story.”

“The whole story?” Mirona asked.

“We can leave b-bits out.”

“Good.”

“But we can show how and why we’re different, and that w-while we’re stuck in our roles, we won’t b-be defined by them, right?”

My two friends nodded. I could tell they both agreed with that sentiment.

“Fuck yeah,” Etania said, “that’s my man. Woman of three hundred years, of course, but still my man.”



“I’ll back you, my Queen,” Mirona said. “Even if it means siding with that wonderful idiot.”

“I love you guys,” I said, and I truly meant it. My reign was just beginning, but I couldn’t ask for better advisors, or a brighter future, in some respects. Sure, I would be pregnant for potentially thousands of years, constantly heavy and gravid and pushing eggs out of my rear, and Etania would be taking and expelling cocks and eggs, and Mirona nursing hundreds of hatchlings a day, but we had finally reached a new horizon, and I couldn’t wait to explore it with my friends.

“We’ve come a long way since Camp Queenlay,” Mirona said.

“That we have, friends, that we have,” I said. “Now let’s enjoy some sun, some beach, and even make the drones play some beach ball for us. Because after that, we can work on making this world a better hive.”

Mirona smiled, even as several new hatchlings latched on to her many milk-filled nipples. “G-good! Because G-God knows it’s going to b-be a bigger one with y-you in charge, Kalea!”

Her comment made me beam with pride. But then the urge to push came over me once more, as it constantly did now that I was Queen, and I readied my body to deliver yet more of its eggs. Some, I knew, would be headed straight for Etania, much to her combined annoyance and pleasure. We’d make it work, though. We all would. We were the leaders of a new hive, with me at its head, and a new horizon beckoned.

**The End**