

The Queen let out something akin to a sigh, mostly a contented one. It wasn't exactly that, for a bee it was more of a mixture of buzzing and twitching one's antennae while producing a particular smell. Usually there would be a little dance too but her abdomen was *far* too heavy and the queen couldn't move that much. Really, there wasn't much she *could* do except eat, assuming someone brought food right up to her.. and they had. They always did. The drone doing so today could've been any of her people, there was *always* one doing so, but that didn't mean she wasn't appreciative.

..Of course, the Queen still thought about the time before.. She hadn't *always* been more of a fixture of the hive itself than an individual (as much as any bee could be an individual), there'd been a time when she was still ambulatory, at the very least.

Some part of her missed it. As she sucked down nectar – raw sweetness – pure fuel. The Queen had given herself as much of a jiggle as she could but it didn't really amount to much. Just a half-hearted quiver of her colossal body. One that served no purpose but to remind her of just how thoroughly trapped by her own body she was.

But that was alright – the hive didn't need her to move, it needed her to eat.. first and foremost. That gave her the strength for *other things*.

Not that she did much without her hive. The Queen rumbled and hummed loudly as she let herself be stuffed to the gills with more nectar, like she always did. Day in, day out. Just *growing*.. half of her purpose was this. Adding additional deep, gelatinous rolls to her body. One of her other drones was taking care of the only other crucial part of this process – it was dug in under her belly and kneading at it. The massage required an entire drone, one of the stronger ones too, to manage. Getting in under all that heaving, vibrating blubber to find the sweet spot where it could help her digest the hive's bounty.

It was a blissful thing.. even if it was a prison of sorts. The Queen shuffled her bulk a little again, or tried to, just because. She flexed her fat, useless limbs and fluttered her wings and still the drone dutifully kneading at her over-full stomach was moving more of her flesh than she was. The Queen touched at his antennae to let him know just how much she appreciated that, the pleasant tingle of it and the nostalgia it brought about. She wanted the little one to know it reminded her of when she would buzz and dance before she'd had to become a Queen.

Feeling its pleasure at serving was just one of the perks of being Queen, on top of being fed so generously and showered with as much adoration as she was. Her hive were so very good to her.

They knew what she needed – and vice versa. The Queen felt the other two drones approaching before she saw them, felt their vibrations and the smell of their loyal, diligent purpose.. which was related of course to her own. Feeding was *half* of her task.

The other half? Breeding, of course. But that, like any other kind of activity, required the help of her loyal drones. One of the two had a job not unlike the drone tending to her belly, getting underneath and handling her weight for her. This time around though it wasn't a question of massages and relief of an overfull stomach – it was helping their partner. The Queen flexed and fluttered in anticipation as her body rumbled.. As she waited for the fourth drone to mount her.

It was the fourth drone the Queen felt the most for. While its brother was hefting up her thick, gelatinous bulk to expose her underside that one was backing his way in awkwardly to perform the most crucial of tasks. Breeding the Queen.

He wouldn't survive the night. The Queen would never even see him, enormous as she was. It didn't matter, she *felt* him. It took him quite a while to shuffle into place but once he had the Queen felt him enter.. A smooth, thick intrusion – a blossom of pleasure and delight that flooded out from her and into her subjects. They got to wallow in her pleasure, and there was *a lot* of it.

Pried open as she was, being sloshed and rocked side to side and lifted, the Queen produced something an awful lot like a moan as she continued her feast. It was going to take a lot out of her to complete this later, to properly honor that fourth drone's sacrifice. She was going to need *a lot* of fuel in her to lay all those eggs.

A loud squelch inside her left the Queen shivering. Either it was the intensely full swell of her belly from being fed or it was the steady pouring of spunk coming from being fertilized. She couldn't tell, maybe it was both, but either way it was *divine* to experience. She reached out, grasping for *more* food, and finding her people all too eager to provide.

All it took was that first few moments of being joined to send the drone breeding her, fertilizing her, into a frenzy. That was how this *always* went. He dug into the hive floor with all his legs and pushed back as deep as their bodies would let him, burying himself in her fluffy blubber and pushing against her weight with frenzied vigor. The Queen sloshed and jiggled like some beached, striped hill on the landscape but she did so with a delighted, contented glow emanating from her body. Feeling the drone start to seed her just made the moment better, it drove that warm haze she was sinking into to a new intensity. Even the other drones felt it.

All that creaking, wobbling flesh. Her body hard wired to surrender to both of these pleasures. As Queen, she was destined (doomed?) to grow for the rest of her life anyway, so why would she do anything but enjoy it?

Growing she was, too. Still, even. As she lay there, slurping down nectar, the Queen felt the drone lifting enough of her out of the way to make way for mating and every time this happened there was a bit more of her to contend with. Soon it would take more than one, but not yet. Not *quite* yet. Not that they weren't working on it. The Queen was guzzling down nectar as fast as the drone could get it to her and that.. That was making them *both* happy. Some part of her suspected it was the same drone delivering her this meal as often as possible and that it just wanted to see her get as big as she possibly could.

The first *major* climax hit the drone buried in her, the one that would start that servant of hers on spending himself utterly in this task. It drove him straight into the deepest of frenzies and that spread to the others.. A wash of maddened pleasure that boiled through all four of them.. but the Queen and her suitor had the best of it. Her pleasure was her own.. but so was his. Every nerve in her body singing all at once while she was rocked back and forth by the wild bucking of her mate and the gentle ministrations of the drone at her belly.

Being filled like this, from both ends, was a deep well of bliss to exist in. The Queen kept stuffing her face as fast as her drone could manage while she felt her suitor slowing down behind her, as they always did. He was growing tired.. spending everything of himself to ensure she was fertilized for the next brood to come. But then, he wouldn't be the last..

He wouldn't even be the last tonight. The Queen kept gorging herself because that, of everything here, was the *only* thing she could control.. but behind her she felt the assistant drone who held her belly aloft working to help her suitor crawl his way out from under her mammoth bulk. He'd left his seed behind, the next generation would be partly his doing, that was the most precious gift he could give the hive.

But now that he had..? It was time for the next suitor. The Queen didn't lose a single step of her gorging while they changed out behind her, she just buzzed for some harder rubbing at her belly to handle the increasingly tight, stuffed girth of her middle while they changed out her attendees and the next set approached.

She had wondered *how* long it would be before it took two guards to move her.

Buzzing quietly, the Queen let out a contented hum as she felt the little prickly limbs of her guard digging into her belly and gently lifting. The act caused the whole of her gelatinous bulk to shift forward, rolls backing onto one another until she felt them bunch up around her neck and chins while she slurped at her feast.

Feeling herself be moved around like this, her cumbersome bulk lifted out of the way so she could be *bred* again, was something the Queen always found herself thoughtful about. Being beached like this, being little more than an egg factory to be fueled by pleasure and sweets, left one an awful lot of time for introspection. She *did* enjoy it. Getting fatter and heavier, being seeded like this, with strong drones fighting against the sheer girth they had saddled her with.

In some ways she had the least freedom of anyone in the entire Hive, but as she felt herself entered again and that newest suitor started to furiously hump his way through under her flabby mass and get his dick where it needed to be the Queen couldn't find it in herself to hate it.

If anything, she felt a surge of delight. Helpless, wobbling, pleasure-addled delight. She buzzed happily as each shake of her massive frame started to set off fresh bursts of pleasure and drove her drones into fits of bliss of their own. Their work was seen, their Queen was pleased. The room turned into a squelching orgy of ragged delights and gluttony and the entire Hive knew it.. and wanted to see it continue. To grow more intense.

Grow it would, too. The Queen felt her insides stirring as fresh seed started to seep in and knew she'd be laying in no time, for *days* on end. Dozens, maybe hundreds of new drones for the Hive. All of whom would, in time, take part in doing this again. The cycle came with a sense of contentment that paired nicely with the sweaty, slapping bursts of bliss flooding into the Queen's body and painting the room in vibrations and scents.

They were a family, sharing everything including the wild and untamed pleasure the Queen was wallowing in right now. And they were about to be a *much bigger* family. And not just because the Queen was going to be quite a bit fatter by the time they next brood hatched either.