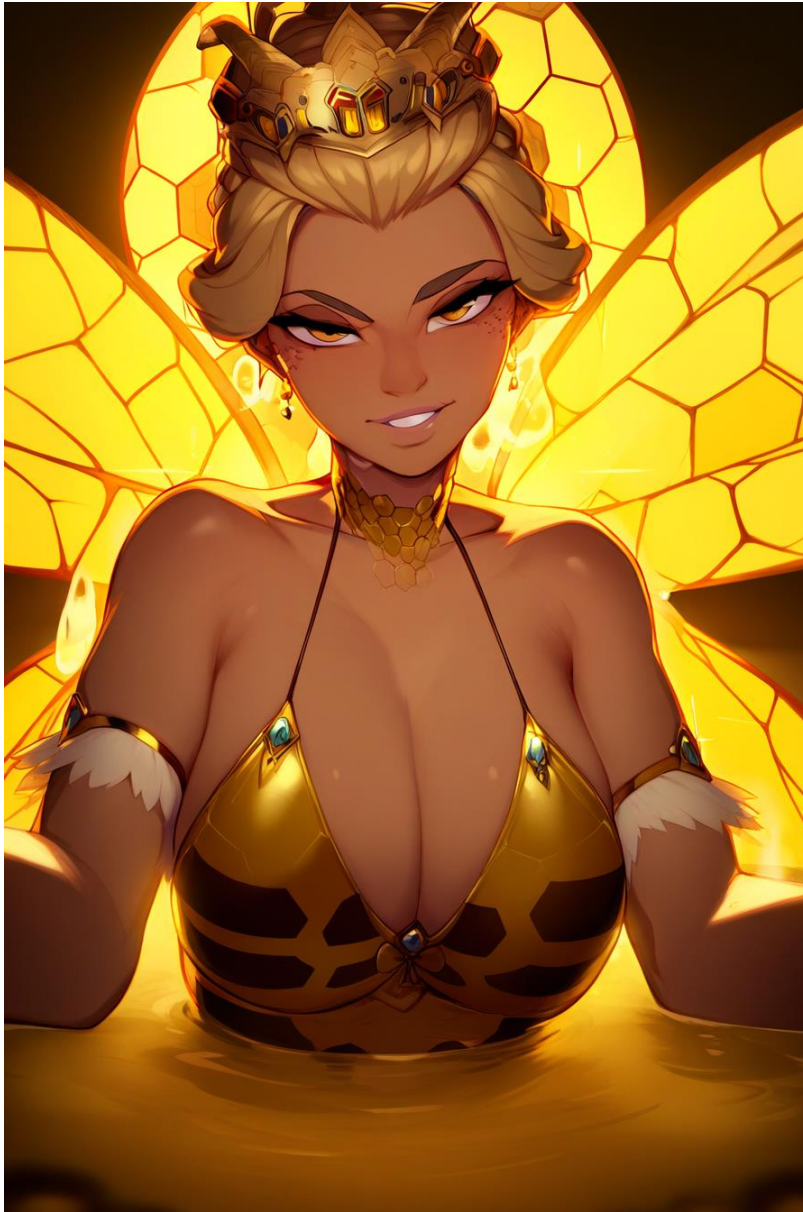




The bomb on Ludwig's back was giving him a lot of trouble, but he didn't dare take it off. It was his only hope of taking down the beembo hive.

His breath rattled in his mask, making it stick to his chin. He shook his head, trying to loosen it. Oh, to take it off for even a moment. But he didn't dare. For though the air outside was surely sweet, that was the trouble. The pheromones which soaked the golden corridors of the beembo hive would be his doom. He could almost smell it even through the acridness of the repellant he'd soaked his mask in. He had to hurry.

Adjusting the heavy barrel on his back once more, Ludwig crept further down the honeycomb tunnel. He'd yet to meet any guards, but that wasn't surprising. Beembos loved letting mortals into their hives. Very few had the resistance to make it back out. He could feel the humming song of the hive

vibrating in his bones. Urging him to rest. To relax. To just stop fighting, lie down, and listen to the song of the queen.

He shook it off once more, grunting as he came to a slope. Gods. No wonder so few hunters were willing to take on beembos. It was never enough to kill just one or two of the drones. That wouldn't even dent a hive's abilities. The only way to properly deal with a beembo infestation was to take out not only the queen, but the whole hive.

Hence the gigantic bomb.

Ludwig shook his head to try and clear it once more. Nearly there, though. He'd been scouting out the place for the last week, dowsing to try and figure out the makeup of the hive's interior. He'd managed to figure out some of the worker's passages, which would inevitably lead into the heart of the hive. He just had to keep away from the common areas, and he'd be okay.

Muffled laughter suddenly reached his ears. Ludwig froze, looked either way. Again the laughter, echoing down the hexagonal hallway. But it was coming through something. Where...

He crept further and noticed a faintly translucent honeycomb like a piece of golden glass. He couldn't quite resist looking through.

He was in an upper corridor, and below he could make out one of the innumerable honey baths that made up the hive, and where the drones spent most of their time. Two were down there at the moment, and even though he knew the danger of them, Ludwig couldn't help but admire them.

Blonde, busty, their skin tanned to bronze and striped with black, the pair lounged in a glistening pool of golden delights. Their wings hummed, filling the air with the murmur of their enthralling song. Something the third member of their party was surely enjoying.

Ludwig winced at the sight of the girl in the honey. By her simple and now very dishevelled dress she had been a peasant, likely from one of the nearby villages, but not for much longer. Already the roots of her hair had changed from brown to honey blonde. Her eyes were foggy and lips parted in panting moans, her dress tugged down to reveal ample breasts as she wriggled and writhed under the teasing touches of the two beembos.

"So pretty! You're going to be so lovely," one beembo giggled, delivering a plush kiss to the girl's unresisting face.

"So gorgeous! Just a bit more honey," the second beembo cooed, dipping a pitcher into their bath and pouring the syrupy gold into the woman's mouth.

The peasant merely moaned, eagerly guzzling the honey, spilling it across her plumping lips and cheek. Her two tormentors giggled at her efforts, abandoning the pitcher, squeezing the peasant girl between their plush breasts and raining adoring kisses onto her face.

But that was hardly all. For even as they adored her with their lips, the two beembos dipped their hands into the honey, and the human's hips rose out of the waters as she arched, revealing the gusset of her pussy and the two hands teasingly strumming it. Keening moans escaped the captive girl, her body shuddering as the beembos played her folds and clit like an instrument, the girl's whimpers and gasps music to the crooning bimbos' ears.

Ludwig swallowed hard and hastily turned away. He didn't know if the girl had come to the hive willingly or not. Many did, the song of the drones too tempting to ignore. The pleasures promised in tales and tellings enticing humans to surrender their humanity to the swarm and join the brainless drones in mindless servitude to the queen.

But no matter, he thought, steeling himself and shrugging the barrel further onto his back. He had a job to do.

And he would see it through.

He started off again, creeping through the tunnels. The deeper he went, the stronger the humming song grew. He could feel it vibrate through him and, somewhat prominently, his crotch. He bit his lip, his manhood thickening, straining against his pants like a hundred adoring tongues were stroking him. He could almost picture the two drones he saw before lapping at it. Teasing it. Stroking it as he panted and moaned and got so hot and bothered and helplessly horny...

Gods. He wiped his brow. Gods above, he hoped he was close to the center of the hive by now.

...Wasn't he?

Ludwig stopped dead. Oh no. Oh no no! Did he get turned around? Get distracted? He hastily looked around himself and pulled out his dowsing chain. The stone at the tip vibrated, swaying and slowly rising, tugging to the right insistently. Ludwig swallowed hard. He was off course. He'd been so distracted by the idea of beembo drones playing with his eager body that he... he...

Ludwig felt a tremor of fear rise up in him and hastily squashed it. But he could feel the pressure in him like a pot ready to boil. Not good. Not good at all. If he was getting turned about, that meant the repellent was losing its potency. He had to hurry!

He quickened his step, moving rapidly down the winding corridors. His direction was now sure, thanks to the dowsing stone, but the route tangled. He seemed to be going up, climbing slopes of crystallized honey. Was that right? No. No, it wasn't. But did he need to go down? Oh no. Oh no no.

"Hey there cutie!"

Ludwig froze.

Slowly turned.

A beembo stood in a hexagonal doorway to his left, the busty beauty smiling dreamily at him with soft, plump lips. Her large, striped breasts heaving, nipples black caps on her teats. A perfect hourglass defined her, her wings giving a teasing thrum.

"Whatcha doin' all down here?" the beembo giggled, strutting towards him, her hips rocking pendulously, enrapturing his stunned eyes.

"I... I..." Ludwig gasped, retreating.

"Hmmm?" she said, sauntering closer, her breasts wobbling, her plush lips smiling as her wings began to hum in earnest. "And why are you so dressed up like that? Isn't that so hot in here? Wouldn't it be soooo much more comfortable to take all that off?"

Gods, it was hot. Ludwig had been able to ignore it, but now that she mentioned it, he could feel the sweltering of his clothes. The itch of sweat and the heat that made his pulse thump like a drum. His mask sucked against his face with a panting breath, filling his lungs with a sudden gasp of acrid repellent, clearing his heard for a precious moment.

With a start he realized how close the beembo had come, her arms stretching out towards him, the heart shape of her lips parting, her eyes molten with desire to touch and adore and play with him until he was her moaning drone slave.

His hand fumbled for his belt, pulled a smoke grenade from it. His thumb yanked out the stopper, and from the metal ball a sudden gout of intoxicating smoke plumed in the passage.

The beembo blinked sharply, her breasts heaving as she took a startled breath.

Then her eyes lidded. A dopey, dazed smile alighted her lips. "Oh," she moaned, her bronzed cheeks reddening prettily. "Oh... what was... mmmm..."

Her eyes fogged and her hands began to touch herself, running over her curves in admiration of sensations now zinging up her veins. She giggled, sinking to her knees, then falling onto her back, moaning in delight as she rubbed and touched herself in decadent delight.

"Oh. Ohhhhh. Feels... Feels goooood," she moaned, her wings buzzing fitfully.

Ludwig gasped, dropping the spent grenade, breathing hard and fast. That was close. So close!

But he was far from out of the hive yet.

He hastened away from the wriggling beembo beauty, knowing where one drone was, more were sure to be around. But already his initial clarity began to fade, the repellent in his mask losing ever more potency.

And worse, meeting the beembo had made him intensely aware of his clothes.

The fabric felt scratchy. Itchy. Sweat beaded his body with discomfort. He couldn't stop shifting, and every movement rubbed his throbbing cock against the inside of his pants. Gods. His head was pounding again. The humming of the hive was so intense! He checked his dowsing stone again. It was quivering, pulling him on. He was close. Close to the center of the hive.

Almost there.

Almost there.

A doorway was before him. Unguarded. What luck! He hurried through, the stone angling down.

He stepped into a small, domed room through which rays of sunlight streamed through, refracted by honeycombs so thin they were like glass. He looked around blankly. This... this couldn't be the queen's chamber. Where...

Crrrrrk.

Ludwig looked down sharply, and saw the thin honeycomb under his feet crack.

Oh no.

He tried to jump back, but the floor shattered under his weight. He yelped, tumbling down, heart leaping into his throat as he flailed about.

And landed in a deep pit of honey with a splash.

The impact drove the wind out of him, but the fall had been mercifully short. He flailed, pulling himself through the thick golden treacle and towards the surface. He emerged, gasping, clinging to the rim of the pool.

“Well well! Isn’t this a surprise.”

Ludwig lifted his head and turned it around.

A woman was reclining in the honey not far from him. Her elbows propped her up on the rim, her blonde hair cascading over her shoulders in tumbling locks of gold. Her skin shone with liquid honey and her eyes were lidded and mocking. Two expansive bee wings spread behind her, framing her like the back of a throne. Fitting, for on her head was a crown made of amber and crystallized honey.

Ludwig stared, for a moment too stunned by her beauty to say a thing. She smirked and reclined further in the thick honey, her ample breasts surfacing like two islands capped with dark, tantalizing nipples. “And who should I welcome to the royal court of queen Beatrix?” she asked.

Terror seized Ludwig.

Oh gods.

He’d fallen right into the bath of the beembo queen!

Beatrix’s smirk deepened and she rose from her end of the pool, honey cascading off her in lazy rivulets. She strode towards him, the bath coming up just below her thighs, revealing the lush folds of her pussy and proud, queenly demeanour. Before Ludwig could react, her leg rose, and her foot nudged against his crotch.

“O-ohhhh!” he groaned, quivering as pleasure throbbed through his cock and body, his lips parting with a gasp.

“Poor, poor mortal,” Beatrix crooned as her foot lazily rubbed him through his pants, every teasing motion sending another aching pulse through his balls and body. “Look at how hard you are. Poor thing. That’s always the problem with men. The bigger their cocks, the more helpless their bodies are. The dumber their minds. They just can’t help but use those big shafts to do all their thinking for them, can they?”

Ludwig whimpered, strength fleeing him under the tender massage of her foot, crushing his will under the dainty touch of her toes and the pleasure quivering through him. His hands dipped into the honey pool, trying to find the grenades on his belt. Just... just needed one. Only one...

“Oooh, taking off your pants already?” Beatrix giggled as she crouched over him, smirking, her heavy breasts bouncing an inch from his face. “Want a hand?”

Ludwig stammered, his tongue fumbling as those immense, soft orbs swayed so near. He heard a click and flinched, realizing her hands were dipping into his lap, undoing his belt.

“W-wait!” he gasped.

But it was too late.

His belt came loose, the weight of its pouches and grenades dragging it off and deeper into the honey bath. He tried to grab them, but the thick honey stalled his groping hand until the belt slipped away.

“Oh, you’re so right!” Beatrix giggled, her eyes molten with amusement and lust. “We must take off that shirt first. You must be oh so terribly hot and uncomfortable with it on.”

“I... you... p-please!”

“Please take it off? How polite,” Beatrix giggled, reaching down and yanking open his jacket.

Ludwig yelped, but he couldn’t deny the blessed relief as the coarse fabric left his sensitive skin. Without thinking he rolled his shoulders, the fabric peeling off him and baring his naked chest.

“Mmm. Not bad,” Beatrix cooed, her fingers dancing over his naked chest, making Ludwig whimper and moan. “Nice and slim. Slender. I do hate those boys with rippling, powerful muscles. I much prefer the dainty ones. The cute ones. The weak... and pathetic... and needy boys who just yearn for their queen to command them.”

“I... I’m not... not w-weak!” Ludwig gasped, not sure why he was trying to argue, his mind struggling to remember what he was doing as the humming scattered his thoughts.

“Oh no?” Beatrix said with a mocking smirk down at him. “You think you’re a big, strong, muscular hunter? But I think you’re just a weak, silly bimbo. A poor boy who needs to accept how much he wants to serve me. But I don’t have strong slaves, silly boy. I only have weak, honey sweet, needy bimbos. And you can be that,” she said, scooping up a dollop of honey, letting it drip and ooze off a finger she extended towards him. “If you just give my royal honey a quick... little... suck...”

His lips trembled beneath his mask. The honey dripped thickly from her fingers, hovering an inch before his face.

“It’ll be so good,” Beatrix cooed as she leaned in closer, her hand moving up, dangling over him, droplets of honey plinking onto his face, each one sending a shockwave radiating through him like a stone thrown into a placid lake. “So wonderful.”

Ludwig whimpered as he felt her other hand slip into his lap. Fingers wrap around his cock.

Squeeze.

Stroke.

“Mmm,” Beatrix cooed. “Big dumb cocks for big, dumb drones. If you had a polite, tiny little cock, then maybe I could make you into a proper beembo. But a dumb drone boy will be fun too. Fun to

play with. To enthrall. And all you have to do is suck. Just suckle my finger like a good drone. Obey your queen, pretty boy.

“Obey.

“Obey.

“And suck.”

Ludwig knew he shouldn't. Knew he mustn't. It would damn him. Enthrall him. Once he started he couldn't stop.

And yet.

And yet...

His tongue tingled with the need to taste it. His body trembled with the urge to indulge. To suckle and sink into the honeyed pleasure. He felt the heaviness of the bomb behind him. He... he could detonate it still. Blow the queen and hive to hell. He was here.

He was right...

Here...

“Have a taste,” Beatrix cooed, her finger dipping, sliding down his mask, her finger tracing the contour of his trembling lips.

And his tongue snaked out.

And stole a drop.

Ludwig moaned, his eyes rolling back at that delicious taste. Golden ambrosia. Sweetest surrender. All else was forgotten. Wiped away. His lips parted. He leaned forward, his lips wrapping around her finger.

And sucked.

Beatrix giggled with amusement as the hunter moaned, eyes lidded, his lips and tongue suckling the honey from her hand. She slipped her fingers from his mouth, leaving his lips quivering, his eyes empty with glorious surrender.

“Good boy,” she cooed, moving over him, her body dripping with honey as she crouched over him, her wings humming, vibrations resonating through the honey and right into his trembling body. “Mmm. Normally, I'd not take such a big cock. But for being such a good boy, I'll make an exception. So long as you pay me back. And you will, won't you?”

“Y-yes,” Ludwig gasped, golden bleeding into his eyes. A dopey smile upon his lips. “Anything!”

“Such a good, dumb bimbo boy,” Beatrix giggled.

And lazily lowered herself onto his cock.

Ludwig groaned in helpless delight as her royal pussy devoured his throbbing manhood. Silken sweetness engulfing him. Squeezing him.

"Mmmm," Beatrix moaned, leaning over him, their bodies thrumming with the humming of her wings. "Lick me, drone. Lick the honey from your queen."

Ludwig obeyed.

Lovingly.

Adoringly.

His tongue lapped at the honey dripping from her breasts.

Suckled it from the dark nipples.

All the while Beatrix bounced in his lap.

Bounced on his cock.

Fucked him in the honey bath, sending ripples radiating across the surface.

"Oh yessss," Beatrix moaned, inner walls rippling, squeezing, milking his helpless horny cock. "Gooooo boy. Gooooo drone. Your queen is soooo pleased. Soooo happy."

Ludwig whimpered. Moaned. Drowning in pleasure. In honey. His thoughts were golden with adoration for his queen. His purpose. He licked and adored her. Worshipping her endless curves, his hands stroking her. Spreading more honey from the bath across her body so there was more for him to lick. Every stroke of the tongue drowning him deeper in endless bliss.

"Yes. Yes!" Beatrix cried, revelling in his weak, helpless adoration. "Lick me, drone. Fuck me, slave. Obey me. Worship me. Worship your queen! Your goddess! Yes. Yessss!"

Ludwig groaned and whimpered, rutting up into her in blissful surrender, relishing every ripple of her pussy around his cock. So good. So wonderful. He felt his orgasm filling him. Aching through him.

"Yes!" Beatrix gasped as his cock throbbed with his peak. "Yes! Cum for me, drone. Your queen demands it. Demands your mind. Your body! Your freedom! Cum! Cum for your queen! Cum... cum... N-noooooow!"

Beatrix wailed the word as she suddenly tightened, squeezing him. Ludwig groaned under her, quivering, his orgasm surging through him as her orgasm milked him over the edge, his cock basting her insides with sharp bursts of his seed. Every surge another orgasmic ecstasy. Another mindless joy. His mission forgotten. The bomb less than a memory.

He came down slowly, his body slipping deeper into the honey until only his head remained above the surface, his eyes filled with molten, submissive gold.

Beatrix smirked down at him, stroking his face, further coating him with corruptive honey. "Good drone," she purred. "Good slave."

Ludwig shivered in delight. "Yes," he whimpered in joy as he sank deeper into the royal honey.
"Yes, my queen..."