

Huge Fuckin\' Insects!

Part Two

(Inspired by *Ravaging A New Host* by Little White Mouse)

By The Preve

Thanks to Emerald Mbuku for the edit.

It was mating season and the wasps were in heat. This created a dilemma. The old queen was dead, the new one was too young to receive sperm, and most of the other prospects were sterile. Something had to be done to expend the excess sexual energy, otherwise the males would turn on each other.

The increased aggression had already led to disaster. A strange wasp recently appeared over the island. A swarm went out to attack the interloper but the creature proved to be formidable. Many wasps died before the creature was driven into the lagoon. Wasps left the hive, some to investigate the crash, others in search of animals upon which to expend sexual energy. There were very few candidates.

The only creatures comparable to the wasps were the ants and they were dangerous. Ants and wasps were incompatible and a mating attempt could lead to conflict, a disaster on an island with limited resources.

One wasp, flying over the water stream near the lagoon, spotted an animal lying on the edge of the pool. It was pale and mostly hairless, almost like an aphid, albeit the wasp\'s keen eyes noticed hair on its head, and a dusting of fur between its legs. Curious, the wasp flew down to investigate.

Wasps\' senses are highly sensitive; while few animals, other than ants, lived on the island, the wasp could tell the difference between male and female. The animal\'s scent marked it as female. Within the wasp\'s limited brain, a decision was made.

The creature lay spread out and apparently defenseless, a pink slit between its legs. Other non-insect inhabitants had similar features, so obviously it was an opening. The wasp knew its comrades would spot this creature soon enough. It presented the wasp an opportunity to expend its sexual energy before the others could get to her.

The creature was lucky; if it were male, the wasp would have immediately stung it as a threat. Instead it quietly climbed on top of the reclining female, placing its legs on the animal\'s limbs to restrain it. Two long objects slowly emerged from the tip of the wasp\'s abdomen, one long, hard, and sharp, serrated like a knife; the second, longer, wet, rounded at the tip, with a hardness quite different from the other.

The first stinger folded back into the wasp\'s body like a switchblade, leaving the second cocked and ready. The wasp raised its long, wet, dripping stinger and poised it over the creature\'s

moist, pink slit. The creature stirred a little, turning her head to the side, muttering some incomprehensible sound. The wasp hesitated. After a moment, it buzzed its wings and thrust forward.

The tip slipped through the slit with a soft slurp. The pussy stretched around the stinger, adapting to its girth. The pink vulva devoured the purple stinger. As it drilled forward, a bulge appeared on the creature's pelvis, traveling upward towards her flat, toned belly. The stinger slid through the warm, wet tunnel, sliding against the moist walls. The tunnel convulsed, involuntarily working the stinger further within. The creature began to breathe and moan heavily.

Emma thought it was Doug. She was half asleep when she felt herself entered. She smiled; it happened often, when she and Doug were in bed. Both would be asleep, entwined, and one would always wake and fuck the other. Sleepy sex was the best. She liked this game. The burbling of the stream, the lapping of the pool, the soft warm breeze added to the opium pipe dream. "Mmmm," she purred.

A faint buzz sounded nearby, some insect she supposed. Her breath hitched and came in faint gasps. She moaned, close to cumming. "God, he is soooo goood," she thought. Her tongue came out and licked across her lips.

Emma kept her eyes closed, wanting to preserve the dreamy sexual atmosphere. A light sheen of sweat beaded on her skin, coating her head to toe in a shiny polish. Emma waited until she came before opening her eyes. "Ooohh! Mmmm! Doug, you brought some wood after aaaahhhh!" It wasn't Doug.

The sight overloaded her vision. The giant head, mandibles clicking inches from her face; the multiple legs holding her prisoner; the bulbous abdomen, striped in yellow, orange, and red, thrusting a long, wet purple shaft into and out of her pussy, sliding back and forth through her pink lips, her muff already wet with cum. A large wasp, larger than any insect had a right to be, on top of her, raping her.

Emma, explorer that she was, had her share of strange encounters; ferocious bears, fierce lions, marauding bandits, overly sexed-up men. She was strong, athletic. She knew how to run, how to fight. Unfortunately, this time she had to deal with a man-sized wasp with proportional strength. She struggled, she screamed, "Yaaaah! Doug! Help! A wasp is raping me!" Doug was nowhere to be seen. "Fuck! Where is he?!"

The wasp thrust and buzzed. Emma, in spite of her terror and outrage, felt the tingle of a building orgasm. "Fuck!. . .Uck!. . . Ugh!. . . Uck!. . . Get. . . off. . . me!" Her body arched pneumatically, up and down on the wet stone. Water and sweat sheened her body. Toned muscles moved under her skin as her belly rippled, twisted and turned. "Ugh!" she grunted again. Her body convulsed; cum squirted over the wasp's stinger.

Emma's mind was a tornado, not merely because of the wasp's impossible size but from its effect on her body. "Impossible!" she gasped. "No insect can ever get this big!"

Her body writhed and turned as it moved during sex with Doug. Her boobs quivered, tits swollen and conical from blood rushing through her body. Her breath hissed through her lips punctuated by grunts, responding to each thrust.

She kept struggling, unwilling to sit still while an impossibly huge insect humped her vagina. The fact her orgasms were beginning to overlap mattered little, nor that the wasp's long and thick schlong excited her clit in ways that rivaled Doug, or other humans for that matter. It was the fact that the thing performing this carnal exercise was a GIANT FUCKING WASP! Emma just couldn't process it. "Im. . . ugh! Impossible! Ughnn! Wasps. . . ugh! Wasps don't fuck people! They. . . ugh! They can't! Is this. . . even. . . \Ugh!\ a. . . wasp?!"

After a few minutes of futility, Emma stopped struggling. *"It's. . . too. . . big!"* she thought between orgasms. *"Proportional strength; I'll have to let it finish. Fucked by a wasp! Nobody will believe this! Oh God! What if it's carnivorous!"*

Emma knew little of wasps. Her expertise tended more towards larger animals. Creepy crawly things and insects were her sister's interest. The thing on top of her would qualify as a large animal of course. Emma encountered more than her share of predators in her travels. Past experience taught her that knowing the animal was important to survival. "What do I know?" she asked herself. "They feed on nectar and carrion. Some are parasitic, laying eggs in paralyzed hosts for the larvae to eat. Oh God! Please don't let it be that! Damn! Stella would know what to do. She knows more about these insects." A shudder rippled through her body as she came again. "Well, whatever it's doing, my pussy likes it at least."

The wasp buzzed its wings happily as it enjoyed the creature. The female was soft and pliant, arching her back and shuddering with each thrust. The walls of her inner tunnel were warm and wet, caressing its stinger with the silky touch of a flower petal.

Emma exhaled a series of sounds: gasps and grunts. Her skin glowed from moisture and her tits stood red and swollen like berries. Curious, the wasp lowered its head and took one in its mandibles. Emma gasped, quite loudly. She moaned even louder when the wasp started to masticate, not quite breaking the skin. It found that using its forelegs and antennae to massage the creature's breasts caused the berries to swell further. The reddish brown teats weren't sweet, like the berries the wasps sometimes ate, but the salty sweat on them was tasty enough.

Emma whipped her head from side to side; her eyes clenched shut, not from fear or outrage at the wasp's molesting, but from the exquisite blend of pleasure and pain resulting from the wasp's breast work. Low moans of increasing frequency accompanied her exhalations. "Uuunnngh! Mmmmm! Uuuunnngh!" she ululated, alternately licking and biting her lip. A shocked revelation broke through her erotic haze, "Fuck! A giant wasp is fucking me and I'm enjoying it!"

Sure, she'd been terrified initially. Terror was a logical reaction to her unique situation, partnered with a sense of outrage at the sexual violation. Emma, however, shared her sister's capacity for open-mindedness and guts, albeit she was less reckless. Plus, she had an intense libido which, when combined with her traitorous body's response to the wasp's attentions, set

off a reaction far more intense than even she expected. Thoughts and worries about Doug receded far into the background. Any potential danger from the creature was no longer considered. Emma's only concern was for the moment and the creature.

The day was quiet and overcast. The sounds were soft and sensual: the cool rush of the wind through the palms, the quiet burble of the stream over the rocks, the soft grunts and lustful sighs of Emma as the wasp rutted on top of her.

She gazed at her body. *"It's no different from Doug,"* she thought. Her body moved as it always had when being fucked. Her breasts wobbled like pale flesh colored balls of jelly, when not covered by the wasp's mandibles.

It bobbed its head from left to right, plumping one tit or the other. Emma gasped twice, one for each orgasm. The intensity of her orgasms indicated the creature had a slight advantage over Doug in performance but seemed equal to the swimmer in stamina. *"Good grief! I'm comparing Doug to a wasp! What would he think?"*

The insane surrealism of her situation gave way to its opposite. What should have been the single most terrifying event of her life, a stretch given her exploratory lifestyle where strange situations were a stock in trade, instead became a hyper real, fantastically new sexual experience unlike any before, *"Or anyone else for that matter,"* she thought (unaware her sister was undergoing a similar experience).

Emma's sexual life taught her to maintain some detachment even as her body did the opposite. When the wasp switched breasts, Emma was able to observe some details.

The creature was roughly her size. Its main colors were a range of black, dark blue, red, orange and gold in elaborate designs over its body. The body was divided into three sections: head, thorax, and abdomen. Yellow and gold antennae, and mandibles tipped in black ink, protruded from a bulbous head almost completely covered by two, giant multifaceted eyes.

The wasp's legs, six in all, grew out of its thorax, jutting like red-gold tree branches sparsely covered in dark blue fur. The thorax itself was a shiny black carapace, hard with streaks of red and shaped, roughly, like the gas tank of a motorcycle.

Its abdomen was a broad fat bulb covered in red, gold, and yellow fur in the upper area, but tipped in ink-black sable at its bottom. It curled around so that its stinger, long, wet, penile, could enter her pussy. Emma put the circumference at three to four inches, roughly as thick as Doug's cock. It certainly stretched her walls well enough, but its length was indeterminate. The shaft penetrated deep however.

Emma noted how the smooth purple stinger, shiny with her juices, would slide through her vulva until the wasp's furry tip brushed against her pussy. Her pelvis bulged with the creature's girth and then flattened as it withdrew. Emma's pussy squirted clear, wet cum with each withdrawal. A series of moans, grunts, and gasps, usually reserved for Doug and involuntary, issued from her lips. "Uuuuunnngh! Oooohhhh! Ugh! . . . Ugh! . . . Ugh!" came forth with an almost

mechanical regularity. Occasionally she would lick her lips or roll her eyes. Her body, sweat-shined, would arc or quiver with each climax.

In the fleeting moments between the waves she observed the wasp. She realized something, unnoticed during the sex. "It hasn't cum yet."

For all its activity, the only constant with the creature was the humping. Emma felt no corresponding climax, no sense of fluid in her womb, no wet cum between her legs other than her own. *"But then, how would I know when a wasp cums?"* she asked. *"How do I know it hasn't cum already?"* Still, the feeling the creature hadn't even begun a climax was strongly persistent. It raised another question. *"How long can I last?"* She'd already cum multiple times, one on top of the other. Exhaustion was near, not even Doug wore her out this way. Emma took great pride in her stamina, an easy match for Doug but not, apparently, for a giant wasp.

Emma, after giving up her struggles, had spent the time laying on the rock, allowing the wasp to fuck her while she observed its activity. Now, watching its head bob from one breast to the other, she wondered, "What will it do if I touch it?"

She tentatively raised her hand and touched its head. The wasp responded with a slight buzz. Emma sensed no menace. It felt more like an acknowledgment. She stroked it softly, cautiously, worrying a wrong touch would trigger a dangerous response. The wasp seemingly ignored her, focused on her breasts and pussy. She ran her fingers around its head, hard and smooth like a helmet. Even its eyes felt like a multifaceted grouping of glass lenses.

Emma cautiously raised her right leg, curled, and rubbed it against the wasp's furry abdomen. The wasp reacted with a loud buzz, its pace increased, a not unpleasant feeling for Emma. "Oooo! You like that, don't you?" Emma purred. "Let's try some more."

She raised her other leg and wrapped them both around the wasp's bulbous abdomen. She stroked the fur with her legs. "Okay," she said. "Let's see what it's really like to fuck a wasp." A brief alarm blared through her head, "EMMA! YOU'RE COMMITTING BESTIALITY!"

Emma, as Doug well knew, was always adventurous and willing to try new things, but she drew the line at animals. Her definitions of such activities were limited to creatures like dogs or cows or some other four-legged creature, an idea so repulsive as to be unthinkable. Then again, getting fucked by a giant wasp was so far outside the realm of experience, it went beyond unthinkable to unimaginable. Reciprocating went even further, but then Emma thought, *"What the hell, I'm already three quarters involved, I may as well go all the way. Who's to know, except maybe Doug. And where is he anyway?"*

Emma's concerns about Doug were mild for the moment. Doug was a big boy. He could take care of himself. Besides, Emma was too lost in lust to worry overmuch. Wrapping her arms around the wasp's thorax and crossing her legs around its abdomen, Emma rutted back to the insect's thrusts. The creature responded by wrapping its four lower legs around her waist and hips, and crooking its two shorter upper legs over her shoulders.

The pace of its thrusts increased and the buzz grew in intensity. Emma stroked the wasp's thorax and head, but when she touched its antennae, Emma made an important discovery: wasp antennae were even more erogenous than the abdomen.

The buzz turned into a roar. The water around Emma and the wasp rippled as if under the blades of an aircraft. The wings beat so furiously, Emma and her hymenopter lover were lifted off the rock. Neither noticed so locked were they in erotic frenzy.

Emma's shrieks of lust would surprise even Doug. "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Come on! Uuuuggghnnn! Come on you fucking insect! Ohhhh! Aaaaauuggghhh! Ooohhh! Fuck! Fuck me! Fuck me you fucking wasp! Oh fuck! Ogodogodofuck! Oh fuck! I'm cumming! Fuck! I'm cumming!"

Emma had cum before with the wasp, but the earlier orgasms were minor earthquakes compared to the seismic explosion that erupted between them. Emma came. . . and so did the wasp.

Finally.

Human and wasp spunk splattered the wet rock below and washed into the pool. "Oh fuck!" Emma gasped and passed out, overcome, finally, by exhaustion. She hung limply in the wasp's arms, a testament to her pioneering act of intimate human/insect contact.

The wasp, itself, was tired, in spite of its stamina. This soft creature had proven to be far more cooperative than most animals, an interesting new paradigm. The creature lay beneath the wasp, breathing softly.

The wasp was unsure as to its next move. The creature was useless as food. The wasp's species fed on fruit, nectar, and the occasional dead ant. Aphid juice was good too. The wasp, however, was not willing to leave the creature behind, so useful was it at helping the wasp expend sexual energy, but the creature was too heavy to carry to the nest. The wasp also did not want to tarry overlong as there were ants nearby. Moments later a solution presented itself.

A humming buzz filled the air. The wasp looked upward as several of its companions flew down, curious as to the wasp's discovery. A brief communication was exchanged and a decision was made. The unconscious Emma didn't notice as insectoid arms and legs lifted her up and flew her limp body. . . to the volcano at the island's tip. . .

To Be Continued.

Huge Fuckin' Insects

Part Three

Doug In The Anthill

by The Preve

Thanks to Todger 65 for the edit.

"Fuck man!" Doug gasped. His eyes darted about, wide-eyed with terror. The nightmare into which he'd just been thrust needed a word. "I'm in a fucking fifties monster flick man!"

It would look that way to anyone in the same situation. It was dark . . . well not so dark once his eyes adjusted. The *room? Vault? Cave? Whatever man!* Looked like a cross between a giant mushroom, a spider web, and a padded cell. *A fucking padded cell is apt!* "An ant hill! I'm in a fucking giant ant hill!"

It happened so quick. One moment, he was gathering wood. The next, he was in the maws of something that shouldn't exist in nature. "What the fuck?!" he'd screamed as something snatched him in a vise-like grip and held him off the ground. He struggled, surprised, and then he took a look at the creature. "WHAT THE FAAAAUUUUCK!"

Doug didn't know much about ants. His only reference to the thing was a fifties sci-fi flick, *Them!*. It held him in its mandibles, binding his arms to his sides. Doug screamed in white-hot terror, kicking his legs and squirming. "Fuck man! Let go!" The creature didn't notice. It trundled along, making occasional trills, and then it came to the ant hill.

If a snatch by a giant ant put the terror in Doug, it paled against the fear nova at the sight of the hill. It swarmed with ants; some the size of large dogs, others larger than his captor. They flowed continuously in and out of the hill. Many carried objects in their mandibles: trash and twigs, balls of waste, giant white blobby things with stubby legs.

Doug took one look and screamed, "OOOHHH FAAAAUUUUCK!" He went into a frenzy of desperate struggles. The ant's grip was iron.

"Oh man! Oh fuck!" Doug wept unapologetic with terror. The other ants ignored him, busy with other projects. The ant carried the howling swimmer into the hill.

Right now, Doug wasn't howling; it didn't seem useful anymore. The panic abated, yes, but it didn't disguise the fact that, to Doug, he was ant food. It was just a matter of when. *Man, I got to find a way out before they come back.*

He took stock. The chamber looked to be the size of a small garage. The walls, ceiling, and floor were covered in soft, white fungi. The fungi emitted a slight glow. *Fuck! Is this stuff radioactive?*

It made sense; between the ants' size and stories of nuclear testing, glow-in-the-dark mushrooms weren't out of place. Neither was radiation poisoning . . . or whatever unnatural mutation would happen if he stayed long enough. *Man! I got to get out of here, like fucking now!*

It's an easier said than done task. It wasn't the blocked entrance but there were so many. One wrong choice could put him deeper in the hill. God knows what he'd find.

Doug decided to check out his "room" first. "Maybe I can hide somewhere," he hoped. He didn't know why the ant put him here, *Unless they're storing me for later.* The implication sent a shiver up his back.

Another movie, about a boy who's magically shrunk and held captive by ants, marched into his head, joining the other giant ant movie. *Ants! Ants! Ants! In my fucking head man! I might be fucking dreaming. Maybe I ate a fucking mushroom or something.*

It didn't help to see parts of the wall move. *What the fuck's that?!* Instinct told him to flee into one of the passageways but, *What good would that do?* Besides, Doug, for all his fear, was a curious fellow.

He padded to the wall for a closer examination. There were things embedded in the fungi; they looked familiar. *Fuck! It's those blobs the ants were carrying!*

He found, however, they weren't actual blobs but more like giant, worm-like creatures with short, stubby legs; their shape vaguely reminiscent of a football. Their bodies were smooth for the most part; some sported very fine hairs. Their colors ranged from pale, milky yellow to light pink, almost fleshy in hue.

Doug's earlier panic had prevented him from noticing these creatures. Now, he saw how they vibrated slightly, purring like tribbles. *Now I'm in fucking Star Trek. So now what?*

The answer came right as he finished the thought. It began as a faint rumble. Doug shrank against the wall. *What the fuck now?*

The rumble grew until it filled the chamber. It took the swimmer a moment to recognize the rumble as footsteps, lots and lots of footsteps. *Aw shit!*

The rumble emanated from the tunnels leading into the chamber. *Aw fuck! It's dinner time! I'm fucked! I'm ant chow!*

A troop of ants trundled into the chamber. They were the size of small cars, like a Mini Cooper, for the most part. They ignored Doug, initially, instead going to the walls to pluck the aphids.

Doug almost felt relieved until a mid-sized ant with moose horn mandibles trundled towards him. "Aw fuck!" he cried. "No way I can fight this thing!"

The swimmer hoped it wouldn't hurt when the ant sliced him in half. Instead, the ant gently, but firmly, grasped him by the waist and carried him off with the others.

They moved through tunnels which emitted the same glow as the chamber. Doug noticed the hairs on the aphids' bodies. *Fuck man! What's this about?*

Doug didn't struggle or fight. If the ants were going to eat him, he figured they'd have done so already. Curiosity kept him quiet more than anything.

The ants carried their charges through an arched entrance, into a bell-shaped chamber, and at the center was a large pool.

Other ants, each carrying an aphid, entered through tunnels around the chamber. They trundled to the pool and, using their mandibles, dipped the aphids in, repeatedly.

"Shit! I'm going to get dunked," Doug realized. The water, as it turned out, was not quite water. It tingled like mild acid. The feeling was of being dipped in soda water.

The swimmer closed his eyes as the ant dipped him, covering them with his hand. He thought the "water" would not be good on his eyes. *I wish I had my goggles.* Some liquid did get up his nose, causing a slight burning.

The ant dipped him several times until he was thoroughly soaked. Doug was curious why but, helpless in the ant's grip, could only let it happen. *I'll know soon enough.*

The ant finished and backed away from the pool. Doug waited until the "water" dripped off his face before removing his hand. The air in the chamber cooled his skin; he shivered slightly. He was aware of a strange feeling. *Smooth. I feel . . . smooth.*

He noted a few of the other ants had finished with their aphids. Some of the formerly hairy aphids were now bald.

He felt his own skin. "Son of a bitch!" While he'd been relatively hairless and maintained it for swimming, some stubble recently began to appear on his skin. Now the stubble was gone. The only thing, close to hair, left on his body were his eyelashes. *Holy shit! Natural hair removal! If I get off this island, I could tell someone, Emma's Dad or Moira's parents maybe. We could come back and make a fortune.*

The ant, still carrying Doug, rumbled into another passage, following the others bearing aphids. Doug now had an idea why the ant snatched him. *Geez! They think I'm an aphid! Does that mean I'm safe?*

As with ants, Doug didn't know much about aphids, just that ants used them in some fashion. *At least they don't eat them, so far as I remember. Doesn't Emma's sister know about these things?*

The ant carried Doug to another chamber, large and padded like the aphid room. Ants were gathered near groups of aphids, like shepherds tending their flocks.

Some groups of ants held aphids, stroking them with their antennae. "What the fuck is that about?" Doug asked.

A large bead of golden yellow fluid beaded on the nether region of one of the aphids. The ant holding it, drew the creature close, placed its mouth on the bead, and sucked it in, trilling happily.

"Oh man!" Doug cried, with a chill of horror. He now knew why he'd been brought to the chamber. "But I'm not a fucking aphid, man! I don't have that stuff! No! Wait!"

The ant carried him to the middle. Several other ants gathered around. Doug struggled, not wanting to imagine his fate when the ants found he had none of the strange fluid. He didn't try to hit the ant; its grip was gentle but firm, and he didn't want to make it angry. *It might crush*

me or cut me in half, I'll have to be careful. Fuck! It'll do it anyway once it finds I got nothing.

Once they reached the center of the chamber, the ant hesitated, trilling to the others. They trilled back, their communication unknown to Doug, and drew closer. The ant waved its antennae for several moments, then lowered them to stroke Doug's body, focusing on his lower torso, hips, and groin. Doug tried very hard not to giggle. The stroking was, initially, very ticklish.

It was at the swimmer's groin where the ant drew a response. The only people previously allowed access to that area were Emma, earlier girlfriends, and Doug himself. While the ant had not touched his cock, the groin itself was sensitive enough to cause an erection.

"Oh fuck me!" Doug's pale skin blushed pink. He tried thinking of the world's ugliest people to deflate; nothing worked. *Fuck! If the guys knew about this, I'd . . . Oh no!*

The "Oh no" came as the ant's antennae reached his cock, and discovered stroking it made it even bigger. "Fuck!" he squirmed, "This is fucking embarrassing man!"

The ant trilled, intrigued by this new discovery. This strange new aphid displayed a much larger dispenser than the others. Maybe that meant much more nectar from this one. It communicated its interest to the others, who trilled back, equally intrigued.

Ants crowded around Doug and the stroker. Some started to participate with their antennae, trilling excitedly. The swimmer squirmed as antennae caressed all over his body. "Fuck me man!" he gasped.

As if in answer to a request, several pairs of antennae traced along his butt crack and plunged into his bung hole. Doug's blue eyes popped, "Whoa!" He struggled more frantically. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuckety fucking shit man! Get off me!"

Doug was extremely dismayed to see his prodigious cock stone hard, vein-twined and throbbing, with pre-cum at the tip. His dismay turned to absolute and utter mortification when his formic captor brought him forward, and drew his sausage into its mouth.

"Aaahhh! Fuck! Blown and buggered by ants, man! Fuck me fuck!"

The ant did not have a tongue, but the warm, wet interior of its mouth produced the same effect as fellatio. Combined with the effects of ant antennae pumping in and out of his butt-clenched man hole, and stroking his painfully throbbing balls, Doug "The Dolphin" Doyle's detonation was inevitable.

A massive convulsion rolled through his body. The most mind-blowing orgasm Doug ever experienced, followed. His eyes rolled back to their whites. His mouth opened wide in a ululating groan, "Uuuunnnngh!" His body quaked in the ant's grip.

The ant, in turn, received a blast of something it never before tasted: man-cream in prodigious amounts. Doug, as Emma and prior girlfriends attested, was a prolific squirter.

The ant was stunned. What kind of aphid was this? It's nectar tasted vastly different from the others, not that it was any less delicious.

It trilled this information to the others. A chorus of trills answered. *A new aphid?! A new type of nectar?! Let me have some of that!*

Doug, gasping and slick with sweat, still reeling from orgasm, and anally invasive antennae, gradually became aware of hundreds of rumbling feet. He turned his head at the sound. "Awww fuck!"

The rest of the ants in the chamber were heading towards the already sizable gangbanging crowd, and more ants were crowding in.

Aphids were dropped as news raced through the hill of the strange new creature with the amazing nectar.

Doug watched the swarm balefully, knowing he wasn't going to be eaten, but not wanting to imagine the alternative.

The ant trilled to the swarm. Doug gasped as antennae withdrew from his ass and ceased stroking his body. The ant crowd seemed to withdraw for a moment. Doug experienced a second's worth of hope. *Are they done? Is it over?*

The ants formed a circle around Doug and his ant. More ants piled on top of the others. The swimmer couldn't help his curiosity. *What the fuck they doing?*

The ants began to build a wall of their bodies, locking their legs together. Doug watched, confused, the ant wall grow around him and the others. As it curved over, it became clear. *They're building a dome! Why?!*

Doug remembered, with his little knowledge, ant sometimes formed balls when their hills flooded. He couldn't know, besides their large, atomic radiation-influenced size, the relative isolation, and different behavior, made them unique to others of their species.

The ants finished their dome. The interlocked, using their legs, but faced their heads and mandibles inward. Objects emerged from their lower torsos; familiar in shape, long, thick, pink, and fleshy, and pointing in the same direction as their heads. The implied meaning of their appearance made Doug shudder.

The ants, unknown to Doug, liked to play a game, occasionally, with the aphids. It might seem human-like to an observer, but this species, in isolation, evolved different habits and, being male, practiced them between breeding seasons.

The living dome vibrated with the trills of hundreds of ants. Doug's formic captor carried him to one side of the dome.

"No! Fuck! No! No! No!" the swimmer cried as the looming wall of clicking mandibles and ant cocks loomed closer. He squirmed and struggled to futile results. The ant's grip was like a vise.

The ant came to the wall. Doug's last thought before mandibles snatched him up was, *I should have stayed my ass home!*

And so The Great Ant Balling of Doug "The Dolphin" Doyle, champion swimmer, Olympic prospect, lover of a woman who, unbeknownst to him, just had a similar experience with a giant wasp, commenced.

The ants, for all the menace represented by their mandibles, displayed a surprisingly gentle touch in handling this new aphid. The term for orgy was still an apt description.

Antennae held the swimmer's well-shaped, exercise-sculpted ass constantly spread. His anal passage stuffed with ant cock or antennae drilling in and out. His spear point cock, hard erect, was plunged into one ant mouth after another, and sucked until he filled it with nectar. Once done, he was immediately passed to another.

An unbroken helping of ant cock filled his mouth. It wasn't exactly voluntary. It's difficult keeping one's mouth closed in a giant orgasm; impossible if they overlap. The ants took every opportunity to stuff any open hole in this new aphid.

Doug, in short order, discovered something interesting: ant spunk tasted good, like slightly less sweet honey. His mortification at the massive ant buggery decreased, in part because of this. The other reason: he knew, if he ever got out of this predicament, no one would know, so long as he kept his mouth shut. *Emma's definitely not hearing of this, and neither the team!*

The final reason: realizing the obviousness he wasn't going to be torn apart or eaten, just fucked silly, Doug found himself enjoying the experience. *I'm definitely keeping my mouth shut on this one.*

The swimmer never knew how long his ordeal lasted. He remembered it as a swirl of ant cocks in his mouth and ass, stroking antennae, sweat and ant spunk drenching his skin, and cumming, lots and lots of cumming.

His body was manipulated and passed around the dome, and on the floor, where more ants had congregated, cocks, antennae, and mouths at the ready.

In the first moments of the orgy, Doug gasped the grunts used during sex. He was reduced to sighs by the time they passed him to the floor.

The ants did not let up. Their boundless energy used on the colony, was directed to Doug. He couldn't gasp out pleas or beg for mercy. He was, to the ants, a new kind of aphid. The methods used to squeeze nectar from his body amounted to a major fuck fest.

Doug, by the time the frenzy abated, was a semi-conscious cum fountain; dripping with sweat, cum, and ant juice. His body twitched with micro-orgasms, his erect cock squirted seed over the ants in the dome.

The swimmer was handed to an ant. He didn't know or care if it was the same one who'd

snatched him. Too spent to feel anything but a faint awe, he marveled, "Fucking . . . ants." His semi-limp body was carried deeper into the hill.

The ant Queen rested in her chamber, bored as ants define the term. She'd laid the season's quota of eggs several weeks ago; mating season wasn't due for another month. She had plenty of downtime, with nothing to do except suck aphids and mate a worker or two, out of season. So when a lowly worker, one of the gatherers, bumped in with an aphid, she was unimpressed, initially.

A series of trills communicated back and forth between them. They translated more along the lines of, *What is this creature? It's different from the others.*

A new kind of aphid, recently discovered, your Majesty.

The worker handed the aphid to the Queen, who examined it closely. A strange looking thing, it was, with fewer limbs, a more slender build, and a slightly different color than a usual aphid.

The Queen trilled a question to her minion, who trilled back, an ant equivalent of a shrug.

The Queen noted the limp way the aphid hung in her mandibles, and trilled again. The minion waved its antennae, pointing towards its mouth.

Doug didn't notice at first but when ant legs gripped and flipped him, he revived to find himself upside down. The Queen gripped him by his hips. His limp cock dangled downward.

"Wha . . . what the fuck?!"

The Queen trilled; ant antennae stroked his dong. Doug grew hard.

"Awww fuck! Not again!"

His cock was drawn into the Queen's mouth, and Doug's formic cock-blow resumed.

The Queen quickly brought the swimmer to orgasm, and trilled happily when the nectar her minion mentioned, filled her mouth. A most interesting and intriguing new aphid! She gripped it closer to her torso for better purchase. Doug's head was placed close to her gaster, near the egg-laying orifice. A thick clear fluid dripped from it.

Doug, wasn't inclined to bring his head closer, but the Queen, thoroughly obsessed with this new aphid's nectar, grasped him tight.

The mortified swimmer turned human aphid, found his puss planted on the ant's pussy. His mouth, open to gasp out an orgasm, found itself filled with the strange fluid. *Geez! It tastes sweeter than ant spunk!*

Doug's tongue swirled round and in the ant's snatch. The ant reacted.

The Queen had never experienced this kind of activity, especially from an aphid. *What kind of aphid is this?!* The regular matings with her males were functional, perfunctory. She took in their sperm to fertilize her eggs, but took no pleasure in the activity. This . . . aphid was performing an unprecedented act. She doubled down on the aphid's nectar producer, while it, Doug, wrapped its arms around her thorax.

Doug raised his head just long enough to think, *Holy fuck! I'm sixty-nining a giant ant!* He plunged back into the formic's honey pot, slurping away at the sweet syrup gushing forth.

A trilling, grunting, slurping, human / formic fuck fest ensued. Doug gasped as two pairs of antennae (the Queen rewarding her minion for bringing this new treasure, by allowing it to join in) plunged into his bung hole.

The syrup seemed to endow him with new energy. His balls plumped, and pumped greater amounts of man cream into the voracious ant. His pale white body writhed and shuddered. His hairless head bobbed. His pink tongue slurped.

Doug's stamina, honed by years of exercise and swimming, kept him going for hours, aided by the ant syrup's remarkable properties. Eventually, though, even he had to quit to recover.

The ant Queen felt the aphid give one last shudder before it went limp. She was disappointed but knew better than to overuse this unique creature. Overused aphids tended to dry out, if not given time to rest.

She trilled an order to her equally disappointed minion, who nodded, understanding, and took the aphid. The worker set it on a bed of fungi in the Queen's chamber.

The Queen then trilled orders to the minion, who conveyed them to the rest of the hill. They were in regards to the care and feeding of this unique aphid. The Queen's prerogative ordinarily allowed her to keep the aphid for herself. She was devoted to her subjects, however, and more than willing to share. She had great plans for this creature.

Doug slept, dreamless, on the fungi bed. He awoke to the caresses of antennae on his body, his cock, his ass. He gasped, already erect, with just enough time to realize, *So it wasn't a dream.* Mandibles picked him up; his cock was in an ant mouth seconds later. The licking, sucking, trilling, and fucking began anew.

So the pattern was set for Doug. A timeless cycle of ant-fucking, interspersed with regular feedings of edible fungi, fruits, ant spunk and ant syrup.

They dipped him regularly in the aphid pool, for baths mostly. His hair did not grow back after the first dip. Sometimes he was allowed to swim in it.

Time passed. Doug ate and fucked. Early in the cycle, a thought crossed his mind; a possibility of keeping track through his sleep cycle. The timelessness of the hill, and the continuous ant orgy thwarted him. His thoughts dulled into an erotic fugue.

The ants did not rely on Doug exclusively. They gathered and milked other aphids but Doug remained the prize. The Queen kept first dibs.

In the end, the swimmer's mind reduced to little more than lust-driven instinct. Every act he performed was automatic, reduced to three basic functions: eat, fuck, sleep. He'd become a human aphid; a cum fountain and cock sheath, milked like the others.

Sometimes, however, a name would rise from his miasma; a tenuous grip on his last human vestiges, and it was this name he muttered, when antennae roused him from his sleep, and mandibles bore his pale white body ever deeper into the ant hill.

And as for that woman . . .

To Be Concluded.

Huge Fuckin' Insects

Conclusion

The Waspinzation of Emma

by The Preve

Thanks to Todger 65 for the edit.

She lay on her back, on a paper bed. Her nude body dripped with sweat. Her legs were spread, her pink pussy wide, wet, and open. Her moans and gasps alternating with a gnawing of her lower lip. She looked down, not in horror, over her swollen breasts and belly, at the remarkable thing the wasps were doing to her pussy.

They worked in cycles. One inserted an egg, another fertilized her womb.

Emma would have felt horror days ago. Her body, today, was bloated with eggs in a surreal "pregnancy". Her former toned athletic shape transformed into gravid fertility.

Days ago, for Emma, sex with giant wasps was new. She'd given no thought or care for the consequences; no question whether the wasps would eat her afterwards. She was too immersed in exploring this new and unique experience. Playing host to fertilized wasp eggs didn't factor.

After that first encounter, she'd woken to the sound of wings. It was almost a musical, soothing hum. "Mmmm," she muttered, drowsily.

The platform she'd woken on was soft and dry. She was on her side, curled. Emma struggled between sleep and wake. The hum was so soothing, hypnotic.

Emma turned on her back and opened her eyes. She blinked until they adjusted and gasped. Her startled sigh was involuntary, not in fear or horror but awe. *Wasps!*

Giant wasps, everywhere, lining the walls of the vaulted cave. The walls themselves were made

of paper, with pentagonal niches and passageways. An opening at the top let sunlight and air into the nest.

In spite of it all, Emma wasn't terrified. *If they were going to kill or eat me they'd have done it already. And I'm just a single human, not enough to feed all of . . . these. Still, why did they bring me here?*

Emma took stock of her situation. The platform was a rock formation, covered in wasp paper. *Like a bed or throne.* The "bed" was set in the exact center of the vault. The sunlight streamed directly upon it.

Emma expected a cave to be cool and uncomfortable, given her nude state, but the nest was surprisingly warm.

She noticed a few vents nearby, hissing steam, and a pool of water at the base of the formation. *A volcano, probably dormant.* Some dormant volcanoes contained vents and hot springs. She'd explored a few before.

The wasps seemed uninterested in her at the moment. Emma felt muggy and sticky, *Like I just fucked a giant wasp*, so she walked to the pool to test the water. *Some of these pools can be scalding, so I'll have to be careful.*

The water was warm, not scalding, and it tingled, *Minerals.* The pool was deep. She swam, dipped, and washed, and then climbed out, clean, slick, and wet.

"I wonder what happened to Doug?" she asked, slicking back her hair. "Did the wasps catch him?"

She hoped he was okay. *No sign of him in here. *

Most of the wasps clustered around a ledge near the roof. *Almost as if they're having a conference.*

Emma was right in that aspect. Most questioned the wisdom of bringing this creature to the nest. The wasps who'd brought it argued its status as a female made it harmless. Moreover, she had potential as a distraction, until a new queen could be hatched. The issue, right now, was the eggs. They were unfertilized and needed an incubator.

The idea went off simultaneously. Antennas raised and all the wasps looked at the creature. It might work, the collective thought suggested. The special pollen might be required to pull it off. A collective decision was made; several wasps were sent to the nearby island to gather the pollen. The unprecedented novelty of the decision was lost on the hive. They were desperate, and wasps are absolute pragmatists.

Emma passed the time exploring the vault. She noted many tunnels but indications of an exit. "I could climb to the roof," she thought, but given her nudity, and the vigilance of the wasps, the prospect was problematic.

The warmth and humidity created a gloss of sweat on her skin so, to relieve the mugginess, she took a few more swims. A growl in her stomach revealed another problem. *Food; what is there to eat?*

As if on cue, a hum filled the vault. Three wasps flew into the chamber, covered in saffron, or amber powder.

They landed on Emma's platform. She noticed, on a closer look, objects in their mandibles. The wasps' bodies vibrated, like wet dogs drying themselves.

The "powder" shook off their bodies. She found the powder was, in fact, small fibrous tufts of a mysterious substance. The other objects fell from the wasps, revealed as assorted fruits and tubers. *Bananas, papaya, breadfruit, and taro. I guess this is feeding me, huh? What's with the weird fluff balls?*

The wasps flew away; the rest ignored her. Emma went to the food pile and examined the fluff. The experienced traveler knew what not to put in her mouth. On the other hand, she was an experimental woman. The fruits were mixed with the fluff so they had to be washed, *If this stuff is dangerous.*

She picked some of the fluff up and examined it. *It looks familiar . . . pollen?*

Emma's experience, between her biology masters and nature hikes, let her recognize pollen. She had never seen such an abundance. *This either came from thousands of flowers, or one giant one.* She might have dismissed the idea of supersized flowers earlier, but then, giant wasps were not a factor.

She pondered her next move. The fruit and tubers were covered in the stuff. The reason could be incidental contamination. *Pollen's not exactly poisonous. What flower did this come from?*

She held it to her nose. The smell was sweet, cloying, subtle, like a rose or carnation flower. She'd met a few health nuts who attested to pollen's benefits. That thought explained why Emma touched her tongue to it.

It tasted mildly sweet, not overwhelming in flavor, but very subtle. Emma pondered some more.

Okay, so wasps don't make honey but these wasps gathered this pollen. It's not poisonous, at least to them, and I'm feeling no effects. They wouldn't poison me. If they wanted me dead, they'd have killed me already. The fruit's covered with the stuff. I don't think they're fattening me up. They are feeding me, but why?

She went over monster stories about parasitic wasps but discounted them. *Emma, you watched too many Alien films.* These wasps didn't give off that vibe. *No eggs or larvae. I could be wrong.* As it stood, to Emma there was no other choice. *Eat or starve.*

The following days settled into a routine. The wasps left Emma alone except to give her regular feedings of fruit, tubers, and pollen. Emma kept herself clean with the pool water, taking regular

dips to relieve the mugginess.

She observed the wasps behavior. *I wish I had a notebook or camera, I'd be a celebrity for sure. The wasps!* Dian Fossey.

She noted an aggressiveness in the wasps, not towards her, but against each other. *Am I seeing the start of a war?* They weren't at the stinging point yet. Emma couldn't help but feel some irony. *A wasp nest in a volcano*, and still the over arching question: *Why am I here?*

The answer came some days later, a week or two into her "captivity". She'd just left the pool, nude and slick. The wasps were agitated, buzzing around the entrance and passageways. The thrumming was near melodic, and produced a light, and not unpleasant, breeze.

"Something's up," she murmured. A whirlwind was developing at the volcano entrance. *What's that about?*

Two wasps detached from the swirl and buzzed toward her. Emma wasn't afraid, but had some trepidation. They could have killed her in the days (*Weeks? Months?*) since they'd brought her to the volcano. There seemed no reason to do so now but, certainly, something was about to happen.

They landed on either side of her, one to the front, the other to the back. "I don't like the looks of this."

The wasp in front buzzed forward. Emma backed up, nervously, until she realized her steps would only back her into the other. *Okay Emma, they're not going to harm you, I think. Stand still and see what this is about.*

She stood and let the wasp come up to her, curious but anxious. The wasp, then, did a curious thing . . . with its antennae. It leaned forward and poked her belly, and light touch, it seemed at first.

It poked harder; Emma giggled. *It tickles. What is this thing up to?*

The wasp's antennae probed and poked from her belly to her groin. Emma didn't back away or move but stood still, curious. The wasp seemed to be testing her torso with its antennae. Emma gradually noticed something peculiar as it poked. *Is it me or does my belly feel a little . . . rubbery?*

She'd not noticed before but, now, her torso, from belly to groin, seemed to have acquired a certain . . . elasticity.

There was no pain, or discomfort from the poke. It felt kind of nice, in fact.

Emma poked herself, taking care not to provoke the wasp. *What the hell?!*

At first, there didn't seem much difference, but the more Emma examined herself, the more strange her torso felt. *It's like my body's turned to rubber. What happened?*

She'd only eaten tubers and fruit the past several weeks. *And that strange pollen? Hmmm . . .* If the pollen had something to do with it, the development was for the scientists. *If I can get samples. If I can get off this island.* The question remained why the wasps were doing this. "Oh!" she gasped, startled.

Antennae probed her back. The other wasp, about whom she'd forgotten, had come close. Its antennae probed along her ass. Emma tensed, involuntarily. *Is this thing interested in . . .?* The wasp wasn't. Instead it moved its antennae between her thighs to probe her quim. The other wasp joined in.

"Gasp! What is this?" Emma was wet; something she hadn't noticed until two pairs of antennae entered her. She didn't move, keeping her eyes on the wasp in front, moaning softly.

While her body reacted, Emma sensed the wasps' actions were non-sexual. They didn't try to stimulate her in any other way. Their probing focused on stretching her pussy and vaginal passage. It wasn't uncomfortable. *They're testing my canal. Why?*

The two wasps probed deep, testing all the way in to her cervix. One antenna pushed inward, drawing out another gasp. No pain came from this deep penetration. Emma swayed, suspended between the two wasps. Her lightheadedness as much from cumming, as from the weirdest erotic experience of her life. *A nineteen year old swimmer to a giant wasp to two more. How crazy can my life get?*

The wasps withdrew their antennae, satisfied the creature could handle the important duty planned for her. One flew to convey the news to the swarm. Emma swayed, pussy dripping, and collapsed . . . back into the waiting body of the other wasp. "Oh!"

It was not quite falling into the arms of a lover, but legs and thorax came close. The wasp beat its wings, creating a soft breeze, and used its legs to prop Emma upright.

"What is it . . . oh!" Something firm and fleshy slid between the globes of her ass, where none but Doug had permission. *Giant wasps doing anal?!* She didn't struggle. Her earlier encounter made Emma curious, and weird was moot at this stage.

It soon became obvious the wasp had a different reason for the anal invasion. Using its legs and penile sting, the wasp kept Emma at a tilted back angle. *It's propping me up!*

A reason popped into her head, confirmed when the wasp used its legs to spread her legs and pussy.

The other wasps of the hive flew down and surrounded them. Stingers, not the hard pointed ones, but the softer cum-beaded drillers, unsheathed.

"Oh fuck!" Emma gasped, "I'm going to be gang banged by wasps!"

Emma, sexually experienced, usually stuck to one partner. She remembered a threesome once in college. Most encounters, though, were a couple of long-term boyfriends or an occasional

date. She was a sexually active but not overly active woman of the modern age. No porn-style gang bangs.

Her first gang bang would be performed by giant wasps; an event far beyond her wildest sexual fantasies.

The first wasp flew forward. Emma, wet and open, shuddered. The long, thick stinger slid inside her with some ease. Her pussy, while elastic, needed some effort to accommodate it. The following drill session was punctuated by gasps and grunts from Emma. Wasps don't grunt.

The pattern which set in was Emma's first wasp fuck times . . . well, she experienced difficulty keeping track.

A wasp would settle on her body, bury its thick stinger into her dripping wet flower, drill her until it came, then fly off to be immediately replaced by another. Emma's orgasms, on the other hand, were constant.

At some point, between the buzz-fucking, Emma noticed, barely, her feet no longer touched the ground. The frenzied wasp schlonging had moved into the air.

She might have gasped, "wow" at some point but for the latest wasp pumping helm deep. A new pattern asserted itself.

While a new wasp pumped her, the back wasp withdrew from her anus, and another took its place. The following wasping increased the weird level past her first encounter. An experience which would see her passed from one wasp to another, in the air, held aloft, sometimes switched out or falling onto one wasp cock after another.

Flesh stingers kept her ass and pussy filled. Cum splashed out her overflowing womb, raining in honey gold droplets to the floor.

Her sweat-gleamed body, shuddered, bounced, and quaked as it filled with wasp spunk.

Nor was Emma passive in the airborne orgy. Once the pattern was set, she became an enthusiastic participant. She kept her legs spread wide and ground against each successive wasp.

Her screams of, "Fuck! Fuck me you goddamn wasps! Pound my ass! Ream me out! Give it to me!" subsided gradually to moans, grunts, and occasional profanities.

Her mind cleared in due course. She found herself on a paper bed, different from the other. Her very wet pussy gushed cum, her own and the wasps'. No shock for her, just exhaustion and faint curiosity. *What are they going to do next?*

The wasps next action wasn't surprising in hindsight. A wasp crawled over her supine body with an erect stinger. Instead of her pussy it placed the stinger at her face. Emma immediately got the message. "Oh!"

Wasp cocks were thicker than human but not by far. Wasp cum, at least this species, tasted more like honey. Emma filled her belly with jizz from three wasps before exhaustion overcame her body. She woke to a swollen belly and wasps putting eggs in her pussy.

Her shock came more from her body's transformation. *My womb should have ruptured! I should be dead!*

Instead the eggs went in with ease. Her belly grew bigger and rounder.

The wasps alternated egg insertions with cum fillings, whether through her mouth to feed her, or her pussy to fertilize. In between, they fed her pollen.

"The pollen! It has to be! Or maybe the cum! Or both!"

There seemed no other explanation for her elasticity. *I'm like a rubber balloon!*

Emma lost count of the eggs put inside her womb. She didn't care, actually. In another life she would view this experience with horror. The weeks of human / wasp fucking, led her to embrace the weird. Her only emotion was curiosity.

The wasps, eventually, stopped filling her with eggs. On viewing the result, Emma saw little difference with a pregnant woman. She wondered with no little detachment, "How long until they hatch?" She didn't think a bloody, Alien style death was in her future. It didn't seem in this species nature.

The following days or weeks or months, saw Emma suspended in a state of languor, fed constantly, cleaned and groomed, and otherwise treated as a Queen. Her belly continued to grow, as did her breasts. Her body reacted as if pregnant but with a shocking hyper-gravidness. Her breasts and belly grew to take up a sizable portion of her body.

Emma was fed, massaged, and wasp-fucked every day. Her mind and body dulled, over time, to a basic primal existence. Eat, fuck, and sleep became her three tenets. Sometimes she ran her hands over her milk-laden melons and hyper-pregged belly. The only word rising from her dulled mind was, "Egg sac."

Sometime during her confinement, a gush of fluid poured from between Emma's legs. Her gravid belly rippled; things began to move through her canal. She huffed, puffed, moaned and sighed, too busy to notice the commotion from one of the tunnels.

The wasps were in a frenzy. Ants! Ants! Were coming into the nest. Wasps and ants, while distant cousins, were not exactly friends; less so on an island with limited resources.

The ants came through a tunnel, long thought sealed off. The tunnel led to a system of caves which connected to the ant hill. Frequent skirmishes between the factions brought both to the brink of war. A mutual decision, long time past, led to the passageway's closure. Ants and wasps decided to share the island, and keep well away from each other.

Now, it seemed, the passage was re-opened. The ants were invading.

Wasps swarmed the tunnel's entrance, hard stingers at the ready.

The ant army approached, and then stopped at a safe distance from the wasps. A small ant, the weakest and least threatening, bumbled near. It assumed a supplicant position, trilling softly and emitting calming pheromones.

The wasps buzzed among themselves. This action was unconventional. It could be a trick. One of the smaller wasps was sent forward. It approached the ant, emitting suspicious and mildly hostile buzzes. Its pheromones exuded some hostility but the buzzing assumed a questioning tone.

The two insects buzzed, trilled, and pheromoned back and forth, and ultimately a parlay took shape. The gist of the exchange unfolded as follows:

|<*Greetings to the Hive.*>

\<What brings you here, ant?>

\<We wish to discuss the current situation on the island.>

\<And that being?>

\<The scarce resources. Our Queen has a proposition. We wish to discuss such with your Queen.>

\<Our . . . Queen is indisposed. State your offer and we shall convey it to her.>

\<The resources of the island are ever more limited. Only proper and efficient use will allow benefits to both our peoples. We propose a series of trades and mutual population controls to improve the use of resources. The Queen offers the use of a quarter of her aphids, plus regular supplies of fungi in exchange for a quarter of your grubs, and regular supplies of pollen. As a gesture of amity, our Queen offers the services of this unique new aphid recently discovered by our worker.>

The ant stepped aside. Another ant trundled forward, bearing a pale figure in its mandibles.

The wasps buzzed excitedly. This "aphid" as the ants thought it, bore similarities to the creature currently utilized as their breeder. There were some differences.

It had the same number of limbs and a similarly shaped head. Its body was paler than the breeder, nor had it the head fur the breeder sported. In fact, no fur on its body at all. Its chest displayed similar swellings to the breeder, with nubs in the middle, but were far smaller and flatter, barely noticeable. Nor did they produce to copious fluid squirting from the breeder.

The most notable difference was the fleshy stinger, similar to the wasps reproductive stinger, and round balls of flesh dangling between its legs. The wasps were familiar enough with other

animals to recognize a male. That the ants could not recognize this was unsurprising to the Hive. Ants were more single-minded, and less knowledgeable than the more out-going wasps. It didn't make them less intelligent.

The wasps buzzed among themselves. The ants had a point; conflict over resources threatened to destroy them both. It would be better for all if some arrangement were made. Some of the Hive's current problems stemmed from overpopulation. Plus, while this creature the ants offered was definitely not an aphid, the wasps did have a yen for aphid juice. The ants, however, monopolized the supply. If the ants vouched for this creature's juice, then there was reason not to try it out. After all, given the current circumstances, why not? The wasps buzzed |<Deal.> An even further change in the nature of the swarm.

Doug woke to the touch of antennae stroking his body. He thought it was the ants, at first. His cock swelled, prepared for milking. Something warm and wet enclosed it. "Mmmm," he moaned.

Something was different. Instead of the rhythmic trills which normally accompanied the milking, his ears heard a soft, "Thrummm!" Its sound, like a distant helicopter.

He blearily opened his eyes. His faint shock barely registered. *This not an ant.* It didn't stop him cumming, but his lethargic mind took a few moments to figure what he came into.

A wasp! I'm being blown by a wasp! Where are the ants?!

He looked around. He was held in the mandibles of a giant ant but a giant wasp (which should have shocked him more, but after weeks of ant-fucking, nothing surprised him) sucked his cock. The chamber did not look like the ant hill.

The thrumming sound buzzed from dozens of wasps flying overhead. *What is this place?*

Another sound, two actually, filtered through the low thrum. The first were a series of soft, wet slurps accompanied by faint moans. They issued from a cluster of ants and wasps on his right.

They were gathered around a large, pale, roundish object on a platform, like a bed made of paper. Some of the wasps stroked the object, which had a fleshy color, and a soft blobby aspect, like a liquid filled balloon.

Doug took a few moments to see the object was, in fact, a round, pregnant belly. As his mind cleared of its haze, and his eyes focused, Doug discerned legs, thighs, breasts (larger than he remembered) and the moaning head of a very familiar woman. "Emma."

Her body was enormously gravid. Her hands roamed over her swollen breasts, tits (which Doug noshed on many times past) squirting milk, and belly, large, round, and rippling.

The soft, wet slurps came from the pussy into which he'd drilled his cock time and time again. Pale, white, blobs splashed out of that pussy, into the mandibles of the wasps, who handed them to the ants. The ants carried them away into a nearby tunnel. *Larvae?*

The ant holding Doug had positioned him to allow the wasp access to his cock. Doug admitted the wasp was just about as good as the ants. His cock was still erect when it finished. Another wasp immediately replaced it.

Doug remembered someone else working his cock a lifetime ago, before they came to this island. "Some weird vacay," he muttered before squirting cock cheese into the wasp's mouth.

Emma was too focused on the larvae emerging from her womb to notice Doug. She'd taken note of the "Giant ants! Wow!" Her pussy drew most of her attention, though. She couldn't see the larva. Her huge belly and swollen breasts obscured the view. She felt them come through.

There was no pain; she even came a few times. Her pussy stretched and contracted with each larva. *It's the pollen. Remarkable.*

Ants and wasps clustered around her body. Her rippling belly was stroked and petted. A wasp would dip between her spread legs and raise it with a pale, wet form in its mandibles. Emma had lost count of the eggs during implantation. They were obviously a great amount. Her belly showed little shrinkage, in spite of the larvae birthed thus far.

Emma finally noticed the ant and wasp with the pale white thing between them. *Huh? What's that?*

She'd been sucking on her tit, her eyes wandering at random. She thought, at first glance, it was a larva but it looked too large. It was pale like one.

The ant held the creature in its mandibles while the wasp stroked it with its antennae. The creature emitted faint moans. *Those moans are familiar.*

Emma looked closer, at the swimmer's body she used to run her hands over more times than she could count; the face, paler than she remembered, model handsome, whose blue eyes gazed back with dawning recognition.

The bobbing head of the wasp obscured his lower half. Emma recognized its movements. She'd performed them often herself.

Emma didn't consider this a holy fuck moment; few things surprised her about these creatures. The interest that held her was Doug's skin, bleached near bone white, and his utter lack of hair. It was not the shaved or naired look where one might find stubble, but total, even his eyebrows.

It gave him an appearance like a sculpted marble statue, with blue sapphire eyes. A low moan, tensed muscles, and shuddering body expressed the "Dolphin's" orgasm. Emma watched the wasp receive that which filled her womb and / or belly many times.

This . . . is . . . sooo fucked. A search for her missing sis and sis' BFF ends with a gang bang by giant wasps, a prepping with larvae, and a boyfriend getting blown by insects. *So utterly fucked beyond everything.*

The wasp finished and withdrew. A brief communication of buzzes and trills exchanged back and

forth. The ant came forward with Doug in its mandibles. His cock was at full mast, throbbing and nearly as pale as the rest of him. The ant set him down. He stood, swaying on his feet, staring at her.

The ants and wasps were satiated for the moment. The ant saw no need to keep hold of this aphid. It doubted the aphid would try to escape. The others never did, and this one seemed content to be milked. Best to place it with this strange-looking aphid, the wasps were oddly using as a brood mother (*!<Wasps are so strange.>*) while negotiations continued.

Doug took in Emma's immensely gravid body, with her breasts larger than Moira Kelly's. Her belly rippled and contracted, and larvae squeezed forth from her pussy. Emma smoothed her hands over her breasts and belly, watching him, not exactly lewd, but with curiosity.

Doug staggered close, "Hi."

"Uh . . . hi," she looked him up and down. "Ants Doug?"

"Uh huh . . . wasp for you."

"Uh huh."

Doug placed his body against Emma and ran his hand with hers. Emma moaned softly. Doug laid his head on Emma. She ran her fingers over his smooth head.

"What the fuck, Emma? Giant wasps? Fucking giant ants? It's a fucked up sci-fi flick from the fifties."

"It's crazy all right."

"They snatched me while I was collecting wood. They've been blowing and fucking me for weeks, I think."

Emma giggled.

"What's so funny?"

"No . . . nothing. It's just when . . . uh . . . the wasp, the first, started fucking me . . . um . . . I thought it was you. My eyes were closed. I pretended I was asleep. That wasp had a really big cock. They all do."

"Um . . . so do the ants. Except the Queen."

"Fucked by ants and wasps. Fucking crazy."

"You think they'll believe us when we get home? If we get home?"

"I don't think we're going home, Doug. We snuck here, remember? No one knows where we are, except maybe the P.I."

"You think maybe this happened to Stella and Moira?"

"I don't know. There's no sign of them here. They might be on one of the other islands."

"Ants and wasps on the other islands?"

"I think this is the only one. Something tells me Sis and Moira are fucked in a different way."

Doug lay, not talking for some moments. "What do you think they'll do when they're done?"

"I don't know. I don't think they'll eat us."

"I guess they'll just fuck us."

"I guess."

Doug stroked Emma's breast. "You mind if I suck your tit?"

"No . . . your cock is hard. You waiting for the ants?"

"I guess. It's the weirdest sex I've had, ever. I don't think I want to stop."

"I feel that way with the wasps."

"I guess we're insect lovers."

"I guess so."

Doug "The Dolphin" Doyle, former competitive swimmer turned human aphid, placed his lips on the tit of Emma Burgess, explorer turned wasp brood mother, and began to enjoy a repast of breast milk.

Emma stroked Doug's smooth head, and lay back to quietly watch the wasps dip between her legs to draw out more larvae.

"Is this what it's going to be from now on?" she pondered.

Her sister might say maybe . . . but such questions are outside the scope of this story.

The End.

Huge Fuckin' Insects!

Part One

(Inspired by "Ravaging A New Host"

by Little White Mouse)

By The Preve

Thanks to Emerald Mbuku for the edit.

Emma Burgess watched the plane sink into the azure blue waters of the lagoon. Bad luck all around. "We are fucked," she said to Doug. "And the week started off so well."

Actually the week hadn't started off well. Emma didn't really want to come to Tahiti but her sister Stella had apparently gotten into trouble *"Again," sighed an exasperated Emma* so the parents asked (actually commanded) Emma to look for her. Stella and her best friend Moira, whom Emma didn't particularly like, *"Smartassed bitch,"* had dashed off on some end-of-college excursion and, after a brief phone call from the hotel, promptly disappeared.

The Burgesses waited several weeks after Stella's failure to return before sending Emma. They did so reluctantly. Until recently, Emma was considered the level headed sister but then she had to get involved in that scandalous relationship. . . Bad enough he wasn't of their class, but a nineteen year old? Emma was thirty. "We expected this behavior from Stella but you. . . etc, etc."

Emma, in truth, couldn't say why she was involved with Doug. She didn't know herself. The closest explanation was, "It was Daytona. It was spring break. There were all these boys and well. . ." Blind coincidence that she would vacation in Florida on spring break. Blind luck she would meet a freshman on the beach, with the slim, athletic body of a competitive swimmer and (as she would find after a dare from her friend, Mariko, and a couple of tequilas) the dick and stamina of a Viagra cranked porn star. In hindsight, she thought, "It was his cock. . . and those eyes." Doug had the clearest, bluest eyes she'd ever seen on a human face; bluer even than Stella's.

Doug "The Dolphin" Doyle, on his part, couldn't believe his good luck. There he was, his first spring break, surrounded by the choicest college babes from all points, US, and the first chick to come on to him was a hot number old enough to be. . . well his swim coach.

The first night was mind blowing (or cock blowing, Emma was really good). It wasn't the virginal teen vs. Mrs. Robinson. Doug lost his virginity at fifteen and had had several girlfriends prior to Emma. It was more the energetic young man and the experienced older woman. Doug didn't do much else that spring break except fuck Emma. His friends were scandalized. Sure, the lady was hot, but she was, um. . . thirty. A one nighter was fine, but the whole two weeks? And now they're dating? His friends didn't know whether to say "Cool!" or "Huh?!" Doug's views tended towards the former.

She was adventurous in and out of bed. Doug loved going in and out of her. It was difficult scheduling screw sessions between college classes and swim meets. Emma was good about withholding sex before competition.

Thanks to Emma, Doug became somewhat of a nudist. The first time he came to her house, she dared him to skinny dip in the pool. Doug was more than happy to oblige. It got better when she

joined him. Nude swimming and fucking became a regular pastime. It helped with the lovemaking that Doug was relatively hairless.

Doug was dark-haired; before swim meets, he shaved his head and waxed his body hair to reduce friction. Just before Emma got the phone call about her sister's disappearance, Doug was in the pool as usual, Emma lounging on the patio. Doug climbed out of the pool, bald and hairless after a recent swim meet. . . mostly hairless. "You missed a spot," Emma giggled. Doug looked down at the dark patch between his legs and smirked. He walked into the house, ignoring Emma's quizzical expression. A few minutes later, he returned with a huge grin and a giant erection on his now hairless crotch.

Emma looked at the long red pole jutting from the swimmer's light pink body and licked her lips. "Looks yummy," she said. "Bring that sausage over so I can have some. And lick my pussy while you're at it." Doug laughed and walked over.

"Bring!" went the phone. "Ignore it," said Emma. She opened her mouth to give Doug a proper kebassing. Doug plunged his tongue into Emma's flower in response. The phone continued to ring as Emma and Doug worked each other over. Doug swirled and licked his tongue around her vulva, gliding across her swollen clit, drinking the nectar squirting from her flower. He rolled his eyes, reveling in the pleasure of her warm slick cum on his face. Emma reciprocated, sliding her wet tongue over and around his hard shaft. She licked his precum, beaded at the tip, and moved her tongue across his bald crotch, licking his bare balls.

Emma's hands clutched his tight buttocks. They hadn't noticed the interlude where the phone stopped, then resumed ringing. She'd worked him to near orgasm. Doug was close to cumming. . . and then the answering machine switched on. "Emma! Emma! I know you're there with that boy! Pick up the phone, Emma! Your sister's missing!"

At her mother's voice, Emma detached from Doug's dick (he actually heard a comical "pop!"). "Damn!" said Emma.

"Damn!" said Doug, as his dong deflated.

He waited while Emma spoke to her mother and then decided to take a few laps to cool off. When he climbed out, Emma was waiting. "Stella decided to take a trip to Tahiti with Moira. They haven't called for awhile and mother says the local cops are morons. She wants me to fly down and look for them. I think she's overreacting but she insists. Want to come along?"

"Hell yes!" Doug's dick said. He'd met Emma's sister and her best friend; both of them were hot but Stella seemed unapproachable. Emma was hot but Stella, "Wow!" Emma's beauty, at least, seemed more accessible, girl-next-door vs. Stella's supermodel looks. Add Moira, a cheesecake, voluptuous vixen type. The prospect of a vacation with three hot women was too much to resist. Emma was a licensed pilot who knew her business. "Pack light," she told him.

They took the Burgess' family Lear jet, landed and checked into a hotel (the same one as Stella and Moira). The next day, they went to the police. Her mother was right. "Morons," Emma said.

She hired a local P.I. Unlike most detectives, he was helpful. His probing turned up the name of a local private chopper pilot, described as an unscrupulous bastard, who may have taken a pair of tourists to some restricted islands southwest of Tahiti. Nothing more was heard of him but it was a start. "I suggest you take care, Madame," he cautioned. "If you do look in that direction, do not tell anyone. The islands are restricted and people are known to disappear."

Emma didn't care. Among the few traits she had in common with her sister was a certain bold recklessness. It served her well as a pilot and explorer. She wasn't overly reckless, like her sister, and the temptation to take Doug and head back home was very powerful. Sure it was Tahiti, but her presence was attributable to her unlikable parents. That aspect spoiled any prospect of a good time in paradise. "Sis, why'd you have to fucking go and get yourself lost?" Emma thought with a good amount of rue. She sighed, sorority trumped convenience. "Know where we can find a good plane?" she asked the P.I.

Acquiring the float plane took a few bribes and several close inspections. Some of the prospective salesmen were dismayed to find that the "easy" mark was an expert pilot, a top flight mechanic, and a shrewd buyer with lengthy experience dealing with con artists. An hour's flight later and the couple were over the islands.

Doug didn't need coaxing to get on the plane. The adventure excited him. Thoughts of three hot babes on a tropical island crowded out any misgivings. The flight was uneventful until they passed over the second island. "What did the P.I. say about this one?" He asked.

"He called it Wongo," Emma said. "I'm going to make a quick pass. I don't want to be here longer than I have to."

Wongo was a reasonably sized island with a large lagoon. It didn't have as many plants as the other islands. Longo, the first one, seemed particularly lush. Emma took note of the many hills dotting Wongo's interior. A large extinct volcano sat at the southern tip.

"Quite a few pools in this place," Doug remarked. "I see some streams and falls. This looks like a good place to swim."

"Mmph," Emma grunted. She was more intrigued by the strange looking birds near the volcano. "I don't see any wreckage. I'm going to the next island." Emma turned the plane towards Mongo.

Wham! "What the-?!" Emma cried as the plane shuddered. Something was smeared across the windshield. A splotch of pale brown and beige viscera stained the glass. "What the hell is that?" asked Doug. Emma was about to answer when the plane came under an onslaught of multiple impacts. "Damn! Bird strike! Hold on! We've got to get out of here before the engine seizes!"

The smeared windshield limited the occupants' vision. Emma was busy keeping the plane aloft. Doug clutched the seat, staring at the viscera on the windshield. Bits and pieces of bird were smeared and wiped away. One piece caused Doug to blink. "That looks like an insect wing," he thought. The wipers erased it a second later.

There was another jolt. The engine gave a sickening sputter and cut out. "Oh fuck!" Emma cursed. She looked through the smeared windshield and turned to Doug, "I'm going to glide her in. Brace yourself; I'm aiming for the lagoon."

Emma's expert piloting managed to get them to the water, but the plane flipped and started to sink almost immediately. Doug's swimming skills took over. He helped Emma unbuckle and, with his help, exit the plane and swim ashore. Now they were on the beach and Emma was saying, "We are fucked. . ."

"Look," Doug said. "It's not so bad. Your parents will send someone eventually. All we have to do is survive until then. Where are we again?"

"Wongo," Emma replied sourly. "They don't know where we are, Doug, and we couldn't tell the authorities because they'd stop us."

"Emma, if Stella and Moira could find these islands, and we could too, what makes you think it will be any different with your parents?"

Emma thought for a second. "No, Mother couldn't find her way out of a beauty salon, but they could hire someone who can. I can scrounge up some food while we wait." Emma, like her sister, was an excellent hiker with hunting skills. "Most of these islands have coconut and banana trees, and I think we can. . . what are you doing?"

Doug was stripping off his clothes. "I'm going to dive to the plane and salvage our packs. Wanna help?"

Emma thought for less than a second, "Hmmm, why not?" And began to strip. They could have just as easily dived with their clothes but it seemed pointless. Better to let them dry on the beach.

Doug stripped to his briefs and, after a moment's hesitation, took them off. "There's nothing she hasn't seen before," he thought. Emma, matching her boyfriend's nudity, dispensed with her bra and panties. Doug gazed at her body. "God she's hot," he admired. "Not as hot as her sister but still...."

Emma's straight dark brown hair went to her shoulders. She sported a more athletic look than Stella, more demure, with dark brown eyes, a broader nose, and thinner lips. While she matched her sister in c-cup breast size and had a taut muscled midsection, Emma was wider in the hips. "Child bearing hips, Mom would say," thought Doug. Emma was shorter than her sister, standing at 5'9". She was beautiful but not a stunner. "That's the thing," Doug thought. "She's approachable, not like Stella. I'm so lucky."

Emma looked at Doug. His hair hadn't grown back from a few days ago. His hairless state only emphasized the musculature of his athletic frame. "He looks like a Greek statue," she thought. "A Greek statue with the bluest eyes ever. I'm so lucky."

Staring at Emma's naked form caused a flashback to the moment before the phone call. "Whoa

pardner," Emma said, staring at Doug's swelling member. "Remember? The packs? Time for that later."

"Oh! Erm!" gulped Doug, startled out of his erotic reverie. His pale body blushed pink.

"You can't possibly be embarrassed," Emma laughed, walking into the water.

"\Course not."

In due course, they retrieved the backpacks. They held enough rations for two days. "We can't stay on the beach," Emma said. "We need to be near a source of fresh water. I saw a pool nearby."

Their clothes were still wet, so the couple decided to carry them and wear sandals. It was a short hike. "It's quiet," Doug noted. Indeed, other than the trees rustling in the breeze, everything was silent. "Yeah," Emma agreed. "Where are the birds? That was a major bird strike up there."

"It's creepy," Doug added.

A sense of unease settled upon the couple. It disappeared when they came to the pool. It was roughly circular, fed by several streams which flowed over and through rock outcroppings surrounding it. Years of water flow had worn the rocks smooth. There were plenty of places around the pool to rest. The streams were no more than a few inches deep. The babbling flow of the water was almost joyful.

"Well, this is fun," said Emma with a genuine smile. Doug, however, didn't hesitate. There wasn't a pool anywhere that could keep out "The Dolphin." Almost before Emma finished, Doug was in the pool with a "Woo hoo!" and a "splash!"

"Doug!" an exasperated Emma exclaimed.

"Oh come on, Em! There's nothing dangerous around. We can gather food later. Just spread the clothes on the rocks and let them dry. \Sides, you need to rinse the salt water off."

Emma smirked wryly. Doug was splashing around like a pale pink seal. Minutes later, the clothes were spread and Emma was splashing in the water with Doug. Normally one thing would lead to another, certainly Doug's dick plumped with expectation. Emma was tempted but survival came first. "Whoa there, fella," Emma said. "Get some firewood first, then I'll plant myself on your wood."

"Now?"

"Yes now. I want some wood around here before it gets dark. Shouldn't take more than a few minutes. There are branches everywhere, no dangerous animals. Go get the wood. I'll be waiting." Emma smiled, swam to a rock on the edge of the pool, climbed on it and lay back with a grin of mischief. Doug frowned, grumbled, and swam to the other side. He climbed out and walked over the rocks towards a wooded area. Emma giggled, "Ha! He'll get over it." And lay

back on the rock to rest. "It's only a few days," she thought. "They'll find us soon enough. May as well enjoy it."

The day was overcast but warm and humid. The burbling stream was a lullaby. Emma closed her eyes for a light doze, unaware that she and Doug would soon be undergoing the strangest most harrowing experience of their lives.

The ant was a forager. Its task was to range far and wide, picking up anything of use to the colony. It did so not as ordered but as instinct. It held the basic philosophy of all ants: queen and colony above all. A simple philosophy for a simple life.

The ant had just left the colony, trundling through the jungle, heading towards the pool. There were coconut trees nearby; some coconuts plus a few large tree branches were on its gather list. The concepts of serendipity and fortune were meaningless to the ant. Many animals lived on the island, of different varieties, none strange to the ant. So when it came across the aphid, the ant didn't hesitate to pick it up.

It had to be an aphid, of course. It was strangely shaped and had less appendages, but it was pale and hairless and, therefore, an aphid. The ant just scooped it up in its mandibles and headed back to the colony. It was strange the aphid made different noises from others of its kind. In fact, more often than not, aphids were usually quiet. It squirmed a lot for an aphid as well. Aphids were generally docile.

The ant had to take care not to crush the creature while keeping a tight grip. The aphid's struggles increased as the ant approached the mound housing the colony. It made louder noises when it saw the other ants. The ant was mildly annoyed; this behavior was strange for an aphid. It hoped the creature wouldn't make trouble when it was milked. Aphid honey was a great delicacy; the queen would be very pleased. The ant crawled into the mound, pulling the struggling, screaming aphid behind it.

To Be Continued.