

“Aww look at you! But like.. *actually* look at you! The kitty ears, the hips, the tits – like.. You're a **sinner** bitch! What the fuck are you doin' down here in Gluttony?”

You exhale shakily, still terrified of the hell hounds around you as you look around the club's ViP lounge – and at the fluid cascading body of the club's owner. She looked.. odd, a lot like a fox but with insect vibes to it what with the extra arms and the wings, and then there was all that viscous looking golden stuff with the bubbles of turquoise in it blossoming out of her hair and her ass. It flowed through empty space the way lava lamps did in water. Elegant and wrong, mesmerizing and beautiful, simultaneously welcoming and warm and reeking of power and danger to every instinct you have in you. The whole of it is fascinating, it has been since you started coming to the club on the sly to hide, and you never seem to find her any less mesmerizing to look at no matter how much exposure you've had. You can't exactly stop yourself from staring right now even, at least not until you get the sense you're trying her patience. That seems like a bad enough idea to snap you out of it – kind of.

“I.. I know we're supposed to be stuck in the Pride ring, but-”

A quick laugh bubbles up from your host, right before she causes a handful of bottles of *something* to manifest out of nothing around her. One of them even appears in front of you. It *looks* like beer, or maybe mead..? Something gold and frothy. You don't even really think before grabbing it and taking a swig. Sure enough, it's something *sweet*.. But potent. Enough that your head swims for a second just from that first swallow.

“But *fuck that*, right? Like.. You clearly wanted out and you made it! Jeez, girl, you are *shaking* though. Fuck, you're not thinking I'm going to like.. rat you out, yeah? That's a *big* party foul. Not my style, bitch.”

You let out another shaky exhale and clutch the bottle in your hands.

“..Could.. you maybe help me hide, then? Pride is just.. *terrifying*? And I've been hanging around here a while, at the club. You seem.. *different*? Like.. I know you're seeing someone already, I don't want to fuck with that. I just want to be around you and.. and not go back?”

The vixen bee – the *Queen* – looks you over and curls her lip a bit. Some of the hell hounds exchange looks – two of them leave the room.. though you aren't sure if that's a good thing or a bad one. Maybe it's neither. You try to tell yourself it's neither as you drink a bit more and get blindsided by just how potent the stuff is again. You don't even taste the alcohol in the drink, you just *feel it* a

half second later when it slams against your brain.

“I've got you covered, little sweetness. Just.. you know, so you understand what you're asking? Sinners.. you're all like.. a little different, ya know? I can give you somewhere to crash, we've got couches 'n shit, right? But uh, if you want them to not find you – to not go back to Pride –and get to stick around here long-term and shit? You've gotta be something *else*. You down to fuck with that, little sweet pea?”

You think back to Pride. To the sight of horrid 'angel' things just **ending** people around you, some of whom you knew – some you could swear didn't deserve to be in Hell. It only takes a moment for you to nod your head at the Sin before you.

“..I am. I just.. whatever it needs, I don't.. I don't care, okay? I want to be able to stay *here* and the rest.. I.. I don't- S-so.. so what do I have to do? Is this like.. a disguise thing, or-”

The Queen smiles that inscrutable smile of hers at you again. She gestures again and something else materializes. It looks, for all you can come up with as you study the tall tankard of gold liquid.. *Thick* gold liquid with black spheres in the bottom.. like a weird-ass boba tea. Still feeling a bit woozy from the other drink, you set the first one down carefully and reach for it. As you do you find the Queen's hand, one of her four anyway, on your wrist.

“No honey. We gotta *change you*. Not just skin deep either, you got me? Need you to say yes sugar, otherwise.. Well, you can crash here, but like.. the fuzz is gonna come by eventually. It's this, running forever, or back to Pride.”

You curl your arms around your chest. Waking up – changed – in a place like this? In **Hell** of all places? You know you can't handle returning to Pride, and running didn't seem much better. Shivering, you look down at the odd drink and reach for it again, but you hesitate at the last moment and find yourself with a question for the Queen Bee.

“..A-and.. you'll uhm, you'll keep me safe after this..?”

There was a warmth in the smile that followed, though you find yourself questioning if you understand the creature wearing it well enough to judge anything by it.

“Promise, baby. They won't bother you – I won't let them. Now if you do this, drink the whole thing, got it? No halvies or it won't- there ya go, bitch!”

You up-end the glass into your mouth, feeling the slick little orbs slide down inside you and finding the sweet and clingy flavor of the stuff distracting in the best of ways. It scours at your fear,

directly and aggressively, leaving behind a kind of softened and throbbing peace instead. It's the first taste of it you remember experiencing since you arrived down here.

“That.. was all I had to do? What happens n-nooo.. ooow...”

You nearly fall out of your seat as the stuff hits you. It isn't like being drunk though, it's that same sense of peace as before. Stronger, though. *Much stronger*. It shatters your anxieties and leaves you gasping, squirming as a heat seeps into your blood and outward from there. It leaves you staring up at the ceiling because you can't seem to move anything on purpose, but the hell hounds appear to be have been ready for that. Two of them tug the chair away and two more come in with a tarp they roll you on top of. You're left lying on your side, looking up at Queen Bee, telling yourself you really ought to be terrified after that.. but the impulse fails. You know where fear is supposed to live inside you, it was the only thing you had for most nights in Hell, but now there's just a buzzing in its place. Loud enough that it drowns out your own thoughts when you focus on it.

“That was all babe. Now just lie there and let it happen, sweetie.”

It isn't as if you can do anything else. Not meaningfully anyway, you manage to move one of your arms a little and reach it out toward the Queen. Toward.. You find your thoughts feeling odd as you look at her, everything in your mind feels.. soft? Comforted, at home, and everything else-

For a whole five seconds you stall on that. Everything else? You ask yourself what that means and come up blank as your whole mind drifts into shades of gold and magenta and black – like going to sleep on an autumn evening. It takes real effort to snap away from it and recall *anything*. You remember being yourself, one life ending, waking up in a different shape.. mostly. Bits of it, like your old face, seem to have blurred too badly for you to recall them..

You definitely had a name, too. It.. it was-

“Don't struggle with it sweetness, might sour things a bit and while I don't mind tart now and then that isn't why we're here.”

Sweetness. The word hits your mind like a brick hitting a still pond. That question about your name keeps ringing in the echoes of it but now you have that word, Sweetness, in her voice and coming from her lips filling the void before you can even conceive of questioning it. You stop struggling, your Queen said to after all, and as soon as you do a sense of sticky, swelling bliss rushes in to fill the spaces you could sense emptying out of you.

All that terror and despair was being taken away from you. At least.. what was left of you?

Some part inside starts to squirm and wriggle, physically as well as mentally, as your insides start to writhe and some little clinging thing in the back of your mind screams about who you are – about what you lost and.. it.. seems so very convinced that these things are important.

But then you look at your Queen again. You've done that for weeks already, haven't you? The Sin that cares, that provides, that's what you see when you look at your Queen. It drew you here. As long as you're looking at her everything is *perfect*. Even you. It doesn't seem to matter all that much that you can feel your belly swelling and there's a glow inside it not altogether unlike the fluid, wave-like masses where your Queen's hair and tail were. One that's starting to subsume everything else inside you, squirming its way through your body and replacing everything with a sticky warmth.

“O..oh.. *wow*. That's.. that's so-”

Your face sinks into a relaxed, dull smile as you lazily survey yourself changing. Your arms seem to be turning black bit by bit, your legs too, but that glow in your middle is just getting stronger. There's a pressure behind it as well. You paw at your belly as much as you're able, finding your limbs feel strange to move – like you feel something inside filling them and pushing on things, pulling, but not in the way muscles ought to feel..? It works, though, it's just a bit clumsy. Not *nearly* as clumsy as your legs are feeling.. like you're drunk-wobbly in them even though you're lying down.

Looking down to see *why* makes your whole frame twitch. You try to remember how to be afraid as you see your legs subsuming themselves, inch by inch, into the plump and overfull mass of your abdomen while it slowly grows more full with something that looks *just like* your Queen's honey. Worse yet, as you reach out to grasp at your dwindling limbs you find your grip coming up short.. on account of the same thing starting to happen to your arms. Inch by inch they're pulling away, pulling inward, while your core gets longer and fatter. All you can do about it is watch and drool a bit of honey from your mouth while your limbs turn to useless, helpless nubs. Your chest isn't faring much better.. and there look to be more of the things starting to grow out of you to fill in the empty space between where your chest ends and your feet used to begin.

You look back to your Queen as the painful buzz of anxiety grows in your being and then it's just.. alright. You see her smiling back and something in your mind flips itself like a switch – everything's right again. She's happy with you, with what's happening to you, so you are too. Better yet, she's walking over to you! Trying to reach out to her doesn't go terribly well – you haven't got much to work with.. you look a bit more like an extremely colorful grub than anything else right

now. Despite this, your Queen puts her hands (all four of them) up to your cheeks and presses her lips to yours. A little trickle of sweetness on your tongue follows, and then-

“Come on boys! Let's get her picked up and bring her downstairs-”

Squirming a bit, you lick your lips and make a little squeaking sound that seems to be all your throat can produce in the state you're currently in. It leaves your Queen smiling at you – which would be reason enough to keep doing it all by itself – but she makes room for the hell hounds with the tarp to roll you onto the thing and lift you up. It's okay though – they're following your Queen too. They smell like her, they feel like her. Part of..

“You got *nothing* to worry about now girl, you're part of the Hive.”

Part of the Hive. A family, a big one, that wanted you for what you are – and to be happy about what you are. One that.. You shudder, from head to where you used to have toes, feeling a sticky and slick coating forming around you in the tarp and drooling a bit more over it while you're carried into a sprawling chamber somewhere underneath the club.

“And we take care of our own here, honey-bug. Say hi to your sisters~”

Sisters. You aren't really sure if you *have* the parts to be.. anything? But you like the sound of it – the feel of it. The feel of *them* too, because you *do* feel them as soon as you're in the room and realize what you're seeing. You almost mistook them for storage tanks, big black things with gold and azure inside that had bloated, wiggling nubs on their sides that were hooked to hoses. There were a few hell hounds among them, walking from sister to sister, patting at them and checking the connections around their bodies, and feeding them what looked an awful lot like the Queen's cotton candy. You try to say something, anything, and mostly just come up with an odd chirping noise.

One that they answer. You see their ears, ending in little black tufts like the Queen's, vibrate a bit – and you *feel* the contentment, the welcome, the impossible fullness.. You feel it building in your body as well as the hounds carry you to a little nest of padded straps and something a bit like a hammock. Something that holds your increasingly helpless body comfortably while the presence of your Queen and your sisters banishes everything resembling fear left in your soul.

..You can't entirely grasp the cost anymore, but you wanted this. Desperately. You know your Queen wouldn't have offered it otherwise. She approaches you as the hounds start fixing those pumps to what used to be your extremities, the gentle tugging of them leaving you squirming and chirping again. There's something missing still though, something your Queen brings. It did indeed

look like cotton candy, like the sort from her parties. You vaguely recall the wide, dilated eyes it always gave the hounds when they had some. When your Queen feeds *you* though..?

Something happens with the mixture inside you as soon as your Queen presses that spun bliss into your slowly drooling mouth. Things.. catalyze. You feel heat, vibration, *pleasure*. Then pressure – enough to leave you writhing in a blinding state of sugar-fueled paradise as your body starts to thrum and grow, to *produce*, for your **Queen**.

As you feel yourself grow into the dangling supports carrying your long, bloated body you can't do much but wallow in the contentment your body and your family around you bring. It feels a bit like heaven – and you can't imagine why you'd want to spend an eternity anywhere else.