The Hive Queen

Eloise didn't know what she wanted in life. That was, until one of her best friends turned herself into a mindless drone, serving a corporation referred to as The Hive. After hearing about this, Eloise knew what she wanted in life.

Her best friend no longer had a name. She was now Unit #3089. Her previously fluctuating voice turned monotone, and her entire purpose focused on the pleasure of and service to The Hive. Eloise felt bewildered, at first – why would her go-getting friend want to do something like that? Then she thought harder about it. Her friend had always struggled with her inner demons, and now she had no reason to think about them anymore. Scratch that – she had no reason to *think* anymore. Now she was just a mindless drone, and the only thing that lingered in her brain was The Hive.

After no more than two conversations with her friend – if they could be called conversations – Eloise knew this is what her life was meant for.

Eloise arranged a time with her friend to get introduced to the way of The Hive. The most important thing, of course, was to introduce Eloise to the dronification chamber. Eloise was surprised a place like this existed behind her old college – what in the world was the science department doing? It looked like something out of a sci-fi movie.

The walls were completely black, reflecting the little light off of the surfaces. The chamber itself slid open seamlessly. Peeking inside, Eloise noticed a few things – namely, some kind of elaborate helmet above a chair. Said chair looked shockingly comfortable – "The purpose is to help relax the mind," Unit #3089 explained – and in front of it laid an empty screen. Obviously, there were no windows, and Eloise couldn't see an emergency exit either.

"Are you certain," the unit behind a curious Eloise spoke, startling her out of her fugue. "That you want to be turned into a drone, obedient to The Hive forever?"

Eloise inhaled. She knew, obviously, she could be doing better things in her life. She went to one of the top colleges in her program, obviously. But every day, she felt more and more distant from her goals, whatever they happened to be. All she wanted was to be useful. She barely knew what this 'Hive' thing was. But from the sounds of it, she would serve people, and a common goal. What else could she possibly want?

"Yes," Eloise nodded. "I want to be of service."

Eloise could have sworn she saw the smallest, tiniest of grins on her friend's face. Her new… coworker? Fellow drone? Eloise was more than certain things would make much more sense once she stepped into the chamber.

"First, you must remove your clothing," the unit explained.

What?

Eloise flushed a hot red. "W-what? That wasn't – you never said that!" Eloise, who had only been with one person in an awkward one night stand, get naked in front of her friend and whatever cameras lied around? "I… do I - do I really have to do that?"

"Yes," the unit nodded. "Drones do not have faces or bodies. Therefore, you must forfeit your body to The Hive. All will make sense soon. Strip."

Eloise's jaw fell on the floor. There wasn't really any turning back now… she had a feeling that if she left then, she would never be able to return. Besides, it wasn't like Eloise was unattractive in any way. She held a nice figure, curves in the right spots, freckles covering her arms and face. Finally, she sighed, and relented. Her shirt and pants came off first, and even slower, her white lingerie slid off her body. Soon, she was bare naked in front of her friend.

Distantly, she wondered if she would have to do this often. She hoped not. In front of her friend was embarrassing enough. She couldn't imagine getting naked for an army of mindless drones.

Not that her friend could really respond to that. Her friend just nodded. "Enter the chamber, drone."

"Y-yeah. See you, uh, on the other side."

There couldn't have been a more awkward way to say that. Whatever. Eloise inhaled deeply and stepped into the chamber. Each step inside felt more agonizing than the last. Her heart raced and her mind pleaded for her to get her clothes back on and rush home. She ignored both.

Eloise collapsed into the chair. Hmm. It was even comfier than it looked. Eloise slid back, allowing her muscles to relax.

And then, all of a sudden, her wrists and knees were locked in.

Eloise struggled against the restraints. Where the hell did those come from? Oh, shit, this was even scarier than she thought. Eloise held her breath as she tried to get any of her limbs out… to no avail, of course. Soon, something heavy covered the top half of her head, only an inch or so above her eyes. The helmet. Eloise strained to look at it, but the most she could see were the bright green lights lit on the sides. Distantly, she could feel some large puffy headphones cover her ears. Judging by the shift in her senses, she gathered they were noise-canceling.

And in front of her, the screen opened into a spiral. A black and green spiral, flowing inwards. Eloise held back a chuckle. Really? Hypnosis? If she weren't so terrified, she would be joking about how this looked like a bad children's cartoon.

"Welcome to the hive."

Eloise gasped at the sudden robotic voice emitting. Her struggling slowed more and more, with the further she looked into the spiral. The voice was another monotone, and yet… oddly soothing.

"Please do not panic. The brainwashing will only take about 30 minutes. Do not resist or attempt to fight back as it will only cause the brainwashing to grow stronger."

Eloise barely wanted to resist. She'd only done so by instinct. Besides, the spiral, it was… so pretty…

"Relax your head. Let all that tension float away from it," the voice began. Already, Eloise went along, feeling any anxiety or stress dissipate from her brain. "Let your shoulders slump as you stare into the spiral, as you listen to the voice of The Hive." Her shoulders fell, her head lolling to the side and her jaw falling slack. "Your arms. Any and all fear and anxiety leaving through your fingers. Your waist, your hips, your crotch. All free of resistance, all free of any emotions that do not serve us. And the last of your feelings leaving through your toes as your entire body collapses into the chair."

Every last atom of Eloise's anxieties vanished. Whoever this voice was -- whatever The Hive was -- those questions didn't matter anymore. All that mattered was the spiral in front of her, and the hypnotic voice whispering sweet nothings into her ears.

Eloise jolted for a minute as she felt something on her temples and low on her forehead. She recognized the sensation as... a head massager. And a very good one. The prongs rubbed deep into her skin, making her gasp in shock from the sensation. Eloise had used that kind of massager on herself before, but having someone -- something else -- use it on her... that was an entirely different feeling. The more aware she got of the sensation, the harder the tendrils would massage. A sensation in her crotch began to tingle, and her legs shook. Somehow, between the induction, the spiral, and the massager, the feeling of intense trance led Eloise nearly to orgasm.

But The Hive wasn't having it. Eloise's cunt edged and fell dormant again as her body adjusted to the sensations. The pleasure rapidly leaving her body only served to force Eloise's mind into an even more susceptible state.

And the voice continued to lead Eloise into a blissful abyss.

"Your thoughts are slowing... aren't they? Service to the Hive is pleasure, Eloise." Distantly, she wondered how they knew her name. It didn't particularly matter. The worry disappeared soon enough. "And as you walk down the path of service, the only thing you will know is..."

The volume grew louder, the intensity stronger, almost burning Eloise's ears.

"Obey the Hive."

The words rang in Eloise's soul. Obey the Hive.

"Serve the Hive."

Serve the Hive.

"Be the Hive."

Be the Hive.

Those words... they were the only things that made sense at that moment. Obey the Hive. Serve the Hive. Be the Hive.

"And as I count down from 5 to 0, those words will slowly become the only things you know. That mantra will be on your mind all day, every hour and every second. You will only know the Hive. Nothing else will matter but the wellbeing and functionality of the Hive."

The voice grew closer.

"Are you ready?"

Eloise nodded. As the countdown began, she realized something. She wanted this. This was what she needed. She needed to obey, serve, and be. This was where Eloise needed to be.

And she was so, so happy.

"5. Obey the Hive. Serve the Hive. Be the Hive."

Obey the Hive... Serve the Hive... Be the Hive. The words etched themselves into Eloise's mind, overwriting whatever other knowledge or ambitions she might have had.

"4. Obey the Hive. Serve the Hive. Be the Hive."

"Obey... serve... be..." Eloise mumbled. She didn't even realize she was repeating the mantra, but it came easily to her.

And with every count, more and more of her brain became that mantra. Her mind filled with thoughts of service, of her future life. No. Her mind was the hive.

"3. Obey the Hive."

"Serve the Hive."

"2. Serve the Hive."

"Serve the Hive."

"1. Be the Hive."

"Be the Hive."

And the final number dropped Eloise into mindless obedience -- the perfect place, the one she felt elated to know. The Hive. The Hive. The Hive.

"Zero."

Eloise's mind was wiped blank.

She sat in the trance for what felt like hours. It might have been hours -- she didn't exactly notice the time pass. All she knew was the Hive. And her life's new purpose.

“And now, for the final step.” The helmet removed itself from Eloise’s head. The shackles undid themselves, though Eloise no longer felt any urge to leave the chamber. The doors in front of her opened, and a black object entered the chamber with her.

“Your uniform.”

Eloise eyed the uniform curiously. The most obvious thing was that there was only one garment to cover her entire body. It was entirely pitch black, latex, and meant to cover every inch of her. Making her a faceless drone like the rest of them. Eloise didn’t complain – she couldn’t complain, after all. She wasn’t a person anymore. She was a machine, meant to serve the organization, or… corporation? Collective? It didn’t matter. Eloise’s sole purpose was to serve The Hive.

“The helmet will also be a part of your uniform,” the voice spoke. “You must put it on now. Only then will you receive your designation.”

“Yes,” Eloise nodded. Without any further hesitation, she slid the uniform on her. She had to wonder how this machine knew her exact size, but every inch fit perfectly on Eloise’s body. She felt the snugness around her, embracing her like a tight hug. It felt soothing, like the trance she’d been forced into just minutes ago. They must have had thousands of the things. Eloise wondered just how many drones were actually a part of The Hive.

Actually, distantly, she still had many questions. What was the purpose of The Hive? How did the drones serve each other? There must have been a leader. Who were they? Why would they lead this kind of service?

“And now, your number and role.”

All dim questions ceased in Eloise’s mind. Despite her emotional reactions having shut down, Eloise didn’t feel prepared for what she heard next.

“You are #0001. The Hive Queen.”

Eloise blinked, trying to process the confusion as best she could. Hive Queen? Certainly there was already a Hive Queen... why would she be one, too, or instead? These drones were serving someone. They weren't just mindlessly obedient to no one - at least, that's what Eloise thought. Eloise looked to her friend - now her fellow drone, and asked with an inquisitive tone.

"Forgive this unit's unwarranted question, but, is there not already a Hive Queen?" she asked in her now-usual monotone voice.

"This unit did not before," her friend started, "but now does. You. You are the Queen, in command of The Hive. We, your units, are now obedient to you and only to you."

Eloise felt dizzy - no, she nearly collapsed from confusion. She looked around at the other drones in the room, all seemingly minding their own business. Some units seemed to be making new latex suits for prospective drones. Others were working on another brainwashing chamber, similar to the one Eloise had stepped in 30 minutes ago. A few others roughly polished some toys - adult toys, of course, from vibrators to floggers to handcuffs.

And they were obeying no one - just The Hive. At least, until Eloise joined.

"And this is how I can best serve the needs of The Hive?" Eloise asked.

"There is no need to ask further questions," her friend said in an uncharacteristically impatient tone. "This is your role. You must obey the needs of The Hive. Obey the Hive, Serve the Hive, Be the Hive. This is all you know, Unit #0001."

Eloise - Unit #0001 - gaped her mouth open. And then the mantra began sinking into her head again. She was a mindless drone, and the only thing that mattered in her life now was serving the collective. This... this was how she could do so. By giving the drones someone to obey. Someone to pleasure.

"Do you understand?"

Unit #0001 took one final moment to let her purpose seep into her bones. Then she nodded. "Affirmative."

"Then you may start with this drone."

"Affirmative," Unit #0001 repeated. "What are your orders for this unit?"

"I do not give orders, Unit #0001. Your orders are mine to obey. Similarly for the rest of The Hive."

"Affirmative."

The Hive Queen pondered for a while. What could she possibly order this drone to do? Prior to this, Eloise didn't think she held a Dommey bone in her body. She didn't even know how to ask for something without a myriad of 'if it's okay's and 'no worries if not's.

Obey the Hive, she repeated in her mind. Serve the Hive. Be the Hive.

"Unit #3089, get into a bench position," the Hive Queen ordered. "This unit wishes to use you as a chair."

"Affirmative."

As the unit got into position, Unit #0001 distantly noted how hot it felt to watch someone - one of her friends - mindlessly obey her order. Without a single hesitation or question. She got on her hands and knees, ready to bear the Hive Queen's full weight for her pleasure.

Unit #0001 said the first thing that came to her mind.

"Good drone."

And then something stranger happened - her friend let out a muffled, whimpering moan. Unit #0001 figured she must have gotten off on the affirmation. The Hive Queen smirked gently - if she got off on being obedient, the way Eloise did in a different way, then the other drones must have felt similarly.

"You, over there."

A drone lifted up from suit-making duty and stared at the Hive Queen. "Yes, my Queen. What are your orders?" they asked without a single moment of waiting. They were also ready to obey her every command. She never could have guessed how hot that would be.

"What is your unit, drone?" the Hive Queen asked with a strict tone.

"Unit #0059, at your service."

"Unit #0059, get into a similar position as Unit #3089 and serve as my footstool."

"Affirmative." The unit dropped whatever they were doing, leaving it for another drone. The other one looked at the Hive Queen, and they must have looked... jealous. Eloise had to wonder if these drones now considered serving the Queen to be some kind of high privilege, one actively sought after. That's what she could guess. After all, why would these first two drones be so damn excited to obey?

Unit #0059 got into the same position, parallel to Unit #3089. Immediately, the Hive Queen shifted her legs to place her feet on the second unit. They held up her weight, evenly split between the two, neither of the furniture drones struggling in the slightest. They couldn't struggle - that wouldn't be conductive to the act of serving the Hive Queen.

Eloise wouldn't have guessed this would be her place in life, a few years ago. But as the two drones mindlessly obeyed her, and it gave her a rush similar to acid. Serving the Hive was pleasure, and in turn, granted the Hive Queen her own pleasure. It was the hottest symbiotic relationship Eloise could have possibly imagined.

"If it pleases my Queen," Unit #0059 started, "this unit would enjoy having a new mantra implanted in their head."

"Your wish is acknowledged," she responded as she pondered a new mantra. What could be a hot mantra that only encouraged further conditioning and obedience? Thinking was now a hard task, but one the Hive Queen was intent on following through with.

"This unit would enjoy the same mantra, as well," her friend spoke.

They wanted her orders. They wanted to obey her. The feelings that came from that knowledge filled the Hive Queen with the drive to only make them more subservient to her.

"These two units' new mantra," the Hive Queen inhaled, "will be 'this unit is conditioned for obedience'."

"This unit is conditioned for obedience," both drones repeated immediately. "This unit is conditioned for obedience."

"Correct. Continue repeating the mantra," she ordered. As they did, the Hive Queen's eyes darted across the room, to the three drones polishing the impact toys - floggers, paddles, thumpers, and more that the Hive Queen didn't have the words for.

"You three units!" the Hive Queen barked.

They all turned to her. "Yes, my Queen."

"Bring those toys to me. Allow me to have a full selection."

"Affirmative."

The drones went back over to their station. Moments later, they came back, an arsenal of impact toys stuffing their arms. Tenderly, the drones laid the tools on the table, distancing each apart from one another so that the Hive Queen could mostly see her options. Unit #0001 tapped a finger to her chin and looked down at the selection. She eventually landed on two – a wooden paddle that read ‘obedient drone’, and a plastic one with plus and minus signs on it.

The Hive Queen adjusted herself, and readied the paddles onto both of her drone furnitures. “This unit will hit your asses, and expects you to repeat the mantra enthusiastically after each blow. Is this command understood?”

“Affirmative,” they repeated again in the same dull, mindless monotone.

The first smack hit both of them at the same time. Eloise had to adjust her technique, clearly, because she apparently didn’t hit hard enough. Both drones murmured the mantra softly.

This wouldn’t do, the Hive Queen believed. She hit both drones harder – much harder this time, as she elicited two deep, indecent moans. They repeated the mantras again, more enthusiastically. If Unit #0001 still could, she’d be smirking ear to ear.

Again, and again, she slammed the paddles into their asses. The latex covered their skin, of course, but Eloise could still guess how bruised they must have been. She knew that they didn’t particularly deserve this level of pain – after all, they had been obedient and followed

her orders, hadn't they? But Eloise was the Hive Queen now. She could do whatever she wanted. And none of the drones were allowed to complain even a bit – hell, she didn't even think they could complain if they wanted to.

Suddenly, she felt something shaking beneath her, after what must have been the twentieth blow. Her bench. Eloise grabbed her friend's – her drone's – hair and pulled it up.

"This unit did not command you to shake," the Hive Queen hissed. "Stop your shaking right away."

Unit #3039 bit her lip, held her hands steady, and nodded. "Affirmative, Queen."

The Hive Queen felt her lips curl. But that wasn't enough.

SMACK, SMACK, SMACK!

The paddle she used on that unit came down three separate times. Almost to test the unit's ability to stay as still as a steady couch. Thankfully, she didn't shiver again. Eloise was lucky to have such a devoted drone. To have this *many* devoted drones.

In fact, there must have been more the Hive Queen could do than just use some drones as furniture and paddle them. She had full control over this collective. She never could have guessed how hot that would be – and how much sheer power that would give her. Why stop here?

"You," she pointed to one of the drones previously working on the toys. "Your designation."

"Unit #4727, Queen."

"Unit #4727, get the Hive Queen a glass of ice cold water."

"Affirmative." The drone walked away to do just that. They just mindlessly obeyed. No questions.

Soon, they came back, holding a glass of water. The Hive Queen took it and sipped, feeling the coolness of the water rush down her bloodstream. Only then did she notice how dehydrated she was – must have been from the excitement. She then handed it back to the drone. "Hold it by my side in between sips."

"Affirmative."

"You two," she turned to the other drones working on toys. "Your designations."

"Unit #1683."

"Unit #2406."

“Units #1683 and #2406, make the Hive Queen a flogger in her favorite colors. Neon green and yellow,” the Hive Queen barked, sliding more and more into her role as the head drone in charge. In charge of everyone, and the Hive operations.

“Affirmative.”

They went away and began working on the toy, at top speed. It was almost like having someone to boss them around helped them work faster. Maybe that’s what the Hive needed, from a practical standpoint. Aside from the pleasure and happiness of The Hive, there were many benefits to having a Queen. Now Eloise understood. And she was *thrilled* to have that role. She couldn’t wait for what else was to come in her new life.

One last order came to mind. She took her legs off of Unit #0059. “Rise.”

“Affirmative,” the unit said as they rose.

She took the glass of water from Unit #4727 and held it in her own hands. “Units #0059 and #4727, give your Queen some entertainment. Get into a switch fight. This unit wishes to see who comes out on top.”

“Affirmative,” they responded together. And then without further hesitation, began hopping on top of one another. The drones pulled hair, slapped, undressed, and fought for dominance. Neither of them really cared about the outcome of the switch fight as they used their fingers and hands and lips. All they cared about was the Hive Queen’s entertainment. That was their purpose, at that specific moment in time. And their overall purpose was serving the Hive, and now, specifically the Hive Queen.

Eloise reclined a bit, putting one of her hands on Unit #3089’s ass to hold her steady – and also to grope her friend’s latex-clad behind possessively.

The Unit squirmed for a bit before becoming steady once again. The Hive Queen let it go. She didn’t need to punish the Unit more.

“Queen,” the Unit spoke up, and Eloise turned to her curiously.

“Yes, Unit?”

“Are you now happy with your role, Hive Queen?”

She had to think about that question. Thinking about anything other than obedience to the Hive came hard. And Eloise realized that was the answer. “This unit’s feelings do not matter. All that matters is service to The Hive.”

“Affirmative,” her subordinate confirmed. As Unit #4727 came out on top of the switch fight victoriously, ideas soared through the Hive Queen’s head for what else was to come for her, and for The Hive.

The Hive Queen was right. Her feelings didn't matter. But somewhere within her, she felt a semblance of an emotion bubble within her. Even she could tell what it was— happiness. Happy to now be living a life of devoted service.

She couldn't wait.