

Pollen

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Pollen

by [delirious](#)

Summary

Eames is a flamboyant flower. Arthur is the honey bee that visits him.

[Inspired by various Arthur/Eames plant and animal porn.]

Notes

Oh my god, please don't judge me for liking plant porn. :O

Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

In which there are two meetings.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Arthur first met Eames, he thought Eames was the most beautiful flower he'd ever seen, a flower that could only appear in a honeybee's wet dream. And then Eames winked at him, which meant the flower reciprocated his feelings, so naturally Arthur said, "I hate you," to Eames and buzzed off angrily to prod at a cluster of daisies.

The same encounter repeated several times until Eames asked one day, "Arthur, darling, is being mean the American honeybee way of expressing fondness?" a question to which Arthur said, "Shut up." They became friends after that.

[...]

"Darling!" Eames calls out one day when he sees Arthur buzz by. "Have you come by today just to see me?"

"Don't be so full of yourself, Eames," Arthur scoffs, turning away but not before Eames catches the flush of red across the bee's cheeks.

"Darling, are you blushing?" Eames exclaims in delight. His day is just getting better and better.

"No, I'm not!" Arthur denies vehemently, crossing two toes underneath his stomach. "I'm just here to gather more pollen." Eames winks at him, petals unfurling to gleam against the sunlight. Arthur tries hard not to stare.

"Take all you need," Eames murmurs in a low, gravelly voice. "I make it just to please you."

If it's even possible, Arthur's cheeks begin to feel even hotter. But something in Eames' tone catches his attention. It's deeper than usual, almost a growl, with hints of god, would that be labelled as seduction? Because it was just like the sound that male bower bird made the other day when he found a female -- jesus christ --

"Eames, are you trying to court me?" Arthur screeches. It was infuriating how Eames didn't even try to look apologetic.

“Now, now, darling,” the flower chides gently, still managing to maintain a somewhat calm demeanor even with a honey bee buzzing around him in a very threatening (adorable) way. “Surely, after all these months of your visiting and my petals opening to no bee but you, you would have caught on that we --”

“Fuck you, Eames!” Arthur sputters indignantly.

“That we had a thing going on,” Eames finishes. “Although if you want to take things to the fucking level now, I certainly won’t stop you.” He then proceeds to give Arthur another charming (malicious) smile. Arthur suddenly develops an urge to kill extremely flamboyant flowers.

“Eames,” he sighs, attempting to take a logical course of action to persuade the flower that he is mentally deranged. “You’re male. I’m male. You’re a flower. I am a bee. We’re the same gender, which makes having a “thing” is useless for biological progress. And we’re not even of the same species, so it is physically impossible for us to have a thing.”

Eames frowns. “Of course we have a thing, darling. You love my pollen. I love you. How is that not our thing?”

“Ugh, Eames!” Arthur groans. Getting tired of hovering uselessly in the air, he finally lands on the flower and begins collecting pollen. He sighs in bliss, breathing in the fine yellow because, and he will never admit this out loud, Eames really does have the sweetest pollen.

“Yeah, baby, you like that?” Eames purrs. That puts an end to Arthur’s joyful mood.

“Forget it,” he grumbles, opening his wings again.

“Darling, wait!” Eames pleads, but Arthur is already buzzing away.

“I need to visit more flowers,” he calls out as he heads towards Eames’ opening. He just about to reach proper flying altitude when Eames’ long, thick petals snap shut, trapping Arthur inside.

“Goddamit, Eames!” Arthur yells, angrily buzzing around the enclosed walls. “Let me out!” His tiny feet pound at the sturdy petals helplessly. Eames chuckles. “I’m afraid I can’t do that, love. Don’t want you leaving me for some orchid. And before you get any ideas, I guarantee you he won’t be as attractive as me.”

“Let me out!” Arthur pounds at the walls again, not really expecting Eames to give to his demands. He’s just about to give up and remain inside the flower till Eames tires of the fun and finally shows mercy, when surprisingly, the petals do open. Arthur is so shocked by Eames’ sudden compliance, he doesn’t immediately fly away.

“Eames?” he asks, cautious to see if something is wrong with the flower. Eames is busy pouting. “It just seems so unfair that I give you my everything, love, and yet, you keep on seeing other less-handsome blokes.”

“Eames,” Arthur sighs, gently prodding the flower. “You don’t understand. I have to visit other flowers. I need to gather a lot of pollen for the colony, and the pollen from one flower just isn’t enough.” In a moment of weakness, he nuzzles one of Eames’ petals affectionately. “Even if you are my favorite.”

“So you need more pollen then. That’s the issue?” Eames asks thoughtfully. He smirks. “Not a problem.” The petals snap shut again, and once more, Arthur is trapped inside, except this time, more fine, yellow powder is beginning to form on the pollen bed. Arthur feels very scared.

“E-Ea-Eames?” he stutters. “What on earth are you doing?”

“I told you that I didn’t want you visiting other flowers, and yet, you disobey me,” Eames purrs. “So, I’m going to have to punish you for being such a naughty bee.”

“Eames! Stop it!” Arthur demands, but his resolves begins to weaken once he smells the sweet aroma of fresh pollen.

“I’m not letting you out of my pollen bed for a week,” Eames growls possessively. “But don’t worry your pretty little head. I’m making more pollen just like you wanted. I’m going to stuff you up with my seed. Your belly will be so full, so filled with me. God, you’ll be so plump, other bees are going to think that you’re pregnant. But there’s no need to be scared. I’ll still pack you with my essence even when you’re with my child.”

Arthur is so turned on right now. He tries to find an escape route, but his mind stops functioning when Eames begins dirty talking again. “You’ll taste me for days, even after I let you leave. I’m going to get you addicted to my pollen. No flower but me will be able to satisfy your needs after I’m done with you. You’ll come crawling back for my seed every day, begging me to pump you full.”

Fuck gender, Arthur thinks. Fuck species. Fuck the entire world, and fuck Eames, especially Eames. His knees begin to wobble, and Arthur’s head goes dizzy with all the arousal being triggered inside him. “That’s it love,” Eames murmurs encouragingly. “Don’t try to deny yourself this pleasure. You deserve to relax. Let me take care of you.”

Chapter End Notes

Part 2 will be up shortly (I hope)

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

In which, something is revealed

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Arthur hoped that no one would notice his limp as he entered the hive.

"Arthur, why are you limping?" Ariadne, a fellow worker bee, asked.

"I'm not limping," Arthur said as he tried to limp away from her and the small crowd that had begun gathering around him.

"Arthur, that is quite a severe limp," Saito commented.

"I'm not limping!" Arthur snapped.

"It's definitely a limp," Robert said. "What, did you get laid?"

Arthur felt a blush overcoming him.

"Omg!" Ariadne squealed. "Finally!" She held out her foreleg and, a scowl, Robert handed her a honeycomb. "Who was it?" Ariadne asked. "Oh, I know! Is it Nash from the hive across the meadow?"

"No way," Robert objected. "Arthur's always giving Nash the cold shoulder. I bet it's Jack from the hive in the valley."

"Or Tom from the bat cave," Saito offered, ever so helpful.

"Or Brian from pine woods."

"Or William from-"

"Enough!" Arthur bellowed. The room fell silent. "Yes, I did get laid," he continued. "As to who it is, that's none of your business. Now, if you all will excuse me, I'm going to my room."

Just as Arthur turned around to march off in an annoyed huff, Yusuf, the one bee that had remained silent during the conversation, spoke out.

"Umm, Arthur?" his voice quavered, as if he couldn't believe what he was about to say.

Arthur paused. "Yes?"

"Tell me if I'm wrong," Yusuf hesitated some more, "but is that nectar leaking out of y- you- your- umm, hole?"

Chapter End Notes

TBC

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