

HIVE MIND

A TF STORY BY ABE E SEEDY AND ANGRBODA



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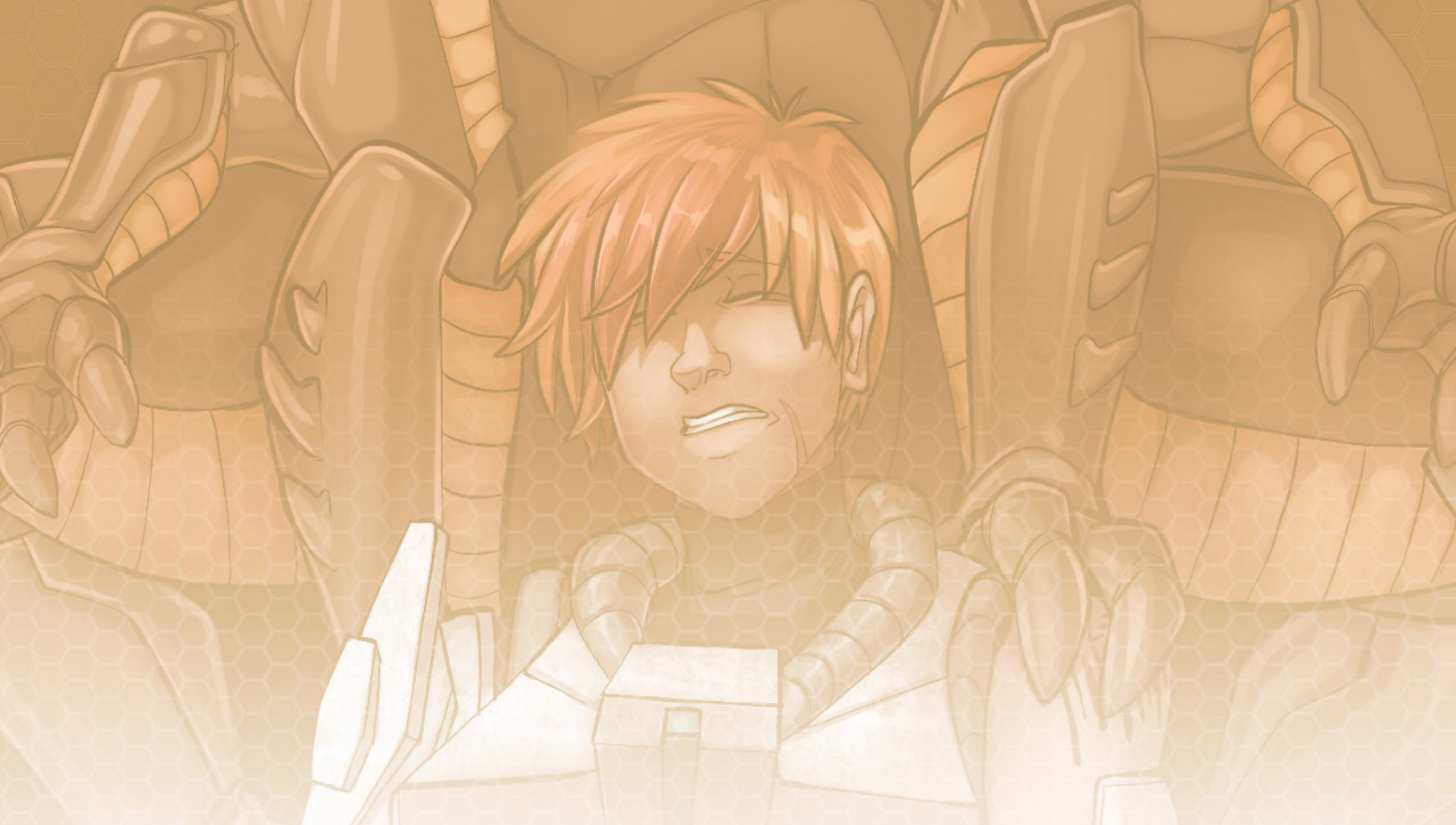
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Carmen woke up slowly, pulled back into consciousness by some strong and persistent movement. She was... she was moving; she was being dragged along the ground, her arms held firmly down at her side as she was pulled roughly backwards. She tried to move under her own power, but even just opening her eyes took a massive effort, the rest of her body was a leaden mass trapped beneath the dead weight of her armor.

Where was she?

The area around her was dark, but there was enough light coming from somewhere to show that she was in some kind of tunnel, the walls of which looked darkly brown, while at the same time somehow wet. She felt so groggy, her thoughts dim and distant, and concentrating on anything beyond the immediately obvious was an effort on par with trying to move. She'd been knocked out, she must have been - that was the only explanation for how she felt, but she had to stop and work at trying to recall what had come before that.

They'd been on a mission, her and her partner. Sent to some bass-akward world to investigate the disappearance of a surveying team that had vanished without a trace, guards and all. They'd made it to their last known position when there had been the sound of earth moving, and her partner had shouted something, and then - blackness.

Carmen heard a sound to her side. It occurred to her dimly that she had been hearing that sound for some time, faint but growing louder, but she hadn't been aware enough to register it properly before now. It was... difficult to describe, like a collection of sounds all mixed together; soft sighs interspersed with sharp clicks, but the constant undercurrent was the warm wet pulse of large amounts of fluid pumping.

With great effort, Carmen was able to force her head to fall to one side, looking in the direction of where the noises seemed to be loudest. Her vision blurred at the movement, dark spots at the edge of her sight threatening to pull her back into unconsciousness, but she managed to keep it together long enough for her eyes to focus.

There was a room there, some large chamber they were just passing the entrance to. There was light enough to see inside, and within there were a collection of figures, the majority of them arrayed along the edge of the room, but a few others were walking about the center. The figures around the edge caught Carmen's attention first, and after a second she realised why.

It was the survey team, all eight of them, standing with their backs pressed up against the walls and securely fastened in place with some sort of thick goop. But, for as much as she could recognise them as the team, with various scraps of clothing, armor and equipment still clinging to them, they were all deeply, *deeply* different. They had been altered somehow, changed so that each of them had a distinctly insectoid look, the specifics of which seemed to vary wildly from person to person. Some sprouted antenna from their head, others had large black eyes and lazily clicking mandibles, while some looked entirely human in their face despite their dream-like, glazed expression. The one closest to her seemed to have been some bull-necked marine, but now his thick armor was little more than shards about his feet, while one three-fingered, clawed hand clenched and unclenched urgently as his much-changed head swayed slowly. His eyes were blank and unreadable, but somehow despite his mouthful of mandibles his feelings were clear - he was lost in a drifting, unthinking bliss.

Each member of the eight man team had a thick, organic-looking tube attached securely to their crotch. Carmen realised slowly that that was likely the source of their blissful expressions – the hips of each man were bucking lazily back and forth to the persistent accompaniment of the sound of pumping fluid.

They were being... milked, and it appeared that every one of them was mindlessly enjoying it.

The tubes from each man connected in the center of the room, running up to the roof in one great column before disappearing out of the chamber. The other figures, these appearing to be straightforward giant brown insect men rather than the weird hybrids that lined the walls, seemed to be tending to the process; checking the tubes and occasionally giving delicate swipes of encouragement to any men on the walls that started to flag.



All this Carmen saw in the five seconds it took for her to be moved past the chamber entrance. She could do nothing but watch with wide eyes, her body still limp and unresponsive despite her best efforts, until eventually she was dragged onwards to her own destination and the scene left her sight. The sounds, however; the sighs and clicks and always the thick, rhythmic pulse of fluid moving, followed her for some time.

Several minutes later, she stopped. She'd been spending that time working to regain control of her body, and had managed to get her head moving more or less freely, although the rest of her body still refused to follow suit. Still, it was enough that she could see around her a little, and tell that they had entered another chamber. This one was smaller, maybe just ten feet square, but more importantly it appeared to be empty; apart from her and whatever had been dragging her. They stopped when they'd reached the wall opposite the entrance, and Carmen felt herself being hauled roughly upwards, pulled upright with her back against the wall.

Carmen had a moment of panic as she felt her arms being pressed into the wall behind her, something snapping together and leaving her wrists locked together and tied to the damp mass, even more restrained than the men she'd seen earlier. Gritting her teeth, she pushed the fear aside.

"Lieutenant Ortega", she mumbled, her jaw aching for the effort. "23rd Recon Division, Arcturus Sector, Imperial Marine Corp." She went to spit, but found her throat far too dry, and eventually just gave a sort of aggressive cough. "And you fuckers can bet that now that we know you're here, we're going to be sending a fleet bigger than your whole fucking planet to blow your entire *race* to bits!"

The creature stared blankly at her. Carmen couldn't tell if her words had had some effect or if it was simply checking its work, its face was unreadable and it seemed not to acknowledge her directly. At least with it paused in front of her like this she was able to get a decent look at it for the first time, illuminated by the faint but seemingly omnipresent light somehow coming from the walls.

It seemed to be the same as the ones that were tending the men in the other chamber, some giant insect that looked like an overgrown ant, except that it only walked on two legs, while the remaining four seemed to serve as arms on a surprisingly humanoid upper torso. It stared at her for a few seconds, the distance between them just too great for Carmen to catch it with a headbutt. Eventually it stepped away, walking back towards the entrance, much to Carmen's private relief.

It didn't leave, however. Instead it reached out to the wall and pulled on some section of it, something moving free from the rest of the indistinguishable organic mass at its touch. It pulled, and suddenly Carmen realised what it was – a thick, organic-looking tube, just like those she'd seen in the other chamber.

“Ha!”, Carmen made herself say. “You’re shit out of luck if you think you’re going to be able to get from me what you were getting from the others!” She tried to put some bite in her words, but even her practised bravado couldn’t conceal the quiver in her voice.

If the creature understood Carmen’s words, it gave no sign. Instead it simply turned around and began walking the tube back towards her. It looked to be about five inches across; thick, round and fleshy, trailing along the ground like some obscene, oversized firehose.

“H-hey!”, Carmen yelled. “I mean it, there’s no point trying you sick fuck!”

It was only a few feet away now, and Carmen suddenly realised that it was beginning to lift the tube up, raising it to head height rather than lowering down towards her crotch. It was confusing enough that she was lost for words for a moment, simply staring to try and figure out what was going on. The creature stopped one foot away, and for a second Carmen thought this whole procedure was merely a threat in order to get her to talk, but then it began to shift, holding the end of the tube in the crook of one arm and stroking the length of it with another.

The tube itself somehow responded, tightening then dilating for a moment until, with a visible shudder, whatever pumping mechanism it contained kicked in, but this time in reverse. A steady stream of thick, viscous white fluid began to pour from the end of it, slopping noisily onto the ground as the creature resumed moving the tip of it towards Carmen’s face.

She flinched back, instinctively. She knew what it was instantly, exactly what had been milked from the ‘men’ in the other room, and the flow of it seemed endless. It was right up next to her now; she could smell the overpowering scent of it all pouring down in front of her. She couldn’t smell anything *else*, but if she kept her head firmly turned to the side it seemed like the creature couldn’t get an angle with the tube to get it any closer. She wanted to say something, to yell at it again, but it was far more important to simply get herself away from that, to expend all her energy on pulling her head as far to the side as possible. All she had to do was keep it occupied until she could get the rest of her muscles to wake up, and then she cou-

There was a sudden pressure on the back of her head. She’d been so focused on simply dodging that she hadn’t noticed the creature switch to be holding the tube with two hands on one side, while one of the other two had snuck up behind her and landed firmly against her head. It was strong, so unbelievably strong, and Carmen couldn’t resist its directions any more than a piece of paper could resist the wind. Slowly and inexorably it moved her to be once again facing the tube, and then, with one definitive thrust, it pushed her deeply into the still-flowing stream.

Carmen’s mouth was open. She hadn’t meant for it to be, but somewhere between the sudden movement and the shock of the fluid hitting her face her jaw had dropped, and some of it slid thickly between her lips. The taste hit her, so intense that for a moment everything else was drowned out, the deluge of it hit her tongue and it was like there was a flash inside her mind. It tasted of... nothing, everything – Carmen had absolutely nothing to compare it to, and the

experience of it was so powerful she couldn't even categorise it as good or bad. It just was, absolutely and overwhelmingly, and for a solid second she simply stood slack at the sensation.

After that one moment however, the rest of her brain kicked into gear, and she managed to resume conscious thought. Feeling the alien's hand still behind her head she instead pushed forwards, breaking free of its grasp at the cost of dunking her whole head under the stream. It was only for an instant however, before she used her new freedom to slip around to the side and get free, coughing and gasping to clear her throat. Finally, finally Carmen began to feel the adrenaline making its way through to the rest of her body, her stiff muscles beginning to respond. She used the momentum of her sideways swing to pull down at her restraints, and, mercifully, she felt them give. Gritting her teeth she yanked downwards as hard as she could, until with a resounding 'snap' whatever had been joining her wrists to the wall broke, sending her tumbling to the floor.

Carmen rolled as adroitly as she could considering her hands were still bound together, managing to come back up to her feet before the insect creature appeared to have registered what exactly was going on. It turned to face her new position, its expression as blank as always, while for her part Carmen couldn't help but give out a short laugh of triumph. "Hplafh", she coughed, sticky residue still coating the inside of her throat, but fortunately not enough to keep her from breathing. She dropped herself into as much of a fighting stance as she could manage with her hands still trapped behind her body. "C'mon you little fuck, let's see if you've got what it takes to take down one of th-"

Something hit her in the back, hard. She was caught completely off-balance, toppling face-first onto the wet ground as she felt something large and strong pressing against her from behind. The impact knocked the wind out of her, leaving her dazed and with her face to the floor. She felt sharp points digging into her arms, pulling them apart with ease despite her restraints, then pressing them to her side while a heavy mass sat against her legs.

There was another one behind her, she groggily realised, and now it had her pinned.

The one in front of her still seemed completely unsurprised by this turn of events. It merely re-adjusted the tube and began dragging it back over towards her. This time rather than lifting her up the tube was simply brought down to her level, the opening pressed in front of her face while the liquid sloshed out around her.

There was so much, so quickly, the puddle it formed within seconds was enough to completely cover her mouth and get dangerously close to blocking her nose. There was no way Carmen could get the other creature off her back from this position – there was only one thing she could do now to even keep being able to breathe.

She opened her mouth, and drank.

The taste of it hit her again, shuddering through her entire body. Even here now, pressed heavily into the ground by vicious aliens, it was enough to chase away all her other thoughts. It was... it was good, if she admitted it to herself - sweet and syrupy and intense and overwhelming and then all of a sudden she wasn't drinking to breathe or to fight but just to keep drinking.

Something changed. The creature on top of her shifted, the one in front of her moving the tube, and the flow swept back over her entire head rather than pooling directly over her mouth. Carmen kicked instinctively, dislodging the creature holding her down and rolling over onto her back where she lay, panting.

Several moments passed. There was the constant sound of the tube pumping, now safely distant enough to no longer be an active threat, but aside from that and Carmen's own ragged breathing nothing broke the silence. The creatures seemed content to simply watch her passively, neither of them making any moves to recover her.

Finally, almost begrudgingly, Carmen licked her lips.

There was something, something tiny and far off in the distance that Carmen only just realised had been on the edge of hearing for some time. It was... a hum, or a voice, far too soft to be decipherable, but somehow comfortingly ever-present. It seemed to be coming from beneath her, but then when she focused on it it seemed to be beside her, then above her.

Her eyes, she realised belatedly, had drifted shut.

There was movement, and she snapped her eyes back open with a start. The creatures were moving again, apparently having decided that whatever rest period she had been allotted was over. She felt firm, sharp hands grab at her again, pulling her upright into a kneeling position, and this time she couldn't summon up the energy to fight against them. The tube was raised once more to her face, and her mouth fell open automatically in order to accommodate it.

Carmen drank. She had no idea how long for, time slipped away as she let the thick liquid slide down her throat, relaxing back into the hard claws of the creature holding her head from behind. She swallowed, feeling the taste of it all the way along her tongue, her whole body slack and overwhelmed.

Suddenly, there was something else.

There was a slick layer of liquid still coating her face, and Carmen began to feel something... happening there. Her eyes had drifted shut again, but they snapped open as the faint sensations abruptly gave way to something much more powerful. She had to drink more, she *needed* more of this inside her, with an absolute burning desire that rose from nowhere to completely drown out everything else. The tube was still in front of her, still pumping its wonderful liquid into her mouth, but she needed it more, needed it to be closer, needed... *something*, something she

couldn't define or explain but equally couldn't fight. She needed- she needed...

There was a movement. Her face shifted somehow, and she felt something pushing, and then there was a *release*, and she could feel two small... somethings stretching out on either side of her mouth. In seconds they were complete, two mandibles stretching out around six inches from her face, and instantly they each clasped tightly to the tube and brought it in closer against her. Carmen drank hungrily. There wasn't thought behind it anymore, it was simply a fact that she needed more of this inside of her, and everything else was irrelevant. She felt her mandibles begin to slowly massage the sides of the tube, all the better to release more of the wonderful fluid. She gulped it down, and it just kept coming.



Hazily, despite her frantic preoccupation, Carmen realised that the sound had gotten louder. It was talking, but the specific words were just on the edge of hearing. The voice itself still seemed somehow comforting, even if she couldn't make out any of the specifics. It was soft and constant, a soothing rhythm that she unconsciously adopted as she swallowed.

On the edge of that realisation, she slowly detected a growing sensation of fullness. There was so much of the fluid inside of her, but she couldn't stop needing more. She felt her body responding, shifting in order to accommodate what she needed to have happen. There was a tightness on her chest, a desperate pressure as her armor constricted against her. She needed relief, but she couldn't stop herself from focussing in taking in as much of this liquid as possible. She needed, she had to-

There was a crack, and a relief, and Carmen realised that her armor had broken in half, pushed apart from the inside. She managed to twist her head enough to look down without releasing the tube, and saw that her breasts had swelled outwards dramatically, growing rapidly to an obscene size. Her skin changed as she watched too, the outside hardening to form chitinous plating while still overall keeping the soft heft of her newly outsized breasts. She knew that she should feel panic, confusion or concern, but all of those emotions were distant and faint, soothed into oblivion by the quiet whisper in her head. She shivered, gulping down a particularly thick load, and somehow her breasts responded. Her nipples began to leak freely, alleviating some of the desperate pressure building inside her. She sank into the sensation, her whole body shuddering rhythmically as she drank eagerly and the liquid flowed in almost equal measure down her dripping chest.



Carmen's head was filled with a deep haze, but slowly she felt something else pulling at her from above. She shook her head groggily from side to side, unwilling to dislodge the tube from her mouth, but still needed to shake whatever this was out. She felt her hair move oddly, it seemed it was slowly hardening against her head. But there was something beyond that, something else pressing its way up from her scalp. Her eyes rolled back as she willed it onwards, feeling her body sag as her head drifted lazily upwards. Finally the pressure slipped free, and she felt two stalks emerge on the top of her head, stretching outwards to form her new antennae.

Instantly there was a change. The voice immediately came through so much clearer, forming into a distinct whisper inside her head. She could make out the words finally, soft phrases telling her to give in, to relax, to let all this wash over her and become something else, but it was a realisation beyond the words themselves that made her eyes drift blearily open in surprise.

It was her voice, her own voice whispering to her to submit to this.

Somehow, Carmen knew instinctively that it wasn't simply some other consciousness using her voice to talk to her. It was her, some part of her that was telling herself to give in, that she could let go everything about being Lieutenant Carmen Ortega, let go of the cold-hearted Imperial Marine Corp, let go of her mission, let go of her humanity even, and just be *this*, this alien thing that just felt so, so good.

She came. Something about hearing it from herself, hearing just what she could let herself do, how far into this sexual bliss she could allow herself to willingly sink, was enough to have her hips buck erratically, her own wetness running down the insides of what remained of her armor. She knew then, absolutely, that she needed as much of this as possible.

She became aware, somehow, that the creatures were no longer holding her. Even the one with the tube had let go of it, so now the only hands holding it up to her lips were Carmen's own, while her mandibles continued to massage the tip of it feverishly. The creatures seemed to be content now to simply stand passively, watching her.

Through some combination of instinct and absolute need, Carmen reached out to them. She needed more, even though she wasn't sure how exactly, but she knew that even this constantly pumping tube wasn't enough. There was a quiet electric buzz as some unseen command passed between them, and then she saw one of the creatures turn back to the far wall, soon pulling another tube out from the organic mass.

Carmen drooled in anticipation, her own thickening saliva dripping down her chin, but there was still more to be done before she was ready. The other creature stepped forward while the first was dragging the new tube over, leaning down over Carmen. She turned her head to the side, moving the tube out of the way while pushing her body forwards the better to open herself up. The creature reached down, clawed hands grasping at the crotch of her armor, still stubbornly attached to her.

It pulled, and the metal parted instantly, carved apart seemingly without effort. Her undergarments provided even less resistance, and soon she was kneeling with her wet slit eagerly exposed. The creature then stepped swiftly to the side, allowing the other to move up with the new tube.

Carmen's heart raced - this was so much, so intense and so overwhelmingly crazy, but she needed it, she absolutely needed it; the pouring bliss of liquid down her throat was so unutterably wonderful that all she wanted to do was make herself able to feel that sensation all over her, all the time. She needed it as she shifted her legs apart to open herself up, she needed it as she directed the creature to lower the tube down, she needed it so much as she felt it push into her, her slit stretching wonderously to accommodate it.

She couldn't spare her hands from the tube in her mouth, but she knew she needed to massage the other tube in order to get it started. The creature itself wasn't doing that for some reason, and Carmen knew it was up to her, but she didn't know how to get it done. She bucked her hips fruitlessly, shuddering as she felt it press just a little bit further inside herself, but it still wasn't enough. She needed – she needed this cum, she needed it inside her, all through her, all over her; she needed to be filled with it always and absolutely, and she had to get the tube going but she couldn't stop milking the tube in her mouth and she needed she needed but she couldn't...

There was a jolt, a dramatic spasm in her hips, and suddenly Carmen jerked forwards. She felt that something had shifted there, something had slipped out of her flesh again, and looking down she saw that a pair of small, insectoid arms had emerged from just above her crotch. They lacked hands and fingers, but they were still adroit enough to caress the side of the tube, a task to which Carmen set them to instinctively. After only a few more moments of delicious anticipation, the tube began to respond, giving forth with its own supply of slick, altered cum and pouring it directly inside of her.

Carmen's whole body went taut, then slack, then shuddered wildly. It was bliss, it was perfect and overwhelming, this absolute sex and lust filling her utterly, while all the while she whispered to herself about how wonderful this all could be. Her changes accelerated dramatically, she felt the skin all over her body harden into her new glistening carapace, pushing aside the last scraps of her armor. More importantly, she felt the liquid surging within her, pressing downwards in her lower body.



She found herself drifting unconsciously into a new position, leaning forward into a hunched squat, both to better press the second tube into her slit but also to prepare herself for her next changes. There were several shuddering seconds as the pressure built up within her, until finally it all pushed free in moments. Her lower body reshaped dramatically, her legs both changing and sliding backwards as her body grew out behind her, while at the same time two new limbs flowed smoothly out from in front. Soon she felt the gentle tap of them touching the ground, and she was left standing on her four new insectoid, segmented legs.

There was a period of disorientation as Carmen found herself rising up off the ground, her new legs pushing her upwards as their hard tips pressed down against the soft floor. She moaned softly, shifting her new bulk in order to press her weight down against the tube in her slit, shuddering faintly as she managed to push it still further inside herself. Her whole body was quivering regularly, pulsing in time with the beat of the tubes as they each filled her with so much wonderful cum, and the sensation of all of it was perfect. She wanted to feel it always, to feel exactly like this forever, being so blissfully pumped full and having her breasts pour so perfectly with her own offering. But, as her legs shifted instinctively underneath herself, she realised there was still something else that needed to happen.

She felt it internally first, something solidifying deep inside herself as the cum she was being pumped with reacted with her own body. She raised her rear slightly, her torso leaning forward as she settled into this new required position, and then suddenly she felt it. Something gave behind herself, some new appendage bursting forth enthusiastically from her body, and within moments she was shuddering with a pleasure that was somehow beyond even what she had already been feeling. She felt the mass moving within her, and as another uncontrollable orgasm took her she realised – they were eggs, she had an ovipositor that was laying eggs, and she would *always* be laying eggs, so long as she let herself stay exactly like this.

She blinked, her eyes growing large and rounded, until eventually her eyelids had withdrawn entirely, leaving her with a completely insectoid face. She wasn't Carmen anymore, she knew that, that name was for some other person, someone that *was* a person, and she didn't need that anymore now that she was a perfect, cum-loving, egg-laying insect queen. Names were irrelevant, only her wonderful new role was important.

"This is perfect", she whispered to herself, her two workers swaying rhythmically beside her to the soothing sound of her voice. "This is absolutely perfect."



Tanya hit the ground hard, landing on her hands and knees after the creatures had thrown her down into this new chamber. She'd come so close to escaping, to getting back to the drop zone and alerting command to the threat that had taken her partner – and presumably the entire survey team they'd been sent there to find – but the damn bugs must have had tunnels everywhere, and one of them had managed to come up behind her while she was resting with her back to what she had been sure was a solid rock wall. Now after an interminable amount of time that she'd spent drifting in and out of consciousness they must have reached their destination, depositing her in a surprisingly well-lit chamber that was filled with a startlingly sweet smell. The scent of it threatened to overpower her senses for a moment, but she shook her head swiftly to clear it, looking about to get her bearings.

Her attention was immediately focused on what appeared to be the chamber's sole occupant. It too was some giant bug-creature, but quite unlike the others Tanya had seen. This one had some enlarged rear part that shudderingly deposited eggs on the ground behind it even as Tanya watched, while at the same time its upper torso featured a pair of large and shockingly human-like breasts. The face also had aspects of humanity that made it seem somehow familiar, despite the waving antennae and the mandibles that appeared to be grasping eagerly onto some thick, pumping tube that went from its mouth to some unidentified mass in the roof. A similar tube seemed to run between the floor and what could only be its sex, located at the bottom of its upper, human-like torso, and that too was being massaged happily by a pair of small, insectoid arms. Its body overall was covered with a segmented carapace that made it look ant-like, although that effect was belied by the seemingly dexterous arms with which it was holding the tube up to...

On its shoulder, there was a mark. Tanya's eyes had come across it by chance while she was looking over the creature, but she recognised what it was instantly. It was a tattoo, the same kind that all marines in the corp get, but more specifically, it was the exact tattoo that her partner had.

This creature, this alien insect queen, had been her partner, Carmen Ortega.

She stared, and somehow despite the large, impassive eyes on the queen's face, Tanya could tell that it had registered her recognising it. It lowered one of its arms from the tube at its mouth and, looking down towards her, lifted its clawed hand to her forehead in a lazy salute.

Tanya gasped, but any action on her part was cut off as she felt the heavy hands of the other creatures descending upon her once again from behind. Somehow, she knew instinctively what the outcome here was going to be.

Very soon, the two of them were going to be partners once again.



**THE
END**

**THANKS
FOR READING**

