

# MUTARE AD CUSTODIAM

A TF STORY BY ABE E SEEDY

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"We are on the threshold of a new kind of warfare", Dr Vahlen said, her thick German accent clipping at her words as she spoke. "Our soldiers were already humanity's best warriors. Now, as we learn from our fallen enemies, we can make their strengths our own."

Leading the senior staff through the warren of the base's laboratories, they eventually reached the particular room she had called them in to observe. "However", she continued, "some of these strengths have been rather... unexpected."

She directed the group towards the large window before them, looking down upon one of the lab's experimentation rooms. At the centre of the room was a large vat of Meld, the resource they had spent the past few months working to steal from the alien invaders at all costs. Inside the tank, the team could just make out an indistinct humanoid shape, another one of their soldiers undergoing the now-familiar process of genetic enhancement.

The tank began to click and whirr, beginning the process of opening to reveal its occupant, and at that cue Vahlen resumed her narration. "As you know, we recently faced the alien's premier terror troops, and I was excited at the possibilities that such an intriguing specimen could bring. However, the genetic material from these Chryssalids proved considerably more dominant than expected, causing significantly more alterations than I had originally planned."

At that the tank burst open, and the creature inside stepped out. It was - there was clearly a significant element of one of their female soldiers to it, her muscular torso naked and glistening with ooze from the vat. Indeed, her sexual characteristics were somehow amplified; her breasts were almost certainly larger and more pronounced than any soldier on the base, and her slit was not only visible but slickly dripping. Glowing white eyes stared out from a completely bald face, and she looked around the room with what appeared to be at least some level of comprehension and understanding.

As comforting as all those elements may have been however, the alterations that had been made to her were still breathtakingly drastic. Her skin was a deep purple, with alien spurs protruding from her shoulders and faint hints of chitin plating ribbing her chest. Twin mandibles clacked on either side of her mouth, while her legs had been changed radically, her human legs replaced completely with the quadrupedal, insectoid talons of the aliens.

"Good god", Central gasped, "what have you done to her Doctor?!"

Dr Vahlen waved his objection aside nonchalantly. "Nothing she did not volunteer for. This procedure is surprisingly popular, given the highly enhanced strength, agility and endurance it bestows, not to mention the testimonials of those who have undergone it. But what I wanted to show you is the latest breakthrough, and the way we can finally skip needing quite so much Meld to reach this point."

She reached down to a control panel in front of her, pressing a button and saying into a microphone, "would you please send her partner through now?"

In response, a small door opened and closed in the room below as a soldier tentatively stepped through. The team recognised her as Natashya Volkov, one of their hotshot assault troops, who was almost exclusively deployed together with her similarly proficient partner, Alexis Dubois. She was simply wearing her civilian clothes rather than being outfitted for an assault this time though, her bright pink pony tail seemingly fresh out of the barracks shower. She edged forwards slowly, one hand out in a calming gesture as she moved towards the creature in the centre of the room.

"Alex?", she asked hesitantly, the creature whipping its head in her direction in response. "Are... is that you? Are you still in there?"

For a moment, it looked like Alexis, as Vahlen offhandedly confirmed the creature once was, smiled. Then one of her clawed, purple hands drifted down to her dripping slit, smearing her slickness up along her torso as she visibly shuddered with pleasure, her flattened nose flaring at the scent of her own lust.

"As you can see", Vahlen narrated, "the creature's all-consuming desire to breed is present at a genetic level, and heavily influences the behaviour of our gene-modded soldiers. Fortunately, the process and the results of this are now considerably different to what we have encountered in the field from our foes."

As if on cue, Alexis pounced, bearing Natashya down. In an instant her powerful talons had both torn every scrap of clothes from her prey and carefully positioned her, leaving the human soldier face down and panting on the ground beneath her. Then Alexis shifted herself, squatting down on her four legs as her abdomen twitched, a small protuberance lowering itself down from her body.

Vahlen continued her dry narration, although her occasionally uneven voice began to betray her increasing interest in the proceedings. "Fortunately, these creatures originally had simple ovipositors before they were modified by the aliens into weapons. So for our purposes, we have, ah... resurrected this aspect."

Within the room, Alexis thrust herself swiftly downwards, pressing her new equipment easily into the waiting slit of her partner. Natashya gaped wordlessly, her eyes rolling back

in her head as she unconsciously bucked her hips in reciprocation. For her part, Alexis stroked at her own pussy eagerly, her thick alien tongue hanging out of her mouth as she obeyed her overwhelming instincts. Mere moments later she threw her head back entirely, a triumphant hiss echoing from her lips as a series of visible bulges swept through her ovipositor and into her partner below.

And then suddenly, she stepped away. Her equipment retracted entirely within seconds, and it appeared for all the world that she was completely done, looking around at the rest of the room as though searching for her next target.

The same detachment could not be used to describe Natashya, however. With the weight of Alexis removed from her she managed to rise back to her feet with commendable speed, but at the same time her expression was vacant, her eyes unfocused and her mouth drooling as she stared blankly at the room. Even more noticeable however was the sheer volume of sticky cum that was almost pouring out of her slit, eagerly provoked by one of her hands that massaged herself unceasingly.

"The team has taken to calling this phase the... 'lust zombie'", Vahlen said distantly. "It can last anywhere from several minutes to a few seconds, depending on how, ah... arousing the subject finds the process. In this phase, the subject seeks little more than potential new partners, and as they bear them to the ground they become easy prey for any of our Chryssalid soldiers to deal with."

She paused as she looked back out the window, taking a brief note on her console as she added, "ah, it looks like Ms Volkov is faster than most..."

In the room, the team watched as Natashya stopped in her tracks, dropping down to her knees as the flood of slick fluid streaming down her body stepped up a notch. Her other hand shot down to her crotch to add to her feverish, compulsive stimulation, and as her mouth fell open the team could see her new mandibles push their way out beside her lips, her eyes taking on the same pale white glow as her companion. The movements of her hands changed suddenly, switching to spread the slickness from her crotch over as much of her skin as possible, and within that slick fluid the observing team could just make out the faintly shining orange of Meld particles. Her fingers stiffened into claws as she spread this slick cocoon over herself, and beneath it her body changed, her breasts swelling as her sexual characteristics eagerly enhanced themselves. As she swept her new claws over her head her hair was left a tangled mess, only just surviving being melding into the smooth purple chitin that spread out over her.

Perhaps due to the sheer volume of slickness they were being coated with, her legs underwent the most dramatic change, her joints reconfiguring themselves as her stance shifted rapidly, her torso surging out behind her just in time to provide another set of legs to balance herself with as her feet sharpened into talons. A brief, final shudder marked the

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growth of her new ovipositor, twitching for a moment beneath herself experimentally before it slid upwards against her body, her new abdomen already beginning to bulge with eggs of her own.

And then that was it - two Chryssalid soldiers paced the room below, clacking their mandibles impatiently as they rode out the heightened instincts of their recent change.

In the observation room, Chief Engineer Shen was the first to speak. "I have talked before about crossing lines, but in all my years, I never imagined... *this*. How can we say we are better than the aliens if we do this?"

Central recovered himself to nod his agreement. "Shen is right. What purpose does this even serve? Correct me if I'm wrong doctor, but I thought all the alien bodies we recovered displayed no outward sexual characteristics - how are 'lust zombies' going to help us against *that*?"

Dr Vahlen opened her mouth to defend herself, but was cut off as the Commander finally spoke. "Bradford, begin scanning for aliens immediately. I want a full sweep for the next 24 hours."

Snapping instinctively to attention, Central said. "Yes Commander, I'm on it", with a salute, before turning and leaving the room quickly.

Turning to Shen, the Commander said simply, "Dr Shen, you're dismissed."

"But... I did have some progress with the robotics team I wanted to show you Commander", Shen protested hesitantly.

"Excellent, I look forward to not at all investigating that later", the Commander responded. "You're dismissed."

Reluctantly, Dr Shen left, leaving the Commander alone in the room with Dr Vahlen. Turning to her, the Commander said, "they have an 'all-consuming' desire to breed, you said?"

Vahlen nodded.

"And they are still our soldiers despite that? They're not dangerous?"

"Definitely not. Well, ah, in the *classical* sense - certainly not in the way the aliens are."

"So if I went in there right now, what are the chances that all three of us would just wind up fucking wildly?"

Tellingly, Vahlen did not miss a beat before giving her answer. "It's about a 95% chance. It has in our experience been practically a statistical certainty."

Within moments, the Commander was down the stairs, walking through the door into the observation room. Upon entering the room however, the Commander found the two Chryssalid soldiers curled up together in the corner, their heads resting against each other's bodies as they slept.

Next to the observation window, a speaker clicked on, from which Dr Vahlen's voice emerged. "Unless... there are some very rare cases where the subjects almost instantly become tired, and need several hours of rest. I'm sorry Commander, but I suppose a 95% chance is never quite a certainty."

"Of course. Fucking XCOM", came the exasperated response.

