

The sneaky little scarlet imp had lied to Bate.

She'd told him she could take him to where treasure was hidden. And so PVT Stewart Peter Bate had followed her up to a cave in the hills.

He should have run the little bitch through with Granpa's trusty ole bayonet. He was going to. You couldn't take any chances with these tricky hindigs, even the ones that looked like bratty little girls. But then she'd mentioned treasure and Bate's ears had pricked up.

This could be his Great Uncle Fergus Stash.

The Great Uncle Fergus Stash was a legend among the Sullivan clan. Great Uncle Fergus had been fighting the Second World War out in Europe when his squad had come across a bunch of Nazis trying to smuggle gold bullion across the border. After shooting the Nazis dead there had been the matter of what to do with the gold. Their squad leader, a fresh-faced stick-up-the-ass cherry-boy by the name of Raymond McAllister, had insisted they report it to their CO so the gold could be returned to its rightful owners. Fortunately for Great Uncle Fergus, and the other men of the squad, McAllister was mysteriously shot dead in the middle of the night by a very well-hidden German sniper. The next morning, after mourning the tragic death of their heroic squad leader, the men got down to the business of finding a hiding place for the gold, where it could be kept safe until they could come back to collect it after the end of the war. That had been another story in itself, his Granpa had told an enrapt Bate and his siblings, one that could rival even the best of the Hollywood capers.

Granpa and the rest of the family hadn't heard from Great Uncle Fergus after that. Story was he'd used the money to start up a casino business in Vegas and had spent the rest of his days fat and balls-deep in hookers. No one held any bitterness over it. It was how things were done in the Sullivan clan.

So, when the scarlet imp had told Bate about treasure, his first thought was that it was his turn, his fortune, his Great Uncle Fergus Stash.

He'd caught her snooping around while he'd been on regular patrol. Ever since Bate had stepped through the gate and entered this alien dimension, everyone around him—the fancy officers, the big brains in lab coats, even the other grunts—had bigged up the threat of the local inhabitants, the hindigs. They were the devils of myth. They were evil suckyoubuses that hypnotized men and sucked out their souls.

Maybe it was because guns and all the other fancy doodads didn't work properly out here. It made Bate glad he'd brought Grandpa's Ole Reliable along with him. She might be an antique, but whatever hoodoo that shorted out electronic circuits and prevented the more modern guns from firing seemed to have less of a hold on the old Springfield. And even if it failed, there was always the bayonet, ten inches of Fork & Hoe steel, on the tip.

The scarlet imp didn't look all that intimidating. She looked like a twelve-year-old girl in red paint and a Halloween devil costume. Sure, there was experience and wisdom in her black eyes no twelve-year-old ever had, but she still had the body of a typical prepubescent teenage girl. She could have been Bate's bratty half-sister.

Not exactly threatening.

This one had broken down and started begging for her life the moment Bate had waved Granpa's Ole Reliable in her face.

"Please don't kill me," she sobbed. "I'll do anything for you. Anything."

Bate knew what she was hinting at with *anything*. She might look like a twelve-year-old girl, but she was clearly older and more experienced. Experienced enough to know what bits to shake to get a man's attention.

Bate wasn't interested. She still looked like a twelve-year-old girl and Stewart Peter Bate was no paedo. Not like his cousin, Trick, who liked them young and *tight*, as he put it. Bate didn't judge. What a man stuck his johnson in was his own business. When it came to his own johnson, Bate liked them with more padding on their chest and hips, not like this bratty little half-pint.

Bate pondered what to do with her. He could bring her back alive, but that was a hassle. Maybe she'd try to run away. Maybe she'd pull one of those hindig tricks he'd heard spoken of in fearful whispers.

Maybe he'd be better off sticking her like a pig. He could always claim it was self-defense. The big brains in the lab coats would be just as excited to get a fresh body to cut up.

Well, maybe not Dr. Letterman, the squad's embedded big brain. He was about as wet and unsuited for the front line as they came. The sort that fainted clean away at the first sight of blood.

Bate mulled it over. A body was a lot easier to handle than a living breathing prisoner.

The little imp must have guessed what he was thinking as she abandoned her clumsy attempts at seduction. "Wait! Wait!" she said. "Treasure! I know where there's treasure. I can take you to it."

That caught Bate's attention. All of the Sullivan clan knew the stories of The Great Uncle Fergus Stash.

Still with his bayonet levelled at her, he asked, "Where?"

"Not far from here. There's an old hidden temple. I can take you to it."

Bate mulled it over.

"If you know where it is, why haven't you already taken it?"

The scarlet imp shrugged. "If you can't eat or play with it, what use is it? We know you humans care about it. We've seen how excited you get when you find it."

Bate mulled it over.

"How far?"

"Not far. Up there and around behind those rocks." The scarlet imp turned and pointed to a rocky hill maybe one or two clicks from their current position.

Bate mulled it over.

He'd be late coming back from his patrol. He'd need an explanation.

That was easy enough. These boulder-strewn steppes were mazy. Easy enough for a man to lose his footing and get turned around. Easy to get lost when compasses didn't work.

Squad Echo Whiskey Two had already lost one man, Fletcher, a couple of days back, although most of the men reckoned he'd upped and deserted. Maybe found himself a big-titted hindig and was off making little baby hindigs somewhere. Explo Squad Echo Whiskey Two wasn't exactly what you could term red-hot on discipline, being mainly composed of the dregs that had barely dodged court martials or washing out.

Bate would still get shit from the CO when he eventually returned. Not that he cared that much. Their CO, CPL Butz, was too dumb to realize he'd been saddled with a bunch of malcontents because the top brass knew they wouldn't lose too much if the whole expedition got eaten by an alien monster. And their embedded big brain in a lab coat, Dr. Letterman, was wetter than a lettuce leaf soaked in piss.

Bate could handle it. He'd just tell them he'd got turned around and lost his bearings. It would be fine.

"Lead the way," he said.

Now that she was no longer in immediate danger of being run through by Bate's trusty bayonet, the scarlet imp reverted back to her original slutty-bratty nature.

"You won't regret it," she said. "It's a lot of treasure. More than your wildest dreams."

Bate liked the sound of *more than your wildest dreams*. This could be his Great Uncle Fergus Stash for sure. He still gave the scarlet imp a little jab with the pointed tip of his bayonet.

"Hey, quit it, jerk!" the scarlet imp complained. "I'm going to make you rich."

"You'd better," Bate said. "Lead the way. And if you try anything, I'll skewer both your kidneys."

He gave her another jab in the buttocks. Not that there was much there.

The scarlet imp took him up to a stone entrance tucked away around the back of the hill. It was clearly man-made. Or should that be alien-made. An archway had been carved into the rock face. It depicted two women with the lower bodies of snakes leaning over and kissing.

"What is this place?" Bate asked.

"An old temple to Teeotonatikoatlia, a sun goddess."

Bate glanced up at the sky.

"Sun goddess?"

The sky was an ugly bruise of roiling clouds, same as it always was. Bate hadn't seen anything resembling a sun since setting foot in this alien dimension.

The scarlet imp shrugged. "It's how it translates to your language."

She walked through the archway and Bate followed. His eyes accustomed to the gloom and he saw a cracked stone staircase leading down.

"Any traps?" he asked.

The scarlet imp looked back with a puzzled expression. "Why would a goddess want to prevent people from visiting her temple?"

Maybe, but Bate knew it would be awfully convenient for the imp if he happened to fall down a big pit, or stepped on the wrong stone and got himself riddled with arrows. He watched where she put her feet and made sure to step in the same spots.

At the bottom of the staircase was a long straight hallway. The passageway was lit up at regular intervals by globes filled with soft yellow light. The walls were decorated with friezes of more snake women, their bodies tangled together in sensual couplings. Looking at them started up an itch in Bate's crotch.

The corridor looked like it hadn't seen use in some time. The floor was dusty, large cracks ran through the walls and some of the hanging light globes had lost their glow.

They entered a small antechamber, also dusty and abandoned. Twin statues of snake girls stood either side of double doors. Each statue depicted a pair of snake girls wound around each other. Their breasts were uncovered and mouths open in ecstasy. The itch in Bate's loins grew.

"Teeotonatikoatlia and Metstlisentlinayo, goddess of the moon," the scarlet imp said.

Bate started as he realized he'd let himself get distracted by stone tits and taken his eyes off the imp. Fortunately, she hadn't taken advantage of it and was standing and staring at the other statue.

"Their love was as fiery and passionate as the sun, and as deep and unfathomable as a moonlit lake. And doomed as all love is. The moon can only reflect light. It creates none of its own. Only lust is pure."

Bate didn't really care about that. He was just here for the treasure.

"So this cult, was it powerful?"

The scarlet imp shrugged. "So so."

She pushed the double doors open and Bate's mouth fell open at what he saw on the other side.

It was a big cavern and a temple had been built in the middle of it, or carved out of it. A stone stair ran up between more statues of entwined snake women and led to a larger, more impressive set of double doors. Beams of light shone down from the cavern ceiling. They looked like shafts of sunlight even though Bate was sure they were still underground. And besides, the sky outside was overcast and hidden by clouds anyway.

He whistled. "The snake people sure worked hard to make this."

"Snake people?" the imp queried. "This was built by humans."

"Humans?"

"Humans worship. We obey," the imp said.

Humans? How could that be possible. The big brains in lab coats said they were the first to ever set foot in H-space. This temple looked like it had been here for centuries.

"Humans. How did they get here?" Bate asked as they started to climb the chiseled stone steps.

"They prayed to Teeotonatikoatlia to bring them to paradise. The goddess granted their prayers. The Dominion absorbed them into her fold."

Whoever they were, they must have been rich to build all this. Bate felt his excitement mount as he climbed the stairs.

This was going to be his Great Uncle Fergus Stash. Hell, given where they were—an undiscovered alien planet—it might be bigger and more valuable than even *the* legendary Great Uncle Fergus Stash.

Maybe so big he might need help to carry it all.

The scarlet imp wouldn't be any use, and Bate was planning on killing her the moment she revealed where the gold was anyway.

Who could he call on? It couldn't be the whole squad. CPL Butz, as stupid as he was, was still too much of a boy scout. The doc too. Haynes had the same morals as Bate, and that was the problem. He was too much alike Bate. Bate didn't want to spend his whole time checking his back in case Haynes decided *all* was better than *half*.

Adams was a drunk and his tongue flapped too much when he fell in a bottle. Too much of a liability. That left Hirsch. Maybe.

Bate mulled it over.

Hirsch could work. The big galoot was dumber than a box of rocks and brawny like an ox. He was another boy scout, but Bate reckoned he could turn him around. He'd heard Hirsch talk about his sick mother. A stash of treasure would pay all those medical bills just fine.

Yeah, Hirsch would be perfect. And if Bate decided *all* was better than *half*, Hirsch was dumb enough that it shouldn't be too hard to arrange.

Bate's excitement grew even more when they went through the doors at the top of the steps and entered the temple. The rooms beyond were so opulent and luxurious they more resembled a movie star's crib than a place of worship. Plush furniture, fine silk hangings, more fancy sculptures... the high priests certainly enjoyed the good life. Then wasn't that purpose of religion – to hoodwink the gullible into handing over their cash.

In contrast to the entrance, the inner rooms seemed remarkably well preserved. There was no dust, or cobwebs, or cracks in the walls. The quarters looked like they were regularly maintained by someone or something.

"Where are the worshippers?" Bate asked.

"Gone," the imp replied.

He ran his finger over the lush seat of a fancy couch. No dust. It could have been cleaned yesterday.

"Gone? What happened to them?"

"Ran out." The imp shrugged.

Maybe the imp was squatting here. Or it was some sort of hoodoo that left it preserved like a museum piece. It didn't feel like there was anyone here, even if the furnishings looked as fresh as the day they'd been made.

"And they left their treasures behind?"

"They had no more need of them."

So they got what they wanted, and then ran out. Stupid fucks. Oh well. Their loss, his gain, Bate thought.

Bate looked around the room, mentally totting up the wall hangings, the lavish furniture, the fancy sculptures. It was a fortune. Had to be.

He'd need more than Hirsch. He'd need all of Echo Whiskey Two. Well, all of Echo Whiskey Two minus Butz and Dr. Letterman. Those two boy scouts had a tragic fall off a high cliff in their futures. He could bring in one of the other squads to help as well. Probably Echo Whiskey Five. They were like Echo Whiskey Two—troublemakers with long rap sheets who could be relied upon to put money before morals.

Bate didn't mind splitting at this point. There was more than enough here to make several men extremely wealthy once they got back to Earth. He'd take the largest cut of course. Finder's fee.

"The treasure is this way," the scarlet imp said, "in the goddess's inner chamber."

More treasure? Bate was giddy with excitement. Even more treasure. This was the jackpot, the Great Uncle Fergus Stash to end all Great Uncle Fergus Stashes. He was going to be so fucking rich.

He followed the imp into a large hall with stone pillars running down both sides of a central aisle. At the end of the hall was—

Holy fuck! Gold. Was that gold?

It was another statue of a snake woman, this time on her own. Her face was tilted heavenwards and her hands were held out, palms upwards, from her sides as if she was meditating.

Gold. The whole statue looked like it was made of gold.

Bate's eyes boggled. Rich. He was going to be so fucking rich.

Then the statue opened her eyes and slithered down off the pedestal, and Bate realized the sneaky little scarlet imp had lied to him. She'd led him right to a snake woman hindig.

It was as Bate had heard. Above the waist the snake girl was a beautiful busty babe. She was naked and had an exotic allure about her—like a sexy belly dancer. Long flowing black hair cascaded right down to her big round boobs. Her stomach was a flat expanse studded with a dainty little belly button.

She glowed. This was not a piece of flowery embellishment. The moment she slithered down off the pedestal she started glowing. Golden-yellow light shone out from her body. No, she was golden-yellow light. It was her muscles, skeleton and internal organs, like everything inside her had been replaced with molten sunlight. So bright it made her skin transparent.

The scarlet imp might have called her a goddess, but her lower half belonged to a demon. It was long and slender like a snake, but somehow softer, more like one of those water-living organisms that were little more than a squishy membrane over liquid insides. The lower half was also glowing, like a latex condom filled with radioactive piss, Bate thought.

"You lied to me, you little whore!" Bate said to the scarlet imp. "Where's my fucking treasure?"

He was in the middle of raising his rifle to club the little bitch when the snake woman's eyes flashed.

Bate's world turned golden-white like a flashbang had gone off in front of him. The glow faded away to leave speckles dancing across his visions and... *whoa!*

Bate would have sworn he'd been blinded for a second at most, yet somehow the snake woman had closed half the distance to him without seeming to move at all. And where was that fucking annoying little bitch imp?

She was over on the other side of the hall. How'd she'd gotten over there so fast? It was like that flash had somehow frozen Bate in time for a brief moment.

"This is your treasure," the imp taunted. "You'll see." A sly smile was on her lips.

Sneaky little bitch. Bate knew exactly where he was going to shove his bayonet the moment he caught up to her.

But no time for that now. The glowing snake demon reared back and sucked in a great breath.

Yeah, well fuck that, Bate thought. He brought his rifle to his shoulder in one smooth motion, took aim at the snake girl's head, pulled the trigger and... *click*.

For fucks sake. This is not the time for you to get temp'rumental, old girl, Bate thought.

The golden snake girl swung her head forwards and breathed out a massive cloud of pink gas. Bate was caught right in the middle of it.

*Ooh.*

Suddenly, he felt real nice—tingly and warm all over. Blissed up too, like every speck of dust in the cosmos knew and loved him deeply at the most fundamental level, and he loved every speck back. Loved it so hard he fancied he could see little red cartoon hearts floating and popping all around him.

"Watch out for her poison gas. Whoops, too late," the scarlet imp snickered.

"Ignore the little one," the snake woman said, her voice deep and rich like honey. "If my breath was poison, would you feel so good?"

She slithered through the pink haze towards him. She looked so gorgeous close up—an exotic, beautiful goddess that glowed with the light of her own sun.

"Watch me," she said. Her heavy-lidded eyes blinked slowly. "Love me."

She swayed sinuously in a sensual belly dance that raised the temperature of Bate's blood. He couldn't do anything but watch her. His rifle clattered, forgotten, onto the stone floor. His kit followed. Then his uniform as he climbed out of it. Naked, he held out his arms to welcome the serpent.

"Find bliss in my coils," the snake woman said as she wound her body around him.

She didn't feel like a snake at all. Her body was really soft. As Bate let his body fall back and be supported by her coils, it felt like he was lying in a big pile of fancy pillows. Warm as well. Like he was lounging on a tropical paradise beach and soaking up the sun's rays.

The snake woman wound her serpentine body around Bate's torso and limbs in a complicated series of loops so that when she tightened, Bate's limbs were locked away from his body. It was not painful, but prevented any sort of movement.

A furrow appeared on Bate's brow. Why was he letting a snake demon—a dangerous hindig—coil around his body like this?

"Fufufufu, she has you now," the scarlet imp called out.

She did? Bate tried to move his arms and realized he couldn't. They were weighed down by and tangled in what felt like thick, water-filled tubes. Her body might be soft, but it was also heavy and muscular.

That nagging sense of dissatisfaction started to spiral up into full-blown panic.

The snake girl lay on Bate and rested her big soft boobs against his chest.

"Relax," she said.

She breathed a more concentrated cloud of pink gas into Bate's face.

And all was right again in Bate's world. He let his head fall back on a soft loop of her body with a blissful grin on his face. The squeezing force of her coils lessened as the tension fled Bate's arms and legs.



"Let me pamper you within my coils," the snake woman said, her voice low and breathy.

Pulsing throbs ran along her serpentine body. The warm pressure against Bate's skin felt like she was giving him an all-over body massage.

Her upper body slid down Bate's chest and belly and he shivered in pleasure as he felt her erect nipple trace a line across his flesh. She looped another thick coil around his chest. It radiated warmth like a fireplace in winter.

Bate knew what she was after the moment he felt her deft fingers on his cock.

"Mmm, it's so big," she said as she drew it up and out.

Her long fingers stroked up Bate's erect shaft. She formed a loose cage around the swollen mushroom head and stimulated him with gentle squeezes. The tips of her fingers brushed lightly over his foreskin and against the sensitive ridge of his glans.

"I feel so much tension in your body," she said. "I'll draw it down here and suck it all out of you."

She stroked and squeezed Bate's cock with her fingers, coaxing it out to become fuller... harder. Her warm coils did the same to Bate's body. He felt all the tension draining down to his dick and nuts. His body felt relaxed and floppy while his sex organ was the exact opposite. His little boy was up for business and so hard it thrummed as if an electric current was running through it.

A moist tongue with two quivering tines left a wet trail up his shaft as she licked him like he was an ice cream cone on a hot summer day.

Oh yeah. But it was too much. He couldn't hold on. He was going to cream her lovely exotic face for sure. Then she pressed stiff little fingers into his nutsack and *pinched*. It shut off Bate's premature ejaculation as if dammed. But not the pleasure. That kept growing.

"Too soon," she said. "You must let it build."

She sucked the swollen head of Bate's cock between her sumptuous lips. Bate heard slurpy wet sounds mixed with lewd murmurs as she started on a really sloppy blowjob.

Bate rested his head on a soft loop of her body and closed his eyes as she bobbed her head up and down in his lap.

Oh yeah, you filthy whore, Bate thought, keep doing it like that.

It was a sloppy bj, the sloppiest bj, but also like no bj Bate had ever experienced before. It took him a while to work out why.

No teeth. The snake girl had no teeth. Her mouth felt strange as well. More like a tight tunnel of flesh. A snug pussy. A... *ooh*... really mobile pussy. The walls of flesh, slathered in warm saliva, moved all around his member. They squeezed him and undulated up and down his shaft while her lips made slurpy smacking sounds.

Weirdest of all, Bate could see his cock moving around inside her. Her head was transparent, as if made out of yellow gel. He watched as his foreskin was dragged back and forth by the undulations of her throat. Weird... and incredibly sexy.

"She's going to suck you all up now."

Now that Bate was safely all tangled up, the scarlet imp had walked up to the edge of the snake girl's bed of pulsing coils.

"Shoo, adult stuff going on here," Bate said.

The imp let out a derisory laugh.

"I'm older than your grandfather's father. She is older than your world. Your whole race is nothing more than a bloom of krill for us to feast upon."

Bate might have come back with a vulgar retort, but at that moment the snake girl sucked the fleshy mushroom head of Bate's glans past two soft flanges at the back of her throat. They vibrated against the sensitive ridge of his cockhead and everything was temporarily washed away in a wave of warm, white and fuzzy. Bate's head tipped back and his breath came out in quick gasps.

What was she doing down there?

She gave another big suck and Bate's erection was drawn deeper down her throat. Just like a snake slowly swallowing its prey. That image might have disturbed Bate if he didn't currently feel so good. With each suck her throat narrowed and Bate felt ridges and bumps of soft, gelatinous flesh rub against him.

It felt so good.

Another big gulp and now Bate felt her plump lips squash against the base of his cock. He looked down. She had her lips wrapped around the root of his cock like a sucker. Her cheeks puffed in and out as she blew him. Lewd wet burbling sounds leaked from her lips. His full, erect length was all the way inside her and being squeezed by regular pulsing movements of her throat. He could see it through the transparent yellow gel of her face.

Could she even breathe? Did she need to breathe?

Bate didn't care. This felt incredible. Beyond incredible. He would have spunked four times over if it hadn't been for the strange hold she had on his nuts.

"She's not going to let you come just yet," the scarlet imp said. "It's not your seed she wants."

Her long tongue wriggled against the underside of his cock. It slithered out to lick at his balls. At the same time the over-sensitized head of his cock was stimulated by fluttering vibrations at the back of her throat. Bate writhed helplessly within her coils, desperate to come but unable to thanks to the fingers she'd pressed into his sack.

"What does it feel like?" the scarlet imp asked. "Is it agony or ecstasy? I can never tell from the silly faces you lesser bugs pull."

Bate didn't know either. Only that it was overwhelming.

The snake girl reached under Bate with her other hand. A long finger circled and probed his anus.

Hey, not there. I ain't queer, Bate thought. And then her warm finger slipped inside him and he didn't care.

He glanced down again. The snake girl's shoulders rose up and down with each suck. Even the soft coils wrapped around him squeezed with the same flexing rhythm. It was like she was putting everything—her whole body—into it.

"Ah, the final long squeeze and suck," the scarlet imp said, for once her cynicism replaced with awe. Her hand strayed down to her crotch and started rubbing.

The snake girl's soft coils tightened around Bate. He felt every suck pulse through her.

Squish, slurp, splush.

He heard the wet sounds as she sucked remorselessly on his throbbing erection. His whole body was gripped by a tremendous force. It was a slow muscular pull, as if she'd caught hold of something within him and was gradually—irresistibly—pulling it up out of him. Her finger tapped his prostate with the same rhythm as the pulses running through her soft serpentine body. Bate thrashed and writhed helplessly. It felt like tons of pressure were piling up inside him. Pressure he couldn't contain.

Come. He wanted to come so bad. He wanted to yield to her, to spurt thick ropes of cum and watch it slide down her see-through throat. Yet her merciless fingers kept his pipes pinched, even as her finger in his ass and sucking mouth ratcheted his desire higher and higher.

Oh fuck, what was she doing down there?

Bate had to look and was shocked by what he saw. It was his cock. What was happening to his cock? The head was swelling. The opening at the tip, widening.

"Here it comes," the scarlet imp said, her voice breathy as if she was approaching her own climax.

The swollen red head of Bate's cock had swelled far bigger than he'd ever seen it before. Far bigger than should be physically possible. The opening at the end stretched and kept stretching as if something big was emerging. Stretched almost like he was giving birth, even though that couldn't be possible. But wasn't that a head? A spectral head slowly, laboriously pushing up out of the impossibly stretched tip of his cock. It looked familiar.

The snake girl coaxed it on with gentle rippling strokes.

"I'd hope for you to find your treasure in your next life, but it would be pointless," the scarlet imp said, her cynicism returned. "There won't be one for you now that Teeetonatikoatlia has you in her belly."

The snake girl kept sucking. Her soft coils kept squeezing. Her chest swelled as she gave a great suck. She removed her fingers from Bate's nutsack.

Oh fuck yeah, Bate thought. He was coming. It was going to be the biggest nut ever.

*Slurp! Suck!*

Bate exploded in a rainbow burst of pleasure. It felt like five... ten... a hundred orgasms going off simultaneously. It also felt like five or ten orgasms worth of jizz travelling up the inside of his cock. Or not jizz, something more solid. An obstruction being squeezed out. It was weird, like the relief of taking a large dump, but more... orgasmic.

Such relief. Like nothing he'd ever experienced.

Bate looked down and saw a weird sight. Rather than the thick streams of cum he expected to see spurting down the back of her throat it looked like a body was being squeezed out of his dick. Except it was as transparent and insubstantial as a ghost. That didn't stop the snake girl's body from swelling up as the spectral form passed down her gullet and into her belly.

Hey, that's me, Bate thought.

Then everything shut off as if a switch had been flipped in his head.

*"She sucked it out."*

*"Calm down Stewart, you're babbling."*

*"Doc, I felt it. She sucked out that man's soul."*