

A BUBBLE, POPPED

The succubus lounged on her side on an opulent bed. As with most of the H-space succubi, she was a devil in the form of a sexy young woman. And what a body! The see-through slips of silk bra and panties displayed it to devastating effect. She had wide, bright eyes; sensual, kissable lips; full, ripe breasts; and long, lithe legs. If it was just that, she'd be an irresistible lure for any red-blooded male.

If it was just that...

She was also clearly a devil. Her skin was blood-red in color and etched with blasphemous tattoos. She had horns, tail, even batwings folded up behind her back.

SGT Stewart Peter Bate used to think he needed to be careful about that. While some aspects of her looked demonic, she wasn't an actual demon. Professor Kumo had warned the men about it. She might look like a succubus out of Earth myth, even have the curvaceous and sexy figure of the more salacious interpretations of those myths, but that was myth and this was reality.

She wasn't a succubus. She was a sentient lifeform from another dimension.

'Be wary of your prejudices,' Professor Kumo had warned them.

It wasn't just her appearance. There was an undercurrent of sadism to her. Bate had known girls like that. Often really pretty, often really smart, but with a mean streak of cruelty running through them. They had a look to them. An attitude. They weren't psychopaths. They hadn't grown up tearing the wings off flies or anything so obvious as that, but they sure as hell loved tearing strips off a man's psych.

Those women had a look to them. Like, if you went on a date with one, you'd wonder if, instead of eyeing you up as a potential partner, they were eyeing you up as a new plaything. Something they could stick their claws in and squeeze some malicious enjoyment out of.

That was the vibe Bate got from the succubus lounging on the bed.

'They are not human. Be wary of reading human emotion and intent from alien lifeforms we've never encountered before.' Professor Kumo's warnings continued to play inside Bate's skull. 'Be diplomatic, always.'

It hadn't escaped Bate's attention that the good professor had not joined them on this little diplomatic mission. Bate felt he should have paid more attention to that. The good professor was extremely interested in studying HSIOs. Yet, when the perfect opportunity had arisen to study them firsthand, in person, the good professor had instead sent his assistant, Andy Hirsch, a fresh-faced and impressionable PhD student barely a year into his doctorate.

That should have told Bate all he needed to know.

"Have you ever engaged in bubble play?" the succubus asked Bate. Her eyes possessed no lens or iris and were candy-pink in color.

Her tail curled over her shapely ass and she held it like a hookah pipe. The tail widened at the tip in a succession of baroque bulges that terminated in a puckered orifice. That strange opening blew out

an infrequent stream of transparent soap bubbles. They floated up to the ceiling and formed a dense, jostling layer.

"No, of course you wouldn't have," the bubble-tail succubus said. "You've only known boring Earth women with their boring mouths and equally boring cunts."

Languorously, she got off her bed and sidled over to Bate to look him over. He couldn't resist looking her over as well. He knew she intended to do bad things to him—maybe torture, maybe worse—but he couldn't help admire her tight little body. Even knowing what she was, he still felt a strong urge to place his hands on the smooth curves of her butt and ram his cock up into her cunt.

He resisted the urge to put his hands on her. He knew what she was, had heard the rumors about what happened to men that lost their wills to succubi. He might not have given those rumors the respect they deserved back at the time, but that was then and this was now.

The succubus had no qualms about placing her hands on him. She stood before him and ran her fingers through the hairs on his exposed chest. She was smaller, slighter than him, but there was no question as to who was the dominant one in the room.

"I'll show you pleasures far beyond what your boring little human women can give you," she said.

Her tail curled under and between their legs. She started blowing another bubble, but this one kept growing and growing. It rolled up Bate's back and the surface stuck to his skin. He felt the air pressure within it pushing back against him.

The bubble-tail succubus placed hands on Bate's chest and shoved. He tipped backwards and the bubble—despite looking as delicate as a soap bubble—squashed beneath his weight without bursting. Bate rested on top of it as though it was some kind of inflatable beanbag.

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It had been a diplomatic mission. Once Command realized the HSIOs, the inhabitants of H-space, were intelligent, the utmost importance had been attached to learning more about them. That's what Bate had been told.

Bate didn't feel like a diplomat. He felt like a PoW, or maybe a hostage in an exchange program.

It had started out easy enough. Accompanied by a pair of HSIO guides, it had taken about four days of travelling to reach their destination. The other men in the diplomatic mission seemed solid and reliable. Hirsch was a little wet behind the ears but thankfully had none of the obnoxious arrogance commonplace among his scientist peers. He seemed overawed by it all.

Hirsch's interactions with the HSIOs were also endearingly awkward. The HSIOs looked as alluring and gorgeous as the succubi of anime and videogames. This sexual allure was strengthened by their insistence on wearing very little.

That was something else Bate should have paid attention to. They really did look like the devil girls of myth.

Hirsch was a nerdy type. Leaner and fitter than his fellows, but still possessing the same social awkwardness. Bate doubted Hirsch got to interact with women as hot as their two HSIO guides. He

lusted after both of them. That was very obvious. He was also clearly from the 'respect women' college crowd, so was constantly both embarrassed by his desires and also desperately—and poorly—trying to hide them.

Not that Bate blamed him. If you squinted and managed to blot out their more 'demonic' features—the horns, wings, tail—you were left with the vision of an exceptionally fine young woman. Hell, Bate was a reasonably good-looking, fit guy. He'd never had problems getting girls. Despite that, even he rarely got to interact with girls as good-looking as their guides.

Not that they were girls. They were HSIOs... aliens. That also happened to be perfect 10s.

The guides seemed to want the men as well. If anything, they were even more shameless in expressing their lust. They were exactly like mythical succubi in that regard. They wanted to fuck the men, all of them, and were none too discreet about hiding it.

Bate had expected some incident or other to occur. If not on the first night, the second for sure. It hadn't. These were good men. A highly disciplined team. There was something holding back the HSIOs as well. Maybe they had their own orders... their own discipline.

Bate reckoned it must have been hell on poor Hirsch.

Hirsch was the first to be taken. A seven-foot tall HSIO with tits the size of beachballs had taken a fancy to him and pulled him out. She did look like the classic demon of myth. Her gaze had fallen on Hirsch and she looked like she wanted to gobble him up there and then.

Hirsch had left with her.

He never came back.

Maybe he'd had fun with her. Maybe he'd even lost his virginity with her, if that was something he still had to lose. Bate had no doubts Hirsch had been gobbled up afterwards.

It was on reaching the castle they realized things had gone wrong.

Castle? Was that the right word? Bate didn't really know how to describe it. The building was large and imposing. It had domes and minarets. Maybe a mosque was the closest Bate could think of, and even that wasn't very close. The architecture was highly elaborate, decadent, and—though it was difficult to put a finger on what exactly—too lewd. If it was a temple, it was a temple to corrupt and depraved gods.

On seeing it, Jankowski, the most religious member of the squad, had crossed himself and prayed to God. Even though he wasn't particularly religious himself, Bate understood. The building felt like the antithesis to a temple or church. This was also a place of worship, but to decadence and immoral pleasures. A church or cathedral was designed to uplift the soul. This was designed to drag it down... drag it down to depths Bate felt uncomfortable contemplating. He suddenly felt himself regretting all those Sunday church sermons he'd skipped out on as a boy. Not that he thought it would have helped him. God was not here.

It was too late at that point. There were more HSIOs around the building. A lot more. Too many to have a hope of fighting. The men had to hope their intentions were still benign, even though they suspected they were not.

On entering the building Bate had been struck by the smell. There was always an ever-present tang to the air in H-space—a faint whiff of perfume that hinted of forbidden pleasures. In the building, that corrupt cathedral, it was ten times stronger. It grew stronger the deeper they went into the building, and as it grew stronger, Bate's memory grew fuzzier.

Somewhere along the way they'd lost their guns, equipment, and even clothes. Bate couldn't remember where. At the same time the attitudes of the HSIOS grew crueler and more dominant. Bate and the others might have thought themselves diplomats, but the HSIOS clearly didn't. They locked the men in a room more reminiscent of a livestock pen and did it with the kind of indifference that suggested this had been the plan all along.

Maybe it had. Bate wondered if he and the others had been sent here as diplomats... or offerings.

He didn't like to dwell on those thoughts.

Hirsch, before he'd been taken, had been hit hardest. He was young and impressionable. The betrayal stung more.

"You can't do this," he'd protested. "It'll cause an incident. We're here as diplomatic envoys."

Their pretty little HSIO guides had tittered like pretty little mean-girl school bullies.

"You're here to learn about us," one said.

"We'll make sure you learn everything," the other added.

Bate had been left in the plain quarters. He'd watched as the HSIOS had come for his companions one after the other. None had returned.

Then it had been his turn. He'd been taken to the room of the bubble-tail succubus, left there—naked but maybe not completely helpless. He just had to wait for the right moment...

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And now that moment—and any chance—was gone. He realized this as soon as he fell back on top of the big bubble. The bubble was comfortable to sit in—like a giant inflatable beanbag.

It was also a trap.

His feet were off the floor and as he rocked back and forth he felt as helpless as a turtle on its back. It wasn't just that—the bubble seemed to leech away his strength on contact with his skin.

How had he let the opportunity pass him by? He'd been unbound, with only the succubus to oppose him and he'd done... nothing. It was like his thoughts had been fogged up from the moment he'd been forced into her presence.

"The best bubble play uses special bubbles keyed directly to the partner's physiology," she said.

"But to make my best special bubbles I need a little something from you first."

She crouched down between Bate's legs and grabbed his erection.

"It won't hurt," she said with a sultry smirk.

Her head ducked down in Bate's lap and she wrapped her lips around his cock. She bobbed up and down and her cheeks sucked in as she gave him a vigorous blowjob. She knew every little trick an experienced street hooker had in her repertoire and could probably teach them a few things on top. Bate didn't know what she was doing with her lips, her tongue, her teeth, only that in next to no time at all his cock was throbbing and he was emptying his balls down the back of her throat. She gulped down his semen, swallowed it and smiled.

"Mmm, that's plenty," she said.

She remained crouched between his legs. Her hand continued to stroke up and down his depleted cock. Her hand moved lower to fondle his testicles and then dipped behind them to trace a line down his perineum. Bate shivered in pleasure as her long fingernail tickled around his anus.

"Some men like to be touched there," she said, giving him a knowing glance. "Maybe later."

She stood up and held her tail as though it was a hose.

"First, bubble play," she said.

A bubble emerged from the end of her tail and expanded. Unlike the previous bubbles, this one was opaque and milky-white in color—more like bubblegum than a soap bubble. The succubus pressed a finger up against the yielding surface and seemed happy with the result. And, as if it was bubblegum, the tail drew the bubble back into itself.

"Bubble play is a form of sensual domination," the succubus said.

The domination part had already been established. Even if Bate had all his wits and was unhampered by the curious enervation he felt now, he doubted he'd be able to pull himself out of the sticky squashed bubble he was lying in. As it was, both will and strength seemed to have deserted him. He didn't offer any resistance as the succubus pressed his left hand back against the bubble surface. Holding her tail in her hand as though it was a tool, she blew out a milky-white bubble that enveloped his hand and...

...WOW...

It was like every pleasurable thing he'd ever touched all rolled into one. It was like sliding his palm over a silk dress; feeling warm velvet; groping a full breast; pinching a peach of an ass; inserting digits into a tight, moist pussy. Perceptually it felt as though his hand had swollen up to five times its original size and the memory of every previously-encountered sensual delight was crackling across his touch receptors.

"Feel nice?" the succubus asked. "My special bubbles overwhelm the senses with bliss."

The sticky white bubble, slightly smaller than a soccer ball in size, pinned Bate's hand to the larger bubble beneath. Bate didn't mind that his hand was trapped. All he wanted to do with it was squeeze, clutch and *feel*.

The succubus did the same to his other hand and then walked around to do the same to his feet. Bate sighed and wriggled his toes against the malleable membranes. It felt like his feet had plunged into hot mud with therapeutic properties.

There was a sensitive part of his body that hadn't yet felt the touch of her special bubbles. The succubus climbed up astride him and directed the end of her tail at his crotch. His penis was back to full hardness and twitched in anticipation.

"And another special bubble for here," the succubus said.

Another milky-white bubble bulged out of the end of her tail. It pressed against and then enfolded his erection and balls. Bate's response was immediate. Muscles clenched in his groin and his body shuddered in violent climax as he spurting his seed up into the smothering bubble.

"So eager," the bubble-tail succubus said. "Eager and... delicious."

She slurped up the sticky mass of bubble and Bate's semen. But not with her mouth, at least not the one on her face. The labia of her sex gaped and she sucked the remnants of the bubble into her vagina while sighing with pleasure.

The bubble must have been coated with some kind of unnatural Viagra. Even though he'd just come, Bate's cock was still hard and eager... eager to get inside her. The succubus's vagina gaped tantalizingly above him. He made efforts to push up inside her, but was thwarted by the shifting movements of the big flattened bubble he was lying in.

"Do you want my vagina?" the succubus teased.

She splayed her fingers on either side of her gaping sex and...

"No, this is not to be sullied with the pricks of lesser creatures."

...pushed her labia together.

She caressed the side of Bate's face.

"Don't look so disappointed. My lovely cunt has other ways of bringing you pleasure."

Her tail was not the only part of her body capable of blowing bubbles. A milky-white membrane expanded out of her sex and swelled around Bate's sex. It triggered another thunderous orgasm. The succubus murmured appreciatively as she drew the semen-soaked membrane back into her.

After a quick pause to savor Bate's taste, she blew out another bubble that enfolded his genitals in soft bliss. Bate had already ejaculated three times in quick succession; he needed more stimulation this time. The succubus gave it to him. The bubble expanded and deflated. It felt like he was plunging back and forth into a soft, yielding membrane. It felt like pleasurable strokes brushing up and down his shaft. Those previous ejaculations ceased to matter and Bate was quickly shuddering again in another climax. The succubus's vaginal bubble soaked up his issue like a sponge.

Bate barely had a chance to recover before his crotch was enveloped again. Her tail slithered between the bubbles and pressed up against his ass.

"I said I'd touch you here later," the succubus smiled. "It's later."

Bate's sphincter was pushed open as she expanded a bubble inside it. The sensation was weird, but not unpleasant. It became extremely pleasant as the bubble continued to expand and pushed up against his prostate. Bate groaned as the succubus used both bubbles to bring him to another climax. This one was long and slow, and flowed out of him in a seemingly never-ending stream of bliss.

Finally it slowed to a desultory trickle and none of the succubus's clever ministrations could get it restarted again.

"Empty so soon," she said with a disappointed pout. "That leaves only one thing left to take. It should be loose enough now."

She leaned forwards, pursed her full lips and blew a bubble from her mouth. It expanded to fill Bate's world and pressed up against his face until the imprint of his features were visible on the inside.

It felt fine enough until Bate realized he couldn't breathe. The bubble was smothering him. The air went stale in his lungs and they started to burn. Panic set in and he started to struggle.

The succubus rode his squirming form and forced more air into the bubble inside Bate's ass. The bubble continued to expand and the initial pleasure it had given Bate gave way to discomfort, then pain, and then a white-hot burst of agony as something ruptured. The bubble kept expanding within him in a torturous wave that shoved aside his internal organs and kept pushing, pushing, pushing.

Bate's soul came loose and he spat it into the bubble smothering his face. At the same time the internal pressure became too much for his body to contain and he came apart in a spray of red.

The succubus drew the soul into her mouth and savored the taste before swallowing it. She licked her lips and ran her hands through the slick sheen of blood covering her body. She didn't have to claim their souls this way, but it felt so good when their bodies burst and showered her with their warm, sticky fluids.

THE END