

BLACKPILLED AND DROPPED

PFC Stewart Peter Bate saw it first, when it was little more than a far-off speck in a sky filled with roiling pink and purple clouds. They were walking across Lake Latex, that curious, seemingly natural formation that resembled a massive puddle of molten black rubber poured out onto the land. The name was misleading as the *lake* was solid enough to walk upon. The *latex* part still fit, as the surface had a similar gleam, elasticity and spring.

"Do you think it's...?" he asked First Lieutenant Kevin Wright, the squad leader.

The dot, clearly larger than a bird, was getting larger as it drifted closer.

"Might be one of the jellyfish girls," LT Wright said. "They're common in this region."

"Yeah, I heard of them," Bate said. "Also heard some of the men use them for R & R."

LT Wright snorted. "Those degenerates would fuck a fish if they thought it'd give them good head."

There was a pause while the lieutenant placed a hand over his eyes and squinted at the far-off object.

"The jellyfish girls aren't harmless, but they're not that dangerous either. If it is one and she drifts too close, we'll try to shoo her off, and if that fails, shoot her down."

"What if our guns don't fire?" Bate had heard about that too.

"That's why we have these," SPC Jon Lehane said. His biceps rippled as he showed off a long gleaming steel harpoon with a wickedly barbed point.

They continued across the lake and the object in the sky continued to drift closer, clearly on an intercept course. Bate wondered what it was. Tentacles writhed beneath it and an indistinct figure sat on top of it.

Frowning, LT Wright brought the squad to a halt.

"Not a jellyfish girl?" Bate asked.

"No. I think this might be Inky Ilsa."

The shape grew clearer as it drew closer. Bate saw a pale-skinned woman lounging on some kind of floating platform. Beneath the floating platform thick black tentacles coiled and writhed.

"Okay, listen up," LT Wright said. "This is why they sent us out here. We have a potential First Contact situation. I want you all on your best behavior. We're representing everyone back home. Be watchful, but be diplomatic."

The alien drifted closer. Assuming she was an alien. Aside from an unusual skin tone that seemed a little too pale, she looked human in all other respects.

"That means no itchy fingers on triggers," LT Wright. "No one. I repeat, no one, is to open fire unless I give the order."

He fumbled hurriedly with his jacket and pulled out a small bottle of pills. He emptied the contents out onto the palm of his hand and passed a pill to each man.

"Dr. Prescott said we should take one of these if we encounter Inky Ilsa. It should help counteract the fumes produced by its body."

Bate popped the pill in his mouth, gulped it down and watched the approach of the alien entity with a mixture of trepidation and excitement.

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If Bate had told six-months-ago Bate he'd be part of a squad sent out to negotiate First Contact on an alien planet, six-months-ago Bate wouldn't have believed him. There again, if he'd told himself of six months ago he'd still be in the US Army, six-months-ago Bate would have doubted that as well. Back then he was convinced he was about to get washed out. It was his fitness, his damn fitness. He had never expected that to be his weak point.

Bate was a regular gym nut. He spent hours at the gym pumping iron. To be told it was his fitness that was lacking was a cruel blow. Those hard hours he'd put in developing his physique... to not matter at all... to even be a negative... it hurt.

Should have put some of those hours in on the track, Brown had taunted him.

Jai Brown was a jerk. Lean and very mean, and with a mouth that left half of the other recruits wanting to throttle him. If they could catch him.

That fucker was fast.

He was also right, which made it worse. Bate couldn't run. That was his problem. He sucked at it. Hated it. And yeah, if he was brutally honest with himself, had not worked on that aspect of his physical training as hard as he should.

He'd paid for it in basic training. Oh man, had he paid for it. The first time he'd tried to do The Loop he'd vomited everywhere and thought he was going to die. The instructors told him that was normal. Publicly, they'd screamed him out and gave him all kinds of abuse on The Loop. Privately they'd told him he'd slim down, his body would adapt and he'd get there so long as he put the circuits in.

Bate had put the circuits in. He'd put plenty of circuits in. He'd got better too.

But not enough.

He sucked at running. Just wasn't built for it. Time after time, he'd come in last and wheezing like his lungs were fit to burst.

Bate didn't think he was going to make it. The looks he saw in the instructor's eyes told him they didn't think he was going to make it either. So it came as a surprise when he not only made it, but was sent to what had to be the most top-secret location of all as his first posting. The reasons for the secrecy were well-founded, and far beyond what Bate ever could have dreamed of.

The base had a gate to another world in it. It was kept so secret Bate only found about it after he'd been sent through it.

He'd thought it another training exercise—an orientation tour of the facility. It looked like a regular corridor. Except they'd stepped out the other end onto the surface of an alien planet.

Everything after that had been a whirlwind blur.

And now they were out on Lake Latex, looking to make First Contact with what was rumored to be a member of an intelligent alien civilization.

Bate felt too inexperienced for the responsibility. He was not alone in that. The squad was mostly all cherries who, like Bate, all had their own tales of close calls with washing out. Take Lehane. He was as big and strong as an ox... and about half as smart. More than just dumb—learning difficulties. Some of the men theorized he'd been dropped on his head one too many times as a baby.

Then there was Coyle. He had age and experience, but a whole host of nasty rumors swirled around him. An incident with a teenaged girl while serving on one of the Korean bases. Maybe more. He didn't talk to Bate and Bate didn't talk to him, and Bate liked that just fine.

Their squad leader LT Wright, also had experience and rumors. His rumors were of a different kind. He was an exemplary recruit. Top of his class. Very efficient and competent at whatever task he was assigned. Except that one time he'd come under fire on active duty. There were rumors he'd frozen up and fears he'd do it again.

It was a strange posse to handle a First Contact situation. Then, Bate supposed, they weren't really the important component of the team. They were just grunts—men with weapons to protect the one tasked with handling negotiation duties: Dr. Prescott.

The irony of it all was the patrol they'd finally made contact was the patrol Dr. Prescott was not present. He'd come down with a stomach complaint that morning and been unable to leave his tent. That meant his duties had been delegated to LT Wright. Bate hoped their squad leader was up to it.

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LT Wright held up his hand in a gesture of peace as the alien hindig floated up to them. She stopped in front of them, hovering about eight feet off the ground. Behind her the flat glossy black expanse of Lake Latex stretched away to the horizon.

Close up it was clearer she wasn't human. Her skin was too pale and had a blueish tinge rather than the pink tinge of human flesh. Her brown eyes looked more like the eyes of an octopus with their horizontal black bar pupils. Her ears were also long and pointed, and stuck out from the side of her head like the ears of a fantasy elf.

A real-life alien, in the flesh, Bate thought.

"I am Lieutenant Kevin Wright," LT Wright said. "I represent both the United States government and the people of planet Earth. Whom do I have the honor of addressing?"

The alien woman lounged on a circular platform. A collection of shiny black airbags swelled up and down on the underside of the platform like great black lungs. Bate wondered if they were what gave the platform its buoyancy. Also hanging from the underside were a proliferation of thick black tentacles. They were segmented, and coiled and uncoiled like a nest of giant earthworms. Some tapered to a tip while others terminated in strange organic structures—some bulbous, others gaping orifices—each seemingly designed for a different task. All appeared to be covered in the same glossy black rubber as the surface of the lake. Even the woman. She wore a tight black bodice of the same material that billowed out below the waist into a dress that was large enough to spill over the edges of the platform. The way the shiny material emphasized her bust and showed off her cleavage reminded Bate uncomfortably of kinky film clips he'd seen on the internet. These were not thoughts to be thinking in a First Contact situation with an alien race!

"I am Vampuum," the floating hindig replied.

Bate was shocked that she could not only understand English, but speak it as well. LT Wright didn't seem fazed by it, almost as though it was expected. Bate wondered if their squad leader had access to additional intel the common grunts didn't.

"It is an honor to meet you, Vampuum," LT Wright said. "My government is interested in forging mutually beneficial relationships with the peoples of this world. Can you direct us to the nearest population center and seat of authority?"

"Oh, I'm not interested in that," Vampuum said. She looked over each of the men. The tentacles beneath her platform writhed and coiled in a way Bate found weirdly hypnotic. "I'm wondering which of you delectable morsels I should pick to suck all the juice out of."

Fuck, Bate thought. Hostile.

The men didn't need instruction from their squad leader. They were already swinging their guns in the direction of the alien. Too slow, though, too slow. At the same time, two of the tentacles, each terminating in a strange mouth-like structure, pointed in their direction and belched a thick cloud of black ink over the squad.

Everything went dark. Bate couldn't see a thing. He heard gunfire and shot in the direction he thought he'd last seen the alien girl. Had they hit it? He heard no confirmation, no cry of pain.

Probably not, he realized with dread as he felt something, or rather *some things*, coil around his limbs and body. They were muscular and powerful. Bate's weapon and pack were stripped from him, his arms were pinned to his sides and his legs bound together. He was yanked off his feet and felt a strong upward force as the hindig rose like a weather balloon. Bate burst through the top of the black cloud and watched in horror as the ground rushed away from him.

They'd never find him, he thought as the dense cloud of ink receded to a small smudge. The men were already shrinking to less than ants. Even if they thought to look up, Bate would be just a dot in the sky to them.

The hindig reached her desired altitude and stopped. Bate stopped trying to struggle free of her tentacles. Now he was praying she wouldn't let him go. Falling from this height would be like jumping out of a plane without a parachute.

She looked him over. One of her tentacles slid beneath his top and tore it open to expose his chest. Another tentacle—Bate had a horrible feeling that the tentacles, and the platform, were part of her body—slid across his pecs. The slender tip tickled against his nipples as Vampuum's eyes shone with unhealthy lust.

"Very agreeable," she said. "Very agreeable indeed."

What did she want with him? Down on the lake she'd said she was going to eat one of them up, but up here there were different hungers burning in her eyes.

"Don't do this," Bate said. "There will be repercussions. My government won't stand back and tolerate acts of aggression against its representatives. It will mean war between our worlds."

Vampuum laughed airily. "Such things don't concern me."

Her tentacle hooked under Bate's pants and ripped them open to expose his genitals.

"We exist to seduce and suck. You exist to be seduced and sucked."

Her tentacle slid between his thighs and tickled the underside of his nuts.

What the fuck? Did she want to... fuck him?

Vampuum smiled coyly at him. She pulled down her shiny black top to expose her tits. They were a nice pair as well—big, round, firm. She placed hands under them and proffered them like a melon farmer showing off his proudest wares.

"Are you not seduced," she said.

Nope, Bate was definitely not seduced. Being a mile up in the air with only the tentacles of an over-amorous alien between him and splattery death on the ground far below didn't really set the right mood.

Vampuum laughed. "I see not. Oh well, seduction was never one of my strengths. No matter, once I have you in my suction tube you'll give me everything. They all do."

She shifted position. Another tentacle reared up from beneath the platform. It was also segmented, but larger and thicker than the rest. It reared up before Bate like a venomous snake. The tentacle terminated in a black bulbous structure that looked like it was made out of an artificial substance—rubber—rather than flesh. A cushioned donut at the tip ringed a narrow opening moist with transparent oils. For all its artificial appearance, the opening pulsed and gaped like a living orifice.

Bate did not like the look of that. He started squirming against his tentacle bonds. To no avail, the alien girl coiled them tighter until he couldn't move at all.

The bulbous suction cup attached itself to Bate's crotch. The bulb swelled and Bate's penis was sucked inside.

"We'll start gently," she said. "Your pricks are fragile until they get a little blood inside them and we wouldn't want to tear it off by accident."

She said it with a malicious sparkle in her eyes, as if she knew she could say whatever she liked to freak him out and it wouldn't stop her from getting what she wanted.

Her suction cup molded to the contours of his crotch and formed an airtight seal. His penis was stretched out within the bulb and blood flowed down into it in an autonomous response that had nothing to do with Bate's current arousal, or rather lack of it.

"You can't do this," he protested. "This is..." He couldn't even bring himself to say it, or was even sure it applied.

The hindig lounged back on her platform and toyed with her naked breasts.

"You're not on Earth now, silly human," she said. "This is the Dominion of Lust. These are our skies."

"Why war?" Bate said.

"War?" Vampuum laughed as if she thought it ridiculous.

The soft rubbery bulb throbbed between Bate's legs.

"Mmm, you're getting harder. You should start to feel pleasure now."

Yeah, Bate felt pleasure. Her weird tube thing was sucking him off. It didn't matter. It wasn't the warm mouth of a cute girl and neither was it a moist tight pussy. He knew it was some weird alien suction tube thing, and because he knew it was a freaky alien suction tube thing, there was no way she was going to...

Oh.

Vampuum smiled. The black suction bulb pulsed more strongly. Bate's cock swelled within it and pressed through the center of a plump donut of soft material. Wet with lubricant, the inner ring pumped up and down Bate's shaft as the bulb swelled and ebbed around him.

"We feed on your pleasure... your sexual energy," she said. "And you're all so eager to give it to us."

The black airbags beneath her platform swelled as her suction tube continued to throb away around Bate's cock. He felt like he was plunging back and forth into the most deliciously tight ass you could imagine. It took all of his self-control to fight back the urge to fill the pulsing rubber bulb with his cum.

"You can try to hold on as much as you like," Vampuum taunted. "I'm still going to pump you dry."

Another tentacle, this one terminating in a slender tip rather than a bulbous suction cup, slithered between Bate's buttocks. It wormed up into Bate's ass. His sphincter clenched and tried to repel the invader, but the tentacle, slick with lubricant, burrowed deeper.

"It's all about giving the right spot a little tickle," she teased.

She held up a finger and made a little flicking gesture. Within Bate's body the tip of her tentacle flickered back and forth against his prostate. A warm wave of pleasure flowed out across Bate's body and was drawn into the tube sucking away at his crotch. The tight inner ring pumped harder

and faster up and down his shaft. Bate felt little warning trembles in his knees and all over his body. Fuck, he was going to come.

"And then..."

Vampuum put her finger between her lips and sucked.

The black airbags beneath her platform swelled up. The rubber suction cup contracted around Bate's genitals and he gasped as the force gripped him. Too much. Too much.

And then...

Oh fuck yeah.

His cock swelled and he emptied the biggest, most satisfying load of cum he'd ever deposited anywhere. The ecstatic release of orgasm shuddered through him as she sucked out the contents of his balls.

Fuck, you got me, bitch, Bate thought. Not that he minded too much. It might be a freaky alien suction tube thing, but it was a fucking awesome freaky alien suction tube thing that gave out the best blowjob Bate had ever experienced.

He relaxed in the grip of her coils. Maybe this wouldn't turn out so bad after all.

The tube kept sucking.

"I'll take it from here," Vampuum said, her eyes as cold as the bluish tinges to her skin.

Bate twitched in her tentacles. Fuck, he was still coming. How? It was like she was pumping it out of him in a constant pulsing stream. The black balloons beneath her platform kept swelling up and down like bellows as she sucked. The tentacle within Bate's ass pressed on his prostate like it was a button and semen kept pouring out of him.

Lost to the sensual ecstasy of the release, Bate writhed and squirmed in her tentacles. Too much. He couldn't stop. The flow wouldn't stop.

Where was it all coming from? His balls had to be drained by now.

A glance down revealed the horrifying answer. The skin around her black suction cup had an unhealthy gray pallor and was starting to shrivel. Not just there. His arms were wasting away. As were his legs and chest. Wasting away. All of him wasting away. He glanced at Vampuum with fearful eyes.

Vampuum sat on her platform and regarded him with imperious grace.

"Oh, I don't know what's in you, but it's making me feel giddy," she laughed.

What was in him was very quickly sucked out of him. Vampuum sucked and sucked and Bate jittered helplessly in the grip of a never-ending climax. His body shriveled and withered away as she pumped out all the fluids within it. Then, having sucked Bate completely dry, she released his empty husk and let it spiral down to the surface of Lake Latex far below.

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Jesus fuck! SPC Stewart Peter Bate thought as the mummy fell out of the sky and crashed into the yielding black surface of Lake Latex right in front of him.

Fuck, that had scared the shit right out of him. Just like one of those cheap horror jump scares where the rotting corpse springs right up in someone's face. This poor bastard looked in no better condition than those schlocky horror movie props. The flesh was desiccated, as if the corpse had been lying out in the desert for a couple of years.

Bate examined the dog tags.

"I've found Tovey," he said.

"Forget him," Dr. Prescott said. He had one hand over his eyes and was frantically scanning the skies. "We need to see where Inky Ilsa comes down."

"There are others," Rosenberg said.

Looking to his left, Bate saw the rest of the Explo Squad sprawled on the ground where they'd fallen. They didn't look dried-up like Tovey. They looked... regular sort of dead.

The doctor was still staring into the sky. Bate saw what he was looking at—a far-off black smudge. It dipped and wavered drunkenly, before correcting and then smoothly floating away. It shrank down to a tiny black dot on the horizon.

"Damn, it wasn't strong enough," the doctor said.

Bate's CO, SFC Cederlund, was crouched down next to one of the bodies. He was holding a discarded pill bottle with a thoughtful expression.

"The dose wasn't high enough," he said. "Or maybe not as effective on hindig physiology."

"Yes," Dr. Prescott said. Then he paused as if he'd said too much. "You were briefed on this?"

"Yes." Cederlund stood up. "Command keeps the elite teams fully briefed. So we can function with maximum effectiveness."

Bate raised a quizzical eyebrow.

The doctor nodded.

Cederlund looked around at the bodies. "One of the convict squads?" he asked. "Pedos, murderers, rapists?"

"No," Dr. Prescott answered. "They're not reliable enough. These are washouts. Men with poor advancement prospects. Not much use, but reliable enough to follow orders."

Cederlund looked over the dead bodies and smiled. "Cold-blooded, but that's how it is. Sometimes you have to get your hands dirty. Especially out here."

"Exactly," Dr. Prescott said, also smiling. "That's what I told Command when I asked for this."

Bate shared a glance with Rosenberg.

"So, it was your plan?" Cederlund said. "Poison them and send them out as bait."

"Yes," Dr. Prescott said, beaming with pride. "They're washouts. No one will miss them."

Cederlund drew his sidearm and shot the doctor through the temple.

"They had mothers that will miss them. Children. Fathers too, if they were lucky," Cederlund said in a low voice.

Cederlund looked at each of his men in turn. They acknowledged with a nod.

"Take a man each," he said. "They have families back home that will want to see them get a good burial."

He looked down at Dr. Prescott's corpse. Blood was pouring out of a hole in his temple about the size of a dime.

"Leave him. We'll tell Command we were ambushed by the HSIO and she carried him off with her."

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"Shouldn't we tell someone?" Bate said.

"No. We'll keep this one to ourselves. For now."

THE END