

The first indication PFC Stewart Peter Bate had that something was off was a strange sweet scent in the air. The fragrance was too exotic to be natural fruits or flowers. There was a tang to it reminiscent of perfumes blended to entice and arouse. And not the nasty stuff cheap hookers used to cover up the odor of their last john either, this reminded Bate of the expensive stuff the fancy ladies wore at lavish ambassadorial receptions.

Those fancy ladies were off limits. They had bigger fish in their sights than lowly grunts on guard duty. Fortunately for the grunts, there were women who were far more amenable, namely the bored and rebellious teenage daughters of those big fish with fat wallets.

The game was always the same. Those bored and rebellious teenage girls would pretend to be sophisticated temptresses and the young soldiers would pretend to be dedicated guardsmen above all distractions.

Until their shifts ended, when the eager young men would take the equally eager young women off somewhere quiet and they'd fuck like bunnies until the morning.

Playing the game was the reason Bate was out here.

More specifically, Stephanie Huntley-Smythe was the reason Bate was out here.

Stephanie Huntley-Smythe was one of those bored and rebellious daughters. It was on Bate's first posting abroad. He was stationed at Hato Airport on Curaçao. There wasn't much there. It was just a corner of a commercial airport that housed an AWACS and a few transport aircraft. The island itself was part of the Dutch Caribbean, about forty miles north of Venezuela. His friends back home couldn't pronounce it properly, so called it Coruscant, like the planet out of *Star Wars*, and then just 'the *Star Wars* island'.

*That was especially ironic, given where Bate was now.*

There wasn't much to do out there. Curaçao supposedly had the largest brothel in the Caribbean—an old converted military barracks next to the airport—that some of the guys liked to frequent. Bate had been there once and noped out fairly quickly. It was sad. Paying for it was sad. It wasn't as if it was hard for a young, good-looking guy to get some on the island.

*Not like here, where there was literally stone nothing. He'd give his left nut for a Camp Ho out here.*

Back on the island there'd been the local girls, the Dutch students over to complete their medical internships, and—if you were lucky enough to be assigned embassy duty—the bored and rebellious daughters of wealthy diplomats.

That's where Stephanie Huntley-Smythe came in. She was the daughter of a British diplomat. She was a stunner—a proper English Rose with strawberry-blonde hair and a cheeky face with a cute little button nose. What most drew Bate's attention was her rack. He liked his women to have a nice big pair, and Stephanie Huntley-Smythe had definitely been blessed in that department!

He should have listened to his Pa. He'd always said a big pair of tits was the ruin of many a poor boy.

Bate knew the stereotypes about the Brits, that they were posh, stuck-up and overly formal. He also knew that once they got in the bedroom they dropped that as fast as their panties. Stephanie

Huntley-Smythe was no exception. She was properly *dirty* between the sheets. Bate had had a fun night with Stephanie Huntley-Smythe and her big juicy pair of tits.

There was one slight problem. Stephanie Huntley-Smythe was only seventeen.

How was Bate to know? How was anyone to know? How could a big juicy rack like that belong to someone underage? It wasn't fair. Bate wasn't a paedo. He didn't like lolis. He didn't like *them young*. He liked big tits for God's sake. That was *his thing*. He wasn't even Stephanie Huntley-Smythe's first.

Not that any of the other guys were going to pass up the opportunity to rib him about it.

Unfortunately, it got worse than that. Someone had seen him with Stephanie Huntley-Smythe. Tongues had wagged. Once the rumors started circulating, Stephanie Huntley-Smythe had panicked and claimed she'd been coerced in order to preserve her reputation. It had gone from light ribbing to real scary shit in no time at all. Bate had thought his goose was properly cooked. Fortunately for him OI' Iron Butts, the base CO, was wily. Stephanie Huntley-Smythe, rather than being Daddy's Little Angel, had previous form on this, and the CO wasn't about to toss one of his boys for 'obvious horseshit' as he put it. It also helped that Stephanie Huntley-Smythe had never got Bate's name or bothered to memorize his face and couldn't identify the guilty party.

*Bate liked to think that this was deliberate. That, despite being forced to make up allegations to preserve her reputation, Stephanie had a good enough heart to not want to ruin Bate's life over it.*

*He wasn't about to risk his life betting on it.*

They'd had to transfer Bate out of there sharpish, which meant he had to do the one thing every soldier tells you never to do—*volunteer*.

Bate knew right away it was an odd posting. The base was back on continental USA, in the middle of nowhere. There was a strange atmosphere about it. You could tell something hush-hush was going on even if the regular grunts were kept in the dark. Bate thought it was nukes, or some kind of new super-weapon. It turned out to be weirder than that.

A lot weirder...

Nothing much had happened for his first month. Then one morning Bate had been gathered up with a bunch of other 'volunteers', walked down a corridor, through a door, and onto the surface of an alien planet.

It had been surprisingly boring.

There were no rockets. They'd trudged down a corridor, then trudged across about a klick of dirt to a hastily constructed FOB, also in the middle of nowhere.

Bate had believed them when they'd told him it was an alien planet. For starters, there was no sky on Earth like this. It was a mass of pink and purple and dark blue clouds, constantly roiling away. Sometimes it looked like a bruise, other times it resembled... something more suggestive. The place had a weird magnetic field as well. It fucked with electronics, made machinery inoperable. Sometimes it played with men's minds as well. Stare off into the horizon for long enough and you'd start to see things.

That's why Bate spent most of his sentry shift scribbling words into a notepad. There was nothing out here. He'd figured that out after a couple of days. So rather than waste his time staring at rocks until he picked up a massive headache, he thought he might as well use the time to write that military thriller novel he'd always wanted to write. Getting the sentry assignment was a blessing in that regard. Certainly a step up.

The first month in H-space—that's what the scientists called this place—had been backbreaking. The strange electric fields made machinery inoperable, so it went back to the old ways of lots of grunts and hours of hard labor. That at least explained why Bate was out here. A project like this you would have expected only the brightest and best out of West Point. But they needed people to dig ditches and hammer in posts, and that's where men like Bate came in. They didn't have unblemished records, but they'd also proven themselves to not be total screw-ups either. If it wasn't so top-secret, Bate reckoned they'd have just outsourced it to the nearest prison.

That month had been hard work. Bate had even been part of the team that had erected this sentry post. It was a few clicks from the base and on a good vantage point. That was about it. There wasn't actually anything out in this direction. It was rocks and dirt as far as the eye could see. Nobody was going to come through here. Command were just being thorough. Alien world and no-one knew anything, yadda yadda.

They'd given Bate the lookout assignment, for which he'd been profoundly grateful. It beat breaking rocks for hours every day.

It still sucked.

Bate had thought the Hato posting had been bad, but at least there had been people. If he was bored and feeling in the mood, there were the local girls, the Dutch students, the bored daughters at the embassy. Heck, at this point, Bate would even take Camp Ho out by the airport. There was nothing out here but dirt and rocks. Bate missed boobs.

Then one day that sweet smell had rolled in and reminded him of boobs. It made him think of big juicy tits, of Stephanie Huntley-Smythe and similarly blessed girls.

He looked up from his notebook and saw the succubus perched on the guardrail. That was a shock. Not only was there nothing around here but dirt and rocks, he was also on a platform three stories up. He'd figured that should have been pretty safe from ambush.

That was old Earth thinking. On Earth the enemy didn't have wings.

Bate had heard H-space had alien babes, but this was the first time seeing one in the flesh. They were called succubi because they looked like the buxom temptresses of myth and videogames. This one was certainly buxom. Each of her boobs was easily as big as his head. They seemed to ignore gravity as well. Boobs like that were rare outside of mucky Japanese comics. It was a shame the rest of her was all devil. Red skin, check. Black bat wings, check. Tail, check. At least her face wasn't gargoyle-ugly. If you ignored the horns and jet-black eyes, she was drop-dead stunning. Especially with those tits. If Bate was in Vegas and saw a stripper with tits like those he'd pay her good money to let him bury his face between those big soft boobs and give her a good motorboating.

Now was not the time to be thinking about motorboating. Bate realized this as he was a fraction too late in going for his gun. The succubus had already pounced and was on top of him. Then Bate was falling backwards with the devil riding him to the ground.

Damn, so they were right after all, Bate thought.

He remembered the droning briefings he'd been given on first entering H-space.

*"The HSIOs use unorthodox strategy. They possess features that are regarded as extremely attractive by human standards. They know this and use it to tempt and put men off guard. Don't allow yourself to be distracted."*

The men had listened and nodded at the right points, but they hadn't treated it all that seriously. They'd joked about it afterwards. A pencil-necked (and maybe even pencil-dicked) scientist-type might let himself be tempted into doing something stupid. They didn't get much pussy so it was understandable. But these were proper fighting men. They might be horny and stupid, but they weren't *that* horny and stupid. They knew the difference between the bedroom and the battlefield.

Bate understood what the scientists had meant now. You didn't have to be *that* horny and stupid. In his case it had just been a pause. A little ogle. A little 'wow, would you look at those titties'. And now he was on the floor with a weight on his chest pinning him down. He couldn't see. Two soft objects, like big warm pillows, were pressing down on his face.

Her tits. She was lying on his chest with her tits shoved in his face.

He couldn't breathe. Her boobs were pressed up so tight against his face both his nose and mouth were blocked.

His Pa had warned him a big pair of tits was the ruin of many a poor boy, but Bate had never expected it to be literal.

Fuck. As ignoble ends went, they didn't get much more ignoble than being smothered to death between a slutty demon's monster boobs. No fucking way was Bate checking out like that. He squirmed and bucked beneath her and, when that wasn't enough, beat his fists against her sides.

The succubus laughed, slid her arms behind his head and pressed down harder.

Fuck. This was happening, really happening. He was suffocating here. He felt a burning sensation in his lungs and his throat started hitching.

The succubus shifted position, or relented, and enough of a gap opened up for Bate to grab a quick breath of precious oxygen.

He needed it, as the succubus pressed down again and he was once again smothered beneath her big soft boobs. His attempts to knock her off were weakening. The first time he might have been able to kid himself it was his struggling that had enabled him to take a breath. The second time he knew for sure it was the succubus. She sat up enough for Bate to sneak a breath before flopping her smothering boobs back on him again.

Why? Was this some sort of game to her?

She acted as if it was. After sitting up to allow Bate another breath, she playfully jiggled her heavy boobs in his face, boffing his head from side to side. She let out a soft moan that sounded more like a noise found in a porno than in hand-to-hand combat.

She was fucking with him, Bate thought as he tried again to dislodge her from his chest.

Something stroked lightly against his crotch.

Bate hadn't been thinking *fucking* in that sense, but he still felt a strange throb of arousal.

It was the air. Each quick, desperate breath Bate had taken was tainted with her scent. It slithered up into his brain and whispered lewd thoughts.

The succubus stroked against him again and this time there could be no doubt over whether it was intentional.

"Mmm, a little asphyxiation works wonders for getting men's pricks to rise to attention," the succubus said. Her voice was low, husky and dripping with sultry desire.

Bate wasn't as surprised at her speaking English as he felt he should be. He'd heard rumors about it, that they could hear and speak human language just fine. Or maybe it was some quirk of H-space—translator microbes, the weird magnetic field, something sci-fi.

He'd heard other things as well. When it came to the HSIOs there were plenty of contradicting stories going around. There were always stories going around. Some were obvious bullshit. Others you'd do well to pay attention to.

Like that rumor Stephanie Huntley-Smythe was only seventeen. He really should have paid attention to that one!

As for the hindigs, as the men colloquially referred to the HSIOs, those stories varied. He'd heard some bad shit, really bad shit. Like 'monsters masquerading as pretty women until they got close enough to rip your face off' bad shit.

Then there were other stories. The ones where the hindigs were nymphomaniac alien babes as if they'd just stepped out of the cheapest and sleaziest of old sci-fi films. They really liked sex. Only wanted sex. And—most importantly—were fully compatible in that department.

Bate thought about that. His nose was currently buried in her monster tits. It had been a while. There weren't exactly opportunities out here when it was nothing but rocks and dirt. She was kind of hot if you looked past all the alien—or maybe even demon—stuff. Bate wasn't averse to the idea of fucking her. He could feel her soft tits pressed against his face and they were something else.

He had a feeling the succubus wasn't averse to fucking him either. She could be one of the nymphomaniac ones he'd heard about. That feeling was reinforced as the succubus sat up in order to reach behind her to Bate's crotch. Her nails were sharp enough to slice through the fabric of his pants and underpants. No longer restricted by his uniform, Bate's erection sprang free.

Bate was a little surprised at that. Sure, she looked hot, had a delicious rack, and there was a strange musky scent to her that excited him. But she was also an alien demon that had got the jump on him and might be about to end his life. He must really need a good fuck.

The succubus seemed like she wanted a really good fuck as well.

"How big and eager," she said, lightly stroking her long nails up his erection. "You must like being buried in my tits."

She giggled, leant over and playfully swung her big fleshy tits in Bate's face. She pressed down harder, wedging his nose up in her cleavage and turning his head from side to side as she twisted her chest. She held her tits there long enough for Bate to run out of breath, but not long enough for him to start worrying she was about to suffocate him. She lifted her chest, allowing Bate to suck in a breath filled with her exhilarating odor.

Bate was thinking he might be okay with this. He stopped struggling and decided to let it play out. Her attentions seemed amorous rather than murderous, and after a solid month of backbreaking labor, followed by a solid month of sitting on his ass and staring at rocks, Bate felt he could do with... nay, deserved... some R & R.

The succubus giggled as she boffed his face between her big bouncy tits.

Yeah, he'd let this play out.

And if it turned dangerous, like some of the stories he'd heard about the hindigs, he had a trump card he could pull. One the succubus wasn't aware of.

The next time the succubus pushed her lovely rack down, Bate lifted his head up to meet it. He pressed his schnozzle right into that lush valley and rooted around like a pig looking for truffles. He twisted his face from side to side and relished the feel of her lovely soft funbags rubbing against his cheeks.

The succubus laughed, low and throaty.

"Men. So eager. Always thinking with their little brains."

She sat back up and leaned back to stroke her long fingernails up and down Bate's erection.

"You do know I'm a succubus?" she asked.

Her smile seemed more suited for a slasher flick than a porn movie.

"Didn't your officers warn you about my kind. We feed through sex."

The succubus lowered her head until her jet-black eyes were right above his. Her hand continued to lightly stroke his cock.

"Kill through sex."

His officers had warned him. The haze in his mind partially cleared. He knew the jokes about the succubi... hindigs. He also remembered the official warnings and—more importantly—the firsthand accounts that backed them up. Some of the hindigs were harmless nymphomaniacs that were only interested in fucking. Then there were the *others*. Bad things happened to men that succumbed to temptation and fucked the *others*.

Just like the myths and horror films.

"I'm going to suck your life essence out through your cock while I smother you death beneath my tits," the succubus said with a psycho grin.

Yeah, that was enough, Bate thought. Fun-time over. Time to play that trump card.

"Bradley! Get up here now! We're under attack!" Bate yelled.

Bate wasn't here alone. Sentry duty at the tower was a two-man task. Bradley should have been on the platform with him, but the stupid fucker had picked the worst fucking time to wander off to take a dump. He always took his sweet time about it as well. There wasn't much chance of him wandering back in on Bate and the demon by accident. But he wouldn't have wandered far enough to not hear Bate hollering. He'd come running. With his gun. Bate needed the big dumb shit back here right now, before the succubus did...

...whatever she was going to do to him.

Bate only made it halfway through a second yell before the succubus choked him off with her tits.

"There's no point calling for your friend," the succubus said. "Rhoxghar is dealing with him right now. He's more used to taking his pleasures from women, but a man will suffice if no females are available."

Bate heard a strange high-pitched cry that sounded so wrong it made him relieved, despite his current predicament, he was the one up here and not down there.

"Now where were we," the succubus said.

She lifted her tits back up in order for Bate to snatch another precious breath. The taint was stronger. It smothered Bate's thoughts and sapped his will to resist. At the same time it sent the blood flowing down to his groin until his erection was rock-hard and throbbing. He felt so horny he would have thrust right up into her wet pussy, consequences be damned, if he could reach it.

Fortunately for him, the succubus's pussy was resting on top of his belly and would continue to remain there while she squashed her substantial boobs against his face. She couldn't smother him *and* do whatever horrible things succubi did to men who were foolish enough to stick their dicks in devil pussy.

Bate's eyes widened in surprise as his cock was drawn up into a warm fleshy sheath. What was that? It sucked like a mouth, but the walls were packed in too tight around Bate's cock and he felt no teeth. The mystery orifice swallowed up his whole length and pulsed around him. Was there someone else up here with them? Someone or something behind the succubus?

"My tail," the succubus said. "It feels better than the human cunts you've been inside, I know."

She gave the head of Bate's cock a squeeze to emphasize her point.

Bate squirmed, this time with pleasure. It felt like he'd plunged his dick into a tight sex-toy sheath, only it was warm, living and capable of independent movement... capable of stimulating Bate regardless of whether he moved or not.

"This is not all my tail can do," the succubus said.

The tip of her tail carried on past the bulbous fleshpot Bate's cock was inside. It was slender and resembled a long, many-jointed finger topped with a small bony sphere. While the fleshpot part of her tail continued to pulse and suck on Bate's erection, the slender tip curled around his balls until the smooth ball at the tip was pressing up against Bate's anus. It pushed inside and slid up Bate's rectal wall until it encountered his prostate. Then it started to vibrate.

Bate squirmed and shivered in pleasure. The succubus's fleshpot tail orifice squeezed him like a fleshy suction cup. At the same time the vibrating tip of her tail sent trailers of pleasure worming deep inside him.

And he couldn't escape the sensations. The succubus had locked the complex structure of her tail in place and now she was using it to open him up and mercilessly pluck on his strings as if he was a musical instrument to be mastered. Bate was a toy to her and he couldn't withstand the onslaught of pure sensual stimulation.

Her tits covered his face and now he appreciated them for what they were—lovely big, soft boobs. Even the lack of air didn't bother him too much. The lightheadedness made what she was doing to his cock—doing inside him—feel even more wonderfully euphoric.

The succubus lifted her tits up and let Bate fill his lungs with air tainted by her exhilarating scent.

"This is your last breath," she said. "Treasure it."

Then she pressed her big soft tits back down on Bate's face. She held them there while her tail sucked on Bate's cock and the tip vibrated against Bate's prostate. Held them there while the air grew stale in Bate's lungs. Held them there while random bursts of color sparked in Bate's oxygen-deprived brain.

"Coming while suffocating is one of the greatest pleasures," the succubus said. "Now, come and experience the ultimate climax."

Her tail squeezed, pulsed. The bony tip bent inwards and pressed on Bate's prostate.

Bate felt like he was bursting. The spent air in his lungs, he had to let it out. The mounting pressure in his balls, he had to relieve it.

And so he burst. Semen flooded from him in a great stream even as his oxygen-starved brain sparked out in a vivid kaleidoscope of bursting colors.

His Pa had been right. A big pair of tits was the ruin of this poor boy.

His spirit came loose as his body asphyxiated. The succubus was there to suck it up.

THE END