

## IT'S DANGEROUS TO GO ALONE

PFC Stewart Peter Bate was surprised and overjoyed when he saw the supermodel rise up out of Lake Latex.

Lake Latex was so named because it looked like a prehistoric god had poured a massive vat of molten rubber out over the land and left it there to solidify. Black and shiny, someone had joked it reminded them of the fetish outfits of kinky porn clips and the name had stuck. It wasn't a lake as such. Apparently the surface was solid enough that you could walk across it, although Bate had never tried. He'd touched it once and it had felt smooth and stretchy like rubber. Really weird.

And now there was a sex goddess rising up out of it. It didn't make sense—the 'lake' was supposed to be solid—but, wow, what a figure. It would make a supermodel green with envy. It was her proportions. They were at that exact sweet spot where they were exaggerated enough to stand out, but not extreme enough to become grotesque. She had long long legs, a beautiful bubble-butt ass and a rack Bate could happily bury his face in. She was covered from head to foot in skintight black latex, as if the surface of Lake Latex had covered her in a second skin. Now it really did look like the shiny black latex of kinky porn clips.

The only flaw was her face, or rather the lack of one. That part of her body was shiny-smooth and featureless like an egg. It made her look like an animated manikin. Oddly, this didn't make her any less sexy, if anything it gave her beauty an unearthly perfection.

The latex-covered manikin turned her blank face to Bate. A pair of plump, sensual lips bloomed on that featureless mask like fruiting fungi. They pouted seductively and, hips swaying like a film-noir femme fatale, she sashayed out of the lake and walked up to him.

Bate could barely contain his excitement. Wow, his first hindig. And a mighty fine one at that.

Officially, they were called HSIOs—H-space Indigenous Organisms. That was a mouthful, so the men called them hindigs. They were the inhabitants of this freaky alien world... dimension... whatever this was.

Bate didn't care all that much. He went where he was told. He killed who he was told. That was the job of a grunt. They might not have sent him here on a rocket, but he could still tell it was an alien world. You could tell it from the sky—a swirling mass of purples and pinks. If you couldn't tell it from that, there was Lake Latex. No amount of pollution—or man-made interference—would give you Lake Latex.

And there were the hindigs.

Bate had heard plenty about the hindigs, and what he'd heard, he liked.

"You know those old sci-fi movies and shows," Conley had told him.

Bate knew them, although he kept it pretty quiet. He didn't want people thinking he was a nerd. But, yeah, he knew about them. They were a guilty pleasure. He used to watch them late-night on cable. He liked comics too. Or at least he had, until his piece-of-shit adopted Pa had sold them all right after Bate had enlisted.

"The ones with the alien babes wearing next to nothing on alien planets."

Those were the guiltiest of Bate's guilty pleasures. Thirteen-year-old Bate had watched those old movies and shows and fantasized of a future where he'd be the one jetting off this ball of dirt and teaching some alien hottie about the pleasures of human love.

The hindigs didn't need any teaching when it came to the 'pleasures of love'. They knew about sex. Were obsessed with it. They were total nymphomaniacs. No one knew why, given that it was the first time mankind had ever set foot on this plane. Some of the scientists had theorized the hindigs had psyche-empathic abilities—they instinctively knew what a person's sexual turn-ons were and could adapt to cater to them. In jarhead terms—they could make you come harder than an experienced Asian hooker.

So it had come as a disappointment to be assigned to FOB Rigg and then be stuck inside doing meaningless drills and other bullshit for weeks with no opportunity to fraternize with the locals. Knowing they were out there, beyond the walls—beautiful hindigs that wanted to be with any man, no matter his looks, and never said 'no'—was a special kind of torture to Bate.

There had been an accident. Or incident. Maybe several. The men were ordered to keep their distance.

Not that the men did that. They were healthy, red-blooded American males after all. Bate had overheard talk about the jellyfish girls. About how they'd lift a man up off the ground and fuck him midair with the softest, wettest pussy you could imagine.

Bate wanted that. Wanted it badly. Throughout his life he'd always felt like he was missing out. He didn't want his tour to end with him sitting in the corner, listening as all the other guys reeled off stories of the gorgeous alien babes they'd banged, and him knowing he'd done nothing and got nothing.

So, Bate had inveigled himself an outside task where he knew he wouldn't be supervised. He'd rushed it early, then sneaked off along the coast of Lake Latex in the hope of getting some fooling around in and getting back before anyone noticed.

The latex girl coming up out of the lake had caught Bate by surprise. He'd been scanning the horizon, looking for jellyfish girls. He hadn't expected a hindig to come from the lake. He was also excited. He'd never heard about this type of hindig. Maybe it was a first. Maybe he'd be a first. That would give him something the other guys would want to listen to. Be envious of.

He watched the hindig sashay up the shore to him. She swished her hips back and forth like a model trying to ensnare a billionaire. Bate gulped. Her appearance was strange, but her body was something else.

It helped that Bate liked kinky. There wasn't any doubt with kinky. You knew it was all sex, all the time with kinky. The hindig looked very kinky.

Bate made no move. He watched carefully as she sashayed her wide, swinging hips over to him. As sexy as the hindigs were, Bate had heard about the dangers. Hindigs were intense. They could keep fucking a man until he died of exhaustion, or ran out of fluids, or his heart gave out from the strain. Even the placid jellyfish girls would carry men off to God Knows Where if given the chance. That's why Conley said it had to be a two-man team. You had to be careful. You had to have a backup just in case.

Bate was alone.

He wasn't concerned about that. He'd always been alone. He'd always only had himself to look out for himself.

And that was how he wanted it. He didn't want one of the other grunts watching while he did it. And neither did he want to be crouching behind some rocks and watching while another grunt got it on.

Sex with the hindigs could be dangerous, but only if you were unprepared. Only if you were stupid.

Bate wasn't stupid.

Smiling broadly at the approaching woman, he took his clothes off and left them in a pile on the beach next to him. He was naked apart from his dog tags and a knife in his right hand. He didn't think he needed it. The way the hindig sashayed up to him made it clear she only had sex in mind. And if she wasn't, if she was only looking sexy to lure Bate in close enough to chomp his face off, he had the knife for insurance in case she decided to get the wrong type of frisky.

She stepped into his arms and he let his other hand slide all over her curves.

"You are so fine," he said.

That ass, he thought, as his hand slid all over its contours. It was like a shelf. You could rest a beer on it. The rubber covering her like a second skin was smooth and warm to the touch. He hugged her body to his and was surprised at how light she was. It was like there was nothing inside this rubber suit but air. Hugging her was like squeezing a big, life-size balloon.

A real-life walking, talking—okay, maybe not talking—sex doll, he thought. All for him.

...with a mouth like a Hoover.

He went to kiss her and those big juicy lips of hers wrapped around his and fair sucked the air out of his lungs. Intense didn't even begin to cover it. The thought of those big soft lips wrapped around his cock and sucking just as hard had him harder than a piece of steel rebar.

That was until he found her pussy. His right arm was around her back while his left went wandering. He sent it down between her legs and found her vagina. At least he assumed it was her vagina. It was a moist hole with slick, fleshy walls. He sent his index and second fingers in on a recce and had barely penetrated her when a strong suction gripped them and pulled them in right to the last knuckle. The walls of her sex contracted and tugged on his fingers. It was like she wanted the rest of his hand and maybe his arm as well.

Fuck, he had to get his cock in there. Her pussy was sucking so hard Bate really wanted to feel it try and suck his balls out through his cock.

It took a little work to extricate his fingers from her hungry suction. Then he placed hands on her hips and lifted her up. Again he marveled at how light she was.

She knew exactly what to do. She wrapped her long legs around him and slid down the stiff pole of his erection. Then it started. The suction. Fuck, the suction.

Her pussy was something else.

It really did feel like she was trying to suck his nuts out through his cock. It was incredible.

Muscular walls squeezed tightly around his penis and tugged with undulating waves of pressure. They weren't even fucking in the conventional sense. There was no back-and-forth motion. There didn't need to be. Her muscular pussy did everything. She stretched out his cock and gave it a thorough massaging as waves of contraction travelled up his shaft. The closest feeling he could compare this to was that time he'd got an epic tugjob from a sweet little Asian hottie in a Chinatown rub'n'tug joint, and that—as awesome as it had been—was still nowhere close to this.

He hugged her tighter and that's when he noticed something wasn't quite right. She didn't feel right. Her body felt squashy, unpleasantly so. The way it throbbed with the sucking motion of her pussy put Bate uncomfortably in mind of soft-bodied bugs—a giant maggot or leech.

He felt an odd, *wet* sensation at his nipple and pulled away.

Glancing down, he saw the latex had melted away to expose the breast—and nipple—beneath. Only it wasn't a nipple. Instead of a perky little nub, Bate saw a livid red ring like a fleshy donut. The ring opened and worked hungrily. Bate could see a long gullet with glistening walls. It was a mouth, he realized, a mouth with swollen sucker lips.

Her other nipple was the same. Worse, this one had already battened onto his nipple. The curves of her tit pulsed on as her nipple mouth sucked on him. A little dribble of red ran down his chest. Lower down he saw the latex melt away and reveal another red sucker mouth in her belly where her navel should be.

He looked back at her face. What he took for a luscious pair of full lips was revealed as another livid red sucker mouth. She leaned in hungrily for a kiss that was not a kiss. Bate tried to push her away with little success. While she was human in shape, she certainly wasn't human. Her body was flexible in ways no human body should be and resisted his attempts to fend her off.

And she had his cock. He realized with a chill that what he thought was her pussy was likely another one of those hungry red sucker mouths. It didn't matter. She stretched out his erection and the muscular walls of her orifice bunched up and stimulated all the right nerve clusters. She gave a big suck and Bate was explosively coming before he even had a chance to think about holding it back.

Oh fuck, that felt so good, he thought as his cock throbbed powerfully and fired a thick stream of cum into her.

The euphoric blast of climax made him temporarily forget where he was. The leechwoman took advantage. She wrapped her arms and legs around him and hugged him tighter to her soft, latex-covered body. Her other nipple mouth battened on a nipple. The mouth at her navel attached to his belly.

The throbbing suction continued to tug on Bate's cock, keeping him hard even though he'd just come. As pleasant as it felt, he remembered the little dribble of red he'd seen at his chest. He also felt a slight sensation of weakness, as if she'd sucked out some of his vitality along with his cum.

He recalled what they said about hindigs—they'd give you mind-blowing orgasms, but don't let them go on for too long.

Bate instinctively tried to pull out, not that he had any chance. The leechwoman had her legs wrapped around him and the suction around his cock was too powerful.

She slid a hand up behind Bate's head and pressed her face into his. Her soft sucker lips found and locked around his. His tongue was sucked in and the tip stimulated with gentle pulsing suction.

It also meant he couldn't shout out for help...

Oh fuck. Don't panic, he thought. This was why he had the knife.

It was just like they said with the jellyfish. You had to shoot them down before they carried a man off. This was the same. Bate had got his nut off. Now he needed to pop this freaky bitch.

He stabbed down at her, thinking her soft skin would be easy to puncture. It wasn't. Her skin was elastic and flexible, but it was also tough like rubber. His knife dimpled the surface but was unable to penetrate.

The leechwoman hugged him tighter. After giving him a short moment of respite to recover from the last ejaculation, her pussy was starting to pulse and suck with greater force. Her whole body throbbed against him with the same rhythm.

Fuck. It felt like his cock was in some kind of milking sheath. He was being dragged inexorably to another...

No. Sexy time over. He had to break free. He flailed and stabbed with his knife.

What was happening? He couldn't get a solid hit in. The blade just slid or bounced off. Her skin couldn't be that tough.

*Or was he getting weaker...*

The pulsing suction intensified around his member. Bate might no longer have any thoughts of sex on his mind, but his body was still vulnerable to the right stimulation. The leechwoman knew it. She sent a rippling suck up his shaft that triggered all the right nerve clusters.

Bate whited out as he explosively climaxed in another powerful, throbbing orgasm. Fuck, that was the most intense one he'd ever felt. His whole body shuddered in the grip of it.

Fuck. That felt amazing.

No. He couldn't lose himself in the sensation.

The leechwoman wasn't stopping. Her pussy again slowed to gentle throbs to let him recover, but the respite was much shorter this time. Bate could already feel her pussy preparing to suck and stroke him to another ejaculation. There was an eager urgency to her, as if she knew the next climax would signal Bate's defeat.

Bate couldn't allow that. Despite the intense, nerve-jangling climax, he'd managed to keep a hold of the knife. And now, a change in position allowed him to stab right down onto her defenseless back.

Which he did. He dropped a rain of stabs down on her back.

And not a single time did the point penetrate.

The leechwoman throbbed faster. Her soft, latex-covered body swelled up and down against Bate. Her pussy pulsed around Bate's cock. His erection was stretched out inside her and every pleasure receptor was stimulated by the pulsing suction of her vagina. Whether Bate wanted to come or not was irrelevant. The leechwoman was going to suck the climax right out of him.

Bate couldn't stop it. He moaned into her hot mouth and shuddered in her arms. Then his body broke with a third, even mightier orgasm. This time it didn't feel like it was just his cock. Bate felt like he was ejaculating from everywhere in a great joyous gush.

This one wasn't going to end. It felt like the leechwoman had broken a tap within him and everything was uncontrollably flowing out. She throbbed slowly as she held him. She'd found the right rhythm to unlock him. Every pulse milked another gout of juices out of him.

Bate felt his body weaken with every burst of pleasure. He slumped to sitting position with the leechwoman in his lap, her arms and legs still wrapped tightly around him.

No. This couldn't... Not like this. He couldn't...

He tried again to stab her. The point rebounded from her rubbery skin and the knife fell from Bate's nerveless fingers. He slumped forwards and rested in her arms. She held him gently, her black, latex-covered body swelling up and down as she slowly pumped the fluids out of Bate's body. Her body expanded as his diminished.

\* \* \* \*

SGT Stewart Peter Bate saw the black, vaguely human-shaped thing on the shore of Lake Latex. A hindig, he realized, and one he hadn't seen or heard about before. Weren't they supposed to look like sexy women? This one resembled a bloated and obese woman dressed in skintight glossy black latex.

Oh crap. He let out an expletive as he got closer and saw the hindig had a man in its embrace. The man's head was lolling and his pallor pale and ghastly.

"It's got a friendly!" Bate called out as he charged forwards.

He took aim and fired. Wide at first to get her—it!—to drop the man, then on target as the hindig tried to slither away back to the lake. He was sure he'd hit it, but the hindig didn't go down. The black leech-thing reached the lake and slithered under the surface. That shouldn't be possible. The surface of Lake Latex was a solid rubber-like substance.

No time for that now. Bate charged over to the fallen soldier and cursed as he reached him.

"Poor bastard," Strickland said as he joined him.

"What is Command doing?" Bate said. "I thought they were supposed to be briefing the new recruits on the dangers of the hindigs."

It seemed like every other patrol they found remains or evidence a soldier had been carried off. The idiots thought they could sneak off to snatch a piece of alien puss... then never came back.

"Message isn't getting through," Strickland said. "Men keep thinking with their dicks."

And getting their fool selves killed, Bate thought

There was no helping this poor bastard. The body settled on the shore in a way that made Bate's insides heave. It was little more than a shapeless bag of human skin. It lay, bonelessly, on the rocks as though all the insides had been sucked out.

Bate had heard the stories and rumors too—about how skilled and eager the hindigs were to pleasure a man sexually.

He looked down at the dead soldier.

He didn't care what those stories said, this did not look a good way to go.

THE END