

PVT Stewart Peter Bate was surprised and a little happy when he found the unconscious naked girl on a bed. He knew she was unconscious rather than sleeping because she hadn't stirred when Bate had put a hand on one of her big boobs and given it an experimental squeeze.

Not fake, he noted approvingly.

He wondered what she—and the bed—were doing here.

As to where *here* was, well that a little... complicated. It wasn't Earth. Bate hadn't traveled far in his life, but he didn't think anywhere on Earth had a sky like this—all purple and red and bruised like a hooker's face after she'd got uppity about payment. Didn't feel right either. You could feel it in your piss.

Outer space? Bate hadn't gone blasting into the sky on any rocket. It had just been a corridor. A corridor, a door, a faint far-off hum of machinery, and then here, wherever here was. The eggheads called it 'H-space'. Said it was a different dimension.

The naked girl was a real sweetie. Blonde, big-titted, slim belly, nice long legs—just how Bate liked them.

Her being here was weird, but could be explained. She could be one of theirs—medic, auxiliary, scientist... hell, they were even letting the weaker sex carry guns nowadays.

The bed... now that was harder to explain. It was a big fancy bed. Big plush silk pillows, smooth silk sheets the color of rose petals, a mattress so deep and soft it looked like you could sink right into it. A real fancy bed. The kind you'd find in a millionaire's crib. Or in the fancy apartment where he kept the mistress stashed away and hidden from wifey. Here, in a room that looked more like a storage room in a military bunker, it didn't fit.

They—the explo squad Bate was part of—had found this complex in the sands about five klicks southwest of FOB Idaho. The structure looked like it might have been part of a military base at some point, or maybe part of some industrial plant. It was abandoned now, or so they'd thought. There was no indication as to who'd built and used it before leaving it behind. Aliens? Bate didn't think so. There was nothing weird or alien about it. It looked like every military facility Bate had ever visited during his short and checkered career.

What it was doing out here, was the question... for Dr. Bloch anyway. Bate was a grunt. He didn't give a shit. He just went where he was told. Dr. Esmeralda Bloch was the egghead assigned to their squad. Bate didn't like her. None of the men did. Uppity bitch. Ugly as well. Looked like someone had put a cheap wig on a pug, but with none of the cute. Bate reckoned the brass didn't like Dr. Bloch none too much either. Because they'd given her Explo Squad Echo Whiskey Five.

Exploratory Squad Echo Whiskey Five was not exactly your cream of the crop. A whole raft of disciplinary problems there. Which kinda concerned Bate. Only reason you'd put a squad like this together was you had a suicide mission lined up and didn't want to risk the proper soldiers.

Someone in the top brass must really not like Dr. Bloch.

As they'd investigated the sand-choked ruins, she'd started droning on about inter-dimensional splices. Bate had heard about that. Private Jimenez had told him a story about another explo squad coming across something similar. They'd found half a children's playground—seesaw, swings, a

plastic cartoon rocking horse on rusty springs—sitting in the lee of a boulder-strewn hill out in the middle of nowhere. No reason to be there at all.

"Eerie as hell," the soldier describing it to Jimenez had said. Like someone had chopped it out of the 'burbs and randomly sewn it into a stretch of desert like a patch.

This disused military bunker was the same. Chopped out of whatever godforsaken hole it had inhabited on Earth and left out here like a discarded child's toy. Completely picked clean and empty, at least until Bate had found Sleeping Beauty in one of the back rooms.

She was totally out of it.

Was she one of theirs? He knew the eggheads were feeling the strain of not making sense of things out here. Had one of them gone off the reservation and engaged in some ethics-free experimentation? The girl was out of it so deep Bate reckoned she had to have been drugged.

Bate ran through some calculations in his head. Here he was, in an out-of-the-way room, with a bed, a hot naked chick on said bed, and her so deep under he doubted an IED going off in the next room would stir her.

Now *this* was what was commonly known as an *opportunity*.

Bate looked back out of the door and checked both ways along the corridor. Jimenez was probably still bumbling around in the next room, sifting through the junk in the hope of jacking something valuable. The others were elsewhere and not in any particular hurry. Quietly, Bate closed the door and wedged an old steel chair up against the handle.

Bate hadn't had the easiest childhood. He'd grown up with nothing and still didn't have much. He'd learned very early on that whenever God handed you an opportunity, you took it.

He didn't think he had long. He didn't need long. A quick in'n'out, bust out a nut—that's all the long he needed.

She'd never know it happened. That made it a victimless crime as far as Bate was concerned. And if there was no victim, was it really a crime?

He put his gun and kit away to one side and got up on top of the bed. The mattress was a little soft, but that was fine. He looked at the girl sprawled out before him and could barely rein in his excitement. She looked so cute and unsullied—like a small-town cheerleader before the whole football team had gone through her.

Bate leaned over her and gave both her breasts a squeeze. These were some fine titties. He gave them a jiggle and plumped them together. Real fine titties.

Bate turned his attention to between her legs. Down there she was shaved and very neat and tidy. Just the way Bate liked 'em. He lubed a finger up with some saliva and slid it up between her folds. Nice and tight. Bate liked 'em that way too.

The girl didn't stir. They must have shot her up with something real powerful.

Bate glanced back over his shoulder at the door. Best not hang around long, he thought.

He fished a condom out of one of his pockets and gave it a kiss. Bate always carried one around. You never knew when you were going to get lucky. And, right now, Bate was lucky. He dropped his pants and slid the rubber over his boner. Best to be safe when it came to strange pussy. You never knew where strange pussy had been and what it had allowed inside it. Better safe than STD.

He pushed her legs apart to grant better access to her pussy. He spat in his palm and rubbed the spit along his shaft. Get it all lubed up, he thought. Then, slide it in.

Bate did just that. The girl was tight, but also surprisingly wet.

"Someone's been dreaming slutty dreams," he chuckled.

He grabbed a generous handful of each tit and moved his hips up and down on top of her.

"Oh yeah, you have one tight cooze," Bate said down to the unconscious girl.

Oh yes, this was good. Tight. Warm. It wouldn't take him long. Yeah, slide it in deep, fire that nut off, then be gone. No one would ever know.

The girl opened her eyes and looked up at Bate. That would have been bad enough. What made it worse was his sweet little blonde cheerleader had black pebbles for eyes and a smile like one of those possessed people in horror movies.

One of Bate's important rules when it came to fucking was don't stick your dick in cray-cray.

Bate was balls deep in cray-cray.

Bate was *stuck* balls deep in cray-cray.

He couldn't pull out. It was like she was full of glue.

It wasn't the only place he was stuck. His hands were stuck to her titties, only they didn't feel too much like titties anymore. He tried to pull his right hand away and her flesh stretched with it like flesh-colored taffy.

The girl languidly wrapped her legs around Bate's waist. He tried to pull free, failed, lost his balance and fell down on her. Her titties definitely weren't right. His left hand sank into her big round breast right up to his wrist. The same happened to his right hand as he tried to pull himself out. The thing that resembled a naked blonde cheerleader gave a little flex and Bate's arms sank into her up to the elbows.

*What was happening? What the fuck was happening?*

The girl put her arm around him like a lover embracing her partner. It wasn't just her. The mattress rose up on either side of them. He was sinking with the girl into the mattress and the rest of the bed was slowly folding up around them.

The lingering awareness he'd been engaged in illegal activity kept him from crying out until it was too late. The girl—who wasn't a girl—placed a hand on the back of his head and forced him down until his lips pressed against hers. They glued to him and formed a sticky seal around his mouth.

They stretched and held like elastic as Bate tried to pull away. His cries were smothered in her mouth.

In all the panic he'd forgotten he was still inside her. He remembered again in a hurry as her pussy came alive around him—gripping, squeezing, tugging. Her cunt was far more muscular and malleable than any cunt had a right to be.

Not my pride'n'joy, Bate thought. Don't pull it off.

Don't pull it... *oh*.

His anxiety lessened as the motions of her pussy became gentler and more rhythmic.

*Was she...?*

It felt like she was more interested in pulling him off in a different manner. And was... *ooh...* extremely talented when it came to pulling the pork. Her sticky pussy assailed his erections with a series of squeezes and jerks that made Bate feel like he'd been tied up and left in the hands of a highly experienced rub'n'tug hooker.

This was all very confusing for him. At first. But then the strange girl continued to manipulate his cock with deft squeezes and tugs and Bate was okay with that.

Very much okay with that.

*Ooh*. She was good.

Was it a hand or a pussy down there? Whatever Bate's cock was in felt like the best of both.

She was dexterous enough to peel the condom right off Bate's cock, suck it down inside her, and then continue working away on his hard cock.

You really want that baby juice, Bate thought.

His fears subsided a little. He'd heard the rumors about the hindig denizens of H-space. They were all cray-cray for the baby juice. They were far more interested in fucking you than eating you. At least that's what he'd heard the other grunts say. And that seemed to be what was happening here.

Still, it was disconcerting as she folded up around him and he sank deeper into her. Her malleable body engulfed his arms and rippled against his back and sides. At least it felt pleasant. Like getting an all-over massage from a hot babe.

And also a good fucking from a hot babe.

What she was doing down there felt incredible. Sucking, squeezing, tugging...

*Yeah*. So good.

Too good.

Bate shuddered in bliss and emptied a full nut inside her. She drank it up like a sponge. Bate was fine with that. If she was going to keep doing these wonderful things to his cock, she could drink his cum all day and night.

Seemed like she was fine with that too.

She didn't give Bate much of a break to recover before she got back to working his hard cock like a pro again.

Whoa, Bessy, Bate thought. You gotta give a guy a chance to recover.

She didn't and she didn't need to.

Bate's first orgasm had shown her exactly where she needed to squeeze and rub, and with what force and rhythm. It didn't take her long to get him hard, twitching and then emptying out another load.

Fuck. You good, Bate thought.

He didn't have long to recover from that either. Just a brief pause before her soft pussy started working on him again. It felt more mechanical now, like she was milking him like a cow. And Bate couldn't resist. She'd learned exactly how to get him off. A little squeeze here, a little tug there, and then Bate was writhing helplessly as he fired off another nut.

Whoa, slow down there, Bessy. I ain't in my teens no more, Bate thought.

She didn't. And if she wasn't done, then neither was Bate. Her pussy had turned into some kind of irresistible milking machine. It tugged and squeezed and then Bate was blasting out another nut.

*Fuck.*

And another.

*Ugh.*

And another.

How many could she suck out of him? Bate wasn't feeling too good. The euphoric high had long since faded and every subsequent orgasm triggered a dull ache in his junk. An ache that niggled and rose and intensified until it overrode even the pleasure of getting a nut off.

Stop it. Please, Bate thought.

She milked him to another orgasm and this one felt like a white-hot burst of pain in his crotch. Like someone had tossed a live hand grenade in his lap.

She didn't care. Just kept pumping and squeezing and tugging on Bate's cock with that accursed cunny of hers.

Finally—inevitably—his balls ran dry. Nothing came out no matter how skillfully she squeezed and tugged him, because there was nothing there to come out. Nothing there but dull aches and scratchy pain.

I'm done. Now let me go, Bate pleaded.

As there was nothing coming out no matter how she squeezed his cock, she shifted force and started squeezing the whole of Bate instead. The soft mass of the 'mattress' folded over and scrunched Bate down into the center of her body. Drew him down and *squeezed*.

His limbs folded up and then snapped like matchsticks. His ribcage splintered and drove shards through his lungs. His internal organs were compressed until they ruptured. And still she kept squeezing... squeezing and squeezing Bate down into a little ball and then squeezing some more until she crushed him like an orange. She drank the fluids that leaked out of Bate's compacted form and kept squeezing until no more fluids came out.

When Bate's squadmates finally got around to exploring this room, the only thing they found of PVT Stewart Peter Bate was his discarded kit.