

## **MEN ARE FROM MARS, MANTRAPS ARE FROM VENUS**

PFC Stewart Peter Bate would have given the giant flytrap leaves a wide berth had he not heard noises coming from inside.

"Hello? Is there someone in there?"

The leaf was green and enormous. It was about the same height as a two-story house and about the same length as an average garage. It was roughly semi-circular in shape, with a fringe of green spines pointing inwards towards an identical leaf just behind the first. The two leaves were arranged vertically rather than horizontally and the base was obscured in a mass of thick vegetation. It reminded Bate of a Venus flytrap, but on a vastly larger scale. Bate wondered what flying prey this plant caught—helicopters?

The giant leaves did not look out of place. The jungle was full of alien vegetation because it was well... alien. It was also hot... and humid as hell.

He heard soft noises again from within, as if something was moving around—or trying to move around—inside.

Bate was less concerned with the hypotheticals of the plant being able to catch a helicopter—helicopters couldn't fly out in H-space anyway. He was more concerned it might be one of his squadmates.

Bate was part of Explo Team Delta Quebec One. They'd been tasked with exploring the Pendleton Rift, an unusual natural feature about ten clicks north of Camp Parton. The rocky and barren landscape had cracked open in a deep rift that ran for miles.

'Like an axe wound in the Earth,' some had said.

'Like a woman's pussy in the land,' others had said. 'And just as hot and humid.'

'Hot and humid' was right. The sweat poured off Bate. It soaked into his uniform and collected in his underwear. Bate wanted to give his balls and ass a good scratch, but he knew the itch would only get worse after he stopped.

Up top, the landscape was mostly rocky and barren. Down in the rift, a massive canyon bigger than anything on Earth, it was lush verdant jungle. You felt the change in atmosphere the moment you descended below the clifftop.

Bate was part of one of the teams that were being sent in to fully explore the mysterious feature. In truth, though he never voiced it aloud, this surprised him. He'd only just signed up and then they'd whisked him off through a top-secret portal to an alien planet... alien dimension even. Bate wasn't sure on the details. A week at Camp Parton and then he'd been sent out in the field to map an alien jungle. It had happened so fast, the enormity and craziness of it all hadn't really had a chance to sink in. He wasn't alone on that. Aside from the squad leader, SGT Emerson, they were all cherries. SGT Emerson had seen some time out in Afghanistan, which he pointedly did not talk about. Even with that, he only had a year on Bate, and seemed equally awed by their situation, though—as an NCO—did his best to hide it.

They seemed a really inexperienced squad to be exploring an unknown and possibly dangerous alien planet. Technically, it wasn't completely unknown. A Special Forces team had already swept through here a month previously to check for hostiles. With no major threats detected, it was left to the greenhorns to follow up and do the boring work of mapping everything out in greater detail.

'Don't be dumb and fuck with anything you shouldn't and it will be a cakewalk,' they'd been told.

And it had been a cakewalk, at least at first. They'd descended first on ropes, and then started to traverse the complex branch system of monstrous trees. It had reminded Bate a little of videogames, although they were a little more careful in picking their way from branch to branch.

About halfway down, the current branch system they were navigating, and a good chunk of the side of the cliff, had suddenly given way and pitched the whole squad headlong into the verdant morass.

Luckily for Bate, and he hoped the rest of the squad, the sheer rock walls had started to slope inwards as the canyon bottomed out. He hadn't fallen far before landing on the slope. Then his fall had turned into an uncontrolled roll through thick vegetation until he'd come to rest in the loamy earth at the base of the rift.

Unfortunately, while the slope wasn't sheer enough for Bate to pick up enough speed to do any damage, it was a long incline all the way to the bottom. Bate had been separated from the rest of the squad in the tumble, and completely lost all bearings. He'd stood up and found himself surrounded on all sides by dense vegetation. Visibility was maybe a foot or two at most.

He'd called out and got an answering cry. Moore, maybe. He sounded a way off and the thick greenery had a muffling effect. It was difficult to establish an exact bead. Bate had gathered all his gear as best he could and gingerly pushed through the leaves in what he hoped was the right direction.

After a few paces the jungle had opened up and Bate had found these monstrous flytrap leaves. He hadn't realized what they were until he'd seen the overlapping spikes at the end.

Alien, for sure. Definitely something he shouldn't fuck with. He would have given it a wide berth and moved on.

There were the noises though—scratching sounds, something moving around inside. An awful thought had struck Bate. What if it was one of his buddies, who'd somehow got himself trapped inside? Bate couldn't just leave him.

Gingerly, Bate touched the side of the flytrap leaf. It was hard... shell-like. Seemed thick as well. Like putting his hand on the side of a battleship. It was clearly alive though. It felt warm to the touch like a living thing, maybe even more than a plant.

"Hello? Can you hear me?" Bate called out.

Nothing. Soft movement noises.

"Are you stuck? Do you need any help?"

Bate realized he was keeping his voice too low, maybe out of awe and fear of the plant. With leaves that thick he'd need to shout for anyone inside to hear.

He shouted out the names of his squad. "Emerson! Moore! Smith! Torres! Silva! You in there?"

He didn't get an answer from between the leaves. He did, however, get an answering cry far off in the jungle to his right. Bate bellowed back and returned his attentions to the plant.

He could have sworn he'd heard a soft feminine giggle.

"Miss?"

More movement. Soft sighs. Another feminine giggle.

Bate placed an ear to the leaf.

What were those sounds? Bate heard soft moans and sighs. They were more like the sounds of sexual activity than struggling or moans of pain.

It reminded Bate of a time he'd visited New York with some buddies. They hadn't much in the way of cash, so they'd had to settle for a dirt-cheap hotel. In the night they'd heard muffled sounds coming through the wall and had wondered if the sounds were coming from the next room's TV or its occupants.

Bate's bud, James, was convinced he'd seen hookers touting for business on the street outside. Bate reckoned it was someone watching the porn channel on their TV with the sound turned up too high. So, they'd turned on their own TV to check.

It wasn't the porn channel.

They'd listened in as the sounds had stopped and started at regular intervals throughout the night. Back then Bate had been intensely curious to see who'd been making the sounds, especially the woman. James had suggested they feign some excuse to knock on the door. Bate hadn't the nerve for that. He'd found excuses to sneak out to the floor's drinks machine instead, hoping to catch a glimpse of someone leaving or entering the room while he was in the corridor. He hadn't. They'd left the next morning and the room's occupants had remained a mystery.

He heard the noises again—soft slithering sounds punctuated with muffled sighs. They sounded exactly like those sounds Bate had heard in that New York hotel room.

Bate felt a different type of itch in his junk.

He rubbed a hand across his brow. Maybe it was something in the air. The whole damn jungle felt like it was bursting with fecundity. Strangely, they'd seen no sign of any animal life since entering it—no birds, no monkeys, not even any insects. Just plants, lots and lots of plants.

Current circumstances had put a dampener on it for a while, but hearing those muffled, strangely erotic sounds had brought that itch right back to the forefront of Bate's attention. He was conscious of a gigantic stiffy in his pants. Maybe there was something in the air. He suddenly felt horny as fuck for some reason.

Concern gave way to curiosity. And not a simple curiosity either. Bate had always felt some regret they hadn't manufactured an excuse to knock on that hotel door. Just to see. It had probably been

some shabby middle-aged balding man with his equally shabby wife, but Bate's imagination had painted pictures of a sexy escort—hot in see-through negligee... that he hadn't seen because he'd chickened out.

Another soft giggle from the other side.

Fuck it, he had to know what was making those sounds.

He walked around to look at the leaves edge on. At this angle it really did look like the entrance to a Venus flytrap. The leaves were padded on the inside and fleshy pink in color. Green spines bridged the gap like bars. Between the two leaves was darkness. It was within that darkness the noises were coming from.

The leaves shimmered in the jungle haze. For a brief moment Bate thought he was staring at a gigantic vulva.

It was easy for Bate to investigate. All he needed to do was duck under one of those teeth-like tines.

Yeah right, like he was that fucking stupid. No way was he stepping between those jaws. Not even if the hottest starlet in Hollywood was getting herself off at the far end. In fact, he was already standing a little too close to them than was comfortable. He knew Venus flytraps on Earth were passive, but that was Earth and this was not Earth. For all he knew those jaws might snap up anything straying too close like a turtle snapping up a frog.

He backed away to the far side of the clearing. His eyes narrowed as he tried to pierce the shade between the two monstrous leaves.

There was someone or something in there, he was sure of it. Bate took out an electric torch, switched it on and shone it between the flytrap leaves.

He was too far back. The torchlight didn't penetrate the gloom very far. Wait, there was something back there. He caught a glimpse of pink skin... a leg, an arm.

Attracted by the light, the something got up and walked to the edge of the leaves. Bate saw it was a woman. At first he thought she was naked, but on closer inspection her skin didn't look right. The color was bordering on the unnatural and she looked a little too... moist. It looked like she was wearing a second skin over her own that was too loose for her body. Or she'd been rolling around in wet pink mud.

She smiled at Bate and posed for him on the other side of the green bars like a hooker trying to lure in a john. And to be fair to her, she had the moves. Her breasts were large and lovably squishable. The rest of her had all the curves while still being slim enough to tick all the boxes. Her movements were a slow, sensual belly dance that heated Bate's blood up more than the sweltering jungle around him.

She beckoned to Bate and urged him to come to her. There was no doubt what she wanted from him, and even if there was, she made it more than clear in the way her other finger was trailing between the exposed labia of her pussy.

The leaves started to pull apart like great iron gates opening. The maybe-naked girl threw her arms out to Bate as if imploring him to charge across the clearing and gather her up in his arms.

Bate was sorely tempted. She had a really sexy bod, and he was between girlfriends so he didn't have to worry about cheating on anyone back home.

He held his ground.

Some sense was tingling. She was too pink. And a weird sort of pink at that, and wet... moist... It was like she'd been turned inside out without any of the obvious grossness you'd expect from seeing someone with their skin turned inside out. And there was still those great flytrap leaves. They continued to swing open.

Still with her arms outstretched, the woman receded away from him as though she was bound to each leaf and the plant opening up was pulling her tethers taut.

Bate's heart quickened in his chest. It felt like something precious had been dangled before him and was now being taken away.

He didn't move forward, but he didn't move away either.

What happened next happened too fast for Bate to properly register. The two great flytrap leaves whooshed together like bellows, there was a blur of motion and the pink, maybe-naked girl was standing right in front of him. Bate was too surprised to react as she grabbed his collar, pulled his face forwards and pressed her lips against his in a kiss. Her other arm looped around his lower back.

Bate barely had a chance to register a hot woman was kissing him when his feet left the ground and he was propelled forwards as if shot from a catapult. He shot across the clearing and between the flytrap leaves until his forward momentum was stopped by the soft, yielding body of the pink girl.

It was a good way to be brought to a halt—jammed up against the naked body of a hot woman. She hadn't stopped kissing him the whole time. Her legs wrapped around his waist and her hands slipped under his shirt to roam all over his chest and then around his back. Bate got into it as well. He slid his hands down her smooth, sweat-slick curves and returned her kiss with the same ardor.

He wanted to put his arms around her as well, but no matter how he tried to worm his hands between her back and the fleshy wall she was pressed up against, he kept encountering some kind of stretchy barrier that blocked his way. It was as if there was no gap at all and the woman's body merged seamlessly into the spongy wall behind them.

While Bate was trying to get his arms around his new companion, shadows fell across him as the giant flytrap leaves smoothly swung back together. He was too engrossed in exploring the body of his new love to notice. She was coated in some kind of aromatic oil that made it so easy for his hands to slide over her lush contours.

He was also too engrossed to notice he was now naked with no recollection of how this had occurred. In a fanciful turn of imagination he wondered if she'd pulled him across the clearing so fast she'd yanked him right out of his clothes as though he was a character in a Looney Tunes cartoon. In reality his uniform had rotted away on contact with the oils covering her body and sloughed off him like a reptile's discarded skin.

It took the padded interior walls of the flytrap leaves pressing up against his flanks to remind him where he was. He glanced up and saw the light from outside was restricted to narrow bars filtering between the tines on the edge of the leaves. It looked a long way away.

"Are we safe here?" Bate asked. "This plant looks like it might be carnivorous."

The pink girl kissed him on the cheek.

"This plant is me," she said to him in perfect English. "And now I have you caught, pinned between my padded leaves."

Her arms and legs slithered between the padded walls and Bate's body as she wrapped her limbs around him and drew him close.

"And you know what happens to those that get caught," the pink girl said.

"They're fucked," Bate said.

With horror, he realized he *was* fucked. The walls had closed in so much he was wedged between them and couldn't move. He wondered what the fluids covering her body—*and now his!*—really were. They'd already rotted away his uniform.

"That's right," she said. "We fuck... and fuck... and fuck."

Bate's sudden fearful revelation hadn't yet had a chance to percolate down to his boner. Her oil-slick limbs roaming all over his naked body had perked his dick up into an interested erection. She pressed up against him. His erect cock pushed between two fleshy lips and entered her warm sex. She sank down his shaft and he pushed up deeper into her heat and moistness.

This wasn't the *fucked* Bate had envisioned, but he was not about to complain. Having sex with an alien girl was an infinite improvement over being eaten by one. And she was tight, really tight. Bate hadn't felt pussy as tight as this since high school.

She could also do things with her pussy Bate hadn't even realized were possible. The walls tightened around his member, then relaxed. Tightened... then relaxed. Tightened... then relaxed.

It was a different kind of stimulation. Wedged between the padded walls and tangled up in her limbs, there was no way for Bate to generate thrust in either direction. Not that he needed to, the contractions of her vagina pulled on him with gentle tugs. It wasn't just her sex—her thighs, her body, the padded walls, all squeezed him with the same rhythm.

It was... amazing.

"Water me with your seed," the pink girl said.

Bate hoped she was ready for a flood. Those little squeezes of her pussy kept changing rhythm. Every time he thought she was about to take him over the edge, she slowed down and let his climax build up and up until he knew the final release was going to be monstrous.

The padded walls sealed up around him until he was contained within them in his own little intimate pocket. It didn't concern him. He'd ceased thinking of it as a plant. It felt more like he and a sexy

playmate had been wedged between two soft mattresses in a kinky brothel. Her body and the walls throbbed around him to the same sensual rhythm.

"Water you, I'm going to drown you!" Bate laughed.

She smiled at him. Her pussy squeezed and tugged. Faster now. There would be no coming back from the edge this time. Bate used what little degree of freedom he had to press his hips up against her and groan as he finally erupted. It was monstrous, a gush of release like nothing he'd ever experienced before.

Here too was more proof that she was more than the hot little slut wrapped around him. The pulsing tunnel of her sex was long and terminated not in a womb but a large chamber behind and beneath her body. That chamber expanded and Bate felt the suction pulling at him. He erupted again—a second orgasm in its own right and even stronger than the first. It emptied his balls as fast as if she'd dropped a hose in his tank and siphoned of all his gas, leaving him a twitching wreck of jittery misfiring neurons.

A *happy* twitching wreck of jittery misfiring neurons. That was... *satisfaction*.

"That was amazing," he said. "And to think I thought you were a carnivorous plant."

"Oh, but I am a carnivorous plant, my dear," the Venus mantrap said.

She pressed her lips against Bate's. Her throat worked and she spewed a torrent of liquid down Bate's throat. Within the fluid mix was a complex anesthetic compound that drugged Bate and shut down his pain receptors. This was a small mercy on the part of the Venus mantrap. The majority of the liquid was a highly corrosive acid that melted through Bate's flesh like boiling water through soft butter. Some ate through his throat and flooded his chest. The rest flooded into his central cavity and liquefied his internal organs. Bate didn't even feel it. Within the digestive acids was another exotic drug—a potent aphrodisiac—that, together with the pulsing motions of her vagina, triggered another explosive climax from Bate. His last conscious moment was the most intense burst of pleasure he'd ever experienced, even as his meat sloughed off his bones and he spurted his own liquefied innards into her pulsing vagina.

The mantrap drank him down with great lusty gulps.

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"The sounds were this way, I think," PFC Stewart Peter Bate said to SGT Emerson.

Damn this jungle. It was so easy to get turned around. No wonder they'd all got separated. Bate was lucky he and SGT Emerson had landed in the same bush.

They picked their way through the vegetation. It looked like it was opening up ahead.

Bate caught a flash of movement in the corner of his eye. He turned in time to see a pink figure shooting forwards as if on a bungee rope. In the brief moment he had to see her, Bate thought he was looking at an attractive and naked young woman. At the apex of her forward motion she opened her arms and threw a collection of debris out across the jungle. Then, just as fast as she'd appeared, she was reeled back between a pair of giant green flytrap leaves that closed around her like heavy iron gates.

"Jesus Christ!"

The trash she'd jettisoned rained down through the foliage to the right of Bate.

Was that part of a human skeleton?

Bate went over to investigate and put his hand to his mouth as he made the horrifying discovery of a human skull and part of a ribcage lying against the base of a tree. Both lay in puddles of vile green ichor. Bate had a horrible feeling he was looking at the remains of one of his squad, but he couldn't for the life of him tell who it was.

THE END