

CPL Stewart Peter Bate strained to hear the crackling radio. It was mostly just static punctuated with chirps and crackles. Ever so occasionally, if he was lucky, he might hear something resembling a human word.

"What do they want?" Bate's squad leader SGT Paul Francis asked. He was crouched down next to Bate.

"Command, you're breaking up. Can you repeat. Over," Bate sent back, wondering if his reply came back just as garbled as their instructions.

More static and crackles. There were words underneath. Bate strained to make them out. He caught "investigate possible host—"

Was that *hostile* or *hostage*?

At least the location was clear—"west wing."

"They want us to investigate something in the west wing," Bate said. "Not sure what."

"Okay. Probably nothing, but we'll go and check it out."

"Command, en route to investigate possible bogey in the west wing. Can you confirm these are the orders? Over."

Hiss pop crackle "—ffirmative." Hiss pop crackle.

That was good enough for Bate.

"Orders received. Wilco," he said.

He stood up, feeling the weight of the radio equipment on his shoulders. The Prick-25 weighed 20lbs before you even added the batteries and extra gear.

"This gear is shit," he complained. "They mothballed it back in the eighties for a reason."

The PRC-25 was already being phased out during the Vietnam War. This gear was an antique, older even than Bate. It even had the old vacuum tubes inside.

"It works," Francis said.

"Barely," Bate replied.

That was the only reason Bate was lugging this antique around. The physics of H-space played havoc with modern technology. The more modern it was, the more likely it bricked. Modern tech was more complicated, had more things that could go wrong, or so the theory went. The solution was to go back to more simpler devices. Not that the Prick-25 worked all that well either. Bate wondered how long it was before they went even further back, to Morse code, or maybe even carrier pigeons and smoke signals.

A carrier pigeon would certainly be far easier to carry than the 50lbs of equipment Bate was currently humping around on his back. And he was the smallest guy in the squad.

"Barely is better than not at all," Francis said.

Bate was less convinced of that. He remembered the lessons drilled into him by Staff Sergeant Wilson.

"A misunderstood or misheard communication is worse than no communication at all. You know the saying. Don't assume. An assumption makes an ass out of u and me."

Bate wondered what SGT Wilson would make of this gear. The grizzled old bastard would probably be right at home with it. He'd probably tinkered around with it as a boy in the same way young Bate had been enthralled by decommissioned jitters from the Iraq War.

"It's likely just another hallucination, but we'll check it out anyway. It's not like there's anything else to do here."

That was the other quirk to H-space. There were a lot of hallucinations, even from men you'd typically classify as rock-steady. Bate had heard theories that the same weird atmosphere—physics, even—that kept scrambling their gear also scrambled people's brains as well. It was something about H-space, being a different dimension, having slightly different physical laws. The scientists and techies tried to use big words and fancy terminology to explain it, but Bate had enough familiarity with the basics of communication to recognize bullshit when he heard it.

"Jargon is just gobbledygook people use to hide they don't know shit."

Another one of SGT Wilson's nuggets of knowledge.

There might be something to it. If the weird physics of H-space scrambled circuit boards then there was no reason to think it couldn't do the same to people's heads. Brains were just big sloppy circuit boards made out of flesh after all. No one had gone full crazy yet, but Bate wondered if it was only a matter of time.

"Anyone else think this whole castle is a hallucination?" PVT Scott Prosky said. "Makes more sense than it being, you know, actually here."

Amen to that, bro, Bate thought. There was simply no reason for this building to be where it was. It was an incongruity stuck in the middle of a boulder-strewn steppe. Buildings did eventually fall into neglect and ruin. They were abandoned, became overgrown, but you could nearly always see the plan in why they were there, and in how they were laid out. You could see it in the skeletons of the smaller buildings attached to them.

Not this building, this castle. It was just here, like it had been picked up and dropped here by a monster tornado. Left like a child's discarded playset.

It was an Eastern rather than Western castle. The central keep was a squat pagoda of four floors stacked on top of each other like the layers of a wedding cake. Each layer had a sloping roof with the corners turned up. The keep and central compound was surrounded by a continuous single-story square-shaped building that seemed to serve as both outer wall and main quarters. It looked alien to Bate, but not *alien* alien. It looked like it had been plucked right out of Medieval Japan. Bate had never visited one of those castles—or even visited Japan—but had run through plenty of pixel versions while playing various samurai-themed videogames.

What it was doing here, out in H-space was anyone's guess.

The castle didn't seem to know either. The whole structure was tilted. The roof of the outer quarters was bow-backed in some places, sunken in others, as if the building had been forced to settle on unfamiliar ground. The northwest corner ran into a solid rock face. Not as if it had been built around it, but as if it had been teleported here and the building had merged with the existing terrain.

Bate didn't think it had been built here. Somehow, either by accident or design, through magic or science, it had inexplicably ended up out here in H-space.

Bate wondered what had happened to the previous inhabitants. Until the sighting, the castle had been thought to be empty. Although, as the squad walked over to the west wing, Bate was struck again by how clean the interior was. Even though the building was supposedly deserted, the interior was pristine and perfectly preserved. If Bate didn't know better, he'd have thought the rooms and corridors were cleaned every night. But by who or what?

Fuck, Bate thought. Maybe his brain was getting scrambled as much as the computers. The atmospheric probably didn't help. A dust storm had flared up outside. He could hear the wind howling against the walls. H-space didn't have a day-night cycle as such. Heck, he'd never seen anything resembling a sun. The sky was constantly overcast and brooded like a bruise. Today it seemed especially broody. The atmosphere felt... heavy, if that made sense.

Command wanted the castle explored and secured. The first priority was to make it safe for the science teams to investigate. The second was to assess its viability as a defensive outpost. A castle was a castle after all.

Other teams did the exploring. Bate's squad was here for the securing.

They ran into the exploratory squad in the room before the main corridor that ran down the west wing.

From his brief time on the other side of the portal, Bate had noticed there were two types of explo team, likely a result of two competing theories on what they should be amongst the Top Brass in Command. The first type were your typical Navy Seals and Special Forces—tough men, extremely competent, unlikely to be fazed by anything they came across, and experienced enough to deal with it if it needed dealing with. The second type were on the opposite end of the spectrum—the dregs. These were the men that barely made it through wash out. The ones with disciplinary records as long as your arm. They couldn't be relied upon, but neither would it be any great loss if H-space swallowed them up.

The trio Bate's squad came across clearly belonged to that second type. Their leader was lanky and slouched rather than standing crisply to attention. The second looked so wet behind the ears Bate reckoned you could count his military career in days. The third was a dark-skinned man. He clutched a rosary and mumbled incomprehensible prayers.

"You the team that called in the bogey?" Francis asked.

The lanky man nodded.

Francis looked around the room. "Where's the rest of your squad?"

The lanky man shrugged. He motioned to the door leading to the west corridor.

"In there. If the ghost ain't already got them."

"And you're here?" Francis asked.

Their squad leader wasn't the most expressive of men. SGT Francis's men had had to learn his various little tics and tells. Such as when his left eyebrow lifted up like that it was time to find an excuse to be anywhere else, because it meant the Sarge was about to blow, and you did not want to be anywhere in the vicinity when the Sarge blew.

The leader of the explo squad, if he was the leader, gave a dismissive shrug.

"Not much that can be done. Chief here is gone. Can't understand what he's been mumbling, but he hasn't stopped since we got back. Junior Jimmy is all spooked as well. Not that he'd be much use in any case. He's wetter than a virgin's pussy on her first real date, if you know what I mean. No idea how he even made it through basic training. I thought it best to wait for you guys."

"I see," Francis said with the ice-cold ferocity of someone resisting the urge to ground and pound the idiot in front of them.

He resisted it, even though his left eyebrow twitched like crazy.

"What can you tell us about this 'ghost'?" he asked.

"Not much. I didn't see her," the lanky man said.

"Her?"

"Yeah. Ask Junior Jimmy. He saw her."

"What did you see, son?" Francis asked.

The pale private looked up. "A woman, I think," he said. "She was wearing one of those Japanese dress things."

"Kimono?" Bate said.

"Yeah, sounds about right," Jimmy said. "And a really big rack."

Francis's other eyebrow popped. Quizzical this time.

"Big tits," the private elaborated, gesturing with his hands. "Really big tits."

One of the members of Bate's squad, Prosky most likely, muttered something and sniggered. Francis turned around and gave him a glare that could cut through steel beams. Prosky shut up and glanced down at his toes.

"She's not right. You see a woman like that, with a figure like that." Again, Junior Jimmy cupped his hands in front of his chest for emphasis. "You get thoughts. Maybe even think about asking her if she wants a drink."

Bate sincerely doubted Junior Jimmy had ever offered to buy a woman a drink in his life.

"Not her," the private continued. "Something not right about her. Not right about her at all. Can't explain it. You'd know it if you saw her. She's just... wrong. You feel it right here."

Bate guessed the spooked soldier was trying to point at his gut, but his hand ended up wavering close to his crotch instead. Enough for Prosky to mutter another funny under his breath. This time Francis didn't even bother to barrack him. The muscles in the soldier's jaw twitched as if he itched to give the three idiots in front of him a proper disciplinary beating.

"Is that all?" he asked. "Did you see this ghost do anything *ghosty*? You know, like float through a wall. Put on a Halloween mask and say 'boo' to you."

Junior Jimmy shook his head.

The muscles in Francis's jaw twitched harder.

"I see." He turned back to the lanky man. "And the other members of your squad. What happened to them?"

The leader shrugged again. "Dunno. They were with us. Then they weren't."

"And you didn't feel the need to investigate where they might have gone? Or this mysterious woman?"

"Hell no," the lanky man said. "With this pair of useless chuckleheads? No way. You've heard the stories. I'm not getting close to this woman and having her go all *The Thing* on my ass."

"Okay, you stay here," Francis said. "We'll go and find the rest of your men."

They entered the west wing of the castle. It consisted of a long wooden corridor with multiple rooms budding off on the left side. This was the first time Bate had entered this part of the castle. The floor was canted left to right and the walls were no longer perpendicular to it, making it resemble a crazy funhouse passageway. At the far end the corridor terminated abruptly in a rough stone wall. As with the rest of the castle, it was silent and spotless, if off-kilter.

Bate glanced into the first room on the left. It was long and looked to be subdivided into further rooms at the far end. Bate moved in with Francis and Prosky, while Mann and Byrne stayed outside to hold the corridor.

The room seemed empty. The wind continued to howl outside.

"What do you think they saw?" Bate asked.

"Hallucination, probably. Or their own shadows," Francis replied.

"And the missing men?"

"Likely goldbricking to sneak a joint," Francis said. "Discipline isn't exactly a strong point with these jokers. Treat the bogey as a possible hostile in any case."

"What, a woman with big tits?" Prosky said.

"Whatever it is, consider it a potential hostile," Francis said. "But don't get too twitchy. We don't want to be shooting one of those Echo Whisky Seven morons by mistake. And we don't want to be shooting innocent civvies either. Command will have my ass."

They investigated the rooms at the back. They were segregated by sliding paper screens. One looked like some kind of shrine. The other had a piece of samurai armor on a stand. The red lacquer still gleamed as if it had been polished recently.

"Someone or something must be keeping this place clean," Bate said.

He paused. He thought he heard something. Low sighs and moans. It could be the wind, but he would have sworn it was coming from in the building. Not this room or the next, but somewhere in the west wing.

"Do you hear that?" he said.

There it was again. Another low sigh. Weirdly, it sounded like a couple making love.

"Hear what?" Francis asked.

Bate strained to hear it again. Nothing now. Just the wind howling ineffectually at the stone walls. Maybe it had only been in his head after all. H-space scrambling his neurons just like it scrambled circuit boards.

"Nothing," he said.

"Don't you flake out on me," Francis said. "It's bad enough having to work with that dickless excuse of an explo team."

There it was again. Bate paused to try and pick up the sounds. Was that... no, he had to be hearing things. Some kind of auditory hallucination, maybe. Or just a creepy old Japanese castle with creaky wooden floorboards.

Bate's radio suddenly crackled into life, jolting him. Not just him either, as Prosky let out an involuntary curse.

"Receiving, over," he spoke into the mic.

"Another sighting. Sierra Charlie Five Squad reports seeing a figure, possibly a woman, in the third window from the northwest rockface. Go and investigate, over."

Bate looked at Francis. Francis nodded.

"Affirmative," Bate replied. "On the way, Roger."

He turned back to the Sarge.

"Well, if she's a hallucination, Sierra Charlie Five are seeing it too," he said.

They headed back out to the main west corridor.

"Third window from the rock wall is the second door from the end by my reckoning," Francis said.

"Mann, Byrne, cover our six. Stay cautious but not twitchy. We don't want to deep six the maid by accident."

They'd gone about a third of the way when a figure walked out of the door they were aiming for. She was a woman, exactly as Junior Jimmy had described. She was tall, busty, and dressed in white in some kind of Japanese period garb.

"Ma'am," Francis called out. "Hold up, Ma'am."

The woman ignored them. She walked down to the end of the corridor and turned into the last door on the left.

Bate was about to rush after her when Francis placed a restraining hand on his arm.

"Stay cautious," he said.

The squad advanced down the corridor. At the far end was a rough stone wall. It was just there. It didn't look like the castle had been built up around it, but as if the whole building had been miraculously teleported here and one corner of it had overlaid and merged with an existing rocky outcrop.

They reached the last door. As with the others, the room beyond was spacious and partitioned off by paper screens. Prosky and Mann entered at a crouch and peeled off into the corners.

The mysterious woman appeared from behind one of the paper screens at the far end of the room. She was pale-skinned but otherwise stunning in appearance. She was tall, statuesque, and dressed in an antique kimono. Bate couldn't tell if the paleness of her face was due to powder or her natural complexion. Her face was elegant—regal even—with high cheekbones giving an exotic cast to her features. Her lush black hair was swept up and held in place with long ornate hairpins.

She was also extremely busty. Her robes covered most of her upper body and nearly all of her legs aside from her feet, ankles and lower calves. Her neck had a very deep V that revealed a generous amount of her cleavage. There was a lot of it. Bate didn't think he'd ever seen such a generously gifted woman, in the flesh, in his life. You could lose a lot in that cleavage—a hand, an arm, a heart.

The woman, who was far too solid to be a ghost or hallucination, did not seem fazed by the entrance of five armed men. She looked at them and said something in a language they didn't understand, maybe Japanese.

"Ma'am, there's nothing to fear," Francis said. "If you could just raise your hands and show us you're unarmed."

The woman didn't seem to understand. She said something else in what sounded like Japanese, gripped the top of her dress and started to pull it down and to the sides, exposing her considerable bust.

Francis held out his hand in a stop gesture. "No Ma'am, you don't have to..."

It was already too late. The woman pulled her top down and the big swollen globes of her tits popped free.

They were... something.

Real something. Big. Round. Soft. Pale like her face but that didn't seem to matter. Her areolae were a nice fleshy pink in color and topped with equally luscious pink nipples.

Those were... breasts.

Prosky let out an involuntary whistle. It was what everyone else was thinking.

It was to SGT Francis's considerable credit he was still able to maintain some degree of reasonable authority.

"You don't have to do that, Ma'am, " he said. "We're not that sort of men."

This squad maybe, Bate thought. He had his doubts about the rabble of Explo Squad Echo Whisky Seven. He remembered the sounds he'd thought he'd heard before. Could that explain where the missing squad members had gone?

The woman continued to act as if they were 'that sort of men'. She smiled at them, struck a pose, cupped her hands under her considerable tits and swung her upper body from side to side to show them off to the best effect.

They were tits most women would kill to be able to show off—big, juicy, soft.

Bate felt a little guilty for staring at them and getting turned on. One, he had a girlfriend waiting for him back home, his lovely Alberta. Two, the woman was probably terrified by the presence of men with guns, so terrified she felt the need to offer up her body for sex as a defense mechanism. Maybe that was needed in the past, but not now.

The woman said something else they didn't understand. Weirdly, it didn't sound like Japanese this time. It sounded more like Russian.

Things got weirder when the woman gripped her tits tighter and sprayed long streams of milk into the room. That took Bate by surprise. He didn't know tits could do that. Her tits did look swollen with milk, but still, they had to be a good ten feet or more away. The spray reached the back of the room and drenched the men as if she'd turned a hose on them.

The liquid splashed Bate in the face and dribbled down his cheeks and chin. Some got in his mouth.

Tasted like regular milk, he thought.

And then he was down on the floor with no recollection of how he got there. One minute he'd been watching the extravagantly endowed woman spray the room with milk from her nipples. The next he'd slid down the floor and come to rest in a slumped position with his head and shoulders propped up by the radio equipment on his back.

He couldn't move out of this position because he couldn't... well, move. It was like someone had flipped a switch and turned off the power to the rest of his body. He couldn't even move his head.

At least in his propped-up position he was still able to see the rest of the room. What he saw wasn't good. It looked like the whole of Sierra Charlie Fourteen had been taken out.

Taken out without even being able to fire off a shot.

Take out by paralyzing milk?

What had just happened?

It was just milk.

Yeah right. Milk with paralyzing properties and a woman, if she was one, who was able to spray the entire room with it from her tits.

This was crazy. It couldn't be real.

And yet here he was, slumped down against the wall and unable to move a single muscle.

The woman strode into the center of the room. Bate would have sworn her tits looked a little smaller—depleted—than before, but only for a moment before swelling right back up again to their original gigantic proportions. It wasn't the only thing wrong about her. Now that he could do nothing other than look at her, he realized there were other things off about her. The cast of her face—just a little too exotic. Her proportions—not quite right, especially that overinflated bust. She looked *too* perfect. More like one of those fanservice manga characters made flesh than a real woman.

Those damn tits still exerted an effect over Bate. Even as paralyzed as he was, he felt the pressure of a boner in his pants.

Or maybe that was just another property of her unnatural milk. Bate felt a little strange—horny, itchy—but unnaturally so. It was as if the feeling had been forced upon him rather than arising within him.

The woman stood in the center of the room and drew herself up to her full height. Her big boobs stood out, proud and haughty. She said something, this time in a language that sounded like French. She sounded triumphant.

She had every right to be. She'd beaten them... with paralyzing milk squirted from her nipples.

Fuck, this had to be a dream, Bate thought. It was too weird to be anything but a dream.

Bate watched as she walked over to the nearest man—Prosky. She crouched down and cradled his head in her lap. Bate couldn't see what she did as she had her back to him. It looked like she was

pushing one of her sizeable tits into the paralyzed soldier's face. All the time she made soothing sounds as if she was dealing with an infant.

After a short while, she stood back up and gently laid Prosky's head back down on the floor. Creamy foam flecked Prosky's lips and a dribble of milk ran from the corner of his mouth. His eyes were unfocused. He looked blissed out, or drugged. At least he was alive. Bate could see his chest was moving up and down. Also, and a little more embarrassing for the private, the front of his pants was tented with a very obvious erection.

The apparition—*ghost, woman, alien?*—moved on to SGT Francis and this time Bate was able to get a good look at what she was doing. She took Francis's head and pressed an overlarge tit into his face. It was big enough to smother him like a pillow. Francis started coughing and spluttering as milk, or a substance that looked like milk, overflowed from his mouth. Then a change came over him. He stopped trying to reject the woman's milk and instead started suckling on her tit like a greedy infant.

"Yes, drink it," the woman said, this time in perfect, if accented, English. "Drink it down. It will make you feel nice. Nice and horny."

She ran a soothing hand through Francis's hair. She let him drink his fill from her breast and then laid his head back down on the floor. As with Prosky, his mouth was flecked with creamy foam and his eyes were unfocused and blissed out.

She did the same with Mann and Byrne. Then it was Bate's turn.

The whole time she was doing... whatever she was doing to the rest of the squad... Bate was trying to fight off the paralysis. He managed to get a slight twitch out of the fingers of his right hand.

Come on. Come on, he thought.

The pale woman reached him. She straddled him and crouched down. Having a woman with tits like this, bouncing free and unfettered, straddling him would normally be a big turn on.

Was still a big turn on, as much as he'd want to deny it.

She wasn't human, though. Up close, those proportions that were so close, but not quite the same as a regular human woman, stood out more. As did the color—too pale, too white—of her skin. She had the complexion of a corpse, or of someone that had never seen a single ray of sunshine.

Bate kept focusing on his hand. Another twitch in his fingers. They felt like they were thawing out from being frozen. His rifle was only an inch away.

Come on, dammit, he thought.

The woman glanced down at his twitching hand.

"Too late," she said in accented English. "Now drink."

She pressed a massive breast into Bate's face. It felt pretty good too—soft, warm, comfy. Bate fought a losing battle against the arousal he felt. It was a giant tit. His face was buried in the kind of boob you only saw in classic old porn movies.

No. He had to focus. Focus and resist.

He'd seen what had happened to the others. Her stiff nipple sought his lips and Bate tried to keep his mouth tightly shut.

The strange woman pressed her massive breast harder against him. His face was buried by it. Smothered by it.

And that was the problem. Bate couldn't breathe. He held on for as long as he could, but eventually his mouth popped open. And when it did, the woman filled it with her milk.

Bate coughed and spluttered. So much milk. It flooded his mouth and spilled out over his lips. Some slipped down his throat.

And then everything changed.

The warm milk slid down into his stomach and then Bate was overtaken by a trancelike state of euphoria. He stopped feeling like he was drowning and drank instead. Drank deep.

This milk. It was wonderful.

Bate couldn't help himself. He batted his lips on her nipples and started sucking like a baby. The woman ran a soothing hand through his hair.

"Yes. Drink," she said. "Drink it all down. Let it fill you."

Her giant tit throbbed and pulsed and filled Bate's mouth with more of that delicious milk. He sucked and drank it in great gulps.

As he drank, the woman soothed him as if he was an infant. Bate didn't feel like an infant. As her milk settled in his stomach and its warmth diffused out through his body, he started to feel incredibly horny. He felt like a super-horny teen. Drinking her milk turned him on even more than staring at her big round titties. Turned him on more than watching hot porn.

Bate drank until he could drink no more. It completely filled his stomach, not just in that feeling of being completely sated after a big meal, but so full it felt like he'd burst if he took another gulp.

"Mmm, that's enough," the woman said.

Beneath the euphoric high Bate felt uncomfortably bloated. How much had he drunk? How many pints? And all from her breast, after she'd done the same with four other men. How was it even possible?

Maybe it wasn't. Bate's thoughts were hazy and diffused, as if his brain had been dunked in a mug of warm milk. Or he was dreaming. It was hard to think, to focus.

The woman stood in the center of the room.

"I've given you my milk," she said. "Now it's time for you to give me yours."

She undid the bow at the front of her kimono and her robes fell open, exposing her naked body. It was all fine until you got to between her legs. She was hairless down there, as smooth as if she'd been waxed. But rather than possessing the usual camel-toe groove of a pussy, there was something else. He caught a glimpse of some kind of puckered orifice.

Bate wasn't sure what he'd seen. He was only able to get a short glimpse before she turned away and went to Prosky.

Bate coughed and a dribble of milk trickled out of the corner of his mouth. He felt so bloated. He felt weird inside. The warmth in his belly had spread out. He felt... relaxed. No, more than that. Soft... *squishy*.

It wasn't a bad feeling. Comfortable.

"You're ready," the woman said to Prosky.

Prosky looked gone. He had an idiot grin on his face and milk foam all around his mouth. That idiot grin widened as the woman pulled down his fly and extricated his cock. Prosky was hard and maybe even already coming. His member was slowly throbbing and a constant stream of milky fluid ran down the shaft in a thick dribble.

The woman saw it and smiled.

"Yes, you're ready."

She straddled Prosky and sat down, drawing his drooling erection up between her legs. Bate watched, with his head propped up on the radio equipment as they started to fuck. That's what it looked like. The woman bounced up and down and her big tits bounced up and down with her. She started sighing and moaning as if she was fucking. Bate knew then he hadn't been hearing things earlier. It had been her doing this, likely with the missing members of Echo Whisky Seven.

Prosky sighed and moaned beneath her. It didn't take long. The sighs and moans steadily increased to a crescendo. The woman tipped her head back and thrust her substantial bust forwards. Prosky groaned in climax beneath her. His paralysis was broken by a shuddering orgasm. His legs twitched and his hips pushed upwards.

The climax kept going. The woman held her pose with only little bobs of her hips to keep Prosky coming. Then her chest started swelling as if she'd taken in a big breath. In contrast, Prosky diminished and shrank beneath her like an emptied drink carton.

Had she just killed Prosky? Bate's befuddled mind struggled to process what he was seeing.

He burped and spluttered up more milk. He felt weird inside. Not bad weird, good weird, but still weird. Sort of pleasantly unfocused. The bloated feeling had spread down to his balls. They felt swollen between his legs and between that and the live sex show right in front of him, Bate was really turned on right now.

But hadn't she just killed him?

The woman moved on to SGT Francis. Bate had a better view as the woman sat on top of the grizzled sergeant and rode him with loud moans and sighs. SGT Francis looked weird when he smiled. Bate understood why he didn't do it too often.

The woman rode Francis to mutual orgasm and again the man diminished beneath her while her breasts swelled.

She's killing... killed him.

Bate felt so strange. All bloated and soft and squishy. It felt so good as well. While in the forces, Bate seldom had opportunities to feel totally relaxed. He felt totally relaxed. Apart from his balls. They were really swollen now. He wanted the woman to fuck him next just so he could blast off some of that pressure.

Did he? Prosky and Francis were dead, weren't they? All shriveled and crumpled up like discarded drink cartons.

The woman walked past him, the hem of her robe swishing against her long, shapely calves. She moved on to Mann, and then after him, Byrne. Bate still couldn't move his head, so he didn't have a good view of what she did to them. He heard instead the soft moans and sighs of their lovemaking, each time rising to a climax, and then a long last sigh from the man beneath her fading to a faint rattle.

Bate burped again, filling his mouth with creamy aftertaste. He felt so... strange. The crotch of his pants was tented and stained with a steadily growing wet patch. Pre-cum wasn't so much oozing from the tip of his cock as flowing in a steady dribbling stream.

Wake up! She's killed the others and she's coming to kill you.

The pale woman came to him, stepped over his legs and stood astride him. Her robes were open, exposing the not-vagina between her legs. It was a wet puckered orifice surrounded by a raised circle of smooth flesh. It looked more like a sucker than a woman's sex.

Bate lifted his rifle and aimed the muzzle at the woman's belly.

The woman showed no emotion as she looked down and saw the gun.

"I took too long with the others," she said. "The paralysis is starting to wear off."

Bate's limbs felt weak (and disconcertingly *squishy*), and he wasn't sure he'd be able to control the recoil enough to hit her, even at this short range.

"What now?" the woman asked. Her face was a perfect featureless mask.

Bate tried to speak and instead burped up more milk. He tried again.

"You're not killing me," he muttered. Creamy milk spilled from the corner of his mouth.

The woman looked almost regretful.

"I already have," she said.

Bate burped up more milk. This time the aftertaste was a little strange—a tang that was both familiar and one he didn't want to think too hard about.

"That strange sensation you're feeling inside you is my milk. It has filled your body and is slowly breaking down your tissues, your organs, even your bones into cum. The process is irreversible. You do not feel pain because those of us born of Lust are not cruel predators. My milk also contains a drug to make you feel pleasant and relaxed. That will wear off and then... it will not feel pleasant."

Bate made an anguished *ngh* sound. He knew she was right. Numbed and doped up as he was, he could still feel her milk working away inside him.

The woman brushed a bare foot against the tented portion of Bate's pants.

"A lot has already collected in your balls. The tension must be growing unbearable."

She lightly touched the peak with her bare toes. Bate twitched. The wet patch grew.

It didn't give Bate any relief, or dampen the increasing, maddening desire to fuck wracking his balls.

The barrel of the rifle shook with Bate's twitching hand. He gritted his teeth, braced his elbow on the floor and the stock against his upper arm. He wanted to shoot her right there and then. Put a hole in her belly, maybe shoot that ghastly sucker thing between her legs clean off.

He couldn't. Because he wanted—*needed!*—her to rub her foot—or any other part of her body—against his swollen cock. He needed her to alleviate the unbearable horniness he felt.

"If you shoot me, there will be no one to relieve that horrible tension you feel in your loins. My milk will continue to work on your insides. I don't know what will be worse—lying there and feeling your innards rot away inside you, or the unbearable agony of not being granted the sexual climax your body craves. Either is a horrible end."

The pale woman let her foot hover teasingly just over Bate's tented pants.

"Your ending with me will be far sweeter. It will come as a rush of bliss like nothing you've ever experienced. You heard the ecstatic sighs of your companions. If you do not believe me, believe them."

Bate tried to hold the rifle straight. He felt so wrong inside and knew she was right.

He let out a strangled cry.

Then he let his right arm drop. The rifle barrel fell away.

Fuck it, in his current state he was just as likely to shoot his own dick off than hit her. If his clock was punched, as she said, he might as well go out fucking a hot chick with lusciously big tits.

The woman's lips turned up in a smile. "Good boy. I'll give you a nice reward."

She reached down and undid his fly. Bate's cock popped up. The swollen head twitched. Cloudy fluids bubbled up out of the tip and dribbled down the shaft. Like a broken tap, Bate thought. Not

that the woman seemed to mind. She wrapped a hand around the shaft to hold it in place and then slowly sat down on him in one smooth movement.

His cock vanished up into that strange orifice between her legs. It closed around Bate's member and squeezed up until his whole length was wrapped up in warm and soft inviting meat. Then she started working her hips and the plump ring of flesh at the entrance to her sex started stroking up and down Bate's shaft.

"And your extra reward for being such a good boy," the woman said.

She picked up Bate's hands and pressed them into her big boobs. Her tits felt so soft and silky smooth between his fingers. And so big they overflowed and nearly engulfed Bate's hands entirely. She held them there while—sighing and moaning—she rode him with lithe little bounces of her hips. All the while, that plump circle of flesh was stroking up and down Bate's shaft. He felt the wet vacuum of her pussy pull on him with each pump of her hips.

It felt... incredible. So good that Bate no longer cared about anything other than the feel of her soft tits beneath his fingers, and the wet warm interior of her sex sliding up and down his shaft.

His only disappointment was he couldn't drag this out any longer. His balls were too full, too swollen. He couldn't hold the pressure back.

"Yes," the pale woman said. "You have taken my milk. It has mixed with your milk. Now return it to me."

She bounced on him harder and faster, taking them both to climax. Her pussy squeezed tighter around Bate's cock. She pressed his hands deeper into her overflowing breasts.

"I can feel it coming," she said. "When it does, don't hold back. Let it all pour into me and I'll give you bliss everlasting."

It was coming and there was no way Bate could hold it back even if he wanted to.

"Yes," the woman moaned.

She came down. Her pussy wrapped Bate's cock up tight and *squeezed*. Bate let out a loud moan. He was coming. Really coming. Coming in a great gush. Less a spurt and more a great oil strike erupting from the ground.

That strange ring of flesh around the entrance to the woman's vagina bunched up and closed around the base of Bate's cock, forming a seal. The woman threw her head back and let out her own primal cry of climax. Milk spurted from her nipples and spilled out over Bate's fingers. The inner walls of her sex began sucking on his cock in great fleshy undulations.

The flow from Bate quickly became a jet. He filled her vagina just as she'd filled him with milk. He filled her and kept pumping more inside her, each a great throbbing pulse of pleasure reverberating through his whole body.

Oh God, it was so good. Like nothing he'd ever experienced. He no longer cared that it would be the last thing he'd ever experience as nothing, ever, could top the pleasure he currently felt.

The woman sighed in bliss as Bate gushed semen inside her. Bate sighed in bliss beneath her. He felt her boobs swell beneath his fingers. His cock was gripped by a powerful suction. It reached right down into him.

Bate's ejaculation became a continuous flow rushing into her. He watched as his arms shriveled up and became matchsticks pressed into her ballooning white bosom. He did not care. Everything, all conscious thought, was lost in the great rush of pleasure surging out of him and into her. Like the other members of the squad, he shrank and diminished and crumpled up beneath her.

* * * * *

Junior Jimmy looked at the door.

"They've been a while," he said.

"And?" PVT Stewart Peter Bate retorted.

"Shouldn't we go and check on them?" the wet-behind-the-ears private asked.

Bate scoffed dismissively.

"Fuck that. They don't pay us enough to get our faces sucked off by alien pussy. Let the special forces boys deal with that shit."

Junior Jimmy looked nervously at the door again.

"But what if what's through there decides to come check up on us?"

Bate scratched the stubble on his chin.

"Good point, Junior" he said. "Hey, Chief," he called out to the dark-skinned man still mumbling prayers over a rosary. "Time to move. Sierra Charlie Five Squad can sort this shit out."

Before they could leave, the door opened. A tall, busty woman with pale skin and jet-black hair entered. She had big tits. Really massive bazungas. The kimono-style dress she wore barely contained them.

Bate looked at her and his mouth fell open in slack-jawed surprise.

Look at them milkers, he thought.

"Leaving so soon?" the pale-skinned woman with enormous bazungas said. "Why, when we can have so much fun together."

Teasingly, she started pulling down the top of her dress, exposing more and more of her monstrous titties.

Bate stared. He was still staring when the milk started spraying.