

"Fight her," MAJ Grisholm said.

"Who?" PFC Stewart Peter Bate replied.

He was standing under a cone of light in a darkened aircraft hangar. The walls and floor were plain gray concrete. Bate had entered through a door in the left wall and was illuminated by a lamp above his head. He could see very little outside of the cone of light and couldn't tell how far the hangar extended in front of him, or what the ink-black darkness hid. To his right was a long rectangular window into what looked like an observation room. Two scientists in white lab coats stood behind a camera mounted on a tripod.

Well, they had told him he'd been volunteered for a series of top-secret tests. The observation room and camera matched his expectations. The other thing in the room, less so...

Her was standing apart from Bate and MAJ Grisholm, at the edge of the cone of light.

She was unmistakably a *her*. All the good feminine curves were there. She was also clearly not human.

For starters, she looked she was made out of water or some other similar liquid. These fluids were in constant motion—welling up and then rolling down the outside of her body, or inside her body as the liquid was *her*. She looked like someone had sculpted a fountain into the shape of the perfect human woman. The liquid looked a little too thick to be water—more like blueberry jello. It was in constant rippling motion. Bate didn't know what drew his attention more—the rippling waves running through her body, or the gorgeous curves of her tits and ass.

"Fight?" he queried.

"Yes," MAJ Grisholm confirmed.

Bate almost lapsed back into bad habits and asked *why?*. You never asked *why?*. The drill instructors had beaten that out of him back in boot camp. It had been hard work. Bate had always been a rebellious soul.

"Unarmed?" he asked.

"Yes," MAJ Grisholm answered.

Bate looked at the blue liquid girl.

She was a hindig. Had to be. They must have captured her and brought her back from H-space.

Bate wasn't supposed to know about hindigs, or H-space. But that was something you couldn't keep secret on a base, even a top-secret base like this one. People found out.

The restricted area at the back of the base housed a gate to an alien dimension. Bate didn't know if it was modern technology or unearthed ancient magic. He'd heard both theories. The men that had actually gone through the gate didn't know much better either. It was just a regular corridor with a door at the end, they said. At first, Bate thought people were just joshing with him—winding him up—but he'd heard the same account so many times now he suspected it was legit. You walked down that regular corridor, walked through the door at the end, and then you were *there*.

There was H-space. Bate assumed it was an alien planet, but the stories he'd heard made it sound weirder than that, with even weirder inhabitants.

Bate could see that. He was looking at one right now. Her liquid body rippled and churned as she looked at him.

Sexy inhabitants. Perverse inhabitants.

Bate could get that too. The hindig in front of him had the tits and ass of a pin-up model.

The stories diverged markedly from that point. Bate had heard porn-tier tales of men lucky enough to fraternize with sexy and ever-so-obliging alien babes. He'd also heard fearful whispers of men lured to unspecified dooms by exotic sirens.

Given he'd not yet gone through, or been cleared for this intel, Bate shouldn't really know any of this at all, but an alien dimension with intelligent life was just too big of a secret to keep the lid on.

On the base, at least. If you told someone off base, you vanished, they vanished, their family vanished. There was no ambiguity to those stories!

On base, the rumors seemed to be tacitly allowed. Bate suspected that was because everyone on base had either already gone through, or were being prepped to go through. His theory was that the rumors flying around were part of that prep, so people didn't immediately freak out the moment they realized what was really going on in that restricted area.

That's why seeing the hindig gave Bate a sense of elation. It meant he was trusted enough to be moved to the next level.

Bate hadn't made the best start to his military career. He'd always had a dumb rebellious streak and a problem with authority figures. His tendency to shoot his mouth off or act without thinking had got him into trouble on many occasions.

It had wrecked his dreams of being an MMA fighter. He'd punched a ref out. The ref had been in the right. The other guy had tapped out and Bate needed to stop, but his blood was up and he wasn't thinking straight.

He'd accepted the ban. While no permanent damage had been caused this time, it had been too close. Bate was a risk, and they didn't want risks in the octagon.

It had nearly wrecked his attempts to become a soldier. Probably would have. He'd certainly racked up enough misconduct charges before SGT Fullerton had taken him under his wing. He'd seen the potential in Bate and had worked with him to help Bate get that dumb rebellious streak of his under control. It had made Bate a better recruit, and a better person overall.

And now he was trusted enough to finally be let in on the base's big open secret. He practically glowed inside. It was validation.

"What is she?" he asked.

"Classified," MAJ Grisholm replied.

Bate smiled inwardly. Okay, so not completely validated. That was fine with Bate. You had to work to earn these things.

He really wanted to ask *why?*, but he knew that would be a question too far. There was, however, one question he couldn't avoid asking.

"How much force should I use?"

"As much as you deem necessary," MAJ Grisholm replied.

That wasn't too helpful. How the heck was he supposed to approach this—gentle sparring, title fight...

...fight to the death?

"We want to see her fighting capabilities," MAJ Grisholm said.

From the sound of it, Bate guessed they didn't want him to rough up their specimen too bad. He also hoped that extended to his wellbeing if there was a monstrous alien death machine hiding in the form of a sexy woman.

Lights clicked on and off above them. The light above Bate clicked off and another switched on above the hindig. She was now the one standing in the center of a circle of light and Bate on the fringes. Surprisingly silent for such a big man, MAJ Grisholm had already slipped back into the darkness. Bate guessed it was time to begin.

He took off his top and dropped it at the edge of the circle of light. His muscles rippled and gleamed with a thin sheen of sweat as he took up a boxer's stance and approached her. Closer up, she didn't look any less strange. Her liquid body was in constant rippling motion.

"You look aggressive," she said.

Bate had heard of rumors of hindigs being able to speak and understand English. It still came as a surprise to hear her speak English to him in sweet and musical tones.

"There's no need to be so angry," the hindig said. "Why don't you relax and play with these."

She jiggled her big round boobs.

"I'm sure you'd like to put a hand on them and give them a nice big squeeze."

The hindig was shameless as she stuck out her chest and gave her big tits a squeeze.

Bate shook his head. This was not going how he'd expected. Not at all!

She did have a really nice pair of tits, Bate couldn't deny that. Big. Round. Larger than your usual porn pin-up, but not sagging or attached to an overweight body. They also deformed in a way that indicated they were natural rather than artificial when she squeezed them. Bate suspected they'd feel lusciously soft beneath his fingers.

Bate shook his head again. His Adam's apple bobbed.

"I can see you like them," the hindig continued. "Why don't you drop those fists and come sit in my lap. I'll let you suck on them. Men love sucking on my tits."

Bate gulped again. He could feel his cock harden in his pants.

If you ignored the fact she seemed made out of water, her body was a complete knockout. Lovely big boobs. Lovely curvy ass. Bate couldn't really comment on the legs. While her upper body was naked and exposed, the rippling liquids cascaded down and hid her lower body like a dress. Was it a dress, though? It looked like the same liquid that made up the rest of her body. Bate had never been much of a leg guy anyway. His interests lay in other *assets*, and those were thrust out as provocatively as possible.

Did he really have to fight her? It seemed ridiculous.

Oh well, orders were orders, and Bate had spent the best part of his life getting that rebellious moron part of his personality under control. He wasn't about to throw all that—and SGT Fullerton's—work away because a request seemed a little weird.

"I'm sorry ma'am," he said. "I've been ordered to fight you."

Still posing provocatively, the hindig's smile shifted to a nonchalant sneer.

"And just how do you intend to go about that?"

She seemed fearless of Bate, and probably had a right to be. He was at a loss as to how to engage her. She looked like a living water sculpture. What would happen if he punched her? Would his fist connect with solid flesh, or pass right through her?

Not that he relished the prospect of punching her.

"I'll try not to go too hard," he said.

"Oh, but I want you to be hard," the hindig said, flashing a glance to Bate's crotch that had him flushing red in embarrassment.

Yeah, his boner was probably pretty noticeable at this point.

He circled her warily, his hands still held up in a guard. The hindig did nothing but smile seductively at him. She showed absolutely no inclination to fight him.

This was ridiculous.

If she'd been a man, Bate would have given her—him—two quick jabs to the face. Just to wipe that smirk off and let him know Bate meant business. The hindig looked like a pretty woman, though, and Bate was of the sort that didn't punch pretty women in the faces. Given she was making absolutely no attempt to defend herself, Bate suspected he'd have all the time in the world to line up a roundhouse kick that would damn near knock her head off.

He liked that option even less.

Maybe a takedown. Get her on the ground, control her there. Lock up a limb. Bring the fight to a swift conclusion without needing to strike her or break anything. He would have done that for sure had the hindig been a regular woman.

The hindig was not a regular woman. Or human.

The problem with the takedown plan was it would put a lot of Bate's body in contact with the hindig's maybe-liquid body. If that liquid turned out to be poisonous or acidic...

Goddammit. What should he do?

"Are you deliberately trying to waste our time, private?" MAJ Grisholm called out.

"No sir!" Bate called back. "Just trying to formulate the best course of action, sir."

"Your best course of action is to attack this organism so we can determine what her defensive measures are."

"Yes sir!"

Bate went for the takedown. He feinted a punch and then dropped down low and tackled the hindig.

He realized his mistake when his shoulder collided with her body and he sank right in.

"Oh yes, come to Momma," the hindig said.

She wasn't solid. Neither was she liquid. Her body was soft, gelatinous, and sticky.

And also extremely malleable.

Bate's plan to take her to the floor, lock up a limb and force a quick submission now seemed very dumb. The hindig's body was so supple and gelatinous Bate doubted she had anything that could be locked up. There wasn't anything for him to grab hold of either. Her body flowed through his fingers like warm mud. He went to the floor, not on top but with her wrapped around him.

And with her, not him, in full control.

"Let Momma take care of you," the hindig said.

She was all around him. Bate's arms were pinned to his sides by her gooey body. It tangled around and bound his legs together. She shoved a soft tit as big as Bate's head into his face. The nipple found his mouth and squirted something inside. It couldn't be milk. It tasted far too sweet to be milk.

Fearing poison, Bate thrashed his head and spat it out.

Undaunted, the hindig wrapped gelatinous arms around the back of his head. She held him in place and squashed his head down with a gigantic tit. The nipple found his mouth again and squirted more sweet liquid into it. This time Bate was forced to drink it. And very quickly, he found he really

liked drinking it. It was so sweet. It sent firecrackers of pleasure bursting on his taste buds, and then right after that, firecrackers of pleasure popping in his brain.

He stopped struggling and started greedily sucking on her nipple for more.

"Yes. Be a good boy and suck on Momma's tit," the hindig said. "Let her fill you with her goodness."

Bate couldn't stop. It tasted so good. Sweet like berry punch but so much more. Greedily, he sucked on her teat like a hungry baby, gulping her delicious juice down as fast as his throat would allow. It filled his belly and made him feel good. He felt warm, relaxed, and comfortable.

And horny. Weirdly horny. Really horny.

Sometime during the brief struggle on the floor Bate had lost his pants. Unrestricted, his cock stood up in erection.

"Ah, boys and their needs," the hindig said. "Momma will help you out."

She shifted position, sitting up with Bate lying across her lap. One arm cradled Bate's head. The other reached down to his crotch.

A slick, gelatinous hand wrapped around Bate's penis and started pumping up and down. Her hand felt good and slippery, as if it was coated in warm oil.

Bate kept guzzling down the sweet-tasting liquid pouring from the hindig's nipple. He couldn't stop. It tasted so good.

Made him feel so good inside.

His cock hit full hardness. The hindig's lubricated hand smoothly stroked up and down his shaft.

It was a weird contrast, Bate's befuddled brain thought. The hindig's right arm cradled him like a loving mother with her babe. The other jerked his cock like an experienced hooker. It should have felt weird. But it felt right. Perfectly normal. Better than normal.

Her hand seemed to change. The fingers melted together and formed a soft sheath sliding up and down his cock.

It had been a while. Bate hadn't had any opportunities while on base. It didn't take long for the hindig to jerk him all the way to climax.

The hindig helped him along with pulsing contractions around Bate's cock. He gave himself over to them and let his throbbing cock release a great big load of cum. The hindig's arm had morphed into some kind of flexible tube. She sucked the cum from his cock with great lusty gulps.

"That's it. Let Momma drain your balls."

The hindig pushed down and wrapped a gooey hand around Bate's balls. She did this even though Bate's cock was still enclosed. It was as if the palm of her hand had swallowed up Bate's cock into the inside of her arm, and the inside of her arm was still keeping him hard as the inner sheath rippled and pulsed against his shaft.

Bate gave up trying to think about it and kept guzzling down the delicious juices squirting from the hindig's nipple.

She gave his balls a gentle squeeze.

"Why, there's so much," she said. "You shouldn't let it build up like this. It's not good for you. Momma is going to have to squeeze it all out."

The fleshy, gelatinous tube around Bate's cock thickened. The walls plumped up and more powerful pulses started rippling up and down Bate's cock.

"You don't need to do anything. Momma will do it all for you."

Bate was fine with that.

The slick, gelatinous tube pumped his cock and kept pumping until she pumped another orgasm out of him. Bate let it overrun him and poured another big load into the flexible tube.

"Yes, let Momma take care of it."

It didn't feel like enough. Maybe Bate had let himself get really backed up. Maybe it had something to do with the delicious juices the hindig was pouring into him. Even after those two big ejaculations he wanted more. His balls felt juiced up. Ripe. Really ripe.

Maybe he should stop swallowing the fluids the hindig was pouring into his mouth.

Bate rejected that idea as plain ridiculous. Nothing this delicious could be bad for him.

"This will not do," the hindig said. "There's still so much left. Momma is going to have to use her whole body."

Still with her swollen boob pressed against Bate's face, she shifted position. He felt her weight on top of him with her legs astride him. Then he felt the delicious wetness of her sex as she slowly lowered her body down on his cock.

"Yes, Momma will take real good care of you."

Her body moved against him. Within her sex it felt like great waves of rippling pleasure were travelling up his cock. Her form was so malleable the sensations kept changing. One moment it was many deft fingers stroking up and down his cock. Then it was many tongues licking up and down. Then it was a tight warm sex squeezing him. Then it was lips kissing the root of his cock.

So much sensation. He couldn't hold back.

Bate bucked and trembled as he erupted in another orgasm. The hindig's breast responded with a powerful spurt of juices down his throat, as if rocked by an orgasm of her own.

Bate kept going this time. They were both orgasming and spurting their juices into each other.

It was a cycle, Bate's befuddled brain thought. A perfect cycle.

And as the cycle continued Bate felt his tissues begin to soften and melt. That didn't concern him. He felt warm and comfortable. Momma would take him into her and look after him.

They would become one. Become complete.

It felt right.

* * * *

"Well, that was one-sided," Dr. Stewart Peter Bate stated as he watched Subject HA-044 engulf the hapless 'volunteer'.

"Same as before," his colleague, Dr. Wood, said.

This gave Bate pause. It was his first time studying this particular HSIO. He had assumed it was the first time anyone had studied Subject HA-044, especially given the outcome. To hear otherwise was jarring and cast everything in a more sinister light.

"Before?"

Wood didn't answer. He concentrating on making sure the camera was correctly focused.

Dr. Bate was no innocent. He knew what he'd signed up for, what morally dubious things he might have to accept or turn a blind eye to. But this...

He looked out of the observation window. Subject HA-044 had gotten on top of the man and wrapped sheets of blue slime around him.

"What happens now?" he asked.

"It will take around eighteen hours for Subject HA-044 to absorb him completely," Wood answered.

Bate could still make out the figure of a man through the sheets of translucent slime. His form appeared to be blurring and melting into the surrounding mass. Bate did not think that was a visual artifact.

He shuddered.

"And you're okay with this?"

Wood shrugged and continued to work with the camera. "The Commander requested we shoot more video footage of Subject HA-044."

Bate wondered to what end. It was hard to understand the merit in this if they already knew the outcome. On the other side of the window Subject HA-044 continued to do... whatever she was doing.

"Subject HA-044 assures us there is no pain, that the men feel nothing but intense sexual pleasure. If we can believe her..." Wood said.

At first, Bate had tried to tell himself that it was struggling, that Subject HA-044 was using her amoeboid form to overpower the man fighting her. It was impossible to kid himself any longer. Subject HA-044 was fucking the man. She writhed and moaned in lewd abandon as she moved on top of him. Periodically, Bate saw white puffs bloom within Subject HA-044's translucent body as she induced another ejaculation out of the man beneath her.

It made Bate feel very uncomfortable. Was he performing science here, or shooting a porno?

As if to reinforce the fact, Subject HA-044 turned to face the window. Her face contorted in open-mouthed moans of pleasure. She knew the camera was there and was playing to it.

Bate felt dirty inside. No amount of scrubbing would clean this off.

"You seem perturbed, Doctor."

That came from Major Grisholm, the military overseer of this particular experiment. He'd stood silently at the back of the room like a giant, crew-cut golem.

Bate chose his answer carefully. "It seems wasteful... to throw good fighting men away like this when we already know the outcome. It seems... unnecessary."

"If the Commander requests it, it is necessary."

Major Grisholm's voice was flat and soulless. If shark eyes had a voice, they would sound like Major Grisholm.

"If it puts your mind at rest, we are not throwing away 'good fighting men' here. This man raped an auxiliary nurse two weeks ago. We gave him the choice to volunteer or face the appropriate civilian punishment. He chose this."

Why didn't you tell me that before? Bate thought. That changed everything. Rapists—and all abusers of women—were the scummiest of scum to Bate. Now he was perfectly fine with whatever Subject HA-044 was doing to the man, as icky as it was.

He kind of hoped Subject HA-044 had been lying to them about what the men experienced in their final moments. 'Intense sexual pleasure' was far more than a rapist deserved. Bate would rather the man be fully conscious of what was happening to him.

He looked out of the window. Subject HA-044 had settled down and lying on top of the man with her gelatinous body wrapped around him. Within her Bate could see the man's flesh stretch and melt and gradually blur into the blue slime surrounding him.

Bate had to admit there was a certain poetry to it—a sexual abuser meeting their end in this way.

It felt right.