

A COMFY PINK CUSHIONBLOB

"You look tired and tense. Would you like a massage?" the pink girl on the pink bed asked.

Both the girl and the bed were very pink. Not in the human-flesh-tone sense of pink, but the unnatural sort of artificial pink you'd see on a manufactured item, like an inflatable or piece of plastic. The surface—of both girl and bed—even had a similar level of translucency to a balloon or see-through rubber inflatable.

SGT Stewart Peter Bate had been told about it, but it still came as a surprise to see it in the flesh... or whatever it was for her.

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SGT Stewart Peter Bate had first heard about the pink cushionblobs as hushed whispers amongst what he'd nominally describe as 'his men'. 'His men' was already doing a lot of work. He'd call them 'his boys', but if he'd ever had the misfortune to sire this pack of useless malcontents, he'd have disowned them and drowned them in the nearest river like a bag of kittens.

He'd seen some of the bellyaching on the news, about how the army was having difficulty finding good recruits among Generation Snowflake. That was overexaggerated in Bate's opinion. Sure, there were plenty of snowflakes about, especially in the coastal cities, but they didn't sign up. Uncle Sam still got plenty of the farm boys – dependable stock that ran, fought and shot until they dropped, and had the good sense not to give you any lip back. Bate had seen plenty of those.

'His men' were not those.

No, there was something else going on here. Bate had his suspicions and didn't like them.

Given where they were, how exotic—alien—it was, Bate would have figured the top brass would have sent the cream of the cream, the best of the best.

Bate had seen those, had rubbed shoulders with them in the base. Lean and mean special forces types. Men that had been places and done things, and who could be relied upon when you had dirty work in need of doing.

'His men' were not that. What a mulish, sulky, fractious bunch. Shammers and pogeys the lot of them. How they had gotten through basic training without washing out Bate had no idea, but he'd like to give a piece of his mind to whoever signed off on it. They were proven screw-ups. The sort of men you tried to hide and only trusted with the most basic of gruntwork in case they blew their damn fool hands off.

What were they doing out here, in the most secret-of-secret, hush-hush of assignments?

Bate had his suspicions, but he dared not speak them aloud, because speaking them aloud would mean confronting why he, an out-of-favor banged-up career sergeant, was here too.

Bate knew he was out-of-favor. Fucking a colonel's wife will do that for you. Bate had always had a thing for soft Southern belles with big soft tits. Hers were as big as basketballs and he'd enjoyed giving them a good fondle and squeeze. She'd enjoyed it too. She'd lured him on almost as eagerly as he'd courted her.

Until the husband had found out. That had put an end to Bate's advancement ambitions. After that, the vengeful sonovabitch had made it his personal mission to make Bate's life hell. Bate had been bounced from one hellhole assignment to another, each leaving a dent on his body. Shrapnel in his knee from Baghdad, a bullet hole through his right shoulder from Kandahar. A plate in the back of his skull.

That last one had been the most embarrassing. He hadn't even got that one from service. An idiot used-car salesman from Trenton had mistaken him for a buck out hunting. The bullet had creased the back of his skull. Folks had told him he was lucky. Waking up one day in twenty with a blinding migraine didn't feel so lucky to Bate.

He walked with a slight limp and ached all over at the best of times. He swore his aches had aches. He wasn't even forty. Still in his thirties and with a body busted up like a septuagenarian's after working a lifetime in a steel mill.

That was the military for you.

(That and sleeping with the wife of a certain vengeful sonovabitch.)

So, yep, Bate had his suspicions as to why a busted-up old drill sergeant had been posted here, and none of them were good.

It was his aching body that had piqued his interest in the whispered stories of the pink cushionblobs. That and big soft tits. Bate had always had a thing for big softs. But it was *comfortable* that had most caught his attention about the stories. Speak to anyone that knew anything about the cushionblobs and the word they'd use the most was *comfy*.

Bate hadn't felt *comfy* in a long long time.

He'd had to drag more details out of his men like a chain, as surly and suspicious as they were. It was only when they realized Bate was interested in the same thing as them that they'd opened up.

The men had found the first cushionblob by accident. It had been a grunt by the name of Garcia. He was part of Explo Squad Epsilon Tango One. They were tasked with mapping out the cave systems below Camp Jacob. He'd stumbled across the cushionblob and for reasons known only to himself had stripped his clothes off and climbed on top to give her a good hard fucking. The rest of the squad had walked in on him shamelessly pounding her ass.

HSIOs, the indigenous sentient lifeforms of H-space, were not a surprise at this point. The men even had slang for them—*hindig*. While some parts of them looked freaky, a lot of them had a lot of pulp-fantasy alien babe to them. This had flummoxed the scientists. That and the hindigs having no problems understanding and communicating with the human visitors to their dimension.

Bate reckoned this was another one of those examples where some people followed the track of *smart* all the way around until it came right back to *stupid*. It seemed obvious to Bate. The hindigs were shapeshifters. They took whatever form was most pleasing to the eye, and as the humans first coming across them were sex-starved and horny grunts, it was obvious they'd take the form of sexy alien babes.

Totally obvious.

Mostly. Some ended up horrors, either in form or nature.

The pink cushionblobs weren't. Which was fortunate for Explo Squad Epsilon Tango One, and doubly fortunate for Garcia, given they'd found him balls deep on top of one.

Bate had asked him about that. He'd sought Garcia out and plied him with liquor until the man, normally shifty and suspicious, had opened up. Bate had the obvious question—what had possessed the man to take his clothes off and climb on top?

Garcia didn't have an answer. He didn't know himself.

"Just seemed like a good idea at the time," the man had shrugged.

Fortunately for him, it had turned out that way. The only ill-effect he'd had to deal with was the embarrassment of his squad showing up right at the moment he'd unleashed 'the mother of all loads' into the pink cushionblob.

That shared embarrassment on the part of everyone had probably prevented the situation from going south. It had given the cushionblob the chance to tell them she was nice and friendly, and meant them no harm. It helped also that she had the sweet face and curvaceous body of a buxom cheerleader.

As Garcia had told Bate, backed up by others, an arrangement was reached. The pink cushionblob wasn't the only one down there. There was a little colony. The pink cushionblob had begged—pleaded—with the men to keep her presence and that of her kin a secret from their commanding officers. She was terrified of being exterminated, or captured and experimented on. In return for the men's silence, her and her friends would give out sexy massages and let the men use them as their personal fucktoys.

For red-blooded men far far from home... red-blooded men far far from home *with poor disciplinary records*... that had sounded a damn fine deal. It had turned out even better than they could have hoped for. Not only were the pink cushionblobs just as keen to have sex with the men, they proved to have a real talent for it. Their soft gelatinous bodies opened up possibilities not available to regular human women, and the pink cushionblobs knew how to use them to the fullest. A gentle massage from one would melt even the most stressed-out man to a relaxed puddle of bliss. That was before they even got to the sex part.

"It feels so good. You gotta try it out. Soft and comfy like you wouldn't believe."

Bate had heard that plenty. He suspected it was similar to an induction ceremony. Once he'd uncovered the truth, the men were eager for him to take the next step and experience it for himself. Then, once he'd experienced the pleasures of a cushionblob's body first hand, he'd understand the importance of keeping it a secret from Command. He'd be one of them, part of the conspiracy.

It was a pretty big conspiracy as well. Far bigger than he realized. Once he'd cracked the shell, it seemed like every grunt in Camp Jacob knew about it. Some of the lower-ranked officers too. It was a strange contradiction. The men wanted to keep the presence of the pink cushionblobs a secret, but were also only too keen—overly keen, even—to spread the stories of their experiences.

Bate supposed he should be thankful for that. They never would have talked to him otherwise. As it was, Bate didn't consider himself 'one of them' and neither would he ever be. The same could be said of the higher ranks—Bate wasn't one of them, and never would be. He felt no affiliations either way.

He did have an interest in one word though—*comfy*. He'd heard it over and over in relation to the cushionblobs—*comfy*. Not *hot*. Not *sexy*. *Comfy*.

Bate hadn't felt comfortable in a long long time. He was a busted-up lifer. That was his reward for his years of service—aches on aches, a limp, and a body that felt like it had done too many circuits of a demolition derby. Bate didn't care about anything else. If a pink cushionblob could make him feel *comfy* for a little while, he'd keep whatever secret they asked of him.

The only bad thing Bate had heard about them was a fairly cryptic comment from Garcia.

"If you're gonna do it, don't go too deep," the man had said.

Bate wasn't really sure what he'd meant by that. *Deep* as in the caves, or *deep* as in fall in love? Garcia wasn't the most articulate of men, even by the low standards of most of Camp Jacob's grunts.

Either way, Bate wasn't intending to do either. The first girl he found would be fine. And he wasn't going down there and looking to date her with wine and roses. A massage. A bit extra. Mainly the massage. And *comfy*. If she could soothe his body so he didn't feel like a pile of scrap metal walking around in a human-shaped sack, he'd damn near give her anything she asked for.

As for Garcia, what was unusual was he hadn't gone back. This was different to the other men. Some visited regularly. Some even had favorites. Not Garcia. Even though he described it as one of the best nuts he'd even busted out, he hadn't gone back. That had surprised Bate, who'd asked him why.

Garcia didn't have an answer. Just a shrug of his shoulders.

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Bate had found his cushionblob about an hour away from Camp Jacob. While the upper regions needed torches to light the way, once you got deeper everything was lit up with phosphorescent crystal. He'd had to grudgingly admit it was pretty. It gave the caves a magical kingdom look. Once down there, it hadn't taken long to find a pink cushionblob lying alone on a big pink bed in one of the side caves.

Bate called it a bed, but it was really just a circular mattress dropped down on the center of the floor. It looked like a big rubber bladder filled with water, like one of those old sleazy waterbed mattresses without a frame. The pink girl was naked and lay on top of it. Her whole body—her skin, even—looked to be covered in the same translucent pink material that enclosed the mattress beneath her. While the rest of her was slender and sexily proportioned, her boobs looked as though they'd been attached to an air hose. That was fine by Bate. He was a sucker for a nice big soft pair of tits. And this was a nice big soft pair of tits. They were big and round and gave her the improbably proportioned figure of an anime pinup. She smiled at Bate and rubbed the surface of the mattress as if she wanted him to lie down with her.

Bate felt a twinge between his shoulder blades. It had been a long day. Yes, he would like a relaxing massage from her.

He slipped out of his clothes and climbed up on the bed.

He'd come down here with the intention of doing this, but was still surprised at how quickly he found himself naked and on the pink cushionblob's bed. Garcia's 'seemed like a good idea at the time' made much more sense now.

Not only did the pink cushionblob's bed look like a waterbed, it swayed, rocked and sloshed like a waterbed. The surface looked like rubber, but it felt like warm soft skin to the touch. It also felt slightly moist and there was a strong odor of exotic perfume in the air—as if the whole bed had been soaked in scented oils.

Bate wondered if the girl with the plastic-pink skin felt the same, especially those juicy big tits. Smiling rakishly, Bate reached over to give them a good grope.

The girl smiled flirtatiously back at him, but batted his hands away before he could get a good feel.

"Later," she said. "Massage first."

Bate couldn't push the issue, despite his obvious physical superiority to the girl. The slippery and pitching surface of the bed made it too hard for Bate to both keep his balance and try to sneak his hands through the pink girl's defenses for a quick feel. Instead he did as the pink girl requested and lay down on his front with his arms outstretched and his legs slightly apart.

He wished he had a bed like this back at camp. It was so comfortable. He sank into the soft mattress and was gently rocked by the movement of the water within it.

He felt a weight settle on his buttocks and lower back as she sat astride him. Bate was already liking the direction this massage was taking.

"Can you do body-to-body?" has asked.

Bate had fond memories of receiving a lovely soapy body-to-body massage from a big-titted Thai girl out in Pattaya. It was one of his few foreign postings that hadn't been total shit. The vengeful sonovabitch must have had his attention elsewhere that year.

"If you like," the pink cushionblob said in a soft voice that reminded him of that big-titted Thai girl.

He'd never got her name.

"And can you use your tits?" he asked. "I'd love to feel those puppies rubbing up and down my back."

He still remembered that feeling, even though it was years ago.

"It would be a pleasure," she said. "I'll cover you with my big soft boobs."

And pleasure it was. She started with her hands. First they slid over his back like the whisper of a lover's sigh. Then she started to apply more pressure—pushing down with her palms and smoothing

out the muscles on either side of his spine. She needed no oil. Her hands exuded a natural lubricant of their own. She bent lower over him as her deft hands moved up to work on the taut muscles of his shoulders. They slithered higher to unknot the kinks in his neck.

Her technique was unusual. Where another masseuse might have kneaded the knots out with stiff fingers, her touch was light and gentle. All she had to do was lay her soft hands on his flesh and all the tension underneath simply melted away.

The first part of the massage was to relax him. The second was to inflame his arousal. For that she used her tits.

He felt them against his back. They were like two cushions filled with warm water that had little rubber nubs at their apex. She squashed her breasts against him as she lay down on top of him. Her soft boobs spread out across his back and he felt the warmth from them seep under his skin.

Like her hands, her breasts exuded a scented oil that acted as a lubricant. Cushioned by her considerable chest, the cushionblob slid over Bate. He felt her nipples trace lines up and down his back. He felt them draw spirals on his shoulder blades. He even felt her slide up high enough for him to feel the bulging pressure of her bust on either side of his head.

It was everything he wanted. Her body against his lit up pleasure receptors all over his skin.

"I can feel another kind of tension," she said. Her hand slithered between his thighs and fondled his nuts. "Would you like me to take care of this as well?"

"That would really really make my day," Bate said.

He was expecting her to turn him over as prelude to some form of *Happy Ending*. Instead she got him to lift his hips. Not quite getting him to all fours, but high enough to get her skillful hands in underneath. With her lovely swollen boobs pressed against his back, she wrapped wet hands around Bate's penis and stroked up and down.

It didn't take her long to bring him to full erection. Her massage had already done most of the work. She held his swollen manhood and steered it into pointing straight down. Her wonderful hands kept stroking up and down.

Bate was concerned she was going to milk him like this until he came over the pink mattress. He warned her with a grunt. He wanted more than a handjob *Happy Ending*.

"It will be more," the pink girl reassured him with a whisper.

Bate thought that would be his cue to turn over. Instead the pink girl got on top of him and coaxed him into lying back down. The head of his cock came up against the elastic surface of the mattress, but rather than his cock sliding along it, the surface gave way and Bate's erection plunged through into not water, but warm viscous jelly. His hands and feet also went through the surface and became stuck in the viscous jelly below.

The *living* viscous jelly below.

Bate felt it move around his hands and feet—massaging them, gently sucking on fingers and toes. The warm jelly was also in motion around his cock—stroking it, gently sucking on the length.

It wasn't just a mattress. It was part of her, Bate realized. It was only confirming what he'd already suspected. He saw now how they'd got their name—*cushionblob*.

The pink cushionblob provided further confirmation as she whispered in his ear: "It's part of me. Your dick is in me. Think of it the same as having sex."

She lay down on top of him and pushed him down until he was lying flat on top of the pink jelly blob. She bounced her hips on his buttocks, encouraging Bate to grind against the soft surface beneath him. He didn't need much encouragement. It already felt like he was plowing back and forth in luscious wet pussy. Her soft weight lying on top of him added to the stimulation, as if he had the massive good fortune of being sandwiched between two hot chicks.

Not quite. There wasn't a girl lying underneath him. He was just wet humping a hole in a soft mattress. That thought might have brought him pause out of embarrassment. He was too into it now. It felt too good. Felt too much like slick wet pussy.

His hands and feet sank deeper into the blob. Bate was less concerned with them being trapped. He was more pleased that it meant more of his body was enveloped in lovely soft jelly.

"Ooh yes," The pink girl whispered in his ear as she lay on top of him. "Drive it deeper. Push it all the way down in me."

Her body softened above him. He felt it melt and flow around his sides and merge with the mattress below. He felt the soft pressure of her boobs against his back, her crotch against his buttocks. The rest seemed to have spread out to cover him like a warm duvet... a stretchy rubber duvet that pinned Bate to the mattress. Not that Bate cared. He felt so comfortable and the rippling sensation of the jelly moving around his erection was like nothing he'd ever experienced.

He kept pounding away. His motions caused the circular pink mattress to rock and sway, and those motions kept going and served to amplify his.

This was fucking incredible, Bate thought. No wonder all the men wanted to keep it a secret from Command.

He jolted as the head of his cock pushed up against something. It was more solid than the surrounding jelly, but still soft and yielding. The head of Bate's cock probed against and slightly into it.

He glanced down beneath him. The pink jelly was translucent. Bate could see his erection pointing straight down into it. And, at the tip, a glob of darker matter. It resembled the nucleus of an amoeba.

The surprise of it knocked Bate off his rhythm. Not that it mattered. The semi-liquid mattress kept rocking and swaying just fine without him.

"Yes," the pink girl sighed in his ear. "Push it deeper. Push it in. Push it all the way."

Muscles tensed in Bate's buttocks. Helped by the pink girl on top of him, he pushed down harder on the jelly bed. His balls sank into, and were enveloped by the soft blob beneath. The glans of Bate's

cock dimpled the core's surface, and then the rest rolled smoothly up his shaft until most of his cock was engulfed.

Bate didn't see that part. The sensation had caused him to tip his head back and let out a groan of pleasure. His head came back down on what felt like lusciously soft pillows. He didn't see the slime girl's core pulsate and roll up and down his erection. He didn't need to. He could feel it. With each throb ripples tickled up his shaft like a tantric massage. Like lusciously supple lips. Like oil-slick dexterous fingers. Like nothing Bate had ever experienced.

"So much tension," the pink girl said.

He felt her knead the muscles of his neck and shoulders. At the same time she rippled all over his back, her motions a whisper of bliss. Bate didn't care about how that was possible. The whole bed was in motion around him and it felt like a sensual earthquake.

"You must have led a hard life," the pink girl said soothingly. "So much built-up tension."

Fifteen years of service will do that, Bate thought. It all felt worth it for leading him to this moment.

Her malleable core kept stroking up and down his cock.

"We need to flush that tension out with one big release," the pink girl said.

It would be more than big. Bate felt it building. This really was going to be 'the mother of all loads'. It was going to blast all his tension away like a howitzer.

"No, not yet. We need to gather it all here."

Bate felt the warm jelly fondle his balls.

"Then flush it out all in one go."

Her core slowed right down to gentle, steady strokes. It was enough stimulation to keep Bate aroused, but slowed enough to pull him back from the brink of climax.

What a tease, Bate thought.

He couldn't do anything about it. His hands were deeply embedded in thick jelly.

The stroking motions sped up again, only to slow back down to a crawl the moment Bate felt he was about to boil over. The pink girl repeated it. She edged him over and over until Bate felt delirious with ecstasy. He couldn't think straight. Each time she took him closer, it felt like a charge was building. Building big. Each time adding another stick of dynamite to the biggest nut Bate was going to blast off in his life.

"That's enough. This will get it all out," the pink girl whispered.

Her viscous core started up again. Bate's erection was stretched out within it and the sensitive spots on his shaft and glans were located and stimulated.

"You don't have to hold back now," the pink girl whispered. "Let it out. Let it all out."

Her core bunched up and gave Bate's cock a strong, sucking tug. Bate felt his whole body tense up. It was coming—the mother of all loads.

The viscous core pumped Bate's cock with determined intent. There was no tease now, just a straight dash to climax.

"Let it out into me," the pink girl said. "Let me take all that tension. You'll never have to feel it ever again."

It was here. Bate felt it burst out of him in a thunderous rush. It blasted through the now donut-shaped mass of dark matter wrapped around his cock. It puffed out within her semi-transparent body as milky-white clouds. Those clouds thickened as the gelatinous mass swelled and sucked more semen out of Bate's writhing body.

This was more than the mother of all loads. It shook every fiber of his being. It shook him beyond that. Too late, he realized it had dislodged something far more precious inside him. Wrenched that precious thing free until it came surging out of him with his clouds of semen.

"Yes," the pink girl whispered. "Give it to me. Give me everything."

Bate's soul left his lifeless body and bloomed out within the pink cushionblob. It sparkled within her as a cloud of glittering motes before fading away as she digested and absorbed it.

They eat our souls...?

THE END