

He Came from Outer Space

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, alien]

Synopsis: What's big and blue and comes to Earth in a penis-shaped flying saucer?

Disclaimer: The naked hypnotist strides confidently into your room. His lips curl in what might be a smile as he dangles his shiny crystal pendulum before your eyes and announces, "Listen and obey. If you are not of legal age, or if you offended by sexual situations, you will leave this place immediately. From here on, no matter how realistic it may appear, everything will seem like fiction to you, a pleasant dream where scientific possibilities and laws may change according to my suggestion. Now, if you are willing, sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride."

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Comments to wrestlr@iname.com

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I knew it wasn't a plane or a helicopter--not traveling that fast, glowing like a comet. The mid-summer meteor shower threw occasional streaks of light across the sky, but in and among them were a handful that moved differently. One of them zipped in like any other meteor, but then it dipped, swooping almost straight down, coming toward us in a way no meteor, plane, or helicopter could. Surprise and adrenaline pumped through me as I realized what I was seeing: an unidentified flying object--a flying saucer--whatever! I held my breath as it hovered fifty feet above the trees, just a couple of hundred yards from where we lay.

I was a coach at the small local college, where I trained the swimming team and taught phys-ed classes. But on the weekends, I was a wilderness buff and amateur prospector. For the last couple of years, my friend Larry and I had been making treks to the local mountains at least once a month, hiking in with nothing except backpacks containing our tent, sleeping bags, a little equipment, and food. For me, prospecting was mostly just an excuse; these weekends were more about the enjoying the outdoors, hiking, living off the land, and sleeping under the stars. Larry, my camping buddy and fuck-buddy, was great with outdoors stuff. He was also great in the sack when we zipped our sleeping bags together. After a weekend of camping and fucking in the woods, I was always refreshed and ready to face the daily grind at the college again. I didn't care if our

half-assed attempts at prospecting ever turned up any gold--I really just craved the peace and quiet and sexual release of those trips.

I loved the night sky, the great blackness of the wilderness after dark, and I loved looking up at the millions of stars invisible to the city mice in their apartments and condos. Being outdoors under the open sky?--That made everything in my life just fall into perspective. The glow of the city made most nights there virtually starless. But out in the mountains?--I thought the nighttime sky there was the most beautiful sight in the world.

That night, I had been lying on my back in our sleeping bag, letting my gaze get lost in the heavens, watching the meteor shower, letting my thoughts drift. Beside me, Larry had already dozed off, but I was still awake, still pleasantly buzzing from everything he had done to my cock and ass less than half an hour ago, when suddenly I noticed that very un-meteor meteor. It cut an arc through the sky, then it stopped. Its glow faded as it hovered over the very mountain where we had camped, then it began to descend!

I nudged Larry. He grumbled, "Whazzit," as he woke up. I pointed to the sky. When he saw the U.F.O. settling toward the treetops, he sat up straight. "Holy fuck!" he whispered. "That can't be what I think it is ..."

I just sat spellbound and watched the ship slowly toward the earth. The moon was full that night, illuminating everything in a bright silvery light, so we saw the craft clearly. It wasn't saucer-shaped at all but oblong, an organic-looking tube shape with a flared crest at what I assumed was the front end; the shape and the crest made it look like a flying erect penis, all of it a silver-blue color. It made only a slight humming sound as it came down. The craft disappeared behind the trees as it settled onto the earth.

Something snapped me out of it. I'd been sitting there like I was in a trance or something. Noticing the pressure in my groin, I discovered I had an erection. *What?* I thought. *A hard-on?--At a time like this?* There's no explaining my dick. But crap, it was aching, though, and hard as a rock. I glanced over at Larry. He sat staring at where the craft had disappeared, his mouth partly open, and he had a rigid erection too!

Larry seemed to snap out of his daze when I scrambled out of our sleeping bag and reached for my jeans and started pulling them on. I was basically a modest guy, and if we were about to meet aliens, I wanted to have some decorum. Larry, on the other hand, loved to go buck-naked, and he'd strip at a moment's notice for just about any excuse. For an otherwise tough big-city cop, Larry was really free-spirited when he was off-duty.

I tugged on my hiking boots, but Larry hadn't bothered getting any clothes on at all. He stood there bare-assed as he watched the treetops where the U.F.O. had disappeared. Then he cocked a disbelieving eyebrow at me. "Are you crazy? You are *not* about to do what I think you're about to do, are you?" he asked, as I started toward the trail that led in the direction of the U.F.O.

"Hurry! This is our chance to meet some real space-alien! We'll be the first to welcome them to Earth!"

I hustled through the woods as quickly and quietly as I could--I didn't want to spook our visitors by crashing through the forest. Larry was right behind me, swearing quietly now and then when his bare feet stepped on something. The trail wove through the trees and then it opened into another clearing, larger than the one where we were camping.

There sat the U.F.O.

That fucker, still glowing slightly, making a quiet humming sound, had to be at least sixty yards long and fifteen yards wide. Larry and I hid behind trees at the edge of the clearing as we stared at it. Right where the

piss-slit would be if it were a flying erection, a tall, narrow doorway soundlessly slid open. A gangway extended to the ground. We watched intently; we were about to get our first look at an alien from another world!

A tall, muscular being appeared in the doorway and paused, looking around slowly, appearing to sniff the air and take in his surroundings, which surely must have seemed strange to him.

Damn, a visitor from outer space!

My first impression was that he appeared bluish because of the craft's interior lights--but he *was* blue! As he stepped out on the gangplank and into the moonlight, I realized his skin was a pale azure, like the color of the sky over the mountains at mid-morning. The spaceman was human-looking, but in a gigantic way. He was a blue titan, maybe eight feet tall or more, and built like a human Olympic athlete but in super scale. And he was definitely male--we could tell because he was stark naked.

I thought, *Damn, what a body!* From his massive shoulders to his narrow hips, he was physically the perfect male. His chest bulged with powerful pecs and gigantic, beautifully defined lats. I licked my lips as I looked at his nipples; they were large, pointed and hard, and they stood out in the middle of his dark aureoles, blue-black circles in his pale blue chest. His arms were hard mounds of muscle; his belly was a steel plate. But I absolutely could not believe his cock--it made my mouth water, because this blue man was incredibly hung. The spaceman's swinging dick was at least fourteen inches long, but it didn't look outlandish on him since his whole body was oversized. Damn, what a dong! It looked as thick as my wrist. And his testicles were like tennis balls hanging in a long, blue leathery sack. Fuck, was he ever equipped!

He was hairless. His coldly handsome face and skull were completely bald, not even eyebrows; and definitely no body hair. His face looked like a sculpture in azure steel, with high cheekbones and a thin mouth. His eyes were large and dark, and, much as I looked for some glint of friendliness, his expression seemed arrogant as he looked around. *Well*, I tried to justify to myself, *he's from a highly advanced race so he has a right to feel superior; Earth must seem incredibly primitive to him.*

He hadn't seen us, which was good because I couldn't tear my eyes away from him. I wondered how we should initiate contact with him. What should we say? What I really wanted to say to him was, *Let me suck your dick, or How big does that damn thing get when it's hard?* Yeah, I wanted to make more than diplomatic contact with this big alien stud.

As we watched, the space pilot's immense cock began to harden. That big piece of meat stiffened; it didn't increase much in length, but it thickened as it lifted ponderously from his body. The spaceman gazed piercingly around the clearing.

Larry and I ducked behind trees again. My skin tingled, and my cock, which had faded to half-hard, was well on its way to inflating again. Damn, all of a sudden I was so fucking horny! Was the alien doing this to us?

The spaceman looked around suspiciously, and then he went back up the gangplank into the ship.

Larry hissed, "I think he knows we're here--and, shit, I don't have my gun."

"What for?" I whispered back. "This is our chance to make contact." By then I was horny enough to abandon caution and run out and throw myself on that big blue cock. What a stud!--What a fucking stud! We looked like midgets compared to him, and both Larry and I were in good shape, both of us right at six feet tall, and both around two hundred pounds of muscle!

The spaceman returned, carrying a boxy apparatus. This time he came all the way down the gangway and his feet touched Planet Earth for the first time. He set the device on the ground; the top part of it telescoped upward until it stood nearly as tall as he was. I couldn't figure out what it was, but something emerged from the top that looked like an ornate broadcast antenna dish, like maybe a signal-booster or a relay? He fussed with a couple of controls, making adjustments. I watched that nude giant as he moved around the machine. His body was a larger version of the finest male swimmers I'd ever coached at the college, and the muscles shifted and worked under his skin, almost an erotic dance.

"He looks pissed about something," I noticed as the alien seemed to be adjusting a setting here, scowling at a meter there. "Maybe it's not working right?"

"Maybe," Larry replied. "Or maybe it's just tricky to set up." Which made sense to me; interstellar technology was probably a lot more complex than setting up a new television or phone was for us Earth humans.

The device made a series of quiet *ping* sounds. I couldn't believe it--suddenly the most amazing erotic fantasies burned through my head, erotic fires stoked by the sight of that nude giant. I daydreamed he and I were together, naked. The magnificent alien beast grabbed my hips and, with firm, steady pressure, his huge cock squeezed into my guts! *Damn, what a stud*, I thought. I looked up into the bluest eyes I'd ever seen, and they were glazed over with lust. He held his big cock-knob motionless inside my sphincter, and in the silence I heard my panting: he got to me and, fuck, I wanted him, wanted him so fucking badly! He was a great, heroic, muscular stud, and my mind was ablaze under his power.

I fantasized that his hips drove more of that gigantic, pale-blue dick through my asshole, and my hands gripped his flanks feverishly. Something about his iron will, his strength, his determination, told me he was a soldier of some kind. Was he scouting this planet? Oh, hell, yes!--An army of men like him! I almost came from the thought. Of course I needed to submit to his will and his cock. Submitting was inevitable, so why resist?

In my fantasy I realized the great stud who was taking over my body and my mind was an enemy, maybe the greatest danger in Earth's history! Although I fought him, I slowly felt myself succumbing--his cock was too big, his sexuality too strong. I knew I should resist it, fight how easily he controlled me, but I couldn't. Against my will, I had lifted my knees higher to accommodate him. With powerful thrusts, he inched the full length of his superhuman penis into me, and at that point I was close to surrendering to him completely. I couldn't help myself--I craved his magnificent physique and the fourteen hard-as-steel inches impaling me, pinning me to the ground like a spread-legged butterfly.

A fiery, powerful thought rose into my brain: I wanted to be his fucking slave!

Oh, hell, no! I had to fight it! I had to break loose.

I shook my head, trying to separate fantasy from reality. I had to shut out the image of his cock, the feel of it sliding unstopably into my ass, and focus on where I was--me, shirtless, scared shitless, wearing nothing but my jeans and hiking boots, hiding behind a tree at the edge of that clearing. My cock pounded in my pants, so hard it was painful. My whole body ached. I glanced over at Larry, who slow-stroked his hard dick while staring blank-faced at the naked spaceman.

"Larry! Larry! Snap out of it!" I punched at his arm, maybe a little harder than I meant to. "Snap the fuck out of it!"

He blinked and looked at me, his eyes shining with lust but more aware again. "What the fuck's happening

here. I'm so fucking horny--hornier than I should be. Are you as hard-up as I am?"

"Yeah, but we can't give in. He's doing something to us. I think that device is making us horny. Or maybe it's him. I don't know."

"What is it? Some kind of cock-ray?" Larry seemed to break free of the mind-spell a little more. He let go of his erection.

"How the fuck should I know?" I whispered. "I felt horny before; but when he turned on that device, everything got a lot more intense. I think maybe it's some kind of signal booster, taking whatever he was doing to us and amplifying it--a *lot*. What should we do?"

Larry had become a policeman after service as a Green Beret when he was in the Army. He was a tough bastard, and nothing cowed him. He was accustomed to action and confrontation, but he said, "I ... I don't know! What do you want me to do, arrest him?"

Another jolt of horniness ran through me. I wanted to jump Larry right then and there and fuck him, and I could tell Larry was thinking the same about me, but somehow we resisted the urgent need.

What I said was, "I dunno what to do. At least he's not carrying a weapon."

"His weapon is the biggest fuckin' thing I've ever seen," Larry hissed, reaching over to squeeze at my jeans-crotch. "It's even bigger than yours."

Damn, that felt good--my dick was still as hard as a baseball bat. "Imagine sucking that thing!" I muttered, the sex-dream images threatening to fill my thoughts again.

"Stay with me," Larry whispered, slapping my face quietly. "I think we should get back to camp, try to call for help. If our phones don't have a signal, we'll try to get down the mountain and notify the authorities, or the government, or somebody."

Our phones? My phone was in my pants pocket, just a couple of inches away to my hard-on that stretched down the opposite pants leg. I pulled my phone out and called up the camera app. The authorities might think we were crazy or on drugs if we stumbled in babbling about penis-shaped flying saucers and blue spacemen with cock-rays; but they'd have to believe us if we had photos for proof. I pointed my phone at the spacecraft and eased myself out from behind the tree trunk to get a good shot.

Larry hissed, "What are you ...? No, don't--"

Larry was cut off at that instant by the stupidest thing that ever happened to me: I stumbled on a root and fell from behind the tree, right into full view of the spaceman. He focused on me instantly.

I got up quickly and smiled, trying to look friendly. "Uh, hi," I called out, taking a step toward him. "Welcome to Earth!"

The stud from outer space stared at me, and the moment I looked into his eyes, I realized I had made a very bad mistake. His eyes weren't blue like I'd imagined earlier; they were jet-black, deep pools of malice and cruelty.

No, he was definitely not friendly.

The spaceman sprinted at me with incredible speed. I turned to run, but the alien giant caught me effortlessly, before Larry could make a move. The alien lifted me off the ground as if I were a child, my arms pinned helplessly to my sides. Sure, he was taller than a human, but proportionally he was definitely a *lot* stronger, maybe as strong as five humans. He held me easily, lifted me easily, and I couldn't make his hands budge. I feared my bones might crack if he gripped much tighter. "Lemme go!" I hollered, kicking, as he carried me quickly back to his craft, up the ramp, and inside the door.

I didn't see anything of Larry. He had been left behind. I hoped to hell he could get help or get me out of there! Shit, what if the spaceship took off?

The blue alien set me down, then clamped his hands on either side of my head. Damn, his hands were cold! He turned my face so I was forced to look directly into his eyes. And his eyes--they seemed so deep, so black and so incredibly fascinating. I wondered if he was trying to hypnotize me. I tried to look away, and managed it for a few seconds, but the magnetism of those eyes was too strong. I felt my gaze drawn back to his. I tried again to turn away, but I couldn't.

I felt a shiver run along my spine as I stared into the black maelstroms of his eyes. Something tingled inside my head, like my brain was itching somehow, but I couldn't move, couldn't turn away, couldn't resist. I don't know what he gathered from my thoughts, but his lips formed a tight, cruel smile. Whatever the reason he had come here to Earth, whatever the purpose of that strange machine he had set up outside, he was up to no good.

He seized the waistband of my jeans and the button at the top snapped open, then the buttons down the fly popped open too. I tried to struggle, but all I could manage was a little weak flailing, and he controlled me effortlessly. I was amazed at the coldness of his body, like a granite statue. I wondered if he were a robot--but with an erection? I felt his huge pecker, which bounced against me several times as we struggled. Fuck, it was hard and definitely alive.

He pushed me down on my ass and tugged the hiking boots, one after the other, off my feet. He jerked at my jeans and half-pulled, half-ripped them off my body, and then I sprawled there on the spacecraft floor as naked as he, and just as hard-cocked too.

I gulped in fear, wondering what Larry could possibly do to save me, wishing he would hurry. I hadn't been hurt yet, and I was still horny enough to wonder what the spaceman would do next.

I was terrified, but when I looked at his great dick, I felt my fear become a terrible arousal. My cock throbbed. I couldn't believe I still had an erection, and my dick felt like it was harder than ever before in my life. How the hell was he doing this, and why? I was scared, but I had a raging boner and I was more turned-on than I'd ever been!

I watched as the alien reached for a container, squirted out a clear liquid, and smeared it over his cock. He looked at me, still sprawled on the floor in front of him, and he leered as he reached down for me.

What happened next surprised me. The giant spaceman put his hands under my shoulders and lifted me up to the level of his face, where again he looked into my eyes. My feet dangled off the ground. His head moved forward, and he put his mouth on mine. The second I felt his cold lips on mine, his icy tongue driving into my mouth, I saw strange visions, stronger than before, and my body raged with an overpowering fire. Fuck, I wanted nothing more than to cum, to shoot my sperm all over and abandon myself to this god of sex. I was still afraid of him, but lust seared through me like a forest fire. My fear was being overcome by arousal.

I reached out for him and tried to pull the oversized being to me in a tight embrace, my feet still off the ground. His body was cold, cold as stone, but I panted with more horniness than I had ever known.

He broke off our kiss and silently laid me on the floor. He crouched above me, and my knees raised into the air automatically, without my command, to open my asshole to him. He gave me that cold smile again, as he pointed his liquid-smearred dick at my ass, and he entered me.

"Aaaaaaagh!" Holy fucking shit, that *hurt!* I was no newbie to anal sex and I'd definitely taken plenty of dicks before, including Larry's butt-stretcher less than an hour earlier, but the spaceman's monstrous cock reamed me out like he was ramming a telescope up my ass!

The more he drilled into me, though, the less it hurt, and the more I craved him. My body ached for more, and I shivered with joy when he pulled his rod out almost completely and slammed it in again, sliding still more of his throbbing inches up my ass. I felt the beginning of a great orgasm. Again, the son of a bitch held his dick motionless, and I slipped more under his control, lost both in the lurid erotic visions that filled my head and in the exciting presence of his cock up my ass. He was a master of suspense: for a moment I thought I would cum from just the pressure of his dong perfectly still inside my body.

I was in bad trouble! My mind cleared for a moment, just long enough for me to realize what was happening. The longer he held that great cock deep inside me, the more I felt myself becoming his sexual slave. He moved, and I couldn't stop moaning as I felt the full length of his incredible fuck-pole pull so-slowly back toward my ass-gate. When he pushed back into me again, he began to pick up a demanding rhythm.

Somehow he was making me want to become his slave, need it, crave it. I fucking craved to submit, to belong, to obey ...

Whatever he was doing to me was so seductive--*too* seductive. Something was wrong. I needed to hold on to my free will. I had to resist. I shouldn't give in--I couldn't! But his sexual force was so strong ...

I knew I shouldn't, but I couldn't resist a little sexual play: I pinched his iron nipple with one hand and clutched at his great butt with my other as his hips lunged urgently forward and back. My quivering rectum tightened hungrily around his rod, and he narrowed his eyes at me with grim appreciation.

I couldn't help responding--my traitorous asshole squeezed around his cock-shaft again and again. I wanted to please him. I tried to fight it, tried with all my might, but I gasped loudly, panting as he backed his steel dick out again, stopping just when the ridge of his glans caught against the gates of my asshole. He looked down at me and smiled again.

I knew exactly what he was doing. Somehow, he was sharing impressions of what he was doing to me, knowing he had me reduced to a helpless moaning need for his cock. What he was sharing told me that when he drove me into an orgasm, there would be nothing left of my mind; he would take me over completely. Suddenly I was panicked, but a corner of my mind thought, *Fuck, what a motherfucking climax that will be!* Part of me couldn't wait to experience it.

No! I was fighting for my will and for my life, I reminded myself, and maybe the fate of the Earth! That machine outside the spacecraft was something nefarious, and this alien was no friendly emissary--but gradually, only a little corner of my brain was left that could think clearly. I was losing my battle. My arms clutched feverishly at the rutting spaceman, my rectum eagerly squeezing and spasming around his great piston, my chest heaving and panting.

Then, on a back-stroke, he accidentally pulled out too far, and his cock-head popped out of my asshole. With every ounce of my determination, I forced myself to shove back from the spaceman, pushing away from his cock before he could plug it back into my ass. In that second, I felt a terrible disappointment and a gasping sense of freedom. I had caught him in a moment of inattention, and I scuttled backward, scrambling to my feet. The doorway to the outside and freedom was just a few feet away, and it was still open. I was weak from the sexual excitement, and my knees almost buckled, but this was my chance to escape!

In a second, though, he was on me from behind, lifting me up in the air and bringing me down to impale me once more on that giant cock as he stood in the doorway of his spaceship, "*Aaagh! Fuck!*" I yelled. My body was frenzied, glad to get back on that big pecker. My feet were off the floor again--I hung suspended from the alien giant's perfect body, hooked on fourteen inches of the greatest erection on Earth. Each time he pulled out, he lifted me up nearly off his big prong. When he thrust back in again, that cosmic cock sank deep into me, like it was trying reach all the way through me to the back of my throat! He was overwhelming my mind but he was also training my body--the more lunges he made, the easier his cock traveled in and out of my ass-cavity, stretched tight as a drum.

Again those sexual visions swallowed my thoughts, and I craved to jack-off as the great interstellar stud drove back and forth in my chute. I wanted--needed--to cum, though I knew that would be oblivion.

I was already close to an orgasm--I felt one smoldering deep in my balls and starting to grow stronger. I desperately tried to think of anything, *anything*, to keep my climax suppressed and my head clear: cold showers, snowball fights, math tests, mowing lawns, running races ... But my thoughts slid irresistibly toward sweaty wrestling matches, cock-swinging swimmers circle-jerking in the showers, jock-strapped punks falling to their knees before hard-dicked policemen, an row upon naked row of marching sky-colored spacemen. The erotic visions started to swallow me again.

No! Fucking hell, no! He was controlling my thoughts! Sweating, desperate, I felt my orgasm growing, going faster, like an airplane's wheels just leaving the runway. Once I came, I knew nothing of my free will would be left inside my head. I had only a few seconds before I became his mindless slave!

Summoning all my resolve and praying I could remember my diving skills, I reached back and pushed, tried to flip my body upward, arching my legs into the air, launching myself off that wonderful cock. I grabbed the back of the spaceman's neck for leverage, and my shoulders slipped out of his grip. Up and over him I went, half-flipping, half-climbing. I was running even before I hit the ground, and I was down the ramp in a hurry.

But at the foot of the ramp he caught me again, and I almost gave up. The orgasm buzzed pleasantly in my balls, waiting only for the alien's master-cock to trigger it and bring about my thunderous climax and my enslavement. Shit, he had me in trapped a state of hyper-arousal! The stellar stud bent me onto my hands and knees and, against my will, my legs spread for him. That was it; I was almost gone.

Just before the spaceman's titanic cock would have entered me, I heard a tremendous crash, and a second later the alien's mighty body collapsed onto the ground beside me, out cold. Larry, my old buddy, had broken a thick tree limb over the spaceman's head. Larry stood there, still naked, still with a hard-on, panting and sweating, like a triumphant gladiator.

I crawled to my feet, almost crying both with relief and the need to cum. That weird growing orgasm didn't fade, though. It throbbed in my cock and balls, in my whole groin, and something about it seemed to reverberate in the back of my head too. The about-to-climax feeling felt like a living thing in me, like something about to be born. I could feel it about to break; it still hovered inside my groin, at such a peak of

intensity it was painful!

Larry was trembling, too, from the excitement and exertion, but I couldn't miss that he had the biggest boner I had ever seen on him. "Fuck, you don't know how hard it was for me to do that," he said.

"Yeah, that's a big tree limb."

"That's not what I meant," he said, his voice hoarse. "I had to force myself to hit him. When I got ten feet from the spacecraft, I got so horny I could hardly walk. All I wanted to do was kneel in front of him and suck his cock." He looked around, embarrassed. "We, uh, better tie him up."

"What can we tie him with? He's incredibly strong; ropes won't hold him." That throbbing near-orgasm kept me from thinking too clearly--and damn, I thought it might be growing stronger. "Let's just get the fuck out of here!"

My buddy was the brave one, damn it. "No, hold on. Let's tie him up with some of this wire stuff."

I saw then that, while I'd been inside the craft, Larry had managed to get a panel off the side of the device, and he had pulled out fistfuls of what looked sort of like wires. The mechanism didn't have anything that looked like Earth circuits or electronics, but it had plenty of wires. Hell, maybe the wires *were* the alien's technology? Most were short, but a couple were really long--enough to go around the alien several times. We grabbed the longest one and wound it in five or seven loops around the spaceman's chest and arms, then used another to tie his legs together at the ankles. We trussed him up like a bale of hay.

All the while, the weird near-orgasm pounded in my head and burned in my nuts and guts. Finally I couldn't take it any longer. "Larry, you gotta help me."

"What's wrong?"

"You gotta fuck me. That blue bastard did something to me. He got me horny, like you said, so horny I can hardly walk. Oh, fuck, I've got a backed-up climax burning in my balls, and I've got to let it out! Larry, I need somebody to finish the job. Here! Now!"

Larry grinned. I'd felt his policeman's *serve and protect* cock up my ass many times before. "Hey, that works for me, man," he smirked, taking his big erection in his hand. "I'm so horny, I can't take another step without fucking something."

I lay back on the ground, and he lifted my knees, raising both my legs in the air. He wasn't hung like the spaceman, of course, but he had a good seven and a half inches and a heroic physique. His battering-ram pushed against my bung-hole, which was still slick from whatever lubricant the spaceman had used, and I thrust my ass up against his invading cock. Fuck, his dick had never felt so sublime! Larry groaned, stabbing down harder, and the sensation became intense.

At the last moment, I glanced at the spaceman. He had revived! He still seemed stunned, but he was sitting up and staring at us with an intent, piercing expression, as if shocked by this turn of events. I would have been terrified, but at that moment, I was too insane with arousal to care: Larry's dong turned me into an exploding supernova, and everything went red in a blast of sexual release.

We lay panting, helpless for several minutes. "Damn," Larry croaked, "what did that spaceman do to you? You'll never believe the fantasies I had while we were fucking."

We sat up and looked at the spaceman. He watched us with an unblinking stare. He had struggled with his bonds, because we could see welts where the wire had bit into his skin. "I've got an idea;" Larry said. "What's good for the goose ought to be a good butt-fuck for the gander."

"Huh?"

"Let's fuck that guy! Let's do to him what he was going to do it to you."

I was scared. "No, let's get out of here! When he was fucking me, I could feel myself becoming his damned slave!" But when we approached the alien, both our cocks re-hardened instantly, swaying as we walked, and for the first time I saw a flicker of something nervous in the spaceman's shark-black eyes. Was that ... fear?

"Hey, you see that?" Larry said. "He's scared." Larry was always quick to read people's emotions, because of the criminals he dealt with. He was right too: the alien *did* look scared.

"You know what, Larry? When he was fucking me, I felt myself becoming his slave," I said. "If he had fucked me all the way into cumming, I know I couldn't have ever gotten loose from him."

"Maybe he's afraid we'll do that to him," Larry said. "Wow, one fuck and you're a sex-slave? Think what that could do for law enforcement! Yeah, let's do it!"

The spaceman's face filled with terror as I helped Larry pull him to his knees. "Don't worry about a thing," Larry sneered at the alien. "You're gonna like this." Larry grabbed the giant peter roughly with one hand. "Hell, I'd sure love to flash a cock like this in the locker room!"

Maybe Larry's blow with the tree limb upside his head rattled the alien's mental powers, left him too stunned to use them on us. Whatever the reason, he couldn't seem to take control of the situation back from us. I seized the spaceman's head and kissed him hard. The huge man kept his lips shut tight and tried to struggle away. Knowing I was about to turn the tables on him felt great.

The alien squirmed against his bonds as Larry and I maneuvered him into a crouch, resting on his knees and shoulders since his arms were bound tightly to his sides. I moved behind him, crouching over that magnificent ass.

Larry moved in front and, lifting the spaceman's shoulders, he raised the blue head to his needy cock. With one mighty lunge, I rammed my meat-stick all the way in the alien's interstellar ass! The visitor's mouth gasped open, and Larry tried to stick his dick into it, but the spaceman twisted his head away.

The spaceman's azure skin was cool to the touch, but the inside of his ass was hotter than a furnace around my shaft. I looked at Larry, and his expression was pure lust. As I ground my erect peter into the alien's ass, I reached up, ran one hand over his bald cranium. The space-stud's sphincter clamped and snapped, trying to push my cock out, but I was hard and horned-up, and I kept relentlessly working my prick in and out of his hole. After seven or ten thrusts, gradually, something seemed to happen to the alien, and he wasn't struggling as hard any longer. Somehow the alien was giving in to me. I drove an extra-deep thrust, extra-hard, and the spaceman's jaw opened wide. This time Larry filled his mouth with hard, pulsating Earth-meat. Larry groaned, thrusting his hips forward, his balls bouncing against the spaceman's chin.

The space-invader had become the invaded. The pale blue titan was plugged front and rear, and I wondered what was going through *his* mind. Did some sort of psycho-sexual enslavement happen when his species got fucked? "Feel yourself losing it, spaceman?" I grunted, and I felt him flex his rectum around my plunging

dick, just as I had done to him earlier, a last weak try at pushing me out. I plowed into him with a vengeance, slamming hard into those Olympian buttocks, sinking in a little deeper each time. He wasn't fighting me at all now. He moved in rhythm with me, wanting it, wanting my cock in his ass, surrendering to me.

"Fuck, he ... Throat ... So good ...," Larry babbled. "Oh, hell, yeah ... Suck ..."

Suddenly the huge visitor flexed his mighty torso and, to our horror, the wire loops around his arms and chest and ankles snapped like strings! Before either of us could withdraw, one superhuman arm snaked around Larry, clamping around his waist, locking Larry's groin to the sucking blue lips. With his other hand, the spaceman supported his body on the ground, freeing Larry's hands to grip and caress that hairless blue head. The alien didn't struggle away from me; he remained impaled on my dick. In fact, he hunched his ass back onto my slippery cock even harder.

He liked it! He wanted it!

The alien released Larry's torso to reach between his own legs to start a jack-off session. Yeah!

As turned-on as we were, we all hit the orgasm point at once. A precursor wave of fiery pleasure swept over me as I felt the spaceman tremble, and I heard Larry jabbering mindlessly. The great blue body paused, gathering strength for the next wave of bliss, and in that moment of exquisite ecstasy-agony my cock let loose a mind-shattering blast of steaming Earth-jizz.

The spaceman stroked his titanic pecker feverishly. He shot great streams of iridescent white jism onto the ground, his chest heaving in great, erratic bursts.

The alien coughed--Larry had been joyously filling his mouth with hot Earthman-cum. A good soldier, the space-stud swallowed every drop. Only a dribble smeared his lips when Larry finally withdrew his still-smoldering cock.

The seriousness of our situation suddenly hit me: the spaceman was loose, and we were no match for his stupendous strength or speed. Larry realized the same thing at the same moment, and we looked at the spaceman with apprehension, but the spaceman turned his face back at me, and in his eyes I saw ... something new--like affection, or an eagerness to please us!

"Fuck, look at that," Larry said. "You made him cum, and now he's *your* slave."

I was dumbfounded. "No, dude," I said to the alien, "that's not our way. You're free. We mean you no harm."

The enormous man stood up, strode over to the damaged device, and picked it up. He carried it back to the ship and set it inside. "You see?" I said. "He's taking back the weapon, or whatever it is."

"I dunno," Larry mused as the spaceman came back down the gangway to rejoin us. "You know what's going to happen? He's going to repair it and go somewhere else on Earth and leave it."

"No, he's not. Watch this." I grabbed my cock and waved it at the blue man. Instantly he dropped to his knees and gobbled my dong into his mouth. "He loves my cock too much to blow up my planet."

We spent what little of the night remained feeding our cocks to the spaceman. We rutted around on the forest floor, and both Larry and I took turns face-fucking the spaceman, three or four times apiece. I fucked the alien's ass again. The spaceman clawed and hacked at the earth as I rode his butt, pulling up hunks of grass in

his sex-frenzy. Damn, what a horny stud! Larry and I traded off turns getting sucked again. By my third orgasm and Larry's second, the titan had drained our balls so well my cock could only dribble helplessly as I ejaculated.

When the first evidence of dawn came, I told the alien he should go back to his people and tell them the citizens of Earth want peace. He seemed to understand me. He silently got up, strode up the gangway, disappeared into his ship. The hatch closed and the ramp slid into the glowing metal wall. No goodbyes. Silently the craft rose into the sky, and then it accelerated, and it was gone, like it was never there.

"Damn, did that really happen?" Larry asked. We looked around at the claw-marks in the grass, the strands of wires left from the device, and our own semen-streaked bodies. Some of the cum-streaks seemed impossibly blueish-white, iridescent like mother-of-pearl.

"Yeah, it happened," I said. "And I'm glad it's over--I couldn't have held out if another of those spacemen showed up. Now what are we going to do?"

"Well," Larry growled in a husky tone, "in all those combinations, I never felt your big dick up my ass." He dropped to his hands and knees. "How 'bout it?" I looked down at my powerful, muscular friend, who was offering me his ass. "C'mon, stud," he urged in his deep voice, "ride my ass."

I was about to protest that I couldn't possibly cum again, but the sight of him got me aroused and hard. I crawled up behind the big cop, mounted him, resting my chest on his rippling, sweating back. I grunted as I directed my rod at his asshole. I had skewered Larry's hot butt many times before, but this time he squirmed and writhed as I pumped into him, almost as if I were causing him pain. "Aaah, hell ... Ohhhh, fuck!" he moaned.

"What's the matter?" I hissed.

"So big ... You're so big ... So damn big ... Bigger than before ...," he babbled. "Don't stop--don't stop! Fuck me! Fuck me!" Damn, Larry was under the influence of some power. He'd never given in to me this totally before. His voice began to sound strange, almost drugged or enthralled. "Fuck me--fuck me--fuck me," he chanted. "Fuck me--fuck me--fuck me--"

As my cock-head bounced against his internal hot-button, to my astonishment Larry thrashed and beat at the grass in a sex-fever. Inspired to superhuman efforts, I humped Larry like a stallion, my hard-on going in all the way to the root with every lunge, then out all the way, deep-dicking him with every cycle. I reached under his belly and felt around for his cock. It slapped my hand as his hips trembled against me. When I squeezed his wood in my fist, he hissed, "Oh, yes--yes--yesss!"

I slapped away at his big dong with the same rhythm as my fucking, until Larry let out the loud primal moan of a rutting animal. His hips spasmed. His big nightstick gushed an amazing salvo as his balls unloaded their juice. "Aaaaah--aaagh!" Larry roared.

The feel of his hot ball-grease slithering through my fingers kicked me over the edge too, and I squirted every remaining drop of liquid out of my balls and into his throbbing ass. "Fuck, yeah!" I shouted as I came.

When it was all over and we lay panting on the grass, Larry turned to me. "What the fuck did you do to me?" he groaned. "I've never felt so ... so completely taken-over by a man in my whole fucking life. That was wonderful. I came so hard I practically blacked out!"

I pondered that while we got to our feet. "I don't know," I told Larry honestly as we started the walk back to our campsite. Maybe humans and the spaceman's alien race were more alike than we seemed at first--maybe having him probe inside my head awakened something in me that was similar to the mental power he used on us? Or maybe that weird lingering orgasm the titan had nearly caused did it? Was that why my fucking the alien's ass seemed to put him under my control? All of that was beyond my understanding so I tried to joke it off. I laughed and I seized my dick and shook it toward Larry. "What do you think?"

He looked over, his eyes locked onto my cock, and he said, "I ... I ... I want to get down and suck your dick so bad, I can hardly stop myself."

"Hey, don't fight it," I said. "Suck me, stud."

"Oh, fuck," he muttered and dropped to his knees before me. "I ... I can't ..." He slurped my still-soft dick into his mouth.

We finally got back to our campsite maybe an hour later. Larry's phone was pinging--he'd gotten an urgent text message sometime during the night. He checked it and frowned. "Something's up. There's a state of emergency. They're calling in every policeman in the state. I gotta check this out."

He called up the web browser on his phone. "Damn it all," he swore. "We beat one, but there were more! Lots more." He held his phone where we could both see and hear the video news report.

The reporter said hundreds of penis-shaped spacecraft had landed around the world over the last twelve hours. Naked blue aliens had set up an array network in cities and parts of the countryside; they were broadcasting a transmission that caused everyone for miles around to experience "extreme sexual arousal and hallucinations" and seemed to result in "compromised free will." And it seemed to be spreading. Citizens were advised to remain indoors, avoid contact with the blue visitors, and wait for further instructions from their local law enforcement officials.

Maybe our alien had been assigned to set up a broadcast node on the mountain where Larry and I had happened to be camping. I'd managed to fight being enslaved by one spaceman, thanks to Larry's help, but how were we--or the whole world--supposed to hold out against an army of naked blue invaders?

Larry and I looked at each other, stunned. In unison, we said, "*Fuck!*"