

The year was 1955, and the world was in danger. This danger came not in the form of the atom and its radioactive caprices, nor from the pernicious touch of Communism. This danger came from beyond the stars, from the surface of Venus, and it came in sleek, metallic space-ships.

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Rick Sullivan, square-jawed hunk and former GI, strode through the guts of the Pentagon. The darkened hallways through which he walked laid far below the earth's surface in the hopes that the depth would protect the secret projects contained within from potential attackers, but against their current foe, the United States could scarcely imagine how their defenses would hold up.

He shook his head, recalling the fateful day their enemy had made itself known. One month ago, an idyllic Sunday in Springfield, Illinois, had turned into something out of an H.G. Wells novel. The clouds had parted to reveal a shining cylinder of what appeared to be metal...though there was no way something as massive as that could float if it were. The cowering citizenry had run, screaming, but even over the din of their panic, the strange vessel's message could be heard for miles.

"BRING US YOUR HUNKS."

What they'd meant, no one could figure out, but a few days after the first contact between the alien aggressors and the people of earth, a private line of communication had been established through unknown means, connecting the President and the mysterious visitors. Similar ships had appeared over nearly every major American city in the days that followed. New York. Washington, DC. San Francisco. Chicago. The list went on as the weeks did the same, and soon the entire country was practically swarming with the damned things.

The government had been quiet on the subject, issuing little more than a few token acknowledgments of the strange objects. Didn't do much to quell the public's mounting uneasiness, but it was after one such scripted announcement that Rick had been called to the nation's capital.

Why he'd been called, he couldn't say. Heck, he was just an American everyman. Rough and tumble during World War Two, mellowed a bit when peacetime'd finally come. He'd reached lieutenant back in the war, true, but why they could want him specifically...he had no clue.

Well, he'd be finding out soon enough. He finally found the meeting room and stepped inside, saluting. "Former United States Lieutenant Richard Sullivan." He brought his hand down and made his way to the circular table that dominated the room. "I was told to report here to take part in the meeting. Supposed to be regarding those *things* that've been popping up all over the damn place."

The parties assembled within glanced up at his entrance, though only a few kept their attention on him. For such a large table, there weren't many people present. A few government officials in suits, one in a general's uniform, and one in a lab coat. One of the officials stepped forward, extending a hand. "George Roebuck, Secretary of Homeland Security."

Rick shook his hand, though his eyes widened at the title. "Homeland Security?" The issue was serious, of course, but he couldn't quite understand where someone as commonplace as he fit into things.

Secretary Roebuck nodded gravely. "That's right, son." Around an inch or two taller than Rick and greying at his sideburns, George seemed to be leading the meeting. He returned to his seat at the head of the table and motioned for Rick to sit at his right hand. "Now that Mister Sullivan's here, I expect it's about time to explain just what's been going on lately." He tapped a button on the table, and a projector hummed to life in the table's center. "And what we intend to do to solve it. Now-"

A picture lit up on a screen displayed to the side of the table. It showed the United States of America pocked with red dots. They seemed to be bigger over major population centers, but that didn't change the fact that they nearly covered the entire map.

"As I'm sure you all know -- with the exception of Mister Sullivan, perhaps -- we've been targeted by what our scientists believe to be visitors from another planet." Rick nearly snorted with laughter at the absurdity of the claim, but when the scientist rose from his seat to step beside the map, it seemed a lot less amusing. "I'll leave the theory on our 'guests' to our liaison from MIT, Doctor Frances Price. Doctor Price, if you'd be so kind?"

"Of course. Now." He pressed a finger to his glasses, pushing them back up to the bridge of his nose. Turning to the screen -- now displaying a grainy photograph of one of the vessels -- he spoke. "This remains a theory -- insofar as anything lacking definitive evidence must remain a theory -- but as far as we can tell, the 'space ships,' for lack of a better term, originate from another planet. Their construction outclasses anything possible on Earth, and the technology necessary to achieve such staggering feats is, in a word, inconceivable in its invention."

He turned to the table and continued. "It is therefore my professional opinion -- and that of my colleagues, as well -- that they originate from another planet, one with a civilization far more advanced than those currently found on Earth. This is further corroborated by the accounts of the President's communication with the 'mother ship,' for lack of a better term."

He gestured to a stack of paper sitting on the meeting table. "The transcripts document the request of whoever's operating the vessels. Said request was initially relayed in Mandarin before then being made in Swahili, Esperanto, and -- finally -- English. It was after the President responded to the fourth attempt that all further communication was made in English."

"And what was this request, Doctor Price?" Secretary Roebuck asked, leaning his elbows on the table and steeping his fingers.

Doctor Price looked to the screen, brow furrowed. He sighed. Pressing a button, he shook his head and continued as bold, dark letters were displayed on the screen.

BRING US YOUR HUNKS.

Rick gasped, eyes going wide at the sudden revelation. The initial message! Is that what they could have meant?!

Doctor Price nearly couldn't get the words out, but he forced himself to speak. "They want our hunks. Well-muscled beefcake is the sole purpose of their visit to Earth."

The room was so deathly quiet that a pin dropping would've sounded like a thousand clattering frying pans.

"My God," came Secretary Roebuck's horrified reaction. He rose from his seat, hands planted on the meeting room table. "And there's no error in translation? No chance that they--"

Doctor Price silenced him with one shake of his head. "That was the President's first reaction, too. He tried -- valiantly, I might add -- to steer them away from their supposed intent, but time and time again, they denied his every attempt at compromise or correction."

He pressed a button, and the picture displayed changed to a grinning bodybuilder being lifted from the ground up into one of the strange ships by a strange beam of light.

"Hunks."

"This--" Rick couldn't help himself. He rose from his seat, slammed his palms flat against the table, and turned to Secretary Roebuck. "This is insane! Nearly every guy I *know's* a hunks! You're telling me that these--" He thrust a single accusatory finger at the image on the screen. "That these extraterrestrial bastards are gonna try and gobble up all of them?!"

"Not just them," Secretary Roebuck intoned gravely. His eyes met Rick, and even he could see that Secretary Roebuck was struggling to keep his cool. Eventually he leaned forward in his seat, resting heavily on his elbow. "They're trying to gobble up *you* up, too, son."

Before Rick could even speak -- not that he was in much of a position to talk -- Secretary Roebuck continued. "Now, we can bullshit each other all we want, but it won't do us a lick of good. Rick, you're a hunk. A bona fide stud." He rose from his seat as well, narrowing his eyes and pointing at Rick. "And that's exactly why you're here."

There was a pause. A heavy silence hanging in the air. Then, finally, Roebuck's shoulders sagged, he turned from Rick, and pinched the bridge of his nose. "God help me. Doctor Price, tell Rick why he's here." He shook his head. "I just can't do it."

Doctor Price had similar difficulties doing so, but in the end, he spoke. He did not, however, look at Rick once in his explanation.

"We have, as previously explained, a direct line to the 'mother ship,' for lack of a better term. In the process of negotiating a possible counter-offer, the President was suddenly given an ultimatum." Price had to pause for a moment, shutting his eyes and holding his breath. "He was to deliver a specimen for appraisal within forty-eight hours."

"That was forty-four hours ago."

Rick's blood ran cold.

"He's been stalling for as long as he can, but the deadline's approaching, and we can't risk reprisal. These things are over every damn city in America, just about, and there's no telling what they're capable of." Price turned to Rick, finally, and spoke. "We held a lottery, drawing from a pool of suitable hunks, studs, and heart-throbs. Your name came up, Mister Sullivan."

The words crashed down on Rick like a truckload of bowling balls. He staggered once, twice, almost toppling over from shock.

But he finally steadied himself. He stood tall. Proud. And though he was afraid, he fought his fear and kept his head held high. "What," he said, "do I have to do, doctor?"

There was a short-lived sigh of relief from some of the government officials, but it wasn't long before it was swept aside by Doctor Price's hurried explanation. He and Secretary

Roebuck stepped forward, taking Rick by the arm and guiding him from the table to a side door. As he was led from the meeting room, he caught a glimpse of the general, saluting him with what looked to be tears in his eyes.

"Wish I had just about a tenth of your guts, Lieutenant."

But there was no time for a response. No, Rick and his two guides were navigating yet more hallways, these ones sterile white. Doctor Price spoke hurriedly as they made their way into their apparent destination.

"Now," he said, brow furrowed intensely. "We have been sent a device by the 'mother ship,' for lack of a better term. It's capable of transporting organic and inorganic material from one space to another instantaneously, similar to how a telephone instantly transmits one's voice. This 'tele-porter,' for lack of a better term, is how the President was instructed to deliver the designated hunk."

They finally entered a room, empty save for a strange, glowing device. Looked almost like an armchair with a few light bulbs sticking out of it, but somehow Rick knew it was a bit more complicated than that.

"Now," Doctor Price continued, leading Rick to the machine and sitting him down in it.

"There's no time to explain the method by which this transportation is achieved -- nor any concrete explanations -- but we can confirm that you *will* be safely tele-ported, for lack of a better term, to the mother ship, for lack of a better term."

Straps went across his chest, his arms, his legs. His wrists and ankles were similarly tied down to the seat by a material unlike anything he'd felt or seen before. Soft, but unyielding in its tensile strength. Rick gave an experimental flex of one sculpted bicep, but he couldn't so much as budge his restraints.

"I wish we had more time to go over this. Truly, I do." Doctor Price spoke to Rick, but the scientist's attention was more focused on an array of blinking lights and mechanical controls in front of him. He flipped switches, pushed buttons and even pulled a lever. "But time, as they say, flees. Beginning initial power-up countdown. One minute until transport."

"You're doing more for your country than most men can dream of, Mister Sullivan," came Secretary Roebuck's stony reassurance. He almost clapped a hand on Rick's shoulder, but something stopped him. Fear, perhaps. "God willing, you'll be returned to the green arms of Earth soon. If not..."

He was silent for a moment.

"Your wife will be taken care of financially by the federal government."

"Thirty seconds."

Rick's heart pounded in his chest. He shut his eyes.

"Ten seconds."

He wanted to scream, to cry, to do something, anything, but-

"Five. Four. Three. Two. O-"

There was a flash of light, a sudden and profound silence, and then...nothing.

When Rick finally came to, he felt like he'd just been slapped silly by an ornery octopus, but it was no surly cephalopod that had him dazed. No, the teleportation device had worked its esoteric magic on him, and sent him...directly aboard one of the vessels.

At least, he assumed that's what had happened. After all, there was no other way to account for the sudden, jarring change in scenery. The cramped subterranean staging area of his Pentagonal mission had changed to a wide, open room. It was reminiscent -- though he didn't quite know it -- of the halls of Ancient Greece. Pillars lined the outer rim of the room, and everything -- *everything* -- gleamed shiny, reflective chrome.

Everything, perhaps, except for the skin of the woman in front of him. No, that was beautiful, peerless porcelain, cream-pale and so soft-looking that it held Rick's eyes longer than the room around him ever could. Clad in a similarly metallic leotard, one that did nothing to hide her cleavage or the blush-inducing swell of her hips, she was a dead ringer for Bettie Page and the pin-up queens that had plastered his bedroom walls. Raven hair, piercing blue eyes, and ruby-red lips. Long, lissome legs that capped at the callipygian swell of her pert derriere. There was no doubt about it:

This was the face of the alien menace.

He struggled once more against his bindings, furious at the heartless aggressor that had so callously demanded his country give up their hunks. His muscles tensed and strained in his ultimately Sisyphean effort. She stepped forward, tall, chrome heels clicking against the ground. Struggling, Rick tried desperately to stop her as she reached out, but his fighting stopped when she touched a gloved hand to his temple.

Instantly, he felt his ire vanish, subsumed by a warm, pleasant glow in the pit of his stomach. His muscles relaxed, he slumped back in his seat, and his eyelids fluttered. Rick managed to keep his eyes open, though, even if the effort seemed two steps from too much. He looked up at her, craning his neck to meet her gaze, and spoke through the enervating relaxation.

"Who. What are you?"

When she spoke, it was almost mechanical, even if her voice was that of a silver-screen siren's. Smooth and melodious, the alien terror explained. "I am Biological Technician Velora Thirty-Six of planet Venus Prime, a planet known to your people as 'Venus.' I have been tasked with ensuring your physical fitness and performing the first extraction." She turned from him and busied herself at what appeared to be a highly advanced terminal. Words flashed on a screen above a keyboard faster than he could read, and lights blinked on the side of it.

Rick blinked heavily, and with a shake of his head, cleared his thoughts. "Extraction? Whuh-" The pleasure she'd filled him with was potent, but it wasn't irresistible. He could fight it, and he intended to do just that. Maybe if he could stall for time, he'd be able to find out what they wanted. For all he knew, the President was negotiating his release as they spoke! Rick narrowed his eyes at Velora and refocused his thoughts.

"What are you going to extract?"

"Your semen," she said calmly, even as he nearly sputtered. "Venus Prime has exhausted its vast reserves of semen, and we are in danger of going extinct because of it." She looked away from the terminal and, for just one moment, seemed to show some modicum of sympathy. "It is an unfortunate necessity that we have come to your planet. Velora Prime, our queen, is prepared to reward your people handsomely for their sacrifice."

"Sacrifice? What do y-" His words were silenced by a trio of devices lowering from the ceiling and attaching themselves to him, one by one. The first to slide on was what felt like a circlet around his head. The second was a pair of goggles -- though they were more like a blindfold, couldn't see out of them. Finally, something seemed to press against his groin and...

He suddenly felt the cool air against his crotch, his trousers having been unzipped and tugged to his knees. In the face of his alien captor, Rick found himself shamefully half-hard, which is exactly what allowed the third device to slide around his member and latch onto it.

Frozen in place, half by fear, half by his restraints, and half by a strange electric pulse from the band around his head, Rick couldn't even begin to free himself from the strange devices. He could still hear Velora tapping at the terminal, though what she was doing, he had no idea.

An inkling, however, began to form when an image appeared in front of him. A woman sitting on a throne dominated his vision, apparently displayed on the inside of his goggles. What was strange, however, was that even if the throne was displayed with crystal clarity, the woman herself was...indistinct. It was as if she was seen through an oil-smearred window. As time went on, however, the image cleared.

She was just as beautiful as Velora, if not moreso. Her figure had the same delectable hourglass ratio with just a bit more curve to her bust and her hips, and the chrome leotard she wore was complemented by a similarly metallic cape. Black hair framed a heart-shaped face. She wore a crown, as well, set just above a pair of enchanting green eyes.

"Greetings, Earthling," she said, her voice seeming to echo in the back of Rick's head. Her voice was beautiful, but it commanded attention more than it induced adoration. Even if Rick hadn't been struck dumb by her beauty, he would have been silenced by her tone.

"I am Velora Prime, Queen of Venus Prime. You have been selected as a semen donor based on your physical and genetic desirability. To facilitate your brave sacrifice, we Venusians have constructed the Extractor to ensure your semen is extracted as pleasurably as possible."

As if on cue, the device attached to his manhood began to clench around his member, drooling lubrication onto his cock. The pleasure was exquisite, though it was more languid than anything that could bring him to orgasm. Of course, Rick was hardly in a position to complain. His penis was quickly coaxed to its full, twitching length, though the Extractor didn't increase its speed as he throbbed inside it.

"We have designed the Extractor to be irresistible, knowing that you would resist our attempts to extract your semen." A large, black and white spiral began to turn behind Velora Prime's throne, spinning slowly. "Resistance is futile. You *will* ejaculate until your testicles empty, and you will do so willingly."

"As we speak, your mind is being probed to determine your ideal sexual partner. When she is compiled, I will adopt her appearance and instruct you to ejaculate, and you will do so."

The Extractor had gotten a bit faster now. If he hadn't been hanging off of Velora Prime's every word, Rick would've sworn he heard slurping. His cock twitched and bulged in the vacuum-tight embrace, and little by little, it changed to accommodate his member. The temperature inched just a bit higher. The lubrication was just a bit slicker. The suction wasn't quite so strong, it wasn't moving quite so fast. Every change that it could make to

suit Rick's personal preferences, it did. It wasn't long before the Extractor knew Rick's cock better than he did, and it used the data to milk him expertly.

And all the while, he drooled, staring at an image of Velora Prime. Electricity buzzed in the back of his head until it stilled with a *Ping!* Velora Prime stepped forward, the mesmerizing spiral behind her only pulling Rick deeper. "Your ideal sexual partner has been determined. Adjusting simulated image now."

She blinked. Then, with another *Ping!*, her hair turned blonde and her eyes turned blue.

It was incredible how such a tiny change completely changed how Rick saw her, but God help him, it did. He drooled at the beach bunny blonde pointing at him, bucking his hips into the air as best he could as the spiral spun faster.

"You will obey!" She commanded, pushing out her breasts and practically ordering him to ogle her cleavage. "You will ejaculate!" Another vision of her appeared beside the first, hips swaying and gyrating for his greedy eyes. "You will surrender!" Spirals bloomed in his vision like poppies, slowing his thoughts like molasses, and soon all Rick could do was mindlessly gawk at the harem of Velora Primes dancing, frolicking, gyrating, bouncing in front of him.

One wobbled her breasts from side to side, tugging the zipper of her leotard down inch by tantalizing inch, just moments from exposing the peaks of her nipples. But before she could bare herself to him, Rick glanced to another, one posing in a chrome bikini, winking flirtatiously at him even as the hypnotic spiral behind her emptied his mind. A pin-up calendar unfolded before his very eyes, private fantasies showcased one by one, and all the while...

...the Extractor brought him closer and closer to release. Rick barely noticed when words flashed in front of him. But he knew he needed to OBEY. He wanted so very badly to EJACULATE, and he knew that as soon as he SURRENDERed, he'd experience the PLEASURE that Velora Prime promised him.

And as he ogled a Velora Prime wrapped up in a luxurious fur coat, nothing underneath, her body writhing with barely-restrained desire...Rick came. The sweet, slippery suction of the Extractor proved to be too much. His willpower was finally depleted, and his testicles clenched down, eager to empty every drop of seed he had into the ravenous mechanical maw of the Extractor.

As soon as he pumped the first splurt of his semen into the Extractor, the image on his goggles changed. Gone was Velora Prime and her bevy of beautiful body-doubles. All that remained was the bottomless black and white spiral and the flashing commands. Normally Rick would've taken issue with the sudden disappearance. With his mind steeping in the afterglow and the Extractor still milking his manhood, though, he wasn't inclined to complain.

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Velora Thirty-Six watched impassively as the subject bucked his hips up and emptied his semen into the Extractor.

No, there was a hint of something behind her perfect face. A deep, knotted guilt, one that she couldn't undo, try as she might. It was wrong, what they were doing. But what choice did they have? One country's hunks would be enough to ensure Venus Prime's survival for millennia.

If they were to extract the hunks' only orgasms in the process...wasn't that a worthy sacrifice?

She leaned heavily against the terminal, overcome with something approaching shame. She could turn off the Extractor, but what good would that do? The subject could only orgasm once during his lifetime. Would she truly make amends by denying him half of it?

Finally the Extractor's slurping quieted. The subject's orgasm had finished, and he sagged back in his seat, panting and sweat-soaked.

That was that, Velora Thirty-Six thought to herself grimly. Her mission accomplished. The semen produced promised genetically viable offspring. There she was, another proud cog in the machine mercilessly milking these poor, innocent hunks dry.

But then... Half an hour later... As Velora Thirty-Six grappled with the philosophical quandary that came with the forced extraction of a hunk's semen... The Extractor hummed to life once more.

Velora Thirty-Six's eyes went wide, and she turned to face the machine. Watching, awestruck, she couldn't stifle her gasp when...when...!

When the subject ejaculated once more!

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And with a single cumshot -- or, more accurately, two cumshots -- a hypothesis was corrected. Minutes after the sample specimen came a second time into the Extractor, the Venusian "mother ship," for lack of a better term, contacted the White House to confirm their adjusted theory.

Baffled and a bit embarrassed, the President assured Velora Prime that most men could assuredly ejaculate more than once, and that it would be incredibly rare -- if not totally unheard of -- for a male to only orgasm once during his lifetime. Some of the American public school system's finest sexual education teachers were invited to explain the phenomenon known as the "refractory period" to the Venusian Council of Ultra Science. It was with this newfound knowledge that they proposed an offer to the President:

Instead of forcefully abducting every hunk in the United States of America and milking them dry, the Venusians would instead temporarily establish "semen donation centers" across the United States and accept voluntary donations for a year before returning to Venus.

Though the President was initially skeptical of such a proposal, Former Lieutenant Richard Sullivan's insistence that he try the Extractor "at least once" persuaded him to undergo extraction. Following two and a half hours of extraction, the President agreed to the proposal with the condition that the technology behind the device be made freely available.

And thus war between planets was narrowly avoided, America's hunks saved, and Venus' future secured, all thanks to one man's bravery in the face of adversity...and his healthy libido.