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He Came From VENUS

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by

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WARNING: The contents of this book are intended for mature audiences only. Language, violence, and sexual situations may apply.

PROLOGUE

“Lenah! No!” Durgen’s voice carried over the screaming poisonous winds. He watched as his fiancé’s legs collapsed from the lack of pure air. He held her dying gaze with his own attending eyes as he crawled beneath the deadly gas. He dropped to his hands and knees by her side with both of his mouths gasping for air. With his last bit of strength, he managed to pull her into his grasp.

Her lips moved, but only the croaking sound of death escaped her breath.

“Oh Lenah, why?” he cried as he held her in his muscular arms and rocked her gently.

I love you, Durgen. I didn't know the winds were coming. I am sorry.

Chapter One

A flash of light in the eastern horizon caught Catherine Zerba's attention. She watched a ball of fire head toward Earth at a speed unknown to her finite knowledge. Before it plunged into the lake, it stopped, and then glided into the water below. The landing was so smooth she barely heard the splash of the water when the craft went in.

"Craft," she said aloud in an attempt to make herself believe it was a ship of some sort and not a meteor. "A meteor would not have slowed down. It would have slammed into the Earth causing it to shake. There would have been a splash. A big splash. Yes, a craft."

Catherine ran into the house and took her keys from the hook on the wall. When she sprinted out of her front door and then jumped into her old Ford pickup the cats scattered, and the chickens, which were still awake for the night, jumped out of her way. At first, the truck's engine turned over and died, but on the second attempt, it rumbled into action.

"Second time is a charmer," she howled and shoved the old, black ball stick shift into reverse. The truck jerked backwards and then bolted forward when she eased it into first and started down the old dirt road.

The lake was no more than ten minutes away. She knew she had to get to the object before anyone else did, and she was the closest. She owned about two thousand acres of land, most of which she inherited from her grandfather. The rest she bought for a very small sum. The land out in this area of Wisconsin was considered swampland and useless to the farmers. The government recently developed rules prohibiting the farmers from touching the swampland, even if the farmer owned it outright. Soon, the local dairy owners were more than happy to sell to Catherine. She bought up all the surrounding acres.

As she rounded the corner and approached the lake, she came into a patch of old pine trees. The road narrowed and was even bumpier with old potholes than the rest of the beaten path. Ever since she bought the ranch, no one took the old road to the lake in a car. Her horse suited her just fine. Anyone else would be trespassing.

A faint glow of white emanated from the bottom of the lake. The craft was not too far out from the edge so it did not fall too deep. Suddenly a bubble of air

popped at the top of the water producing a body dressed in a silver suit. Catherine stopped the truck and left it running in case she needed to bolt in the other direction. There was no sense of trying to start up an almost dead vehicle when being chased by little green men!

She inched closer to the edge and noticed the creature was a man, a rather handsome man with very human features. Slowly, she tiptoed near the edge of the grass until she could get a good look at his face. He had a stern chin and long, black hair. His shoulders were broad and his body was lean and muscular. As she studied his fascinating physique, his eyes opened. Startled, she jumped back and stared. Suddenly his arms started to flail against the water and he started gasping for air.

Against her better judgment, Catherine jumped into the murky water, and dove down after him as he slowly slid into the depths. She pulled his heavy body up through the waves made by the engine of the sunken ship and into the cold night air, then steadied him against her body until she could catch her own breath.

“I’m sorry, this surface is a little gross,” she smiled as she pulled him to shore. “I don’t know why, but I think I like you.”

When she noticed he was not breathing, she plugged his nose and pressed her lips to his. She breathed into his mouth, took a few breaths of her own, and then tried again. After a few more tries, he coughed out water and began to shiver.

Chapter Two

The man in the silver suit slowly sat up and stared at the woman who saved him. Unsure of his ability to breathe the Earth's air, he took small, short breaths until he realized the air would not kill him.

"Who are you? Do you speak English? Uh... Earth speak, language, whatever?" The woman threw a cover over him and stared as if waiting for an answer.

"My name is Durgen. I am from what you call Venus."

"Venus? Venus is hot and poisonous! Are you sure you're not driving some government experimental flying craft made by Uncle Sam in that spooky Area 51?" She laughed nervously.

"I am from Venus. Yes, it is poisonous, but we survive. Many of us survive, anyway." He studied her face, her features. She was beautiful in all meaning of the word.

"How do you know English?"

"We watch what you call television on our communication systems. Your satellites bounce a signal to our planet. English has become our language. We all start very young."

"You're shivering. We must get you to my home." Catherine balanced herself on the rocks and extended a hand to Durgen. He gratefully accepted her help and steadied his wavering legs. They walked to the truck in silence. Before entering the passenger side where Catherine was holding the door open and waiting for him, he turned and pressed a button on his communications device. The light in the water subsided and the waves stopped.

"Wow, how did you do that?" Catherine gaped.

"Your government will come looking for me. It is best if they do not find the ship."

"Oh. Okay. Get in." Catherine nodded toward the open door.

"My pleasure."

Durgen slipped into the truck and waited for Catherine to get into the driver's side of the vehicle. He closed his eyes and thought about her vivacious curves and deep, seductive eyes. His cock hardened at the thought of her wet shirt sticking to her large breasts. The men on Earth had it made; the women were perfect with

everything in the right places. If they were anything like the movies he watched from Venus, he would certainly have a good time here.

He rubbed his shaft for a moment, finally awaiting the release of the life that flowed through him.

Catherine drove in silence the rest of the way home. She was unsure of what to say to this stranger and did not want to say the wrong thing. He obviously knew her language and seemed like a nice guy, but what if he wasn't? What if he was the weirdo from Venus hell, ready and waiting to take her life and her body?

She thought of the B-rated sci-fi movies she diligently watched from her satellite stations and remembered several in which the aliens brought the women back into their spaceships and had their way with them.

Then there was the issue of his cock. Goodness, it had been a very long time since she had even seen one, let alone one of that size! His wet clothes lay heavily upon his body and every single ripple of muscle was on display for her to see, so was his manhood. It sat there in all its glory, not even erect, but so very large. She would love to get her hands around such a large sized erection, but on an alien?

Catherine drove the truck into the driveway, and as she turned off the engine, it rumbled and stalled. "Sorry, I have to get that fixed someday."

"Is this your home?" Durgen looked around the yard and then at the big ranch house that awaited their arrival.

"Yes. You may come in and get cleaned up. My grandfather was about your size and height when he was young. I have some of his old work clothes in a closet. You can wear them until we figure out how to get you home." She studied his face through the dim porch light shining through the windshield. "You *are* planning on going home, *right?*"

After a long and very uncomfortable pause, Durgen smacked his lips and sighed. "I do not know if I can get home. My ship is under the water and I can't swim."

"Then why did you land it in the water?"

"I did not land it in the water, it crashed in the water."

"Since when do crashes land so elegantly?"

"I lost control until the last minute, when it was too late to gain altitude. We can look when the sun crests over your valley."

Over my valley? That is not all that is going to be cresting over my valley.

"May I sleep here tonight?" Durgen looked over at her.

Catherine noticed the wad in his pants begin to rise. She held her breath, a little frightened at the thought of a stranger, but completely aroused because it was *him*. “Of course.” She could not take her eyes off his groin.

They walked up to the porch, and as she wiggled her house key inside the lock, Durgen grabbed her by the shoulders, turned her around, and captured her mouth with his. At first, she did not fight. She savored the minty taste of his kiss and his soft, full lips. His tongue tangled with hers and she caught her breath. She didn’t even notice her right foot lift behind her in response to his kiss until the top of her knee felt the heat of his erection through his wet suit. Catherine pushed him away.

“I am sorry, Catherine. Is that not how humans say, ‘thank you’?”

She laughed aloud and shook her head. She pushed the door open and continued to laugh. “Not always.”

Deep down inside, she knew what she wanted and she wanted to thank him for being there, but not just with a kiss.

Chapter Three

Durgen took the clothes Catherine pulled from the big black box in the closet and placed them on the chair. Showing no modesty at all, he stripped right there in front of her.

She studied his tanned broad shoulders and muscular arms. She sighed as her eyes danced around from his smooth chest to his rippled stomach. She even giggled when she noticed the stiff rod pointing straight at her. Good lord, that handy tool must have been at least a good eleven inches! Her giggling stopped when she stared at the small spot above his lovely cock.

She rubbed her eyes with the heels of her palms and looked again. It just couldn't be! Did he have a tattoo of a mouth above his shaft? She squeezed her eyelids shut until they watered and looked again. This time it smiled at her. She jumped back as the tongue darted out from the lips that were almost identical to the pair on Durgen's face. The tongue licked the smooth lips and moved back into its cave.

"What's wrong?" he asked from the mouth above his chin.

"What is," she forgot her mother told her it was rude to point and stabbed a finger toward the second mouth, "that?"

"Don't you have a secondary consumption system?" He cocked his head to the side while pulling at the top of her skirt with his fingers.

"Uh, no. See?" She wiggled out of her cotton shorts and silk panties. His smile widened as the fabric uncovered the small patch of hair between her thighs.

He held his breath for a moment then let out a sigh as he pressed his fingers above the black curly hair. A flood of warmth made her cunt tingle as she thought about all the possibilities of Durgen's secondary consumption system.

"It is so smooth." He pressed his palm over her abdomen and moved his fingers down to the top of her pubic hair. His middle finger flicked at the small bud that pulsed inside Catherine's mound. Soon, her depths were flexing and her sex heated, willing to take him inside of her.

"Oh!" she groaned as he traced his finger down her clit and then deep inside her hole.

"Do you like this?" Durgen licked both pairs of his lips.

“Yes...I...do.”

“Oh, my god!” she moaned as she felt his finger beginning to vibrate and heat up. “Did you bring a vibrator with you?”

“A what?” Durgen pushed his finger in further.

Catherine’s legs wobbled and could no longer hold her weight. She rested on his shoulder as her orgasm covered her in waves of pleasure. She pressed her body over his and pushed him down to the bed. As Durgen lay on his back with his eleven-inch gun at attention, he looked puzzled when her mouth covered his thick staff.

“What are you doing?” he gasped and watched her mouth slide down most of his cock.

Catherine managed a small smile and wondered why it was that men had to ask questions when her mouth was full of their muscle. She moved her mouth up his rod and giggled at the familiar air popping sound when she released his head from her lips.

“I’m giving you a blow job,” she laughed.

“A blow job?”

“You know. Head? Fellatio? Sucking on your cock?”

“I believe I have heard some of those expressions in your movies, and I do think I like it.” He pushed her mouth back over his shaft.

She swirled her tongue around the head then opened her eyes for a moment. The tongue of the secondary consumption system was licking and biting its own lips. She closed her eyes and imagined the smooth opening over her clit while this alien-man pumped his heavy wad inside her. She squeezed her legs together as her clit throbbed and muscles ached, almost sending her to an instant orgasm. She slipped her hand down to her patch and started to rub herself in small circles.

She popped him out of her mouth again. He groaned and tried to push her mouth back over his cock, but she resisted.

“What is wrong, Catherine?” He played with the sweaty curls of her red hair that swirled around her face.

“Have you ever...had sex?”

“I do not know what that is,” he stammered and looked out the window.

“Oh come on now, Durgen. I know you’re lying.”

“Okay. I am lying. Yes. I have had our version of sex. It is not the same.” He continued to stare at the window.

“Why would you lie to me?” She inched over to his side and positioned herself so she could look into his deep purple eyes.

“We have no women on Venus.”

She stared at him for a moment and watched his desire turn into sadness.

“Why not?”

“Their secondary consumption systems stopped working and they could not breathe when the air turned poisonous. All the women died.”

“Is that why you’re here?” She moved away from him.

“Yes, Catherine, it is. We need to procreate. Our species is dying.”

Catherine let out a big sigh. She glanced one more time at the eleven-inch warrior and its hungry companion waiting for her to guide her loins over its pulsating wonder. Instead of enjoying the pleasures of such an adventure, she stood up and pulled the cotton panties and shorts back over her hips.

“Where are you going, Catherine?” Durgen looked at her.

“I cannot be your Eve, Durgen.”

“What? What is an Eve?” He grabbed her hand as she put her feet into her white dock shoes.

“I cannot start a civilization with you. Hell, I can’t even take care of myself!” She watched him go limp and the darting tongue of his secondary consumption system disappear back inside the mouth.

With a big sigh, Catherine walked out the bedroom door, then turned and met his eyes. “I’m sorry, Durgen,” she said as the bedroom door closed behind her.

Durgen wasn’t sure what he understood. Women on his planet used to be logical and fair. When it was time to mate, they were ready and willing. They never said, “No.” Perhaps it was because they only mated when it was time to bear children. Maybe this doing it for pleasure allowed Earthlings the advantage of saying, “No.”

He tested the cloth of his spacesuit and found it was still wet from the night before. The clothes Catherine left for him on the chair were still waiting for him. He tried on the jeans and plaid shirt, and all fit fine. The shoes were a little big, but that was to be expected.

The sun was shining brightly outside despite the cold frost that covered the ground. His kind did not have such pleasures on his planet. The ground was brittle and dry and the air was poisonous during many times of the year. Most of their vegetation and food grew deep in the underground canals and used the warmth of the planet and the nutrients of the soils to create life. The water melted from the polar caps of the planet and filtered down underground through a very advanced irrigation system. Far more advanced than anything humans had ever dreamed of developing. One never saw the sun for more than a few minutes at a time. When he did, he ran the risk of either burning alive or the gasses in the air killing him. That is when the secondary consumption system became vital, because the gasses in the air killed all the women, including his wife.

“Catherine? I’m ready when you are.” He walked out toward the truck where she was waiting for him.

“Do you eat breakfast?” Catherine did not look at him.

“I have rations in my ship.”

“Provided we get it out of the water,” she smirked.

“Yes, provided that we get it out of the water,” he mimicked her.

“Are you mimicking me?”

“Mimicking? Do you mean copying?”

“Whatever. Let’s just get your ship.”

The couple rode in silence until they reached the lake. All was good when they realized no one even came to check out the crash from the night before. They walked in silence to the edge of the lake and Durgen pulled out his remote communication device. He pressed a little glowing green button until the water began to bubble and glow. From the depths of the lake, the ship emerged, and then floated over to the side.

“That was it? You couldn’t do that last night?” Catherine scowled.

“There wasn’t enough power last night. The ship’s multi-faceted power cells needed to regenerate.” He pressed another button and the doors opened.

“Well, I guess that is it then.” She shrugged and turned toward the truck.

“No, wait.” Durgen grabbed her arm and held her in place. She turned and looked at him.

“What, Durgen?”

“Why do we need to end it? I like you, Catherine.”

“I have my own problems, Durgen. I owe money on this land, and I am losing my job at the office. I can’t possibly start a family with a man...no, wait, an alien, who doesn’t have a job. Hell, you have no experience. You don’t even have a social security number! How could you explain that?”

He pulled her close to him and wrapped his arms around her. He tasted her lips and hugged her again. To his dismay, she backed away and hopped up into the truck.

“I just can’t, Durgen. Please, go back to Venus. Earth is not ready for you.”

It took two tries to start the truck and she was gone.

Chapter Four

Catherine lay between the cold sheets waiting for the warmth of her body to heat up the bed. Her feet kicked at the blankets as she hoped they would fall in place under her feet.

From outside her window came a faint voice. "I'll warm you up."

"Go away, Durgen." As she threw the blankets over her head, tears eased down her face as she squeezed her eyes shut.

"It's cold out here, Catherine. Please let me in."

She moved the blanket from her face just enough to cry out, "You have no business here, Durgen. You lied to me."

"I did not lie to you, Catherine. I simply did not tell you everything. Please, let me in," he said as he pressed his face against the glass and begged.

"Why?"

"Because I am cold."

"That's not good enough." She covered her head with the blanket.

"Because I love you."

Catherine peeked out from under the covers and laughed when he pressed his nose against the window. She laughed even harder when he pressed his lips to the frosted glass and pumped his cheeks full of air.

"Okay, okay," she conceded as she threw her legs over the side of the bed and pushed her feet into her fuzzy pink slippers. She sauntered to the door and waited for his knock. Immediately after the first tap, Catherine swung the door open and stood between him and the room.

"Are you not going to invite me in?" Durgen tried to push past her but she stood her ground.

"It depends."

"On what?"

"On if you kiss me right now or not." Catherine let the silk robe fall from her shoulders.

Durgen gulped, and then looked up and down her body. He stared at the robe first then slowly worked his way up her long legs. His gaze stopped at the small strip of dark hair, causing a bit of heat and moisture to caress her thighs. His eyes

continued up her stomach to her breasts. She felt the tingle of her nipples tightening and wanted a moist pair of lips upon them. Finally, after what seemed like forever, he met her lips then her eyes.

He swept the hair from her brow with his hand then moved his fingers down under her chin. With a subtle grace, he pulled her face closer to his until she could smell the sweet scent of his breath. Her knees almost buckled as his lips pressed lightly against hers. They were so smooth and supple and the way he used them to suckle on her own made her loins ache. Their tongues tangled and danced until she gasped when his other hand cupped her breast.

“Are you okay?” Durgen asked as he thumbed her nipple over her silk camisole.

“Y...yes. I’m just nervous.”

“Why, Catherine?”

“I haven’t been with anyone since Asher died.”

“Do you still love him?” Durgen pushed her slowly to the bed. He stood up between her legs and pressed her arms out to her sides. Slowly, he unbuttoned his shirt and tossed it against the wall. His pants and underwear were next.

Catherine caught herself staring at his secondary consumption system. It smiled at her while the shaft below it began to rise.

“I will always love him, but I know I must move on. What is that like?”

“What is what like?” he asked as he removed her pajamas from her legs.

“Your secondary consumption system. At least that’s what I think you called it. Can you eat with it or,” she stopped and thought the remote possibility of it touching her skin, “feel another person through it?”

“Only when I demand it,” he said. “Why?”

“Oh, nothing.”

“Does it matter? Is it...what do you say...gross?”

Catherine bit her lip. She thought about how gross it seemed then thought about the things those lips could do. She licked her own lips thinking about how soft and wet they must be. Her clit ached and pulsed when she thought about how it would feel wrapped around her bud as he thrust that massive cock inside her depths.

“Matter? Gross? No. Not gross at all.”

“I do not understand that look in your eyes. It is as if you want to devour me until I’m all gone.”

“Oh, Durgen, it is something like that,” she spread her legs and propped her heels up to her buttocks. “Just fuck me.”

“What does that mean?”

She watched him study her sex. She groaned when his fingers pressed and probed her labia. She sucked in air when he thumbed her clit. He leaned over her and pressed his body against hers with his cock heavy against her thigh.

“Let me show you.” Catherine giggled and grabbed firmly around his hard shaft. It pulsed in her hand like it had a motor. She moaned when it vibrated louder. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

“Am I acceptable to you?”

“More than ever!” She laughed and guided him to her sheath.

He groaned as his cock entered her moist folds. To her surprise, he began to grow bigger, expanding wider and longer. A low hum arose from his cock as it warmed inside her.

“Holy crap!” She sighed as she felt her body begin to shake. It was four years ago when she had her last orgasm with a cock inside her, and it certainly was not like this.

“Oh...you...you...are grabbing me. You are sucking me in,” he cried.

Catherine slapped her hands on his ass as she started her second orgasm. Suddenly, a warm feeling covered her clit. She stopped moving until she realized what was going on. His secondary consumption system—his second mouth—feasted on her sex. The mouth sucked and kissed at her clit as it sent vibrations from her womb to her nipples. The tongue licked between her lips her folds as he rocked over her body, pushing his hard cock inside her cunt.

Durgen squeezed her breast with his hand and suckled her nipple as they rocked.

“Oh, my god!” she screamed as she clamped her legs around his waist. His lower mouth was still sucking her clit when she came a third time. This time, he began to shake and groan. His voice was deep and raspy as he spoke her name.

“Catherine. I...never...knew...this...could...be...so...so...so...”

“OH DRAKNIK!” He slammed his hips into her loins as her nails scratched down his back. Each time he pushed inside, his secondary mouth pulled at her throbbing clit. She felt him deep inside her, deeper than anyone had ever been. She felt the heat of his cum as it coated her walls. It was different from any other man, and all the while, it was wonderful. As the heat of his seed soaked inside her, she came again, this time whimpering his name.

“Are you crying?” He slowed his rhythm as his cock stopped humming. “I am sorry. Did I hurt you?” He touched her face and traced her lips with his finger.

“These are tears of joy, Durgen.” She kissed his finger.

“I think I understand now.”

“Understand what?”

“Why my secondary consumption system fascinates you.” He laughed.

“Ah, yes. Your women do not have the sexual organs to enjoy such a treat?”

“No. We mated from behind. Sex for the women was not pleasurable. It was more of a chore for them.”

“I am sorry.”

“Perhaps it was meant to be, Catherine. Our women were never happy. Their secondary consumption systems stopped working over time and slowly, one by one, they all died.”

“You keep up these sexual escapades and our men will no longer be adequate!”

“That is not my intention. Many men did not want to leave our planet. They would rather stay with their ancestors than take the risk of living on another planet, but me, I want to live!”

“Well, that’s good,” she laughed.

“As I watched you from home, I...”

“You watched me?” She pushed him off her chest.

“Yes, I watched you.”

“Me? Specifically?”

“Yes, I watched you and wanted you. I didn’t understand when you touched yourself, but now, I do.”

“You watched me touch myself?” Catherine rolled out from under him. Once again, her heart felt heavy and weak.

“Is there something wrong?” Durgen scratched his head in confusion.

“Uh, yeah. Haven’t you ever heard of privacy?”

“I have heard of privacy. It is a big issue with Earthlings.”

“Then why don’t you respect it? We have laws against such things.” Catherine shook her head.

“It was not my intention to harm you, Catherine. I wanted...no...needed to know more about you. I could not choose just any mate.”

“So there, you’ve said it. I’m your *mate*? No love, no job, no nothing, just a friggin’ baby box?”

“I don’t understand why you are so hostile, Catherine.”

“Look, Durgen. Your planet might age differently, but here on Earth, things take time. We don’t just jump into relationships and everything is hunky dory with a white house and a picket fence with two and a half children. These things take time, and sometimes, a lot of time.” Catherine slipped on her robe and handed the alien his clothes. “I am asking you to leave now.”

Durgen shook his head. “This is not how it is on television at all. Earthlings fall in bed together immediately and have two Earth hours to get everything done.”

“TV isn’t life, Durgen. It’s a fantasy world. We make up TV to show the faults of others and laugh at them. We use TV to bring us up when we’re down. It’s entertainment. Not life.”

“I did not realize television was so faux.” He shook his head. “The lives are so real.”

“Boy, for such an advanced species, you sure are dense.”

“Dense? You mean thick, like poisonous air?” The alien looked angry.

“Yes, thick headed. Look around you, Durgen. This is life! My broken down 1972 Ford pickup my grandfather left me, and my broken stove that I have to risk my life lighting every time I need to cook. These things are life.”

“It could be worse, Catherine.”

“Oh, yeah, and how do you figure that?” She threw her arms up in the air then pressed her chin against her fist while resting her elbow on her bent knee.

“Work on our planet is gone, we live to survive. Our government collapsed and we only have technology.” He took in a big breath of air then slowly exhaled. “All of our women are dead, including my dear Lenah.”

“So there is someone else?” Catherine felt tears sting her eyes. She punished herself in her own mind; tears for an alien stranger were not a good sign of stability.

“A long time ago. She died ten Earth years ago.”

“I’m sorry, Durgen.”

“Me too,” he said and smiled. She noticed a tear in the corner of his eye. It wasn’t green or blue like a pretend Hollywood alien, it was clear, like her tears; like a human tear.

“Durgen, if you want to live here, you must learn how to *live* here.”

“I do not understand.”

“TV is not real. Not all people have money or tons of friends. Some people are lonely or need help.”

She grabbed an old plastic suitcase from the closet and dusted it off with a bath towel. When it seemed almost perfect, she began to fill it with clothes from her grandfather’s cabinet.

“What are you doing, Catherine?”

“I’m giving you a chance, Durgen. A head start.”

“To do what?”

“To show me you can make it. I had a boyfriend once who was a mooch. It didn’t work out. If you want me to have your children, you should at least be able to provide for us.”

“Then you agree to procreate?” His hard-on was instant.

Catherine blurted out a laugh when she noticed his erection. “Geesh, don’t you ever think about anything else?”

“Not when you are around. Just looking at you makes me stiff.” He pulled at his erection then grabbed at her arm.

“Not yet, cowboy. No matter how much I’d like to sit on that monster and feel you up to my neck, I want you to prove to me you can take care of things.” She bit her lip and felt herself go damp.

“Very well. I will prove to you that I can make it here on Earth. I will show you how very talented I can be, not only in bed, but at work, too.”

“You will not be sleeping here,” she cooed and laughed.

“Where will I sleep, Catherine?” A look of puzzlement covered his face.

“I don’t know. In the truck on a street in town? I don’t need it any longer. They laid me off on Friday and I want to take a break for awhile.”

“How will you eat?” he asked while slipping into his new but faded blue jeans.

“I have a garden, silly. I harvest my goods from the year before. I can survive on what is here for a while. I have a half a beef in the freezer, too, which will do just fine.”

Chapter Five

Catherine thought about her deal with Durgen. He seemed honest and hard working enough to make it work. He was smart, that was for sure. He read the truck manual in a matter of minutes, and then fixed the starter problem she had for years. He then drove it out of the driveway without a hitch. There was no training on how to shift or press the gas pedal and brake with the right foot or use the clutch with the left foot. There was no talk of stop signs and lights. He picked it all up in a matter of fifteen minutes by reading two books: the 1972 Ford Truck Guide and the Wisconsin Department of Transportation Handbook.

Hopefully, he wouldn't land himself in jail for driving without a license. The inmates would find his extra features quite pleasing.

She shivered at the grotesque idea and wondered about his humming cock. It actually *warmed* inside her and grew. His semen was hot, too. It was almost as if he was an android! She thought about it for a moment then remembered his tear when he thought about his wife. Androids, as far as she knew, did not cry. She would need to remember to ask him about that.

The clothes she gave him were old but sufficient. The pants were a little short, but people would take him as a poor farmer with little money to buy new clothes. The shirt was plaid and typical for the area. Perhaps he would come home with a humble job working for another farmer or a grocer. Perhaps he would give up and leave her alone.

"I am here for a job in your aeronautics department." Durgen tapped his fingers on the desk while he waited for the receptionist to finish her telephone call.

"Do you have an appointment?" She placed the telephone in its cradle then stood to examine this new applicant. She eyed his old clothing and shook her head. "We do not have any jobs for maintenance work right now, Mr..."

"Durgen, just call me Durgen." He offered his hand and accepted her handshake. "I am not here for a maintenance job; I am here to help you design planes."

“Well, Mr. Durgen, in order for you to interview, you need to have an appointment and a resume. I am sure our VP of Aeronautics would be happy to help you once you have this completed.” She handed him an application and offered him a seat.

“You did bring proof of who you are?”

“Identification?”

“Yes, your license? You will need your license and your social security number before you work here. We do business for the US Government. There is no way they will allow you to work without that information.”

“I did not bring my identification.” He shook his head. This was becoming more difficult than needed. “Where do I get such information?”

“Let me see your hand, hon.” The receptionist held out a piece of paper to him. He took it and she caressed his skin. “I noticed you were different the first time I laid eyes upon you. Call this number. This man will help you.”

“Thank you,” he smiled.

“You’re not a criminal, are you? You’re not going to use us to hurt anyone?”

“No, I will not. I am in love and I need a...job.”

“There’s a payphone at the gas station on the corner. Do you have a quarter?”

“No.”

“Here,” she handed him a quarter. “You can buy me lunch. Consider it a loan, with interest.”

“That is a lot of interest.”

“Sh...or I might ask you for more.” She winked at him. “Any man who can make his hand hum like that has my attention.”

“Thank you!” He took the quarter and ran to the gas station on the corner.

Durgen looked at the paper and remembered from many different television movies how to enter the number and insert the money. He waited for the ring and when a voice answered, he began speaking.

“Hello. My name is Durgen. A beautiful woman at the aeronautics company told me to call you. Yes. I can explain when I get there. How do I get there?”

Chapter Six

He noticed how empty the office was when he walked inside. It was void of any desks or chairs. Orange cones littered the floor, indicating construction was happening somewhere near.

He followed the directions the man on the telephone gave him. Durgen walked straight back to the end of the room, ran his fingers down the brick until one brick pushed in with a little bit of force, then stepped in through the new hole in the wall. The brick wall closed behind him once he stepped five feet from the door, just like the man said would happen.

“Come in, my friend. Come in.” Durgen stared at the man for a moment. His face was familiar; it was almost as if, yes, it was! “Ah, I see you recognize me, Durgen.”

“How is this possible?” Durgen took a seat across from the doctor.

“I left the planet after my wife, Ghanzar, died. There was nothing left for me on Venus and I knew the men from Venus down here would need my services and then some.”

“So, what can you do for me?”

“I can give you a history and a life. Many of the members of the aeronautics company are from Venus, and many other planets.”

“Does the government know?”

“Of course they do! How is it, do you think, we can get this information so easily? You see, we have a pact with the US Government. We give them information on technology and they give us a home to live and breathe.” The doctor started to filter through a stack of paperwork.

“Have you found a woman?”

“Yes, I have. She is why I am here, getting a job.”

“She likes your secondary consumption system, no?” the good doctor laughed.

Durgen smiled. “Yes, more than anything I think.”

“You will need to meet Estelle. If I did not know better, I would think she was an exact replica of Ghanzar.”

“We will need to visit.”

“Yes, you will. Now stand still and get your picture taken. I will call over to the plant and recommend you to the manager there.”

“Thank you, doctor.”

Chapter Seven

Two weeks later Durgen drove up to the house in a new black SUV.

“You’ve come home, and in a new car!” Catherine ran over to Durgen and jumped on his new suit. She wrapped her legs around his waist and felt his hardness just about stab her through the wool.

“I told you I could do it,” he smiled and carried her into the house.

“I’ve missed you, Durgen. Those phone calls were not enough,” she said as she slipped out of her clothes. His eyes watched each piece fall to the floor, and as they landed, his gaze jumped back to her fingers while anticipating the next article of clothing to go.

“I am sorry, Catherine. They would not let me out during Earth training. Confidential US Government work, you know.” He thought back to the two weeks of personality and citizen training and laughed.

“What is so funny?”

“Your cultures are different. I learned a lot about you, most of what conflicts with what is on the television. Your lives are nothing like what the television tells you.”

“I know silly,” she laughed and pressed her naked body to his. The wool of his new suit scratched at her bare nipples and drove her desires through the roof.

“Don’t you want to touch me?” she cooed.

“More than anything.” He slowly stripped his clothes off and hung them on the chair.

“Don’t want to get that new suit dirty, huh?”

“Not a chance. Unless, you want me to.”

“Are you crazy? You’re going to model that for me later. Right now I want you naked and on top of me.”

She watched his secondary consumption system lick its lips and she felt her own body tremble.

“I want to taste you.” He carried her to the edge of the bed and propped her legs up around his shoulders. He lowered his lips to her clit and began to take long,

lavishing licks at her sex. His hand pinched and pulled at her nipples as her fingers grabbed fistfuls of his hair and tore at the blanket.

“Shit! Where did you learn this?” she managed to ask between heavy breaths.

“During the two weeks we were trained in many different techniques, including sexual behavior.”

“You didn’t perform this on anyone else, did you?”

His laughter sent vibrations through her depths then he came up for air. “No, everything was in a book or on video.”

“Porn?” She laughed with him.

“Some of it.”

“Our U.S. tax dollars at work?”

“Yes.”

“Well, they’re good teachers, or you’re a natural.” She forced his lips back down onto her clit. Her body began to shake as she thrust her hips in his face.

“Are you ready for me?” He licked up her belly, suckled each breast, and finally nibbled at her lips. As he spoke, his second tongue flickered at her clit.

“I’m more than ready,” she squealed and wrapped her fingers around his erect cock. Not more than a second later, she had him thrusting inside her, pushing his hot and vibrating monster deep within her depths with his second set of lips sucking at her clit.

“I’m coming again!” she screamed aloud between short spasms of breath.

When her body stopped shaking and quivering around him, he pulled out and turned her over onto her belly. She accepted him inside from behind as he pushed his large cock inside her once more. Soon she froze when she felt the secondary consumption system licking at her rosette.

“What the hell?”

“You do not like it?” He stopped.

She thought about the tingling sensations his tongue gave her and quietly begged for him not to stop. “Do you like it, Durgen?”

“It does not bother me.”

“It’s not gross to you?” She gulped, afraid to insult him.

He laughed and allowed the tongue to tickle her ass again.

“No. This system does not provide any food for me. It is only an emergency breathing device. On this planet I only need it for one thing, and that is to please you.”

Her stomach did flips and her womb contracted. She felt her nipples peak and harden at his words. “Oh, yes, then please me now!” she gasped.

The tongue twirled around her ass cheeks and darted in and out of her pucker while his cock thrust deep inside her cunt. She howled and screamed as he

plummeted inside her body and his rod heated up like a lukewarm water hose and vibrated deep inside her.

“I love you, Durgen,” she sobbed as she came again.

“I love you, Catherine,” he moaned as his seed soaked deep inside her walls.

About the Author

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Ella Scopilo lives in Western Wisconsin with her beloved family. Although she enjoys the snow, she lives for the day when she can go home to California and to the beach with her Macintosh® PowerBook® to curl her toes in the sand while writing.

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