

Earth Guys Are Easy

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC, Other (pheromones)]

Synopsis: Sometimes the first meeting between humans and aliens doesn't happen as expected.

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 are 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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If you ask me, having space aliens invade and take over the world might not be so bad. I mean, that would be scary as fuck at first, but humans have sure made a mess of things. This is 1973--we're supposed to be living in the future--but everywhere you turn, the world's scary as shit. The Middle East is a powder keg. For the last ten years people have been assassinating politicians left and right: King, the Kennedys, that crazy Wallace guy recently, and too many to count in Central and South America. Out west in San Francisco and L.A., there's smog in the air, and hippie weirdos, druggies, and serial killers running loose in the streets. Gas prices are soaring, inflation's getting bad, and companies are "laying off" all their employees, which is just a cowardly way of saying "fired." Walter Cronkite talks about Watergate every night on the news, and he says the Vietnam War is turning into a real shitstorm, pardon my French, that we just can't win. Maybe the Russians and the Chinese are behind it all, hoping America will destroy itself--and if it doesn't, they both have the atom bomb in case they want to jump directly to the end of the world. The Bicentennial is still a couple of years away but everybody's paranoid the world might not be around that long.

Maybe once they finish conquering us, the aliens can use their advanced science to fix the environment, end war, cure cancer and improve everything. See?--An invasion might not be so bad. Aliens sure couldn't make

things any worse.

Not that aliens would ever come near *this* place. To me, Pottsville might as well have been on the moon, but it was right here on Earth, a sleepy little town in the middle of nowhere, stuck in between pastures of grazing beef cattle and fields of hay being grown to feed the beef cattle, with nothing else for miles and miles around. My dad and I used to live in Detroit, but the city was getting so crazy Dad up and moved us a few hundred miles away to Pottsville because he was scared of living in the city anymore. In Detroit, we had a tiny apartment; here we had a big house and a yard on the edge of town. Detroit was all hustle and bustle, police sirens, fire engines, cars, and people. This place was so *quiet*--especially when the stars came out in the night sky, which was dark as black velvet. In Detroit, I'd rarely ever seen stars before. Here, I rarely ever saw cars pass our house.

As far as I could tell after a week and a half of living there, Pottsville didn't offer much to do. The rest of the world lived in 1973, but this place seemed to have gotten stuck in 1873 as the world passed by. The town had a tiny one-screen movie theater that showed old "classic" movies and sometimes B-grade science fiction flicks from a few years back that were kind of retro-cool. Out here, we were only able to get the CBS T.V. station out of a small nearby city, but that was okay since my dad thought Cronkite was the only news he could trust. The town "library" consisted of one room in back of the grocery store and was open only one day a week; the first week I was there, I went through it book by book, which didn't take long, and I didn't find anything more recent than some books from the mid-'60s about how marijuana, The Beatles, and saxophones were corrupting the moral fiber of America. They did have a few science fiction novels, and even though I was more of a jock than a reader, I did like sci-fi.

Dad already had a job lined up before we moved, and I should have been looking for part-time summer work myself, but it was just after July 4 when we got there--no sense in me looking for work by then since all the summer jobs were probably taken already. I was nineteen, and I'd already enrolled in the local community college and transferred my credits, so for the next month and a half before classes started I didn't have much to do. Dad used to be in the military so he set me up with a daily routine that included doing chores and stuff around the house, mowing the lawn once a week, all intended to teach me discipline and keep me from going stir crazy, running wild, or getting into trouble, though in Pottsville that would be, what, a night of wild cow-tipping or something? Dad tried to keep a tight rein on me. Discipline and manhood were pretty much the same thing to him.

The only break in my daily routine around the house was walking to the post office to get the mail. Every morning after washing the breakfast dishes and doing my housework chores while sort-of watching *The \$10,000 Pyramid* on T.V. for company, I'd leave our house, walk down to the next intersection, and turn left. Five long blocks later, around a mile I'd say, I'd reach the crossroads that was the downtown hub of the Pottsville. The only traffic light in town hung suspended over the center of that intersection. On one corner was the town park, a.k.a. the only patch of grass for a dozen miles that wasn't a lawn or a cow pasture. Directly opposite was the local bank and a Methodist church, and behind that was the post office. I rarely saw anyone on my daily trips, as though this place was practically a ghost town during the day. I knew when I went into the post office or a store, I'd see a clerk or two, smiling, polite, but not really what I'd call friendly, much less welcoming. I knew other kids my age had to live here, but I never saw them outside and had no idea what they did for fun. I'd have plenty of time, my dad said, to meet kids when school started in the fall. I didn't mind much, but sometimes all that quiet did seem a little weird.

That morning, I came out of the post office with a grocery store coupon flyer and the electricity bill. The sun was especially blinding and hot; on my way in, the sign hanging outside the bank announced the temperature was ninety-seven degrees. The post office was air-conditioned and I'd gotten a little chilled in my sweat-soaked T-shirt while I was inside. I opened the door to leave and the bright sunlight and heat hit me like a brick. I wiped my forehead, shielded my eyes against the sun, stepped out onto the sidewalk, and--*Wham!*--was immediately blindsided.

Something collided with me hard and I went down in a kaleidoscope of sky, an elbow, the post office door, somebody's bare nipple, and the sidewalk. I hit the concrete hard on my back, and something landed on top of me, a bone-jarring impact that knocked my breath out of me. "Fuck!" a voice next to my ear barked. When my lungs finally managed to get a grip on some air, my eyes deciphered a bare ribcage, male, lying half-across my body. I lifted my head as he stood. The sun behind him kept me from getting a good look but I determined he was blond, tanned, and about my age. He was wearing sneakers, and his legs were sprinkled with a dusting of pale hairs that would have been invisible if the sunlight hadn't made them glow, and he had on a pair of cut-off jeans shorts with ragged threads along the leg-holes. No shirt; his chest was broad and muscled. A fellow athlete?

"You okay?" he asked as he reached down a hand to help me up. He pulled, and I noted how effortlessly strong the muscles in his arms, chest, and shoulders seemed as they contracted and shifted under his skin, hauling me upright. Now that I could get a better look, he was sure good-looking, and definitely my age or a little older, about my height, with gray-ish eyes, a strong chin. His hair was sweat-damp, and all of his exposed skin was covered with streaks of moisture. And somehow, even though he was sweaty, he smelled nice. Not just nice but ... kind of a fascinating scent. I'd never smelled an aftershave or men's cologne like it.

"Yeah," I said, still trying to get my breathing back to normal as I gulped in lung-fulls of air filled with his scent. My ribs ached and my head felt rattled, a little dizzy, but as near as I could tell, no bones felt broken.

"My fault," he said. "I was jogging too close to the building--no way to dodge you when you stepped out."

"I didn't even think to look."

He laughed. "Like there's anything worth looking at around here!" He exaggerated a glance up the street and down and then back at me and grinned. I knew what he meant. Although cars were parked alongside the sidewalk, no one else was in sight. "So, hi, new kid. My name's Alec. I was hoping to run into you, but not so physically."

I laughed and held out my hand to shake. "I'm Jake. Nice to meet you."

He eyed me up and down. "You look pretty strong. You going out for football in the fall?"

"Yeah, might as well. Maybe wrestling too. I used to do both at my last school. Not much else to do around here, right?"

"I used to wrestle, and I watch the pro stuff on T.V. sometimes. But I like being on the football team more. We have a decent team, most years. What position you play?"

"Guard, but the team at my last school kind of sucked."

He grinned. "You look about right for a guard. I bet you're real strong and quick too. I play halfback. You should try out--school's kind of small, and we need more guys on the team."

"Sure," I said.

"I need to finish my run. You jog?"

At my previous school, I ran the laps when our coach made us, but not much else. "No, not really."

"You should get in shape early with me." He winked. "I'll stop by your place tomorrow, and you can come jogging with me."

Jogging didn't sound like much fun, but what else did I have planned? My chores. Watch some crappy T.V. Maybe jerk off once or twice while I had the house to myself. Watch more crappy T.V. But maybe jogging would be tolerable. At least I'd get to spend some time with the only guy my age I'd seen around this town. And maybe we'd get to be friends, which would be great because something about him made me want to be friends with him, and he was good-looking and well-built and smelled good and--

Holy fuck! Was I *attracted* to him? I'd never been attracted to a guy before!

Alec was starting off. I needed to have his attention just another moment. "Hey," I yelled after him, "don't you need my address?"

He turned and ran backward a few steps as he called to me with a big grin: "Everyone already knows where you live. This town ain't *that* big."

Sure enough, the next morning at ten forty-five, halfway through some game show on T.V., our doorbell rang for the first time since we'd moved there. I already had on my gym shoes, my old gym shorts from my former school, and a ratty tank-top. I'd jacked off thinking about Alec last night--and again this morning when I woke up--and I'd finished my chores early, and now I was sitting around dressed for running and wondering when he'd show up. I'd already stretched some because I wanted to be ready, so I was set to go. Alec grinned at me as I stepped out into the shade of our front porch. He was wearing a pair of green cotton shorts and Puma running shoes. No shirt again. The day was already hotter'n hell, so I understood why he wasn't wearing one. He smelled just as good as yesterday too.

"I've never jogged before," I said hesitantly, because I hadn't. I mean, I had to run laps and sprints during football practice, but I never put much effort into it. Running had never been my strength. I was fast, but tired during long distances, and I didn't have a lot of endurance.

"It's like walking, but faster." Alec snickered and punched me lightly on the bicep, and where his knuckle grazed my skin, a little tingle buzzed along my arm, distracting me. "You'll be fine. It's just jogging. I'll take it easy on you, since it's your first time and all. Once you get the hang of it, you'll have no trouble running for miles."

I doubted that, but he started us at a slow pace. In this heat, I was sweating like crazy before we got to the end of the first block, and drenched before we reached the stoplight. I'd never been past this intersection before, and I thought we'd double back toward my house, but Alec turned the other direction and kept going. Soon I had to wriggle out of my tank-top without tripping and falling; I managed to keep pace while I tucked my shirt in the back of my shorts. I was breathing super-hard by that time. I ignored how much heavier my legs seemed to be getting with every step and pushed myself to keep up with him.

Two long blocks later we passed a large, ancient brick school building fronted by a faded wooden sign that announced: *Potts County Regional Academy--Home of the Generals*. Several newer buildings stood behind it. From the size of the buildings, the place must have bussed students in from all over the county. Pottsville by itself surely didn't have enough students to fill all those buildings.

A block after that, we hit a patch of road with a hayfield on one side and trees shading the asphalt on the other. By the time we got that far, I was having trouble breathing and my legs were threatening to give out.. My shorts were soaked with the sweat running down my body. And Alec?--He was sweating from the heat of course but he didn't seem to be breathing that hard from the exertion. The sun made his wet skin shine. He pointed into the woods and said something about a swimming hole back in there, where sometimes the guys went to skinny-dip.

At the far end of the hayfield, we reached a gravel driveway, and Alec turned down it. Thankfully, we slowed

to a walk, and then we stopped in front of a modest house. Alec bent over, hands on his knees. "Need some water?" he asked between gulps of air. I was bent over too, feeling like I was going to throw up at any second. Unable to speak, I nodded.

On rubbery legs, I followed him around to the back of the house. By now, I was starting to catch my breath a little. He scooped up a hose, turned the faucet, let it run a few moments until all the sun-heated part of the water had been pushed out. He handed the hose to me. I gulped and gulped down the cool water. When I'd had enough, I handed the hose back to him. Alec took a swallow or two, then held the hose over his head, letting the water douse his hair and face, down his chest and stomach, drenching his shorts, and down his legs. As the green shorts absorbed the water, they darkened and clung to him even more tightly; I saw the outline of his soft cock. He handed the hose back to me with a grin that looked like a challenge; not to be outdone, I held the hose over my head like he had done, closed my eyes, and let the liquid coldness rinse through my hair and flow down my skin until I too was soaked. When I looked at Alec again, he'd kicked off his shoes and was slipping his shorts down.

"Uh, what," I asked as I turned off the hose, "are you doing?"

He grinned at me as he finished stepping out of his shorts. "Don't worry. No one's around to see. My parents are at work." Alec was wearing a pair of simple white briefs that had turned skintight and completely see-through when it got wet, except for the modesty panel in front. But I could see plenty--the curve of his ass, the outline of his genitals. He wrung his shorts out, and then slipped off his underwear. My eyes nearly bugged out of my head as his cock swung free while he squeezed out his underwear too. "Go ahead and lay your clothes over this bush to dry. We can't go in the house wet," he said with an unconcerned shrug. Naked, he looked at me openly, as if waiting to see what I'd do.

An athlete never backs down from a challenge, right? I took a deep breath. I kicked off my shoes. My hands shook a little as I slipped off my socks, shorts, and underwear. I squeezed the water out of them the way he had done. I spread my clothes over a large bush, just like he had done.

I had never been naked and alone with another guy before. Sure, I'd been naked alongside other guys in the locker room after practice and the showers after gym class. I had long since gotten over any modesty and shyness in a locker room. But that was always with lots of others around. I had never been alone with one other naked guy before, and never outdoors, even though as I looked around I could only see woods and no other houses close enough to spy on us. In a locker room, I was always a little afraid that I might get an erection while my cock was out where all the guys could see, but that had never happened--and if I snuck a look at my classmates' bodies, no one ever caught me. But Alec's casual nakedness seemed more important somehow, as if he was inviting me to look at his body and his cock, maybe even daring me to look, and I wasn't sure what would happen if I did.

He opened the back door, reached in, and pulled out two threadbare towels. He tossed me one.

From the corner of my eye, I watched Alec dry off as I rubbed the towel over my body too and pretended not to care that he was bare-ass--I was bare-ass--we were both bare-ass. Dammit, my brain was overwhelmed and couldn't process this. Rather than being embarrassed or self-conscious, he seemed to enjoy the sun on his exposed skin. Just below his navel the golden tan lightened, not to pale skin but to a lighter tan, which told me he was no stranger to being naked outdoors, maybe at that swimming hole he had mentioned? The way his gold tan faded into the lighter tan at his waist and back to gold at upper-thigh was somehow almost intoxicating. He tossed his towel over a bush to dry and smiled at me. I did the same.

Alec nodded approvingly. "Come on; let's get out of this heat."

I followed him inside the back door. Being in his house, alone and naked, felt significant, as if something

important could happen--was about to happen--was already happening. What if I got a hard-on? What if he did? Was this sexual? Were we going to have sex? Did I *want* to have sex with a guy?--With him? What if he just wanted to hang out naked instead and I completely misread the situation?

We walked through a plain kitchen. An ancient gas stove sat next to a counter with a porcelain sink built into it. The old white refrigerator hummed. Alec opened the refrigerator door and handed me a cola can, took one for himself. I popped open the top and took a healthy swig, partially suppressing a belch as all the carbonation tried to escape my guts. Alec saw a chance to out-do me--he opened his mouth, tilted his head, and let out a giant comical *Bwuuurrrp!* We snickered at each other. Guy stuff, you know?

"Come on."

I followed him through a door and up a squeaky staircase, watching his hard butt-cheeks working as he climbed. At the top of the stairs were a couple of closed doors. He opened one, declared, "My room."

I walked in, saw a single bed beneath a window with sheer blue curtains. A makeshift bookcase of wooden boards and concrete blocks against one wall with a handful of old novels and several athletics trophies. An old stereo. And the whole room seemed to be saturated with that same interesting Alec smell.

As he walked over to the stereo, I looked at the five posters taped to his walls; two showed pro wrestlers strutting around a ring, and the other three were from sci-fi flicks about alien invasions; the novels were sci-fi books and I'd read most of them too. Alec put a record on the turntable and started it. I recognized the first chords because I had that album too, and I pretend-drummed along.

Alec asked, "You like Pink Floyd?"

"Yeah, a lot."

He air-riffed a guitar line for a moment, then sat down on the edge of his bed, knees spread as if directing me to look at the place where his legs converged: his soft cock and loose ball-sack. Meanwhile I tried to stand discreetly, tried to hide my genitals behind a casually draped hand.

"How do you like Pottsville so far?" he asked.

"It's, uh, kind of quiet." I stood there for another moment and then sat down on the opposite end of the bed.

"Boring, you mean," he agreed.

"Yeah, I guess so. I'm from Detroit. Pottsville is a lot different." I took a swig of my cola. Condensation was beading up on the can. I was starting to sweat again, but this time because I was nervous. Was this what guys did together way out here in the country? Back in Detroit, I'd stolen some random magazines from a newsstand a couple times, just because I could, and one was a physique magazine with photos of naked men; in the photos the models mostly seemed to be sitting by a pool together, or standing around posing, or hiking in the desert, or play-wrestling a little. So maybe this sitting around naked together was just something guys did in the boondocks? I mean, my friends and I never did that in Detroit, but Detroit wasn't the whole world.

"You did pretty good for your first time jogging. I was expecting you to give up halfway through."

"Thanks." I felt myself blush a little at his compliment. "I thought I was going to die."

He grinned. "It gets easier." He scratched his balls, which definitely pulled my eyes back to his crotch.

Was this it? Were we about to have sex? Did I even want to have sex with him? I was definitely interested,

definitely feeling some arousal, but I didn't have a clue about how guys had sex with other guys. I mean, I'd heard the words--*handjob*, *dicklicker*, *cocksucker*, *assfucker*--so I had an idea which body parts were involved when men had sex together. The magazine hadn't shown any real sex, so I wasn't sure about the mechanics. Like with football or wrestling, knowing what body parts are involved was a lot different from knowing how to use those body parts right. If we did start to have sex, was I going to embarrass myself? Should I change the topic or something? That felt like the right play.

I said, "Cool posters. I saw that movie a couple years ago." I pointed to a lurid one that showed green-skinned Martians running out of a flying saucer and shooting ray guns at some military guys and a tank on the left and the grim-faced hero and his scantily clad leading lady on the right.

"Did you like it?"

I shrugged. "It was cool, I guess. Not very realistic. The alien invasion part was fun at first, but the moment the hero started to fight back, the invaders folded like a bunch of cheap suits. If they're powerful enough to invade another planet, surely they could handle one guy who puts up a fight, right?"

"Yeah--not realistic at all. In a real invasion, the aliens would be stealthy and take over everything slowly. Might take them fifty or sixty years, or maybe even a century or two. Maybe they experience time differently than we do. They'd play the long game, take the positions of power gradually. The earthlings wouldn't even know the aliens were here until the invasion was already over."

"Like in *The Puppet Masters*? I saw that on a late-night creature feature show back in Detroit."

Alec shrugged. "That movie was crap. The book was okay, though. I like Heinlein, but he got a lot wrong about what an alien invasion would be like. I guess earthling writers always want the earthlings to win. But real aliens might be so different that humans wouldn't even recognize them as being an intelligent life form, and aliens almost certainly wouldn't communicate in a way humans would think of as communication--and they sure wouldn't speak English."

"Huh. I guess?" I said. "I never thought about it that way before. I guess I like when the alien invasion is a military attack with ray guns and shooting and explosions. It's more exciting that way. A covert invasion where no one realizes what's going on 'til the end wouldn't be very interesting."

Alec shrugged. "I guess that depends on whether you're rooting for the earthlings or the aliens."

"Who would you root for?"

Alec grinned big. "Oh, the aliens, of course. Always the aliens."

I teased: "You're just wanting little green men from Mars to swoop down in their flying saucer, abduct you, and anal-probe you."

He laughed--"No such thing as men from Mars"--and play-punched me in the bicep with his fist.

When he'd tagged me, a little wave of tingling spread out from where he'd made contact. I felt kind of dizzy for a second, like for some reason I was more than just attracted to him and wanted our interactions to go in a sexual direction. My cock seemed to like that idea, like it wanted to anally probe his ass or something; it twitched like it was about to wake up and get stiff. Fuck! I didn't want Alec to see me get an erection! What would he think if I threw a rod while I was naked and alone with him? Would he be interested too? Would he want to jack off together?--More?

He stood up and walked over to the full-length mirror. He started striking muscleman poses like a pro

wrestler showing off for the audience, as he admired his naked body in the mirror. From where I sat, I could see his tight ass and his powerful back, and the reflection of his chest and his dick--his dick that looked maybe half-erect.

"You look like one of those pro wrestlers on T.V.," I said. "One of the pretty-boy ones." He did, sort of--I'd seen someone on a wrestling show last weekend that looked like him, a few years older. He had been lean and muscled and blond, like Alec, and he'd completely kicked the ass of the much older balding heel with a big gut that he was fighting.

Alec turned to face me, which made his cock and balls swing, grinned at me, and struck a double-biceps pose at me. "Think so?" He dropped his voice to a growl. "That's me: Alec the 'Annihilator,' undefeated world champion! You think I could fight off a horde of invading space aliens by myself like in the movies? Ooo!-- Or better, maybe I'm a double agent and in the climactic scene I turn out to *be* a space alien myself and I double-cross everyone on earth!"

I snickered. "Sure, 'Annihilator,' whatever you say."

"Maybe I'd start with you. What would your pro wrestling name be? Maybe Jake 'The Loser'? That sounds about right, don't it?"

I stood up and posed myself, not caring that I was naked. Now I had my pride--and apparently all of humanity now--to defend. "Calling me 'The Loser'? I don't think so."

He opened a bureau drawer. "Got just what we need!" He dug for a moment, then tossed me something made of blue cloth. I caught it. Wrestling briefs, navy blue on the outside; turn them inside out and they were red. I looked at it. I'd worn briefs like this sometimes to practice in, back in Detroit. I stood there staring at Alec's bare ass as he slipped on a pair the opposite of mine, turned so the red side was outside. I pulled mine on, showing the blue, and feeling kind of relieved to have some clothing on again, even if wrestling briefs were real revealing.

"So, 'Loser'"--he smiled and stepped closer to me, chest puffed out--"think you got what it takes to defeat me and save the Earth?"

I wasn't backing down from a challenge. I was an okay football player but a good wrestler. I'd take him apart. I stepped closer to him. "Damn right I do, you dirty double-crossing alien invader."

We were about the same height. Our chests were barely a half-inch apart. We stared our challenges into each other's eyes, neither making a sound nor moving, our bodies so close that I could feel his breath on my chin. I could feel my cock starting to harden slowly--just a proximity thing, right? That happened sometimes--getting hard not because I was turned-on but because my blood was pumping and somebody's body was right there. He leaned forward slightly; his hard chest nudged mine and this weird feeling ran through my torso, tingling, making me feel a little disoriented. Then he rocked back a little. "Let's see," he said, his voice low, "if you're able to prove it."

Our chests touched again, my semi-stiff dick nudging his, and another pulse of some strange feeling went through me--weird and weirdly pleasant, exciting.

I blinked, tried to pull my head together. "Yeah ... Uh ... I can take you."

"Okay, 'Loser,' you can take the first shot. Show me what you got."

But before I knew what he was doing, *he* shot in first, faster than I could have blocked. His right leg hooked behind my left and his arms went around my waist as his shoulder pushed forward, and I fell backward. Both

of us landed on his mattress, and the bed groaned under our combined weight. "No fair! Cheap shot!" I protested.

We grappled, struggling against each other. Most of what he knew about wrestling seemed to be the professional kind, not the Greco-Roman kind used in schools. Which was fine--I knew a lot of pro wrestling holds too. Almost immediately we fell off the narrow mattress and onto the rug, laughing our asses off--play-wrestling but dead-serious competition too. I'd just about get him trapped in a hold, but then he'd grope around for my hand or wrist or leg and squeeze, and wherever he touched would tingle and go kind of numb for a second, just enough to let him slip away. I thought that was just nerves, because I was nearly naked and half-hard while wrestling a naked near-stranger.

At one point, he managed to get me on my back, locked his legs around mine, and squeezed them together. As he forced both my arms up over my head and held them down, his body stretched along mine. I could feel his hard dick through his shorts against my stomach. *I'm not the only one*, I thought to myself crazily as I struggled against him. I finally managed to shake him off and tried to covertly adjust my rod in my shorts so it maybe wouldn't be as obvious.

A few minutes later, I had him in a camel clutch. That's not a legal amateur move--it's a pro wrestling hold that I liked to show off with my buddies back in Detroit sometimes because it's hard to escape and lets the other guy know I'm completely in charge. Alec's body was face-down, with me on top of him, sitting with my ass cheeks on his; my arms were reached under his armpits and forward so I could pull up on his chin in my cupped hands; I leaned back to bend his torso upward and apply pressure to his back. Being face-down kept his legs mostly immobilized and his arms waved futilely. I glanced down to judge the curve of his spine and whether he could take more pressure, and that's when I saw it.

A tube about five inches long and maybe an inch wide bulged on Alec's back, under the skin, lying just below his neck and alongside his spine. Two blue lines, thin and pale and barely visible under his skin, ran along it. At first I thought it was a cramped muscle and some veins or something, but then it moved, independently, in a completely non-anatomical way and sank out of view into his body. That was no muscle!

I yelped and released him in surprise and a little horror, recoiling away. "What the fuck! Man, there's something under your skin!"

Alec rolled free and gave me his usual grin. "Oh, you mean my Guide? I'll tell you about that later."

In a flash he was on me and we grappled, but he took me down to the rug quickly. I was definitely the better wrestler, but he was fast and strong and trying really, really hard. The exhaustion from jogging earlier must have been catching up with me, because the more we grappled each other, the more my skin tingled wherever he grabbed and the heavier my arms and legs seemed to become. I tried to roll out from under him, and somehow Alec got his fingers hooked in my wrestling briefs and pulled them down almost to my knees, which pretty much hobbled my legs. Then he clamped his fingers on my nipple, squeezed, and--*kazow!--kazap!--*this intense feeling tore through my whole body, like I was being electrocuted but in a great-feeling way I'd never felt before--so intense! My nipples had never-ever been that sensitive, and I was riding the crest of something that was nearly as strong as an orgasm.

When my head cleared, Alec had me on my back. His legs had mine immobilized, and his body pinned mine. He had my arms stretched over my head and pressed down. He was too strong and had me locked up. I couldn't move. I couldn't do anything. I snapped, "Man, what the fuck!"

He didn't release me. His face was above mine, grinning. "Looks like 'Annihilator' Alec the Alien Invader is still the undefeated champion."

"That was a cheap shot--whatever that was--and you know it. I wasn't ready."

"Everything's fair in wrestling and alien invasions. Don't you know that?" He smiled wider. "Jake 'The Loser' lost to the space invaders and now the takeover of the Earth is inevitable, just like in real life. Never even saw it coming, did you?"

One of those things rose up under his skin, where his shoulder met his neck, a four-inch long tube that made Alec's skin rise and fall as it moved. Another shifted his skin as it slid across his chest and turned toward his abs.

"Man, what the fuck?" I yelped and tried to struggle away, but he kept me trapped there. "What's--What're those things?"

Alec grinned as he looked down at them. "I told you--they're Guides. They communicate through scent and pheromones, so they don't have a name that we humans can pronounce, but they think of themselves as guiding their host species, so that's what we call them."

I tried twisting and yanking, but he had me pinned tight as hell. "They're real? They're real aliens? Lemme go, man! Lemme up, right now!" I didn't know if those things were actual aliens, but even if they were some sort of parasite, that still freaked me the fuck out! What should I do?--High-tail my ass out of there and call who?--the F.B.I?--the C.I.A.?--and say what?--*Uhm, this guy I just met yesterday has this thing under his skin, and he says it's an alien, so come arrest him and lock him up or whatever you do with alien invaders?* Sure, but probably they'd lock *me* up instead--in the looney bin.

His grip on my wrists tightened. His legs scissored, sliding his hips up my torso. I fought harder, shouted over and over for him to let me go, kicked with my released but still shorts-hobbled legs. Alec pulled himself up my body until his crotch touched my chin. I clenched my jaw shut, flipped my head back and forth. I couldn't find a way to throw him off no matter what I tried or how hard I fought. His crotch pressed firmer, and I felt his erection against my jaw as I twisted my head away. "Calm down. Just breathe, man. Let the pheromones calm you down. Breathe deep."

I wasn't sure what the fuck a *pheromone* was, but with his crotch in my face, his scent was stronger. The more I struggled, the more it filled my lungs. My head went dizzy, and weirdly I did start to feel more relaxed, like fighting was too hard, or maybe not as important as I'd thought. My limbs started to go looser and limper, difficult to move. I looked up at Alec for reassurance, not knowing what was going on. He smirked down at me.

"That's it," he murmured. "Just breathe, Jake. Calmer now?"

I thought about it a moment, then nodded slowly.

"Yeah, just breathe. Relax, buddy. Nothing bad's gonna happen to you."

He let go of my arms but didn't get off of me, and he leaned back. "What's this?" He reached behind himself and groped my bare hard-on.

"You've got one too," I snapped back defensively, voice sounding groggy.

He made a big show of looking at his own crotch and seeming surprised, then laughed. "Oh, yeah. So I do." He rolled off of me and got up on his knees, towering over me, which made his erection in those red wrestling briefs look even bigger. But he didn't touch it. Instead, he ran his hands down his chest and over his stomach where one of the Guides made a rise under the skin; finally his hands stopping at his outlined erection, which looked kind of like a Guide tube underneath his wrestling briefs. He rubbed it through his

shorts with one hand while he cupped his balls with the other.

I pulled myself partially up onto my elbows, and just doing that took a lot more effort than it should have. "I don't know. This is fucking weird, man. I mean, alien parasites--"

"They're not 'parasites'"--he smiled but sounded a little annoyed, like I'd just insulted his best friend or something. "I told you, they're Guides."

"Sorry," though I wasn't sure what I was apologizing for. "It's just ... I mean, aliens and shit--man, it's a lot to take in, you know? You said they're in control of you or influencing you or whatever, but you act so ..."

"Normal?"

I nodded.

"This *is* normal for me now. Look, I get it. It's a lot to take in. Like I said, movies and books get a lot wrong," he said, and then his hand on his crotch caressed and gripped his rod through his briefs, which immediately pulled my attention right to it. "So what are we going to do about our hard-ons?" He slid his red briefs down his legs. "Any ideas?"

I swallowed hard, trying hard not to look at his exposed and stiff dick. Naked guys--erections--aliens--What the fuck! I stared instead at his legs, then bypassed his crotch to stare at his beautifully muscled and tanned torso. Over me, he seemed like a giant. My eyes were drawn back to his cock.

"Nice." He grinned, looking directly at my rod. He crouched over me and put his hand on it.

No one had ever touched my penis before, and this weird electricity seemed to jump from his palm and into my sensitive erection. His grip on my dick felt nice, made my head really spin, made my legs twitch and feel kind of limp too.

"Lay back down," he ordered. I did as he said, my mind whirling, disoriented, feeling like the world was coming apart all around me. What was happening here? I had never imagined this, letting another guy touch my genitals, but now it was happening, with a nice guy, a sexy guy, one whose scent and electric touch filled my head. I'd breathed in so much of his scent I felt myself shifting from groggy to sleepy, though I fought hard to stay awake. He chuckled down at me. "Look at you lying there, so out of it you barely know what's going on. Earth guys are so easy."

He straddled me, crouched over my thighs, pressed the underside of his erect cock to the underside of mine. His was longer but by less than half an inch. Mine was about a quarter-inch thicker.

He reached under the bed, retrieved a jar of Vaseline. I felt him smear my dick-shaft with the slick stuff, then the head. I shuddered again. He moved up, facing me, and squatted over my hips. He reached back, grabbed my slickened cock, and directed it into the crack of his ass. He found the right spot, paused for a moment, eyes closed, then slowly began to lower himself onto my cock. His hole seemed tight and its grip around my cock squeezed me a bit too hard, but then it began to loosen a little as if trying to pull me in as he slid his ass further down my rod. His eyes were still pressed shut as he began to hand-rub himself with the hand he'd used to slick me. He stopped his hips when he got all the way down, and I could feel the sweet pressure of his ass on my balls, the unbelievable heat and grip of his guts around my dick. He stayed there for a few moments, the only audible sounds being our breathing and the sloppy noise of his Vaseline'd hand slowly buffing his meat.

Then Alec began sliding his ass back up around my cock. That simple motion felt so good, so much better than when I beat off in my bedroom at home, visualizing the bodies of Hollywood starlets or girls from my

old school. How the hell had I been getting by with jacking-off when this felt so much better? I forgot all about those Guide things, closed my eyes in ecstasy, and settled back to enjoy. I was no longer a virgin. I was fucking! Really fucking, even if it was the ass of a guy I'd met only the day before and he was doing most of the work. Alec sure knew what to do, how to move, had obviously done this before. Fucking, fucking, fucking! I was really fucking and it felt so great! I moaned because my cock felt so fucking good.

What we were doing sure felt great, my first experience of having another man's naked body pressed to me this intimately, having my dick inside another man, having a man seek sexual pleasure with me rather than trying to defeat me. Alec's ass was warm, slick from the Vaseline but still tight, as his rising and falling hips slid his clutch along my length. Losing our wrestling match was worth experiencing Alec's eagerness to ride my rod.

I pictured the unthinkable: Alec's hard cock sliding into *my* ass, sinking in like a spear right down to his balls. Wouldn't it hurt? Alec seemed to love getting fucked, so maybe I would too? No, no way! I couldn't let anyone use my ass like a pussy! Though maybe--? *No, no way!*

Alec made a groaning sound and I felt hot drops of something pelting my chest.

I opened my eyes in time to see his cock raining another spurt of ropery white cum-drops on my chest and stomach. He whimpered, head thrown back, eyes still closed, mouth hanging open in ecstasy, as he kept pulling on his dick until he'd squeezed out the last dribbles. Obviously he loved getting fucked. He kept working his ass up and down my cock, still going slowly. One of his hands smeared his cum around my chest and stomach, as if marking me with his sperm and his scent. I watched his beautiful body move faster, felt his hole grip my shaft tighter, and I felt the burning sensation begin in my balls and my rod, as my 'nads prepared to pump my own cum up through my dick. I whisper-warned, "Gonna pop," but he seemed to already know--he started moving his ass up and down faster, hole gripping tighter, his eyes still closed, like this was just something his body did by instinct.

I pressed my eyes shut as my entire body went rigid, and I moaned as I started to climax, harder than I ever had while jerking off in my bedroom. Alec kept moving. My orgasm felt so good, so intense, so strong: wave after wave of pleasure burning over me, my body shuddering with each shot of my cock. Alec whimpered louder and a second load of cum shot out of him, thinner and wetter drops than the first time.

I shuddered again as my orgasm began to ebb, as I watched him cum.

Alec rode out his orgasm and smiled down at me, settling down onto my cock, which was softening. He sat there for a moment, staring into my eyes, smiling. Then he shifted up onto his knees and my spent dick slid out of him. He got off me, stretched out beside me on the rug, and we lay together, cuddled a little, face to face, touching each other's skin and muscles, feeling each other's body heat, playing with his cum drying on me. There on his shoulder next to his neck was the ridge of one of those Guides, shifting just a little under his tanned skin. I touched it tentatively, expecting it to burst out of him or something, but it didn't. He said they were trans-dimensional, living half in our plane of existence and half in the next, whatever that meant. Apparently it meant they needed host bodies, couldn't survive extended times in our world without one, and being trans-dimensional also meant they could pass through flesh, and move around in human bodies without hurting us. He told me Guides communicated by chemical secretions and short-range telepathy, so they had to be in close proximity to talk to each other--distance was one reason they were going slow about sharing their guidance with the rest of humanity.

He let me touch the one that was his Guide; that was the one I'd seen first, where it lay on his back from the base of his neck and down along his spine between his shoulder blades. He told me I could touch it, so I did; and, well, and the rise of it just felt like his skin. I stoked my finger back and forth along it, and the Guide under his skin seemed to flicker with an interior glow. "That feels nice," Alec murmured, his voice quiet and

distant and dreamy, like that crocodile I'd seen on T.V., when some guy rubbed the croc's tummy and made it almost go to sleep or something.

The other two I'd seen he said were guests, just visitors riding him for now. They did that sometimes, he said, doubled up in a host temporarily to communicate and share knowledge with each other. The Guide that was easiest for me to reach was the visitor on the top of his shoulder, near his neck. I stoked it. Sometimes it felt substantial, other times barely there. When it was substantial, it felt almost like a cock implanted under his skin. I stroked it tentatively with my finger, half-afraid it would burst out at me. As I rubbed, it seemed to quiver a little, almost like it was ... purring? "I think it likes you," Alec smiled and whispered low, sounding kind of seductive. "Do you want to meet it?"

Alec's scent and the afterglow of my orgasm had me feeling so calm and relaxed I was tempted to say yes--but to an alien thing that could jump out at me and take over my mind?--The burst of fear made me recoil. "Uh, no! No way, man! Keep that thing *right where it is*, okay?" If not for the calming effect of Alec's scent, I'd have been seriously freaking out.

I asked how they'd invaded, how they'd taken him over. He snickered and said I made the Guides sound like something from a dumb Earth-versus-aliens science fiction movie. He said, "Here--let me show a trick. I can let you see how it happened for me. Close your eyes."

I did, which took a lot of trust because I didn't know what to expect, and felt him lean in like he was going to kiss me, but instead he pressed his forehead to mine and--and then I *was* Alec, reliving the whole thing--

First day of school, the previous year.

P.E. class, third period.

Coach seemed different from last year. Distant. First-day jitters?

He said everyone had to shower after class.

Showers were optional last year, but no more. Mandatory. No excuses.

After class, tired, sweaty, the thirty of us guys stripped down to skin. No big deal for me, but some of the others were shy.

To make sure everyone took one, Coach was supervising. With his class roll on his clipboard, he called out names, including mine.

The first ten of us naked guys walked around the modesty wall into the shower area.

Eight shower heads, four each on opposite walls. Ten guys. Some would have to double-up and share. No big deal.

Reached for the bar soap.

Movement at the drain in the middle of the floor caught my eye.

Ten short lengths of something nearly invisible, squeezing up out of the drain, then coming at us fast. Most guys weren't looking, didn't see.

One headed right for me. What the fuck?

Jerked my foot out of the way but it turned and tagged my other foot.

Leg stiffened. Whole body froze.

Couple of the guys near me made helpless sounds, paralyzed too.

Everyone paralyzed like statues, except my buddy Richard.

Richard, the only guy moving, jumped nimble as a deer to avoid one trying to nab his feet.

Thing climbed my leg, both there and not there, nearly transparent except for thin dark-blue lines down the middle of its length, texture like jelly inside a balloon.

Climbed my thigh in two seconds, nosed for my ass. Couldn't move to shake it off.

Pressure against my buttock. Cock getting hard. Couldn't move. Felt it flow through my hole like water, going inside my body.

Felt it start to spread out in me. I orgasmed hard, intense, lost track of the world.

Orgasm faded. Saw other guys hard-cocked and cumming too.

Presence in my head.

Richard still jumping, dancing away from his.

Because he didn't know what it was and feared it.

Needed to bring my buddy into this.

Hand on his shoulder. Pushed down hard.

Richard fell on his ass under the spray. "Ow!"

Thing touched his thigh and Richard froze.

His cock hardened as the thing disappeared between his thighs.

He made a strangling sound of surrender. Ejaculated.

Richard stood, nodded and smiled at me. I nodded back.

Ten of us turned off our showers, padded back to the changing areas, picked up towels as we went.

Coach called out the next ten names.

I blinked, shocked and confused by what I'd just experienced, but back to being me again. I'd felt like I was Alec, living through the actual events. I had so many questions. How had Alec made me experience that? When had the Guides gotten to the coach? Where were they from? Were they here to fix everything and guide us to a utopia, or were they here to conquer and enslave? I imagined a dozen ways the scenario of Alec's takedown would work well: bare feet walking into a college dorm shower, a fraternity or sorority house shower, a gymnasium shower, a military barracks shower. The Guides probably had a hundred, a thousand, other ways of spreading across a planet, too. Pheromones, the shit that happened when they touched skin--zillions of ways. Humans might have a lead in population numbers, but maybe the Guides could afford to be patient and inevitable.

Suddenly a new thought: *Fuck!--Is that what's waiting for me in the showers after the first P.E. class or first football practice?* Would Alec do that to me, or let the coach do it to me? After what Alec did to his friend Richard, I'd have to be careful! I trusted Alec, even though I'd just met him; he seemed like a regular guy and he hadn't done anything to hurt me yet, but he'd also just told me he was under the control of an alien creature, and who knows what it could make him do! I admit, being near the danger of what was just under his skin was kind of thrilling, felt risky and wild, like playing with fire. This adrenaline feeling was probably what made Evel Knievel keep doing daredevil shit with his motorcycle, or people keep poisonous snakes as pets.

Alec said, "Come on, let's get cleaned up." He pulled away, stood. He led me into a bathroom and turned the shower on, paused a moment to adjust the temperature. I checked the drain--no sign of anything but water disappearing down it. Alec caught me looking and grinned. "Don't be paranoid. No boogeyman's hiding in the drain. No Guides down there either." He pulled me under the spray behind him.

The hot water felt great. He began running a bar of coarsely fragranced soap over my chest, lathering. Physical contact where his skin touched mine, tiny zooms of pleasure, had my dick getting hard again. I took the soap from him and ran it over his torso, and down, spreading suds over his dick and balls. He was getting stiff-dicked again too, tool lengthening and rising. I put my hand around his prick and started stroking it. He moaned and took mine, doing the same. We slow-stroked each other's rod in unison as if they were one cock.

He used his free hand to start teasing my nipple, rubbing it, pinching it, flicking it with his fingers, smaller zings of pleasure than the one he'd hit me with on his bedroom rug, but still so good. I'd never realized how amazing nipple-play could feel. We stroked each other, and I put my free arm around his shoulders and pulled him close, foreheads touching, soapy-wet torsos slipping against each other, and I kissed him. He responded by pressing his face to mine, his free hand holding the back of my head, our tongues probing each other. I liked kissing him. When our mouths separated, I leaned in, kissed him again, and he opened his lips, sliding his tongue into my mouth again. I sucked on it--no, not his tongue! This was something thicker pressing in, pushing my jaw open wider, slipping itself into my mouth. My body locked up--couldn't move--couldn't pull away! Secreting some sort of fast-acting paralytic to immobilize its new host?--*Makes sense*, I thought in an oddly distracted way. I could only stand there as in seconds the Guide fed itself in and in and in, sliding deeper into my mouth and throat. It blocked my airway--couldn't breathe--started to panic--

And then it began to dissolve, as if diffusing into the flesh of my mouth and throat.

No warning--every part of me erupted into orgasm. Strong and consuming, as if my body was turning itself inside out, tingling and shivering, an electric buzz that flung me skyward through clouds that became a lightning storm that obliterated everything else from my consciousness. Up and up, folding inward ...

Descending back down into my body again. If I'd had any defenses again one of those things, that climax would have demolished them until it was fully inside me. An orgasm to supercharge my endorphins and distract me until it had a few seconds to settle in?--*Makes sense*, I thought.

Alec's mouth had pulled away. His stroking hand had left my spent cock and taken over pumping his own hard rod. He was moaning and about to cum again too. He jacked faster, faster, began breathing in shallow gasps. We looked deeply into each other's eyes, and then his closed, and his body began to jerk as he started his climax.

Afterward, he grinned at me lazily. "See? I told you that one liked you. You feel good, don't you." A statement, not a question.

I nodded. Before, *ecstasy, euphoria, elation, bliss* would have been just words I might've pulled out of a thesaurus for an English paper, but now I understood them; I *felt* them to my core. Whatever chemicals Alec's

Guide had been pumping out into the air to make me feel calm before, my Guide must have been squirting directly into my bloodstream in spades, because now my head felt both weirdly foggy and focused in a way that made thinking and talking difficult. I couldn't muster any anger at Alec for what he done; I couldn't feel any anger at all, just an oddly deep-seated sense of contentment, a sense that everything was as it should be. I knew I should have--I dunno--fought back or run to the phone to call the police or someone, but I couldn't make myself want to, and any resistance was getting further away by the moment. Something, a presence of sorts, occupied most of my consciousness now, pushing the Jake parts aside into the remaining space, but I was okay with that--the sensation of having a presence in my mind wasn't scary at all, because I knew that was my Guide and it was sending me wordless impressions: deep affection, a sense of well-being, belonging, a promise to take away my worries. I didn't have to try to put all this into words for Alec; he already knew.

I somehow knew my Guide's influence was inevitable and irresistible, so why even try to fight it? What I'd wanted before? Somehow that didn't seem to matter now. Acceptance--maybe that's what I was feeling? My thoughts were already becoming occupied with *What does it want me to do?--How will I know?--How can I get it to make me feel that good again?* Instead of being a mindless zombie the way movies showed alien mind control, I felt like *me*, only like I had to listen carefully to something I couldn't quite hear yet and obey it because I wanted to.

Alec grinned. "Right now, your Guide is starting to adjust your brain chemistry, and it's working hard to build lines of communication with your mind. You'll feel disoriented and spacey until you and your Guide integrate, but that's temporarily. This time tomorrow, you two will be chattering away to each other like old friends. The day after, there won't be much separation left between you--you'll be almost like one mind with your Guide in control. You'll be addicted to its chemicals in no time, and you won't be able to live without it, just like it can't live long in our world without a host. If you think you feel good now, trust me, it only gets better from here."

I nodded my understanding and smiled, anticipating.

We rinsed off and stepped out of the shower and used another towel to dry ourselves. Alec led me back to his bedroom and tossed a pair of wrestling briefs at me, the pair with the red on the outside, the one he'd worn, saturated with his scent. "Your clothes are probably still wet. You can wear those to walk home in," he said. I pulled on the briefs. He stayed naked.

We went downstairs to the kitchen. "Hang on," Alec said as he veered to a cabinet. "We have a special job for you." He took out a Mason jar, filled it with sink water. He bent his head over the jar mouth and seemed to spit into it. I heard something splash. He screwed the lid on, and handed the container to me. The other visiting Guide swam languidly inside. I looked at it; if not for the thin turquoise lines running the internal length of the nearly transparent Guide, I'd have thought the jar was empty, because the rest of it was difficult to see. Alec looked at me and leaned in to touch his forehead to mine, and I understood.

Tomorrow morning.

Near dawn.

My father showering before work.

The shower curtain pulled shut inside the rim of the clawfoot tub.

Shower noise would cover my approach.

He wouldn't see or hear me.

Go to the edge. Open the jar.

Pour the Guide into the tub near my dad's feet.

He'll freeze and cum as the Guide takes him.

He'll belong too.

"Yes," I said, because I wanted Dad to feel good, to feel what I felt, to become one of us too. I understood why Alec had given that push to his buddy Richard. I couldn't carry a visitor Guide inside me yet--my own Guide and I needed private time to integrate--but a Mason jar would work just fine for transport to my dad.

Alec led me outside. I pulled my still-wet running shoes on. My T-shirt, shorts, and underwear were still damp. I wrapped them around the Mason jar, a little extra protection for my dad's Guide from the heat of the late-afternoon sun because Guides deserved our respect. Tucked the bundle under my arm.

"I'll come by tomorrow around the same time," Alec said, winking at me. "We'll go jogging, then maybe we can go swimming or hang out. Be ready."

I half-nodded. "Yes."

He flexed his arms, a double-biceps pose, mimicked a wrestling show announcer: "Yessir, ladies and gentlemen, 'Annihilator' Alec has once again proved Earth guys are easy by converting another one to the side of the aliens; he's still the reigning world champ."

I smiled. "Only 'cause ... cheap shot. Tomorrow ... take ... title ... 'way from you."

"We'll see. Maybe we'll wrestle to see who fucks who." He punched me lightly in the arm, using Guide chemicals to send a tingle of pleasure through my skin there. "See you tomorrow."

"Yes."

I walked down the driveway. No matter what happened in the rest of the world, I knew I would like living here in Pottsville after all. My Guide would make sure of it. I could feel its comforting presence, the itch between my shoulder blades as it continued to settle in, a different kind of itch of its influence at the edges of my thoughts. Alec had promised that soon I would hear it clearly, as soon as it built the paths directly into my mind. Soon. For now, shifting the clothing-wrapped jar under my arm, I had a mission, and I needed to complete it well, needed to make my Guide happy. Then it would reward me again.

At the end of the driveway, I looked back. Naked Alec was watching me. I smiled, and he smiled and waved before disappearing around the rear of the house.

I started my walk back into town.
