

The K'Hik'rihk Lottery

by Wrestlr

[M/M, MC]

Synopsis: Aliens have conquered the Earth and now demand a percentage of the male population as tribute.

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

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Boomer cursed for the dozenth time: "Shit, shit, shit!" His backpack was already overstuffed; no way was this last T-shirt going to fit. "Fucking K'Hik'rihk," he grouched as he gave up, flung the T-shirt across his cramped dorm room. How long did he have left?--Fifteen minutes?--Ten? He had to be ready to go when the resistance group came. Time to get that pack zipped and closed. His hands were shaking almost too badly to grip the slider.

The latest lottery results had been released late last night, his identification number had been one of the however-many-thousands selected worldwide; the impersonal notification had dropped into his inbox moments later: *Attention Citizen, on behalf of all humanity and Planet Earth, your service is required; please comply with the following instructions ...* The lottery. His number. A one-way ticket to government-sanctioned servitude under the fucking K'Hik'rihk!

In mere moments the question for him had changed from *what if* to *what next*. Fuck, what options did he have? What did he know? What did *anyone* know about the invaders? Not much. Aside from a few facts, most of what people claimed to know was just a whirlwind of rumors glossed over by the happy-talk repeated by the news feeds, which for Boomer was proof the government's lies must be covering up some terrifying

stuff. Unproven theories had sprung up almost as quickly as the aliens' "processing centers"--the grotesque whispers of the K'Hik'rihk agenda and the uses they had for human males. Not labor. Or not *just* labor. Sexual uses. The thought punched a jolt of nausea through Boomer's stomach.

He was a college sophomore, just turned nineteen--dammit, he wasn't ready to be dealing with shit like this! With that one message in his inbox, his life, his friends and family, his barely defined future, everything he knew was gone, replaced by this queasy dread. And the insectoid K'Hik'rihk themselves were almost incomprehensibly alien, their biology defying human understanding. From what little the Earth scientists had learned, they had nothing analogous to DNA, no sexual dimorphism, and maybe no concept at all of sexes and genders like humans had. So why this obscene demand for human males? They didn't seem to need a physical labor force, and aside from the rumors, Boomer couldn't fathom why the aliens would need human males for sex.

The slider gave, and he zipped his pack shut, and the sound seemed desperately final. The time had come--time to run. Once the resistance picked him up, any minute now, they'd get him out of the city. He'd disappear. But to where? Maybe he could hide out in the abandoned mines north of the city?--No, too close. The old growth forests in the northwest?--But he'd never even been camping, so wilderness survival was a complete mystery. Maybe one of the Third-World countries that hadn't officially capitulated to the alien invaders yet?--Might work. Anywhere, any life, was better than becoming a plaything for those ... well, whatever those insect-looking aliens were.

The invasion had come without warning; the outcome had been both swift and brutal. Just a few months ago, hundreds of the huge alien ships appeared silently in the skies over nearly every major city. Any question of friend or foe was settled minutes later, as the K'Hik'rihk ships above New York, Moscow, and New Delhi simultaneously unleashed an energy beam that vaporized those cities into slag piles of melted metal and glass, the heat and destructive force so great that all human bodies in the several-kilometer blast zone were instantly incinerated. When the ships proved immune to human weapons, even multiple nukes, Earth's major governments immediately surrendered, fearing more of the same treatment or worse.

Politicians' hopes for peace and freedom, however, proved a luxury humans wouldn't get under the K'Hik'rihk, who demanded a percentage of the young male population be turned over to them as slaves. *Slaves?*--A translation error?--Apparently not. Of course the politicians made public statements decrying the idea, but the evaporation of Perth ended even those token objections. Most countries already had some form of military draft or registration, so the lottery system to select which young men would be chosen in phases for the "honor" of becoming slaves to the K'Hik'rihk was quick to implement. The aliens built their induction centers just as rapidly. In just a few weeks, the first lotteries were held, the first notices went out, and the first of the selected reported to their assigned induction centers.

But then what? Cameras, microphones, and other devices planted on men entering the centers immediately ceased to function, and almost all the men selected, aside from a few members of the human military forces repurposed as the "Integration Security Service," immediately disappeared to wherever the K'Hik'rihk took their new slaves, their locations and fates unknown. Those who remained as ISS soldiers were changed, their loyalty now completely aligned with the invaders; if they knew the fates of the men in the induction centers, they weren't offering any information at all.

How could Boomer trust the government?--Newsfeed photos lately seemed to show every major world government had an embedded K'Hik'rihk "advisor" standing in the background. Obviously the invaders were keeping the human politicians under tight control. Wars between countries had stopped, thanks to the K'Hik'rihk if the talking heads on the news feeds were to be believed, but hadn't most wars already stopped when humanity collectively turned to deal with the invader ships before the K'Hik'rihk ended that war too? Now the aliens were sharing their technology, their expertise, and already problems like hunger, pollution, and diseases were on the way to being solved. And overpopulation?--Well, that would be solved too, but in

the short term, wasn't sending a percentage of the male population off with the aliens already an easement? Such a small percentage in return for world peace and betterment. And those selected would be learning the ways of the K'Hik'rihk, their technology, their culture. Such an honor for the selected!

Boomer had only a few days before he was required to report to the nearest induction center. The timing may have been intended to give him a short period to settle his affairs, but he wasn't waiting; he would use that time to disappear. He hadn't even notified his family yet. His father, former military, would simply tell him to *Do your civic duty, son; think of the greater good*. No, Boomer was wasn't going to show up at his assigned center and be taken into slavery like the rest of the human sheep. He was going to spend his days getting a head start on escaping, getting someplace where he could hide. Maybe he would eventually contact his family, if he could, once he was safe. His roommate had been selected by the lottery two weeks ago, and had simply gone to the induction center on schedule without question or argument--just a shrug and *What else can I do* defeatism. But not Boomer!

Last night, immediately after receiving his lottery notice, he searched online for advice on ways to escape. Somebody had to know something, right? Most of the sites were static and useless, just survivalist drivel, but Boomer had been lucky enough to find, buried in the search results, mention of a network of people who helped men evade the lottery. More digging, and Boomer had found a link, a live link with an anonymized secure connection, and once he entered his verification details--name, location, I.D. number, lottery notification number to prove he really had been selected--an actual human came online to chat with him! Sure, the other person's video feed was in shadow and the person used a voice filter, but that was just smart, right? No group representative would give away their identity. The person--because of the shadows and voice filter, Boomer wasn't sure if this was a man or a woman, but the representative seemed around his own age, a peer--had seemed genuine, had been encouraging, had promised someone would make contact soon, and all Boomer needed to do was wait in his dorm room, tell no one in case the K'Hik'rihk were monitoring communications, and be ready to leave at this specified time. Everything sounded so easy because, the representative assured him, the group had done this many times before and had the process down, which was a comfort to Boomer's desperation. His escape was virtually assured now! Still, he hadn't slept at all last night, because his mind kept plowing over next steps. Once the group got him out of the city, Boomer would be free to go wherever he chose. He would grow his facial hair, shave his head, make himself look different enough to fool the facial recognition scanners. His choice. His freedom. He would stay *free*--he clung to that word like a lifeline.

Ten minutes left? They were going to meet him at his dorm--all he had to do was wait here for their signal. His backpack was closed and ready. Too stuffed? Too heavy? The person had said to pack light, so surely one backpack wouldn't be a problem, even if it was full to capacity, right? And if they didn't show, well, he was already packed, so maybe he could catch a laborers' bus out of the city? Those weren't as closely watched, and maybe the transit authority hadn't shut down his travel credentials yet.

Boomer checked himself in the mirror on the closet door. Nice body. Nice face. Hot. He was dressed for anonymity: dark generic T-shirt, dark shorts, trainers he would run in or hike in, whichever the situation demanded once he was out of the city. He had a hoodie too; the day was too warm for it, really, but he could slip it on, flip up the hood, and maybe the surveillance cameras would have a harder time tracking him? He had the hoodie threaded through the strap of his backpack so he wouldn't forget it. He'd ask the resistance team whether he should wear it or not.

Yeah, he assessed one last time before turning away from the mirror, definitely a hot body, and his cock twitched. Boomer missed his roommate, a nice guy, but mostly he missed the buddy-sex with him, almost every night all semester. Boomer's balls had gone from *aaah* to *ugh* with backed-up cum after his roommate left for the induction center. Right now, Boomer had no time left for a quick jack-off. Maybe someone in the resistance would be attractive and horny? The person he'd talked to last night had been vague about what would happen once they got Boomer out of the city--they'd discuss options once they were somewhere safe,

not online where the K'Hik'rihk might have a way to decrypt and eavesdrop on their secure connection. Yeah, that made sense to Boomer. So maybe once they got him out of the city, someone in the resistance would be cute, horny, and willing to spare a few minutes for a little sexy fun-time.

The dorm room door pinged--someone was overriding the privacy lock? Boomer froze. *What the fuck*, he thought as the door hissed open, and the cold reality of the invasion stood before him: first, he saw one human man in the black uniform of the ISS, blond, unsmiling, powerfully built, barely older than Boomer himself, probably had been a member of the Army or Marines before the surrender. Then, a moment later, Boomer saw two insectoid K'Hik'rihk behind the ISS member, taller than the human norm, their gazes fixed upon him. The aliens' segmented bodies gleamed black and iridescent green under the harsh fluorescent lights of the hallway, and their multifaceted black eyes, large and depthless, stared at him from triangular heads that reminded Boomer of a man-sized preying mantis.

The taller K'Hik'rihk extended ITS slender arm-appendage--not hands, but three small, flexible digits like fingers at the end--and made a series of softly clicking mandible motions. The blank-faced human ISS member stepped forward and, as if translating, recited in a voice devoid of emotion, "Lottery designate Johnson, Boomer--I.D. number three-four-seven-nine-A-W-six-nine-nine--you have been identified as a flight risk and scheduled for priority induction. Evasion of the lottery system is not tolerated. You are to be inspected and, if determined to be satisfactory, you will accompany us for immediate processing."

Boomer's every muscle froze. "No! No!" he yelped, panicky as a cornered animal, clutching his overstuffed backpack between himself and the aliens like a shield. "My induction date isn't 'til next week!" His escape plans were evaporating, replaced by the stark, bone-deep terrors in front of him.

"No longer," the ISS member droned. "Hours ago you attempted to contact what you thought were resistance forces in an attempt to evade induction. You have been identified as a flight risk and reclassified for immediate processing. You will submit to evaluation."

The K'Hik'rihk advanced into the dorm room, their movements uncannily fluid, at though their bodies formed joints wherever they were needed instead of at fixed points. Boomer shuffled back, backpack still defensively in front of him. He gasped as his shoulder touched the wall behind him--nowhere left to run! One of the aliens grabbed at his pack; they both tugged, and the pack was yanked from Boomer's grip, then flung aside, leaving him defenseless.

Three small orbs--some type of scanner?--floated nearby, each with what looked like a sensor eye pointed at Boomer. The taller alien tilted toward him. This one wore a band around its head that Boomer first thought was jewelry or some type of adornment like an indicator of rank, but a series of small crystals along the band began to glow softly, pulsing in color patterns like some type of device; a pair of crystals in the middle of the band settled into an eerie steady violet light. As the light intensified, Boomer felt a pressure in his skull; he found himself unable to move, his head filling with a sensation of his thoughts somehow being ... peeled back? Was that even possible?

"Resistance to be inefficient." The K'Hik'rihk's speech resonated directly in Boomer's head. His mind struggled to turn the alien's concepts into human words he could understand. "Cognitive patterns to optimize for obedience."

The violet light seemed to flow through him. The color, the light, seemed to fascinate him, to wrap around his thoughts and draw them toward it somehow, and Boomer felt his fear begin to ... distort. It didn't vanish, but it curled and became less frantic, tangled with a strange, fascinated curiosity and a bizarre sense of ... yielding?--or acceptance? Boomer wasn't sure what he was feeling exactly. More cooperative, yes. Curiosity? Compliant? Maybe also an undercurrent of arousal? Yes, that was part of what he was feeling: curiosity, acceptance, and a definitely sexual angle. His thoughts seemed to be floating. He kept coming back to the

feeling of arousal. The backs of his forearms tingled. His balls tingled. But that only happened when he was feeling really turned-on, right? Earlier he had found the idea of sex with the K'Hik'rihk repulsive, but now?-- Why did they seem more exotic instead of threatening? Why was he feeling weirdly horny? Why was his cock swelling a little? Okay, a lot.

The K'Hik'rihk's mind-voice deepened as the violet light in Boomer's thoughts became an almost hypnotic buzz that absorbed his attention. "Purpose to integrate. Desires to align with collective. Evaluation proceeds."

One of the floating scanners pinged. One alien said, "Physical condition marked at excellent."

The other alien answered, "Responsiveness to initial control matrix exceptional. Evaluation proceeds."

The nearer K'Hik'rihk tilted closer, its multifaceted eyes locking onto Boomer's. The violet crystals pulsed again, and Boomer felt a wave of ... what? His mind finally translated the sensation as submission. His body seemed to grow too heavy to move on his own, his will pliable, waiting to be told what to do. Images flickered in Boomer's mind, as though he was dreaming without being asleep. These were images not of escape, but of--he couldn't decide what. Some seemed to be fragments of memory, others of fantasies, but all of the images felt intimate, like trust and happiness and sex all rolled together. The violet light shifted slightly, and Boomer's memories seemed to focus on one category: Taking off his clothes at bedtime, stripping to bathe, at the doctor's office, stripping in locker rooms, cock-swinging and proud of his body, not caring who saw, horsing around naked with his buddies after practice on their way to the showers ...

His cock stuck directly out and up--When had Boomer become naked?--Some part of those memories must have been real-world actions? Didn't matter. He was naked now, and his cock was so very, very hard, and he was waiting to be told what to do.

Alien fingerlets, cool and precise, touched his chest, explored his body. The violet light pulsed and more memories filled Boomer's head: the last time he jacked off, first sex with his roommate, first blow-job, best blow-job. His cock throbbed. The revulsion Boomer had felt before the aliens' arrival continued to crumble, being replaced by a disorienting mix of anticipation, perverse fascination, and arousal, intense arousal, that had Boomer's cock steel-hard and his limbs shivering with excitement. Fuck, he wanted ... *needed* to cum!

"Pleasure will experience," the K'Hik'rihk's mind-voice whispered, its concepts sliding seductively into Boomer's mind. "Biological functions redirected. Union to be desired."

His earlier sense of horror and fear had been muted, replaced by a strange detachment, and now that in turn was yielding to arousal, rising, exhilarating, overpowering. Whatever the aliens were doing to him seemed both invasive and thorough, strong enough to push any humiliation aside. He felt changes happening, a strange horniness, a tingling growing in his groin, as sensations in other parts of his body dulled. His resistance melted away, replaced by an absolute need. His thoughts began to go ... quiet as the edges of his awareness blurred. Boomer felt as though his body was at the mercy of his arousal, his need to cum taking control. The idea of sexual contact with the aliens no longer repulsed him; he felt a confusing desire for more.

One K'Hik'rihk reached out, its intricately-segmented fingers tracing a gentle line along Boomer's jaw, which caused another pulse of horniness to roll through his body and into his hard cock. "Find fulfillment in service," the alien's mind-voice threaded through Boomer's head, a silken command. "Body forever responds to our will."

The two aliens pressed closer to Boomer's naked body. Meanwhile, the ISS agent was removing his uniform, exposing a powerfully muscled chest, strong arms, and a big dick of his own, as hard as Boomer's.

"Engagement of security slave unneeded," said one of the aliens. Boomer was unsure whether it was asking a question or making an observation.

The other alien responded, "Here already. Cost is nothing. Adds to nourishment."

The one who'd spoken first seemed to find this amusing. "Nourishment affirmed." Then it returned its attention to Boomer.

Boomer didn't need to be held in place. Some part of him remembered the concept of escaping, running--but the idea felt quaint now, irrelevant, hard to hold, so he let it go. He had been leaning back against the dorm room wall, one of the K'Hik'rihk pressed to him from the right and the other from the left. He felt their minds moving in his, an oddly pleasant feeling, and they seemed to be nibbling on part of his psyche--something he hadn't known was possible, but how else was he to interpret the little bite-like sensations in his thoughts. What were they nipping out of his mind? "Experience pleasure," one of them said again in his thoughts. "Biological functions to feed."

The shorter alien gestured, barely a flick of a fingerlet. The ISS serviceman, naked now, knelt in front of Boomer. Boomer watched, fascinated. He hadn't been into men before, other than an occasional curiosity--and of course the nearly nightly sex with his roommate, but that had been more of a convenience, a way of getting off, right?--but the sight of this generically attractive and muscular serviceman on his knees was surprisingly arousing, made more intense by the sensations of the aliens nibbling at Boomer's mind. The serviceman ignored his own erection for now, leaned forward and licked at Boomer's balls, swirling the tip of his tongue over Boomer's tight sack. His touch and his tongue were both gentle and firm, practiced, as though he knew exactly where and how to maximize Boomer's pleasure.

Slowly the serviceman increased the contact between his tongue and Boomer's scrotum until he had sucked the whole ball-sack into his mouth. Boomer squirmed and heard the smallest moans of pleasure escaping his own throat. "Oh, fuck, yes," he groaned.

The ISS soldier slowly pulled Boomer's balls into his mouth, first one, then the other, and back again, massaging Boomer's testicles with his tongue. He continued this for a couple of minutes, as Boomer writhed faintly, hyper-aware of every flick of the ISS man's tongue and the presences in his head. He wondered what the aliens were doing to him; they still seemed to be gnawing at little parts of his mind--chewing?--consuming? Should he care? If anything, he felt more docile, and as he relaxed he felt the sensations of the soldier's mouth more intensely. Perhaps the aliens were feeding on his pleasure too?--They seemed to be. Like some sort of telepathic parasites? Boomer found he didn't mind, not as long as his body felt so good.

"Fuck, yeah," Boomer heard himself sigh, though he hadn't intended to speak. "Please suck my cock!" The ISS man slowly released Boomer's scrotum and started the move upward toward his stiff prick. "Uhr ... Ah ... Please," Boomer managed to say between moans, because words were becoming harder. "Need to ... cum! Please ... suck cock!"

The ISS soldier looked up at Boomer's face and their eyes locked as he continued to lick his way toward the tip of Boomer's cock. Boomer could see a hunger, a need in the soldier's otherwise empty expression, and that need seemed fuel the desire in Boomer, or maybe that increase was the aliens' doing. The soldier's mouth pushed Boomer's foreskin back, exposed the shiny head leaking pre-cum, before his mouth slid over the head, pulled in the first bit of shaft. Boomer wondered whether the soldier had been into men sexually before the aliens had done ... well, whatever they had done to him when they took over the nation's military. Maybe that didn't matter. A day ago Boomer would have said he wasn't that interested in men himself, but here he was getting a sweet, sweet suck-job from a guy who was even better than his roommate had been, while the aliens did whatever. Maybe the pleasure was all that mattered.

"Fuwwck!" Boomer moaned--or maybe he only thought the word. The difference between thinking and speaking seemed unimportant.

The soldier had taken Boomer's whole member into his mouth, swallowing Boomer's erection until his nose was buried in Boomer's pubes and his sucking throat completely engulfing Boomer's meat. Boomer felt as though his cock had grown even bigger and harder. "Urrr!" he panted, able to manage only fragments. "Fuhhh!"

Instinct started Boomer's hips bucking forward and back as the ISS soldier sucked and slobbered all over his rod. He knew he wouldn't last much longer, not if the soldier kept up what he was doing--he was too eager to cum. The aliens held his body in place and seemed content to let Boomer and the soldier continue at their increasing pace. But what were the aliens doing in his mind, and was the soldier's mouth just a distraction? Boomer knew he should care, knew that an hour ago he *would* have cared, but right then his head and cock and all the parts in between felt too good, awash with too much ecstasy.

Boomer felt his breathing tug in shallow gasps of air, and he knew he was approaching the edge of orgasm. A grunt from the ISS officer reminded Boomer that the other human was more than a mouth around his cock. How had Boomer not noticed that the soldier was jacking his own stiff dick while he sucked Boomer's rod? One of the K'Hik'rihk reached down, finger-appendages caressing the serviceman's scalp like a pet. Suddenly Boomer heard the kneeling soldier moan, felt that mouth shudder along his erection, saw a spurt of white cum jet out of the other man's cock-head. The soldier's pleasure seemed to swell out like a physical thing, swirling around them and into the hungry K'Hik'rihk.

Boomer stopped bucking his hips--too difficult to think, his body too heavy to move--and let the soldier take over. If anything, the serviceman's expression looked even blanker than before. Boomer wanted to warn the guy he was about to cum, but he couldn't think of the words or how to say them. He heard himself moan by instinct as his body relaxed into the pleasure, white-hot and strong along his nerves, and then he sank into orgasm. "Nnnnh ..." The soldier had his face mashed into Boomer's groin, and Boomer felt the man swallow as his cock pulsed out his load in bursts into the soldier's mouth, felt his ecstasy spread up through his body and into his mind, into the K'Hik'rihk too. Nibbling, gnawing, feeding.

A subdued moan escaped Boomer's lips as his softening cock slipped from the soldier's mouth and the K'Hik'rihk withdrew. The violet light faded, leaving behind a lingering warmth, a sense of altered reality. Boomer felt changed. Something in his head was changed--or missing? He looked at the K'Hik'rihk, and his thoughts felt different, his confusion glazed by a nascent devotion. The aliens had consumed a part of his mind, had consumed part of his pleasure too, for some hunger inside them, a food that Boomer would now happily provide to any K'Hik'rihk in order to feel that good again. His former life, the terror, the escape plans--all of that seemed to have scattered into nonsense, already distant and fading like a dream--and in its place, a want. Yes, he wanted ...

The shorter alien worked its mandibles, a clicking sound, and its mind-voice whispered, "Exemplar production. Above adequate."

"What ... What do you want me to do, masters?" Boomer asked, his voice a husky whisper, devoid of fear. The words felt somehow right, now that he accepted that his purpose was no longer his own.

The taller K'Hik'rihk tilted its triangular head, its multifaceted eyes gleaming. Its voice in Boomer's mind said, "Established to control. Preliminary response satisfactory."

The human ISS officer, dressing, declared in his monotone, "Lottery selectee designate Johnson, Boomer--I.D. number three-four-seven-nine-A-W-six-nine-nine--you will accompany us to the designated assimilation center for immediate processing."

Boomer nodded. To the K'Hik'rihk, he said, "I understand, masters." He hadn't been ordered to dress, so remained naked.

The taller alien gestured, and the glowing stones on its head turned yellow. A golden oval appeared in the air--a portal?--ready to teleport them ... where?--the induction center? Didn't matter. As the K'Hik'rihk gestured, Boomer moved easily, his body feeling strangely light, unburdened. He approached the portal. His mind was free of fear, filled with a placid blankness, a willing thrall now, ready to be trained to satisfy his alien masters' desires. The idea of sexual servitude now gave him an intense curiosity, a sense of his mind and body becoming a conduit for experiences beyond an Earth human's limited comprehension. He followed the K'Hik'rihk into the teleportation portal.
