

Always Wear A Helmet (1996) [ADULT CONTENT] NC-17: AS, AL, GV, EX, M/M, F/F, Het, M/M/F





A UFO Story in which Major Gina DeAngelo is officially recruited into SHADO - and Straker's heart, but will she survive her first day out of the Academy?

(Sequel to *Overexposed*)

ALWAYS WEAR A HELMET

An original UFO story by Yuchtart

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<p>Alien Infiltration?</p> <p>Major Gina DeAngelo is SHADO's newest and brightest recruit. Can she melt Cdr. Straker's heart? And will she survive her first day out of the Academy?</p>  <p>Based on the Hit TV show, UFO, Created by Gerry & Sylvia Anderson</p>	<p>2 UFO Always Wear A Helmet by YUCHTART ADULT FAN FIC</p>	<p>Based on the Hit TV show:</p> <p>U F O</p>  <p>Always Wear A Helmet</p> <p>Written by YUCHTART</p> <p>ADULT CONTENT</p>  <p>ADULT CONTENT</p>  <p>Featuring Maj. Gina DeAngelo, Introduced in "Overexposed"</p>
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ADULT CONTENT

Major Gina DeAngelo was, quite frankly, pooped out. It had been a week since she had inadvertently stumbled upon the SHADO HQ voice recognition terminal in Commander Straker's office. (It still felt odd, thinking of Ed as "Commander" -- especially when she remembered the sight of him lying naked on the floor of his office, looking vulnerable and a little Puckish ...) Her MIT education, military training and status as top flight instructor and test pilot with the US Marine Corps made her prime SHADO material, and she had been instantly recruited (after she and Colonel Paul Foster had saved HQ from a Ufoe attack, that is). The days since had been long and tedious and full of a never-ending aggravation named Dr. Jackson. Oh, she understood the need for a thorough vetting of all potential recruits -- security was vital, but the interminable psyche tests were Hell! Normally a rather private person anyway, DeAngelo felt particularly ... intimidated ... by Jackson. That was the only word she could think of -- as impossible as it seemed, she actually felt intimidated by the tall, gaunt doctor with the all-knowing, probing eyes and the easy, Slavic accent. He probably knew more about her now than anyone else ever had -- or ever would. And that really pissed her off.

If she had only known that she had, in fact, proved immensely irritating to the good doctor as well, she would have been greatly pleased; but since Jackson had never once let on how exasperated he was with her -- not in front of her, at any rate -- she was merely exhausted. Well, she had obviously passed all the tests, because she was scheduled to start training at the SHADO training centre in Canada the following morning.

Stretched out on the bed in her London hotel room, she waited for the gentle knock which would be coming -- she glanced at her watch -- any time now. Ed had said he wanted to see her before she left. She grinned inwardly as she recalled how he had looked at her in his office just a week before, his beautifully clear blue eyes so full of longing and desire -- and denial. He had so stubbornly resisted the natural urges she had known she was arousing in him ... She hoped his new status as her CO wouldn't ruin what tentative ties she had woven that day. She lazily recalled how Paul Foster had walked in on them and how Ed had "encouraged" him to join in -- the sight of Ed and Paul together had been such a turn on! She could feel the wetness between her legs that the mere thought could induce.

She must have fallen asleep, because she suddenly snapped her eyes open to find Straker grinning mildly down at her. His cheeks coloured a little when he informed her, "You were groaning."

"Was I?" she asked, feeling the warmth of her own blood as it rose into her cheeks as well. "Some memories are more vivid than others ..."

He turned his face away a little, not wanting her to notice the uncertainty he felt -- his eyes were so infuriatingly expressive -- he had never been good at poker! Fact was, he had often found himself groaning with the memory of that day in his office -- whenever he was alone, in his cold, empty bed ... He wasn't sure, however, if his was the same memory that was affecting her. Dared he hope? A part of him assumed it was the memory of Foster -- younger, stronger, much less inhibited -- or possibly some other recent lover he had no knowledge of -- anyone else but Edward Straker, dedicated (obsessed?) SHADO Commander, social pariah, and all around sexual prude ...

"What's up, Ed?" She yawned and stretched her aching muscles as she tried to search his eyes for some clue, but his head was tilted away and all she could see was a lovely angelic profile.

Straker sighed softly. He found her gaze unsettling; felt like her deep brown eyes were

boring into his very soul and he was afraid of what she might find there -- what he may have to face in himself if she were to strip away all his defences. "I just wanted to say good bye before you left, that's all." he said with a shrug.

"Ed, I have to ask -- " she turned his head and looked squarely into those eyes ... God! Was that a hint of insecurity she found there? Hopeful, she continued, "My recruitment into SHADO -- you being my Commanding Officer -- that won't destroy any chance I may have had to be ... close to you ... will it?"

Had she really said it? A part of him rebelled at the very thought of entering into any relationship, let alone one with a fellow SHADO officer; but another part of him -- the part he had thought long since dead, or at least buried so deep it would never see the light of day again -- this other part of him, exhumed for only a week now, was growing more and more demanding every day. He felt a ... NEED.

"Depends," he said. "What were you thinking of just now that made you groan in your sleep?"

"The truth?"

"The truth ..."

DeAngelo clasped her hands around his neck and pulled him down on top of her. She gently

began disrobing him as she huskily whispered -- in great detail -- exactly what she had been thinking about.

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Commander Straker had been somewhat preoccupied during the week following the latest Ufoe attack -- an attack that had been aimed directly at SHADO HQ and which had come dangerously close to succeeding. He had ridden everyone damned hard trying to find out how that UFO had slipped through Earth Defences and he had the paperwork for Gina DeAngelo's recruitment as well as all her initial testing to oversee. In addition, he had asked Dr. Jackson to conduct a compatibility check on the Major.

"Compatible with whom, Commander?" Jackson had asked densely (or was he being sarcastic? It was so hard to tell with Jackson).

"With me, Doctor," Straker had answered between clenched teeth, and he had frowned at Jackson's responding smile.

Even more troubling than the feelings he felt for Gina, however, were those he had started feeling for Paul Foster. Paul had walked in on Straker and DeAngelo while they were ... intimate,

and had joined them. Straker had never experienced sex with another man before -- and had been somewhat shocked to learn that Paul had! He wasn't in love with Foster, mind you, but he found himself feeling ... curious, especially now that he knew the act had seemed so erotic to Gina. This curiosity disturbed him.

At any rate, as hectic as the week had been, Straker hadn't been too preoccupied to notice a change in Colonel Freeman. Alec was his oldest and dearest friend -- any change in attitude was instantly registered. A failed romance, Straker assumed and had said nothing, but enough was enough and Alec was beginning to snap even at him! This is why, when Straker arrived at HQ this morning, he curtly ordered Freeman into his office, with no pleasantries what so ever.

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Alec Freeman was a fairly astute man -- especially when it came to his best friend, Ed Straker. When Straker had escorted Major Gina DeAngelo down to SHADO's top secret underground facility, with Colonel Paul Foster in tow; it had been easy enough to size up the situation. He had assumed DeAngelo and Foster

had been involved in some extra-curricular activities together and now the American Marine Corps officer was being recruited into SHADO. Well, good thing too, Freeman had thought; SHADO needed more like her -- she was tough, intelligent and a damned good pilot, having already shot down three UFO's in just about a week's time! And she and Paul destroyed another that very day!

But, as the following week ensued, the picture began to change. Straker seemed very preoccupied with this new recruit -- more so than any previous recruit -- more so than seemed necessary. The suspicion had gnawed at him until, desperate, Freeman had cornered Foster in the lounge and demanded to know what had happened that day. It wasn't too difficult. The younger man was extremely stubborn when he wanted to be and once his mind was made up, there was no swaying him, but there was no denying Freeman's old RAF Fighter Pilot Command Presence, especially when it was turned up full tilt as it had been then. Foster had revealed the entire story. It was Straker who was intimately involved with this woman -- and Foster had even joined in!

Jealousy had sprung up like a tormented serpent and Freeman was having a hard time dealing with it. He would watch Straker

incessantly, and every time the man would grin, stare off for a moment, sigh, close his eyes ... Freeman just KNEW he was thinking of her! He thought he would explode! He was actually considering turning in his resignation -- he was certainly no good to SHADO like this -- when Straker demanded to see him in his office.

DeAngelo had shipped out that morning for training in Canada, Freeman knew, and assumed Straker wanted to discuss his feelings for the girl. Why shouldn't he? Alec was his closest friend. Who could he talk to, if not his closest friend? Freeman braced himself and hoped he could keep his cool ... He was caught completely off guard by what Straker actually did say.

"What gives, Alec?"

"What?"

"You've been walking around here for a week now like some ... automaton; a perpetual scowl on your face, snapping at everything that moves, even me; now what's the problem?"

"No, there's no problem ..." Freeman hovered, but Straker got right in his face and yelled.

"SPILL!"

"I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU!" Oh God, he had actually said it. And loud enough they could've

heard it in Surrey, had the office not been sound-proofed.

Straker was shocked. He stood there staring into Alec's face for several moments -- speechless. Freeman started to speak -- to deny it, say he was joking, anything, but Straker shook his head and interrupted.

"No, Alec -- I must admit, I NEVER expected this one, but it explains a lot, you know?" He sat down and contemplated. "How long?"

Freeman ran a shaky tongue over his dry lips and answered hoarsely, "Since we first met."

"That was almost twenty years ago!"

Freeman nodded.

"You're ... homosexual?"

Freeman nodded and answered the unasked question: "Things might be more lax in this area now-a-days, but back then ... well, let's just say it would have been greatly frowned upon -- especially in a Military situation."

"So you've cultivated this elaborate persona? Alec Freeman, Charming Lady Killer Extraordinaire ..."

"It's worked -- till now ..."

"Why did you never tell me? But then -- until a very short time ago, I probably wouldn't have taken it very well, would I?"

"I did tell you."

"What? When?"

"That night at the pub."

"The infamous Pub Crawl From Hell? The night I can't remember?"

"That's the one. I told you then, when I was drunk enough."

"And what did I say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"You slugged me."

"I what?!"

"You were all over me like a crazy man. Guess you weren't quite drunk enough."

Straker sat contemplating this revelation, absently stroking the scar on his lip as he did so.

"Oh, yes," Freeman said, nodding.

"Yes?" Straker asked. "Yes, what?"

"I gave you the scar."

"You? Then there were no three MP's?"

"Oh, there were three MP's alright -- and it took all three and that constable to pull you off me. Then it took all three MP's and me to pull you off that constable -- you are hell on wheels when you get going, let me tell you!"

Straker was lost in thought for a moment. "You bastard," he finally said.

"You almost killed that poor constable, I had to hit you before the damned MP's started ..."

"No, not that! You ... warning me against explaining everything to Mary -- arranging to have that final meeting at Nina's place instead of yours -- conveniently dragging me away from the hospital for some minor emergency before Mary came to ... You deliberately egged on the separation!"

"Not consciously. I mean, I've thought about it quite a bit over the years, and I know that I did it -- but it wasn't a conscious effort at the time ..."

There was a slight pause before Freeman added, "I'm sorry, Ed."

"It's okay, Alec. Fact is, I could never have been as happy with Mary as I think I can be with Gina."

"Then, you are in love with the Major ..."

"Yes, Alec -- I think I am."

"And there's ... no chance ... of ..."

"I can't deny a certain sense of ... curiosity ..."

"What?" Was he hearing this correctly?

"I have some things to take care of today, Alec. Meet me for dinner at Sorrento's tonight -- around 7 -- and we'll discuss this further."

"What?"

"And take the day off -- you're a bit ... frazzled -- no use to me like this -- I'll see you tonight."

Freeman suppressed the urge to say "what?" again as he hesitated for a moment, unsure of what he had actually heard. Then, slowly, he rose and left the office without another word.

=====

Straker sat back in his chair and thought over the events of the past weeks. He had been disturbed to realise he had feelings for Gina when he first saw her at the inquest investigating her involvement in a Ufoe Incident. He had been doubly disturbed to learn she was attracted to him as well -- and rather upset when she literally threw herself at him in his office! He knew from Dr. Jackson's psyche profile on Gina that she too had an inherent need to be in control, as did Straker -- they were so alike in many ways. They couldn't both be in constant control, however, and on this occasion, Gina had snatched it away from him quite easily.

Paul Foster had walked in on them while they were making love, and Straker had -- well, forced him to join in. He felt rather ashamed of himself now, but at the time, he was injured -- the

wound he'd suffered in a Ufoe attack having been reopened, and Gina's lust had been unquenched ... At any rate, the three of them had engaged in various forms of love-play, and at one point, Straker had ... taken Paul while Gina had watched. Straker had been shocked to learn later that Paul was actually bisexual and this was not the first time he had been intimate with another man. He had begun to wonder then what it must be like. Then he had learned that the sight of him with another man had been a real erotic turn on for Gina, and that made him wonder even more ... He now contemplated the situation with Alec. Would a brief fling be enough to satisfy Alec, or would he be hurting Alec even more by satisfying his own sexual curiosity, knowing there was no chance for a permanent relationship? If he did decide to investigate the other side of the sexual coin, he couldn't think of anyone he would rather learn from; Alec really was his oldest and dearest friend ...

BUT! Enough of this train of thought, Straker decided. He had other things to attend to and this would have to wait until 7 p.m... .

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Alec Freeman felt just like an anxious school boy -- nervous, unsteady and foolish. Christ! He thought. What the bloody hell am I doing here? He's my Commanding Officer, for Christ sakes, I shouldn't even be having these thoughts about him!

But he was having thoughts, and no matter how hard he tried to push them away, they persisted: visions of Ed's body close to his -- the way it would look, the way it would feel, the way it would smell and taste and the way it would respond to his caresses ... Would he really get the chance? Even one night with Ed would be enough -- at least, that's what he told himself. God! He hoped he didn't become obsessed! Wouldn't THAT be a kicker? His career would be completely ruined, and he knew full well, no one ever resigned from SHADO. The ultimate irony would be, of course, that Straker would be the one to pull the trigger!

He shuddered at the thought and took another gulp of the scotch he was nursing as he waited for Straker -- half hoping the other man wouldn't show, but knowing he would, if only to kiss him off ...

"Hope you're not getting drunk, Alec."

The voice startled him, and seeing Straker's face smiling down at him shook him up a little too.

"Ed!" He started to stand, but Straker waved him down. "No, not yet anyway -- first one. Want one?"

"No, Alec, I'm fine." Straker sat down with a graceful ease that hid the anxiety he felt himself. He was about to bed down his best friend -- no correction; he was about to let his best friend bed him down ... There was a difference. Straker knew full well that Freeman was the bigger and more experienced member of this team and that Straker would have to relinquish control -- again. He didn't think he wanted to start making a habit of it ... But, dammit! He couldn't help wondering what it would feel like! To have a strong pair of masculine hands running over his body, to be held closely and know he probably couldn't break free if he wanted to -- the penetration ...

His body jerked ever so slightly at the thought. "Ready to order, Alec?" he said, in an attempt to hide his uneasiness.

Freeman caught the muscle spasm, however, and grinned thinly. "I don't know about you, Ed, but I'm not really very hungry ..."

"Ah, yes, well I admit, I'm feeling a little queasy myself ... Your place?" THAT seemed an awkward thing to say!

Freeman gulped down the rest of his scotch and nodded. They took Straker's car and Freeman

watched him as he drove. God! He is so cool! he thought. How can he be so calm about it all, when I'm all tied up in bloody knots? He wished he had another drink, and decided to have another when they got "home."

=====

Straker had a brief look around the place when they arrived and said, "You've redecorated since I was here last."

"Have I? Yes, I think I did -- it's been a while since you've been here."

"Yes ..."

There was an awkward silence before Freeman observed, "You're trembling."

"Yes," Straker nodded. "So are you."

"Yes," Freeman agreed. "Want a drink?"

"No thanks," Straker grinned.

Damn! That grin lights up his whole face! Freeman was thinking when he said, "Mind if I have one?"

"No, Alec -- your place ..."

"Yes ..." Freeman poured himself a small scotch and drank it down.

There was another awkward silence before Straker said, "Look, Alec, I've no experience in ..."

this sort of thing, so I'm going to have to follow your lead ... so ... lead."

"Right. Ummmmm ... shall we start in the shower?"

"If you like."

=====

The water was running to get it hot, and the mirror was already starting to fog over as the two men stood facing each other. There was a moment of awkwardness as they undressed; they were both military men and had stood naked before other men plenty of times, but they both knew this was different and both still trembled slightly.

"You've been working out ..." Straker observed, noting that where Freeman had once had a bit of a spare tire was now mostly solid muscle.

"Oh ... yeah, a little," Freeman said with a nod. Straker looked fit and trim as ever, he noted. He wondered if he ever worked out, but didn't feel like asking at this point.

They climbed into the warm shower and Freeman instantly pumped some liquid soap into his palm. He ran his soapy hands over the soft blond down on Straker's chest, and then over his shoulders and down his back, strong fingers

messaging as they went -- pausing only long enough to get more soap. He rubbed down one leg and then up the other, until he came to Straker's crotch. As the warm water from the shower washed the soap down Straker's body, Freeman began to lather up his penis and scrotum.

Straker closed his eyes and moaned quietly as Freeman gently massaged him to an erection, the warm water lapping at his body. When he felt Freeman's hot mouth engulf him, he snapped his eyes open and slammed his hands against the shower wall to steady himself.

Freeman giggled at the reaction -- as best he could with Straker's throbbing organ halfway down his throat, anyway. Straker's breathing grew ragged and his moaning grew louder as Freeman expertly manipulated his member. After a while, Straker felt ready to explode! He grasped at Freeman's wet, dark hair and breathlessly said, "Alec ... I'm gonna come ..."

Freeman spoke around Straker's cock, not wanting to relinquish it for a moment, "Dat's d'idea."

"No, " Straker said. "I'm gonna come in your mouth ..." The very few times he had ever been felled, he had pulled out before ejaculating, but Freeman was having none of that.

"HmmmHmmm" Freeman agreed, just as Straker, unable to contain himself any longer, released with a groan; his warm semen sliding easily down Freeman's throat.

Straker leaned against the wall, panting for a few moments, while Freeman grinned up at him. This was exactly as he had imagined Straker would react and he could hardly believe it was all really happening.

Once he caught his breath, Straker bent over and pulled Freeman back up on his feet. He reached for the soap and lathered up Freeman just as Freeman had done to him. When he got to Freeman's crotch, he lingered over his penis. It was uncircumcised. In all his years in the military, he had never seen a man who was uncircumcised. He pushed the foreskin back and forth as he gently cleaned between the folds, and he found it rather fascinating. After a while, he realised he had been side-tracked and he looked up to find Freeman grinning down at him. Sheepishly, he said, "I guess, I've been staring, huh?"

"And fondling," Freeman added.

Straker noticed that he had indeed induced an erection. "You're, uh ... not circumcised," he said.

"No, and I noticed you are ..."

"Yes ..."

"Another money-making scheme for the American Medical community, no doubt."

"No doubt."

Freeman knew Straker was hesitant to take him into his mouth, and so he pulled him up, saying, "You don't have to unless your ready, Ed."

Before Straker could reply, Freeman added, "Can I kiss you?"

"Oh ..." That was an unexpected request. "I guess ..." Before he could even take another breath, Freeman's mouth was over his. There was a brief moment of panic when Straker realised he really couldn't move with Freeman's big hand holding the back of his head, but that passed quickly as he gave in to the embrace and returned the kiss -- meeting the probing tongue in kind.

When Freeman finally broke the embrace, he looked longingly into Straker's eyes and breathlessly said, "I want you so bad, Ed." There was a slight pause before he added, "Can I take you? Will you let me fuck you now, Ed?"

Straker sighed nervously. He knew it would come to this eventually, and he wanted to know what it felt like, but he was also a little frightened that it would hurt. "Okay, Alec," he said, grateful that the man was being so accommodating as to ask. Straker never realised just how powerful

Freeman really was, but he knew now that Freeman could take what he wanted if he had a mind to.

Freeman turned Straker around so that the warm water was hitting his chest and Freeman was behind him. Straker wondered vaguely just how long the water would stay warm. Freeman began kissing and nibbling at Straker's neck and shoulders.

Straker groaned in surprise. "HMMMMM, Alec, you'll have to teach me to do that."

"Feel good?"

"Oh, yeah -- You better not give me a hickey!"

"Not a chance! I'm a pro ..."

Straker could feel Freeman's erection rubbing against him. "I never thought I'd hear myself say this," Straker said. "But, be gentle with me, Alec."

"Of course -- If it starts to hurt, you be sure to tell me."

"Count on it." Freeman began gently inserting his finger into Straker's anus. Straker felt uncomfortable, but there was no pain. He then felt a cold, viscous substance and tried to look around as he asked, "What are you doing now?"

"Just lubricant, Ed -- didn't think I would take you dry, did you?"

"I don't know what I thought."

"You really need to relax -- it'll be much easier if you weren't so tense."

"Yeah, well, I can try, but I really don't think I'll be relaxing any time soon. Sorry."

"Are you sure you want to do this, Ed? The last thing I want to do is hurt you in any way."

"No, I'm fine -- I'm sure -- I think."

"I've never seen you so indecisive before, ol' boy -- it's a whole new side of you I didn't know existed."

"Yeah, well, that makes two of us, pal."

"I'm going to begin now -- let me know if it hurts."

"Uh huh."

Freeman wanted him so badly, he could barely contain himself, but he really didn't want to hurt him and he forced himself to go easy. If only he weren't so tensed up!

Straker waited for an intense pain, but it was just a gentle push until his anal muscles gave way and let Alec in. He gasped, which prompted Alec to ask if it hurt. "No, no -- I just thought it was going to, is all. I'm okay."

Freeman applied more lubricant around his penis as he eased it in further and further. Straker

was still tense, his hands up against the wall in front of him, groaning quietly in his throat.

"I'm not hurting you, am I?"

"No, Alec -- well, a little, but it's not bad; I'm okay -- I'll let you know if you really hurt me -- believe me."

"I'm almost all the way in; I'm going to start pumping now."

"Okay." Straker braced himself.

Freeman pulled out a little ways, and then pushed back in slowly and gently until he felt Straker's muscles relax a little, the lubricant helping him to glide easier. He began to pump with a slow rhythm, and started pushing farther.

Straker moaned with each new thrust as he started to enjoy the rhythmic pumping. Soon the sounds of Freeman's ragged breathing mingled with Straker's moans of pleasure.

"Can I come inside you, Ed?" Freeman suddenly asked.

Amused by the question, Straker grinned and answered, "There's not much chance of my getting pregnant, Alec, so go for it."

Freeman had a forceful ejaculation and Straker was caught off-guard. "Oh," he said. "What an odd sensation." The hot cum spraying up inside him almost felt like voiding backwards ...

Afterwards, Straker leaned back against Freeman, who ran his hands over the smaller man's stomach and chest as he nibbled at his neck some more.

"Hmmm, you really do have to show me how you do that, Alec."

"Be glad to. What are you thinking now, Ed?" Freeman asked as he pulled his limp muscle out of Straker's backside.

"Oh, I don't think you want to know."

"Yes, I do -- what?"

"Well -- you asked ... I was just thinking that I'm glad Paul hadn't insisted on ... entering me ..."

"Why?"

"Remember, you asked ... "

"Yes, yes -- what?"

"Well, he's bigger; I don't think I could've handled it ..."

"Hmmm -- how much bigger?"

"I didn't measure, Alec."

"And you say he's bisexual?"

"That's right. Want me to tell him you're interested?"

"No! I'll tell him myself, if I have a mind to ..."

There was a slight pause and Straker asked, "What now?"

"The bed room?"

"Sounds good -- I'm beginning to wilt."

"Not from where I'm standing ..."

Straker glanced up at Freeman's smiling face and followed his gaze down to his own emerging erection. "That's not what I meant," he said with a grin.

Freeman chuckled as he turned off the water and handed Straker a towel.

"You have one heckuva hot water heater ..."
Straker observed.

"Oh, yeah -- I, uhhhhh, like it in the shower ..."

=====

Once on the bed, Freeman pleaded, "Take me now, Ed. I want to feel you inside me." He lay on his back with his knees up and his hips thrust out, exposing his aching void. "You won't need much lubricant." He smeared a little of the gel around his anus and added, "Just enough to get you in easily."

Straker sidled up to him, resting his arms on Freeman's knees. He slowly began his entrance. It had been different with Foster -- unplanned and without lubricant; Straker hadn't had time to

ponder what he was doing. in the heat of the moment.

"Ed," Freeman said. "You don't have to be gentle with me -- I like it rough." He said it so seductively, it made Straker blush and he went ahead and thrust himself all the way in.

Freeman yelled, which startled Straker. "Did I hurt you, Alec?" he asked, concerned.

"Oh yeah, Ed -- I like it like that -- keep it coming!"

Straker frowned a little as he began pumping, sure he must be hurting Freeman; but the faster and harder he jabbed, the more Freeman seemed to enjoy it, so he shrugged and gave it all he had. Freeman's grunts of painful pleasure came in sync with Straker's groans of exertion and they both released a climactic yell when Straker came inside him.

Straker collapsed across Freeman's broad chest, out of breath.

"Oh, Ed," Freeman exhaled. "You have no idea how often I'd dreamed of this!"

They both lay panting for a while, Freeman running his thick hands over Straker's body, and Straker fondling the other man's growing erection. Once he'd caught his breath, Straker slid down Freeman's body.

"Where are you going, Ed?"

"I haven't quite gotten the whole experience yet."

Straker was just about to take Freeman into his mouth, when Freeman said, "You might want to get a flannel first."

"Hmmm? What?"

"Think where it's been since we bathed ..."

"Oh, right. Thanks." Straker seemed right at home now as he walked easily back to the bathroom and returned with soap and a wash cloth. He grinned absently as he gently cleansed Freeman's genitalia.

"What are you grinning at, Ed? You're not still fascinated by my foreskin, are you?"

"Hmmm? No. Well, yes, actually, but that's not what I was thinking of."

"What were you thinking of?"

"Tom Greer."

"Tom Greer?"

"Tom Greer, yeah -- this guy I went through OCS with. He, uhh, once called me a 'cock-sucker.'"

"He did?"

"Hmmm."

"And you kicked the hell out of him?"

"Oh, yeah -- I sure did. Think I should call him up and apologise?"

Freeman squirmed under Straker's manipulation. "Oh, I don't know, Ed," he said. "Do you know where he is? You're very good at this, by the way," he added.

"Oh, thanks. I think he's a judge somewhere in Montana now."

"No, I think you should just let it rest."

"Yeah, you're right." With that said, Straker tossed the cloth over his shoulder and took Freeman into his mouth. He massaged the base of his cock and his scrotum with long, slender fingers as he ran his hot, wet lips over the length of his shaft a few times. Then he took the entire length of it into his mouth and sucked hard.

Freeman clutched at the bars of the brass head-board behind him and tried desperately not to come. He had never been sucked so hard or so deep in his life -- he couldn't understand how Straker could stand him so far down in his throat! -- and he wanted to prolong the moment as much as possible.

Straker was a little amused by the expression on Freeman's face, and knew the big man was close to orgasm. He only hoped he would not choke when Freeman came. No sooner had he thought that, than Freeman released his load with a groan. The force of it hitting the back of Straker's throat did make him feel like gagging for a brief moment,

but Freeman was in so deep, the semen slid on down and Straker hardly tasted more than a slight brininess. The throbbing of Freeman's cock and the trajectory of the fluid stimulated Straker's esophagus muscles to spasm, which squeezed Freeman as he came.

Freeman had never felt anything like it. Afterwards, Straker crawled up to snuggle against Freeman's chest and Freeman put his arm around him and held him tight -- Straker's body feeling so slight and fragile next to his own.

"Alec," Straker said with a sigh. "I think I'm relaxed now."

"I think so too," Freeman replied with a snicker. After a moment, Freeman said, "Ed, that was the most incredible thing I've ever felt. How could you stand me being so far into your throat?"

Straker was surprised that pleasing Freeman could make him feel so flushed with satisfaction. "It's just a talent I have," he answered. "I used to win all the beer guzzling contests at college because I could pour beer down my throat without having to bother with swallowing."

"You guzzled beer?"

"I wasn't always a tea-totler, Alec -- you know that very well ..."

Freeman grinned and asked, "What else can you do, then, eh?"

"Show me how to master that nibbling kiss thing you do, and maybe I'll show you."

"Deal."

=====

It was six weeks before Major DeAngelo and the other new SHADO recruits were allowed their first leave, and Ed Straker was waiting at the gate. The occasional evening he'd spent with Alec was quite pleasurable, in a way; but he ached to feel this woman in his arms again -- to reassure himself that she really did want him, need him ... perhaps even love him as he did her.

"Why, Commander," she said with a mock English drawl. "Do you always greet new recruits personally on their first leave, sir?"

"But of course, dear lady," he replied in his own version of an English accent. "It's all a part of the executive package."

Before she could even chuckle at his horrendous accent, he had pulled her close and covered her mouth with his own.

She pulled away breathless and said, "Ed, we're very much in the public eye out here."

"I don't care, Gina -- let them gawk -- haven't they ever seen their Commander happy before?"

DeAngelo chuckled. "Probably not -- you're a very stern individual, dear boy. Where to?"

They walked the few feet to his waiting car. "I've rented a cabin a few miles up the road."

"Hmmm, in a secluded Canadian wood, no doubt; where I can ravish you repeatedly and there'll be no one but the moose to hear your cries of ecstasy."

Straker glanced at her as he put the car in gear. Oh, god! He groaned inwardly, but out loud he replied, "That goes both ways, toots ..."

She grinned wickedly and sidled up close to him in her seat. "Toots, indeed ..." she snickered, and sliding her hand into the button down shirt he wore, she traced a series of intricate patterns through the fine hairs of his stomach as he drove in contented silence.

Once they got to the cabin, they'd made love instantly -- not even bothering to close the door properly. DeAngelo hadn't had anyone in six weeks -- there was a young Scottish recruit in the next bunk who was quite attractive and certainly seemed willing, but discretion had won out and they'd decided against it under the circumstances. Instead,

she had contented herself with fantasizing what her next meeting with Ed Straker would be like.

None of her fantasies had been like this ... He was like a wild man! All of his former hesitancy and inhibitions had been cast aside and HE took control immediately. A little shocked at first, DeAngelo had warmed to it, and actually enjoyed being dominated a little.

Afterwards, as they lay on the floor of the den, watching the wooded area around them through the open door, they caressed each other lovingly.

"Good thing it is secluded," DeAngelo said, "or the neighbours would have gotten an eye full."

Straker grinned and moaned a contented affirmative.

"Okay, lover," DeAngelo said as she rolled over onto his chest and looked down at those beautiful crystal clear blue-grey eyes. "What would you like?"

"Hmmm?"

"What would you like, Ed? What would you like me to do for you? Something you've never experienced before, or something done to you in the past that you particularly enjoyed ... anything ..."

"And you'll do it?"

"Perhaps. No promises -- depends on what it is."

"Ahhhhh, you're being cautious."

"Always -- live longer that way, my love."

"Hmmmmm, well ... I don't know ..."

"There must be something, Ed ..."

He hesitated momentarily. He'd never had an offer like that before and wasn't sure if he should really ask. "Take me -- orally," he finally said.

"A blow job?"

He cringed slightly. "Oh, that was crude."

"So I'm crude -- get used to it," she replied as she began planting small wet kisses down his chest. Slowly down, she went, lingering around his navel for a moment, grinning at the way he squirmed beneath her.

When she reached his crotch, she playfully fondled his already growing erection for a moment before taking him into her mouth. Straker groaned with delight as he writhed under the onslaught. She had only toyed with him that day in his office, he now realised; for she was making a proper go of it now. Her mouth was not as powerful as Alec's, but it was hotter and her manipulation was no less complete. His breathing grew ragged as he came closer to orgasm.

He found he actually wanted to come in her mouth, but he lacked the breath to ask. In his passion, he brought his arms down to the back of her head and, entwining his fingers through her sweat-slicked dark hair, which had grown considerably longer during the six weeks of her training, he held her face to him. She didn't seem to have any intention of releasing him, anyway, and grinned fiercely at his desire -- SHE was back in control now. He came with a shuddering cry that wracked his entire body and left him spent on the floor.

He felt like a throw rug. It had never been like this with Alec, he thought. 'I could die right now, and I don't think I would mind.'

Wiping a drop of his cum that had dribbled down her chin, she crawled back up to his chest and gazed down at his angelic face. His eyes were closed and his breathing was still rapid.

Once he'd recovered, he opened his eyes and stared blankly up at her grinning face.

"Good?" she asked.

Keeping his face perfectly blank, he said, "Adequate."

She laughed an irritated laugh. "Yeah, right," she said as her hands went down to his waist and her fingers poked his sides.

He laughed and grabbed her back to him in a long, hard kiss. "It was the most extraordinary thing I've ever felt, Gina."

"Adequate, indeed ..." she chuckled.

After a slight pause, Straker added, "Thank you."

She pulled back and looked down at him in mild surprise. "No one has ever done that for you, have they, Ed? No one has ever actually asked what YOU wanted?"

"Well ... not as such ... no." He thought of Freeman asking permission before doing something, but that wasn't the same, was it?

She shook her head in disbelief and snuggled up close to him again. "What else would you like, lover?"

He thought a moment. "Let me take you anally."

"No," she said with no hesitation whatsoever. "What else?"

He actually hadn't expected her to say no -- not after what had just transpired ... He looked at her laying prone against his chest and said in disbelief, "No?"

"No," she said matter-of-factly without looking up at him. "I told you there were no promises. What else?"

"Well," he said. "I could just tie you to the bed and have my way with you."

What? she thought, snapping her head up to look at him. Had she heard right? She thought a moment and carefully said, "Yeeees, you COULD -- IF you really wanted to, I suppose." She watched him a moment. He looked serious enough. Her entire body stiffened ever so slightly just before she leapt from him, but he felt her muscles tighten and grabbed out before she could get away.

Scooping her up into his arms, he carried her into the bedroom. She put up a bit of a struggle -- arms and legs flailing, but she was giggling too hard to put up much of a real defence. The bed was a heavy, Mahogany four poster and he used her silk stockings to tie her wrists and their belts to tie her ankles to the posts.

She lay on her stomach, a little out of breath from the struggle. Once Straker regained his own breath, he realised what he was about to do. It amounted to rape, and he was suddenly very sincerely sorry.

"I'm sorry, Gina," he said. "If you really don't want to, I won't force you. Really."

He sounded like such a wounded child, she could almost weep. When she thought it would be nice to be dominated a little, this wasn't exactly

what she had in mind, but the whole situation was intriguing none-the-less. In as seductive a voice as she could muster, which was considerable, being a little out of breath as she was, she said "You have me where you want me, Ed, now have your way with me."

"But -- "

Suddenly wanting nothing more than to feel him inside her, she said impatiently, "Oh, please, Ed -- get on with it -- I'm fine; really."

He straddled her back and said, "Tell me if it hurts."

"It will without lubricant -- in my purse ..."

He could've kicked himself for not thinking of that himself. He found her purse where it had been flung in the den. "New purse?"

"Sure, now that I'm not in uniform anymore, I don't have to carry that regulation monstrosity anymore."

"Hmmm, not very fashionable, was it?" He found the tube of lubricant; that, a gun and some lipstick was pretty much all there was in the purse. "Do you always carry a tube of K-Y in your purse?" he asked accusingly.

"Of course," she answered as if the question was stupid. "It has a hundred and one uses, Ed."

She could just make out the skeptical expression on his face from her position on the bed and grinned into the pillow. "Now, get on with it, man!"

"I don't know, you seem a little too eager now, I think I should rethink this ..."

She sighed heavily as he restraddled her and began to message the lubricant into her. He couldn't suppress a grin of his own as she squirmed beneath his touch. He was back in control now, but he still felt guilty about tying her up.

He very slowly began to enter her. His gentleness and overwhelming desire not to hurt her was agonizing! "Ed," she said, exasperated. "I'm not a china doll, for Christ's sakes; give it to me now!"

"If you say so, honey." She reminded him of Alec begging for it "rough." He slid half way in and she let out a low groan followed by "Oh god!"

"Did I hurt you?"

"Shit, no! Don't stop!"

He thrust deeper and she arched her back to pull him in deeper still. She gyrated her hips in synch with his thrusts and the room -- indeed, the surrounding country side through the still open door -- soon reverberated with the sounds of masculine moans, feminine groans and the occasional "God, Ed! You are so good!"

When he felt the time was near, he said, "I'm gonna come, Gina."

"Me too."

"Want me to pull out?"

"Hell no! I want it all, Ed -- every part of you."

When he came, his body shuddered almost as powerfully as it had earlier and he felt her body shudder in orgasmic release as well. When it was over, he collapsed across her back, idly kissing her slick skin -- too exhausted to do anything else.

"I'm not crushing you, am I?"

"No," she answered. A moment later she groaned with pleasure and asked, "Where the hell did you learn to do THAT?"

"What?"

"The nibbling kiss thing you're torturing me with now? Who have you been practicing with?"

With a start, he realised he had been using the kiss Alec had taught him. Reddening with shame, he said, "Practicing?"

"Oh, don't get me wrong, Ed. I don't disapprove -- you were incredible. Untie me, dammit!"

He scrambled to release her and she rolled over and pulled him down on top of her, taking him into a hot passionate kiss that lasted forever.

Breathless, he settled in beside her on the bed and they snuggled for a while in silence.

=====

Alec Freeman, she guessed. Having been the object of his scorn for a week, she knew damned well how the Colonel felt about Ed, but she never expected Freeman to admit it. She certainly didn't expect Ed to pursue it either. She grinned, knowing she was responsible for awakening the sexual beast in the beautiful man she now held close to her. Well, it was a form of empowerment, wasn't it?

"What are you grinning at now?" he asked.

"Just the thought of you with some man ..."

"What?"

"Well, Ed ... I can put the pieces together. You're a changed man -- a sexual dynamo; you've been practicing, and judging by the slight preoccupation with oral and anal sex, I'd say your new sparring partner is a man."

Straker looked at her in disbelief. How could she see through him so clearly, and still discuss it so rationally? "You ... don't mind, then?" he asked tentatively.

"Hell no! I've awakened something in you -- something that's been locked away for too long -- you need to let it bask in the sunshine for a while."

He chuckled softly. "That's an enlightened attitude." Then a thought struck him and he added "Have you been ... practicing?"

"Would it matter?"

"Perhaps," he said carefully. He really didn't know how he felt about that.

"Well, I won't say I didn't consider it, but we decided against it under the circumstances ..."

"Another recruit?"

"Hmmmmm -- long red hair, sexy Scottish brogue ... big green eyes ..."

"A woman?" Straker hadn't expected that, any more than he had ever expected himself to be with another man.

"Sure. Does that shock you?"

He thought a moment and then grinned. "I don't guess there's a whole heckuva lot that really could shock me at this point, love." He kissed her and then they snuggled some more in silence.

=====

Lost in thought, Straker was idly tracing tiny circles around DeAngelo's right nipple with one

hand. It was becoming quite maddening for her; both nipples were hard with arousal and the wetness between her legs was getting hotter. If he didn't stop soon, she was going to reach orgasm.

"Still guilty about the restraints, Ed?" she asked tenderly.

He snapped out of his reverie and said hastily, "Did I hurt you, Gina?"

Well, at least the conversation distracted him from torturing her tender breast. "No, Ed -- I've a black belt in Aikido, you know. You may have been able to overpower me, but if I'd wanted to, I could've easily rendered you incapable of anything more ..."

"But ... the penetration -- you didn't want to and I forced you -- I didn't hurt you?"

"Oh, please; I've been butt-fucked before, Ed."

He groaned with another cringe.

She laughed. "I'm a Marine! What d'you expect?" She stroked his silken hair as she spoke. "No, Ed; I'm just not overly fond of the act, is all. You didn't hurt me. In fact, you were great!"

He looked at her with a hurt in his eyes. "I raped you."

"Oh, please, Ed! You can be so pathetic sometimes! I told you, I could've stopped you. Okay, look, what you want is to do penance."

"Penance?"

"Yeah, like King Henry the Whatever. He had himself whipped after having Beckett killed."

"What?"

"Yeah. He knelt at Beckett's tomb and had himself whipped as penance."

"So ... you're saying ... I should have myself whipped?"

He looked at her skeptically. She certainly seemed serious. This time it was Straker who tensed slightly in preparation for flight. DeAngelo was ready for it, however, and before he could even move she had one wrist firmly tied to the bed post. The other one wasn't hard to secure after that.

Straker knelt on the bed, naked, with his wrists bound and exclaimed, "You are NOT serious!"

"Course I am, honey. You're feeling guilty and you'll continue to feel guilty until you've paid a price for your apparent indiscretion."

"Gina!" He turned his head to see her standing behind him with his belt in her hand. "I can't believe you're -- OWWW! That hurt!"

"Of course, it hurts -- that's the whole point."

She hit him several more times, and he internalised any further discomfort.

"Four lashes should be enough for the piddling offense you committed, wouldn't you say?"

There was silence for a moment as Straker let out a heavy sigh. Then he said, "I really can't BELIEVE you actually did that ..."

"Didn't draw any blood -- only a few nice red whelps ... Teach you not to force yourself on poor defenseless females in the future."

"Poor defenseless female?" Straker had to laugh at that. "Oh, you're a lot of things, Major, but 'defenseless' isn't one of them!"

"Major, now is it?" She crawled between his legs and lay on her back, looking up into his eyes. "Well, then, COMMANDER, shall I untie you now, or would you prefer --"

She never finished her question because she was too busy diving for her gun on the floor, where Straker had left it. With lightening reflexes, she had fired three rounds through the door before Straker even knew what was happening.

He turned and tried to see what was there, but he was still tied and whatever was there was in the other room. "What the hell? You didn't just kill a neighbour, did you?"

"Not unless our neighbours are in the habit of wearing red space suits and tinting their skin green," she said as she stalked carefully out the bedroom door, gun still at the ready.

"What?! Hey! Don't leave me tied up, dammit!" Straker struggled with the bindings until he freed one of his wrists and then untied the other. He cautiously followed where DeAngelo had gone.

=====

There was a body sprawled in the hallway. It was an alien body -- young, helmetless. Gina was nowhere to be seen. Straker went to his discarded clothing and pulled his gun from the shoulder holster. He stepped to the front door, just as DeAngelo stepped back in.

"I don't see any more, but there must be a UFO around somewhere."

"We'd better call it in -- try to track it. And close the door," he added as an afterthought. "We are both naked, you know."

She grinned and shut the door behind her. "Why do I get the feeling these guys have something personal against me?" She wanted to know.

"Well get used to it," he said on his way to the phone. "Now that you're a member of SHADO, they do."

"Did they know we were here? Or was the open door just too good to pass up?"

Straker shrugged as his transatlantic call went through. He spoke to Miss Ealand and used some showbiz double talk for the benefit of any eaves droppers on the line. She would understand the grid references and Colonel Freeman would begin a search and destroy procedure.

He was grinning as he hung up the phone. "What are you grinning at, Ed?" DeAngelo wanted to know.

"Just picturing the look on Alec's face when I explain the circumstances surrounding this incident."

"Oh? You were tied to the bed, lover; are you gonna tell him that?"

He laughed at that and said, "Probably not!" He caught a glimpse of the body on the floor and stopped laughing. "Hmmm," he said. "We'd better do something about that too. Why don't you go put your clothes back on while I call the Academy and get a team up here to handle this."

"Kay," she said as she kissed him gently. Glancing down, she noticed the severe silk burn on

his right wrist. "Damn, Ed, but you've done yourself some damage, haven't you?" She set about dressing and bandaging his injury while he made his other call.

"Very nice," he said when she was finished.

"Told you once before, I'm a trained field medic."

Grinning, Straker said, "A team will be here in about fifteen minutes -- don't really think I want them finding us like this ... do you?"

DeAngelo twitched her eyebrows at him and said wickedly, "Why not?"

"Clothes! Now!" He tried to be stern, but it just didn't work.

"Party pooper," she proclaimed as she set about getting dressed.

=====

"Okay, Ed," Alec Freeman was saying. "We're alone now -- what REALLY happened?" Straker was standing behind his desk thumbing through a file, while Freeman stood by the door with his arms folded before him.

"I told you -- an alien came in and the Major shot him -- end of story, Alec."

"And just where were you at the time?"

"I was there ... she just had a better vantage point, is all; she's very competent, you know."

Freeman nodded fiercely. "Uh huh, I know it; and just what WAS your vantage point, Commander?"

He was grinning -- all kinds of wild ideas occurring to him. Straker figured he had might as well tell him, as the truth probably wouldn't be as ludicrous as what Freeman's avid imagination would fabricate ...

"Tied to the bed," he mumbled hastily.

"What? I didn't quite catch that. Did you say, 'tied to the bed'?"

"Yes, Alec -- that is indeed what I said. You know now, so go away and DO something!"

The Colonel didn't go away, though. Instead, he made himself comfortable leaning on the edge of Straker's desk and grinned. "Why, praytell, were you tied to the bed, Ed?"

Completely straight-faced, Straker leaned over his desk and replied, "Because I had to do penance, Alec."

"Penance?" He frowned; this was unexpected.

"Yes. I had to have myself whipped for tying Gina to the bed and having my way with her."

Straker never flinched; never batted an eyelid. Freeman tried SO hard not to grin, but he was unsuccessful. He stood and backed toward the door. "I, uh, think I have some paperwork to get through ... Commander ... I'll just go do that now."

"Yes, go do that now, Colonel."

Freeman backed out the door and smirked as soon as the door had shut behind him. He shook his head absently and tried to imagine the scene as he went back to work.

Straker kept a perfectly stern-faced expression for a moment after the door closed behind Freeman, but then he couldn't help a slight chuckle himself as he sat down. He winced slightly when he leaned back, as those 'nice red whelps' were still rather painful.

=====

The SHADO Training Academies never had a formal graduation. Recruits with varying degrees of experience were trained for vastly different positions and the level of training varied greatly. After the alien attack at the cabin, Commander Ed Straker and Major Gina DeAngelo had agreed to cool their romance until her formal training was

complete, so he had made no further trips to Canada.

Two and a half months had seemed entirely too long to go without intimate Human contact, however, and the Major had sought comfort in the arms of the pretty Scottish recruit in the next bunk. Lieutenant Carol Gregson was a very warm, giving, and understanding individual, but DeAngelo just couldn't understand her complete disinterest in men.

"But, how can you just discount an entire half of the population? Why limit your prospects like that?" Spending a 24 hour leave at a local hotel, Gregson was snuggled in the crook of DeAngelo's arm and they were absently stroking each other fondly.

"Men are pigs, Gina. They're hard, unyielding, probing, erupting, insensitive, violent creatures ..."

"You've pretty much just described me, Carol ..."

"Really?" Gregson propped herself up and looked down at DeAngelo's querying face. "Then, men are like you?" She grinned. "Somehow, I don't think so." She kissed the other woman full on the mouth and then moved down to her neck, breast,

stomach, and then explored the wetness between her legs.

DeAngelo groaned as the hot tongue snaked its way inside her. She writhed in ecstasy for a moment before her hands groped below her waist. She found Gregson's hair and yanked her head up, kissing her passionately before repositioning herself to form a sixty-nine with her partner. They pleased each other this way until orgasmic spasms took them both over and then they giggled and lay sprawled in an exhausted heap of entangled limbs.

"You know what I want?" DeAngelo said after a while. "Ice cream."

"Ewww, and I know just what to do with ice cream," Gregson said with a wicked grin.

=====

DeAngelo and her bunkmate had parted as friends and the Major was now contemplating the wonders of Passion Fruit flavoured ice cream as she steered her Harley down the twisting English country road on her way back home. It was Straker's home, actually, and she just hoped he remembered having invited her to stay until she

could find her own flat in London (although, she hoped finding her own wouldn't be necessary ...).

She felt the searing heat before she saw the flash of light, and the sound of the explosion was almost an afterthought. When she regained some semblance of consciousness, she was being dragged by her arms across a field ... toward a stationary UFO. She dug her heels in and yanked back, pulling both aliens down with her. She tried to cut and run, but her vision was still blurred and before she could make out where she was going, a red sleeved arm had caught her around the throat in a sleeper hold.

Her newly issued SHADO ID card had fallen out of her jacket pocket and the other alien picked it up. As she sensed the final blackness closing in around her peripheral vision, she found herself thinking, 'so this is how it all ends -- in an alien meat grinder ... ' But suddenly, the pressure was released and she was gasping for air -- air so crisp, it burned her aching lungs and made her head spin. She collapsed to her knees and was dragged into the UFO.

Once inside, she drew upon the massive adrenaline rush and took a wild swing at one of the aliens, catching him at the side of the head and knocking him down. He was still wearing his flight helmet, so the blow probably hurt her hand more

than it did his head. The second alien grasped her head in a vise-like grip and held it tightly while the first got up and gently nuzzled some kind of gun barrel against her right temple. When he squeezed the trigger, the pain made her black out.

When she came to again, there were bright multi-coloured lights flashing in her face and there were voices in her head. The pain she felt was indefinable -- it was like every nerve in her body was being stretched to the limit and all she wanted was for it to stop -- at any cost.

=====

When she regained consciousness, Major Gina DeAngelo was first aware of a stabbing pain at her right temple, but as her vision cleared and she became more sensually aware, that lessened to a dull ache. She was at the side of the road, her bike resting uncomfortably across her right knee.

Her first thought was a massive explosion, but that was gone in an instant, leaving a total blank. Gifted as she was with Total Recall, she was never without a jumbled pile of memories requiring instant categorization and filing away for future reference, so a total blank was something completely new to the Major. She shook her head in

wonder and gently pulled her leg out from under the bike.

The knee was a little swollen and sore, but it wasn't broken. There was dried blood covering the right side of her face. She removed her gloves to find the knuckles of her right hand were bruised and swollen -- almost as if she had hit something with a hard right cross, she thought.

She stood on wobbling legs and lifted the bike for an inspection. It was a little banged up, but perfectly functional. She absently peeled away some of the crusted blood on her face as she tried to recall what had happened. Slowly, it came back to her.

There had been some loose gravel in the road and she had been travelling too fast -- thinking of something ... What had she been preoccupied with? Yessss, she had been contemplating the inspection of the new Interceptor design she was going to be doing in a few days. There was something terribly important about that inspection, but she couldn't put her finger on just what at the moment.

Shrugging, she pulled her gloves on and mounted the big bike. It started right up and, vowing to buy a helmet as soon as possible, she

pulled back onto the road and resumed her trek home.

=====

Colonel Freeman was still sheathed comfortably within his Commander as they sat half dozing on the sofa. Freeman had his arms around Straker from behind and absently stroked the other man's limp sex organ, evidence of it's recent ejaculation resting in a puddle between their entwined legs. Straker sat back against Freeman's broad chest, his arms resting against the other's powerful legs, and sighed heavily.

"Is this really the last time, Ed?" Freeman asked.

"What makes you ask that, Alec?"

"We've never ... partaken of each other at your house before; and that heavy sigh you just released had a note of finality about it."

Straker sighed again. "Gina gets back tomorrow, Alec. I really do love her, in a way I could never love you, and I'm hoping she feels the same."

"You gonna ask her to marry you?"

"Marriage?" Straker frowned at that. "I hadn't really thought of that." There was a pause before

Straker added, "I hope I haven't hurt you too badly, Alec."

"Hurt me?" Freeman laughed gently. "You could never hurt me, Ed. I've had an incredible time, and if it's over, then it's over -- we're still good friends, right?"

"I don't think I've ever had as good a friend as you, Alec. Thanks for hanging in there with me, even when you've thought me a ruthless bastard."

"You are a ruthless bastard, Ed; I think that's what I love about you."

Straker released a low moan as Freeman began nuzzling his neck and throat. Freeman was immensely pleased with this one power he had over his beautiful, but coolly efficient Commander. Just a little nibbling of the neck and throat could make Straker instantly responsive -- he felt him harden again in his hand and grinned inwardly.

"Oh, Alec," Straker groaned as he brought his arms up around Freeman's neck and pulled him down into a hot kiss. Whatever else he said was lost when the door flew open and a loud-mouthed bedraggled looking figure strode in.

=====

"You would not BELIEVE the day I have had!" Major Gina DeAngelo was yelling in exasperation. She limped to a chair and flopped down heavily upon it. She was in the process of absently rambling about what had happened, when she realised what she was looking at on the sofa.

"Oh, dear," she said. "I guess I'm home early?"

Straker wasn't sure how to react, but he suddenly felt rather ... exposed. He started to rise, but DeAngelo waved him back down.

"No, no, Ed -- don't get up." She tilted her head to get a better view. "Are you two ...? Uh huh - - damn, Ed; I was looking forward to being pissed off about my problems for a while longer, but you know how this turns me on." She got up and headed for the bathroom. "I just need a quick shower, and then I'll leave you guys to it -- wouldn't want to impose any more than I have already."

Straker and Freeman glanced at each other as she limped out of the room. Straker had a look of horrified uncertainty on his face. Freeman shrugged and said, "You might want to go after her, Ed."

Straker nodded and headed after her.

=====

DeAngelo was already in the shower when Straker got there. He hesitated momentarily before climbing in with her, but she didn't hit him like he had feared. She pretty much ignored his presence until he put his arms around her from behind and nuzzled her neck.

"HMMMMM, it's rude to walk out on a guest, Ed."

"I thought you'd be upset ..."

"Oh, Ed -- you have so much yet to learn about me," she said as she pulled him into a deep kiss.

=====

Alec Freeman was just fastening his trousers when Straker and DeAngelo re-entered the room, both wearing only a towel.

"Please don't leave on my account, Colonel," DeAngelo said.

"Oh, well; I -- errrr; thought it best that I make a hasty exit -- don't want to intrude or anything ..."

"Please -- I'm the one intruding; and I'll get dressed and leave if you like." DeAngelo paused before adding, "Or not ..."

Freeman was a little unsure of himself at this point. "I, uhhhhh -- that is ..." he stammered.

DeAngelo walked up to him and ran her hands across his broad chest, snaking her fingers through the greying hairs. "You are not an unattractive man, you know," she said.

"Oh, well ... errrrrm ..." Freeman looked toward Straker for help, but he merely grinned back and shrugged.

"Tell me, Colonel; have you ever been with a woman?" She began to fondle his nipples with her tongue and teeth.

"What? ... I ..." He tried to back up, but found himself with his back against the wall.

"Would you like to be?" She began to unfasten his trousers.

"Look, I really don't ... "

"It's no use fighting her, Alec -- I've learned that much. Although, if it's really something you don't want to do, I can probably sit on her long enough for you to get away."

"What? Ed, I don't know --," he tried to protest. "Oh, damn," he floundered when her hot mouth had engulfed him. He groaned and sank to his knees on the carpet.

She manipulated him until he was aroused enough to respond and then pulled his trousers off.

Grinning back at Straker, she pulled Freeman to the middle of the room and said, "What do you say we show the Colonel here the Royal treatment, Ed?"

Straker raised a querying eyebrow, considered a moment and then nodded. He went around behind Freeman and began nuzzling the other man's neck and shoulders. He used the sensual kiss Freeman had taught him, and DeAngelo did the same from the front.

"Ohhhh," Freeman moaned. "Not fair -- out flanked. You've been teaching her a thing or two, Ed."

"Hey, she's a quick study, what can I say?"

The towels were removed and Straker entered Freeman from behind while DeAngelo took him into her mouth once more. When he was good and hard, DeAngelo said, "You never answered my question, Colonel."

"Please, Major," he groaned. "Under the circumstances, would you call me Alec?"

"Have you ever fucked a woman before, Alec?"

He shook his head no, moaning softly in sync with Straker's thrusts.

"It won't feel as tight as anal sex, but it's a unique experience none-the-less." She mounted him and guided his penis into her.

Freeman groaned loudly as he was manipulated from both sides. "I'm gonna come" he soon said in a raspy voice.

"Me too," Straker and DeAngelo said in unison.

"I should pull out, Major."

"That's Gina, Alec; and I don't want you to. I want to feel you spray inside me."

"Oh, god!" Freeman said as Straker and DeAngelo both reached orgasm at once. DeAngelo's vaginal walls were contracting in tiny rippling waves -- he'd never felt anything quite like that. And the feel of Straker's ejaculation was enough to push him over the top. He came with a shuddering release.

"Ohhhhh!" DeAngelo cried. "Man! You have a lot of force behind that, Alec! Incredible!"

His breathing ragged, Freeman replied, "I think you were pretty incredible too, Gina -- I had never experienced that before." He paused before adding, "Thank you."

"Does that mean you'll switch to woman for good, now?"

"No."

"Ooooh, I like a man who knows what he wants and won't be swayed. And I thank YOU for letting me be your first -- been a while since I've

deflowered a virgin... But my knee is killing me, I gotta get up."

She sat on the sofa and stretched her leg out to look at the swollen and discoloured knee.

"Hey, that doesn't look good, Gina," Straker said. "Have you had that looked at?"

"No, not yet, but I guess I should."

Freeman turned her head and studied the bruise at her temple. "Your head doesn't look too good either, Major – what happened?"

"Oh, just some loose gravel in the road -- you both have my permission to smack me upside the head next time I try to take off without a helmet."

"I'll take you to the hospital," Straker offered.

"No, Ed -- you have things to take care of here -- I can make it myself; although I wouldn't say no to the loan of your car ..."

=====

Commander Straker was a little worried about Major DeAngelo when he entered SHADO HQ the next morning. She hadn't returned home and he'd had to catch a lift from Colonel Freeman -- something he didn't particularly appreciate, as he and the Colonel lived quite a long distance from each other and he didn't want rumours to fly. But

the Major, dressed in a black SHADO pilot's jumpsuit, was already hard at work when he arrived.

"Good morning, Commander!" she called to him as he entered. Her head was buried under a computer consol, wires and spare parts strewn about her on the floor and a couple other technicians standing or kneeling at the ready. "I trust you had a pleasant evening?"

"Pleasant enough, Major," he replied. "What are you doing?"

"Recalibrating the trajectory computers -- they're off by about 2 milliseconds. Or, at least they were." She emerged from beneath the consol and added, "They're fixed now."

"You must have gotten here bright and early, Major. Any problems?"

"No. I spent the evening in the Medical Centre -- nothing too serious; Dr Jackson just wanted to make sure there would be no complications with my head injury."

=====

A few hours later, Commander Straker and Colonel Freeman left for a meeting with General Henderson. With Colonel Foster commanding

MoonBase, Major DeAngelo was in charge of SHADO HQ when the UFO attack came.

"What's the situation, Paul?" she asked into the MoonBase com-link.

"Interceptors took out one Ufoe, but at least one got through."

"At least one? What does that mean, Colonel?"

"It means the craft made an unusual blip on our utronics sensors -- it was bigger than usual, maneuvered differently -- may have been two hovering closely together ..."

"I see; thank you Colonel. HQ out."

The link was cut and Major DeAngelo stood staring into the blank screen for a moment. Everyone at HQ wondered if the burden of command hadn't paralysed her already, when she began barking orders -- as fiercely as Straker ever did.

"Contact SkyDiver 2 -- get me Captain Waterman now! I want trajectory reports from SID, grid references on screen, and contact Captain Carlin on SkyDiver 1 for possible backup!"

"Captain Waterman on line 2, Major," Lieutenant Ford said.

"Speaker!" Line 2 was placed on speaker mode so DeAngelo could speak freely without

needing the phone or mic. Several SHADO techs rushed around handing her hard copies of data. She seemed only to glance at them. "Waterman, launch Sky 2 immediately. Head for grid reference Blue-one-four-H and await further orders."

"But SID reports trajectory heading as grid Blue-two-five --"

"Shut up, Ford! Launch, Captain!"

"Launching, Major."

"Captain Carlin, Line 3, Major."

"Speaker! Carlin -- maintain combat readiness -- I may need you for back up."

"Understood, Major."

"Major," came Ford's astonished voice. "Ufoe changing course! New heading, grid reference ... Blue-one-four-H."

"I'm in position, Major, but have nothing on sensors yet," Waterman reported.

"You probably won't get anything on sensors, Captain -- keep your eyes peeled."

"Ufoe dropped off sensors, Major -- we've lost it."

"Keep a lookout, Captain; it should be within range any time now ..."

"I'm looking, Major, but -- wait! I see it! Making initial run now."

Everyone in the SHADO HQ Operations Centre could hear the sounds of battle over the speaker link as Waterman destroyed the UFO.

"Ufoe destroyed, Major, heading for home."

"Negative, Captain. Set course at four-one-eight – maintain combat readiness -- prepare to execute a 180 degree loop."

"I'm sorry, Major -- what?! What the hell ...?"

"Do it, Captain!"

"Setting course, maintaining readiness -- I just wish I knew what the hell you were playing at, Major; this is highly -- SHIT! I've been fired upon!"

"Execute loop -- open fire at 160 degrees."

"Executing -- DAMN! Direct hit! Where the hell did that bugger come from anyway?!"

"Your blind side, Captain. Head for home now -- well done."

"I'll say -- how did you know he was even out there?"

"Experience, Captain -- HQ out. Stand down, Captain Carlin; alert ended. HQ out."

=====

"Impressive."

Everyone heard the commanding voice; he must have been standing there for some time, but

no one noticed in the flurry of activity during the attack. Everyone now turned to see Commander Straker and Colonel Freeman standing by the entrance to Ops. Everyone, that is, except Major DeAngelo, who remained motionless, watching the now blank screen before her.

There was a confusion in her eyes; mirroring the struggle going on in her head, but no one could see her face, so no one noticed it. When Straker walked up to her and placed his hand gently on her shoulder, she turned to face him -- any trace of confusion gone now. "Commander," she said.

"Well done, Major." He allowed himself an uncharacteristically gentle grin.

"I have a headache, Commander. If you don't mind, I'd like to see Dr. Jackson."

"Of course." He frowned at her back as she walked away.

=====

"She took a pretty good blow to the head yesterday, Ed; what do you expect?" Colonel Alec Freeman was trying to ease his Commander's anxiety, but it wasn't working.

"She's not herself, injury or not."

"Well, if there's anything more to it, Jackson will ferret it out."

"Yes, I suppose ..."

=====

"I can't put my finger on it, Commander," Dr Jackson said with a frown. "I can't find anything organically wrong with the Major, but you're right; she is a little, as you say, 'off' ..."

"Is she fit for duty, Doctor?"

"I don't see why not, especially in light of her performance this morning. I'll study my test results some more and see if I can't pin point the anomaly."

"Very good, Doctor, thank you."

Having been dismissed, Jackson rose from his chair and slipped out of the office, leaving Straker deep in contemplative thought. A flashing light on his desk snapped him out of his funk. A simulation drill was scheduled for 1300 hours and he had just enough time to make it.

=====

The Operations crew at SHADO HQ were handling the drill admirably -- must've seemed like child's play after the real thing earlier in the day.

Commander Straker and Major DeAngelo worked extremely well together, as if they operated on the same wavelength; each knew what the other had in mind with few words needed. They were not the least bit self conscious about correcting each other, either; and with DeAngelo's Total Recall, she could usually bark an answer to any query instantaneously, which was why the momentary lapse loomed so ominous.

"Compute trajectory angle," Straker demanded, but the reply he received startled him.

"I don't know, sir."

Straker stopped dead in his tracks while the Major continued to push buttons and generate printouts from the computer. "I don't know?" he asked incredulously.

"I don't know," she repeated, a little piqued by his obtuseness -- if she didn't know, she didn't know ... But then the implications hit her as well and she slowly turned to face his astonishment. She had Total Recall -- had been born with it, and had learned to control and manipulate it from a very early age. There were things she did not know, to be sure, but once exposed to something, she never forgot -- could never forget. And how to compute trajectory headings was simple calculus; she could do that in her sleep, and often had.

She frowned and then picked up the phone. "Security? Send a team to Ops, please, and inform Dr Jackson he's about to receive a patient ..." Replacing the receiver, she smiled wanly at Straker. She could plainly remember the total blank she had drawn after the accident and the eerie feeling she had experienced then returned now with a vengeance. "I guess I cracked my head pretty damned good, huh, Ed?"

"I hope that's all it is, Gina."

She frowned again at that, shivering slightly at the thought of some alien rooting around in her brain.

When the security team arrived, DeAngelo informed them, "I am placing myself under arrest, gentlemen. I am to be considered a possible threat and the use of deadly force is authorised – but only as a last resort, please. I am to be escorted to the Medical Lab and released into the custody of Dr. Jackson -- and ONLY Dr. Jackson, understood?"

The two impossibly young men glanced at each other in wonder and then nodded their understanding, even though they obviously did not understand at all.

Turning back to Straker, DeAngelo said, "That inspection of the new Interceptor design will have to wait, Commander – under the

circumstances, I don't think it's wise for me to be let lose, do you?"

"Don't worry about that, Gina; I'll take care of it." He wanted so badly to take her into his arms and tell her it would all be okay, to kiss her fears away, or were those his own fears he wanted to sway? She looked so vulnerable and, yet, so incredibly strong -- but he couldn't bring himself to reveal the depth of his emotion in front of everyone at SHADO HQ -- not yet ... Instead, he let her walk away under close guard as he stood helplessly staring at the blank wall after she and the guards had turned the corner.

Nobody moved, except Alec Freeman. He alone, among this elite crew of operatives, understood what was happening behind those clear, cool blue-grey eyes, and it tore him up to witness it. He placed a firm, reassuring hand on Straker's shoulder and sighed into the silence. When the shot rang out, it was Freeman who reacted first. With a swiftness unexpected from a man of such bulk, he was first to reach the scene, followed closely by Straker.

It was fairly obvious what had happened. DeAngelo had overpowered one guard, taken his gun and shot the other with it. The one young man had a probable concussion, but the other was in

bad shape with a chest wound. DeAngelo was nowhere to be seen.

"Seal all exits!" Freeman barked as Straker stood numbed by the sight.

=====

"It's no good, Ed," Freeman said as he walked into Straker's office. "She's already left the grounds."

"Get the word out, Alec. Warn all SHADO personnel to be on the look out. We've got to stop her."

Freeman looked at Straker; at the worry lines around the eyes, the set of his mouth, the tenseness in the neck ... "Sit down, Ed."

"No time."

Freeman put a hand firmly on the other man's shoulder and said more emphatically, "Sit down, Ed."

"Alec, I -- "

"No, you don't. I'll handle it. Whatever has to be done, I'll do it. You coordinate things from here."

"If ..."

"I know, Ed. Hopefully it won't come to that."

Straker slowly nodded and sat down behind his desk. "Do whatever it takes to ensure the security of SHADO, Alec, understand?"

Freeman nodded sadly. He understood all too well, and was saddened to realise that his Commander actually meant what he said.

=====

Colonel Alec Freeman and the Security detail he had put together had searched all the most likely places they thought the Major could have gotten to, but there had been no sign of her. He wasn't sure what more he could do now until she resurfaced, but what kind of damage was she likely to do in the mean time? He shuddered to contemplate.

=====

During the confusion at HQ, neither Freeman nor Straker thought to call the Interceptor design team in East Anglia, so they were still expecting Major Gina DeAngelo for an inspection. They would not be disappointed.

"Lieutenant," she nodded to the fresh-faced young man who greeted her at the door. "Major DeAngelo -- I believe I have an appointment ...?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," he respectfully replied. "Come right in, Major." The entire team had been champing at the bit for weeks, trying desperately to

get someone from HQ with an astrophysical background to come inspect their new prototype "stealth" interceptor; but all the top brass always seemed to be otherwise occupied, and their scientific breakthroughs were relegated to a back burner ... "Let me show you 'round the place."

"Sure thing -- I'm looking forward to seeing all of it -- especially your new prototype. Lead the way."

The young SHADO scientist thought her smile was dazzling and he was all too happy to lead the way.

=====

When the call came in, both Alec Freeman and Ed Straker felt their intestines knot up tight. "Damn!" Straker exclaimed. "Why didn't I call and warn them?!"

"Don't kick yourself over it, Ed; I forgot too -- I'll go and handle it."

"No, not this time, Alec. I need to deal with this myself."

Freeman placed a strong hand firmly on his Commander's shoulder. "No, Ed," he said, and Straker could tell he meant it. "If drastic measures have to be taken, I'll be the one to take them.

You've got too bloody much on your conscience now as it is." Before Straker could counter that with an argument of his own, Freeman was gone and Straker was left to his troubled thoughts.

=====

"What's the situation?" Freeman wanted to know.

Dr. Hemmings, Project Coordinator, looked disheveled and out of his depths. His pony tail had come lose and dark strands of hair fell across his face. A little breathless, he explained: "She's holed up in the hall way there. We interrupted her sabotage, so the prototype is still intact, but she did manage to erase every bit of data surrounding it -- take us a while to recreate our design, that's for bloody sure."

"Anyone injured?"

"Two guards in the infirmary -- knocked them around pretty good -- and Wilkins there was grazed by a bullet. There are still a couple personnel unaccounted for -- still in there with her, I imagine. No telling what their condition may be ..."

"Have you got a sniper in place?"

Dr. Hemmings looked horrified. "And where the bloody hell would we be getting a sniper, I ask you? This is a think tank, Colonel, not a military base. The only military personnel we have are security -- no specialists."

"Right, then. Get me a rifle," Freeman said as he slipped out of his jacket and rolled up his shirt sleeves.

Alec Freeman positioned himself where he could get a clear shot at Gina DeAngelo and hoped to God he wouldn't have to take advantage of it. Why hadn't he thought to bring along an anaesthetic rifle? "Gina!" he called out.

There was a long pause before she answered. "Alec?" she called back.

"Gina, what are you doing?"

"Oh, you know ... just your basic espionage stuff, really, Alec, I would have thought that was obvious."

"Why, Gina?"

"Oddly enough, I really don't know for sure ... sounds strange, doesn't it? Just this sort of ... urge, you know? Something I have to do sort of thing. Understand?"

"The Aliens got to you, Gina. You don't have to do anything, except drop your weapon and let Dr. Jackson have a look at you."

She thought about this for a long time and then called back. "Where's Ed, Alec? Couldn't bear to face me?"

"Ed wanted to deal with this himself, but I couldn't let him – I care for him too much, Gina, to let him destroy himself in you." Alec paused before he added, "I can do what has to be done ..."

It was quite a while before DeAngelo responded. "Alec?" she said quietly.

"Yes, Gina?"

"You will remember me like I was last night, won't you, Alec? We were pretty good together, you and I -- I don't want to be remembered as some deranged lunatic."

Freeman didn't know how to respond to that. DeAngelo spoke again before he got the chance.

"You'd better do what you have to, Alec, and for Christ sakes, don't miss, or I'll have to kill you."

Freeman didn't hesitate. He saw his chance and didn't want to risk not getting another. He fired only once, and the ordeal was over.

=====

"I want you to know, Alec, that I understand completely," Straker was saying. "I don't hold you responsible."

"Ed ..." Freeman said, but Straker wasn't listening.

"You did what you had to, and --"

"ED!"

"What, Alec?"

"She's not dead, you know."

"What? The message read that --"

"I'm sure it did, Ed, but I didn't kill her. Gave her a nasty shoulder wound, but she certainly shouldn't die from it ..."

"Then ...?"

"She should be fine, Ed, yes."

Straker didn't know whether to laugh or cry. He sat down hard in his chair and just stared for a moment. When he found his voice again he asked, "Has Dr. Jackson had a look at her yet?"

"I think he's looking at her now -- she should have arrived a few minutes ago."

"Arrived? Here? Why didn't you say something?"

"I just did," Freeman replied, but Straker never heard because he was already out the door and half way to the SHADO Medical Centre.

=====

"What the hell have you been doing in there, dammit?" Straker wanted to know as soon as Jackson emerged from the operating theatre.

"Extracting this, Commander." Dr. Jackson held up a small metallic device. Straker had seen one once before -- one that had somehow controlled the mind of a SHADO operative. "That was in Gina's head?"

"Yes, Commander. I was able to extract it with no lasting damage, and as you can see, the device is still intact." The other device they had found had been shattered when the operative was shot in the face with a shot gun. "I shall quite enjoy giving this little item the once over."

"The Major ...?"

"Will be alright, sir. The bullet wound is not serious, and she should recover fully from the effects of ... this, whatever it is."

"Good," Straker said as he started to push his way into the room.

"She will need some time, Commander," Jackson told him. "And some rest." Seeing that any attempt to prevent the Commander from entering would be futile, and perhaps even dangerous, Jackson relented, but he added, "Only stay a moment, please."

"Right."

Straker crept quietly into the room, hoping she would be conscious so he could reassure himself without a doubt that she was not dead, but not knowing what he would say to her if she were. After a moment, she stirred and groaned, but she did not open her eyes. Straker stood there for a long moment, but she didn't awaken, so he sighed and walked out.

=====

"I don't know why Alec didn't just kill me in East Anglia," DeAngelo said the following day. She was rambling endlessly on -- an effect of the medication, perhaps; Straker didn't know; but he couldn't seem to get a word in edgewise.

"Save everyone the heavy ordeal of a trial and an execution; I mean, I'm not stupid, Ed; I know how these things work, and I did, after all kill several SHADO guards and sabotaged a vital area of research, and who knows? I may even have tried to kill you! May still try, so I really understand and all; I just wish you'd get it over with, cuz ..."

Straker -- unable to think of a better way to shut her up -- covered her mouth with his and kissed her long and hard.

"Oh, well, I WILL miss that, no doubt about it, but -- "

"Shut up, Major and listen to me, please."

"I hope you won't have to be the one to, like, pull the switch, or drop the tablet, or knot the rope, or however they do it here in --"

"PLEASE shut up, Gina, and let me assure you that there will be no execution! No trial and no execution -- you didn't kill anyone, and the prototype is intact, and I love you, and you'll recover and you'll be put in command of MoonBase for a while, which means we won't see each other much for a while, but perhaps that's for the better, as, really, things are moving ..."

DeAngelo mumbled, "Shut up, Commander," as she pulled him down into a hot kiss of her own. "Now, go away. I need some sleep if I'm gonna head for MoonBase soon." And with that, Major Gina DeAngelo tuned over and went fast to sleep.

Ed Straker gazed at her in wonder for a moment and then, having been dismissed, he walked out -- grinning.

THE END