

The Cult of The Old Ones (1999) [ADULT CONTENT] NC-17: AS, GV, EX, M/M, R

A UFO/Horror Story featuring Inspector Morse and horror characters modelled after Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing.

Ed Straker and Paul Foster investigate a strange cult which may or may not be working for the aliens.

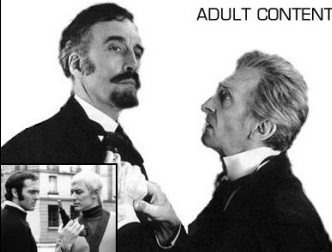
The Cult of The Old Ones

An UFO/Horror story

by

YUCHTAR

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<p>ALIENS IN PARLIAMENT?</p> <p>When mutilated bodies begin appearing around Oxford, Ed Straker wants to know what's going on.</p> <p>A suggestion by Chief Inspector Morse leads Straker and Paul Foster to Professor Winthrop, reknown authority on the Occult. Is he just another crackpot? Or is Lord Cuthbridge, Englands Secretary of Defense, really the leader of a deadly Cult?</p> <p>And if so, are the aliens behind it?</p> <p>Based upon the hit TV show, UFO, created by Gerry & Sylvia Anderson, and featuring Chief Inspector Morse, created by Colin Dexter, and horror film characters represented by Christopher Lee & Peter Cushing.</p>	<p>UFO/Horror The Cult of the Old Ones by YUCHTAR ADULT FAN FIC</p>	<div data-bbox="572 601 884 686" style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;"><h2 style="text-align: center;">The Cult of the Old Ones</h2></div> <p style="text-align: center;">A UFO/Horror story Written by YUCHTAR</p> <p style="text-align: right;">ADULT CONTENT</p> 
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ADULTS ONLY

Colonel Alec Freeman was trying to make sense of a Moon Base report when a crumpled copy of the London Times landed on his desk with a thump. As Second in Command of the ultra secret SHADO (Supreme Headquarters, Alien Defence Organisation), he was used to interruptions, but they were usually more cordial than this. He glanced up to see who was being so rude, and was not surprised to find Commander Ed Straker standing there frowning at him. In addition to being Freeman's Commanding officer, Straker was also a good friend, and Freeman didn't like seeing him frown that deeply - it meant something unpleasant was in the offing.

"What's this?" he asked warily.

"Third mutilation this week found in the suburbs of Oxford." His jaw was set firmly in a stubborn line of distaste. "We've had no reported ufoe landings, so where the hell are they coming from?"

"Says here, the police suspect some kind of cult worshippers. What makes you think it's aliens at all?"

"What the paper *doesn't* say is exactly how the bodies were mutilated. I called my friend Morse at Thames Valley and he clued me in - it's *got* to be aliens! But I can't tell *him* that!"

Freeman sighed heavily, suspecting what the answer would be before he asked, “So, what do you plan to do about it?”

“I plan to go investigate!”

Sighing even more heavily, Freeman said, “Okay, let me just finish up - “

“No - you stay here - keep an eye on things. I’m taking Foster with me.”

“You sure?” Colonel Paul Foster was a promising new addition to SHADO, but he was head strong and untempered.

“I’m sure. Call me if you need me - but only if it’s an emergency. I don’t want my cellular ringing in the middle of a surveillance.”

“So what are we looking for, exactly?” Foster asked as he maneuvered his sleek mauve-colored sports car along the M1.

“Evidence of alien involvement.”

Sensing that was all he would get out of the sullen Commander, Foster kept his mouth shut the rest of the way into Oxford.

“Morse, how are you?” Straker said as he shook hands with a weathered looking man dressed in a rumpled suit.

“Same as always. Fancy a beer?”

“It’s 11 o’clock in the morning, Morse.”

“So? What’s your point? There’s a pub around the corner.”

Once they’d settled in at the pub, Chief Inspector Morse took a swig of his beer and asked, “So, who’s the kid?”

“This is Paul Foster - Paul, meet Chief Inspector Morse of the Thames Valley Police.”

Paul and Morse shook hands. “Good to see the old man hasn’t rubbed off on you too much,” Morse said as he noted Foster sipping a beer as well and nodded toward Straker’s club soda.

“Look who’s calling who an old man,” Straker exclaimed, deep blue eyes flashing with an uncommon grin.

“Hey, I came by my grey hairs honestly,” Morse retorted, his own grey-blue eyes reflecting a weariness, as if he’d experienced everything at least twice before and wasn’t overly eager to go around again. He reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out a small packet of photos. “Not sure why you want these,” he said. “And if I see any of them on the evening news, I’ll have your pretty platinum

haired head on a platter, but here they are.” He handed over the packet. “Enjoy.”

Straker opened the packet and removed the photos. Even knowing full well what to expect, and even having seen hundreds of similar photos and dozens of mutilated corpses first hand; he still shuddered inwardly when he looked at them.

Foster, who was new to all this, became decidedly pale when he glanced over at them, but didn't give any other response.

Morse downed the rest of his beer and rose. “You didn't get them from me, right?” he said as he started for the door. He turned back and added, “By the way, you might want to go see a Professor Winthrop over at Oxford. He specialises in the Occult - quite an authority I hear. Also quite an eccentric, not that I would notice anything like that.” He nodded to the other two men and then left the pub.

Straker replaced the photos in the envelope and pocketed them with a sigh. “I should have warned you, Paul,” he said. “I'm sorry.”

“It's okay - I suspected as much.” He gestured with his beer before finishing it off.

“Did that help at all?”

“Not really.”

“Then you know why I don’t bother any more. C’mon - let’s go visit the hallowed halls of Oxford.”

“Hasn’t changed much,” Foster observed as they strolled along the university grounds.

“I don’t recall your file mentioning Oxford,” Straker remarked.

“Oh, I’ve visited upon occasion,” Foster replied with an enigmatic grin.

“So, perhaps you can tell me how to find Professor Winthrop?”

“The Information desk is over here.”

“Yes, yes? What is it?” The voice through the door sounded absently annoyed.

“I’m looking for Professor Winthrop!” Straker called in response.

The door flew open and a tall, gaunt figure filled the space. “What is it?” he barked.

“Professor Winthrop?”

“That’s right, but I’m not buying any.”

“That’s good - I’m not selling any. May we step in for a chat?”

“Chat? Chat? Of course not! I’m busy - who are you, anyway? You look familiar.”

“My name is Ed Straker and this is - “

“Of *course!* Straker! Yes, yes, I remember you.” Winthrop ushered them into the cluttered flat. “Young up and coming American Air Force Colonel - involved in some sort of auto accident. Quit the service to become a - film producer, didn’t you? Have a seat.”

“Something like that,” Straker said as he and Foster glanced around in search of a seat. Finding none, they remained standing. “Chief Inspector Morse suggested I speak to you about the recent mutilations.”

“Ahhhhhhh, the Cult of the Old Ones.” Winthrop nodded as he flopped down on top of a stack of files on a chair. Noticing his two visitors were still standing, he jumped back up and shoved a bunch of other files and books off the nearby couch. “Sit, sit - please!”

Once settled, Straker asked, “Cult of he Old Ones?”

“Yes. I tried to explain to the good Chief Inspector, but I don’t think he believed me.”

“Explain what, Professor?”

Winthrop’s pale eyes lit up as he spoke and his unruly blondish-grey hair went this way and that as he gestured. “The Cult of the Old Ones. I have no tangible proof, of course, so Morse says he

can't do anything, but I know for certain that Lord Cuthbridge is the Cult's leader."

"The Secretary of Defense?" Foster blurted out.

"That's right. Who are you?"

"Errr, Paul Foster."

"Well, Mr. Foster, Lord Cuthbridge is a cunning and lethal adversary - I've had run ins with him before."

Straker was tempted to dismiss this man as a crackpot, but some inner alarm was going off to warn him otherwise. He knew the aliens were involved in this some how, but perhaps they were using this man Cuthbridge. If so, he would be one of the highest ranking people they'd ever taken over.

When they left the grounds of Oxford, both Straker and Foster were frowning to themselves, lost in thought. "Do you think it's possible?" Foster finally asked.

"I think anything's possible, Paul." As Foster climbed back into his car, Straker leaned into his window and said, "You go pay a visit to Lord Cuthbridge - feel him out. I'm going to see Morse and look into this Winthrop character."

“Right, Sir.” Foster replied before gunning the engine and heading to the nearby estate of Lord Jeffrey Cuthbridge.

“Can I help you, sir?” asked the uniformed man at the gate.

“Yes, my name is Foster; I’m with the National Press, and I was hoping I could have a quick interview?”

The man spoke into a radio for a moment and then waved Foster through as the gate opened.

Foster had just stepped out of his car - hadn’t even gotten the door closed, before he felt a tiny sting at his neck. Slapping his hand to the spot, he pulled back a small dart. *What the hell?* he thought, as he slumped to the ground and blacked out.

“You don’t mean to say you sent that young man off *alone* to see Cuthbridge?!” Winthrop was about to pop out of his skin.

“Sure. Why??”

“He’s evil, Mr. Straker! You have no idea!” The old man leapt up and grabbed his coat and hat

and headed out the door. “Come on! We haven’t a moment to lose!”

Concerned despite himself, Straker charged out after him.

“Do you have a gun, Mr. Straker?” Winthrop asked as he tugged the cover off a classic old car.

“What?” Straker said in surprise. “No, I don’t - are we likely to need one?”

“Never mind, I have one - get in! Get in!”

Foster felt like he was deep under water and couldn’t swim hard enough to break through the top. When he came to, he was drenched in sweat and hyperventilating. His vision was blurred as he tried to regulate his breathing. When he managed it, his vision slowly focused and he saw a very tall, aristocratic looking gentlemen in a well tailored suit standing before him.

“Welcome back.”

Lord Cuthbridge had a deep authoritative voice. Foster had seen and heard him dozens of times on television, but in person, the man seemed sinister. He reeked of death. “You treat all members of the Press like this, Sir?” Foster asked weakly.

Cuthbridge grinned and stroked his dark beard. “Of course not - that would be rude,” he

said. "You'd be the first. That is - if you were a reporter, Colonel."

"Sorry - never made it higher than Corporal in National Service." Foster squirmed against his bindings. He was tied securely. He was also naked.

"The ceremony is underway, Colonel Foster. The only things missing are you and me." He gestured to two men standing by. "Take him," he said.

Foster was dragged out to a large meeting hall that had been adorned with black and red candles and tapestries depicting animal and human mutilations. He was secured to an alter - on his back, with his arms over the sides and legs bent over the end and tied together around the base of the alter. His head hung over the other edge and it took some effort to hold his neck up to see what was going on around him.

Several people in multicoloured robes danced around and chanted in some archaic language, as they sprinkled some kind of thick reddish liquid all over him. As they danced, they came closer and closer to him, till they were touching him as they passed. He soon identified the liquid as lamp oil and glanced nervously at the hundreds of burning candles all around him. The chanting changed in tone and the dancers began to

caress his genitals as they danced by him. By the time Lord Cuthbridge arrived, Foster was thoroughly aroused - not to mention damned angry that he couldn't control it.

“I see you've been prepared, Colonel,” Cuthbridge said. He was now dressed in a blood red robe with arcane symbols drawn on it in black. He carried something wrapped in black felt, which he put down on a small table nearby. Throwing back his hood, Cuthbridge began massaging the oil into Foster's body. His hands were all over him. If he didn't know he was about to be brutally mutilated, Foster might have found the experience sensual. As it was, he was beginning to get scared. If Straker was going to save him, he'd have to bloody well hurry.

Cuthbridge then leaned over and took Foster's erect cock into his mouth. He sucked hard and enjoyed the look of anguish on Foster's face. The young man felt violated and yet still would not be able to stop his own ejaculation. It was delicious! When that ejaculation did come, Cuthbridge drank down the man's seed and then bit down hard enough on the tip of Foster's penis to draw a few droplets of blood, which he also drank down. He continued to assault the bound man's cock until it grew hard again and then released it. A few more

droplets of blood slid down to join the oil all over Foster's skin.

The tall sinewy Lord then turned his attention to the object wrapped in black felt on the small table nearby. Unwrapping it, he produced a small book bound in black leather and a sinister curved blade. Foster's neck ached from trying to keep his head up to see what was happening. He caught a glimpse of the blade and relaxed his neck for a moment. Closing his eyes tightly, he thought, *Oh God - let this be quick.*

He felt the blade's edge rake over his skin and snapped his head up to see. Cuthbridge was chanting something now too, and was lightly running the blade over Foster's body; occasionally putting enough pressure on it to prick the skin. There was very little blood, but there was soon a series of nasty red welts that formed a symbol over Foster's chest.

“LOOK!” Foster finally yelled. “ You son of a bitch, just get it over with, will you?!”

When Winthrop and Straker got close enough to see the gate of Cuthbridge's estate, Winthrop pulled over and they got out of the car.

They had already discussed how they would get onto the estate and neither wasted any time before going into action.

Straker silently crouched against the wall as Winthrop walked up to the guard post. "I say, old boy!" Winthrop called out in a very good imitation of an eccentric university professor. Straker had to admire the man - he had it down pat. Drawing the guards attention, he continued, "I have this rare old volume I just know Lord Cuthbridge would like to see! He's asked me about it many times and I've only just come across it. Can you see the detailed annotations?"

Straker crept up behind the guard and knocked him out.

"It's about time, too!" hissed Winthrop. "I was running out of banter."

"Sounded fine to me - where to now?"

"They'll be in the meeting hall."

Trotting through the building like he knew exactly where he was going, Winthrop led Straker to a large meeting room. Peeking through the doors at the far end of the room, they could see candles burning and smell the stench of lamp oil. Several robed people were dancing and chanting around an altar. There seemed to be something - or someone on the altar. "Paul!" Straker whispered hotly. He

tried to charge into the room, but Winthrop gripped his arm rather harder than he would have thought the old man capable.

“That’s not the way,” he whispered.

Gesturing to a small room off to the side, they made their way into a sort of storage closet. There, they found several robes, which they pulled on.

“You think this’ll work?” Straker asked.

“Yes, but you must remove your shoes and clothing - they’ll be able to tell - the robes are somewhat translucent in front of the candles.”

Winthrop kept his old Webley pistol hidden within the folds of his robe and Straker silently prayed the damned old thing would still fire as he concealed his pocket knife. The two men then put up the robe hoods to cover their faces and snuck into the chamber.

While they had been donning the robes, Lord Cuthbridge had entered and now seemed to be going down on Foster! Winthrop once again restrained Straker, whispering, “It’s part of the ceremony - this is not yet the time. Work ourselves closer.”

Straker worked his way near the altar and quietly cut Foster’s bindings. Foster felt the restraint give way and quickly glanced around him. Catching

a fleeting glimpse of platinum blond hair beneath one of the robes, he smiled slightly to himself.

“LOOK!” Foster yelled. “ You son of a bitch, just get it over with, will you?!”

At that moment, Cuthbridge raised the blade to strike and a deafening roar exploded through his chest. Not quite comprehending what had happened, Cuthbridge glanced down at the blood splattered all over the front of his robe - and all over Foster. Almost in slow motion, his face registered realisation that he'd been shot and then horror that the gun flash had set his oil soaked robe aflame. As a final gesture, he tried to bring the blade down through Foster's chest, but Foster had rolled out of the way and the blade splintered on the marble alter.

Straker and Winthrop grabbed Foster and ran for the door. No one followed. All the cultists were trying to beat the flames out, only to be set alight themselves. Soon, the entire building was in flames. Straker and Winthrop quickly donned their clothes again while Foster pulled on one of the robes.

Once outside again, Straker stopped to give the gate guard an injection of amnesia drug - he wouldn't remember Professor Winthrop being there at all.

Back at Professor Winthrop's flat at Oxford, they quickly got Foster into the shower. Winthrop brushed through the thick dark chest hair to take a look at the strange symbols practically carved into the young man's chest.

"Yes - nasty symbols of evil, I'm afraid," he mumbled. "But not permanent, I shouldn't think." Spreading some sort of cream over them, he added, "There's a few small spots which may scar over, but the majority of the symbols will fade in a day or two.

Dressed in some of Winthrop's clothes, Foster let Straker do the driving home. "Was it really necessary to dose Winthrop with the amnesia drug?" he asked. "He hadn't heard anything about SHADO."

"That's true, but do you really want him writing a paper about how two studio officials helped him bring down an evil cult?"

"No - guess not. Still, he was a good chap - I liked him."

"I did too, and he's still a good chap, as you put it. You can go visit him later if you want."

"At least the evidence found in the rubble proved he was right about Cuthbridge and the cult.

Do you think the aliens really had anything to do with it?"

"We may never know, Paul. We may never know."

The End