

**Eye of the Beholder** (1998) [ADULT CONTENT] NC-17: AS, AL, V, EX,  
M/M

A UFO/Beauty and the Beast crossover.

Can Paul Foster survive a visit to The Big Apple?

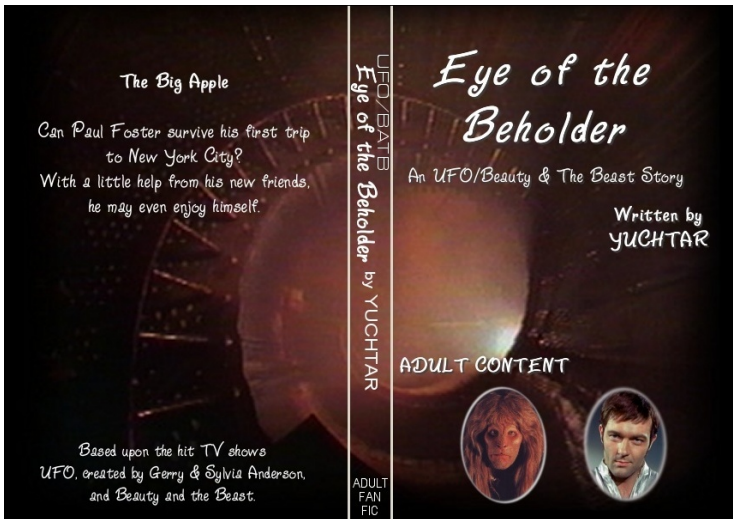
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# The Eye of the Beholder

a UFO/Beauty and the Beast Crossover story by

Yuchtar

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**ADULTS ONLY**

The famed streets of New York: Paul Foster had to admit, the neon lights were impressive. He'd never been to the city before, so when the opportunity had arisen, he'd jumped at the chance. He idly wondered now why Ed Straker hadn't come himself - the SHADO commander had been born somewhere nearby. Instead, he'd thrown the idea out about Paul going, which suited him fine.

Colonel Paul Foster had an easy job to do and now he had extra time in which to do it. The prototype fighter plane he was sent to pick up wouldn't be ready for another week and he was free to wander till then. The fine hairs at the back of his neck began to tingle and Foster got the impression that perhaps he had wandered too far from the hotel. With a careful survey of his immediate surroundings, he turned to start back. A young man with wild eyes blocked his way. Foster was dimly aware of a slight pressure at his side. The man yelled something and several other young men appeared.

The situation was getting desperate as Foster realised what was causing the warm dampness down his left side. With barely a thought, his instincts and training took over as he kicked out at the nearest man to his right, while driving the heel of his left hand into the nose ridge of the knife-

wielding guy. As he did so, however, two others flung themselves at him and knocked him to the pavement. The man with the knife was dead, but the remaining four were quite enough to kick Foster senseless.

From the depths of the dark alleyway, there came an inhuman roar. Two of the thugs glanced up and saw what was coming - they both turned and ran. The other two were either too preoccupied or too stoned to care what had scared their friends away. A mighty hand appeared at each young throat and the two men looked up in time to see their heads being slammed together. Tossing them aside like so much kindling, the massive form knelt down by Foster. With unexpected gentleness, Foster was lifted and carried into the shadows.

## 2

“I swear, you’re like a child sometimes, Vincent - I wish you’d quit bringing home strays!” The educated voice was irritated, but filled with love.

“Should I have left him to die, Father?” This voice was soothing and somehow sensual.

“No, of course not, my boy - you can only be what you are, but sometimes I fear your kind heart will be the death of you.”

“Will he survive?”

Foster’s ears perked up at that question.

“Oh, yes. He lost quite a bit of blood, but that transfusion will have helped tremendously. A slight concussion, a few bruised ribs and a couple broken fingers - he should be up and about in no time.”

Foster was pleased to hear that, anyway. He decided it was time to open his eyes. It wasn’t too difficult, but his vision blurred in and out a few times before settling down. He was in a cave. At least, that’s what it looked like. There was a candle burning nearby, which gave off a soothing glow. Farther away, he could see the source of the conversation he’d been listening to.

“Any idea who he is?” This was the educated voice and belonged to a stocky man with greying dark hair and a distinguished, well-trimmed beard.

“Only what it says in his passport - Paul Foster, from the UK.” This was the deeply sensual voice and it belonged to a large man with a mane of long blondish hair. His back was towards him, so Foster couldn’t tell any more about him.

“Perhaps we should place him back on the street before he wakes up and sees us.”

“Too late for that, I’m afraid.”

Both men turned at the sound of his voice. The very feline appearance of the big man was a bit

of a shock, but after battling aliens for several years, Foster wasn't overly surprised by much anymore. He did little more than raise an eyebrow to register that he noticed anything at all.

"How do you feel?" asked the smaller man.

"Like I've been stomped. Where am I?"

"Well, that will take a little explaining, I'm afraid. I'm Jacob Wells, and this is Vincent." The man had already seen Vincent and hadn't recoiled in fear, so there was no point in trying to hide him now.

"You're the one who pulled me out of the alley, aren't you?" Foster asked.

"That's right. I thought you were unconscious."

"I pretty much was, but I do remember a hell of a roar and then gentle hands lifting me like a baby. No offense to Mr. Wells, but I don't think him capable. Thank you."

Vincent grinned. "You're welcome," he said. "When you're well enough to travel, I'll return you to the surface."

"Surface?"

"That's where the explaining comes in," Wells said. "You see, you're ..... uh - well, you're in our home. Beneath the city."

"You live under the city?"

"Yes, well, we all have our reasons for dropping out. There is a series of tunnels running

throughout the city. Some were once used for drainage and others were carved out while the subway system was being built. They're forgotten about now, as are we. I hope you'll keep our secret."

"Oh, sure. If there's one thing I'm good at, it's keeping secrets," Foster shrugged. "You're a doctor, aren't you?"

Wells nodded. "I was - once."

"Thank you for helping me. Have I been out long?" He still had a job to do and he hoped he still had the time to do it.

"Two days."

Foster frowned. It was not as bad as he had feared, but that was still two days lost. "When can I go?"

"You should rest another day, at least. Give that wound a little time to knit."

"I heard you talking before. You mentioned a transfusion. If you don't mind my asking, where did you find a blood supply down here?"

"You were lucky," Vincent said. "You happen to have the same blood type I do." He grinned, which made his intelligent eyes sparkle mischievously.

Foster felt an unexpected stirring in his groin. "Oh, well, I hope your condition is not catching. I have quite enough chest hair as it is."

Wells smiled. This was a rare man, he thought, who could so quickly feel comfortable enough with Vincent to joke like this.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Vincent said. “Never can have too much chest hair.”

Foster laughed and then winced as twinge of pain shot from his ribs. “Okay, at least we all have a sense of humour,” he said.

“You and I do. I don’t know about Father here.”

“All right, all right , you two,” Wells grinned. “Looks like I’ve got two grown children on my hands now. Mr. Foster here will be hungry by now, I imagine; so I’ll go rustle up something.”

“Oh, that sounds good,” Foster said, his stomach rumbling in anticipation.

“I’d reserve judgment till you’ve tasted it,” Vincent said in a stage whisper.

“I heard that!” Wells called back.

Foster and Vincent grinned at each other like fiends.

### 3

There was lively conversation as they ate - and Wells’ cooking really wasn’t too bad, regardless of how the two younger men needled him. As the meal neared an end, Foster became pensive. He sat back and examined Vincent more closely. The big

man really did resemble a lion. His feline features were covered with fine, blond fur and the deep-set blue eyes held a world weary expression. Foster decided he was really quite attractive - possessing the best qualities of both man and cat. As the other man spoke with a deep, gentle cadence, Foster closed his eyes and felt the familiar stirring in his groin again.

“I’m sure it’s quite personal,” Foster said when there was a lull in the conversation. “And I won’t be offended if you tell me to bugger off, but I really am curious about your, uh - condition, Vincent. Were you born this way?”

Vincent grinned slightly. He was not upset with the question; rather, he was pleased Foster was open enough to speak casually about it without pre-judgment. “As far as I know,” he said, leaning back to take a closer look at Foster. He liked the young Englishman - the way he held himself: loose but ready with an air of confidence. He had no doubt Foster would have been able to handle the young punks in the alley himself if he’d had a little more room to maneuver. His gaze lingered over the wispy strands of wavy dark hair that hung low enough to tickle Foster’s collar, and then shifted to the pale blue eyes which seemed to hold a lifetime of pain and forbidden knowledge, and yet still sparkled with boyish mischief.

“As far as you know?” Foster was now saying. Turning toward Wells, he said, “Aren’t you his father? I heard him call you Father.”

“No. Everyone down here calls me Father. I found Vincent as a youngster and raised him down here beneath the city.”

Turning back to Vincent, Foster said, “It’s a shame you have to keep yourself hidden, but I know how irrational people can be when faced with the unknown and unusual.”

“Not you, though, Mr. Foster .....

“Oh, please; my name is Paul. I’ve seen enough to know things are rarely what they seem.”

“Awfully young for such world-weary wisdom, aren’t you?” Wells asked.

“I’m not as young as I look,” Foster said with a sigh. “And I’m not as old as I feel.”

4

The next evening, Foster felt well enough to go site seeing with Vincent. They rode the tops of subway and “L” trains and found themselves at the waters edge, beneath the stars, in a secluded wooded area.

“Beautiful,” Foster said. “Hard to believe some place like this exists so close to the city.”

Vincent smiled. “Most men are unable to appreciate such simple beauty. You’re not like most men, are you, Paul?”

Foster sat against a tree and grinned up at the other man. “I think I could say the same for you, Vincent,” he replied.

Vincent knelt down by Foster and carefully pushed aside a strand of hair that had slipped over Foster’s right eye. “I sense, Paul, that when you look on me, you don’t see an ugliness.”

Foster felt a shiver slither down his spine at the touch. He swallowed and softly said, “You’re beautiful.”

“So are you .....

5

Some time later, the two men lay naked on the soft grass. Foster was cradled under Vincent’s right arm, his head resting against the warm chest, left hand idly fondling the other man’s now limp manhood and the silky fur surrounding it. “Are you purring?” he suddenly asked.

“Like it?”

“That’s incredible,” Foster grinned. “Wish I could do that.”

“I’d love to teach you, but I’m afraid I’m not quite sure how I do it myself.”

They both heard a twig snap nearby, but surprisingly, Foster was the first to react. He got a brief glimpse of red fabric as he dove for his gun stashed amongst the pile of his clothing.

Vincent sat up, unsure of just what was happening. Before he could ask or rise to investigate, he felt a searing pain at his shoulder.

Foster fired four rounds at the red-clad figure and then ran over to make certain it was dead.

“He’s green,” Vincent observed.

Foster turned. “Vincent, you’re hit!”

“It’s not serious.”

“Yes, it is. They coat their bullets with a paralyzing drug. I have to get you back.”

They hastily pulled on their clothes and started back.

“There’s no hurry, Paul,” Vincent said. “I’m quite all right.”

“No, you’re not. Trust me.”

By the time they made it back to the tunnels, Vincent was unsteady on his feet. The world was spinning and his limbs were sluggish - unable to move the way he wanted them to.

“What happened?” Wells demanded.

“It’s a long story and I’ll explain later,” Foster told him. “Right now Vincent desperately needs an

antidote I have in my bag at the hotel. Quickly, explain to me how to get there from here.”

“No time,” Wells said. “Mouse!” he called.

A mousy looking young man appeared from an adjoining tunnel. “Yes, Father?”

“Vincent needs your help, Mouse. You must hurry as fast as you can to the .....

“Radisson Hotel,” Foster supplied.

“Know it?” Wells asked.

“Yes, Father.”

“You need to fetch a bag,” Foster told the young man. “Room 418, here’s the key. It’s a small black canvas bag under the bed. Bring the whole bag.”

“And hurry,” Wells added.

“Right away!” Mouse took off running.

Vincent collapsed, unable to control his muscles any longer.

“What happened, Paul?” Wells demanded again.

“He’s been shot with a poisoned bullet. It’s a nerve agent. He’ll be fine if he gets that antidote in time. He’s an exceptionally strong man - remained mobile a hell of a lot longer than usual, which is a good thing, as I don’t think I could have carried him back alone.”

“Can he understand us?”

“Oh, yes - his mind is unaffected - only his nerve and muscle responses are impaired.”

Wells knelt to clean the wound and stop the bleeding. “Who did this?”

Foster sighed heavily. “It was an alien.”

Wells lifted an eyebrow, but said nothing, waiting for Foster to explain further.

“I’m sure you found the SHADO ID card in my wallet,” Foster continued.

“Thanks for not being nosy and asking about it. Is there anyone else around right now?” He glanced around to see if anyone was watching. Wells shook his head and Foster went on.

“It stands for Supreme Headquarters, Alien Defence Organisation. We’re loosely affiliated with the UN and our main office is in London. We guard the planet against alien invasion.”

Wells looked skeptical.

“I know, sounds like some bad science fiction film, but they’ve been coming here for years. We don’t know exactly why, but we do know that they leave behind mutilated corpses. This is all highly classified, you understand.

Wells frowned. “You said you were good at keeping secrets, didn’t you?”

Mouse ran in with the bag and Foster went right to work. “I’m giving him a double dose,” he said. “He’s at least twice the size of anyone I know.”

His butt cheeks clenched at the truthfulness of that statement and he felt his face flush. “He should be able to move again in just a few minutes.”

After administering the injection, Foster took out a mobile phone from his bag. “Excuse me,” he said as he dialed a number.

“Colonel Foster,” he said into the phone. “I need a clean up crew at the shore of the Hudson River, near the Tappan Zie Bridge. One alien down - may be more. Ufoe unknown - use extreme caution, got it? Right.”

“Cellular phones don’t usually work down here in the tunnels,” Wells said.

“Mine is special,” Foster said with a grin as he put the phone away.

“Yes, it is,” Vincent mumbled from his position on the floor, eyes twinkling as Foster blushed.

Wells wondered just what had transpired between the two men before the alien incident occurred.

## 6

“What’s this?” Vincent asked as Foster handed him a steaming mug,

“Tea. It’ll soothe your nerves.” He handed another mug to Wells and then took one for himself.

The three men spoke of nothing in particular as they drank the tea - all carefully avoiding any mention of aliens or UFOs.

“I guess I should probably head back in the morning,” Foster said with a sigh.

“I kind of hate to see you go,” Vincent said sadly.

Wells hated to see him go too; Vincent had never taken to anyone or been accepted by anyone so quickly before.

“I kind of hate to leave,” Foster said with that twinkle in his eye that made Wells so curious. “But I have duties to perform that are far more important than my personal concerns.

Vincent nodded. “I understand.”

Wells drained his cup and stood. “Well, I get the feeling you two might want to spend a little time alone before you leave, Paul.” He shook hands with Foster. “If I don’t see you again before you leave, it has been a pleasure meeting you.”

“Same here, sir,” Foster said with a grin.

Father had barely cleared the archway when Vincent was across the floor pulling Foster into a deep kiss.

“This is crazy,” Foster said, breathless.

“I want you once more before you go,” Vincent replied as he pulled Foster’s clothes off.

Foster returned the kiss as he helped Vincent out of his clothing. Vincent's large hands were all over him and Foster twined his fingers through the smooth blond fur he found all over the other man's body. He knelt and took Vincent's huge throbbing cock into his mouth and grinned as the man-beast purred loudly. He tried to get the entire length in his mouth, but couldn't manage it. His butt cheeks clenched at the thought of this man inside him and he could hardly wait to feel that exquisite agony again. He released his prize and begged, "Fuck me now, Vincent."

Wells watched from the darkness as Vincent lifted Foster to his feet and turned him around. He eased his cock into Foster's ass as Foster moaned and leaned back against Vincent's massive chest. Vincent pumped his ass while his strong hands gripped Foster's stiffening cock.

Wells moaned softly in his throat as his own cock stiffened and strained against its confinement.

"Father," Vincent said softly. "Join us."

Wells gasped and stepped farther back into the shadows. He hadn't meant to disturb them.

"It's all right, Jacob," Foster said between grunts as Vincent slammed into him. "I don't mind."

Wells hesitatingly walked out to meet the couple, a little red in the face. "I didn't mean to – "

“Remove your clothing, Father,” Vincent told him with a husky sensual rasp to his voice. “Join us.”

Wells slipped out of his jacket and took a tentative step nearer. “I .....,” he began.

Foster reached out and took a hand full of the other man’s shirt. With a firm yank, he pulled Wells into a lustful kiss. With his senses already sharpened by arousal, Foster was acutely aware of the man’s spicy scent and the scratchy feel of the beard - not as silky soft as Vincent’s fur.

Wells returned the embrace, running one hand through Foster’s hair. With a gasp, he pulled Foster’s head away and sank to his knees to take him into his mouth. Foster groaned as he was inundated with sensual stimuli.

Vincent, aware of how close to orgasm Foster was being driven, reached down and pulled Wells up. “I want Paul to come inside of me, Father,” he said.

Paul unzipped Wells’ trousers and his angry cock sprang forth, ready to do battle. With a grin, Paul pulled the older man’s trousers down to his ankles and positioned himself on all fours, planting small wet kisses across his belly and thighs. Foster ran his tongue around his scrotum, stubbornly refusing to touch the straining cock.

Wells endured this with his eyes closed for a while, but then he stepped out of his trousers and

his hand found Foster's hair. He tugged the young Englishman's head to where he needed it and Foster obliged by taking the entire length into his mouth.

Wells groaned loudly and Vincent smiled as his thrusting grew desperate - his release imminent. He grunted with the effort each time he slammed into Foster's ass. Foster, in turn, was pushed forward by each thrust, forcing Wells' cock farther into his throat, the tiny esophagus muscles spasming slightly at the intrusion, rippling around the sensitive head of Wells' shaft.

Vincent made a bestial noise as he came: a sort of moaning roar mixed with a chortling purr. Foster wanted to come too, but Vincent held him back. Likewise, Foster eased up on Wells so he would not come either.

Vincent pulled out of Foster. "Okay, Paul," he whispered hoarsely. "I want you in me now."

Foster knew he was too tall for Wells standing up, so he pulled Vincent down onto his stomach on the floor. Stretching out over his back, he drove his aching cock into Vincent's ass. "Go ahead and take my ass, Jacob," he said. "I'm not too sore."

"You sure, Paul?"

Foster grinned. "I'm sure. Never too sore for a good fuck."

Wells eased himself into the cum-soaked hole and was pleasantly surprised to find Foster still

good and tight after accommodating Vincent's huge manhood. "Ahhhhhhh, you're so tight, Paul," he cooed.

"I've been called a lot of things, Jacob; but I think that's the first time anyone has called me a tight ass."

"Surprising, because you are ....."

7

The trio lounged, limbs entwined, ready to doze off.

"I have a confession to make, Jacob," Foster said.

"Hmmm? What's that?"

"I'm afraid you may not remember any of this in the morning."

"Why's that?"

"I drugged your tea."

"You WHAT?!" Wells bolted upright and glared down at Foster while Vincent kept his face impassive as if he hadn't heard.

"I'm sorry, but it's standard operational procedure. SHADO must remain secret. It's a mild, short term amnesia inducement - quite harmless, but I'm afraid you may forget all this, too."

"Did you drug my tea as well, Paul?" Vincent quietly asked.

“No, Vincent. I didn’t consider you a security risk.”

Vincent nodded solemnly.

Wells lay back down and thought a while. “Paul?” he finally said.

“Yes?”

“Can we do this again in the morning, then? Before you leave?”

Vincent laughed.

“Oh, sure! Easy for you to laugh! My ass is the one taking the pounding!”

“I didn’t hear you complaining earlier, Mr. ‘Never-too-sore-for-a-good-fuck!’”

“Who’s complaining? I’m not complaining. Not me, so sir ..... Of course we can do this again in the morning, Jacob.”

8

“How was your trip to New York, Paul?” Commander Ed Straker wanted to know.

“Quite pleasant, sir, Thank you.”

“Good. Good. Then perhaps you’d like to go spend a few more months there, training Interceptor Simulation Instructors at the SHADAIR facility nearby?”

“Certainly, sir!”

Straker was left to wonder about the young Colonel's sly grin and the odd gait he used as he walked away.

END