

Last Night Stand (1998) [ADULT CONTENT] NC-17: AS, EX, M/M

A Planet of the Apes/UFO crossover.

Ed's old friend, Colonel George Taylor, has arrived with an odd request on the eve of his critical space mission.

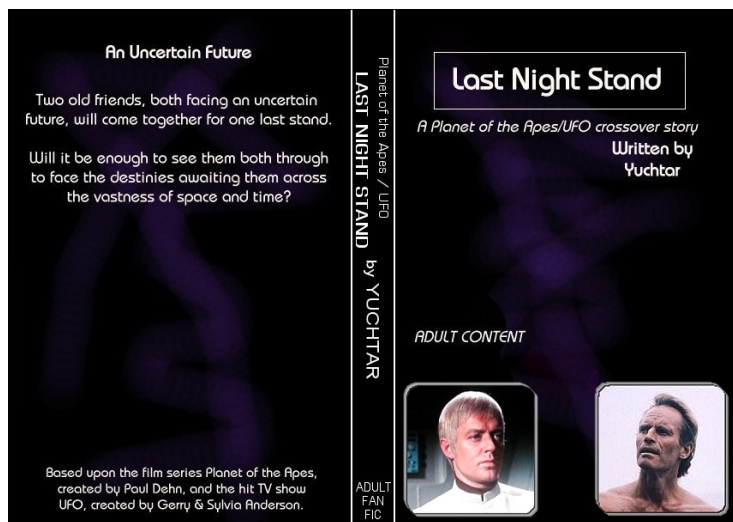
LAST NIGHT STAND

A Planet of the Apes/UFO crossover story

by

Yuchtar

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ADULT CONTENT

Colonel George Taylor stretched and shook some sleep out of his tired blue eyes. He'd have plenty of time to sleep once he was in the cryochamber aboard ship, he told himself. For now, there was something he had to do, and it just couldn't wait. He zipped the dark blue flight suit, careful not to snag any chest hair, and headed out to the tarmac.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the fresh-faced young Sergeant blocking his way. "I have to ask for authorization."

Taylor handed over the paper work. In another 36 hours, he and three other officers would be leaving Earth, possibly forever - The Commission didn't have the heart to refuse Taylor's simple request.

"Yes, sir." The Sergeant saluted smartly. "Have a nice flight, Colonel."

"I intend to, Sergeant," Taylor replied in his deep, gruff authoritarian voice as he headed for the sleek fighter jet waiting for him.

Ed Straker, commander of SHADO (Supreme Headquarters Alien Defense Organisation), was serving in his cover capacity as CEO of the newly constructed Harlington-Straker Film Studios, when the small red light beneath his desk began flashing. He nonchalantly depressed the button next to the

light and then excused himself to answer the phone when it rang.

“Straker,” he said.

“Commander,” said the voice at the other end. “I’ve got a US Air Force Colonel requesting permission to land, sir. The facility isn’t even complete yet - do you know anything about this?”

“Ah, that is strange, yes - what’s the name again?”

“Says his name is Colonel George Taylor, should I let him land, sir?”

Straker frowned. He knew Taylor all right - practically worshipped the guy ever since astronaut training. “Yes. I’ll be there shortly.” He hung up the phone and made his excuses to the young film director with whom he had been dealing. What was Taylor doing arriving at a secret and as yet uncompleted SHADAIR facility?

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Taylor was standing at ease near his plane when Straker’s black Mustang pulled into the lot. Taylor - his flight suit unzipped halfway down his chest, curly wisps of hair peeking out to show he wore nothing beneath it, and his helmet held loosely under his arm - was talking casually with the three SHADO guards standing around him. There was a small flight bag on the ground nearby.

As Straker approached, Taylor turned his gaze toward the new comer.

The sight of the slim build, the platinum blond hair, a little longer now that he was out of uniform, and the clear, penetrating blue eyes brought a flood of memories back to Taylor. His heart ached for everything that never was and never could be. He didn't show any outward emotion, however, as he called out, "Ed! Bout time you got here, what took you so long?"

Straker was struck, as usual, by the other man's presence. It was always a bit of shock to find that, in person, Taylor was not quite as larger than life as one remembered. Still, he was an imposing figure - taller and heavier than Straker, with broad shoulders, sky blue eyes and dusty blond hair. His chiseled features were relaxed, but there was an underlying tension visible around the eyes.

"What are you doing here, Taylor?" Straker wanted to know.

"I'm here to see you, Straker. Can we be alone?"

"What are you doing HERE, though? How did you even know about this place?"

"I know all about SHADO, but that's not why I'm here. Can we be alone? Have a drink some place? A hotel? Your place? Somewhere?"

Straker pouted a moment and then nodded to the guards, who faded away with the dismissal.

The two men said nothing on the way to Straker's car. As he pulled out onto the highway, Straker picked up his car phone and dialed. "Alec?" he said into the receiver. "I have something to attend to. You're in charge till I get back, okay? If you need me and can't get me on the car phone, I'll be at the Carleton Hotel in London."

After driving a while in silence, Straker spoke up. "What's this all about, Taylor?"

"It's about leaving behind everything I despise in this world, Straker."

"I heard about your upcoming launch. I think they considered me to command it at one point."

"Yeah, and they considered me to head up SHADO too." Straker gave him a side long look of incredulity and Taylor added. "Oh, very briefly, to be sure." He smiled. "I'm too much of a cynical old fart to care much one way or the other if a few useless Humans get abducted."

"What the hell ?"

"I know, I know - I don't really mean that. But it's true that I'm fed up with mankind's sanctimonious attitude toward the cosmos. I'm not overly upset about leaving it all behind. There's only one thing I think I'll miss."

"What's that?"

"You."

"What?" Straker was stunned.

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The car pulled into the lot at the Carleton Hotel and the two men entered. Straker started toward the bar, but Taylor grabbed hold of his arm. "No, Straker. I want a room - I'm going to need some sleep before I head back - I lift off tomorrow evening."

Straker couldn't begin to figure any of this out, but he bought a bottle while Taylor signed himself into a room. Once they were alone, Straker spoke up.

"All right, what the hell is this really about, Taylor?" he wanted to know.

Taylor grinned. "You know, you're beautiful when you're angry?"

"What?!"

"Look, I've had it with this world, and I won't be sorry to leave it behind for a few hundred years. Everything and everyone I know will be dead by the time I return - if I return, and that suits me just fine, but dammit, Ed! You're different. There's something about you - something pure and untainted, and I will be sorry to see the last of that - the last of you. I wanted to spend some time together before I go." Straker was speechless. "Oh, come on, pal, don't tell me you never took a second look at me too??"

“Erm,” Straker mumbled. “You were always well, you were like a god to me! I mean, you were - are - everything I’m not! Taylor, I looked up to you ever since that day in the G-Force chamber at Cape Kennedy. When I almost blacked out and you talked me through it. How can you even consider?”

Taylor closed the space between them and planted his mouth over Straker’s. Straker resisted. When he managed to pull away, he said, breathless, “This is insane, Taylor!”

“Insane to want a little humanity before leaving it all behind - perhaps forever?” He slipped out of his boots and approached. With deft fingers, he got Straker’s jumpsuit unzipped and pulled down around his ankles. Straker protested, but Taylor pushed him back atop the bed. Straddling him, Taylor began running his hands over Straker’s chest, beneath the turtle neck sweater he still wore.

“I’m a married man!”

“I know your wife has filed for divorce, Ed - it’s only one night.”

“Taylor,” Straker squirmed. “You’re bigger than me and I’ve no doubt you can overpower me in a struggle, but you know this is rape, don’t you?”

Taylor managed to get Straker’s shoes and jumpsuit off and was now playing with the boxer shorts. When he took the smaller man’s cock into his mouth, the argument somehow faded.

Straker's breathing grew ragged as his cock grew larger.

"You were saying, Straker?"

"I don't know, what was I saying?"

"Rape?"

"Oh, god, yeah, George, that sounds good."

Straker pulled off his sweat-soaked sweater and ran his hands along Taylor's shoulders, beneath the flight suit he still wore. "Get this thing off, will ya?"

Taylor laughed. "A little impatient now, aren't we?"

Straker was massaging and kissing the other man's body as he spoke. "That day you held me? The day I almost blacked out and you held me till I was focused again?"

"Uh-huh?"

"I had focused a lot quicker than I let on."

"What are you saying, Ed?" Taylor grinned.

"I'm saying I never wanted you to let go."

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"Oh, damn, Ed! If only I had known sooner!" Taylor pushed Straker back down on the bed and kissed him long and hard on the mouth. Straker was panting as Taylor moved down his body, sucking at a nipple, running his tongue around the well formed muscles of his stomach. He pulled his flight suit the rest of the way off - he wore nothing

at all beneath it and his penis was standing at attention - and then returned to assaulting Straker's body.

As he continued to kiss and suck, his hand fumbled for the flight bag on the floor by the bed. He got it opened and found the tube of K-Y he had packed. He smeared some of the cool gel over his own cock and then got Straker to bend his knees up, providing access to the younger man's anus.

The feel of the viscous substance brought Straker back to awareness. "Taylor," he said with a hint of desperate concern. "Go easy with me, will you?"

Taylor frowned. "You've never done this before, have you, Ed?"

"No. No, I haven't"

Taylor got his arm up around Straker's left leg and leaned over to explore his mouth with his tongue again. Gently, he eased himself into Straker's ass. Straker gasped once and then moaned as his hands raked across Taylor's back, his own back arching slightly in an unconscious effort to draw the other man in deeper.

As Taylor neared climax, his pumping grew more frantic and less restrained. He sat up and pushed as deep as possible as a spasm overtook him and he sprayed inside Straker.

The tip of Taylor's penis hit Straker's prostate with that last thrust and Straker almost stood on

air. It was hard to tell if the sensation was painful or pleasant. Straker wanted it to stop instantly, and yet he wanted it to go on forever. He decided it was so pleasant as to make it painful.

Taylor pulled out and collapsed next to Straker. “Sorry,” he said as he gasped for breath. “Did I hurt you?”

“Yes. No. I don’t know. I think you hit my prostate.”

“Oh, yeah - that’s a pretty far out experience first time.” He fondled Straker’s erection as he regulated his own breathing again. “Where’d I put that lubricant?”

“I think you tossed it over there.” Straker pointed.

Taylor picked up the K-Y and prepared himself for entry. “Your turn now, Ed.” He settled himself on all fours on the bed and wiggled his ass invitingly for Straker, who had to grin at the sight.

“Somehow, I never really pictured you in this position, Taylor,” Straker said with a twinkle in his eye. “I kind of like the view.”

“Oh, I’m sure you say that to all - oh, but I’m your first, aren’t I? Wow - Not every day I get to deflower a virgin.” He wiggled until Straker grasped his hips and held him still.

Slowly, Straker entered the other man, who was still trying to wiggle in Straker’s grasp.

“You don’t have to be that careful with me, Ed - I know what to expect.”

Straker shrugged and threw caution to the wind as he pumped himself toward an orgasm. He pulled out before coming and sprayed his cum over Taylor’s ass, which was wiggling again.

They both laughed and collapsed back across the bed.

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“I can’t believe we just did this,” Straker was saying.

“Why? Two good looking guys like us? Why shouldn’t we?”

Straker looked at him sideways and then laughed. “Yeah, right.” He snuggled closer to the older man - only some 8 or 10 years older, but he seemed so much more wise and shop worn. He’d be leaving soon and Straker would never see him again. He suddenly hated to lose this man. “George?”

“Hmmm?”

“I’ll miss you, you know.”

“I know, Ed. Our destinies lie apart, though - we can’t be together.”

“I kind of wish you hadn’t shown up here today. I never would have known what I was missing. And now I’ll miss you.”

“I couldn’t leave without having you - just once.”

“Well, get some sleep, George - perhaps you can have me again before you leave.”

Taylor looked at Straker to see if he was serious. Straker nodded and they both laughed as they slipped into blissful sleep in each others embrace.

The End