

**Luck in the SHADOs (2002) [ADULT CONTENT] NC-17: AS, EX, M/M**

An It Takes a Thief/UFO Crossover.

Alexander Mundy is sent to check out some underground construction at Harlington-Straker Film Studios.

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# **Luck in the SHADOs**

An It Takes a Thief/UFO Story

by

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**ADULT CONTENT**

## London, England

“Noah, Noah, I really don’t want to see Wally right now. I’m on vacation, remember? *‘Take some time off, Al. You deserve it, Al’* - isn’t that what you said? Yeah, yeah, yeah, I’ll keep that in mind!”

The agitated young man slammed the phone down and ran a hand through his dark wavy hair. With a sigh, he sank into an overstuffed chair - resigned to his fate. He didn’t have long to wait.

“Al?” A curly haired head was poked into the room.

“Yeah, I’m here, Wally.” Alexander Mundy was weary. His life used to be his own. When had it all gone wrong? All he ever wanted to do was follow in his father’s footsteps. The fact that Alistair Mundy happened to be the world’s greatest cat burglar shouldn’t have made any difference. Al was just as good.

“Then how did I get caught?”

“What’s that, Al?” Wally Powers had walked into the room now.

“Sorry, Wally, guess I was thinking out loud. So, what’s up?”

Powers pulled up a chair. “That’s what we need you to find out, Al.” He pulled a manila envelope from a briefcase and handed it to Mundy. “That’s Harlington-Straker Film Studios and that construction site is a new government office building. Something’s going on that isn’t quite right. The Brits are up to something and we need you to get into the Studio and find out what it is.”

“I thought England was an ally,” Mundy commented as he sifted through the photos.

“That’s right, but that doesn’t mean we shouldn’t keep an eye on them.”

“Who’s this?” Mundy was looking at a photo of a striking looking man with blond hair and sunglasses.

“That is Colonel Edward Straker, US Air Force and the reason we’re interested in this.”

“What’s he got to do with it?”

“Until recently, he was a top officer in the military intelligence field - along with his CO, General Henderson. Late last year, a British cabinet minister was killed and General Henderson was badly injured in a car crash - a wreck Straker there walked away from.

Suddenly, both officers retired from military service. Henderson - that’s him there - went to work for the International Aeronautics Commission while Straker became - can you believe it? Head of a film studio.”

“Harlington-Straker,” Mundy mused.

“Right. We have reason to believe there is a second construction site *beneath* the film studio. If you can find out why, that would be great, but what we really need are the blue prints for the underground construction site.”

“Deadline?”

“We need it by Wednesday.”

“A little leverage for the summit talks?” Mundy grinned wryly.

“Just be careful, Al.”

“At a film studio?”



Getting into the studio wasn't difficult and as long as Mundy behaved as if he belonged there, no one questioned him. It seemed like an ordinary film studio - nothing unusual. He watched the window to Straker's office for a while. There was something strange about it. No one was around, so he took a closer look.

The glass was mirrored. If he peered really close, he could just make out - absolutely nothing. The glass was also hermetically sealed and shatter proof too, no doubt. No one would break in through *that* window. Mundy was intrigued. Maybe there really was something going on.

As darkness fell, a thin black-clad figure scurried along the studio grounds. After a thorough inspection of the back lot, Alexander Mundy found a well camouflaged and well-secured entrance. There was a very sophisticated security system on this door, which didn't make sense; since, when he finally got it open, it didn't appear to lead anywhere! Knowing full well he would most likely regret it, he slipped in and began a journey down towards the center of the Earth.

The further down he went, the cooler it felt. He expected to feel a dampness, but everything was surprisingly dry. The long hallway was empty, silent and softly illuminated by long fluorescent bulbs set deep within the walls. The farther he went, the more uneasy

he felt, but curiosity won out and he continued on until he could hear a faint sound. It was like the buzzing of insects.

The hallway ended in a door with no window. Mundy listened closely. He could make out the sound of machinery, voices, the occasional whir of a power tool. None of the sounds appeared to be close by, so he gently opened the door a crack. There was no security lock on this door.

As he entered, he found himself standing in the middle of an office complex under construction. There was some sophisticated machinery in various stages of connection: video monitors, computer systems, a communications network and what looked like an as yet unconnected security system so advanced, Mundy probably would not have gotten around it if it had been activated. He was so absorbed in the design of this security system, he didn't hear the approaching footsteps and the blow to the back of his head came as a complete surprise.

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“Well, who is he, Alec?” Ed Straker was in bed. His blond hair was disheveled and his bright blue eyes were a little bleary. At the other end of the phone line, Alec Freeman sounded as chipper as Straker felt weary.

“I dunno, Ed,” Freeman said. “He refuses to say and he has no ID what-so-ever. But he’s American and asked for you by name.”

“He asked for me specifically?”

“That’s right.”

“All right, I’ll be right there.” As he hung up the phone, he could hear his wife, Mary, sigh heavily.

“You’re not going now, are you, Ed?” she said in a slightly threatening tone.

“I have to, honey - something has come up.”

“At two o’clock in the morning, Ed? What could possibly come up at a film studio at 2 AM, Ed?”

Straker got out of bed and started dressing. “I can’t explain, darling,” he said. “But it’s important.”

“Really, Ed?” Mary was sitting up with her arms crossed now and her English accent was more pronounced than usual which meant she was angry.

“Important is it? Do you think I’m stupid? Is the world going to end if a light bulb burns out at 2 AM at a film studio, Ed? Hmmm? Is it?”

“Don’t pout, Mary, It’s unbecoming.” He leaned over to kiss her, but she turned away and he kissed the back of her head. “I may be gone all day,” he said as he left the room.

“Naturally!” Mary exclaimed to his back. When he’d shut the door, she flung herself over and sobbed into her pillows.

Straker heard the weeping, but what could he do? When he was a Military Intelligence officer, she had expected this sort of thing, but now she *thought* he was just a studio executive and it killed him that he was forbidden to tell her anything about his *real* mission.

He sighed and sadly walked out.



“We’re running his prints,” Alec Freeman was saying. He looked immaculate. Straker couldn’t help but stare. “Nothing yet, but it’s a huge database to sift through - why are you staring at me like that, Ed?”

“You haven’t even been to bed yet, have you, Alec?”

“Well, yes and no,” Freeman said with a grin.

Straker held up a hand and said, “I don’t even want to know.”

Just then Kieth Ford trotted up to them with a look of triumph on his young and eager young face. "Got it!" he exclaimed. "His name is Alexander Mundy and he's a jewel thief."

Straker took the printout Ford offered and looked it over. "Says he was arrested and convicted last year. He should be in prison, what is he doing here now?"

"And what would a jewel thief expect to find at a film studio anyway?" Freeman wanted to know.

"Maybe he knows about SHADO," Ford offered.

"Unlikely," Straker mused.

"Even if he did," Freeman added. "There's still no reason for him to expect to find any jewels about."

"I don't think he was after jewels," Straker said.

"What then?" Freeman enquired.

"This man is apparently the best. It was a fluke they caught him in the first place. Who has the authority to free a convicted criminal? And who also has a use for

a master thief?"

Freeman and Ford could offer nothing but blank stares.

"A government agency, gentlemen. Our friend is working for the US government."

"You can't be serious," Ford said.

Straker and Freeman both looked at Ford as if to say, 'you poor naive child ...'

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When Straker entered the room, he found a self-confident young man with a dazzling smile. Captivity seemed to agree with him.

"Mr. Mundy," Straker said.

"Mr. Straker," Mundy replied. "Or should I say, Colonel Straker?" he added.

Ignoring the comment, Straker pulled a chair up to the table and sat down. "Says here you should be behind bars in America. You're a long way from home, Mr. Mundy."

"So are you, Mr. Straker."

"Enough games, Mundy, what did you expect to find beneath a film studio?"

"An underground complex. And behold!" He gestured to the area around them.

"All right, which government agency do you work for?"

"Does it matter?"

"No, I suppose not," Straker said as he stood and

headed for the door. "They're all the same." Straker started out the door, stopped, turned back and said, "Well? You wanted to know, so come along now."

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Straker had given Mundy a brief run down about the alien threat and the formation of SHADO and now Ford was enthusiastically explaining some of the systems to him.

"Is this a good idea?" Freeman asked Straker.

"What difference does it make?" Straker answered. "If that experimental amnesia drug doesn't work, he'll have to be eliminated anyway - just for finding us here. May as well let him know what he may be dying for."

Freeman frowned. He knew the burden his friend carried and couldn't imagine having that kind of responsibility himself. He rested a hand on Straker's shoulder as they watched Ford and Mundy happily debating the intricacies of security.

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"Was it all you expected?" Straker asked. The two men were back in the makeshift interrogation room - the only SHADO office with a lock so far.

Mundy was seated behind the table and Straker stood in the middle of the room. "I didn't really know what to expect, but this? Alien invasion? Supreme

Headquarters, Alien Defense Organization? This is way too far out, baby. Noah won't believe any of it." From the look on Straker's face, Mundy understood he'd never be telling anyone. "I guess I won't be leaving here, huh?"

"Maybe, maybe not." Straker sighed and took a vial and syringe out of his pocket. "This is an experimental drug. It's meant to ... erase a portion of one's memory - about 24 hours worth or so. If it works, you'll be free to go. If not ..."

"Uh-huh," Mundy nodded. He was getting a little nervous now - beginning to think he may actually not make it out of this one. "And you're comfortable with this?"

'Oh, he's playing the guilt card,' Straker thought. "No," he answered. "But that's besides the point."

Mundy watched Straker for a moment. The man looked tired. It was more than physical fatigue and more than psychological stress too. He was emotionally drained as well. "No, you're not comfortable with it, are you, Straker?" he finally said. "But this is not the only thing bothering you, is it?"

Straker was filling the syringe from the vial. As he squirted the air bubbles out, he said, "What do you mean?"

"You tell me. Trouble at home?"

Straker motioned for Mundy to push up his sleeve and came around the table. "That's none of your business."

Mundy pushed his sleeve up. “I was suppose to be on vacation. Some holiday, huh?”

Straker found a vein and plunged the serum home. Mundy winced and then grabbed his arm.

“Damn!” he exclaimed. “This burns! Have you even tested this stuff before?”

“You’re the first.”

“Oh, great! You don’t even know what sort of reaction to expect!” He leapt up and grabbed Straker into a kiss.

Whatever reaction Straker expected, this wasn’t it. He struggled and finally pulled free. “What the Hell do you think you’re doing?” he demanded.

“Look,” Mundy said, a hint of desperation in his voice. “One way or another, I may be dead tomorrow and I’ll be damned if I’ll spend my last day on Earth alone, waiting patiently to die.” He pulled his black turtleneck shirt off over his head. “And from what I’ve seen here, you need this as much as I do.”

“I don’t –“

Mundy shut him up with another kiss and groped for the other man’s trouser button. Straker was trying to pull away from the kiss and trying to hold his trousers on at the same time. He was successful at neither and ended up with his back against the wall and his pants around his ankles.

When Mundy broke the kiss, Straker managed to say, “This is insane,” before the younger man wrapped his hot lips around his stiffening cock and rendered all other speech impossible. The SHADO Commander

slumped to the floor and twitched as this beautiful young thief came down on him. He held his head back against the wall, closed his eyes and moaned softly as he sprayed his juices down Mundy's throat. It was a blessed release. With all the stress at SHADO, the relatively trivial studio affairs and the tension at home, Straker hadn't realized just how much he really did need something like this.

He was so relaxed and absorbed in the ecstasy of the moment, he didn't realize Mundy was now lifting him off the floor and bending him over the table. The other man had already entered him when Straker returned to reality and if there had been any pain, he was currently unaware of it.

Straker's ass was so exquisitely tight, Mundy was sure the man had never done this before. Surprisingly, the gorgeous blond Colonel didn't fight or even complain - he just groaned and gripped the sides of the table. Mundy didn't think of much. What was there to think about? He had no future and some experimental drug was burning it's way through his body. The only thing on his mind now was the pumping of his painfully hard cock in and out of this wonderfully tight ass and the eventual release to come.

But he was pumping mercilessly. Straker was a virgin and should be treated more gently. Was this more than a simple desperate grasp at a last possible pleasure before death? Was he not also trying to punish this man as well? A man who could order an execution as easily

as another man orders a martini? It didn't matter. The only thing that mattered now was his cock inside this ass and he was nearing climax.

He pumped harder and faster now and Straker's grunts grew louder. Mundy tightened his grip on the other man's slender hips and with one last deep thrust, he came - hard. It felt like his entire life was emptying out into this man's ass and he thought he would never stop. The thick, white fluid began to trickle back out around his aching cock and he wasn't sure he could take the pressure for much longer when he finally collapsed across Straker's sweaty back.

The weight of the other man on his back pinning him to the table somehow felt right to Straker. And the feeling of that cock spraying inside him was something he would never forget. Would he ever want to do this again? If so, who could he possibly trust? He certainly couldn't go picking up complete strangers in bars or saunas. Maybe Alec? Right now, the hot breath on his shoulder, the cock resting inside him and the hot cum trickling down his legs was all he needed and all he wanted and he lay there a while enjoying it.

The weight soon became oppressive, though. The foreign object inside him became irritating and the cum began to dry and became cold and sticky. "This was incredible, Mundy," Straker said. "But you need to get off now." There was no response. "Mundy?" Still nothing. The man had passed out!

Alexander Mundy awoke to find himself in an office. He was quite comfortable on a leather sofa and a nice bit of sunshine was poking through the blinds over the window. He sat up and ran a hand through his hair. He felt fine, but where the heck was he?

A slim and striking figure entered the room. “Ah, you’re awake,” the man said, and his voice was unexpectedly commanding.

“Yes, but where am I?”

“Harlington-Straker Film Studio, of course. I’m Ed Straker.” He held his hand out and Mundy took it.

“Al Mundy,” he said. “But how did I get here?”

“You don’t remember?”

“No, I don’t seem to remember much of anything since arriving in London for a holiday. Am I even still in England?”

Straker laughed and sat down behind his desk. “Yes, you’re still in England, Mr. Mundy. You were part of a studio tour when you suddenly collapsed. Our studio doctor looked you over, but didn’t find anything. Evidently, you simply fainted.”

“Why would I join a tour of a film studio I’ve never heard of?” Mundy wondered out loud.

“Oh, I’m hurt!”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean it like that.”

Straker smiled. “I know. Our tour is listed in the London Tourist Guide, so maybe you found us there.

Your memory loss is worrisome, though. I can have our doctor look at you again if you like.”

“No, that’s okay, but, um ... if you could ...”

“Yes?”

“What day is this, please?”

“Why, it’s Sunday, of course.”

Sunday! He’d lost two days. What the heck had he been doing?

“Is there something wrong?” Straker asked, concerned.

“Oh, no, Mr. Straker.” He stood up and approached the desk. “You’ve been most kind.”

Straker stood and they shook hands again. “My associate can drive you to your hotel.”

“Oh, that would be nice, thank you.”

“Do you ... recall which hotel?”

“Hmmm?” Mundy thought a moment. “Actually ... well, I usually stay at the Carleton when I’m in London, so I guess I’ll try there.”

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“Oh, what do you want, Noah? I’m on vacation!” Just like Noah to bug him on holiday, Mundy thought. “What job? Harlington-Straker Studio?” He became very pensive. “Yes, well, forgetting about it won’t be a problem, Noah, thanks.” He hung up the phone and sank into an overstuffed chair with a frown.

So, he’d been working. And that Straker guy must have ... must have what? Hit him on the head and

given him amnesia? ‘Come on, Al, get a grip,’ he thought as he shakily ran a hand through his hair. “What you need is a drink and some dancing,” he told himself as he grabbed his jacket and headed out the door.

“Did you find the hotel?” Straker asked when Freeman had returned.

“Yeah, it was the Carleton like he thought.”

“Good, good,” Straker nodded.

“That was close, Ed.”

“I guess the new amnesia drug works.”

“And I guess the dose you gave him was a little too large - he lost two days instead of just one.”

“Maybe. I’ve spoken to Dr. Schroeder about developing an oral formula.”

“What was Mundy’s reaction to it? You two were in there quite a while.”

“Funny you should ask that, Alec, because I was wondering - just in an off-hand kind of way, you understand - how you felt about ... well, same-sex relations?”

END