

On A Knight Like This (1998) [ADULT CONTENT] NC-17: AS, V, EX, M/M

A Forever Knight/UFO crossover.

What happens when Ed Straker and Nick Knight meet on a dark country lane on a Knight like this?

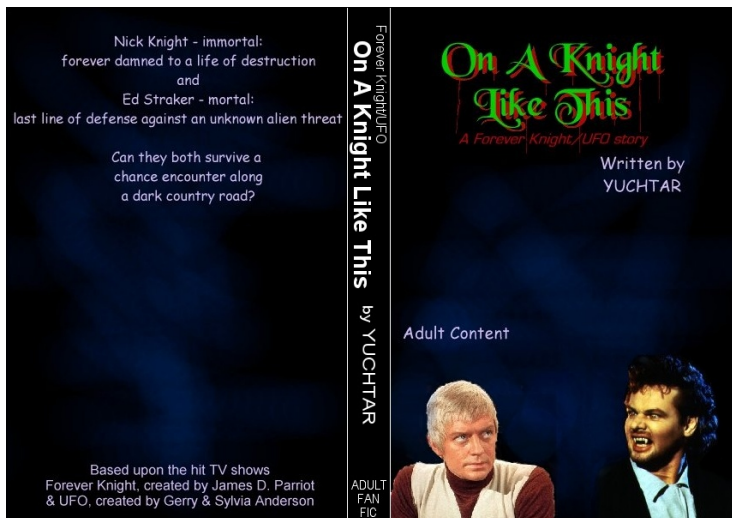
On a Knight Like This

A Forever Knight/UFO story

by

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ADULT CONTENT

Nick's mind was wandering as he drove down the dark country lane. He thought of the years he'd spent with Janette. How many? 98? That sounded right - just under a century. They'd been wonderful years for him, but Janette had felt smothered by his all-encompassing love. She had hurt him terribly when she left him.

He recalled the centuries of blood lust and the destruction he had caused. Guilt slithered its way down his spine. LaCroix always told him guilt was an emotion their kind could ill afford. *Their kind*. Nick wasn't like LaCroix - not anymore. Perhaps he never was

LaCroix - mother, father, lover, tormentor - Nick didn't even know his real name. The elder vampire had been a good thousand years old already when he brought Nicholas DeBrabant across into the world of eternal darkness. A disillusioned Templar Knight, just back from the Crusades, Nick had welcomed death - and the destructive life that came after. Now, though, he found it difficult to feel much more than this overpowering guilt.

He was able to assuage that guilt somewhat by working in some way to help humanity. He'd been a doctor, a scientist, a teacher - he'd also been involved in law enforcement at many different

levels during varying time periods. Janette now had a business in the city of Toronto and Nick was planning to join the Police Force there as soon as he could establish a good enough history for himself. For now, he was exploring his past - visiting some of his old European haunts.

He'd walked the Parisian streets he'd traversed on the last night of his mortal life. The inn where Janette had found him no longer existed - having been replaced by residential buildings. He didn't have the heart to return to his ancestral country estate, which still stood, he knew. It had been many centuries since he felt strong enough - worthy enough to kneel before the graves of his parents and his sister.

Now he was driving down a dark road just north of London. He'd first worked as a modern policeman in London - at the turn of the last century. It had been easy then; he only had to convince one or two supervisors of his credentials and he would be accepted. Now-a-days, with everything computerised, his entire life history - or lack thereof - was available to anyone at the touch of a button.

His attention was suddenly drawn back to the roadway ahead, as a blinding flash of light erupted, followed by the sound of screeching metal.

Chunks of pavement sprayed up over his windshield and Nick swerved off the road and stopped.

There was another car nearby. It was a bronze colored sports car; a little crumpled and laying on its side in the narrow ditch. Nick heard a slight moan. An ordinary mortal might have missed it, but his acute senses not only picked out the sound, but identified it as human and male. Nick was standing before the wreckage in the blink of an eye. When the door wouldn't open immediately, he tore it from its hinges, realising too late that it opened up rather than out. Fearing a possible explosion, Nick reached in with one hand and yanked the man out. Once a safe distance away, Nick set the man down and examined him.

He was a handsome man at about middle age, with platinum hair and clear blue eyes. He was not badly injured and was still conscious, though disoriented. Nick hoped he was disoriented enough to discount the seemingly superhuman strength of his rescuer. Since he was not in need of immediate medical care, Nick thought about leaving the man, but the big blue eyes focused and the man spoke before Nick could make a decision.

“What happened?” the man asked in a rough, authoritative voice.

“I don't know. There was some kind of explosion and you were forced off the road.”

“You see what exploded?”

“No. Can I give you a lift somewhere?”

The man eyed Nick suspiciously and said, “My name is Straker - Ed Straker. “ He held his hand out.

Nick hesitated a moment, trying to recall what name he had used on his passport. “Nick,” he replied. “Nick Knight.” He took the offered hand.

“You pulled me out by yourself?” Straker asked, still a little wary.

“That’s right. You were disoriented. I was afraid the car might explode.”

Not so disoriented that I didn’t notice you lifted me out with one hand like I was a throw pillow, Straker thought, but he didn’t get the chance to actually say anything before a red-suited figure came into view, and it was too early in the year for Father Christmas.

Straker elbowed Nick to the side and went for his gun. The alien fired twice into Nick’s chest as he kicked Straker back. Another alien was right behind and they disarmed Straker and started dragging him toward their craft.

Straker was kicking and screaming, but it didn’t do any good. There was no one around to hear and no one around to help. Or was there? He saw a blur from the corner of his eye and heard a

deep growl as the alien at his right was yanked away. Before he could discern just what had happened to him, the other alien was being thrown to the ground.

Straker stood stunned for a moment as he stared at the mutilated bodies of the two aliens. Then he noticed Nick writhing on the ground - eyes aglow, fangs exposed, blood, gore, and green fluid splattered all over him. A decidedly inhuman growl escaped the young man's throat.

Good God, thought Straker. He sprinted toward his car to radio for help, but a Mobile was already pulling over - having been alerted by the automatic car alarm that transmitted as soon as the car flipped over.

"Ed!" Colonel Alec Freeman called. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, Alec - Help me get this man to med lab immediately! He saved my life."

Freeman stood aghast for a moment. "What the bloody hell is he?"

"I don't know, but he saved my life and I don't intend to stand here and watch him die, help me, Alec."

"He seems to have stabilised, Commander," Doctor Jackson purred. "But he is a remarkable creature. His heart beats only nine beats per minute

and his body temperature is only 67 degrees. The chest wounds have healed completely. I would say - and this may sound a little crazy, Commander - but I would say he is a vampire and he ingested some of the alien's blood, which seems to have a somewhat toxic effect on him. He is not worsening, though, so I think he may recover."

"A vampire?" Freeman said, incredulous.

Jackson shrugged. "I told you, it would sound a little crazy."

"No, Alec, I saw the fangs and heard the growls - I believe him," Straker said with a frown. "He saved my life, so do you suppose he can be trusted? Or should we destroy him somehow?"

"Personally, Commander, I would love the opportunity to study him."

Before Straker had the chance to respond to that, Nick's voice, deep and resonate like it came from a tunnel, said: "*I'm not a lab rat. There are no such things as vampires and I was just stunned.*"

"Just stunned," Freeman and Jackson repeated in unison.

"Ah, Mr. Knight," Jackson said with a grin. "So glad you have recovered."

"Colonel, Doctor - if you don't mind stepping out, I'd like to speak with our friend alone for a moment." Straker said, his jaw set firmly.

When the two had left the room, Straker said, "Okay, Mr. Knight - what the hell did you just do to my men and how?"

Damn, Nick thought. *He's a resister*. Nick sat down with a sigh and replied, "It's just a harmless form of persuasion - they were uninjured. The fact that you resisted puts me in an awkward position. I'd hate to have to kill you after going to the trouble of saving your life and all."

Straker studied the man a while in silence. Nick seemed unaffected and disinclined to break the oppressive silence.

"You *are* a vampire, aren't you?" Straker asked

Nick sighed heavily. "I don't suppose it would do any good to deny it, would it?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Then you tell me - what were those things that attacked us?"

"Aliens."

"Aliens?"

"Yes - aliens from another galaxy. They've been coming to Earth for years, apparently harvesting human organs. We don't know just who they are or why they come - only that they leave behind mutilated bodies."

“You’re a government organisation?” Now it was Nick’s turn to frown. How could something like this be going on without him even being aware?

“That’s right.”

“Which government? You’re obviously American, while your Colonel is English and that Doctor is definitely from one of the Slavic countries.”

“We’re affiliated with, but not directly answerable to the United Nations.”

“And you’re called ?”

“SHADO. Supreme Headquarters, Alien Defence Organisation.”

“Fascinating.”

“Yes, I could say the same for you. If you don’t mind my asking, Mr. Knight - “

“Nick.”

“All right, Nick - just how old are you?”

“Ahhhhh well, that would be telling, wouldn’t it?”

Straker was not amused by Nick’s thin grin. “No, really,” he said, drawing closer to the younger looking man. “I’m quite fascinated, really”

With a sigh, Nick told him, “I returned from the Holy Land rather embittered in 1228. The undead life of an immortal appealed to me at that time. It does not now. Can I go, please?”

Straker felt a little sorry that he had made Nick speak about it, he could tell it hurt. “Certainly, Nick - can I offer you a cup of coffee first? The least I could do, after you saved my life and all. Besides, It’ll be getting light up top soon, you’d better stay here for the day anyway.”

Nick glanced at his watch and frowned. “Yeah, you’re right. Thanks.”

With cups in hand, Straker took Nick around the facility for a grand tour. Nick was impressed. The staff appeared efficient and well trained and they certainly seemed to have the situation well in hand. Nick was sure the slight aftertaste left by the coffee would go unnoticed by mortals, but he caught it and figured he knew what it was. His sharpened senses also detected a slight slur in Straker’s speech.

“Look, Straker, you’ve had a rough night - why don’t you go get some sleep.”

“Your night has been just as rough.”

“I can’t leave just yet, but you can - go home. Take it easy.”

Straker shook his head. “There are some crew quarters here, I’ll find a couple empty ones. Besides, I don’t have a car right now to get me home.”

The slight grin was mischievous and Nick returned it in kind.

“There’s only the one room empty, I’m afraid.” Straker was saying. “Afraid we’ve got extra personnel aboard tracking that Ufoe that hit my car.”

“Wait a minute,” Nick grabbed the other man’s arm. “You mean that explosion ...?”

“What did you think it was?”

Nick shrugged. “I don’t know. I don’t guess I really thought about it once it was over.”

“They like to take pot shots at me every once in a while.”

“They come after you personally?” Nick was aghast, but Straker seemed so calm as he discussed the situation.

“Oh sure. They know SHADO exists and they do a pretty fair job of intel gathering.”

Nick sat on the bed as he pondered this new development. “Wow, Straker - you certainly seem to be handling it all rather well. I’m impressed.”

“You want the bed or the bath?”

“HMMMMM?”

“To sleep. You want the bed or the bathtub?”

“Oh, er, well - why not both??”

Straker was a little tired and not really in the mood for games. “What?” he asked irritably.

“Well, we’re both consenting adults and a nice warm bath and a bit of a snuggle sounds pretty good to me.”

Straker stared transfixed by the boyish grin. This ‘man’ was almost 800 years old, how could he possibly have such a boyish grin? Had Nick *really* just suggested what he thought? Why would he?

Nick closed the distance between them in a heartbeat and took Straker in his arms. The kiss he began was met with startled indifference at first, but it didn’t take long for Straker to drop the extra bedding he was holding and return the embrace.

“What the hell are we doing?” Straker asked when he’d managed to push Nick away and catch a breath. “This is insane.”

“Don’t you find me attractive, Straker?”

“Attractive? You’re a a

“Vampire. It’s okay to say it, I know what I am. I don’t like it much, but I know perfectly well what I am. And what I am right now is quite aroused.” He was planting little kisses down Straker’s neck.

“Hey, you’re not going to .. ?”

“Just a little - promise.” Nick bared his fangs and lightly raked them over the taut skin at Straker’s neck.

“Look, I don’t think ...”

Nick was out of his clothes before Straker even heard a zipper unzip. “Your turn,” Nick said, as he slowly removed Straker’s dirt smeared beige suit. “First, the bath.”

Straker had to admit, the hot bath sure did feel good against all his aching muscles. He was seated between Nick’s legs, with his head back against the other man’s chest and his eyes closed as Nick idly brushed soapy fingers through Straker’s pubic hair.

When Straker noticed the growing hardness pressing against his backside, he opened his eyes to find his own cock standing at attention as well. “Oh my,” he heard himself say. “We must do something about that, mustn’t we?” When the hell did he become so brazen?! Was it because he thought the amnesia drug would ensure that Nick would remember none of this after his nap?

For the second time that day, Nick lifted Straker into his arms as if he didn’t weigh a thing. Carrying him over to the bed, he lay Straker down and patted him dry with the bed spread. Carefully touching every part of Straker’s body, Nick worked

his way down one leg and up the other before tossing the spread and taking Straker's straining erection into his mouth.

Straker had a momentary panic as he recalled the fangs, but Nick seemed to have somehow retracted them or covered them because he wasn't biting Straker's penis, for which Straker was mightily thankful. Straker groaned as Nick released him from his mouth and began kissing the sensitive underside of his balls and down his inner thighs. Straker tensed for only a moment when he felt the slight prick of the skin over his femoral artery. The warm sensation that filled him then eased his fears and made him harden all the more.

As promised, Nick took only a little. He'd fed well on a milk cow just the day before and wasn't craving from hunger. Still, it was a strong desire he resisted all the same. The taste of human blood was like none other - it was intoxicating and, if not careful, one could easily get carried away and take too much.

Straker groaned again as he pulled himself down Nick's body and took the throbbing cock he found into his mouth. Nick reciprocated and they formed a writhing 69 for quite a while before Straker pleaded breathlessly, "Fuck me now, Nick - I can't stand it any longer!"

With a grin, Nick maneuvered Straker onto his hands and knees and worked his fingers into Straker's anus. Nick ran his tongue around the rim a couple times to moisten it and then gently pushed himself inside. Straker groaned deeply in his chest as he pushed himself back, forcing Nick in farther.

“Oh, yeah, Nick - that's what I want.”

Nick pumped Straker's ass and stroked his cock for what seemed like hours. Probably because it was. Straker didn't think he could possibly take any more, but he never wanted it to end either. Finally, he begged, “Nick - let me come. I can't take much more.”

With a practiced flair, Nick drove himself in deeper still and gripped Straker just right so that he was shooting cum across the room. Straker had never had such a forceful ejaculation and he collapsed exhausted against Nick when it was over.

“What about you?” Straker asked. “Aren't you going to come?”

“No, I can't. I'm incapable. I only became hard because I willed the blood to my groin. I just wanted to satisfy you.”

Straker turned as best he could to look into Nick's brown eyes. “You wanted to satisfy me?” He asked incredulously. “Why?”

Nick shrugged. “I don't know - you seemed like you needed satisfying.”

Straker thought about that a moment and then shrugged as well. “I don’t guess I can deny that.” He pulled the sheet over them and spooned up against Nick. He was asleep almost instantly.

Straker awoke feeling relaxed and alone. Nick was gone. Had he been dreaming? Ufoe attack, vampire lover - was he working himself too hard?? He noticed the stream of fluid across the floor and knew *something* had happened. Okay, so it was a wet dream. He checked the inside of his right thigh and found a slight discoloration, but he didn’t see anything that looked like puncture marks. Straker pulled on his clothes and went out to see what was up.

Everything was running smoothly. He tracked down Alec Freeman - found him in Straker’s office sampling the liquor dispenser. “Quiet day?” he inquired.

“Oh, hey, Ed - feeling better?”

“Yes, actually, as a matter of fact I do. Was the missing Ufoe dealt with?”

“Oh, sure. Sky 3 took care of it.”

Straker couldn’t carry on as if nothing had happened - he had to ask. “What about Nick? Mr. Knight? Did he get off all right?”

“Oh, sure, left late that night. Thanked us for a lovely ‘studio’ tour and said he’d be sure to try and catch our next picture.”

“That night? Whattaya mean?”

“You’ve been out for two days, Ed - sleeping like a baby. We figured you needed it, so we didn’t disturb you.”

“TWO days?! Wow well, I can’t deny that I feel pretty good, so I guess I *did* need it. Did Nick say anything else?”

“Just wanted you to know he had a great bath. What does that mean, anyway?”

Straker pondered. Did Nick really remember everything? Would he be a security risk? Straker shook himself and said, “Oh, I don’t know, Alec - perhaps he’s not used to sunken tubs.”

Nick knelt at the grave site of his ancestral family. The house still stood pretty much as he had left it centuries ago: empty, forlorn. As he silently wept, he was once again Nicholas DeBrabant - Knight Templar, Crusader, Man of Justice and Truth - at least until the sun rose again at dawn.

END