

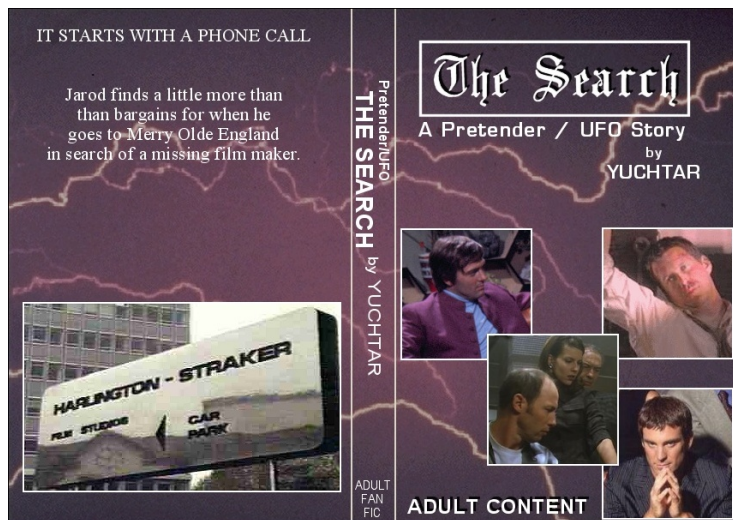
The Search (1999) [ADULT CONTENT] NC-17: AS, AL, V, EX, M/M, M/M/M, BDSM

A Pretender/UFO crossover story.

Jarod goes in search of the truth regarding the death of a film maker and he encounters more than he bargains for in Merry Olde England.

The Search

A Pretender/UFO story
by
Yuchtar
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ADULT CONTENT

Chicago, Illinois:

Jarod stood solemnly a short distance from the park fence and watched as Toby Philips sat alone on the bench. The boy was small for his 10 years and his shaggy hair and sorrowful brown eyes made him look a little like the scruffy dog that sat beside him. This was a school picnic - a father/son get together - and Toby had no father to join him.

Back at his luxurious condo (bought with money carefully siphoned from a Centre account), Jarod finished packing the last of the books he'd been studying - this one was called *The Art of Film Making*. He placed it in the box on top of *What Every Director Should Know* and then closed and sealed the box. On the back of a picture post card featuring a photo of the Hollywood sign, he neatly scribed, "See you in the pictures" and placed the card on top of the box.

His journal lay open on the bed, a news clipping visible with the headline "Up and coming young cinematographer dies in studio mishap; Body not recovered." With a sigh, he closed it and slipped it into his flight bag. Passport in hand - this one in the name of Jarod Mitchell, he took a last look around the place, picked up his bag and walked out.

“Are you sure this is the right place?” Miss Parker asked irritably as the threesome made their way into the large apartment.

“This is where the call originated,” Broots assured her.

“Not his usual choice of accommodation,” admitted Sydney. “But it certainly has style.” He held up the corner of a leopard spotted blanket that lay atop the round bed.

“Looks like he’s on his way to Hollywood,” Miss Parker said as she handed the post card to Broots and opened the box.

“Books about movie making,” Broots observed. “What do you think he’s up to?”

During the flight, Jarod had a lot of time to think about things. His disjointed life kept creeping into his thoughts. Jarod is a “Pretender.” A genius who can do anything, become anyone he chooses. He’d been torn from his parents at a tender age - much younger than little Toby Philips - and was kept and used for some 30 years by an organisation known as The Centre. When he escaped, he began sifting through newspapers in search of odd stories that didn’t ring true and he helped people pick up the pieces of shattered lives as he tried to help himself find the family he knew he must have out there somewhere.

Searching for him are Doctor Sydney Green, the man who practically raised Jarod at The Centre. He's the only father figure Jarod had growing up and the old man seems to be genuinely concerned with the younger man's welfare. Mr. Broots, a sort of nerdy computer wizard, is in charge of tracking Jarod's very elaborate and complicated trail. Miss Parker is in charge of the search. She tries to portray a hard as nails persona, but Jarod knows she is as hurt and confused as he is. They had often played together as children at The Centre and her mother's death is somehow connected with his parents' disappearance, but he can't quite figure out how.

London, England:

"Are you here for business or pleasure, Mr. Mitchell?" the Customs official asked as he examined the pass port.

"Business," Jarod answered with a grin as he removed his sunglasses so the man could get a good look at him. "I make dreams come true."

"Ahhh, a film maker. Well, enjoy your stay, sir." The man stamped the passport and handed it over, already looking toward the next person in line.

“Harlington-Straker Studios, how may I direct your call?”

Jarod was in a phone booth just outside the airport. “Mr. Foster, please,” he told the efficient sounding switchboard operator and a moment later another voice came over the line.

“Foster,” was all the voice said, but Jarod felt a tingle crawl up his spine at the sound.

“Errrrr,” Jarod stammered, not sure what his sixth sense was telling him. “This is Jarod Mitchell, Mr. Foster - we’ve corresponded about a certain project?”

“Yes, Mr. Mitchell, I remember. What can I do for you?” Paul Foster cupped a hand over one ear and turned toward the wall to try to drown out the studio sounds behind him, trying not to yell in overcompensation.

“I’m in town and I thought perhaps I could take a look at the studio and discuss the project more fully.”

“Certainly! I’m a little involved in construction right now, as you can probably hear, but tomorrow would be fine. Say 11 o’clock?”

“Thank you, Mr. Foster. I’m looking forward to it.”

“See you then.”

Commander Foster replaced the receiver with a frown. There was something odd about this

Jarod character, but he couldn't put his finger on it. As the new head of SHADO (Supreme Headquarters, Alien Defence Organisation), he had to be wary of enigmatic strangers. He sighed and silently wished Straker were still around to handle the responsibilities - how had Ed managed running SHADO and a film studio both? The studio was a great cover, to be sure, but what a burden! Sometimes he wished he could seek refuge in a bottle the way Colonel Freeman always did, but he understood now why Commander Straker tended not to partake: the temptation to deaden one's senses was just too great and he couldn't afford to take the chance - not with the fate of the world at stake. His pale blue eyes had just taken on a far away expression as he was idly wondering how Alec Freeman was getting along with his new wife and his new retirement, when a workman called him back to the job at hand.

Jarod got settled into a good hotel and sat down with a bottle of ginger beer and a Pez dispenser and studied the clippings in his journal again. The first one was about a Colonel Edward Straker, USAF, who was involved in some serious car wreck that killed a British Cabinet Minister. And then suddenly this same Ed Straker was head of a film studio. A film studio that put out pretty bad documentary films and yet still remained afloat in

the high stakes entertainment ocean. With Straker's retirement, the studio operations were taken over by a Paul Foster - former test pilot extraordinaire. Something was up with this Harlington-Straker Studio and Jarod suspected some kind of illegal arms distributing syndicate. Jason Philips must have stumbled onto something and had to be eliminated. People like this usually used such terms - *eliminated* or *terminated*. Jarod got that intense look in his eyes as he contemplated the best way to go about this mission.

Hollywood, California:

“Well, try harder, Broots!”

Miss Parker was in one of her moods and Broots was once again on the receiving end. He sank deeper in his chair as his hands scrambled over the computer keyboard.

“Jarod has left a complicated trail, Miss Parker,” Sydney explained in his calm way. “I suspect he was never in Hollywood at all.”

“Has he called you, Sydney? Because if you let me chase a wild goose, I'll have your balls for breakfast!”

Broots scrunched down even lower in his chair.

Sydney remained calm. “No, Miss Parker, he hasn’t called me. And there’s nothing to find here. I think we should return to the Centre and start over.”

There was a pause. Then Miss Parker demanded, “Is that what you think too, Broots?”

“Oh, uuuuh,” Broots stammered, suddenly aware of Miss Parker’s angry eyes on him. “Um, yeah. I do. Kind of.”

Miss Parker sighed heavily and rolled her eyes. “Well, then, lets *kind of* get the hell out of here.”

Broots breathed a sigh of relief as Miss Parker stomped out of the room . He glanced up at Sydney and was rewarded with a reassuring smile.

London, England:

“Mr. Mitchell to see you, sir.”

Paul Foster pushed the intercom button and said, “Send him in, Miss Jones.” He sat back with a sigh and wondered how long it would take to figure out this guy’s angle.

“Mr. Foster, good of you to see me,” Jarod said as he held his hand out.

Foster rose and shook hands. “No problem,” he said. “That’s what I’m here for.” He smiled graciously and gestured to the chair opposite him.

Jarod felt that warm tingle down his spine again and couldn't help a momentary gawk as he sat himself down. "Errr," he fumbled momentarily and then regained his composure. "I have some sketches here," he said as he handed over a set of sketches. "Quick and easy - read inexpensive - set designs for a clever on the edge scifi series."

"Yes," Foster responded as he studied the sketches, which were really well done. "These look quite good, Mr. Mitchell, but if you don't mind my asking, what made you choose this studio to pitch?"

"Oh, well, I don't mind admitting, you're not the first, but my friend Jason Philips told me about how cutting edge you sometimes like to be."

NOW it became clear! Foster sat back with a smug grin. Philips was the key. This guy was probably a reporter snooping around to find out what had really happened to Philips. "Well," he said. "It's true we sometimes take chances, but I've learned the hard way that some chances just aren't worth taking. We never should have been filming in the Brazilian jungle, for instance - your friend's death was a tragedy that could have been easily avoided by simply filming in studio instead of on location."

"Perhaps, but I'm sure the footage would not have been nearly as impressive."

Foster suddenly liked this man and began to doubt that he was a reporter. Something in the

young man's eyes spoke volumes that no simple reporter could have expressed. He was definitely snooping about Philips, though. And he was definitely a damned good-looking guy. Foster decided to keep him around for a while and try to find out just what he was after.

“Well, Mr. Mitchell - “

“Call me Jarod, please, Mr. Foster.”

“All right, Jarod; and you call me Paul. I think we just might be able to strike a deal. How about that look round the place now, eh?”

“Certainly! That's why I'm here, Paul.”

Later that night, Jarod lay awake staring at the mirrored ceiling in his hotel suite. Why did he get that spine tingle whenever he dealt with Paul Foster? What did it mean? It wasn't quite the same as a sense of danger - he didn't really feel threatened by Foster. What could it be?

Foster suspected something, too, Jarod knew he had. But if he did, why had he gone ahead and accepted him? Trying to keep him close so it would be easier to *eliminate* him too? He shook his head slightly on the pillow. Foster didn't strike him as that sort of man. His whole theory of an illegal arms syndicate was crumbling and he had absolutely nothing to replace it.

Paul Foster also lay awake that night staring at the ceiling. What the heck was it about this Jarod, anyway? He hadn't been this aroused by another man since Ed Straker! He began stroking himself, visions of Jarod naked before him. He imagined the feel of the young muscled body beneath him, the taste of him, the smell of him, the sound of his deep voice moaning low

"Damn!" Foster exclaimed as he came all over himself. He hadn't had a wet fantasy in a long time! He got up and took a quick shower - a cold one, before going back to bed.

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After some detailed snooping, Jarod came across a few references to some organisation called SHADO, but he couldn't find out who they were. In his dealings with Foster, he tried dropping a few hints about too much *shadow* on this set, and not enough eye *shadow* on that actress, but Foster never took the bait. Jarod was rather surprised when Foster suggested going over some new designs over dinner at his place. What was the guy playing at now? Planning to *eliminate* him in the privacy of his own home? Jarod reluctantly agreed.

Foster sat with his feet propped up on the desk. If Straker saw him like this, he'd probably

chew him out even now, but it was comfortable and he was boss, after all! This Jarod character was a real puzzle. He'd been dropping SHADO references all day and watching Foster with an eagle eye. The kid obviously knew nothing about SHADO, but how had he even heard the name? And he was obviously shaken at the prospect of talking business at Foster's place. What did he think? That Foster would off him in his own home?

Or maybe Foster was giving off vibes. Ut-oh, that could be. He certainly found Jarod attractive, but he couldn't have been that obvious about it! No, this kid was just spooked about something - probably thought they had murdered his friend Philips. Well, if all else failed, he could slip the kid some amnesia drug and send him on his way.

The Centre
Blue Cove, Delaware:

“Anything yet?”

Broots nearly fell off his chair at the sound of the voice behind him. The only thing worse than Miss Parker sneaking up on him was her creepy brother, Mr. Lyle, sneaking up on him. “N-no, Mr. Lyle. Not yet.”

“Well I have reason to believe he left the country.” Lyle dropped a file folder on the desk and walked back out of the office without another word.

Miss Parker walked in as Lyle was walking out. “What did he want?” she asked.

“Left a file for you,” Broots answered with a nod toward the desk.

Miss Parker thumbed through the file. “Hmmm, he might be in London - according to this. What would he be doing in London?”

“I think this might explain,” said Sydney as he walked into the office and handed Miss Parker a news clipping.

The headline read: ‘Up and coming young cinematographer dies in studio mishap; Body not recovered.’ “So, what’s this got to do with it?”

“Mr. Jason Philips had a little boy and the death was never fully explained.”

“Hmmm, just the kind of thing Jarod would want to rectify.”

“That’s what I thought - and it happened at a London film studio.”

Broots started his fingers flying over the keyboard. “Working on it,” he said before Miss Parker could order him to.

London, England:

“How much farther is it?”

Foster grinned at the young man’s well concealed suspicion. “Not much farther now, Jarod.”

Before anything else could be said, there came a whirring whistling sound that Foster knew all too well. He immediately swerved the car, which saved their lives as the road beside them disintegrated into bits of gravel, dust and flame.

“What the hell?” Jarod wanted to know.

“When I say go, you jump from the car!” Foster exclaimed. He swerved the car again and yelled “GO!”

Jarod didn't hesitate. They both leapt free of the car as another beam of green light smashed it to bits. On their feet, the two men ran for cover to a nearby copse of trees.

“Stay down,” Foster ordered as he drew his hand gun and fired at the low spinning Ufoe.

Jarod pulled a gun and joined him. The small hand guns did no good against the massive craft - it was pretty much pure bravado that kept them standing there and firing.

Before the alien ship could lash out at them again, a small plane flew overhead and shot it down.

Foster and Jarod stood there staring at the smoking debris. The little plane flew by and waved it's wings at them in salute. Jarod noticed SKY 2 painted on it in large white lettering. Foster waved to it as the plane took off back the way it had come.

There was a moment of silence as the two men just stood there - neither knowing just what to say next.

“Okay,” Jarod finally said. “Just what the hell was that?”

“That,” Foster told him. “Was a UFO.”

“A UFO ?”

“That’s right. It attacked my car because I’m head of the Supreme Headquarters, Alien Defence Organisation.”

“SHADO” mused Jarod.

“That’s right.”

A SHADO Mobile pulled up along side the two men and a worried young woman poked her head out the window. “You okay, Commander?”

“Yeah. Give us a lift to my place, would you?”

Foster waved as the Mobile pulled out of his driveway. When the dust had settled, he led the way into the house. “Have a seat, I’ll get us a drink,” he said.

“Oh, yeah, I can use a drink,” Jarod agreed. After a while, Jarod had to resume his questions, because Foster seemed in no hurry to explain. “Are you going to tell me what that was all about or what?”

“What.” Foster grinned.

Jarod gaped. "We were almost *killed!*"

"Yes, but we weren't."

"Who *are* you?"

With a sigh, Foster set his glass down and began. "That was an alien space ship. They've been coming to Earth for almost 30 years. We don't know why they come, but they leave behind mutilated corpses - we think they harvest organs for themselves. SHADO has been fully operational since 1980, but they keep coming."

"And Jason Philips was killed by an alien?"

"Smart boy! But no - he was taken. That's why we had no body. I'm sorry - it never should have happened, but" Foster shrugged.

Jarod sat back and tried to take this all in. "So the studio is a cover And that's why you can afford to make really bad films and still keep operational ..."

Foster laughed. "They're not all bad!"

Jarod looked at the other man. "Well, maybe not Anyway - "

"Anyway, why did you have a gun?"

"Oh, I thought maybe you were going to try to kill me tonight."

Foster smiled. "I don't want to kill you, Jarod, but there IS something I've been wanting to do since we first met."

The younger man frowned slightly. "What's that?"

Foster leaned over and kissed the other man, long and hard and passionately on the lips.

Jarod wasn't quite sure how to respond to this unexpected, though not unpleasant action, so he kissed back.

After a while, Foster broke free to catch his breath. "Wow," he said. "I wasn't sure you'd respond at all, Jarod."

"I'm kind of new to a lot of things, but I always like to try new experiences - at least once. I'm beginning to think maybe the strange tingling I feel up my spine whenever you speak to me might be lust - what do you think?"

"I think we both need a shower."

Mr. Lyle sat smugly in the back seat of the dark sedan as they pulled up the drive.

"This is the place, sir," reported the driver.

Lyle smiled, but said nothing as the car rolled over a sensor pad, setting off alarms at SHADO HQ.

Quietly getting out of the car, Lyle whispered orders to the two men with him to go cover the back of the house, while he went in the front. The front lock wasn't difficult to open and the house was quiet. There was a light on in the kitchen, a lamp on in the living room. No sign of anyone about as Lyle crept along with gun at the ready.

This would be such a coup for him to capture Jarod and show up his snooty sister. She'd been trying for months with no success, the twit. He'd have to be careful not to kill Jarod, even though every fibre of his being cried out for the little bastard's death. No, he'd rough him up a little - maybe shoot him in the arm or something, but he mustn't kill him. The Centre wanted him back alive.

Voices from down the hall made Lyle's head tilt slightly. He crept towards a closed door and listened closely.

"We won't do anything you don't want to," said one voice with a smooth English accent. That must be the head of the studio - Paul Foster, Lyle decided.

"Hey, I'm game for - oooooooh, maaaaaaan." That was Jarod - definitely. What the heck were they doing? Sounded like water was running. What? Are they taking a shower together? Oh, that was great! Catching Jarod with his pants down - literally - and with another man! Oh, that would make one hell of a report. Lyle smiled as he gently opened the door.

The room was full of steam. He could see two forms behind the shower door - one kneeling before the other. He squinted a moment and was sure that was Jarod standing. Oh, man! This guy Foster was sucking him off! Lyle felt his own trousers becoming painfully tight at the thought

and got frustrated with himself. *Concentrate on the job at hand!* he chastised himself silently. But he found his hand straying toward his groin and bit his lip painfully to try to refocus himself. Tightening his grip on the gun, Lyle crept up to the shower and yanked the door open.

When the shower door suddenly opened, Lyle froze for an instant. He had known what to expect, but the sight was still surprising. Jarod and Foster both reacted out of sheer instinct and lashed out at the intruder. They both struck him on the chin at the same time. Lyle's head snapped back and hit the wall behind him. His limp form slumped slowly to the floor.

“Damn!” hissed Jarod.

“Friend of yours?”

“Not hardly.”

Back outside, Lyle's two Centre thugs were waiting in the shadows. “Should we go in?” one asked the other.

“No. He said watch the back - not go in the back.”

“He's been gone a while.”

“Yeah, maybe he'll get killed - I won't miss him.”

Nothing more was said because two tranquilizer darts silently put the two men down.

“We’ve got the other two outside,” Colonel Gay Ellis informed Foster in the house. “Want us to take this one too?”

“No, Gay, I’ll handle him. Give those other two a small dose of the amnesia drug and drop them off somewhere remote.”

“Yes, Commander.” Ellis observed Jarod’s toweled form once more before departing with her people.

“I don’t think she liked me,” Jarod said.

“Nonsense,” Foster replied. “Quite the contrary, I should think.” He glanced down at Lyle’s unconscious body. “Help me get him into the, uh, play room.”

“The play room?”

“Over there.” He nodded toward a door to the right.

The play room turned out to be quite a nice exercise gym. Jarod was impressed. He was even more impressed when Foster pointed out a few contraptions he couldn’t recognise. There was an X-shaped stand of steel with soft leather cufflets for arms and legs, to which they carried Lyle.

“Looks perfect,” Jarod said. “Is this used for

“Kinky sex? Yes - let’s strip him first.”

“All right.” Jarod grinned as they undressed the limp form and strapped him onto the stand.

“While he’s sleeping it off,” Foster said. “I think you should explain just who he is.”

Back in the living room with soft music playing, Jarod explained his situation with The Centre.

“So, you’re not even a filmmaker at all?”

“Sure I am! For now.”

“We could use you at SHADO, Jarod - would you like to join up?”

“It all sounds really fascinating, Paul, but the fact is, I would never be able to focus until I find my past.”

“I’ll do a search with SHADO computers if you like. See what comes up.”

“Sure.”

“Which reminds me - how did you find out about SHADO anyway?”

“Just a little snooping.”

“Through the computer?”

“Yeah. You have a redundant security code linked through the studio payroll - they cancel each other out.”

“Well, I’ll have to correct that, then, won’t I?”

“You’re going to have to give me that amnesia drug you spoke of, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I’m afraid I will, Jarod.”

“Will I forget everything?”

Foster smiled. "I think I could probably arrange for a selective memory wipe."

Jarod smiled now too. "And for Lyle?"
"Perhaps."

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At that point, Lyle came to with a groan. Finding himself tied naked to a steel cross, he yelled at the top of his lungs, "JAROD!"

Jarod and Foster came in wearing grins and towels. "Glad to have you back, Lyle," Jarod said.

"What the hell are you up to now, Jarod?" he demanded to know.

"Just exploring Human sexuality, Lyle. You know, I kind of missed out on all that as an adolescent locked up at the Centre."

"Oh, my heart bleeds for you - OW!" The sting of nine strips of leather across his chest drew his attention to Foster who had dropped his towel and was now holding a black leather cat-o-nine tails whip in his hand. "What the hell are you doing?!"

"Teaching you a lesson in manners, I think," Foster said as he brought the whip across Lyle's chest once more.

"You son of a bitch," Lyle seethed. "I'll kill you."

Foster purred softly into the enraged man's ear. "I doubt it, but you're welcome to try."

Lyle struggled at his bonds, but he couldn't free himself. Even his thumbless hand was strapped in extra tightly so he couldn't wriggle it loose. "I'll chop you up into little pieces and eat you for lunch," Lyle sneered, the look of madness in his eyes. Foster brought the whip down once more and Lyle continued to struggle in vain.

"Won't the neighbors complain about the noise?" Jarod asked.

"What neighbors?" Foster replied.

Jarod grinned again and focused his attention toward Lyle's good sized cock. "HMMMM, remember that time you called me a cock sucker, Lyle?" The bound man merely glared. "I wonder what that's like?"

"Here," Foster said as he tossed something to Jarod.

"What's this?" Jarod asked, turning over the object in his hands. It was two metallic rings, a smaller one inside a larger one and connected at the top.

Foster grinned. "What is it, Lyle?" Lyle glared some more but remained mute, so Foster brought the whip across his chest again and Lyle winced.

A second stroke caused Lyle to groan and seethe some more, but a third opened his mouth in a yell. "I will kill you! Both!"

“Tell Jarod what that is, Lyle, like a good little slave.”

“I will watch you die in agony and - OW! Damn it! It’s a cock ring! A cock ring, Jarod - okay?!”

“Ooooh, so, it goes on like this” Jarod knealt down and slipped the rings over Lyle’s cock. “A bit snug.”

“I’m very well endowed - OW!”

“You speak when spoken to,” Foster admonished.

Jarod continued. “And the larger ring goes around the scrotum, right?”

Lyle winced as his balls were squeezed through the tight ring. “I swear-“ Whap! Foster hit him with the whip. “I will -“ Whap! “Chew you up -“ Whap! “And spit you out!” Whap! “And I’ll see you -“ Whap! “Rot in hell along with him!” Whap! “Gaaaarrghhhhh!” He growled wildly, the veins standing out at his temples.

Whap! “If I were you, old boy, I’d shut up,” Foster advised.

Lyle was breathing heavily and his jaw was set firmly in a grimace of disgust. He was actually rather frightening. Foster was used to dealing with fluid breathing aliens, so he wasn’t the least bit perturbed by the young man’s ranting, but Jarod was hoping the bindings would not burst.

Lyle was seeing red. He wanted to kill, but not because of the pain - pain was easy enough to deal with. He was becoming so damned aroused and he *hated* the thought of succumbing to these two self righteous bastards! Oh, but when Jarod wrapped his perfect lips around his throbbing cock, Lyle's knees gave way and an agonizing moan escaped his lips.

“Try not to use your teeth so much,” Foster instructed. “That’s right. Can you get him in any further? Oooooooh, deep throat. I approve.” Foster smiled as Lyle shut his eyes and gave himself over to the sensation. “Stop for a while, Jarod,” he told him.

Lyle snapped his eyes open and pleaded. “What? Not now!” Whap! Foster had moved behind him and now lashed the whip across his back. “You can’t leave me like this!” Whap! “Come on, Jarod!” Whap! Lyle groaned, but bit his lip to keep from speaking again. Whap! “I didn’t say anything!” Whap! He groaned and bit his lip again. Damn! He closed his eyes and blocked out the pain the way he used to do when he was a kid behind the woodshed with his so-called Dad.

Foster ran his tongue along one of the welts across Lyle’s back. The metallic taste of blood mingled with a salty sweat.

Jarod did the same at the bound man's chest. He found the nipples and gently tugged at each in turn.

Lyle moaned softly, but kept his eyes and mouth tightly shut.

Foster slipped on a condom and ran a lubricated finger around the young man's ass. He worked it in gently.

Lyle tensed his body, but made no other indication that he was aware of what was happening. For a brief moment, he was back behind that woodshed with his foster father. The stink of stale beer wafted across his memory and the feeling of helpless rage threatened to engulf him. But he was no longer a small boy to be used and abused. He was a man. A man who could and would kill anyone who got his way. He was a man to be satisfied and catered to. As Foster's fully erect cock entered him, his childhood anguish evaporated and he suddenly became that man again.

He was now a man who needed fulfilling. His body relaxed and a soft moan escaped his lips. He moved in rhythm with Foster's thrusts and delighted in the feel of Jarod's tongue and teeth around his nipples. When Jarod once again took his cock into his mouth, he opened his eyes and watched the young Pretender eat him.

Jarod found all this highly arousing. He'd never felt quite like this before. There were so many conflicting emotions swimming through his head. He hated Lyle and yet there was no doubt the other man was attractive. He wanted to hurt Lyle, but at the same time, he didn't want to torture him. Foster had assured him the whip would do no permanent damage. He hated Lyle and yet, still felt somehow pleased that he could make the other man squirm in pleasure.

“You're enjoying yourself now, aren't you, Lyle?” Foster asked in a husky voice by the man's left ear.

“HMMMMMMMMMMMMMM,” Lyle responded, careful not to speak.

“And you're learning. That's good.” Foster thrust harder as he neared climax and Lyle moaned deeply. Lyle was nearing climax as well, he noted. “He's about to come,” he informed Jarod. “Swallow some of it and see if you like the taste. I do, but it's not for everyone.”

That was it. Just the thought of the Pretender swallowing his cum pushed Lyle over the edge.

Jarod had released the cock in order to say something, but didn't get the chance as the first spray hit him in the face. He licked some of the white viscous substance into his mouth, thought it

wasn't half bad, and so took the entire length of the cock back into his mouth and sucked it dry.

Lyle was breathing as heavily as Foster when the Englishman pulled out, hastily removed the condom and came over the bound man's ass.

Jarod was sitting cross legged on the exercise mat in front of Lyle when Foster walked back around and sat next to him.

“Good?” Foster asked.

“Not great - kind of salty, but not bad,” Jarod replied with a grin.

“Looks like he sprayed you.” Foster ran a finger through a wet spot on Jarod's face and licked it.

“I was going to say something - don't ask me what, though.”

Foster leaned over and licked the young man's face clean.

Lyle watched in bemusement. When he'd regulated his breathing again, he spoke up meekly. “May I speak?” he asked.

“Yes, you may!” answered Foster.

“You wouldn't happen to have any nipple clamps, would you?”

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Foster and Jarod looked at each other and grinned.

“Nipple clamps?” Jarod asked.

“Why, yes! Yes, I do!” Foster jumped up and went briskly to a nearby storage closet where he pulled out a cardboard box. He rummaged through the box, tossing out spiked leather dog collars, hand cuffs, various gags, a few clothes pins, some rope “Nipple clamps!” he exclaimed as he came up with a handful of tiny C-clamps. “Want to try one?” he asked Jarod.

“Errrrrrrrr, no, thank you.”

Foster dropped all but two of the clamps onto the floor by the mat before he strolled over and applied those two to Lyle’s nipples. “Tighter?” he asked.

“Yeah,” Lyle winced. Foster tightened them and Lyle moaned. “Hmmm, that’s good,” he said.

“Not too tight?”

Lyle shook his head and Foster grinned. Lyle nodded toward Jarod still sitting on the floor.

“Yes? You may speak,” Foster said.

“I think Jarod there needs some attention.”

The young man’s erection was plainly visible beneath the towel he still wore around his waist.

“Yes, he sure does.” Foster knealt slowly down in front of Jarod and removed the towel. “Now, where were we when we were so rudely interrupted before?” He uncrossed the other man’s

legs and ran his hands over the well muscled chest. He took Jarod's straining cock into his mouth and Jarod leaned back on his hands and watched.

As the sensations grew more intense, Jarod leaned his head back and moaned softly deep in his throat, his hips thrusting slightly into Foster's mouth. "Oh, maaaaan," he groaned. "Your mouth is soooo hot, Paul."

All at once, the Pretender's muscles tightened and he came. Foster didn't spill a drop.

Lyle groaned audibly and Foster turned to look at him. "Ut-oh," Lyle mumbled.

Foster frowned and took up the whip again. Whap! Whap! He struck Lyle. "Did I give you permission to groan?" Foster wanted to know.

Lyle shook his head and grimaced.

Satisfied, Foster turned back to Jarod and asked, "You ready to try something else?"

"I don't really think I want to try the nipple clamps."

Foster laughed. "No - I meant penetration. Want to try?"

"Okay."

"Get me erect again, would you?"

Jarod knealt before Foster and took the limp cock into his mouth. There was a faint taste of latex and cum left over from the condom used earlier, but Jarod ignored it.

Lyle had to bite his tongue to keep from groaning as he watched those perfect lips manipulate Foster's cock till it grew firm.

Foster positioned Jarod on his back on the mat and knealt between his bent knees. He massaged lubricant into the young man's ass and gently inserted one finger, then two. Jarod squirmed. "Am I hurting you?" Foster asked.

"No."

He pulled on another condom and spread lube liberally over himself as well. "Okay, ready?"

"I think so."

"Tell me if it hurts."

Lyle wanted to scream *Fuck him all ready!* but kept his mouth shut and pleaded with his eyes instead.

Foster slowly pushed himself past the sphincter muscle and Jarod groaned. "Pain?"

"No," the young man answered.

He'd used plenty of lube, so he got in easily enough and began gently thrusting.

"Oh, god, that feels so weird," Jarod exclaimed.

"Weird?" Foster asked with a mock frown.

"I've been called a lot of things, but never weird."

He glanced over at the bound man only to discover Lyle had bit his lip so hard, it bled. "You can groan, Lyle."

“Oooooooooohhhhhhhhhhhhh,” Lyle groaned with relief. His moans were as loud, if not louder than Jarod’s.

Foster pulled out, removed the condom and came over Jarod’s stomach. He sat there a moment, leaning on the young man’s knees, the sound of three men breathing heavily echoing off the walls. “Good?” he asked.

“Great,” Lyle answered, but when the other two men looked over at him, he tensed and mumbled “ut-oh” again. Foster and Jarod both laughed, so Lyle sagged with relief and managed a tiny grin.

“Ready to continue your lessons?” Foster asked.

“I think so, Teach,” Jarod replied, running his hand through the puddle of cum on his stomach.

Foster reached over and grabbed a towel to wipe up the mess he’d made. Tossing the towel, he lowered himself over the young man’s mouth and kissed him. Their tongues explored for a while before Foster moved down to Jarod’s neck where he left a small, but dark hickey. Then he plowed a path with his nose through the thick patch of light brown hair across the tight chest, nibbling along the way. The Pretender moaned softly and squirmed when Foster focused his attention on his nipples. He licked, sucked, nipped and pinched at one nipple

and then the other and smiled at the young man's reaction. Not everyone was moved by a nipple assault. He reached over and grabbed one of the nipple clamps.

Jarod was the one to mumble "ut-oh" now, but Foster had his full weight on him and he couldn't really protest. He winced as the clamp was tightened over his left nipple. When another was tightened over his right, Jarod moaned and shifted his hips so strongly, that Foster was lifted from the floor for a moment.

"Too tight?" Foster asked.

"Yes."

"Tough."

Lyle chuckled, but Foster grabbed the whip and lashed out so quickly, he didn't even have a chance to regret his transgression. He still smiled, but he kept his mouth shut.

Foster took his weight off Jarod and the young man reached for one of the clamps. Whap! Foster laid the whip across his stomach.

Jarod started to protest, but saw the look of warning in Foster's eyes, so he bit his lip and smiled.

Foster nodded his approval and smiled back. "You know how to put on a condom, Jarod?" he asked.

Jarod opened his mouth to answer, but shut it again when Foster raised the whip. He nodded his

confirmation silently. Foster handed him a condom and he slipped it on.

“Now, come over here and prepare Mr. Lyle for entry,” Foster ordered.

“You’re not gonna let him - “ Whap! “Fuck me, are you?” Whap! “Oh, come on!” Whap! Lyle snapped his mouth shut and rolled his eyes.

Foster handed Jarod the tube of lubricant and the young man eased some into Lyle’s ass.

“You left a mess back here, you know?” Jarod said, but Foster slapped the whip across his back and he quickly muttered “Sorry,” and shut his mouth again.

Lyle chuckled and didn’t lose his grin when Foster struck him with the whip again either.

Foster shook his head slightly. These two were incredible! He actually considered calling in sick at the Studio and keeping them both for another day! He ran the whip handle along side Lyle’s rock hard erection and up the well built chest. “Okay, Jarod - enter him.”

Jarod had a little difficulty at first maneuvering himself between the two bottom beams of the X-Cross, but once he found the well-lubed anal opening, he did as he was told and Lyle moaned softly.

Foster lightly tapped Lyle’s straining cock with the whip handle. Whenever he did so, Lyle grunted and tightened his butt cheeks around

Jarod's cock, which in turn made Jarod gasp slightly. Foster grinned - and continued.

Somehow the pain at his nipples seemed to intensify the sensual stimuli surrounding Jarod's cock. He found it to be a curious, but pleasurable experience.

When he felt he was about to come, he pulled out as Foster had, removed the condom and came over Lyle's ass, mingling his juices with Foster's which were now drying and sticky.

"Oh my God," came a distinctive voice with an American accent from the doorway.

The three men turned and Foster yelled, "Ed! Join us!"

"What - ?"

Ed Straker grabbed his petite wife before she got all the way into the room and put his hand over her eyes. "Don't look, Anny," he warned.

But she shook his hand away and her eyes went wide. "Ooh la la," she responded as she started to unbutton her blouse.

"No," Straker shook his head and shoved her back out the door. Narrowing his slate blue eyes at Foster, he said, "We'll discuss this **later,** Paul." And then the couple was gone again.

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“Was that Ed Straker?” Jarod wanted to know.

“That was him - and his new wife, Anny.”

“Pity he wouldn’t let her join us,” Lyle said forlornly.

“HmMMMMM,” Foster agreed

“Can I come now, pleeeeeease?” Lyle begged.

“No,” Foster answered simply. “He hasn’t left - he’ll be waiting in the other room. Shall we go greet our guests, Jarod?”

“Why not?”

“You’re not gonna leave me tied up, are you?” Lyle wanted to know.

“Of course.” Whap! “And no yelling or screaming while we’re away.”

Foster and Jarod put towels around their waists and walked out to the living room. “Our clothes are in the other room, Ed,” Foster explained. “Won’t be a tick.”

Jarod noticed the woman’s eyes on his chest and he colored slightly when he realised he still wore the nipple clamps. He grinned feebly and followed after Foster towards the bed room.

Anny sulked on the sofa while Straker frowned down at her. “What?” he wanted to know. “You didn’t *really* want to join them, did you?!”

“Oui, Edward, I did. *Casseux de party.*”
Straker sighed and poured himself a drink.

“We didn’t have a prior engagement, did we, Ed?” Foster asked as he entered the room fully clothed with Jarod close behind.

“Yes, we did, Paul.”

“Oh. Terribly sorry. This is Jarod. Jarod, meet Ed Straker and his lovely wife, Anny.”

“Hi. How do you do?”

“You are American, too?” Anny asked with her husky French accent.

“Yes, I am,” Jarod replied.

“I am from Quebec - in Canada. We are neighbors, no?”

Jarod smiled at her.

“What the hell did we just interrupt, Paul?”
Straker wanted to know.

“Lessons?” Jarod offered, but Straker was not amused.

Foster grinned. Straker was getting up there in years - as was he himself, but the man was still damned good looking. The platinum blond hair had gone silver and was thinning a bit, but the blue eyes were still clear and the voice was still full and the body was still fit. Foster sighed.

“Was that an answer?”

“Hmmm?” Foster asked absently. “Oh, sorry - got distracted. Well, what you interrupted was

private, Ed, so if you don't want to join us and you don't have anything else to say, I'd like to get back to it, if you don't mind."

"I understand you had some car trouble this evening, Paul?"

"I'll say!" Jarod spoke up.

"You were with him?"

"Lucky to be alive."

Foster took Straker by the arm and led him to a corner of the room where he whispered so no one else could overhear. "Look, I've got it under control, Ed."

"Who is this Jarod character? And who's that guy tied up in your exercise room?"

"It's kind of a long story, and if you don't mind my saying so, Ed, it's really none of your business."

"Then answer me one thing, Paul. Is SHADO compromised?"

"No. Jarod found out about us and I think he's got what it takes to make an excellent Commander some day, but he's got a personal quest to finish first and has agreed to take the amnesia drug. That other guy knows nothing about SHADO and never will. Now, are you sure you don't want to join us?"

Straker rolled his eyes and shook his head.

"Christ, Paul, you are **such** a perv," he said, but he

grinned as he did so. “C’mon, Anny, lets leave the boys to their toys.”

“Can we play when we get home, Edward?” Anny wanted to know with a pout.

“C’est mon voeu le plus cher,” he replied and then kissed the small woman on the cheek. He shook hands with Jarod. “Nice to meet you, young man. Paul tells me we may be seeing more of you in the future.”

“I think we’ve seen all there is to see, oui?” Anny offered.

Jarod blushed furiously. “I’m honored to have met you, sir,” he replied. “And the lovely lady.” He kissed her hand and she giggled.

Once the Strakers had departed, Foster walked over to a cabinet and removed a dart pistol and began loading it.

“What’s that for?” Jarod wanted to know.

“Our friend Lyle. I think you’ve had enough tutoring for one night and we really need to dispose of him.”

“Is that the amnesia drug?”

“No. This will just put him to sleep. We’ll take him back to HQ to administer the drug and get you squared away.”

“It’s about god damned time you two got back!” Lyle complained when they returned. “You

left me hanging here like a side of beef!” Foster stood before the bound man and raised the gun, which sent Lyle into a panic. “You’re gonna **shoot** me now?! I won’t talk anymore, I **swear*!*” FWOOMP! Foster squeezed the trigger. Lyle stared down at the dart sticking out of him just near his right nipple. “Son of a bitch,” he complained. “You could have at least warned me!” He didn’t have time to bitch any more before he passed out.

“Maybe we should have let him dress himself before you knocked him out,” Jarod offered as he struggled with the cock ring.

“No, it was worth the extra trouble to see the look on his face when I shot him,” Foster replied as he removed the nipple clamps.

“I can’t get this thing off.”

“Leave it. Give him something to wonder about later.”

Jarod gaped at the Englishman for a moment and then grinned. “You really have a mean streak, don’t you?”

Foster shrugged. “I don’t know if I’d call it mean Devious maybe.”

The two men laughed and then resumed their labours.

Once back at the studio, Foster and Jarod carried Lyle in through the secret underground

SHADO entrance. Lyle was treated to a dose of the amnesia drug and then checked into a hotel along with his two thugs.

Doctor Doug Jackson was shaken from his slumber to work with Jarod. A measured amount of the amnesia drug along with some specialised psycho therapy would ensure that Jarod would not remember anything about SHADO, but would recall that Philip's death was a tragic accident and that Paul Foster was a fun date. "You should have invited me," Jackson whispered to Foster as he walked out the door, finished with his machinations.

"I still remember everything," Jarod said when Foster rejoined him.

"It'll take effect after you've gone to sleep. How do you feel?"

"My nipples are a little sore."

Foster laughed and took Jarod on a tour of the facility before bringing him back to his office. "I'll try that computer search for you now," he said. After a fairly exhaustive search, he came up empty.

"Sorry, Jarod. I couldn't find anything new. Nothing you don't already know. I'd be careful of that Lyle character, though - he's dangerously psychotic. Poor bastard had a pretty rough time of it as a kid."

“I know. It’s hard to hate him so thoroughly when you know what he’s been through, but adversity doesn’t always lead to madness and insanity doesn’t excuse evil. Thanks, Paul. I hope I do remember you.”

“I’ll probably look you up and recruit you in a couple years time.”

The two men parted ways and Jarod drove back to his hotel to pack. He planned on being aboard a flight home before the morning light could bring Miss Parker down on him. For, where ever Mr. Lyle turned up, Miss Parker would not be far behind.

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“Are you sure that’s where he’s at?”

“Yes, Miss Parker.” Broots was a nervous sort, but when he dug for something, he usually found it. “Mr. Lyle is registered at the Hilton. It’s not far from here.”

“Shall we go pay him a visit?” Sydney suggested.

“By all means,” Miss Parker sneered on her way out the door.

“The door’s not even locked,” Sydney observed.

“Why would he leave the door open?” Broots wanted to know.

“Let’s go ask him,” Miss Parker said as she walked into Lyle’s hotel room. “Wakey wakey!” she exclaimed while shaking his slumbering form on the bed.

Lyle groaned and muttered something unintelligible.

Sydney got a look at one hand poking out from under the sheets and noticed the bruise around the wrist. He got closer to examine it and pointed it out to the others.

“What the hell?” Miss Parker wanted to know. She pulled the sheet partially off him and discovered the lash marks on his body. “Who the hell did this?” she hissed. Lyle may be an evil bastard, but he was still her brother and no one beat on her brother but her.

Sydney pulled the sheet the rest of the way off and commented, “Whoever it was, I don’t think it was done with malice.”

“What?” Sydney pointed out the cock ring and Miss Parker rolled her eyes.

Broots blushed.

Bright and early next morning, Paul Foster was ready for the group when they arrived looking for Jarod. Lyle peered closely at him, trying to figure out where he may have seen him before, but

Foster managed to suppress a grin and kept a straight face throughout the interview.

Yes, Jarod had been there, but he was long gone now. Had helped develop a very fine children's show - sure to be a big hit. When they see him, let him know there was a still one last cheque waiting for him - he'd neglected to leave a forwarding address.

At the same moment, Jarod was sleeping like a baby aboard a transatlantic flight at 20,000 feet. He felt refreshed and oddly satisfied when he stepped off the plane in New York. For some strange reason, his nipples were sore, but he was glad he'd found no foul play in the death of Jason Philips. That Paul Foster had been an interesting host - hmmm, he vaguely recalled why his nipples hurt and he grinned on his way out of the airport.

END