“...and that should knock out a major part of the 5th Fleet,” Blake concluded. He had called this meeting of the entire crew on the flight deck to announce his latest attempt to hasten the demise of the Federation. Avon straightened up from where he had been lounging, insolently, against his console.

“There are times, Blake, when I wonder if you have two grey cells to rub together,” he said, whimsically. “And then,” he hardened his tone, “you come up with stupid schemes like this and I have my answer.” He paused for dramatic effect, not quite satisfied with the degree of annoyance displayed on Blake’s face. “It’s also abundantly plain that you have no idea how to use the single cell still rattling around in your skull.”

To the tech’s surprise, instead of letting rip with blistering invective, the big rebel spread his hands in the age-old gesture of pax. He smiled at Avon and said, in a tremendously reasonable voice, “Avon, I refuse to play your little games any further. I’m sorry, but I’m tired of the discord and it’s bad for crew morale. So, I’ve decided to simply stop the whole fiasco, as of now. The niggle and arguing is over. I won’t take the bait and you cannot get a rise out of me, not any more.” Blake’s reward was a look of total disbelief dawning on Avon’s face—and a gleeful cackle of laughter from Vila.

“Oh you’ve had it now, Avon! No one can beat Blake when he’s dug his heels in like this!”

Vila, at this point, was sitting on the floor of Avon’s cabin. The comptech simply had been refusing to have sex with the thief since the whole ‘Blake thing’ had reared its ugly head two weeks earlier. So Vila, in his uniquely indirect way, decided that the direct approach was his only remaining option. Therefore, he had picked the lock on Avon’s door, sneaked in, stripped off, and without so much as a by your leave, clambered into bed beside the sleep-
ing man and started stroking his penis, rubbing his own body against Avon. The only problem was, Avon’s reaction had left him an ignominious puddle on the floor.

“I come in here, nice as ninepence, only thinking about you, I might add—and what do I get for my trouble? An elbow in the stomach and chipped out of bed. It’s not fair!

Avon sat up in bed, turning the light on. His hair was awry and his eyes still slightly hooded from sleep. “Of course it’s not fair, idiot—this is real life. Now get out of here. I really have neither the inclination nor the patience to deal with you at present.”

“Avon, you’re just cutting your nose off to spite your face—both our faces, if you think about it. Why are you being such a bad loser?”

Avon snapped at him, “I haven’t lost yet!”

“Haven’t you? That’s not what it looks like from where I’m sitting.”

“Considering that you are sitting, naked, in the middle of the floor after having been rejected by a man you claim is your lover, that view really doesn’t disturb me at all.

Vila got up, rubbing his sore backside. “All right, all right. So we’ll say you haven’t lost.” He sauntered over to Avon and hitched himself onto the edge of the bed. He turned on his best whine, the one Avon always found himself giving in to, just to shut the thief up. Or at least, that’s what he always claimed. It had, of course, absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that Vila usually proposed what Avon wanted, but was too inhibited to start. The whine infiltrated Avon’s defences with consummate ease and worked its usual magic. “Avon, why deprive us, just because of Blake? He doesn’t deserve it! Plus, if we stop doing what we like, because of him, then he really has won, hasn’t he?” He kneaded Avon’s chest, teasing his nipples. Then he ‘did an Avon’ and purred, “And you know how you hate to lose….”

Avon smiled wryly. “You are obviously going to plague me until I satisfy your baser carnal impulses. Very well, I might as well get it over and done with.” He leaned forward to kiss Vila. “Then, at least, I’ll get a little peace…."

“Oh, you can have as big a piece as you want….”

They kissed, Avon lying back down, drawing Vila with him, pulling the thief on top. The tech’s hands moulded Vila’s firm body, scraping his nails in light, teasing circles on every single erogenous zone he could find. And after 14 months of practice, he could manage to find just about all of them. Vila pulled away from him, levering himself up on his elbows, grinning down at a lustful Avon. “Now isn’t this a helluva lot better than sulking?” Before the dark man could even think of a retort to that, Vila thrust his tongue deep into him and those oh-so-skillful hands were shaping him as Michelangelo had shaped David. Vila, obviously, hadn’t exactly wasted the past 14 months himself.

Avon allowed Vila several glorious minutes of mastery, then suddenly rolled over, pinioning him underneath. Avon grabbed the thief’s hands, caressing their smooth suppleness. He stretched Vila’s arms out above his head, leaving him passive and powerless. The little thief lay there, very happily, held by a dominant Alpha male who was taking his own sweet time to lazily trace affectionate features with lips and tongue and teeth. Vila smiled against the nipping lips.

“Got me where you want me, eh, Mr. Alpha Elite, sir?”

Avon licked a path to his ear, pausing on the way for a languorous detour down Vila’s neck. “Well now, Delta 5th Grade, I would say it’s more that I have you precisely where you belong.”

Vila laughed quietly. “Oh you think so, do you? I’ll let you in on a bit of a secret, then, shall I? We Delta grades just let you superior types feed your egos—I have you precisely where I want you…,” and he arched up under Avon, pressing them hard, groin to groin, slipping against one another. Avon gasped and in that fractional loss of control, Vila twisted and wrapped his legs around the tech. The thief felt a hot sharpness sliding against the sensitive line from his balls to his ass. He undulated again, drawing Avon to him, into him. He smiled in sensual delight—he knew his Avon and had been confident enough of him to use a healthy dollop of their favoured lubricant (Chanel #519) in anticipation of the tech’s sweet surrender. His body knew this feeling so well, relaxing and opening in eager response to the current, delicious stimulation—and the past 16 days, 4 hours and 20-odd minutes of absolute frustration.

Avon’s face was pressed into the nook of Vila’s neck, hands clenched into round buttocks, cock surging deep and deeper within hot, loving tightness. Vila moved under him, tacitly asking for the motion he liked most of all, the one that made him soar: wanting Avon absorbed inside him and then sliding free, feeling that fulfilling moment of entry time and again. Vila panted, heart pounding in his flushed chest. He whimpered, turning to kiss Avon frantically. He felt teeth gently nip at his shoulders,
soft lips tracing behind. He clutched Avon’s sweat-moist backside and pulled him—hard, deep, here, now! And came, spiralling off in a widening gyre of glory, feeling Avon thrust into him, filling him forever, then heard the dark man cry out, stiffening in his own burst of orgasm.

Vila slowly lowered his legs and stretched out under Avon, cradling him in warmth. Moments later, as always, Avon was already sound asleep, succumbed to the single cure he said he had ever found for insomnia. The thief lay there, idly stroking his lover’s cooling back, taking full advantage of the only chance he ever got to actually show love for Avon. He whispered sweet nothings and raunchy somethings into an unhearing ear, kissed closed eyes and hugged the man tight. He made promises and commitments, dreamed aloud of (sadly) unlikely futures for them. Finally, peace and contentment would steal over him, he’d turn out the light and cuddle even closer, moving them both so that he could fall asleep, safe in Avon’s arms.

And then…into stillness ruffled by soft snoring, Avon would open his eyes and watch the man wrapped around him, giving him warmth and comfort, easing the bitter loneliness in the only way Avon dared allow.

Meanwhile, through two attacks on Federation installations, one mad dash for necessary parts and one strange, alien plague—in other words, a normal week on board the Liberator—Blake kept up his mild, calm, infuriating reasonableness. Avon seriously considered leaving the ship—or killing Blake, which he, personally, thought was by far the better of the two options. He sat in his cabin, brooding, coming up with plans and casting aside stratagems. And then, in a moment of inspired genius, the solution came to him. He knew, now, how to win this battle. He knew, with elated clarity, how to break Blake’s teeth-grating reasonableness.

The Liberator was in geocentric orbit around Nelcro, for some much-needed (according to Vila, anyway) relaxation. The entire crew with the exception, of course, of Avon, were clustered in the teleport room, preparing to leave. Blake and Jenna were standing very close together, discussing where would be the best (most private/romantic, that is) place for the two of them to stay, when Avon stalked in, all black leather and studs. He gleamed, eyes shining, entire body exuding sensuality. Cally actually blushed and the look Jenna gave him was speculative in the extreme. Vila grinned like the proverbial cat who got the cream—he and Avon had already decided where they were going to stay and Vila knew that he was going to be on the receiving end of all that pent-up passion. He passed Avon a teleport bracelet and was rewarded with a glorious smile for his trouble. Erection blossoming, he had to stuff his hands in his pockets or he’d have surely grabbed Avon by the hair and dragged him off to the nearest cave. Avon went so far as to wink at him, obviously in rare high spirits. The tech unleashed his smile on Blake.

“Well, oh Great and Fearless Leader,” he mocked, coming to stand immediately in front of the large man, “are we all dressed properly? All washed the backs of our necks and behind our ears? In that case, and if we have your gracious permission, let us proceed.”

Blake smiled, reasonably. “Why, of course, Avon. You know, we’d all be better off, if you’d drop the sarcasm. I mean, quite simply, you’re not going…”

“…to get a rise out of you? Oh, but I am, Blake.” One hand tangled in thick curls and brought Blake forward for an impassioned, erotic kiss. The other slid slowly, insistently down the broad, bared chest to squeeze and stroke Blake’s penis through the heavy cloth of brown trousers. The caresses, oral and manual, lasted an eternity. Everyone was stunned into immobility, except Avon, of course. And all of Blake’s important little places too….

Withdrawning from Blake, Avon smiled up at him, flicking a last, lascivious lick at the corner of parted lips. Blake’s penis was standing straight out from his body, tenting his once-voluminous trousers. Avon patted him, intimately and insolently. “Well now, it would rather seem that I can get a rise out of you after all…doesn’t it, Blake?” And grinning with wicked delight, he turned on his heel, grabbed a gawking Vila by the arm and hauled him onto to the teleport. He called into the shocked silence, “To the victor, the spoils…Orac, teleport now.”

Blake was left standing there, beet red with embarrassment, vowing fervently, loudly and obscenely, that he would never, never, NEVER dare Avon on anything, ever again.