Put quite simply, Avon didn’t trust Blake—at least not when he was creeping stealthily around the night-dim corridors of the Liberator. The comptech played an elaborate game of cat and mouse, shadowing his would-be leader the entire length of the ship. He followed the big man’s example and ducked into hiding as a cheerfully whistling Vila strolled by, oblivious. The thief’s passing seemed to galvanise Blake, for he rushed forward, his goal obviously within reach. Avon followed, in high dudgeon, his ire rising meteorically.

He rounded the final corner, tongue sharpened and ready. Pausing in the doorway, he slapped the lights on full and found—Blake, caught like a child stealing the sugar, his finger in his mouth, a trace of ivory froth furring his lips. The big man had the grace to look sheepish. He even blushed. Avon was torn between fury at missing a good fight and hysterical laughter at the sight the burly rebel presented. He settled on impatient with a dash of contempt.

“Vila will kill you, if he sees you stealing that.” He approached Blake, taking the large, grey metallic bowl from him and placing it on the galley worktop. “He’s spent hours preparing this…veritable feast for tomorrow. Surely the least you could do is respect his traditions and wait a few short hours for the celebration? It is only polite, after all.”

Blake took the bowl back. “Yes, I know, and I did mean to…but when he said what he was making for afters….”

“Your high morals sank back into the primordial slime.” Avon retrieved the bowl back from Blake’s tight grip and put it back on the countertop. He glanced at it, not immediately recognising the contents. He was, after all, Dome born and bred, none too familiar with anything other than synthesized, prefab meals.

Avon looked up as Blake reclaimed the bowl and swirled his finger in it. “Well now, so this is worth risking your messianic halo, is it?” He leaned forward a little. “What, precisely, is it?”

Blake paused for a moment, mouth full, finger newly dipped. “Sweetened cream,” he said, in a muffled way. “Your kind of thing, actually. It’s whipped.”

Avon arched a brow in innuendo. He smiled, a sensual quirk of his lush lips. Dark eyed, he held Blake with his smouldering, simmering sultriness and suddenly swallowed Blake’s finger into his mouth. He sucked hard on it, tongue throbbing against it. He let it go, with a last, lingering flicker of his tongue. Speechless, Blake stood agape as Avon finally released him.

“Well now, Blake,” he murmured provocatively, “was there some particular significance in getting me to…suck the cream from your rigid member?” He smiled sexily, then turned on his heel and left, his sophisticated amusement—almost—hidden from Blake.

The fearless leader was left standing, open-mouthed and taken aback, with one wet finger raised as though testing the direction of the wind.

Three hours later, he stood, indecisive and insecure, outside Avon’s closed door. He desperately wanted to go in and take Avon, lustily and strongly, but he had one slight problem. He wasn’t absolutely sure he knew how. Admittedly, he had read books and seen a vistape or three, but they had stirred no memories in him. So, here he was, a virgin of some thirty-odd years, knowing what goes where, but not entirely certain as to how one got it there….

He raised a hand to knock, then changed his mind. If he did something stupid, forgot something vital or simply wasn’t very good, Avon would laugh him into oblivion. He leaned his forehead on the chill door.

“Do you always hold the walls up, Blake, or is this a new trick you’ve learned especially for this occasion?” Avon’s voice came from behind Blake, scaring several years off his life.

He mumbled to the tech, “Oh, I just…well, I…I had a sudden dizzy spell….”

“Naturally,” Avon said smugly, with an insufferably knowing smile. He opened the door and gestured for Blake to precede him. “In that case, perhaps you should come in and lie down. We wouldn’t want you to faint, now would we?”

Blake felt like the proverbial fly as he walked into Avon’s parlour. Blatantly nosy, he examined everything in sight, from the luxurious satin bedspread to the stacks of tapes. He picked one up, impressed when he realised that not only was it an esoteric trea-
tise on history, but that it was also in a foreign language. Elegant fingers took it from him, placing it back on the pile. Blake smile uncertainly at Avon, who seemed quite content to watch him silently. The tech leaned nonchalantly against his desk, patiently waiting for Blake to acquaint himself with his would-be lover. The burly revolutionary turned to the paintings on the wall. They were masses of swirling colours, creating an almost tangible aura of feeling around them.

“These are very good, you know,” Blake said.

“Naturally, or else they wouldn’t be gracing the walls of my humble abode, now would they? I’m flattered, however, that one of your…classical background, should recognise their quality.”

Blake turned back to him. “In spite of what you think, I’m not just an engineer. That was my second career choice.”

Avon turned an amused glance on him. “All right, I shall fall for it. What, pray tell, was your first?”

Blake grinned. “Lecturing in Literature and Art at the University.”

“However, no doubt your…revolutionary proclivities made you somewhat undesirable to the authorities.”

“Actually, no. I found I couldn’t stand up in front of 300 people and talk at the same time.”

Avon’s tone lowered seductively as he came closer to Blake, the backs of his fingers brushing the hairless chest where the rebel’s shirt lay open. “And,” he murmured, “can you talk and have sex at the same time, or should we dispense with all this chitchat?”

Blake pulled back, face reddening, butterflies in hobnailed boots doing the Highland Fling in his stomach. “Avon….”

The tech’s hand recoiled from the perceived rejection. “What’s this, Blake? I can look, but not touch? You knew perfectly well what would happen if you came here tonight. Why the blushing bride routine.”

“I don’t know how to say this….”

“Oh come on, Blake! You’re a grown man who….” the tech’s voice trailed off and a delighted grin split his face, “has had a mindwipe. You don’t remember, do you?” he asked, voice positively gleeful.

“No, I’m afraid I don’t.” The fearless leader drew himself up to his full height, bearing his courage before him. “Go ahead and laugh,” he said bravely.

“Oh I shall, but I think I’ll save it for when you do something stupid. I shouldn’t have long to wait. A virgin. To all intents and purposes, you are a virgin.”

“Yes….”

“I shall enjoy this…I’ve always wanted to be someone’s first.” He started undoing Blake’s clothes, and the big rebel’s facade of confidence with them.

“And,” he mused, between causing Blake’s heart to thud and his cock to jump, “I think for this special occasion, we shall take this quite slowly. Quite a novelty for me, nothing quick or rough….”

Blake’s sense of humour returned. “So you’ll be gentle with me, then?”

“Oh yes, indeed. I shall wait until later before I bite….” He leaned up to kiss Blake on the side of his neck, sucking on the throbbing vein like an infant vampire. Blake gasped under the onslaught. He grabbed Avon’s face between his large hands, diving into the tech’s mouth for a starving kiss. After a few moments, he realised Avon was pushing, not gently, at him. He pulled back and the tech gulped in air. “Blake,” he gasped, “even when kissing, a man needs to breathe.”

“Oh, sorry, Avon. It’s just that I’m so excited about this….”

“Well, control your enthusiasm, please. You’re an adult, not a puppy. Now, let’s try that again….” He leaned up into Blake’s embrace, his skillful tongue weaving a magical trace of sensation on the rebel’s open mouth. The big man hugged Avon closer, drawing him in, feeding on the embrace… He suddenly felt a sharp kick on his shins. “Blake! You’ll break my ribs. Remember, we agreed, nothing rough.” He looked askance at the hangdog expression on Blake’s face. “Now, I know I said I’d be gentle with you, but I think perhaps it is I who should be asking that of you.” He nibbled lightly on parted lips. “Let’s get these clothes off.”

Avon considered complaining—he had been rather fond of that sweater—but decided to simply bend to the task at hand. He eased them, naked, onto the bed, past the two piles of clothing (one of them ripped by clumsy, delirious hands). Avon leaned over Blake as he settled the burly man on the slick satin bedcovers. Unexpectedly, Blake rolled them over, making the dignified computer tech lose his balance—and his dignity—landing them both on the floor. The weight of his supposed leader falling full on his chest, knocked the wind from Avon. When he got it back, he simply lay, unmoving under Blake’s frantic, feverish caresses. “Blake,” he said, in a curiously calm voice. “Blake.” The bigger man continued unabated. “Blake!” Avon dunted him in the ribs.

Something penetrated Blake’s obsessive exploration of Avon’s navel. “What?”
“Blake, I really do hate to disturb you when you’re having so much fun, but I, for one, am too old to have sex on the floor like a rabid teenager.”

Blake was so fogged by lust that he didn’t answer immediately.

“I mean, Blake, that this always ruins my back. I end up in pain for days, so...Get off, you great oaf.”

“Oh, sorry, Avon. It’s just that I’m so excited about all this...”

“Yes, well, I had noticed. Come on, get off. Let’s get onto the bed.”

Reluctantly interrupting his contemplation of Avon’s navel, Blake clambered up onto the bed, pulling the tech along behind him, almost dislocating the man’s shoulder in his anxiety to get back to business. Avon quietly, but firmly, retook control of the situation. “Well now,” he said, trailing his fingers along Blake’s considerable length, “what have we here?”

He curled onto his side, sucking on the glans of Blake’s erection. The big man bucked, his rampant enthusiasm almost ramming Avon’s teeth down his throat. The tech hurriedly pulled away.

Blake realised what he had done. “I’m sorry, Avon, it’s just that...”

“Yes, yes, yes, we’ve already been through that. Look, I’ll tell you what,” he said rashly, “why don’t we swap places?”

Blake grinned enthusiastically and Avon started to worry. The leader of the galaxy-wide rebellion lowered his head, stretched his mouth wide, carefully closing over Avon’s semi-aroused penis—and promptly bit him. The tech bolted up with a muffled howl of pain. “Bloody hell, Blake! You’re not supposed to use your teeth!”

Blake ducked his head with embarrassment and an almost overwhelming sense of failure. Seeing this, Avon decided that, if he ever wanted to have the big rebel on a regular basis, he was going to have to boost his confidence. Not to mention teach him what the hell he was supposed to do. Avon cradled his head in his hands. He was going to regret this, he knew he was. “All right. Which vistape?”

Avon wasn’t sure how he did it, but the rebel blushed even redder. “Fanny Does Freedom City...”

Avon shook his head. “Oh, Blake. Oh, Blake. Listen, men don’t fit together that way—it just doesn’t work.” He carefully rubbed his sore backside, gazing contemplatively at the obviously worried rebel. He knew he was going to regret this too, but he asked anyway. “What’s wrong?”

“Everything! I can’t do anything right....”

“Yes, you can. You just need some...guidance.”

“Avon, I’m like a bull in a china shop!”

“Well,” the tech said archly, “you’re certainly like a bull....” He smiled at the big rebel. “Come on, give me your hand. There’s one thing that everyone can do. Come here,” he whispered, drawing Blake into his arms, sliding his hands down the ample body, filling them with the overabundant genitals. “Masturbate me.” He began massaging the hardness in his hands, tracing veins and stroking under the round glans. “Come on, Blake, touch me....”

Blake was devastatingly close to coming. He reached out, confident, grasping Avon, doing to oth-
ers what he would have them do unto him. Unfortunately, instead of whimpers of delight, he heard a squawk of pain. “Let go! Let go!” He let go. Avon glared at him in absolute, utter, profound disbelief, gently soothing his aching cock.

“I’m sorry….”

“Not half as bloody sorry as I am! Blake, it’s obvious you like a firm hand, but…I prefer a little—just a tiny bit—less…crushing force, all right. Where are you going?”

The rebel had risen from the bed and started to hurriedly draw on his clothing. “Well, it’s obvious, isn’t it? This…I have been a total failure, a complete wash-out. So I’m leaving now, before you let that vicious tongue of yours off its leash.” He glanced quickly at the tech. “And I’m sorry….”

“If you say that just once more….” Avon sat on the bed as Blake picked up the rest of his clothes. He hated to admit failure. He hated even more to be left, frustrated and sore, alone in his own bed. “Blake.”

The rebel looked up.

“Take your clothes off. Again.”

“Why?”

“Because there is one thing we haven’t tried….”

Blake stripped. He hated to fail and he hated even more the prospect of having come this far only to be denied unveiling the mystery of mutual orgasm. He was a trifle hesitant, however, as he approached the bed. *Fanny does Freedom City* really hadn’t given him much idea of what else they could possibly still try, and with Avon’s fondness for leather and studs….

“Lie down. Good. Now, listen to me, Blake. You will lie completely still. You will not hold me, you will not masturbate me and you most certainly will not use your teeth on me. Agreed?”

Blake, in reply, played dead. “Good,” said Avon, fitting his body length to length on Blake. “Very, very good.”

He rubbed them together, forever, feeling Blake’s arousal grow, feeling the other man’s erection slide slick and wonderfully hard against him. Blake was murmuring in his ear, lips gently grazing his cheek, big hands lightly stroking his back. Avon relaxed into lust, letting himself hurtle on towards the long awaited, much postponed orgasm. It was wonderful, sweet and fulfilling, an erotic delight. Then Blake started to move under him. The man was very big and very strong. He clasped his hands on Avon’s taut buttocks, kneading them with every undulating move he made, matching the movement of his hands to the clenching and unclenching of firm muscles with every sliding thrust Avon made. He bucked wildly, almost tossing Avon from him. The tech grabbed Blake and held on for dear life as the rebel rose on a tidal wave of passion, Avon tossed along with him like so much seaweed. Even the tech was willing to admit, though, that what Blake lacked in skill, he made up for in sheer enthusiasm—and more than made up for in excitement. Avon felt his being spasm into a single line of fire, jetting out of his cock, his cream meeting and mingling with Blake’s. Avon lay there for several minutes, trying to recover. Never, ever, in his extremely extensive experience with men, women and/or both, had he ever had to work so hard for such a brief moment. There was only one possible course of action. He rolled off Blake and raised himself on one elbow. He looked down at the big rebel, who was finally, blessedly still. “Blake,” Avon began.

“You just don’t know what to do with me, right?”

“Oh no, Blake. I know precisely what I shall do with you…. I shall send you to Vila for lessons.”