IV

IN A LIGHTER VEIN

Yes, these are lighter pieces, definitely PWP's. Caroline Dare's is the second in a series of three, while the Glaswegian's tale is simply the usual suspects having it off thanks to the encouragement of the Liberator crew. Enough said about this twaddle...

A SPANKING GOOD TIME!

A GAME OF TAG, PART II

CAROLINE DARE

“19, 20, 21, 22, 23,” AVON COUNTED ALOUD, HIS FACE BURIED THE SLEEVE OF HIS JACKET, BOTH ARMS CROSSED BEFORE HIM.

“Slower!” Vila shouted back at him.
“24…25…26…27…”
“And no peeking!” Blake admonished from a distance.

“I don’t need to. Get going. 28…29…30…” It was true, he had no need to cheat. Between the pauses in his counting he could plainly hear their retreating footsteps. Blake was the heavy tread to his right, loose gravel crunching noisily underfoot as the man scuffed his way along. Vila was the quicker, softer step directly behind him, the whisper of branches being moved aside as the thief headed into the woods. Which to pursue?

“43…44…45…” Only a couple of hours left before Jenna would call them back to the Liberator, ending the pleasant shore leave interlude. Time for this one last round of play, and then who knew how long until the next one? Which to choose, Vila or Blake?

“66…67…68…” He owed Blake a get-even for cheating that last round. Avon had evidently tagged Blake in Avon’s absence last time, and Blake had decided to then catch Avon unaware, without the customary recall and start-over. But Vila was equally culpable, for he too should have called a new round.

“84…85…86…” How if he caught Vila and disciplined him, also punishing Blake by ignoring him till the end of the shore leave? Yes, that would do nicely. He could put the fear of God back into Vila—well, the fear of Avon, same idea—and let Blake know he was being snubbed for taking unfair advantage. Not that Avon had minded Blake’s deception terribly, but it would not do to let either man think they could escape without repercussions.

“One Hundred!” he shouted loudly. He whirled front to back and headed directly for the last sound of Vila’s passage into the woods.

At first it was easy, for the softer soil in the woods held recognizable footprints. But then the leafy canopy above filtered out much of the planet’s bright sunlight, and Avon had to scrutinize crushed twigs and grass to find the tracks. They wound this way and that about the trees, then stopped dead at the base of a large, heavily boughed trunk. Avon almost laughed, it was such an obvious trick. Without even raising his eyes, he called out, “Come down, Vila.”

There was no answer, and he remained silent a few moments to increase the thief’s anxiety. Then, “Vila, I am not leaving without you. If I have to climb up this tree and haul you down I will, but you won’t like what I’ll do next.”

A noisy rustling came from above as the thief clambered down from the branches he’d hidden in. “I was just settling in for a nap,” Vila commented as he dropped down beside Avon. “No hope for that now, I suppose.”

“No,” Avon replied, and put his hands to Vila’s throat, gripping it a little too strongly for comfort. “I’ve caught you. Now you are going to apologize for failing to inform me when you caught Blake.”

“Blake said not to,” Vila protested, and pulled at Avon’s arm. The grip at his throat tightened.

“No! Sorry! Let go!”

Avon loosened his hold a bit, but did not release the flustered thief. “That doesn’t sound a very sincere apology,” he commented.

Vila drew a deep breath. “I’m awfully sorry, and I’ll never do it again,” he said carefully, “Ever.”

Avon regarded his companion thoughtfully.

“No,” he decided, “that’s not good enough. Grovel.”
“Go to hell!” Vila sputtered. “Why should I?” Avon looked stern. “You have strayed, Vila. You have betrayed the confidence I placed in you. You will have to atone for your sins.”

Vila stared at him round-eyed, nervousness quickly replacing his indignation. “What did you have in mind?” he asked cautiously.

“On your knees.”

Vila knelt down, swallowing with relief as Avon’s hard grip at his throat slid away.

“I am going to discipline you, and then I am going to screw you into the ground,” Avon announced coolly. “Give me your belt.”

Vila blinked. “Look, Avon, this is just a game, isn’t it? Let’s not get carried away.”

A hard cuff sent him sprawling, ears ringing. “Did I give you permission to question me?” Avon snarled.

Vila scrambled backward, trying to put the tree trunk between them. Avon stalked after him, and the thief kept backing away, falling with a squeal of alarm as he tripped over a stone. Avon stood above him, gazing down with cold dark eyes. Vila instinctively flung his arms over his head, and cried out, “Stop it, Avon, you’re scaring me! I don’t want to play any more!”

He huddled, waiting to be struck again, and flinched when he felt Avon’s hand take his. But Avon merely pulled him back up to his feet, and brushed dirt from his collar.

“All right, Vila,” Avon said in a softer voice. “You don’t have to.”

“Really?” Vila was a bit confused by the rapid change.

“There’s no point if you’re not going to cooperate. Run along, and I’ll go look for Blake instead.” Avon finished brushing the dirt from him, and stood regarding him, face impassive. Vila’s fear evaporated in the utter normalcy of the moment.

“Blake?” he asked Avon. “Did you want him instead?”

“No, I was looking for you.”

“Oh. Well here I am. You caught me. Might as well tag me, eh?”

“I’d intended to. You asked me to stop.”

“Stop hurting me, not stop…you know…having fun.”

“I’ve never hurt you, have I?” Avon smiled quizzically.

“You just hit me!” Vila exclaimed. “Don’t be such a baby. It was a shove more than anything; it didn’t even leave a mark.”

“Well…I didn’t like it,” Vila repeated stubbornly. “Don’t do it again.”

Avon’s faint smile vanished. “I won’t,” he said tartly, and turned away. Vila watched him walk off, then trotted after him.

“Avon, wait!” he puffed, catching up with the technician. “Don’t go. Don’t be angry. I still want to have you.”

Avon paused.

“C’mon, let’s have a nice time of it,” Vila coaxed, “like that time we were celebrating—what was it? Your uncle’s anniversary?”

Avon’s stiff posture did not relax, but he cocked his head to one side, remembering. “My grand-uncle’s hundredth birthday, had he lived.”

“That was it! Remember, you poured champagne all over me and started licking it off?”

Avon looked suitably discomfited. “It seemed appropriate at the time.”

“Oh, it was!” Vila enthused. “I was thinking something like that would be quite nice right about now.”

He slid his hand daringly along Avon’s torso to caress his groin. “Right about here.”

“We haven’t the champagne.”

“No,” Vila agreed. “Guess we’ll have to improvise, eh?”

Avon sighed. “All right,” he gave in. “That’s a pretty show of interest!” Vila exclaimed. “Anyone would think you were agreeing to muck out a plugged waste conduit.”

“I had a different sort of game in mind,” Avon admitted.

Vila looked wary. “The sort where I get smacked about? No thank you.”

“That’s a crude way of putting it.”

“It’s a crude game you want to play! I’ve been knocked about plenty in my life, and I’ve never enjoyed it yet. I didn’t think you got off on sadism.”

Avon considered. “Not inflicting real pain, real suffering, no. But the game…well, let’s say it lends excitement. Never mind, Blake was right. He’ll say I told you so, and we’ll leave it at that.”

Blake was right about what?” Vila asked suspiciously.

“You. He said you’d be scared to death to try it. I, on the other hand, was of the opinion that you would be interested in expanding your horizons, tasting the thrill…Well, it’s not that important, I suppose.”

“Blake said I’d be scared to death?” Vila asked indignantly.

“Oh yes,” Avon affirmed. “He had no confidence in your sexual sophistication. He rather looks upon you as a timorous diversion, good for a snuggle and a snog, but not really equal to an Alpha’s appetites.”

Vila looked incensed. “Did he say that?”

“Well…not in so many words, perhaps. But the attitude is there. You’ve seen it, I’m sure.”

“Bloody arrogant Alpha studs,” Vila growled. “The pair of you! Yes, you too! You think I’m too thick to...”
OBLAQUE IV: to be taken intravenously
was generally capable of. But under these conditions, in a position of unquestioned mastery, he could allow intimacies he usually shunned.

With a certain rush of pleasure at detecting vulnerability in his erstwhile master, Vila bent to the task of licking and arouses Avon’s member with impassioned attention. Avon moaned and rocked forward on his toes, thigh muscles clenching as Vila’s mouth nuzzled down over him.

“Oh, that’s good, Delta. You’ve had practice I see. Yes, like that… Make me hard… Hard enough to spear your arse…” Avon’s fingers clutched at Vila’s hair, keeping his head positioned just so, his face pressed close. Vila licked and suckled persistently, enjoying the feeling of Avon’s member swelling and hardening against his tongue. The feeling of power he had was incongruous, for here he was bound and beaten and helpless, yet still he laved it fervently, spurred by Avon’s flushed appearance and glazed eyes.

Then Avon jerked himself away, almost panting a moment as he regained equilibrium.

“Was that good, master?” Vila inquired innocently, watching with wicked glee Avon’s evident arousal.

“Oh yes,” Avon murmured. His eyes narrowed with suspicion. “Almost… too good.” He raised the switch again, and ran a finger waringly along its length. “You’re not trying to hurry me, are you Delta? Not trying to evade your full measure of stripes?”

Vila shook his head.

Avon slapped one buttock bare-handed. “Answer properly!”

“No, master!” Vila responded quickly.

“You’re ready to continue?”

“Yes, master!”

Avon moved back into position behind Vila, stepping up closely this time so that his engorged cock rested up against the crease between Vila’s haunches. “So am I,” Avon said softly. He raised the rod again. “Continue the count. We have yet to reach thirty."

The stinging blows smacked down on Vila’s blazing bottom in steady progression. Avon’s heavy member sliding back and forth in the crease of Vila’s ass as the thief squirmed beneath the rod. The thick cock was coated with Vila’s saliva, and spread a welcome cooling wetness over the heated skin it rubbed upon. Vila began squirming more from the congestion in his own loins than from the discomfort of the caning. His knees parted marginally, and Avon was quick to press into the widened gap. Their thighs touched, Avon’s taut muscles straining between Vila’s burning haunches. The pressure on his sore bottom smarted with fiery pins and needles, but also spurred Vila’s cock into straining erection.

“Twenty eight!” he called at the latest swat.

There was a long pause, then the last two blows smacked into each buttock in quick succession, leaving his ass glowing with the heat of the ordeal.

“Thirty lashes, Delta. Your penance for having misbehaved earlier. And now that I have finished disciplining you, I am going to fuck you.”

Avon leaned over Vila, spreading his blazing cheeks widely with a punishing grip. Vila felt the length of the technician’s heavy cock slide between his legs, the crown of it pressing in toward his opening. Still slick with Vila’s saliva, it glided over his flesh and thrust demandingly at the tight entry to his body. He tightened for a minute, the smart of Avon’s grip on his burning backside making him clench muscles defensively. Avon ground himself against the flushed bottom, and Vila groaned.

“You can’t stop me,” Avon warned. He pressed harder, and the thick bulge at Vila’s ass slid inside. Vila moaned at the brutal yet pleasurable shock of intrusion. He clenched his fingers into the unyielding leather of Avon’s belt, his body writhing under Avon’s full weight.

The technician was moaning softly as well, awash in the sensations surrounding his hungry cock; the tight resistance of Vila’s passage, the warmth of the body tensed beneath him and greater heat of the whipped bottom pressed back against his thighs, and as always, the sheer delight of taking another’s body for his own pleasure. He didn’t care how selfish it was, he rejoiced in the power, the control, he wielded.

Steadily he penetrated Vila, holding the thief’s shoulders for leverage when harder thrusts were required. Vila squirmed excitedly within that hold, half trying to escape the painful pressure inside him, half trying to position himself to gain the most stimulation from Avon’s movements. The burning pressure within gave way to a rising excitement as Avon’s cockhead probed deeply, touching areas of exquisite sensation within.

Vila began rocking frustratingly against the tree trunk, wanting more stimulation. His own cock was quite hard and it shivered to each stab his prostate received within. He wanted to touch himself, or have Avon touch him, and couldn’t do anything about it. The belts lashing his wrists and ankles held securely, leaving him helpless to do aught but await Avon’s pleasure. Groaning with need, he writhed as Avon continued thrusting into him.

For his part, Avon was fired with excitement. Every muffled gasp from his victim sent shivers through his loins, each spasm in the thief’s body caressed his stroking cock with tight ripples of sensation. Avon’s pace quickened, deepened, as his pulse soared. His hips slapped
into Vila’s sore backside, shoving the thief repeatedly against the curved barrel of the tree trunk he lay upon. Vila’s own cock, safely ensconced in the soft protective folds of his wool shirt, thrived under the rough treatment. Already well-stimulated, it rode the jostling and shaking as Avon pounded into the thief’s body.

“Please, Avon,” Vila gasped, on a plateau of excitement just short of fulfillment. “Hold my cock, just for a minute. Just touch it, I’m almost there…”

A hard smack at his hip was his reply. Avon, not slowing his thrusts at all, snarled at him, “You will get only what I choose to give you!” He slapped Vila’s hip again, bucking into him at the same time so that the stab and the sting coincided, underscoring his words.

Cursing softly, Vila tensed to withstand Avon’s accelerated thrusts. The thick cock in him churned back and forth, filling him then drawing back before re-penetrating. All his attention focussed on that movement within him, on the places where Avon’s body touched his, and on the smoldering burn from his reddened cheeks.

Avon shifted slightly, trying to angle his penetrations deeper. His weight pushed down on Vila from a different angle as well, sending Vila over the edge of tension and anticipation he’d been trembling at. With a relieved cry of delight, Vila hugged the tree trunk as his cock jerked and spasmed.

Orgasm exploded upon Avon as Vila’s body shook under him. He sank the length of his member within Vila one last time, feeling semen pulse through him and pour into the thief’s snug passage. His body pressed tightly to the helpless figure in his arms, and he rolled his hips in luxurious final probes as his cock released its hold and relaxed.

Vila lay still, his head hanging limp between his hips in luxurious final probes as his cock released its hold and relaxed.

Avon sighed heavily as well as he withdrew. His penis was scarlet red from the chaffing it had undergone. No matter the thrill of doing it rough, he absolutely would have to start carrying proper lubricant on these shore leaves. He pulled Vila off the fallen trunk and settle the thief up again, bucking into him at the same time so that the stab and the sting coincided, underscoring his words.

Avon's arm slid comfortably round his shoulder, inviting him to rest his head on Avon's chest. “You’re not sorry we did that, are you?” he asked the tired thief.

Vila tipped his head to look up at Avon. A mischievous smile danced in his brown eyes. “Not at all,” he replied cheerfully. “It’s given me wonderful ideas.”

Avon laughed. “Ideas? Did they die of loneliness?”

“No, really,” Vila grinned. “Some lovely ideas. But tell me something: was all that the way you like it best? I mean, was that everything you wanted to do, or was there anything else?”

“Are you speaking from intellectual curiosity or do you think yourself capable of enduring another round of play?”

“Curiosity,” Vila said hastily, more than satiated for the present.

“Ah. Well, it depends on the game being played, you realize.” Avon closed his eyes and let his thoughts drift through the possibilities. “For this, I might like to try it again at night sometime. Or in the dark, at any rate. It would better suit the mood. Some props would add to the tone as well.”

“Such as?” Vila prompted.

“Oh, any number of things. Blindfold, cockring, collar, probe, restraints…anything one cares to improvise, really. None of it’s necessary, but, they help sustain the atmosphere.”

“Kinky,” Vila muttered.

“Yes,” Avon smiled his charming smile. “It can be. Though the real point is to keep things fresh, interesting. With infinite variation available, infinite routes of pleasure are possible.” He bent his head to kiss Vila’s mouth for the first time that day, a soft lingering kiss. “We’ll try this again with some variants, shall we?”

“Oh, yes,” Vila returned the kiss eagerly.


Vila grinned up at him. “All right, Vila?” Avon coaxed.

“Yes, all right,” Vila agreed. Rubbing his smarting backside with one hand, he settled against the leather-clad form, idly spinning plans of attack.

Avon kissed him again as reward for him compliance. “By the way, Vila; Tag, you’re it.”