COME AS YOU ARE
EMMA SCOT

Quivering, taut as a bowstring, he thrust, hard, deep, into Blake, feeling the other man absorb him, feeling the muscles spasm around him as Blake came with him, perfect unity, perfectly together, for once bonded in harmony and not discord. Slowly, with exquisite care, Avon withdrew, easing himself out of Blake’s body, and out away before he could feel the unease and distaste solidify in the man beneath him. Quietly, pouting sullenly, Avon retreated to the safety of emotional distance before Blake could get that expression on his face again. Never varied: absolutely stupendous sex, followed by a grimace from Blake and angered hurt from Avon. And this time, he swore to himself in silent venom, he would not, under any circumstances, in any way, shape or form, play Blake’s damned game. Not this time, not this time…

“If it’s not to much trouble, I really would like to move.”

That contemptible and contemptuous calm ripped through Avon’s control, colliding head on with his temper. So much for the man’s vows… “Oh, of course, do forgive me. You must have had my ejaculate in you for at least 30 seconds by now. I’m impressed you managed to wait this long before racing off to rid yourself of the unpleasant little details of being buggered.”

“Avon…” said, unfortunately, in a tone rather reminiscent of a teacher to a recalcitrant schoolboy. And Avon never had been a model anything, especially not in matters of obedience.

“What? Didn’t I move quickly enough? My god, you’re right, it’s been all of a full minute now. Tell me, Blake, if I were ever so foolish as to not orgasm at the same moment as you, would you pull out from under me and make me do with my own right hand?” He looked sourly at the ostentatiously reasonable expression plastered so thickly over Blake’s face. “Oh, but of course, I shouldn’t be taking this this way at all, should I? After all, it’s such bad form to make a proper to-do about nothing more than a fraternal fuck, isn’t it. I mean, what’s a spot of sodomy between friends?”

“I just want to clean myself up a little, that’s all, Avon. No need to go through the usual song and dance.”

“How true. As long as you get your song and dance, I should be content, shouldn’t I? As long as our great and fearless leader gets screwed, nothing else really matters.” Furious as a harpy, he stood in the middle of the room, quite magnificently naked, Blake’s semen still wet on his belly. One by one, he ticked his grievances off, finger by finger. “Nothing but anal penetration of you, by me. No sucking, no fucking, no frottage, no fingers. All you tolerate is me doing you and I’m sick of it. It is wonderful, but it’s getting boring. Not to mention disgustingly one sided. Now, I fully accept that you’re completely addicted to being fucked, and I have absolutely no problems with that, not the way I enjoy fucking you, anyway. But, Blake, I would, just once in a while, like a little bit of variety. I would, once in a while, appreciate feeling that I was more than an animated bloody dildo! All we ever do is precisely what you want. Nothing more, and nothing less. And what does that make it, Blake? Tyranny?”

Half-way through the door to the en suite bathroom, Blake hesitated, unwilling to get embroiled in yet another of Avon’s scenes, but almost equally unwilling to allow that particularly incendiary spark of slander pass unquenched. The legitimate complaints listed before, well, those he was more than happy to ignore. “Now, Avon,” he said, grimly hanging on to his patience with both hands, “how can you call it tyranny when you virtually beg me for it?”

“Beg you? Not for the sex, Blake; that I can get from you any time I fancy it. But you’re right, actually. Not tyranny. Perhaps it’s more droit de seigneur.”

If Avon was going to descend to impersonating a harridan, then Blake was going to lock himself in the serenity of the loo. The door hissed closed behind him, as the breath hissed from Avon in fury. Yet another battle unengaged, Blake winning without even trying. The blank door was cold under Avon’s palm, his temper hot, as Blake’s voice raised in unconcerned song, drowning out anything Avon might choose to say.

“Very well,” he muttered as he drew his clothes on over his sticky body, “if that’s how you wish it to be, then that is how it shall be. Nothing is what you want, nothing is what you’ll get. If you want sex without the inconvenience of an emotional partner, then I hope you and your right hand are very happy together. Because,” he snapped vitriolicly at the unconcernedly closed bathroom door, “that’s all you’re going to be getting in the foreseeable future.”

Blake neither knew nor cared when Avon had left his bedroom, only relieved that the usual conclusion to their usual messy spats had been obviated for once. Whistling under his breath, he climbed into bed, pulling the covers up, turning the lights off and drifting, conscious clear, body and mind completely relaxed, into sleep.

Avon, on the other hand, was wide awake. And plotting…

Two weeks could, much to Blake’s surprise, seem like an eternity, when you hadn’t had sex. And
Avon, it was abundantly clear, was avoiding him. More accurately, Avon had been avoiding being *alone* with him. The tech had no compunctions, unfortunately, about being in the same room as Blake. He also, even more unfortunately from Blake’s point of view, had no compunctions about such morally barren practices as wearing clinging leather trousers. And then bending over… Although, perhaps, it was worse when he stood in front of a seated Blake and stretched up to reach something far above Blake’s head. Which is when those taut, black, glossy, warm leather trousers stretched with each and every graceful movement of Avon’s body, delineating each and every one of Avon’s considerable abilities. Blake was having a hard time—literally speaking, that is—keeping his hands off the pricktease, even in public. Or should that be especially in public? It was the only time he ever got to see Avon these days, and exhibitionism was beginning to have an appeal all of its own. Quite frankly, a hole in the wall was beginning to look as beguiling as hell…

Three weeks later, even Jenna was beginning to look beguiling. Fortunately, she was also considerably more willing than a hole in the wall. Unfortunately, Avon didn’t seem in the least bit jealous. Even more unfortunately, she didn’t have the necessary assets to keep Blake happy. Holes in the walls were rapidly losing their appeal. He began eyeing the wonderfully phallic blasters in a whole new light…

Another week. Vila began looking anxiously over his shoulder every time Blake came into a room.

A week after that, Gan began glowering every time Blake walked into a room.

Two days later, Cally’s bloody knuckles perfectly matched the beautiful blue design blossoming on Blake’s jaw…

Avon just smiled. Wickedly. He was rather enjoying himself—mainly because Blake wasn’t. That right hand was beginning to look rather over-used, and any day now, Avon expected Blake to be raiding the store rooms for depilatory creams… As Blake’s temper shortened, Avon’s became ever sweeter, this unnatural state of affairs driving the motley crew completely round the twist. So perhaps it was fortunate that Blake finally broke before they did. Although that wasn’t what Avon thought at first…

The hand descending upon his nape was warm and big and terribly familiar. The force with which he was being propelled along the corridor wasn’t.

“Get your hands off me, Blake, before I do something you’ll regret.”

“You’ve already done something I regret, so I shall just have to live with the rest of it, shan’t I? I want to have words with you.”

“If you want an argument, then I suggest you wait until I’ve finished recalibrating the navigation computers. Blake, that was a subtle hint. Let go of me!”

The door to Blake’s cabin opened, closed behind them, was locked to Blake’s voice print. “Certainly, Avon, I’ll be happy to let you go. As long as you go no farther than the bed.”

“Oh, no you don’t. I’ve had enough of your meaningless sex, and the last place you’re going to get me is in your bed!”

“Fine,” Blake said with desperation so deep it appeared serene, placidly stripping his own clothes off, “if that’s the way you want it, then that is how you shall have it. Would you prefer on the floor, or,” he paused a second to deal with a reluctant boot, “would you rather have it up against the wall? Oh, but I forgot. Your back.” He stood again, trousers and pants being dropped to the floor to join Avon’s gaping jaw, “With your back, I suppose the floor really is out. A quick ‘knee trembler’ it is, then. Well? Don’t just stand there, Avon, you’ve got what you wanted. Me,” he said, still in that mild, reasonable voice that was at such odds with the febrile passion in his eyes and colouring his cock dark red with hot blood, “quite literally,” he grabbed Avon by the elbow and shoved him up against the wall, “on my knees.” And before Avon could react, Blake was, indeed, on his knees in front of the tech,Avon’s fly undone, along with Avon’s resolve. The weeks of abstinence caught up with him in a oner, erupting in a hoarse groan as Blake’s mouth devoured him for the very first time…

“Blake, Blake, Blake…” the rational fraction of his brain heard with horror, recognising that fatuous tone of voice. “Oh, Blake, oh, Blake…” How terribly embarrassing, to have tried to force Blake to crawl back to him and admit that he was addicted to Avon, only to find himself admitting that he was just as hooked on Blake And surely he could come up with something less clichéd than crooning the man’s name over and over again. Then even that faint hint of rationality joined in the crooning, as Blake’s tongue found the mouth of his cock.

Blake wasn’t exactly complaining, although his knees were. They were, to put it mildly, completely unused to this kind of abuse. He had never needed the other enough to have to sink to this, but there was a first time for everything. And he was finding it rather more pleasant than he had expected, Avon’s bulky heat filling him up quite nicely, the taste sweeter than he had thought it would be, the smell even more pleasant close up. And it was positively delectable to feel the foreskin moving as he tongued it. He wondered if it did that when Avon was unused to this kind of abuse. He had never needed the other enough to have to sink to this, but there was a first time for everything. And he was finding it rather more pleasant than he had expected, Avon’s bulky heat filling him up quite nicely, the taste sweeter than he had thought it would be, the smell even more pleasant close up. And it was positively delectable to feel the foreskin moving as he tongued it. He wondered if it did that when Avon was buried up to the hilt in his arse… That inspired him, and he sucked in deeper, squelching his body’s attempt to gag, overcoming the instinct by the sheer eroticism of drawing Avon in, getting him ready to shove it up Blake. That was what made it all worthwhile…

Avon was thrusting now, long, lean muscles of his thighs straining to push him farther into Blake, sweat prickling his pearly white skin, sexual flush beading him
with pink, the rosiness spreading over his chest, up his neck and onto his cheeks. Blake’s hands kneading his buttocks were spreading a rosy glow all their own, also. Vaguely, he noticed that Blake was fumbling at him, trying to get his clothes off and out of the way. Even more vaguely, he helped, taking care of the top half as Blake took care of his bottom half, in more ways than one. Finished with rebellious leather, he tangled his fingers in even more rebellious curls, threading through, enjoying the coarsely masculine spring under his hands, pulling Blake in closer, pushing himself in deeper, getting closer and closer to coming…

Quite obviously, Blake realised that, for he tugged himself free, leaving Avon’s cock slick and wet and swaying in the breeze. Or at least, swaying in the unsteady shakiness of a body perched on the edge of climax… Blake stared hard at Avon’s hardness, running his tongue around the inside of his mouth, tactilely remembering the sensation of Avon filling him orally, sorely tempted to go back and finish him off, suck his seed inside, taste him… But no, he’d gone without a fix for more than long enough to blow the opportunity. So to speak…

Grabbing Avon by the wet cock, he circled the taut flesh, pinching him just so, forcing the incipient orgasm to go back where it belonged, deep in the bowels of Avon’s flesh, until it could erupt deep in Blake’s bowels. God, how he needed to feel a man in him again. Enough to make going down on his knees more than worth it. Still keeping one hand on Avon’s obedient big cock, Blake stumbled over to the bedside cabinet, fumbling around till he found the tube, squirting some over Avon. His knees… Blake would be sporting quite an artistic array of it. Of course, it flooded his mind and he clenched his sphincter, thrusting and clenching, flanks hollowing with every move, just as Blake’s cheeks had hollowed with every luxurious suck. Again and again he moved, until he felt the twinge in his lower back, which was when he suddenly draped himself over Blake, forcing them both to their knees, jamming Avon’s cock right up Blake’s arse. The whole thing went to Avon’s head. Prior to this, it had always been Blake, on his back, Avon taking him, yes, but still in control, still like schoolboys or University men, fagging around as boys and young men will, but this! This was real, this was honest sex between two men, this was Blake, choosing to be fucked like a real man might, were he confident enough. Were he to need the other man enough… All of a sudden, Avon wished their places reversed. To have Blake covering him like this, in him, all around him, would be heaven indeed. For then he could have all the love that Blake so insistently denied him… A nagging jolt of Blake’s hips brought him back to what he was doing, to the hot flesh enswathing him, to the smooth back supporting him, to the thick curls just waiting for him to bury his face in, for the vulnerable nape begging for his kisses and loves and caresses. He never was able to refuse a man on his knees… Blake would be sporting quite an artistic array for days, not that Avon was going to tell him. He’d wait to see Blake’s face when someone else did… There was another jolt of Blake’s hips, this one not to nag, but in pure, unadulterated hedonism.

There was nothing, absolutely nothing, in the world that Blake loved more than the feel of a man up his arse. If he couldn’t get the real thing, then he would make do with plastic, but, oh, the joys of having living flesh cleaving him. He had, not surprisingly, absolutely no idea whatsoever where he had learned to love this feeling so, but he presumed it was at school, just as that was where Avon had learned his basic skills. And a bit more besides. Blake arched his back, pressing his spine into the softness of Avon’s belly, feeling the strong muscles of Avon’s chest pressing into him. He could even feel the tiny hard peaks of Avon’s nipples as they scraped back and forth with each deep thrust. And the sharpness of teeth, the wetness of tongue, the softness of lips, the silk of hair… all of it flooded his mind and he clenched his sphincter, milking Avon, hugging him as tightly as he could, pump-
ing, pumping, until he felt Avon’s hardness dissolve into liquid fire, and as it splashed him, inside, deep, deep inside, Blake himself burst forth, cum erupting to splatter his belly and splash on the floor. Avon’s weight abruptly heavy on him, he collapsed, sinking none to gracefully into a sated, sodden heap.

It was the pain in his knees and palms that awoke him, and it was the ache in his back and the coldness on his skin that awoke Avon. Gradually, they stirred, moving slowly, still in unconscious rhythm, silently disentangling and clambering into the bed. Another first, Avon thought dreamily, clasping his arms around Blake’s chest, refusing to let the other man go, although Blake gave no indication of wanting anything other than to lie here like this forever. Or at least until their bodies were up to it again. A man could, after all, get as addicted to all the other bits of having sex as the fagging itself. Avon, meanwhile, was lying flat on his back, Blake untidily sprawled atop him, the weight and warmth more than welcome. He’d happily feed Blake’s addiction, keep him hooked, in fact, if it meant he could get his own fixes when he needed them. Blake’s arms snaked around him, Blake’s curls tickling under his chin as Blake nestled home, soft lips brushing Avon’s neck. Ah yes, Avon thought, happily floating off on fond, rose-tinted dreams framed by the fond embrace of Blake’s arms. He’d be more than pleased to bugger Blake as often as the man wanted it, just as long as he could have the illusions of love after…