The Room
M. Fae Glasgow

The Room. The four blank walls always waited, entombing him in this claustrophobic, technological womb. He sat, poised, naked, on the outer extremity of the shallow bed, alone, devoid of companionship, simply waiting, as he felt the room did for him. All the while, the featureless greyness mocked him with supercilious indifference, his own imagination anthropomorphising the lifeless cube, crediting it with all the contempt he felt for himself. As if observed by unfriendly eyes, he lay back, slowly, cautiously, stifling the urge to cover his exposed masculinity with his hand, fighting the unreasoning need to protect himself from the unseen enemy: the memories etched into those damned, unfeeling walls. No matter where he looked, there was no colour, no vitality, no humanity. Nothing but a vacuum, with him suspended, twisted, in the centre. He found himself staring at his groin and the pink flesh framed in black hair there, at his chest, with its two faint pink nipples, cherishing the colour and the life as he sat alone, waiting, for the resolution of today's vicious fight with Avon. It would come, he knew, as it always did, as it always would. The bellicosity of the man would simmer and stew, finally erupting into outright war, triggered by a word or a look—or the lack thereof. And so, he waited, for the armistice, for the treaty signed in his semen, the proof of his surrender. He thought of this war of attrition, this hundred years' war, their eternal struggle. It was almost a symphony, melody, then dramatic discord, a crescendo of shocking intensity until finally, from sheer emotional exhaustion, he would concede, a fragmented glance signalling time to return here to no man's land, time to bind their wounds and bury the hatchet and kiss reality good-bye. And so it would be, for a time, for a moment, until the anguish rebuilt bringing the fear and then the anger to envelop the love in its entirety, leaving the merest melancholy whisper behind.

He sighed and rose from the bed, once again returning his sight to the room and its blandness, its bloodsucking nothingness. Just like his 'relationship' with Avon. Speaking of the devil can make him appear and footsteps were barely audible as they approached the room. He listened, mentally following Avon's path, first past the dunsel engineering room, then past the back-up processor, to the unused storage hold. Finally, the steps came to a halt outside the small cubicle, original use unknown, caught between two useless parts of the ship. The door opened, more slowly than the others in the rest of the active parts of the ship, the light in the corridor outside dingy and grey, a hollow echo of this empty space he now occupied.

Avon stood in the doorway, for a moment only, as if reweighing his decision. With a precise disdain, he entered, deft fingers punching in the security lock code, pivoting lightly on silent feet. His eyes never once came to rest on the other man in the room, cancelling out his presence by utter indifference. Graceful as always, he stripped, following his usual pattern, folding his things onto the single chair, careful not to cause creases, marks which would raise questions from the others and make the memory of this bitter room linger and overlap into reality. Fully nude, he climbed into bed, lying on his back, waiting. Blake sighed heavily and admitted defeat, walking over slowly, sliding onto the bed beside this nemesis lover of his. A hand reached out and took his, guiding it to Avon's cock, closing tightly, beginning the ritual passion.

Blake lowered his head, mouth closing in on Avon's, but the other man, of course, turned aside, leaving Blake nothing but the slight roughness of a faint growth of beard. As always, so Blake conceded, using his only strength in this particular situation: the passion he could inflame in Avon. Covering the other man with his bulk, he lapped his way down the length of the slender torso, using his teeth to give tiny, tantalising hints of pain, Avon's delight. He feasted on him, on the colour of him, the dark chest hair, the snaking curls leading him down towards the flushed pink cock filling and rising at the cusp of Avon's legs. Blake skated around it, revelling in Avon's involuntary movement towards the teasing mouth, enjoying the moment of power, using it to bring them closer together. Mouth open, he swirled his tongue around the hair of Avon's thighs, always taunting that needful cock, dancing around it, promising, promising, but never actually delivering, until Avon, with a groan wrenched from his very depths, grabbed him by the hair, pulled his head to where he needed it to be, then thrust, suddenly, deeply, into...
Blake’s anticipatory mouth. Once he had Avon entrapped within, Blake sucked on him fiercely, rubbing hard with his tongue, teeth catching with fleeting nubs of pain on the flared head. As Avon bucked and writhed under him, Blake pulled back, sliding Avon so slowly from his mouth, eyes locked on the rosy darkness of him, the blueness of veins, the enthralling intensity of his colour. Then, as he always did, Avon suddenly yielded, going limp and boneless under Blake, spreading his legs, supple muscle and limber joints widening to accommodate, brown eyes shielded and shuttered. Blake rose up on his knees, one hand stroking Avon’s inner thigh with firm, even pressure, nails tingling the length of him. With his free hand, he found the lubricant, coating himself generously, then sliding a long finger into Avon, beginning the careful process of easing the way for the passage of his cock.

Blake never gave in: each and every time they met in armed neutrality in this room, he would try to inveigle Avon into meeting his eyes, into a kiss, but the dark man had yet to succumb before blind passion drove his mind from him. As always, Avon turned away, rejecting Blake’s tacit declarations of emotion, refusing the offer of involvement before it could even be made. Stung, Blake stopped stroking, using that hand to grab Avon, to demand that, this time, there would be a kiss, that this time, there would be contact between them, instead of this barriered sex. The danger of the look in Avon’s eyes chilled him, almost turning his passion into limp defeat, but with a quick, deft twist of his hips, Avon brought them together again, cock to cock, belly to belly, recharging them, bringing Blake leaping into voracious life, denying the kiss yet again.

Avon settled pliant under Blake, as was their pattern, suddenly yielding again to the other man, making this concession, now that the issue of the kiss was once more settled, inviting, his very passivity demanding dominance. And Blake gave it to him, spreading Avon’s thighs, exposing him, making him vulnerable. He returned his slickened finger to Avon’s hole, sliding back to a kneeling position to watch as the more tanned finger disappeared into the alabaster whiteness of Avon’s ass. His attention contracted, enveloping them in this umbrella of life and colour, denying the mocking indifference of the damned room. With his other hand, he cradled Avon’s balls, lifting them up out of the way onto the pale abdomen, cupping them close to the rosy cock and the black hair. He rolled them, not gently, smiling harshly as the man under him filled their room with sound, a sudden, devastatingly loud groan of pleasure. Another finger joined the first in the dark warmth, the light glistening brightly on his gelled skin, the lube spreading to gleam on Avon’s taut buttocks. A third finger, and Avon’s cock jumped, his balls moving in the palm of Blake’s hand, a flush beginning on the sunless chest. A pale flush, but darkening, becoming ever rosier, like the cock pressed under Blake’s hand.

Without warning, Blake moved, shoving Avon’s legs even wider, lunging between, thrusting abruptly and deeply, hurting Avon, hurting himself, the two of them awirl in the sudden plateau of pleasure. A feral grin crossed Blake’s face as he plunged in and out of Avon, watching the purple of his cock bury itself in the white skin, watching Avon twist and writhe and moan under him. Harder, he thrust, pounding them, lifting Avon, bending him to his will and to his body, shoving in deeper and deeper and then, suddenly, sweetly, it was there: the look in those dark eyes, the glowing flush on his skin, the way he tossed his head, the tightness of his legs locked around Blake’s heaving body. The bigger man leaned down, hesitating, checking, wary of mistiming this, of destroying the fragile web they wove. It was time. He kissed Avon, felt the agile tongue dart into him welly, the strong arms come around to cradle him close as their rhythm slowed, transforming from an act of dominance and force into sweet equality, into two men who both wanted this and were not afraid.

Avon reached for Blake, scraping his sharp nails in long ellipses the length of Blake’s bunched muscles, red welts fading pinkly in his wake. He murmured, wordless, under Blake, pulling him closer, participating, joining them, twisting just so, bringing the thick cock inside to rub against that wonderful nub of pleasure, letting Blake feel that firm spot amidst the softness, letting Blake push there, adding to the eroticism for both of them. He opened his mouth, and Blake filled him, mouth and ass, body and mind, all the empty yawning chasms of loneliness erased.

And slowly, as it built within them, Blake started thrusting faster, his partner encouraging him, moving with him. A gasp fled from him as those mink-hued eyes opened under him, their clarity disturbing, the hate and love and need flooding forth in battering waves. Blake forced the tide back with the love in his own eyes, casting aside all the insidious doubts, the complete duplicity of his relationship with Avon. The fire was banking higher and higher in his belly.
and he knew from past experience—not with Avon, who simply wouldn’t take him—precisely how Avon was feeling, with a cock inside, hammering on his prostate, ecstasy cresting with every pulse against it. Deliberately, Blake slowed once more, easing the pace, keeping them both at the eternal precipice, begging and demanding that Avon speak, that this dark man should clear the barriers of the past and reach for him. The eyes staring up at him were fully cognizant and willful, lids lowering to mask the struggle. For a moment, it seemed, the time was almost here, that Avon would speak, that Avon would allow them to be real people, not just bodies humping in armistice. With an inaudible snick, the lids snapped shut, closing the eyes and the man away from Blake, losing Blake more than he had already lost. Blake brought his mouth down on Avon, but the kiss was refused, rebuke for the audacity of Blake’s attempt to change this thing between them. Muscles clamped hotly around Blake’s cock, catching him unaware and he came, almost before he had time to recognise his body’s betrayal as it turned traitor and submitted to Avon. The come streamed from him in white streamers of heat, pulsing in syncopated rhythm with the creaminess jetting onto Avon’s belly. A last, convulsive tightening of the arms around him, and Blake was clutched in a strangled embrace, all Avon’s needs holding them both hostage, welding them together. But then, Blake felt coherent thought return to the man he held so tautly, felt the emotional withdrawal followed by the physical. Knowing better, he still couldn’t stop himself from looking up, once more being hit broadside with the expression of refined disgust on Avon’s face as he disengaged himself from Blake.

Blake allowed himself to be shoved off—he wouldn’t resist, but he’d be damned if he’d help Avon reject him. But then, hadn’t he been damned the day he fell under the spell of this maze of a man? He lay very still for a moment, thinking about Avon, mind spinning around like an off-balance top, finally giving the effort up, knowing full well that he would find no answers, not here, not with Avon lying cold as death beside him. There was a sigh, which, of course, did not come from Avon, followed by the rustle of bedding as Blake manoeuvred himself heavily until he could observe Avon. It did him absolutely no good whatsoever. No matter how he willed it, the other man would not look at him, would not acknowledge him in any way. Blake satisfied himself with watching as Avon’s bright flush slowly dimmed and faded, seeming to bleed all the life from this room as it eroded the colour too. Gradually, the sheened skin paled to white, only slightly darker on the hands and face, the true sign of an Alpha born and bred. No colour to him, save his hair and eyes. Attention wandered down to the shade lurking at Avon’s groin, but all the colour there had been leech by the dark shadows. The depression settled comfortably into Blake’s soul, numbing him, leaving him bowed with weariness. The recalcitrant, revealing sigh escaped him again, but he let it hang suspended in their frigid silence, the temporary peace of their lovemaking now withered and gone. Avon’s skin, his very mood, had taken on the lifeless hue of the room itself and Blake felt as if he were leaving a corpse behind. Mutely, too defeated for speech, he gathered his clothes and dressed in miserable silence, turning back for one last lingering glance before the door closed, embalming Avon in that empty room.

He heard Blake leave and heaved a sigh of his own. Sometimes it was so damned difficult not to give in, to resist the undermining temptation to yield. But to submit to Blake... That would mean losing his autonomy, for Blake would never settle for anything less than full commitment and with a zealous, idealistic Rebel, that entailed paying a price far higher than Avon could even dare contemplate. No one had that much emotional collateral, most especially not one tired, hurt and very used failed embezzler. Lethargically, he dragged himself to his feet, wincing at the pain inside and the ache in his pelvis: this was price enough. Reluctantly, he replaced his clothes on his body, rebuilding his strength of personality with his very mood, had taken on the lifeless hue of his body, rebuilding his strength of personality with every chink of armour he reapplied. Piece by methodical piece, he covered himself, blanking his mind of loss and pain, counting it only as mere sex and not what, in the cold realms of reality, it really was. The very concept was too dangerous, here, with Blake, but it gnawed at his soul anyway. Love. And in this sterile room, he allowed himself what precious little love he could risk with Blake, with the one person he had ever been willing to hand himself over to, gift wrap included. Anna... with Anna, he had gone unaware, losing the war before he had realised battle was joined. But with Blake, with Blake, he was forewarned, knowing these truths about himself. Knowing how sweet it was to let someone else lead, to allow someone else to care enough to direct... Forewarned is forearmed. He would not yield. He would not submit.
He paused at the door, cementing the final part of his armour carefully in place. It took him longer each time, but finally, he had wiped the vulnerability away and then he built his face again, reforming the man they all expected—the man who could deal with life and thumb his nose at love. Avon opened the door, straightening his spine, breathing deeply. Supercilious confidence in place, he stepped half-way across the threshold, pausing, like Blake, for one last glance. One more sigh, then he, too, stepped through, leaving the scant peace behind, leaving himself with even scantier comfort. Blake had surrendered, as always, but as it ever was, as it ever would be, both of them had lost.