AVON peered over the smooth curved surface of a boulder as a noise caught his attention. No sign of anyone yet, but the scrubby brush and angle of the gully’s edge in which he was hiding made it difficult to see anyone approaching. Still, the cover it afforded made up for the lack of view, and he stayed put.

The noise grew louder, and he ducked back down, crouching low in the shadow of the boulder. Louder, louder, and then positively identifiable as that of a man slogging through underbrush with no attempt at concealment. Avon grinned to himself, making a mental bet that it was Blake. God knew Vila found it impossible to move silently too, but only Blake had the weight and clumsiness to create such a racket.

“Avon? Are you here?” Blake’s hoarse call carried easily to Avon’s place of concealment and he grinned at winning his bet with himself.

“Avon? Vila’s coming this way, I wanted to warn you.”

Ah. So Vila was still it, was he? And for over two hours now, tch.

Blake’s voice came closer still, passing directly below the boulder Avon crouched behind. “Avon? If you’re down here, you’d better get moving. I found a good place up further; come with me.”

Avon couldn’t resist. He straightened and casually leaned over the top of the boulder. “Well now, if Vila is as blind as you, I should just stay here.”

Blake whirled and gaped, then grinned. He strode back up the sloping gully to Avon, who waited smugly. But just before Blake reached him, Avon sensed a wrongness. Blake was exuding smugness as well, which could only mean...

“Bastard!” Avon yelled and sprang back, scrambling around the far side of the boulder and up the hill. Blake lunged after him, catching hold of the corner of Avon’s tunic hem for an instant before it slipped from his grasp. Then Avon was racing away, fleet-footed and rapidly widening the distance between them. Blake chased after, but it seemed Avon would make good his escape.

Then something soared past Avon and landed across his path: a forked, leafy branch which his feet caught on and tripped over before he’d had time to avoid it. It only knocked him to his knees, but by the time he’d staggered up Blake’s shoulder slammed the small of his back and he was down again.

He struggled furiously, unwilling to concede defeat. “Fraud,” he hissed venomously as Blake pinned him. “Cheat! Liar!”

“All’s fair,” Blake soothed, running his hands up under Avon’s tunic to stroke the tensed back beneath. “Relax Avon, or you won’t enjoy this next part at all.”

Avon strained up from the ground, trying to throw Blake from his back. Blake rocked to one side, but managed to keep a leg thrown over Avon’s torso. He shifted back quickly, shoving Avon’s shoulders down, flattening him to the ground. Avon’s face was pressed to the dirt as well, and Blake found the sight of his fastidious tech all mussed and dirty to be quite an erotic spur.

Still using his bulk to keep Avon pinned, Blake pulled at his hip, reaching around it to fumble at the trouser fastenings. Avon shifted for him readily, but before Blake could wonder at his cooperation, he’d rolled far enough over to fling Blake on his side. He tried to bolt then, but Blake’s arms locked about his hips. Arms flailing wildly, the tech came crashing down atop Blake, and the two men wrestled in the dirt. Blake’s superior strength began to overwhelm Avon’s determined escape efforts, but it was a pro-
longed struggle for each was taking care not to injure the other.

At last Blake was able to straddle Avon’s hips, securing Avon face down on the ground once more. Avon’s feet beat up at his kidneys, but without leverage they barely cuffed Blake. Still, it was annoying enough for Blake to grab a flailing wrist and twist it around, tightly wedging Avon’s arm behind his back.

“Naughty,” Blake panted, using his other hand to stroke the tech’s fine dark hair. He smoothed the ruffled locks, brushing the dirt from them, soundly cursed by his prisoner all the while.

“Come now, Avon, I’ve got you. Not fair and square, perhaps, but secure.” He let his free hand trail down his squirming captive’s back, then reached back behind to squeeze the shapely buttocks. “Are we going to do this gently, or do you want it rough?”

Avon’s face was pressed sidelong in the dirt, but one eye glittered slantwise at him, angry and dangerous. Then Avon was speaking, low-pitched, taunting, insulting. “You fraud,” the imprisoned tech hissed. “You can’t. Do you think you can force me? You? You’re soft all through, you’re nothing but air. You haven’t got what it would take to take me.”

Blake closed his eyes, feeling the thrill of anger and possessiveness shoot through him. He squeezed his thighs about Avon’s torso, loving the feel of the tense body below him. “All right, Avon,” he breathed. He had the permission now. “Rough, then. Very, very rough.”

He scooted down lower along Avon’s hips, reaching around the squirming body to grope once more for the trouser fastenings. Avon bucked and twisted, making it impossible to do more than keep him pinned. Blake lost patience and wrenched harder on his arm.

“Ah!” Avon gasped and held still long enough for Blake to yank open his pants, dragging them down to expose his perfect buttocks. They tensed in useless protest as Blake’s hand stroked over them. Avon tried locking his legs together, and felt Blake shifting on top of him. He flinched as Blake’s knees suddenly wedged hard between his legs, then Blake’s hand was rubbing into the crease of his ass. Avon shuddered visibly at the feel of Blake’s wide thumb pressing against his anus, and Blake felt a stab of delight at that reaction.

“C’mon, Avon,” Blake breathed in his ear, knowing his appeal would go unheeded. “Time to stop fighting. You’re only hurting you now.” His digit jabbed forward and Avon cried out, squeezing down on the intruding presence as he tried to block it out. Still it penetrated further, and he stiffened, trying to pull away.

Blake let go of his wrist, and Avon’s sore arm was eased down. He took little notice, for Blake’s other hand was jammed up between his legs, pressing its thumb full length into him. His legs strained inward against Blake’s with no leverage to block the knees which kept him parted open.

“No,” he moaned softly, straining back against Blake. But it was a different sort of struggle now, a tentative testing to check that he was completely confined.

Blake recognized the change and stroked the back of Avon’s neck, pressing down at the same time to show the man he was still pinned, come what may. His other hand worked steadily at Avon’s ass, stretching and probing, tickling with the middle finger at the underside of Avon’s scrotum. Avon groaned again, an inviting sound which made Blake’s stomach flutter with anticipation and his cock swell rapidly. He opened his own slacks, releasing the straining organ.

He loved this, the physical mastery of his dark companion, and no matter how Avon might protest, the tech was coming round at last, helplessly aroused by his captivity.

Avon was still cursing him, still squirming, but the movements had become less desperate, more rhythmic. Blake slowly withdrew his thumb from Avon, drawing the man’s hips back to better position him for coitus. Avon resisted, but Blake had little trouble now in maneuvering him. He sensed Avon’s inner acceptance as well as he understood Avon’s outer display of rejection. His Avon needed to be forced, craved the domination which relieved him of all responsibility for desire. And if Avon was stimulated by the mock fighting, Blake was no less aroused. There was something enormously satisfying about overpowering his acid-tongued companion, holding him helpless and plundering his beautiful body.

Giddy with excitement, Blake lined up his hungry cock and pressed it up into Avon’s still squirming body. A ragged gasp from the tech served to encourage him, and he let his weight carry him down onto Avon’s back, driving his cock deeply into the tight passage before it.

“No,” Avon choked, “You can’t…it’s too much.” His body locked in spasm beneath Blake, who hissed in reaction as Avon’s muscles clamped down on his
swollen member. He kneaded Avon’s back with strong fingers, digging into the knotted muscles and forcing them to relax.

“Take it,” he ordered coldly, keeping alive the important pretense of indifference. His hard massage moved to Avon’s shoulders, pushing at them, pinning them, pulling back again as he thrust slowly forward. The pressure on his cock was fantastic, rings of muscle rippling over it as Avon’s body tried to squeeze shut. But there was no way to force out the intruder, and the spasmming passage only locked down around Blake’s cock, unable to close itself to this probe.

Avon grimaced and shifted as best he could under Blake’s weight, trying to ease the pressure of Blake’s full length within him. It was terrifying, the realization that Blake was inside him and nothing would stop him until he’d finished with Avon. But it was exciting as well, exciting enough that the painful fullness began to feel good.

Blake groaned appreciatively as the warm body below him stirred and pulled away, stroking the length of his cock with its tight anal ring as it did so. He allowed Avon to pull himself nearly free, then seized the tech’s waist and held him in place as he sank all the way back inside.

“…so good, Avon, you’re so bloody tight…I’m buried inside you, can you feel me? Can you feel this?” He pushed hard, winning a moan of surrender from Avon at last.

“Yesss…” the tech hissed, twisting in painful delight as Blake repeated the slow heavy stroke. “Oh. Oh, yes…”

Further aroused by Avon’s response, Blake hugged Avon’s waist closely, plowing through him with greater energy. Avon’s moans sent chills of delight through him as he stabbed into the impossibly tight, warm channel of Avon’s body.

Avon’s eyes were screwed shut, perspiration shining on his face, his body shaking with fatigue from resisting Blake’s implacable penetrations. Yet his own organ strained beneath him, fully aroused and aching for completion. Blake’s fingers brushed it teasingly as Blake’s cock surged within him.

“Damn you,” Avon gasped, straining for satisfaction, pinned immobile by Blake’s uncompromising strength. “Do it, give it to me…”

Ahh. Sweet music to Blake, though he did not halt his thrusts for a moment. “Beg, Avon,” he grunted, and ground his hips into that impossibly firm taut bottom. “Beg me to make you come.”

Avon swore at him, then gasped as Blake yanked his hair back, pulling his head back to claim his mouth in a long, hard kiss. “I’m close,” Blake warned, lowering his hands to clamp them around Avon’s hips and roll them to his satisfaction. He surged into Avon harder still, faster now, pulling him back for each deep penetration, easing him down at each withdrawal.

Avon’s face twisted in fury, but the humiliation was overridden by heightened desire. “Yes,” he choked, “Please. Hard. Touch me… Oh, there, yes…harder, Blake, hold me…touch me…Ah!” Wrapped in Blake’s embracing limbs, Blake’s thick cock wedged tightly up inside him, Blake’s hand squeezed tightly round his own cock, Avon spasmed in delirious orgasm. Blake held him securely throughout, safe against intrusions, the world, himself. He felt the answering pulses of Blake’s cock releasing within him as he trembled in the aftermath of his submission. Blake’s arms were locked tightly about him, the man above him groaning his release, groaning with the sheer pleasure of prolonged exhilaration.

Avon sobbed a few last breaths of relief, his cock shivering forth its last drops of semen. His muscles went lax with sweet exhaustion, and he lay unmoving, unprotesting, beneath Blake until the larger man withdrew and collapsed beside him. Blake sighed with satisfaction, reaching over a finger to gently stroke Avon’s cheek. Avon closed his eyes but kept still, permitting the caress.

“I did that to you,” Blake mused. “I got you that hot, and I made you come. You don’t let anyone else do that to you.”

“Not like that,” Avon agreed quietly, enjoying the soft tracing of Blake’s finger over his skin. For the moment, he was relaxed enough to trust, content enough to speak truthfully.

“But you don’t like it that way all the time.”

“Mmm.” Avon considered. “I enjoy sex in many forms. Surrender can thrill. The drawback is finding a partner who can be trusted, someone who will stop when it is time to stop.”

Blake grinned. “I’m flattered.”

Avon allowed him a small smile. “You’ll do.”

“And Vila? Does he do?”

Avon looked at Blake appraisingly. “He does very well indeed. Are you jealous?”

Blake snorted. “Of Vila? I can’t imagine him doing this to you, not as I do.”

“He doesn’t. It’s not his style. But Vila makes up
in versatility what he may lack in passion. And he is gratifyingly eager to please me.”

“Bastard,” Blake growled, without rancor. “User.”

“Vila likes what I do with him. Perhaps I should try taking him like this some time.”

“You’ll scare him to death.”

“You coddle him, Blake.”

“Vila like what I do with him, too. And I know better than to try anything this...intense. Trust me on this one, Avon. Vila needs leading along gently.”

Avon smiled insincerely. “If you say so.”

Blake sighed, stretching out his arms and leaning side to side to work out stiffness from his back. He clambered to his feet, fastened up his pants, and gazed down at his beautiful technician.

“We’ve got another couple of hours left before Jenna calls for us. I hope you’ve got it in you to recuperate before then, or you’ll have a long wait till our next shore leave to pass it on.” He leaned over and deftly tucked Avon back inside his clothes, fastening them up. With a last fond pat on Avon’s crotch, he murmured, “Tag, you’re it.”