inevitable. Blake relaxed again after a few seconds; clearly only a small reminder.

“That was pointless,” Avon observed.

“She closed the curtains, didn’t she?”

“For the moment.”

Blake came and sat down next to him. “I mean what I said, Avon. I’m going to get us out of here, no matter what. And the others, if I can find them.”

“Then what?”

“Go back to the revolution. What else?”


“Are you with me?” Blake said, less a question than a summons.

“What good would I be to you—now?”

“All the good in the world.” Blake took his hand and squeezed it. “What we’re made to do doesn’t change the way we feel. The way I feel, anyway.”

Avon stared at him, and felt the burden of despair lift as he was enveloped by the waves of loyalty and warmth and resolve radiating from the other man. Perhaps for the first time, he trusted Blake completely. Nothing deflected Blake from a goal he’d set himself, no amount of degradation tarnished Blake’s spirit, and in that stubborn strength lay Avon’s only hope of salvation. “If you get me out of here, I give you my word I will support you in any endeavour you care to name,” he said passionately, keeping his voice low so as not to be overheard. “I will follow you anywhere.”

Blake smiled at that and raised his eyebrows in faint surprise. “Anywhere?”

“Anywhere.” Avon shuddered. “I can’t imagine any place worse than this.”

“Oh, I can.”

Avon bit at his cheek to suppress an upsurge of hysteria. Blake always had to have the last word. “Oh?”

“We could be on the other side of the glass.”

T SEEMED ABSURD THAT AVON—the quintessentially elegant Kerr Avon—should snore, but he did, albeit with delicacy and refinement, a display of the profundity of sleep, not the coarse abandonment of lesser mortals. He lay, asprawl and propped up on a pile of pillows, his only covering the darkness of hair that highlighted his body like kisses dropped with sweet profusion. The burnished light of the window followed the highways and by-ways of his body, drawing the eye to a curve here, a convexity of muscle there, the blush of summer’s heat where it lingered, there, and there, bringing a touch of rose to the alabaster skin. A glistering of sweat jewelled his groin, the silver shimmering counterpoint to the darkness of curls and the pinkness of cock. It lay, drowsing lazily, in the hollow of Avon’s hip, that grooved valley which led the mind and eye down to the very centre of his body, defining the line between the breadth of torso and the beauty of groin. Deep within his sleep, Avon shifted, the subtle breath of fantasy moving him, left leg turning slightly, cock hesitating a moment behind. The dampness of his body clutched at his cock, holding it still for a second, trapping the foreskin so that the pretty pink mouth of his cock peeped out for an instant to pout, coyly, invitingly, before another restless breath freed the skin to flow back, whisperingly, like a lover, to hood the velvet cockhead once more. A flare of lightning twinkled amidst the glowing blackness of the gloaming clouds, the brilliance illuminating Avon as the work of art he surely was. Then came the hollow-belly rumble of thunder and with it, an irritated tightening of Avon’s lips,
as the outside crudity of reality nipped at the
dancing heels of his dreaming. He shifted
again, a delicate trickle of sweat drifting with
the slow beauty of tears through the shower
of chest hair until all that was left was a single
glowing pearl, poised against the fluff of curl
cradling the languid cock.

And Blake wanted to lick him. All of him,
every inch, every atom, every cell. Wanted to
eat him, devour him whole, consume him so
completely that it would change the signature
DNA to Blake’s own name. He wanted to
possess Avon until he could be sure his dark
conscience could never leave him to struggle
on alone with the burden of revolution and
the corruption of power vamping seductively
at him from the wings. He wanted Avon to be
his, all his, with the mindless intensity of the
infant.

The droplet of sweat shimmered with Avon’s
breathing, spilling over finally to be lost in the
thicket of luxuriant hair, that secret place
where Blake hungered to bury his face, to fill
his lungs to overflowing with Avon’s musk, to
lose himself in the utterly masculine perfec-
tion of this man that he dared not even call
friend. But he dared not. Not with Avon lying
there so seductive in his vulnerable oblivi-
ousness. Not with Avon lying there in such
utter perfection. Not with Avon lying there, a
dream come true, for it was all fantasy, mere
meanderings of a mind grown dizzy with lust.
For if Blake were to touch, to lick, to kiss or
devour, then Avon, no succubus he, would
rise up to destroy Blake for his impertinence.
Gods, gods, gods, why had he assumed that
Avon would be his usual insomniac self? Why
did the man have to pick tonight, all of nights,
to sleep so soundly and so early? And with the
door unbarred. Leaving Blake to stand there
gaping, needing, needing so much he should
never dare even dream of. There could be no
simple passion between them, no easy mo-
moment of desire sated, once, to be re-lived when
the notion took them. If Blake wanted to
devour Avon, and he surely did, then Avon
would want to devour Blake just as surely,
just as completely, although the reasons
would be different and myriad enough to fill
a library of leather-bound, gilt-edged books.

Blake could hear himself breathing, the
sound louder than it had any right to be, no
matter how raddled with lust he was. But he
could hear himself, could hear the revelatory
catch of his breath that skipped, fractionally,
with even the slightest movements made by
the limpid body in the bed. Avon twisted
amidst the rumpled hillocks of bedsheets,
the whiteness stark and dead against the soft
paleness of his skin and the lustrous vitality
of dark hair. A smile, very small, the faintest
hint of pleasure, painted Avon’s lips in the
night-fall dimness and a pulse of carnal heat
beat strongly, for a moment, in his cock,
suffusing it with a translucent carnal heat
and bringing it to life. Blake felt his own cock
stirring, filling, lengthening, blindly nuzzling
on the smooth fabric of his underwear,
seeking, searching, looking for the source of
its pleasure. Blake stared at that source, the
wellspring of all this turmoil that was eroding
his will and his honour with equal ease. He
wanted Avon, no surprise in that, Avon himself
had commented upon it—publicly—often
enough. There had been enough small re-
venges from Blake—’Go back to your posi-
tion’—to carefully display that it was nothing
more than lust. And looking at Avon, who
could possibly blame him? The man exuded
sexuality, dressed for it, made a public show
of it all, dragging everyone around him in
closer, closer, moths to the flame of his feral
charm. So, then, just the same as the others,
Blake stood there, imagining the same ex-
pression of lust on his face that he had seen
covering Vila, and Jenna. Imagining the tol-
erantly amused desire that he had seen
written so often and in such large letters upon
Cally’s face.

But it was different, and he knew it.
Not for him the safety of sexual heat. God,
no, nothing so tame. Nothing so mild, noth-
ing so reasonable. For him…

He closed his mind to it, as he always did,
derperate to control the burgeoning arousal,
flesh uncoiling, uncurling, hardening into a
club to beat at his trousers, demanding
freedom, demanding satisfaction, demand-
ing…

Avon. Avon, lying there, all unawares, one
hand thoughtlessly, slowly, fingers loose and
sleepy, sighing down his chest to touch,
fingertip to cocktip, flesh to flesh. And a smile, growing now, with dreams and reality combined, body responding to the pleasures of the mind. And all Blake could think of was how much he wanted that body, how much he wanted to slake the ravening thirst of his mouth on the salty whiteness that would erupt into him, as he took Avon inside and, devouring, made him Blake’s own...

He fed on his lust, fanning it with the fear that danced, shrieking, at the back of his mind, whilst his rationality tried to suffocate the desire, to force it back down to manageable levels where the caresses of imagination and hand would be enough to once more to keep the shackles from his feet. He drank his fill, every pore, every hair, every supple muscle locked away tight in the strong-box of his mind, fuel for his hand later, passport to control and thus, safety. For that was his only hope, that he could keep it to the mindless rutting of his body, a meaningless wank in the quiet secrecy of the night.

Avon’s lips parted, a sigh, as ethereal as the soul, bled from him and his hand firmed and gripped, even as his cock firmed and grew. He arched, slightly, easing into a more comfortable position, legs spread-eagled, the inner sanctum of his body on display, vulnerable as a waking Avon dared never be. And then, Avon’s lips parted once more, another fragment of his soul escaping him, a breath, a hint of truth so dangerous that only sleep could set it loose, a Pandora’s box in reverse. A name upon those lips, a name formed by lips that Blake had so desperately needed to kiss.

Blake. Avon breathed, no sound, only the shape of Blake upon his lips, as if he were sucking Blake inside himself, with only the shape of Blake to fill him. And seeing his name formed and framed, Blake was lost. Lust, that excuse of convenience, was not enough, nor even close to it. For all his words of bravado, for all his careful lies, was not enough to disguise the truth.

Love. God help him, he loved Avon. At least, as much as he feared that, he hoped it even more. For what would it make him if it were something other than love that drove him to this excess of possessiveness? What could it be, if not love, that hounded him like this, refusing to let Avon go, refusing to give Avon even the most minor of independences one would give a dog. Gods, gods, gods, he should have had Jenna come with him, not Avon. Should never have dared tracing this lead on Docholli with Avon at his side, not now, not when he was so frantic to get to Star One that he didn’t know if he were coming or going. His cock nuded him on cue, telling him that it knew whether they were coming or not. He touched himself, lumpy and almost unfamiliar behind the bulk of the heavy clothes he was wearing. If only he’d had Jenna come down with him, then it would be so nice and uncomplicated. All Jenna really wanted from him was a good fuck and a bit of affection now and again when the notion took her, but Avon... oh, Avon was another kettle of fish altogether.

He undid his clothes a little, just enough to be able to reach inside and soothe the fever of his skin with the surcease of his own cooler hand. Not that it worked, of course, his hand no cooler than the night, the heat just serving to make him even hotter, cock rigid and demanding in the palm of his hand, pulsing as hard and as fast as his heart. Love. What a dangerous word that was, when used in the same sentence as Avon. Still, he’d settle for love, for all Its pitfalls.

Better that, surely, than this nagging knowledge of corruption, of something inside going terribly, terribly wrong. The nagging doubts came back, chewing on his bones, tangling all the tendons of his neck until he was painfilled with tension. He remembered arguing with Avon, insisting that they leave a warning around Fosforon to warn travellers of the space plague. Quite clearly, as if it had only been this morning, he could recapture the sound of his voice telling Avon that he refused to be responsible for the billions of deaths that might just possibly happen if one of Servalan’s people somehow managed to get off Fosforon, could remember it so well. He simply could not, no matter how he tried, recapture the feeling of the moment, save for the licking of desire in his belly as he had stood there duelling with Avon. Being responsible for all those possible deaths... He
hadn’t wanted it, then, he knew that much, but he couldn’t quite find the same feeling of unity with the distant masses that he had had then. He had felt for them he knew that as surely as he knew his name, but the feeling was lost to him somewhere between disillusionment and failure. Yet he’d recapture it, he would. When he stood in Star One, when he stood with his hands on the control, he would feel the emotion that matched this intellectual certainty he had...he hoped.

But he wasn’t wrong, was he, to want to destroy the Federation? And everyone knew that sometimes, to save the patient, you had to cut out the disease so that the rest of the body could live. That’s all he was doing now, wasn’t it? Nothing more. Just doing what was best for everyone. The voice in the back of his head was very, very small, the barest zephyr of sound to whisper words that he didn’t want to hear, that told him of how much an inveigling pleasure it was to have command and control over the Universe. And how much that command and control was embodied in the man lying sleeping on the bed. If he could control Avon, if he could command Avon...

As went Avon, so went the Galaxy? Well, it would certainly appeal to Avon’s sense of importance. But if it were true, that Blake tried to contain the Universe in Avon, if it were true that Blake used Avon as a kind of litmus test, what did that say about Blake?

Nothing that Blake wanted to hear. Not a single thing. Not a single word he wanted said, in his mind or in his hearing. He shushed his conscience, palming it off with reassuring pats and platitudes, telling it that he wasn’t hunting Avon as a way of proving to himself that he was right about what he was doing in the larger scheme of things. Promised himself that he wasn’t after Avon to prove that as he knew best about this man, this representative of the human race, then he would surely know what was best for the rest of the human race. Promised himself that it really was love for Avon, just as it really was the purest humanitarian love that drove him to destroy Star One. It had to be done, after all. People had to be free. Free to make choices, free to live and love as they chose, not as dictated by the Federation and its puppets.

A sliver of sweat rained down his spine, making him shiver, refocussing him on where and when he was. He blinked, rapidly, clearing his vision and his mind, trying to re-establish his inner balance, something that seemed to be getting harder and harder, since that last bout of mind control the Federation had tried on him. Sometimes, if he didn’t quite listen, if he pretended his mind was busy elsewhere, he could still hear that high-pitched tonal whistle, just there, on the outskirts of his mind. Calling to him, it was, all the time, he thought, but it was so hard to tell, so hard to sort it out from under the burden of responsibility he felt to get to Star One before Travis or Servalan did. He rubbed at his ear, trying to make the faint whine disappear, but it took actually noticing Avon again to do that. Gods, but the man was beautiful! Just look at him lying there, so naked and vulnerable and strong, muscles firming out his skin, milk-white skin in such glorious contrast to black hair. Here, in the storm-lit night, all of Avon looked either white or black, save for the blood-flushed rosiness of his cock.

Blake wanted that cock in his mouth with a sudden, fierce desperation that shocked him, making him stumble a step forward, toward the forbidden heaven that lay on the bed. He barked his shins on the chest at the bottom of the bed, a shimmer of dust rising from the intricate and lewd carvings, giving him even more ideas of what, precisely, he could do to Avon. Or have Avon do to him. Oh, gods, yes! his body screamed at him, cock rising so hard and hungry that he just had to touch himself, couldn’t not, couldn’t stop. As for walking out from here, walking away from Avon—easier for the stars to stop. He licked his lips, thinking about licking Avon’s cock, tasting the salt of his own sweat, imagining the salt of Avon’s cum. Trousers undone now, beginning their slow slide down his hips, slithering down his skin with a whisper so akin to skin on skin that he heard his own groan before he knew he was going to make it. His right hand was milking his cock, his left smoothing the arch of his own buttocks, wishing, wishing, that it was Avon he was touching, that it was Avon responding with such frantic desire to the touch of his hands.
But it wasn't, was it? It was only himself, all alone in his fantasy, with Avon lying oblivious in dreams, unknowing and uncaring that Blake was dreaming awake of him. And if he were to awaken Avon? If he were to awaken Avon with the traditional kiss so beloved of fairy tales? He'd have his head in his hands to play with, that's what. Avon would kill him, no doubt about that, for daring to take advantage of him.

But... Look at Avon, lying there, yes, but actually look at him. Naked in the heat, tiny faint flush of arousal blooming on his chest, dapple of sweat in the intermittent light, dark thatch of hair cradling a cock that was long and sweet and hard. Hard. With Avon's hand nestled near by, with Avon's eyelids flickering with his dream, whilst Avon's body pleasured itself as his mind did.

And he had mouthed a name. Blake. He had mouthed Blake's own name and what could that mean, but that he was dreaming of Blake, but that he was loving Blake? Gods, Avon wanted him as much as he lusted after Avon. As for the love...well, no-one could tell by looking how Blake felt about Avon, so why should he expect to know how Avon felt? How indeed? But Avon had mouthed his name... Avon wanted him. Blake pulled his shirt open, his aching nipples needing touching, needing the feel of a hand on them and he stroked his nipples with the same rhythm he stroked his cock. With the same rhythm he wanted to stroke inside Avon, loving him so gently, fucking him so sweetly.

Avon had said his name. The knowledge was intoxicating, driving reason from him. Another low tremor of thunder, and Avon shifted, marginally, the annoyance of the weather disturbing him a little. The very tip of his ring finger brushed the very tip of his cock, causing him to smile with a lust so sweet that Blake wanted to fuck him right now. So why not? Why not give them both what they wanted? Oh, all right, he conceded, so Avon might very well protest a little at first—who wouldn't, after being woken from a deep and obviously pleasant dream? But once he realised what was going on, what Blake was doing to him... It wasn't often a man got what he wanted, not in this life, most particularly not for them. Avon would, in the end, thank him. And just think, it would end the loneliness for both of them. It would bring them both some happiness, would take this hollow coldness out of both of them.

And it would prove Blake right. After the protests for form's sake, Avon would settle down, would welcome him. Would give him his due, would open his heart and his legs to Blake. Would let them start all over again, from the beginning, but make it better, better than it had ever been before. Yes. Oh, yes, Avon would thank him in the end.

Carefully silent, Blake climbed over the chest, his knee barely indenting the resiliency of the bed, the movements so small that Avon didn't surface from the depths of his dreams, stirring no more than he had when the thunder had gravelled around him. Clothes draped over him, chest and belly and groin exposed, shirt-tails soothing softly over his arse, Blake crawled up the bed, until he was arched over Avon like a bower, his body straining to touch, his hands trembling with the effort to contain his passion. He wanted to say Avon's name, wanted to wake him and have Avon smile up at him. Wanted so much for Avon to accept him willingly, with a desire to match Blake's own. Wanted so much for it to be all right.

Wanted so much to be right.

Another slash of lightning, and later, from long, long away, the cymbal of thunder, the storm departing with the same childish haste it had raced in on. The rain was beginning now, a patter here, a splat there, then the cascade, the torrent falling in sheets, a bright rush of sound, liquid and soft and hard all at once, enveloping them in the musical cacophony, cutting Blake off from the world.

Avon's eyes opened, all of a sudden, all of a brightness, no second of disorientation revealed, as if he had expected nothing more than to wake in the lateness of the evening to find Blake leaning over him. But then, as Blake thought, staring into the well-known and better-loved brown eyes, perhaps that was nothing more than the truth. Who knew what dreams went on in the sanctum sanctorum of Avon's mind. Who knew what they had been doing in the comfortably dark
warmness of Avon’s mind. Making love, obviously, going by the erection that had inspired his own. Making love, with Avon, he mused, and found himself with a fond smile on his face, betraying him to the man under him. But then, as he reminded himself, one could only be betrayed to an enemy. To a friend, to a lover, one could only be revealed. And he felt no anguish at that, at the being laid wide open for Avon to see and read what he would. It was, in fact, rather giddy, to be this vulnerable, this honest with Avon, of all people. To make love with him...

He leaned down, very, very slowly, his lips parting slightly, his breath coming lightly, preceding him, laying down claim markers for what he was going to take. His mouth touched Avon’s, briefly, oh so briefly, the scantest of caresses, the deepest of promises, all the love of which he was capable shown by the very sweetness of his kiss. He drew back a little, to look in Avon’s eyes, but those dark brown eyes were closed, eyelids shuttering them away from him, but Avon’s mouth was open, Avon’s face was vulnerable, begging Blake to continue the soft loving that had obviously made his dreaming so honeyed. He lowered himself a little again, until his body lay upon Avon, joining them hip and chest, their hearts beating together, each one racing the other, whilst their breath leaped and trembled through them. Blake kissed Avon again, his lips and tongue silken upon Avon, moistness mingling as they kissed and kissed, Avon responding as slowly as a man still asleep. But then, and the thought made Blake smile against Avon’s mouth, poor Avon quite possibly thought he still was dreaming of the lover he had never dared ask for, dreaming of the man who made him so hard, saying the name in his sleep. Gods, Avon had said his name! To think that Avon belonged to him so much that he even dreamed about him, when all the barriers were down, when the core of who and what Avon was governed him, to think that then was when Avon had said his name! He had been right, he knew, feeling Avon’s body quicken under his, muscles rippling, mouth kissing him back with frantic fervour. He had been right all along...

And then Avon bit him. Then Avon’s hands came to life, gripping Blake’s upper arms, fingers biting into him as Avon’s teeth bit into his lower lip. Gasping, he drew back, shock covering his face like the rain blanketing the night-dark window, pulling away from this sudden sharpness that was Avon. He opened his mouth to speak, and found it filled not with words, but with Avon’s tongue, a tongue that pushed into his mouth, taking over, delivering pleasure with a ruthlessness that jolted him all the way to the tip of his cock. Avon’s hands released him, his arms tingling where Avon’s grip had begun to bruise, the blood rushing to pool under the surface to form Avon’s mark on him. A second, and then there was a scream in his throat as Avon’s hands clamped down on his arse, wrenching his cheeks apart, the caress of the night air as severe as a blow. The strength in those hands was almost frightening, the power seductive. Avon was surging up under him, thrusting at him, his cock sharp and hard in Blake’s belly, fucking him as if to go straight through the skin to his heart. There were animal growls in his mind, or in his mouth, he didn’t know which, all of him topsy-turvy and inside-out, all his preconceptions tangled like knitting, the skein of his nerves tied in knots of pleasure. Avon’s hands left him, letting the air chill his skin, until those same hands came down on him in cracking heat, Blake’s back arching with the unexpected joy of the pain that burnt through him, singing through his blood. My god, he had time to think, what’s he doing to me? I’ve never been like this, I’ve never wanted this, my god, don’t ever let him stop...

And he was shifted, moved as if he were nothing more than a lump of flesh put there for Avon’s amusement; then he was across Avon’s knees, and brusque hands were grabbing his cock and shoving it down between Avon’s legs, to press there so hard and hungry against Avon’s cock. Strong thighs clamped shut, trapping them there together, and when Avon’s hand came down upon his arse again, he was thrust, achingly, against Avon’s cock, with the hair of Avon’s balls tantalising him with a delicate pleasure that was exquisite counterpoint to the sharp pain that was
becoming ecstasy on his rump. It occurred to him that he should fight, that he should stop Avon from doing this, that he should insist that they share and share alike, that they should go for more conventional pleasures, that they should make love. 

Ah, but there it was in a nutshell. Make love? When they loved hating each other and hated loving each other? When everything they had was based on the endless, ceaseless fulcrum of power? Why should they do anything so simple as make love when they couldn’t even have a conversation that was anything less than a mine-strewn maze? He conceded, sinking into the illicit sensuousness of Avon’s game, of Avon’s power, of Avon’s cleverness in knowing so well what Blake wanted, even when Blake himself hadn’t known. So why should he bother with surprise? He had always known how clever Avon was. His cheeks were spread, and he felt the impertinence of a thumb playing over him, teasing his arsehole, making him arch suddenly, breathlessly, up to meet the guerrilla that refused to strike. He wanted this, oh fuck, fuck, fuck, I want you, Avon, do it, go on, fuck me, get inside me, go on, go on... But he didn’t say it. Avon’s thumb plunged into his arse, dry and burning and hurting, and Avon’s other thumb plunged into his mouth, wet and cool and ecstatic. He sucked on that thumb, like a child at his mother, while he whimpered with the pain that was filling his rear. Those clever hands knew what they were doing, plundering him arrhythmically, never letting him predict what was going to happen next. He almost wept when Avon withdrew from him, but his head was thrust down until he was drowning in the pillow and his arse was being set on fire by a flurry of blows that went slapping and cracking through the room, the sound ricocheting off the softness of the rain. It was childhood all over again, his own or someone else’s, himself under a man’s hands, or someone else under his, he couldn’t tell. But this took him back, this reminded him of sweet sin and deviant delight. He was on the verge of begging, on the very tip of yielding, giving himself over to Avon. He could feel Avon’s power, could feel Avon’s glee at having Blake so thoroughly subdued, could feel Avon’s anticipation of Blake’s surrender.

Well, he couldn’t have it. The rebelliousness in him was too strong, too untamed to submit to any form of control, an abrupt kick of his will clearing his mind for him. Oh, he’d give his body over to anything Avon damned-well chose, but he’d keep his spirit. Didn’t they say that the submissive one was the one truly in control? The one truly with the power? Yes, he’d say that. Avon would, too, by the time he was finished with him. They’d just see who would pull back first. He groaned, deep in his throat, writhing in blatant delight under Avon’s punishing slaps. And it was a punishment Blake had no idea he craved until he got it. It was invigorating, uplifting, to feel this pain, to feel it transmute into pleasure, as all his failures and sins were taken away by the clever knowingness of those hands. He spread his legs more, exposing his vulnerability, silently daring Avon to go that far.

He almost came when that hand slammed into him, pain shooting through his body and almost right out of his cock. The palm of Avon’s hand was centred sure and hard on his arsehole, sending the nerves there into a spasm of ecstasy, while his balls ached delightfully in the aftermath of Avon’s fingers. Gods, he had no idea sex could be like this. Had no idea that Avon could be like this. But he had known he himself was like this. Avon was the gatesman, throwing open the closed doors, hauling up the portcullis, casting light upon the dusty corners where Blake’s dreams lived. He had dreamt this before—or perhaps done it, erst the Federation had thiefed his memories from him—had dreamt this whilst he hadn’t dared it. Clever, clever Avon to make his dreams real. He would thank him, later, perhaps, if he could ever find his tongue again. Abruptly, he was tossed onto his back, the pillow shoved under his neck, Avon’s cock rammed into his mouth. He opened up, taking the hardness inside, sucking it, plying his tongue on it, tasting Avon. Hands were in his hair, pulling his head up, Avon fucking his face harder and harder, not letting Blake breathe, not letting Blake pull back. He was choking, choking, and Avon wouldn’t stop and he couldn’t
breathe and gods this was fantastic. He tried to take even more in, but his nose was already buried in the coarseness of pubic hair, Avon’s balls slapping his chin, getting wet with Blake’s sucking of his cock. There wasn’t a sound coming from Avon, apart from the rasp of breath and the wetness of his cock thrusting in and out of Blake’s mouth. With an aggressive surge of hunger, Blake wanted to break that silence, to rend that control like so much tissue, ripping Avon open as surely as Avon was ripping him.

He set to with a will, using every skill that had supposedly been lost with his memory, sucking and licking Avon voraciously. And then he bit Avon, as Avon had bitten him. There was utter silence for a moment, not even the sound of a breath or a heartbeat, and then he heard Avon’s lush groan, and the hands in his hair tightened convulsively as Avon’s secret was set free. Blake bit him again, just enough to deliver the soupçon of pain that would be poignant perfection. Avon shuddering in his mouth with the pleasure of it; then Blake was left hollow, as Avon withdrew, shaking hands upon his body, turning him, moving him, taking away all hint of autonomy. He stiffened, silently protesting the change, silently refusing Avon this power over him. And he was hit again, and the pleasure took his underpinnings from him, leaving him as solid as a house built on sand. He shifted, pushing back, pushing away from Avon, but the hands on him were stronger than he expected them to be. Face hidden away, he grinned with elation whilst his body challenged Avon to go that bit farther, to push their limits that bit closer to the edge. He locked himself rigid so that Avon couldn’t maneuver him, but oh, how Blake could manipulate Avon. If he couldn’t have the banal simplicity of lovemaking, then he’d have all the complexity that was in Avon. He’d force the man to face parts of himself that were better left buried, parts that would shake his foundations, even as Avon was undermining Blake. But that was how one reached the truth, that was how one learned to trust, to look beyond oneself. Yes, he’d show Avon, teach them both how to reach out. Give them both back the feelings that had been beaten from them by the Servalans and Travises of this universe.

When Avon reached for Blake’s arse, Blake clenched himself shut, forcing Avon to push harder, to force Blake to do what Avon needed him to do. He recognised, in that moment of defiance, what they were both doing: Avon living the fantasy of committing rape, and he himself living the fantasy of being raped, of having all the responsibilities taken from off his shoulders. To be free of all moral duty, to be free from making justifications and excuses for what he wanted or did. To put it all on Avon’s amoral back, let him carry it. For what negativity could there be for Avon? They both knew that if Blake seriously wanted this whole thing to stop, then all he would have to do is fight him and it would be over, leaving them slightly bruised and battered perhaps, but it would be over. This, he thought, as Avon hauled and pulled at him, grabbing him by the wrist, twisting his arm up behind his back in vicious immobility, was really quite perfect. To be raped by the man he had chosen to take him, to rape by forcing Avon to do what Blake himself wanted.

He allowed himself a sigh, careful to make it sound like a moan of pain, squirming when Avon’s hand reached for his cock—after all, it simply would not do for Avon to find out just how turned on Blake was, now would it? The fantasy would be destroyed then, rent asunder by the intrusion of reality. And that was the last thing Blake wanted. He twisted aside again, when he felt Avon’s wet fingers try to probe him, laughing to himself at the groan of combined fury and frustration he won from Avon. Oh, good, Avon was getting as taut-strung as a violin and his hands were shaking as they forcibly subdued Blake. Again, a wet finger came to open Blake, and again Blake fought, forcing Avon to renew his punishing grip on Blake’s arse. Go on, Blake willed him, you know what you have to do. You’ve no choice left, my Kerr, but to do it, unless you want to rub yourself raw. You need me wet, Kerr, so go on, do it. I’ll let you rape me if you do...

As if he had heard, Avon did it, his tongue shockingly hot and wet on Blake’s arsehole, the limber strength plunging into him, wet-
ting him, making him tremble all over as he was penetrated, as the violation began with Avon’s submission. He pushed back, arse muscles relaxing, Avon’s tongue going deeper, making Blake wet enough that Avon could enter him without causing himself agony. But Blake wasn’t going to let him off without some pain, oh, no, not that. So when the tongue eased free, when the last biting kiss left him, when the daunting bulk of Avon’s cock pressed at his arse, Blake tightened up, making Avon work for it, making himself work and suffer for it. It hurt, the pain bringing tears to his eyes, even as it turned him into a conflagration of pleasure. He could feel Avon’s fury, could feel the way Avon was struggling to push in. Could feel all the battling that would convince Avon later, when sanity had calmed the rutting fever, that Avon had raped him.

When actually, Blake smiled to himself, his teeth bared on the skin of his forearm, teeth tugging at the tiny hairs, a pain to mitigate the pain in his arse, a pain to add to the pleasure, it’s the opposite way round, isn’t it, my poor Kerr? You think you’re the one, you think you’re the only one who chooses to follow instead of being led by the nose. Well, let me tell you, Kerr fucking Avon, you’re led by your cock, aren’t you? Just listen to you, huffing and puffing over me. I bet if I could see your face now, you wouldn’t be the super-cool Alpha élite, would you? Animal rutting, bestial lust, that’s what I’ve reduced you to. You want me so badly, you’ll do anything it takes to have me. Including rape, and you know what a weapon that is against you, don’t you? You and your pecul-

iar set of ethics. You’ll hate yourself for getting out of control like this, won’t you? Oh, but feel how sweetly you slide inside me. I can feel every detail of you, did you know that? I can feel your balls banging into mine, god, but that’s fantastic. And I can feel your hair on my arse, and your belly against my back. I can hear you breathing and I can feel it. Can feel you all the way inside me, touching me, just there, oh, gods, that’s fucking fantastic, yesss, just there, like that. Want that, Kerr, but I’m going to struggle, because it’s better that way. You’ll never be able to leave me after this. I own you now, because you think you’ve just dominated me, but I’m the one who calls the shots. I’m the one who decided what I wanted, aren’t I? And you’ll feel so guilty for raping me, won’t you? I’ll use that, to set you free. No need for you to be so cold and distant. Not with me. Ooh, yesss, do that again, oh, do that again. Let me feel you fuck me all the way to my soul, yesss, like that, like that...

He lost all semblance of thought, awash in the sensations, asea in the strength of the man over him and in him. He was moving in perfect harmony with Avon, voices and bod-

ies commingling, breath harsh and united, sweat rubbing off, one to the other. Avon was thrusting into him, hard and harder, long strokes giving way to shorter ones, rhythm failing him, until he arched, perfectly still, as deep inside Blake as he could ever be. Then he was moving again, shudderingly deep thrusts, Blake drinking him in, devouring him as he had wanted to from the start, absorbing him until they were one. Avon’s weight was heavy on Blake’s back, Avon’s cock heavy inside him, his own balls tight and full, his cock seeping, quivering on the verge of orgasm. A quick blur of his hands, knuckles white, fingers taut, and he was there, cum spurring from him, his seed spent in Avon’s bed.

He pushed Avon off, smiling inwardly, arranging his features in an outward ex-

pression of righteous outrage. And was met with a look of such contemptuous compre-

hension that all the words died unborn. Avon lay back on the bed, his cock reddened from its punishing pillaging of Blake’s body, his eyes heavy and lustrous with satiation. And amusement.

Oh, gods, Blake thought, he knows. The bastard knows...

No. The bastard thinks he knows, the bastard hopes he knows. I’ll show him, I’ll prove to him...

And Avon half-laughed, shook his head and turned his back on Blake, pulling the sheet up over his shoulder as if the night had been devoid of anything but solitude. Astounded, Blake knelt behind him, shut out so completely that the fury came upon him out of nowhere. He grabbed Avon, pulling him
over, only to meet eyes that knew, everything, more than Blake did, more than Blake wanted to. Eyes that dared Blake to turn the tacit fantasy into bitter reality. Eyes that Blake didn’t care to meet.

Truths that Blake didn’t care to meet.

Truths that didn’t bear thinking about.

Trust Avon to ruin everything. Trust Avon not to see the truth the way he was meant to. Trust Avon, he told himself, consigning truth and fairness to the corner of his mind populated by nothing but ghosts and guilts, trust Avon to make it all so difficult. Well, he’d show Avon. If Avon could understand about love, if Avon couldn’t reach out after sex, then, well, he’d just have to show him elsewhere, wouldn’t he? And where better than Star One? Avon thought him a fool for even pursuing Docholi, never mind destroying Star One. Let him wait, let him wait. He’d show him. He’d show him that Avon had been wrong about Star One. He’d show Avon he’d been wrong about love. Yes. He’d show him.

He got to his feet, gathering up clothes that had come off in the heat of the moment, fastening clothes that had clung to his skin while he’d been otherwise occupied. Avon was still lying in the bed, his back to Blake, exuding mocking contempt. Blake stared at him for a moment, thinking of how different it would be, when they stood together after Star One and saw how much better off the Universe was. And when they saw how right Blake had been.

Without a backward glance, he left the room, going to his own, and his own plans. He’d show Avon.

And how very sweet revenge would be, when served piping hot and panting. Oh, yes, he’d show Avon…