All was black, save for the pale gleamings of light: feet, face, hands, cock. Even the pallor was infected by the blackness, dark eyes in an untanned face, black hair at his cock, the shadows his erection cast over his white hands. Minimal movement, the stillness of a cat waiting for its prey.

Blake stared at him, every word used up, defiance an ebbing ache in his soul. His own defeat welling, pain burning into him, muscles cramping with the effort, yet he knelt there, and held his head high. Spine arching with the strain, groin thrust forward by the aching in his back, his weakness spotlighted by the single bulb that cast only the meanest glow of light onto Avon. It might have been the one thing that joined them, but it was merest background, another means to an end, the method by which Avon bound Blake to him by the darkness of his gaze.

The pain flared brighter, Blake’s breath hissing on the upsurge, throat unable to contain the faint groan as the cramp passed. Agony threatened, his will no match for his body’s incessant, howling needs. His face twisted, briefly, the spasm of pain matched by the involuntary twitch at his groin. The pain flew through him again, threatening to burst him into a million shards of humiliation, and he bit down on his cry of pain, a whimper bleeding from him instead.

And Avon smiled. He took a glass from the table at his side, a sparkle catching on the crystal as he brought it into the circle of light, his throat rippling as he swallowed, his movements unhurried, calculated, as he put the glass back out of the way. Slowly, with languid pleasure, he stroked himself,

**PERVERSION**  
—act of overturning, of turning away from the right course; means of attaining sexual gratification that is considered abnormal or unnatural; seduction, corruption. A companion piece to Virtual Reality, this is one scene, one part of the video disc that so drives Sebastian’s tale, the electronic creation that tempts the reader but is only seen in barest glimpses. E-Male may be read independently, but its context will not be fully appreciated without having first completed Virtual Reality.

**E-MALE**  
**M. FAE G L A S G O W**
hands encountering the suppleness of leather and the silkiness of skin, the hard edge of clothing and the harder edge of arousal, his cock thick and heavy in his hands. Hands very white against the black leather, he splayed his fingers, there, and there, just so to frame his cock which stood, prouder yet than Blake, and pulsed, once, twice, the upswelling matching the visible agonies on Blake’s face.

Blake shifted, his shoulders strained backwards by the thin leather strips that caught his wrists so tightly behind his back, his hands with nowhere to rest but upon the cleft of his buttocks. He shivered, not from the other pain, but from what Avon had threatened to do. Fingers flexing, he glanced, quickly, at Avon’s hands, trying not to see the rapacious erection, measuring instead the size of Avon’s hands. Avon’s words slithered coldly through his mind, making him swallow, making him wish for mere rape. Abruptly, another shaft of pain pierced him, and the first drops fell. Defeat, then, was imminent, his humiliation guaranteed.

Avon smiled, again. His hands left his arching cock, moved slowly instead to remove the blackness from his body, until he was all pale light with only shadings of darkness: eyes, chest, groin. He dappled his fingers across his body, following the pattern of hair, from right nipple to left, pausing to tease each one, then sliding slowly down the narrow ripple of hair to his crotch, skimming past his cock, dragging his fingers through the fine hair on his inner thighs, then upwards again, his hands tugging, ungently, on his nipples, pulling them out from his body, making the small peaks red and swollen.

Transfixed, desperate enough for distraction that he would stare at Avon making love to himself, Blake forced himself not to look away. The throb of pain was almost distant now, a sawing ache that churned deep in his belly, but better, oh, better by far than what Avon had in mind for him. Involuntarily, he shifted again, threatened by the simple memory of Avon’s cold voice caressing his skin as his hands had been pulled so painfully behind him and locked away, as useless as the rest of his strength. His glance flickered sideways, to where the barest hint of shape was visible: Avon’s gun rested there, an instant away from those terrifying hands. That had been another of Avon’s little promises: death, delivered from inside his own body. Another shiver, and another spasm threatening to unman him, another grimace of pain.

Avon did not smile. He spread his legs, fingers dipping in between his thighs, pressing under until Blake could see Avon’s fingertip disappearing into his anus. Blake shuddered, looked away: and then Avon smiled. A small tub of clear gel was beside him, and he used it, fingers glistening in the light, the small bud of his rectum gleaming, morbid horror making Blake stare. Avon twisted, one leg hooked over one arm, the other hand free to press two, then three fingers into his open hole. All the while, he stared at Blake, his silence resonating with his promise to possess Blake, to take him in the greatest act of trust possible to a man. Slowly, he allowed his fingers to slide free of his own body, and settled himself once more, the viscid gel from his hands sliding wetly along the length of his cock. He was getting close, could feel orgasm building sweetly, his balls rising up tight and hot against the base of his cock. He stroked them, lightly, shivering as the delicate pleasure trembled through his nerves, his heart thudding with anticipation, Blake’s debasement unfolding before his ravenous eyes.

Blake was breathing more heavily than Avon, his lips parted, mouth gasping in air, bitterness filling his eyes as Avon—mocking or moved, Blake neither knew nor cared—copied him; every gasp and moan made in pain echoed from Avon in pleasure. Even biting the inside of his mouth didn’t help, physical pain being the least of it now, even that great agony overwhelmed by the mental anguish of losing control of himself, here, in front of Avon, the one man he dared show no weakness. But his body was only human, no matter what his will called itself, and time and nature were conspiring against him. Another drop caught the light, shining brightly as it dripped, demeaningly, from his body. An instant away from those terrifying hands. That had been another of Avon’s little promises: death, delivered from inside his own body. Another shiver, and another spasm threatening to unman him, another grimace of pain.

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to add that to Avon’s pleasure. Face set, implacable with a false pride, he knelt there at Avon’s feet, piss pouring from him, acid burning his cock as it came from him in gushes.

Avon’s lips were pulled back from his teeth, feral pleasure pulsing through him. One hand, white-knuckled, blurred on his cock, the other tugged on his balls, pulling them lower, defraying the imminent press of orgasm. His hands slowed, moved away from his rigid cock, the reddened flesh stark against the whiteness of his belly. With measured tread, he diminished the small distance between himself and Blake, slow-motion approach of his blindly seeking cock coming ever closer from Blake’s clenched face. He stopped, the tip of his cock against Blake’s determinedly closed lips, the pulse of his desire brushing him against Blake’s mouth, the knowledge of what he was about to do written large upon Blake’s hollowed visage.

Almost casually, Avon stepped back, crouching down, his hand unexpectedly gentle as it lingered on its way down Blake’s belly to the softness of his cock and the last spattering bursts of fluid. He held Blake’s cock, letting the piss run over his fingers, caressing Blake all the while, his affectionate sharing of this a worse debasement for Blake than the wetting himself had been. Stoic, he stared off over Avon’s shoulder, distancing himself from the humiliation Avon was using his own body to mete out to him. As the final drops slid from his cock, Avon stroked it, his hands wet with Blake’s own piss, rubbing him until heat and friction had dried the last traces away. And until tears threatened Blake at this, what surely had to be the worst betrayal of all: his body’s mindless stirrings of response. Faint, yes, but unmistakable, and there for Avon, cruel and beautiful Avon, to see.

Under Avon’s tender hands, his cock was slowly lengthening, still merely tumescent, but separate from him, against his will. He did not look down, did not look at Avon, but found some limbo to stare at. Until the cold touch of a blade shocked him, his panicked glance meeting Avon’s superior pleasure. Blake looked down then, at the sharp tip of the knife that hovered, menacingly, just under the head of his cock. The blade circled him, never drawing blood, never doing more than whisper against his shrivelled flesh. Under him now, where the flange cast its shadow and the frenum kept its foreskin tight against the shaft of his cock, the blade lingered there, toying with him, Avon’s other hand coming up to stretch Blake’s foreskin out, pulling it painfully over and beyond the head of his cock. With only the very tip touching, Avon pressed the point of the blade down. Blake’s eyes closed in horror, expecting the worst. A tiny dot of pain, and then the flat side of the knife was being caressed along his cock. Avon stroked the palm of his hand down the side of Blake’s face, eyes afire as he watched Blake lower his head and look, downwards, to see the relief of a single drop of blood slowly drying on the skin of his cock.

The blade smoothed a path up Blake’s stomach, stopping at the tiny peak of nipple. Avon turned the knife again, rekindling Blake’s panic as the razor edge threatened him there. And all the while, Avon’s other hand caressed Blake’s face gently. Small kisses were dropped upon Blake’s skin, as Avon knelt in front of Blake, sucking on one nipple while he held the flat of the blade against the other, the metal no longer cold, warmed by Blake’s body itself. A hint of relief as Blake realised that this was yet more of Avon toying with him, another hors-d’œuvre before the main course Avon had promised for himself and threatened Blake with. The knife was thrown aside, too far away for Blake to hope to reach it, but that mattered less than it being gone, one less temptation for Avon to yield to. Blake sighed then—and arched, crying out, as Avon’s sharp teeth fastened on him, biting hard against his nipple, pain screeching through him.

With the blush of Blake’s blood on his lips, Avon smiled.

Blake pulled at his restraints, even though his mind told him it was useless. The pain in his chest coruscated, blinding him almost as much as his fear. He struggled, twisting and turning, whilst Avon, impassive, rose to his feet and stood there, watching. Less than a minute, and Blake wrested himself back under control, his breath heaving in his chest under the singing pain. A hard stare at Avon, and then he looked down, relief flooding his face as he saw that he had merely been bitten not disfigured. A small smear of blood beaded his skin, and he flinched
when Avon reached down, wiped it off with a single finger.

Standing over the kneeling Blake, Avon brought his finger to his mouth, and licked Blake’s blood from his hands. A graceful movement, the long lines of his back and legs limned in light, the high curve of his buttocks sheer perfection as he stepped out of Blake’s field of vision and into the darkness beyond. A sound, and then Avon was once more in front of him, taunting Blake with his indifferent calm, taking the time to have a long drink of clear liquid, the classic symbol of every Inquisitor and tormentor to every prisoner in history. For a moment, Blake was alone again in the light, and then Avon was in front of him, and Avon’s cock was pressing at his mouth. Quite casually and with supreme confidence, Avon reached down with both hands, one pressing at the hinge of Blake’s jaw, the other pinching his nose shut. Furious with helplessness, Blake struggled for an instant, and then his mouth was open, and overfilled with Avon’s erection, cock thrusting past his teeth, past his tongue, down into his throat. He tried to breathe in, got little but the musk of Avon’s groin, pubic hair pressed against his nose, Avon’s balls, faintly damp with gel, clinging to Blake’s chin. Blake couldn’t move, hands tied behind his back, head clamped in place by Avon’s strong hands, his world filled with Avon’s cock suffocating him. Then a movement, a blessed moment of air, and then it was back, thrusting into him, a rapacious hardness demanding satisfaction. With a skill born of the desperation to get this over and done with, Blake sucked as much as he could, moving his tongue, redoubling his efforts as Avon bucked into him when Blake scraped the burgeoning cock with his teeth. Avon’s breath was loud, Blake’s louder, made rhythmic by Avon thrusting into him, Avon’s hands painfully hard as they held Blake steady, a haven for Avon’s need. A roaring shout, and Blake was pulled in tight against Avon’s belly, the cock in his mouth pulsing as semen spurted hotly down his throat, Avon thrusting even deeper as orgasm claimed him.

Blake was choking, unable to breathe, begging with wordless whimpers, survival defeating pride. The cock in his mouth softened, Avon easing back slightly, far enough for Blake to breathe but not so far that Blake could look up to see the bitter ache in Avon’s eyes.

Avon’s hands were treacherously tender as they smoothed Blake’s curls back off his forehead, and again, when they touched the damp circle of Blake’s mouth around his cock. The complexities of his own response were no surprise to Avon, but he did not want them showing on his face. He frowned, erasing all traces of any other emotion that might have been lurking there, but still, his hands were gentle as they explored Blake’s flesh, the skin under his fingers soft, the paleness inviting Avon’s mark upon it.

Later, he would do that. Later. For now, there were still pleasures to be had, and then, there were pleasures to be forced. He withdrew his cock from Blake’s mouth, thrust his fingers in there instead, all four fingers jammed in at once. Oh, yes, there were pleasures to be had later, no matter how much Blake might refuse them at first; that would be the ultimate defeat and the ultimate trust. His cock twitched hopefully then subsided, his body too sated to respond to the titillations of his mind. His cock twitched again, but the reason was a very different sort of pleasure.

Blake gasped in relief as the fingers left his mouth, another layer of horror to build upon the foundations Avon had already laid. He knew, now, the measure of Avon’s hands and his bones weakened at the thought of what Avon intended for him later. Anything was better than that, any humiliation a joy compared to the fear of yielding his body to such an invasion, to such total vulnerability, literally at the hands of another man. He sat back on his haunches then, and looked up at Avon, meeting the other man’s gaze with a levelness that belied their positions. Blake would not cower, would meet this with pride, albeit dumb, for he did not dare trust his voice any more than he dared trust Avon after this.

With meticulous care, Avon reached down and opened Blake’s mouth again, the only resistance this time the defiant glower in Blake’s eyes. Cock soft and flaccid, it fitted easily inside Blake’s mouth, teeth neither threat nor challenge, Blake’s outward passivity a tacit, defiant claim that no matter what Avon did to his body, Blake himself would be untouched by it all. Avon stepped back a fraction, tilted Blake’s head to
the precise angle, the tip of his cock in Blake’s mouth, Blake staring up at him in silent rebellion. Avon gazed down at the other man, waiting, a flutter of anticipation going through him. A familiar sensation, and Blake’s shocked surprise. Avon’s hands were ready, holding Blake immobile, Blake’s instinctive struggle completely in vain, only the smallest trickle escaping to run from the corner of his mouth, down his chin and on to his chest. Blake’s face mirrored his every emotion, his deepest degradation, his utter humiliation.

And Avon smiled, a brief flicker of emotional ecstasy as he emptied himself into Blake. As he poured himself into Blake, he held the other man’s gaze, held him to the last, forcing another forever-secret bond between them, forging another link in the twisted chain that bound them.

Finished at last, he wiped his cock on Blake’s fiercely-closed lips, a single drop lingering like a kiss. Blake’s glower was contemptuous on his back, but Avon was undisturbed: before the glare had concealed them, Avon had seen other, more complicated emotions toiling behind Blake’s eyes. Progress, it seemed, was being made, step by slow step, Blake’s indomitable spirit proving that even it could be compromised, if never fully defeated.

Blake refused to let it show, but the very stillness of his face gave hint of his tense fear as Avon walked towards him, a brimming glass in his left hand. Right-handed, Avon reached down, unmoved by the unwilling pleading in Blake’s eyes. Quite delicately, using only his thumb and forefinger, he pinched Blake’s nose shut; waited patiently until even Blake would give in and breathe. He permitted one great, gulping breath, and then he tipped the glass, the water pouring into Blake as Avon’s piss had just done, as Blake’s piss had poured out from him. The fury in Blake’s eyes melted into Avon, and his face softened at Blake’s useless courage, defiance no longer anything but a fond delusion.

Still spluttering from the water, half choked, Blake opened his mouth to give vent to his outrage. And found it stoppered, a leather strap being deftly tied around his head, some sort of circular tube forcing his teeth apart and his mouth endlessly open. His eyes widened, following as Avon walked away from him, across the room, almost into the darkness again. Stared, in ever rising despair, as Avon neatly redressed and tidied the unseen table, one thing clinking against something else. Blake strained to keep Avon in sight, but couldn’t, deprived of everything but the sound of Avon moving, and then, intimidatingly, the sound of water running. Avon once more, the light gilding his dark beauty, the tall glass scintillating in his hand, until it too was placed on the table with all the rest of Avon’s toys.

Preparations complete, Avon reseated himself on the low reclining chair, his hands stroking his cock gently through the tensile skin of leather. He stared at Blake, holding the other man to him with the darkness of his gaze, and this time, Blake’s resistance lasted a minimal moment less. All in black, save for the whiteness of his feet, his hands, and his face, Avon watched Blake, and waited.

The sound of clothing unfastening was loud, startling Blake into moving, setting the cramps in his arms off like alarms, and reminding him of the heaviness in his belly. He winced, shifted, tried to ease his pains. Avon’s light hands reached within the darkness of his trousers, and brought his cock out, the pale skin caressed by the dim glow that bled from the brightness flooding Blake. Hands moved slowly, slowly rising cock held tight in a handmade fist. Blake stared, and swallowed, and tried not to think about Avon’s glistening threat.

It began all over again.

And Avon smiled.