DESPITE HIS REDOLENT PAST, EVEN AVON HAD SOMETHING HE’D NEVER DONE. Yet, the seductive thought licked at his mind, yet. Tonight, ah, tonight… Arrogance dripping from him, he strode from his Liberator cabin, defying anyone to see him on the way to the teleport. Of course, with Avon in a mood like that, not even Fate dared argue. Not with him.

The street upon which he coalesced in light was filled with dark, with only the light from the dim, recessed glows that blushed shyly from the extremities of buildings, as if the lamps themselves were ashamed of their home and were apologising for casting even such a modicum of illumination upon the tarnished scene. Once, perhaps, it had been a pleasant street, but what remained levelled uncouth aspersions on such follyfilled rememberances, lumbering up into the night with tattered machismo, old warehouses battered beyond the realms acceptable even for such as those. People lived here still, but they were not the type to call attention to themselves, scurrying away, ratlike, as Avon’s footsteps echoed amongst them. He could almost feel the resentment of the ravaged tatters who still clung to living here; the flotsam and the jetsam were always the last to survive the influx of the dissolve outsiders, for everyone else—everyone who could—flitted away when the Outsiders came in. Any shreds of decency would leave, taking any lingering frills of civilisation with them, to escape becoming victims of a depravity that stayed in the private clubs only when there was no-one else abroad to be picked upon. And behind them lingered little, only the faintest memories: the flutter of colour at a window, from the days when the warehouses had flats over them; a small circle of broken stones with a profusion of noxious weeds where once there had been a memorial tree and flowers. Now all of that was gone, leaving behind a palpable aura of dissipation, an above-ground Hell.

Avon took a deep breath, filling his lungs with a scent instantly familiar: pollution and ozone, dirt and fuel, stagnation and crime, thus, dockland, a den of iniquity the Galaxy over. Wherever Men had gone, they had brought not only their vices, but their natural habitats also. If there was no demi-monde there, then they would create one, complete with the kinds of people and depravities they craved, carving out a niche for themselves in the places no-one cared enough to fight for, building a cesspit for the dregs the Federation no longer wanted.

So what Avon wanted, what Avon had never done, lived only in these dirty secrets, pockets of filth amongst the effluent. Places where one’s presence tokened at least a sliver of consent, but places filled with sin and debauchery, decadently depraved where none would hear a scream.

And Avon was going there tonight. Going there to drink from the cup until he overflowed with it all.

He was smiling, as faintly as the begrimed windows, as he turned and strode off to this long-awaited destination. Sin. He breathed in deeply again as he walked, savouring it. Sin, permeating the buildings, paving the street, cloaking the night with titillating, tantalising, erotic indulgencies. And yes, it was the sin that drew him, leading him here to commit the lesser to save him from committing the mortal. He had an image of the sinful indulgence he was going to drown himself in tonight. Ah, he was so going to enjoy this…

His leathers creaked gently with his stride, their aroma rising to his nostrils as his arousal rose between his legs. Now, as he paced even and controlled, his flesh was rubbed by the encasing skin. With each and every step, his left
thigh would press his cock hard against the stretched leather, the tensile skin pulling on him, drawing his foreskin back with every breath, until, at the door of The Pit, he was fully hard, and pulsing, and exuding raw sex. He slipped his credit keycard into the slot, a momentary image of what tonight would bring sliding through his mind, and as the maw opened in front of him, even the music skipped a beat, a moment of absolute silence marking his entrance. Magnificent, he stood, at the top of the stairs for all eyes to be raised to him, for all to look up to, bound, in tacit promise and sweet allure, in leather, black from head to toe, the light glinting and sheening on him like sweat, kissing his hair, adding mystery to his dark eyes and voluptuousness to his sculpted lips, catching, breathtakingly, upon his cock where it lay along his thigh, barely acquiescent to its leather constraint.

And then someone breathed, someone whispered in awe, and the spell shattered, piercing every man there with a sharp pang of lust. The singer resumed his song, the dancer his re-enactment of last night’s sex, the patrons their hunt. And not one of them could take their eyes from Avon, drawn to him by his hunger, their hunger feeding his until there was a tangible aura of sex in the club, a starvation caused and, his body preened, satisfied by only Avon. He had them, or would, those that he wanted anyway. As many as he chose. In whatever manner he chose. Willing victims, every one, to the arrogance of the quintessential topman.

As he descended lower, he searched out the specialities offered by the club and the men, like him, who came here for the satiation of needs deemed too outré by even the demi-monde of gay life. Even men from the Federation Space Academy came here for those things unavailable to them from their victims—or trainees, as the Government so fondly termed them. It was here, and at clubs like this in festering pits the Galaxy over, that certain…unusual tastes were satisfied. Wildness and danger and risk and fear: these were all things explored with rabid enthusiasm here. Power. Pleasure. Submission. Pain. Special predilections: those that not even every man here would endure. But there was nothing they would not tolerate. Each man here had his own fetish, his own desire, and he would brook no disapproval. Not here, in this small, debased haven, for if there were no acceptance here, then there was no acceptance anywhere that Men had populated.

Too many needs catered to here, too many for Avon to take in immediately. He looked around, slowly, noticing small fragments. So there he saw, over there, by the far wall, a tilted table, water hoses and nozzles draped and ready, and there, one of several leather slings, a man hooked into it, swaying gently as a hooded man slowly eased his fist deep inside him. And there, a man pilloried and chained, cock hard as he bore his punishment from a snaking line of leather-clad men. And Avon was honed sharper even than those hatchet-faced battle-axes, those men here who had killed and raped and pillaged, for his need was deeper even than theirs, and darker, and fuelled by a fear far more voracious than any that they knew:

Love.

That was Avon’s one great terror: that he would love again, as he had Anna. And that he would love even more unwisely. Such as an idealist. A suicidal idealist. One who could kill Avon with Avon’s own weakness: the cursed ability to love. Something he did, unfortunately, rather well, hence the cynicism, his last bastion against his better nature. Well, he thought to himself as he came down the stairs to so graciously join his audience of admirers, his half-smile addicting them, my brother always was so very fond of our ‘better natures’ as he called it, but look where it got him. I think I’d rather be a cynic than dead. Even if he were happy before the… His brother being a topic only for the still calmness of night, he turned his mind away from the sunlit memories. He closed all that part of his past out, opening himself instead to the lascivious stares caressing him, feeling every hungry lick of an eye against his groin, feeling his own
heat, and theirs, as they stared at him, needing him, needing, needing...

He crossed the floor, the crowd automatically parting before his aristocratic autocracy. Or simply to see him all the better, to see the undular movement of his backside as he passed the watchers by. To see the muscles clench and unclench, to round and hollow with every step, as his cock had risen and ebbed. Many a hand groped in his wake although no one dared to touch him, not him, oh, no, not him. There was too much danger there, too much arrogance in his every move, too many signs declaring that the mere plebian masses dared not touch until he had given permission. And as yet, he had done nothing more than give them a sight for sore eyes and hard cocks. As Avon walked past them all, hands reached down to slip inside trousers, or reached out to cup a curved cheek, or pinch a peaked nipple, anonymous hands moving on anonymous bodies, a sighing symphony of flesh on flesh, sex flowing free and electric as the very air they breathed. As he stared in the bar mirror and watched the wake of touching rippling behind him, Avon smiled. Ah, yes, this was going to be quite a night...

Elbows comfortably propped, he kept his attention on the mirror, paying scant attention to the man leaning next to him, not looking at the barman from whom he ordered a drink, not even letting on that he had noticed that the man on his right was wearing nothing more than leather leggings that left white flesh and brown pubic hair uncovered, all his vulnerabilities on public offer. Avon was far more interested in what he could see in the mirror. There was a man in a sling near the back of the room, a single spotlight shining down on his tanned skin, his only adornment the leather straps and glinting clasps that held his body suspended, as men clustered around him, using him, being used by him, a confluence of passion. And there, a flicker of motion drew Avon’s attention: a man, manacled to the wall by his own custom-built handcuffs, another man suckling on him, face pressed against the rippled ridge of stomach muscle, the rigid cock swallowed deep inside his throat. And there, a man, flat on his back on the inclining table, one man filling his mouth, another filling his rear, another thrusting into his clenched fist, another using the hair on the man’s chest to feather sensation along his cock.

The smell of sex was far more intoxicating than the drink in Avon’s hand. Finally, he abandoned the third-hand excitement of the mirror to watch the dancer on the bar as he gyrated, knees bent, back arched, a paying customer’s finger twisting inside him to the syncopated rhythm of the singer. And all the while, Avon could feel his heartbeat echo in his own cock, could feel the pulse of his blood sighing against his leathers, could feel his own excitement mount. He faced his back to the bar, looking around the large room with ever-increasing satisfaction. There wasn’t a single face there that was even vaguely familiar, no-one who even peripherally reminded him of a single person he knew now or had known. Or, hopefully, whom he would ever know.

Anonymity. Undiluted, unpolluted, unequivocal anonymity—the perfect antidote to Roj Bloody Blake, Saviour of the Galaxy and Nemesis of cynicism the Universe over. Roj Blake. The thought soured his face as his interest in the unrestrained sex around him paled. Roj Blake, far more life-threatening than a whole flotilla of Federation battle cruisers. Those, he could fight, and easily, and were he to lose...well, death always had been a part of life. But Avon had a feeling that the price of losing to Blake would be far higher than dying. He had a horrible feeling that the price might be living, with his soul as dowry.

The drink in his glass shimmered, refracting light, eddying with Avon’s emotion, even as his whole demeanour remained impassively sensual. Anna haunted him yet, even here, with men surrounding him, with male scents inundating him, male voices, male bodies, male sex. And she still lingered in the back of his mind like tears, tempting him, taunting him with something he could never quite grasp, some-
thing that was never quite right, dimming the rose-coloured glow, but never enough for him to be free of her. Perhaps, had she not died for him, he would be able to shake the love off. Perhaps, had she lived, disillusionment would have saved him, but she had died, and for him at that, which left him...easy meat. Ripe, ready to fall, hungry, hungry for someone to fill the hollow aching guilt and loneliness she had left behind.

Which, of course, brought him back to Blake, and this room of wall-to-wall raw sex and a safely anonymous need that Blake would never be able to fill. And that, that would be his lifesaver. He could hold that shield up high in front of himself every time Blake came too close, every time he caught himself watching the way the man’s muscles rippled. Instead of his fingers itching to feel that strength for himself, he could remember the feeling of a stranger filling him, giving him the ultimate sexual satisfaction. And, having allowed a stranger to fuck him, he would never be tempted to surrender that one last inviolate area to Blake. Would never, never be tempted to give him that symbol of trust. Tonight he would yield, he would let a faceless cock fuck him into next week and rend him, ripping him away from this debilitating attraction that grew inside him every time he saw Blake.

Like the moment the knowledge had hit him, in the teleport room, over Centero, Vila standing at his side, nudging him...

“We’re glad you’re safe,” Vila had said, looking happily at Blake and the newly-rescued Cally. “Aren’t we?” he had prompted Avon. “Aren’t we?” he reminded him, none too gently.

And unfortunately, perhaps tragically, Avon was glad, fiercely so, staring at Blake, seeing him whole and hearty and seductively strong. The moment had slipped through his fingers, but the knowledge it had brought did not and that night, alone and solitary and untouched in the sanctity of his own bed, he had found himself—cock in his hand and Blake in his mind—fantasising, dangerously, fatally, about being buggered for the first time in his life, giving his tightly guarded trust to a man he was not sure was even entirely sane after the Federation had ravaged his mind. But Avon had lain there, fist clenched in taut pleasure, blurring in motion as he thought of Blake, in him, as no-one had ever been, a part of him as no-one had ever been, as Anna had been unable to be... His back arched up off the bed, muscles quivering as the pictures raced through his mind, inflaming him. Blake’s body, big hands, soft and smooth, broad chest, even smoother, the firm plane of muscle tantalising, a glimpse of heavy genitals swinging free, just for a moment, in loose, dark trousers, making Avon’s mouth water in anticipation. And Blake’s voice, from the day they had found out about Travis.

“I was sure I had killed him.”

Masterful, rich, deadly. Enticing in its strength, as all the mealy-mouthed philanthropy never ever could be. And that almost sexual anticipation on Blake’s face at the thought of meeting Travis again, of, perhaps, besting him this time. And when the news had come of Cally’s capture and Travis’ approach, there had been that distillation of masculinity, as Blake had displayed it, making Avon breathless, thankful for the excuse of having just run on to the flight deck, for that explained his panting, and the gleam in his eyes had gone unnoticed, mis-filed as anger against Blake’s high-handedness, not as arousal at his heavy-handed charisma which demanded—demanded—that Avon desire him. And he had listened to the wordless seductions, just as he had listened to Blake’s plan to rescue Cally, even as he had warned against the obviously fatal risks, whilst his mind had screamed its own warning of Blake’s personal danger to Avon himself. To that, however, he had proved deaf, as many nights of solo satisfaction testified, every solitary climax accompanied by the oft-imagined sound of Blake’s voice hoarse in orgasm, and the feel of him, exploding, splashing inside Avon, filling him, claiming him...

And all this was doing was stealing his protective anonymity away from him. Best to
forget the Liberator circling above his head like a metal carrion crow. Best to forget Blake. Best of all to forget the knowing nudge-nudge wicked glimmer of amusement in Blake’s eyes as Avon had opted for a spot of free time down here, in the best known flesh-pot in the quadrant. Here, amongst men who craved other men. Here, the Nirvana of the Galaxy where anything went. All one had to do was to brave the Pit, to descend level by level, until one had reached one’s own limit, until one dared not take another step. It was—or so the rumours had it—named ‘The Pit’ because no-one had ever reached the lowest level of all the layers of singular sexuality.

Looking around himself in this, the public room, Avon could well believe it. There were men here doing things that he would not even consider, no matter how twisted his life might be. He could not even conceive of allowing what the man in the porcelain tub was begging for. To each, as they say, their own… But over there, beside the stairs, now, that was precisely the kind of thing Avon was interested in, his antidote to his too, too personal interest in Blake. A man, braced against the wall, facing blank plastic, cock buried in a face he couldn’t see, being buggered by a stranger. Yes, his mind exulted, cock surging up at once, hard, against his trouserleg, YES! He took his first step forward, then stopped once more, leaning back against the bar. The appeal, as he considered the display, was partly in its very publicness. And witnesses, then, he would have witnesses that he had no need for Blake, just for the power of male sex. And the more public, the more men, and the more men, the less his need for Blake and the stronger his shield for the moment he had to face the mesmerising bastard again. Public.

“Yes,” he whispered and at the sibilant sound, the nearly naked man beside him whipped around, understanding the message imperfectly, dropping to his knees before this masterful man, pulling the fly open, grabbing Avon, bringing him forth and sucking him greedily, getting the first taste of this gorgeous topman. Avon groaned, gripping the kneeling man’s hair, urging him in closer, thrusting hard into his mouth, grinning with feral delight as other hands plucked at his clothing, opening it up, pulling trousers down to tangle tightly around his knees, revealing his skin, his hair, his nipples. Shoving the man sucking him with such avid skill, Avon stepped forward from the bar, allowing someone he had no desire to know to come in behind him, leaving his back unprotected and revealed, until it was covered by the hardness of a man pressing up against him, a turgid cock snaking between his cheeks, tormenting him with a taste of what was to come. The snub head nudged at puckered muscle and pleasure shivered through him. As did a name… Blake…

Had he said it aloud? The fear made his belly cold, but the heat of the mouth on him soon warmed him, the hot body pressed against his back dispelling the chill. Nipples scraped against his shoulderblades, and hands came up from behind to rub, flat-palmed and hard, over and over his own nipples, raising them into mountainous pleasure. The cock was nudging again, questioning, as its owner did, if this blatant topman wanted to ‘trade off’ as a bottom, or if one so impertinent would find his balls shoved down his own throat. A second, a pause, and Avon arched forward, away, saying no, then pressing back, amending it to ‘later’. He thought of Blake, imagining himself, as he had so many times before, impaled by Blake, body and heart and soul, fucked both in body and mind, and suddenly, ‘later’ became ‘now’, for he dared not leave a part of himself inviolate, dared not leave an atom of his being untouched, unsullied. For were he to do so, there would be a fragment of purity in him that Blake would be able to reach in and claim, and so claiming, would own all of him. To surrender now, to give up this last bastion of masculinity, was to defeat the siren song of all the belonging Blake offered him, and to turn aside the price unpaid. And so, here and now, he would live not the fantasy of Blake making Avon his, but of a host of nameless men fucking him, one after the
other after the other. Yes, that was a fantasy he could survive.

And if there was one thing every man in this room understood, it was the enactment of fantasy, of dreams coming true and for most, it was fantasy indeed to have a topman submit. They all knew how to spin dreams into reality; the slightest nuance would be picked up, and returned, satisfied. So, when Avon slipped his wrists behind himself, shackling himself with his own desire, wedging his hands between himself and the man fucking the cleft of his backside, the message raced around the bar like wildfire: the topman wanted to be bottom for a night, and was willing to let everyone see it. And he wanted to be bound…

They gathered in a circle then, to watch, and Avon grinned to see them, all of them, a crowd of faces he had never seen before and they would have him, would take what was Blake’s and doing so, free him from the yoke of emotionalism. If he could only sate his lust, then, surely, he could defeat the need to be loved.

From the periphery, a tall man stepped forward, drawing Avon’s attention, but then there was a mouth kissing his, a tongue in him, hands all over him, rubbing and squeezing and stroking, cocks pressing into his skin, each one different, and Avon aware of every single one of them. The mouth that had been sucking his cock left, and another, bigger, took its place, a cock stroking up and down his shin as the man stroked up and down Avon’s cock. Then he, too, was gone, and hands took his clothes from him, and there were open mouths kissing him wetly, all over, sometimes joining each other on Avon’s skin, using him as a meeting place. The man who had been behind him was gone, wrenched away by someone bigger, smooth-chested, his cock bigger and thicker. Someone’s hand—the man himself?—slicked unguent onto Avon’s backside, wetting the cleft, wetting the cock as it slid between his cheeks, moving so smooth and big and masculine there. Denying Blake. Forcing Blake away, where he belonged, as nothing more than a fellow renegade. Not—not—one he could love. Not that, please, not that…

Before he could think about it, all else fled to the four corners of the world, driven by the hands as he himself was driven forward by the firm press of masculinity, bending him so that his cock lay flat and trapped between his quivering belly and the supple leather of the barstool cushion. Then the hands were on him, what felt like thousands of them, wonderfully anonymous, impersonal hands touching him so terribly intimately, and, touching him most intimately of all, the stranger who had been behind him, hands that matched the cock, all big and smooth and hot, spreading his buttocks, opening him up to view and to comment.

“Fuck, look at that!”
“Pretty bastard, isn’t he?”
“Tight little hole, that.”
“Come on, come on, get a move on.”
“Yeh, we all want a turn at this one.”
“Spread ’im.”
“Tie him.”
“Bind him. Open him up, so that we can all see…”

And Avon loved it, for Blake would never, could never, indulge in a scene such as this, no matter how voluntary the debasement, no matter how enthusiastic the so-called ‘victim’. He heard a husky groan, and realised that it was himself reacting to the seduction of thongs securing him to the barstool, keeping him facedown, wrists and ankles bound, body held rigid and ready. Just like his cock, weeping from the pleasure of it all.

“More…” he said. “Give me more…”

The hands that had been kneading him into readiness lifted briefly to return with a resounding smack, flat, wet palms slapping onto the raised cheeks of his backside. As the sting surged sweetly through him with the pain, his mouth gaped for breath and suddenly, there was a cock thrust in, filling him with its taste and hardness and redolent bulk, sliding in and out as he sucked it instinctively, old memories from before Anna coming back to him, rekindling his skill. And it was all the juicier for the knowing
that Blake would never be able to do this: to fuck the face of a man bound in a public house, hands and cocks rubbing all over him as someone spanked him again and again into the rosy glow of lust.

The cock in his mouth was being thrust in so wildly, and the voices around him were rising into a crescendo and then it was there, cum spurting hot and delicious down the back of his throat. He sucked desperately, wanting it all, but he hadn’t had enough, not quite, before he was robbed. He lifted his head as high as he could, but all he could see were legs and abdomens and upthrust cocks, a kaleidoscope of colour, black, brown, auburn, blond, and all with the red or rose or purple of cock, and he wanted them. All of them. For then there would be no room for Blake…

Someone stepped forward, whipping off a flimsy of silk—the dancer from the bartop. Avon turned his head aside: he wanted no-one he recognised, not even so minimally as a man he had noticed not half an hour ago. The blond was shoved aside and a black man took his place. Avon opened his mouth for him, drinking him down, pressing his face into the tight-curled knot of pubic hair, feeling the hands on the back of his head holding him there, demanding pleasure.

And the man was still working on his backside, the same man, Avon knew, for the touch was the same, the feel of the skin the same, the strength the same. He resisted the temptation to pretend it was Blake, losing himself, instead, in the fantasy that it was actually a never-ending stream of faceless men making him their willing catamite. His spine shivered with the intensity of his pleasure, and a hand—not his topman—traced his length, a wet mouth reiterated it, then kisses, nibbles and at last, another finger eased in, stretching him. And a third, taking its time, slowly circling, no sound now except the muted cries of pain and pleasure from the back rooms and the softness of breath from the circle of hard men watching as Avon was readied for fucking. A pause, even of the breathing, so the only sound now was the faint moistness from the fingers rimming Avon and the creak as Avon squirmed against the leather stool. Gradually, even that sound stopped as the fingers withdrew, leaving Avon visibly opened.

He waited, eyes closed, for the kindness of strangers. And then, it was there: the black man’s cock, pushing into his mouth, his topman’s cock easing in, until Avon was penetrated front and rear, filled by the embodiment of manliness, surrounded by men, inundated by men, and none of them Blake. He was free. He was safe…

The purple-black cock thrust into his mouth as the stranger’s cock thrust up into his arse, both withdrawing in unison, both pounding into Avon as one, until it was all he knew, this absolute surrender to his own pleasure and to the pleasure of these men. His own arousal burned through him and he sucked harder with his mouth, clenched tighter with his arse, wanting to bring them both with him. Hands were all over him; he could tell which hands went with the cock he was sucking and which went with the cock that was fucking him, and all the other ones he did not know—but they knew his body, here, for these moments. The cock up his arse slowed,
rotating slightly, and he changed his mind. Not for mere moments would he lavish the richness of this sex upon himself, but for this entire night until his body collapsed under them all. He felt weight descend upon his back, displacing all the hands, until it was just himself, his topman and the black man filling his mouth and throat. A mouth was nuzzling up his neck, getting dangerously close to his field of vision, so he closed his eyes, whilst his ears listened to the wet sucking his own mouth made and the wet sucking the topman made as he marked Avon’s skin. Branded, fucked and sucking, Avon was trembling all over with the sheer ecstasy of it all, and then he shuddered as his topman leaned up beside him, cheek to cheek, as they were arse to belly, and flicked his tongue at Avon’s lips, licking at the cock in Avon’s mouth. Hands came up then, to touch where Avon’s body joined the man he was sucking, then one hand slid wetly down to rim where Avon’s arse took in a stranger. So much, so much, and he wanted them all to go over the edge together, a symphony of maleness, losing himself in the anonymity of it all, away from Blake. Suddenly, without warning, the cock in his mouth bucked and liquid heat slid down Avon’s throat, as he sucked harder and harder, clenching his arse so tightly around his man. And then his mouth was empty, until fingers filled him, barring entry to any of the men encircling him.

And now, Avon thought, dizzy with pleasure and his position, it’s just he and I, all locked together, and he so wonderfully big in me, god, god, this is what I want. And every time I find myself wanting to kiss Blake, all I need do is think of this, and nothing that suicidal manic-messiah would ever be willing to do could compare to this. My candle of hope. My messiah...

He was enveloped by the body of the man over him and in him, and now that the erotic mania had slowed, Avon became aware of details, of the man’s scent, of his sweat-slick chest pressing Avon into the seat, of his leather jerkin or jacket or whatever it was veiling them, of leather trousers opened only far enough to allow the topman to shove his prick up Avon’s arse, the scrape of zip and kiss of leather pressing into him as hard as the cock buried deep in him did. And the movements, so slow now, such miniscule circles to give such pleasure. Avon felt a scream rise in his throat, as desperation rose in him. He wanted to be fucked, hard, not made love to, not even when it was only a charade performed by a stranger. It reminded him too much, tempted him too much, and he had to keep Blake out of this experience completely, had to hold it inviolate to keep it as his shield. He arched up, fucking the topman, making his own demands, and he was rewarded. A smack, and another, every blow ramming the deeply buried cock against his prostate, bringing him closer and closer to the edge. Teeth fastened thrillingly on the side of his neck, feasting, taking yet another symbol of trust away where Blake could never reach it. And the cock in him… Thrusting hard now, leather slapping against Avon’s reddened skin, the coarse spring of pubic hair pressing into the crack of Avon’s arse with every forceful surge. Harder and faster, the man’s mouth all over him, his hands touching him everywhere as the stool and his bonds held Avon in place. There was nothing else in the world for Avon, just this circle of masculinity, and the man filling him and surrounding him and taking him farther than he had ever gone before. The pleasure built, an agony of delight, and then his man was there, a jerk forward, a hot splash deep inside as life was spilled into Avon, as Avon was fucked forward into the stool and the ecstasy burst from him, making his belly slicker than ever, every pulse echoing a millisecond behind the man in him, coming together, beat for beat.

And then it was over, and Avon hung there limp and satiated, unable to move, unable to endure any more pleasure. His man withdrew slowly, lifting his heavy body off Avon’s, but never letting go completely. Avon could feel him trail the length of his back as the man walked around to Avon’s head. Other hands were releasing him; the experience was over and so he
opened his eyes, to see heavy boots and crumpled leather trousers, the tails of a waistcoat, the glint of a belt buckle. And the cock, still big, shining wetly with its own cum and the lubricant that had slid it home. Dark hair, curling thickly, at its base, then a hairless belly, so very, very pale.

Avon lowered his head again, choosing to look no farther. He wanted to keep his stranger faceless, to leave this open to endless variations for his imagination to people with any one who took his fancy, as this man had taken the one thing he could have given Blake that Blake would have wanted: trust.

A hand cupped his chin, tipping his face upwards towards knowledge, and he kept his eyes firmly closed even as his topman began urging him to his feet. Avon was smiling now, so beautiful in the afterglow of sex, hair awry and curling faintly with sweat, white skin flushed so perfectly. He resisted the invitation to stand, preferring to rest where he was until his man had left. Then a finger slid between his teeth, and he was willing, perhaps, to allow the pleasure to begin again already. And after all, this man had helped to save him from his own absurd infatuation with Blake. Still smiling, he opened his eyes to see his leather messiah. The smile disappeared as if it had never been born. Avon stared, appalled.

Blake.

Blake.

It had been Blake all along. And it was Blake smiling down sweetly at him, one hand rubbing his belt in absent-minded promise for all Avon’s dreams.

“I thought this was what you had in mind when you mentioned where you were coming tonight, Avon. I should have known I could trust you to pick somewhere perfect, absolutely perfect for you to give in to me. But,” he traced the very tip of the belt across Avon’s face and Avon, helpless, sucked it in, knowing even then that he was lost, forever, “I promise you it’ll be even better the next time. When I’ve had time enough to get everything ready for you…”

And Avon stared up at him, lust uncoiling greedily in his gut and love devouring his heart and knew that he was, without doubt, dead.

For if the love didn't do it, then Blake's damned cause would.

Either that, or Avon’s own jealousy would be the death of Blake…