

# ... A N D R E B E L S

ASSAULT  
EMMA SCOT

No, Avon fans, our twisted favorite is not paired with either Blake or Vila. And no, this tale is not sweetness and light. The wee Scot has remained true to her vision of the *Blake's 7* universe. She knows, as does Avon, that love never conquers all—what is needed is a brilliant mind of dark power, psychology, and intellect.

THIS, HE WAS BEGINNING TO REALISE, might yet turn out to be an idea worthy of Vila—or even Blake, on a truly mind-wiped day. It had seemed such a good prospect at the time, an opportunity to both one-up Blake and to actually *do* something about this all-too abortive Rebellion they were supposedly fighting. Information, that was the carrot on the end of the stick that had lured him here, information that promised to be cuttngly effective. Information, he thought, pivoting slowly to survey the vulnerability of his position, that also promised to be nothing more than the seductiveness of wishful thinking. The atmosphere of this place was weighing in upon him, the silence the breathless peace of death. Everywhere he looked were pillars and pyres of destruction, charred memories of lives lost here, buried under tonnes of débris and decay. There was a lingering smell that taunted him, defying him to recognise it, but he could not, at first. Slowly, though, as he crunched over the tilted remains of buildings, he placed the odour.

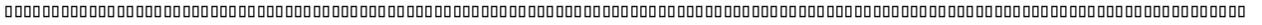
Death. Hovering, lingering, pathetic death. Judging by the encroachment of sickly weeds into the crevices of the fallen, the fleshly remains had long since decayed into compost, but still, the smell clung, an unnerving combination of richly fertilised soil and the ashes of the dead. It was, he realised, staring around at the tortured landscape, nothing more than an enormous graveyard, where none of the dead were actually buried in graves, for there had been none of the living left to inter them.

He shuddered then, with the instinctive distaste of one who has too many of his own dead unburied, and walked on, scrabbling over crumbling piles of concrete-like slabs and cloying weeds that erupted in puffs of foul-smelling pollen or sweet smelling bouquet that dusted a bitter-sweet beauty to this long-forgotten charnel house.

There was a hill, of a sorts, just ahead of him, and that was where he would wait, specific co-ordinates be damned. He could see all he needed to from there and with such forewarning, he would be well fore-armed. Definitely an advantage he thought, cursing under his breath as he reluctantly holstered his weapon to leave both hands free for the climb, considering what it was he fully expected to meet here.

The hillock had once been a tall building, perhaps beautiful, but now it was merely a mouldering monument of rubble





“Information, you say? Is that what you came here for, Avon, or is that just a convenient excuse to hide your cowardice behind?”

He knew, of course, exactly what Travis was trying to do, knew it to the most precise millimetre. Which only made him smile ever more dangerously, eyes glittering with the excitement of the hunt. “What else would I come here for? There’s nothing else you could possibly offer me.” And his scorn was picture perfect, pleasing him as he watched it burn its way right into Travis’ heart.

“Nothing? That’s what Blake has to offer you. That’s what that snivelling worm Vila has to offer you. Or perhaps you enjoy the way he squirms. Is that it? Do you like worms, Avon?”

An insolently measuring glance travelled body-warm leather, and then Avon whipped the lash of his gaze over Travis’ face. “I’d have to, were I to settle for you.”

“It takes a better man than you to make me lose control. And it takes—”

“More time than you’re worth. Information, Travis. Now, or by the time I’m finished with you,” the slightest move of his gun, sights beading, “you won’t even have a worm to call your own.” There was a thrill of power in him now, watching this man, this man half the Galaxy feared, standing in front of him, fighting the instinct to protect his fragile privates with his hand. He stared, licking his lips, the merest whisper of tongue wetting him. A betrayingly nervous swallow, and his attention flew up to Travis’ face again. His pupils dilated, devouring the warm brown of his eyes, leaving only the hot black of arousal.

“You want me, don’t you?” Travis said, his voice—touchingly, Avon thought—aquiver.

“Do I? Well now, I might just be able to find some use for your body, but you? Oh, I don’t want *you* at all.”

“Do you honestly expect me to believe that? Where do you think you are—still among the morons and misfits on the *Liberator*? But you’re not, and you can’t hide how much you want me. Your body’s begging for me.”

A quintessentially arched eyebrow, Avon’s negligently waved hand drawing attention to strained leather at Travis’ groin, and: “You betray yourself. So you want me on my knees,

do you?” Another grin, his enjoyment palpable. “For a worm? I’d sooner crush you beneath my heel.”

“I always knew you would enjoy pain.”

The smile that greeted that was pure Avon charm. “Only that of others, Travis, so there’s no need for you to look so cheerful at the prospect.”

“I could make you like pain, Avon. I could give you pain so exquisite that it is pleasure. I can give you pleasure so extreme you will be in agony.”

“You,” Avon said, reclining a little more superciliously relaxedly, “can give me the information I came here for. And then you can run off and cry on Servalan’s shoulder.”

“She doesn’t know I’m here.”

He felt the greed consume his belly. “This information—it’s something she would rather I didn’t know?”

“She’d rather,” Travis replied in Alphaesque echo, “know what you know. She wants the teleport, Avon, and she’s willing to pay for it.”

The gun was lowered, caressing, briefly, the soft leather that covered Avon’s inner thigh, touching his body as he wished he had hers. “How much?”

“Five million.”

“Five million wouldn’t buy a third of the baubles on *Liberator*. You shall have to do better than that. And,” as Travis took a step forward, “you shall have to stand exactly where you are, otherwise I will take great pleasure in making it a rather moot point whether you are a mouse,” the gun nodded intimately towards Travis’ groin, “or a man.”

“Empty threat, Avon. If you harm me, then you have no one to negotiate with Servalan for you. No one to guarantee you safe passage out after you get your money.”

Now that surprised Avon. “You’re suggesting a partnership? *That’s* the information you had me cross half the Galaxy for? That’s why you had me lie to Blake—to make excuses, to *Blake*? To offer me a paltry five million and partnership with you? For once, Vila’s actually right. You *are* insane.”

“I’ve never been more sane. And why turn me down out of hand? Surely it’s at least worth thinking about. You and I, Avon, stealing





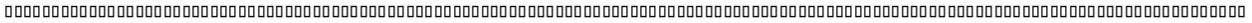












together in a heap, all one pile of entwined limbs and grappling hands. Underneath the stifling weight of the other man, Avon lay, winded, catching his breath and gathering his wits, one part of him always, always, intensely and intently aware of what was happening to him, of what was being done to him. One last surge, one last burst of his strength, and then he heard Travis laughing, raucous in the soft shimmer of moonlight. "Is that the best you can do? You're softer than my mother."

"So you don't limit yourself when it comes to rape then."

The jibe flowed off Travis as the tears and blood of his victim would. The only response Avon got was a hand gripping his cock, using that as threat to turn him, until his knees were pressed into pungent moss and a cock was pressing into his arse, piercing him, thrusting into him, too much, too fast, too tight, the slipperiness of the lubricant dulled, like the blunted blade that was reaving him.

"Oh, you like this, don't you?" Travis was muttering in his ear, big hand fondling Avon's cock and balls, manipulating him with oft-practised skill, none of the old knowledge lost, each touch perfectly in tune with what Avon's body had always loved best. "So that's where I went wrong with you, is it, Kerr my old love? It wasn't a catamite you wanted, but a big strong man to make you take it and make you love it. You didn't want a lover, you wanted a daddy."

His cock was thrusting into Avon as viciously as his words were fucking Avon's mind, ripping him in two. Avon was gasping and heaving under him, body arching, pushing, pulling away, sweat slicked with the heat of his own body and Travis', so heavy over him. "Oh, my Kerr," and a biting on his shoulders followed the words, warning him of the bitter pain to come, "if you'd only told me, I could have made you love me enough."

And then Travis was kissing where he had bitten, undulating sensuously where before he had plundered. All the while, there were words again, sweet, soft words, the self-same thing that had been whispered in the secret dark of the room they had shared before it had gone so badly wrong between them.

Words that Avon didn't want to hear, words that had no place in this time between them. He had known perfectly well what he was getting into when he had agreed to meet Travis here, had known it when he'd arranged to be picked up by *Liberator*, no matter what, attacks by Federation vessels included. And these simpering declarations of paradise found and love reborn were not, as far as he was concerned, part of the package. Not at all. Ever again.

He pushed upwards, welcoming the pain of Travis' cock pulling free of him, finally using his full strength, taking Travis by surprise, displaying some of the combat skills he'd picked up over the years. Before either one of them could catch his breath, he was over Travis, forearm pressed across tender throat, Travis' breath caught and held. "You," Avon hissed, left hand grabbing Travis' erection, nails raking delicate skin and more sensitive nerves, "are supposed to be raping me. That's what I came here for, you twisted, sadistic bastard. Not some shilly-shallying lovesick boy!" And he twisted round, ripping Travis' shirt away, sharp teeth tugging at Travis' nipple, a small blossoming of red in his wake. "Now, Travis, are you going to prove that you're a man? Or was I right all those years ago, my stupid, effete, pretty baby?"

It was enough. With an atavistic roar, Travis was upon Avon, over him, around him, suffocating him with the smell of male musk, animal in rut, heat rising and rippling between them. Avon was shoved and pulled, onto his knees, his arse displayed whitely in the moonlight, and Travis salivated at the sight, spitting on his hand, smearing it onto his cock to complete the half-hearted lubricant that was left. He didn't want to rip himself raw, not now, not with this man. He wanted this one to last. A lifetime, an eternity, with his cock up Avon's arse, showing him who was the man around here, who it was who held the power and the control. Forgotten was that this was precisely what Avon had ordered: all that remained was animal lust and human violence, and his cock, red heat cauterising white cheeks. He screamed his pleasure, echoing Avon, the two voices rising together, a union as unholy as their youthful



