

Moonboots and Leather Suits (1999) [ADULT CONTENT] NC-17: AS,
EX, M/M

A Blake's 7/UFO crossover Story

A teleport malfunction sends Avon back in time to Moonbase.

MOON BOOTS & LEATHER SUITS

A Blake's 7/UFO story

by

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ADULT CONTENT

“Okay, bring me up.”

Vila was sleeping and didn't hear the words.

“VILA!”

The voice was irritated now and that irritation was enough to cut through Vila's dreamscape. The young man fell out of his chair and then leapt to his feet. “What? What?” he said to no one.

“Bring me up, Vila!” came the menacing voice over the comm. link.

Avon would not be pleased, Vila surmised as he ran his fingers deftly over the teleport controls. Only, nothing came into view on the pad.

“Avon?” Vila inquired through the comm. link.

“What the hell are you doing, Vila?” Avon wanted to know. “You've brought me to some Some installation of one sort or another - bring me up!”

“I've tried, Avon! I can't get a fix on you - things keep fluctuating!”

“Well, fix it!” Avon hissed as he crouched in what looked like a storage closet. Why the heck did these stupid things always happen to him? Okay, so it was Blake who got stuck in an ocean of spit, but still Fuming, Avon pushed back the hood of his

thermal suit and ran agitated fingers through his dark wavy hair.

Should he sit tight and hope Vila cleared things up quickly? Or should he go exploring? There was no way *Vila* would get anything done quickly, so he'd might as well scout out his position. It was hot in here, so he certainly didn't need the thermal suit. He wiggled out of it, rolled it up in a tight ball and shoved it behind a shelf. Weapon in hand, Avon ventured out into the hall.

Things were pretty sterile looking and the air was softly scented, but definitely artificial or recycled. A ship? There was a hum of machinery, but he felt no movement. An underground base then? Creeping quietly down the hall, he found himself in some sort of lounge area. There were windows. Not underground, then. Peering through the window, he tried to recall where he'd seen this landscape before - it was definitely familiar. Looked like a moon of some kind. Wait a minute! Not *a* moon, but *the* moon! He was on Earth's Moon!

“Who the hell are you?”

Avon spun around and fired instinctively, hitting the young man squarely in the chest. He wasn't wearing a Federation uniform, but that didn't mean much. He knelt and checked the man's pulse - it was still steady, so he would probably live if someone got to him soon. He considered finishing him off, but he was just a kid really, and Avon felt

an unusual pang of guilt. He hated when that happened - one day it would get him killed.

No alarms had gone off when he'd fired, so he concluded there must not be any sensors in this part of the base. Unless there were silent alarms, of course. Frowning, Avon bolted out of the lounge and down the hall. He almost ran into a group of purple-haired women, but cut down a side hall to avoid them. After a while, he grew fatigued, and slowed down. He heard no footsteps behind him, so he stopped for a rest. As he leaned back against the wall, he thumbed his comm. link. He hadn't managed to say anything, though, before the wall behind him opened up. He fell back, rolled and rose with his weapon ready to fire. Unfortunately, something gripped his wrist and the weapon lashed out at the wall. Before anything else could register through his mind, he thought, how fortunate he hadn't hit a window.

Colonel Paul Foster was just getting dressed after his shower. It would be so nice to be back on Earth where he could have a real shower with water and everything - these sonar showers were the pits! He'd gotten his boots on, but hadn't zipped the metallic jump suit all the way yet, when his doors slid open and a strange man fell through. The man had a weapon of some sort, so Foster gripped

his wrist and put all his weight against the intruder, forcing him to the ground.

Avon found himself at a disadvantage. A well built young man was sitting on his chest and holding his wrists and he didn't even know his name. "Who are you?" he asked.

Foster blinked at that. Who was this guy asking who *he* was on his own base? "Who are *you*?"

Avon grinned a devilish grin as he eyed the tantalising wisps of hair peeking out of the man's jump suit and replied, "Kerr Avon, at your convenience."

"How did you get in here?" Foster demanded, trying to ignore the radiant smile.

"Not sure, actually. Bit of a screw up with the teleport. And you are?"

"I'm Colonel Paul Foster, Commander of Moon Base and you're in my private quarters and I don't recall seeing a file on you, Mr. Avon - when did you join SHADO?"

"SHADO?" Avon frowned. The name wasn't familiar, but it sounded somehow sinister. Some Federation think tank, perhaps? "Oh, some time ago, you know, I've been around." After a pause, he added, "Sir," just for good measure.

Foster wasn't completely convinced, but he let the stranger up off the floor - keeping the weapon. "You a Techie?" he asked as he studied the

weapon. “You work with Jackson in Theory and Research?”

Having no clue what-so-ever, Avon answered, “Jackson - yes, that’s right. Just designed that - it’s a prototype.”

“Yeah, well, be more careful where you fire the damned thing.”

Avon reached for it, but Foster pulled it back.

“I’ll hang onto it for the time being.” He sat on the bed and observed Avon for a moment. The stranger sure looked good in tight black leather.

“You’re not really a SHADO op, are you?”

“Of course I am - how else could I get in here?”

Foster frowned. “I don’t know. You’re not an alien either, though, so how **did** you get in here?”

Alien? Why would he be looking for aliens? Calculating his chances of escape, Avon sighed and said, “I told you - teleport malfunction.”

“Yes, you did say that. So, what’s a teleport?”

“It’s a you’ve no idea?”

“I have lots of ideas, but no teleports.”

Avon chewed his lip a moment as he considered things. “What year is this?” he finally asked.

“What year? Is that a joke?”

“No - no joke. What year is it?”

“1983.”

That boggled the mind. He remembered now. Ancient history - SHADO - Supreme Headquarters, Alien Defence Organisation. He'd gone back in time? No wonder Vila couldn't get a fix on him! Avon sat on the bed, a far away expression on his face as he contemplated what would happen if he couldn't get back home again. Might not be so bad, really - no Federation in this time and really simplistic computer systems. He could make out quite well here.

"So, what's this all about?" Foster asked, a little concerned at the stranger's reaction.

"Well, I don't suppose you'll believe me, but I seem to have somehow slipped back in time. It was 2214 this morning and I was being hunted by the Federation."

"You're a criminal then?"

"To the Federation I am. Anyone who poses any possible threat to their world domination is a criminal as far as they're concerned." (No need to mention the embezzlement of 20 million credits from the Federation Banking System, he figured.)

Foster considered this for a moment. The man certainly seemed sincere.

"Avon?" came a squeaky voice from Avon's bracelet.

Rolling his eyes, Avon hissed, "What?"

“ORAC is trying to get a lock on you, are you okay?”

Looking to Foster, Avon asked, “Am I okay?”

“Yeah, you’re okay, but you’re not getting this back just yet.” Foster locked the strange weapon in a lock box in his closet.

“Yeah, I’m okay, Vila. Any idea how long?”

“ORAC won’t say, the little creep, but Blake and Cally are still on planet - we don’t dare risk bringing them up till this is sorted out!”

“All right, keep me posted.”

There was an awkward silence following Avon’s conversation with Vila. Finally, Foster lay on the bed with his hands behind his head and said, “Okay, I don’t have to be on duty for another five hours, so tell me all about the future.”

Avon, who still sat on the side of the bed, gaped a moment and then said, “Would you please zip up or pull a sheet over you or something - that outfit is a little disconcerting.”

Foster frowned. “What?”

“You. In that outfit. Who the hell designed it anyway? Leaves very little to the imagination and I’ve a great imagination anyway.”

“Are you attracted to me, Kerr?”

“Call me Avon, and who wouldn’t be?”

Foster smiled now. "Well, I have to admit, you cut quite a figure in that tight leather too. Tell me, Avon - have you got a hairy chest?"

Avon grinned at the absurdity of it all. "Not as hairy as yours, but yeah, I do."

"Let's see."

This guy is nuts! Avon thought, but he was game and wondered just how far Colonel Paul Foster was willing to go. He slipped off his leather jacket and pulled the turtleneck sweater over his head.

Foster reached out and caressed the well muscled chest. "Hmmm, just enough, I think, and well built too. Being a Federation fugitive agrees with you, Avon."

Okay, Avon thought. Time to make this guy beg for mercy. He swung himself over to straddle the younger man and ran his hands under the jumpsuit, unzipping it all the way. Foster had a nice hard body too - he liked that. The zipper only reached to his navel, so Avon ripped it all the way open to find what the man wore underneath. The man wore nothing underneath.

"Lucky I have another uniform, or you'd be in big trouble, Avon."

Somehow, Avon had expected something more - resistance of some kind. Maybe this guy really did want him. The good-sized cock was certainly standing at attention. He lay down over

Foster's body and kissed the young man once, gently on the lips. Then he worked his tongue over Foster nipples and ran his hands over the furred forest of his chest.

Foster moaned and brought his hands to Avon's back, kneading and scratching as the mood hit him. Avon was grinding against his aching cock - a huge bulge hidden beneath leather. Foster worked his hands in between them and unfastened the leather trousers, which instantly freed the erection that had been trapped within. Now there was flesh pressing against flesh and both men let out a low groan.

Sliding back, Avon stood.

"Not quitting all ready?" Foster asked.

Shaking his head, Avon removed Foster's boots and then discarded the remnants of the metallic jumpsuit. As he went to resume his position on top of Foster, the younger man grabbed him and rolled them over.

Now it was Foster's turn to play a little. He kneaded the flesh of Avon's Chest, sides, stomach - anywhere he could reach - and kissed every inch of exposed skin, working his way down - down - down, till he took the pulsating cock into his mouth.

Avon groaned and thrust his hips off the bed.

Foster grinned and pushed the leather pants down further, but he couldn't get them off over the

boots. Frustrated, he lightly bit down before getting up to remove the boots properly.

“Ow!” Avon protested.

“Serves you right for wearing such tight clothes,” Foster quipped.

With his boots and pants off, Avon was free to rise and grab Foster. He forced the other man onto the bed and climbed back on top - where he belonged, he thought to himself with a grin. With a deep growl, he nipped at Foster’s nipples and the younger man squirmed in mock protest. “Serves you right for being such a damned tease,” Avon said.

“I’m a tease?” Foster laughed. “You’re the one who used sex to distract me from my question!”

“Oh, you noticed that, did you?” Avon worked his way down and nibbled at Foster’s scrotum.

Foster squirmed for real now. “Hey, Watch it there - Ooooooh!” Foster wrapped his powerful legs around Avon and snapped him to the bed.

“Showing off our athletic prowess, are we?”

“Jealous?”

“Not me.” Avon yanked Foster down. “You can be on top if it means that much to you.” He covered the other man’s mouth with his own before anything more could be said. Hands and tongues explored while groins gyrated.

“I want you, Avon,” Foster hissed when he was able. “Fuck me.”

“No.”

“No?”

“No telling what either of us may infect the other with. You may have a virus long dead in my time and I may have some space born bacteria never seen in your time.”

Foster pulled away and lay staring down at the other man in horror. “Oh, great! We may have already infected each other!”

“I don’t think so. Anyway, too late now
.....”

“Avon!” came a tinny voice. “ORAC has a lock - we’re bringing you up!”

Avon reached for the bracelet, but wasn’t able to say anything before the familiar tingle of the Liberator teleporter engulfed his naked body.

Foster frowned as Avon simply vanished from beneath him. “Damn. I wasn’t done yet.” He flopped down on the bed and used his good left hand to relieve his tension.

Avon shimmered into view on the telepad. There stood Blake and Cally, still dressed in their thermal suits, and Vila working the controls. Jenna came in right after and said, “Have you got him?”

They all stared in surprise when they saw Avon in his condition.

With a deep sigh, Avon proclaimed loudly, “I *don’t* want to hear it! Not from ANY of you!” He then stalked off calmly toward his cabin.

Blake took a deep breath and looked to his crew. “Well,” he said. “That’s all taken care of then!” The others just smirked and tried not to laugh. Clapping his hands together, the big man added, “I think I’d better go make sure Avon is put to rights, then, shall I?”

End