

Cockpit Tales: Blake's Story

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I think this was the first story I ever posted to Space City, and probably the first fanfic I ever wrote. There was something about a challenge to write several stories, each one being a story one character told another while they were alone on the flight deck. I don't think anybody else ever posted any.

Featured fandoms: Blake's 7

Featured pairings: Blake/Jenna

A.S.S Story codes: mf

Story rating: R

Cally made a few last adjustments on her console before looking up at Vila and Blake.

"Well, that's it for me. I'm off to bed. It's your watch, Vila. Don't forget it."

"It would be a lot easier if there was anything worth watching," Vila muttered under his breath. "

It's all right, Cally," Blake said. "I'll make sure he does his job." She gave the two men a somewhat doubtful look, but didn't feel like arguing. There wasn't anything to worry about for the next few days anyway. "

Well, good night, then," she said and left the bridge for her quarters. Both men's eyes followed her retreating backside with great attention."

Now, *that* would be worth watching closely," Vila said."

Perhaps not as much as you think," Blake replied. "She may look human enough, but she *is* an alien."

Vila sighed. "Yea, I guess."

"Jenna, though, is another story. She's human, and female, that's for sure." "

Well, she has the looks." Vila looked at Blake. "Are you saying you know more than that about her?"

Blake just smiled knowingly."

Oh, come on!", Vila pleaded. "You can just say that! You have to tell me the rest!"

Blake hesitated theatrically. "I shouldn't, really... Do you promise never to tell anyone?"

"Yes, yes, of course I do!"

"Well, then. It was just after we found the *Liberator*, during that first long voyage to Cygnus Alpha. Avon was off somewhere examining some machine or other, Jenna was on the flight deck keeping an eye on our course, and I... I was on my way to see how she was doing."

Blake walked onto the flight deck just in time to see the tail end of some hurried activity of Jenna's. He looked at her, and liked what he saw. Her pants didn't sit quite right, her blouse had a couple of buttons unfastened, her face was flushed and he could see hard nipples poking at the fabric covering her luscious mammaries.

"Is everything all right?", he asked, well knowing what must have been going on just moments before.

"I was just trying to figure out what these buttons are for, and it got real hot for a moment," she answered evasively.

"Really?", Blake said. "Show me. Climate control is important." He sidled up to her and stood close enough to smell her. She said something about the controls on the panel before them, but he didn't listen. If that's not the smell of a seriously turned on woman my name isn't Roj Blake, he thought.

"Come on," he said. "You were fiddling with a button all right, but it wasn't on this or any other panel." Her face turned blood red.

"Aw, it's nothing to be ashamed of! It can't have been easy for you. All us gorgeous men on the *London*, and nowhere for you to be by yourself." He placed a strong hand on her left buttock and gave it a good squeeze. A groan escaped her.

"Oh, Roj, please take me. Take me right here and now. I need a man, a *real* man, and I need it *now*."

"Oh no she didn't!"

"Er, what?" Blake looked up confusedly at Vila's interruption.

"She can't have said that! Not miss Ice Queen herself. I *don't* believe it, not for a second."

"Who's telling this story, you or me? And remember, *I* was there, not you. Now shut up."

Vila shut up. For the time being.

Not being one to refuse a lady's request, Blake turned Jenna around and treated her to a long, hot kiss. She ground her pelvis against the growing bulge in his pants, further helping its growth. With an effortless motion he ripped her blouse open. She shrugged it off, without breaking the kiss. While his hands explored her sensuous femaleness, her hands were busy doing him the favour he had just done her. It wasn't many seconds before he felt her tits come into direct contact with his manly chest. The rest of their clothes vanished as if by magic, and somewhere along the way the kiss broke up. Gently lifting her, he put her in one of the black flight deck chairs. She grabbed the top of the chair's back, pushing her naked breasts out for her demonic lover to see and fondle. She spread her legs as wide as she could, inviting his love-tool into her innermost sanctum.

"Give it to me, my stallion," she moaned. "Give it to me hard and fast."

"In one of these chairs?", Vila asked incredulously. "The black ones, by the control stations?"

"Precisely."

"How could she sit in one of those? She would've fallen off!"

"She was holding on to the upper edge of the back, and..."

"And how were *you* standing, anyway? If one were to screw a girl clinging to one of those chairs, one would have to stand like a deranged imitation of the letter 'k'."

"Do you want to hear the story, or what?"

"Sorry."

Moving like lightning, Blake carried Jenna to the semicircular couch at the front of the flight deck. She laid back, dragging him down with her.

"Now, lover, now. Pierce me with your lovesword!" In a single motion, he gave her what she so urgently needed. She pulled him down, held him as if her life depended on it and sucked on his earlobe. He kept pumping, relishing her smoothness and heat. Each time their pelvises slammed into each other her breasts jumped.

Not many seconds had passed when she first came. He felt her embracing his hips with her legs and holding him to her very hard at the same time as a half-choked scream fled her lips. As soon as she let go with her legs, he resumed rhythmically ramming into her, and soon she came again. Nine orgasms ("You kept count?!" "Shut up!") later, when she no longer had the strength to hold him and just lay there in an exhausted pile of unending bliss, he finally spurted his juice into her. Just rolling enough to the side to avoid crushing her under his weight, he collapsed on the couch.

She kissed him softly on the cheek. "You're the best, studmuffin," she said.

"...and *that* is why I'm sure she's a woman," Blake ended the tale.

"Now, I'm going to get some sleep." Without a further word, he got up and left the flight deck. Vila watched him walk away, with a big grin on his face.

He was barely out of earshot of the flight deck when he heard her behind him.

"Roj," she said, and there was ice in her voice. Inwardly, Blake cringed.

"You've been telling lies about me, haven't you?"

"Look, I didn't mean to...", he tried to defend himself.

"You've been a *bad* boy. Look at me."

He turned around. Jenna stood in the middle of the hallway. She wore leather, black leather, and lots of it. Her head, thighs and an ample amount of cleavage were bare, the rest was leather. Black. With studs. In one hand she held a riding crop, the other was firmly placed on a hip.

"Do you have anything to say to your defense, Roj?"

"No, Mistress," he answered, weakly.

"It seems I will have to punish you, then."

"Yes, Mistress."

"Walk. Ahead of me. Hands on your neck."

As they walked down the corridor, Avon kept switching microphones, so that nothing juicy would be missed. It looked like they were going to Jenna's cabin, which was good. One of his cameras in Blake's cabin was broken, so if they'd gone there something interesting might have happened out of view. He leaned back in the couch, keeping the remote control within easy reach.

"Time to break out the potato chips?", Cally asked.

"I do think so," he answered. She rummaged through a large bag standing beside the couch.

"Plain salted or vinegar and cheese?", she asked. "And do you want some beer?"

"Plain salted, and yes please. As long as it isn't any of that vile auronar stuff."

"Wimp," she said and passed him a can of that vile auronar stuff. Whereafter they both settled down, for the action seemed to be about to begin in Jenna's little dungeon.