

Let's Get On With the Mission

Spacerebels of Gor, part 8

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Callisto's fantastic ability to tease people is one of the things that makes her so much fun to watch on *Xena*. I hope I managed to catch some of her spark.

Featured fandoms: Xena: Warrior Princess, Blake's 7

Featured pairings: Avon/Servalan

A.S.S Story codes: mf

Story rating: NC17

The new cell was very much more comfortable than the old one. It had a thick dark red carpet, heavily decorated wallpapers in red and gold and a huge four-poster bed. It also had various implements of a restraining nature fixed to the wall, the ceiling, the floor and the bed. On the whole, it didn't look nearly as much as a cell as a room in a brothel specialising in bondage. "What are you looking at?" Servalan asked from where she was, chained to the wall with her arms over her head and her legs spread.

"The president of the Federation, chained naked to a wall in her own prison compound, I believe," Avon answered, chained in the same position to the opposite wall but with his clothes still on.

"Well, I hope you enjoy what you see. It was you who put me here after all!"

"Me?"

"Yes, with that infernal Script power of yours!"

The Script! He had plain forgot about the Script! Maybe whatever it was that had blocked it for him earlier was gone now. He closed his eyes and tried to concentrate on changing something. Like the manacles holding his wrists. The room obviously wasn't a real cell, so it wasn't unreasonable to assume that the equipment in it was less than perfectly maintained... With a clatter the manacles fell to the floor. Moments later, the ones holding Avon's ankles followed, followed by Avon himself when his legs gave out from being in the same position for too long. He looked up at Servalan, daring her to laugh, which she didn't. Slowly, he got himself off of the floor and sat down on the bed. "Now, where were we?" he said. "Oh, yes, the president of the Federation chained naked to a wall..."

"What do you think they're doing right now, Xena?"

Cally walked behind and a little to the side of the tall dark woman, watching her intently. "Never were a talkative one, were you?" she asked when no answer to her question came. "Never mind. I can talk for two. If I have to."

Xena still didn't reply, she just walked on down the corridor, her face the very image of determination. "I think," Cally went on, "that they're torturing her. For information, of course. All in a good cause. They are rebels here on a mission, after all, and you and sweet little Gabrielle *are* working as guards here. So you both know lots of things that would be very useful to them."

The increasing tension in the muscles on Xena's back told her that she was on the right track. "Imagine their joy when they realised what they got dropped in their laps like a gift from the gods. A sweet, innocent--" She dropped her voice to a husky growl. "--hot and sexy little guard, just ripe for the picking. Imagine her like she must be right now, held down on the floor by the women, the few scraps of clothing she used to wear torn off and thrown away, her smooth white thighs forced apart by the muscular hips of one of the guys as he..."

A fist slammed into the wall just behind where Cally's head had been a split second before. She laughed. "My, my, Xena, how *violent* you are!"

"Shut up," Xena said. "Just shut up."

Cally made an exaggerated bow. "Anything for you, dear. I'll just walk here behind you. Silently. Dreaming of precious little Gabby's screams."

Xena turned around again and walked stiffly down the corridor, followed by Cally's wild laughter.

"If you touch me, I'll..."

"You'll what?"

Avon stood in front of Servalan, almost but not quite close enough that her nipples touched his shirt. He looked down at her, smiling smugly. "Tell me. What will you do if I touch you?" "You don't just molest the president of the Federation without being punished for..."

Her indignant speech was cut short as Avon's lips covered hers and his hands landed on her hips and slid on down to her buttocks. He pulled her close and kissed her deeply. Somewhat reluctantly, she found herself answering in kind, as well as she could with her hands chained to the wall above her head. Still kissing her, he turned her a little to the side, allowing one of his hands to move back over her hip through the triangle of dark hair at the bottom of her belly and in between her legs. She pressed her hips towards him, and was rewarded by the feeling of a finger slipping in between her wet vaginal lips.

"You get loose from you chains, and the first thing you do is to start fooling around with your cell mate? Well, I say."

The voice came from one of the Amazons standing in the cell door. Avon snatched his hand out from between Servalan's legs and stepped back, blushing heavily. "Well, I don't know how you got your chains off, pal, but they're going right back on. The commander is coming here soon to see you, and I don't want you trying any funny stuff while she's here. Now be a good boy and get back to your place."

Avon took a brief look at the excessively large guns the Amazons were holding and decided not to argue. "Er, the manacles fell out of the wall," he said.

The Amazon leader looked the wall where he'd been standing. "Well, I'll be..." she said. "Oh well, can't be helped. Lie down on your face instead." She gestured with her blaster. Avon found it best to obey. For the moment.

Vila contentedly stroked Gabrielle's side. He was lying on the floor with her spoon-fashion in front of him, quite at peace with the universe in general. He'd had great misgivings about coming here, but it had turned out to be a far better place than he could ever have imagined. His hand slipped down and cupped Gabrielle's breast, just to prove the point. "Feeling good, my pretty?" he asked.

She turned around to lay in her back and stretched out lasciviously. "Wonderful," she said. "It's been a long time since I had this good a time with a man."

He bent down to kiss her, and let his hand drift along the side of her stomach. She flinched. "Hey! That tickles!"

An evil grin spread over Vila's face. "What? This?" he said as he did the same thing again.

"Yes!" Gabrielle yelled.

She tried to squirm away, laughing. Vila quickly grabbed both of her hands in one of his, holding them down to the floor above her head. He moved up so that he sat on her hips, having free access to her ticklish midriff. She screamed again, louder, as he

renewed his efforts at tickling her. He was just about to stop and bend down to kiss her again when he heard an ululating yell and felt two sharp blows, one to each side of his neck. Suddenly he lost all control of his body. "I have just cut off all flow of blood to your brain. In thirty seconds you'll die a painful and drawn-out death," he heard a grim voice say from just behind him.

"Oh, hi Xena," Gabrielle said. "All done fighting?"

"Not if this creep's been hurting you," came the reply.

Vila gurgled something, frantically trying to get some air. Gabrielle got out from under him. "Er, he's not really dying, is he?" Tarrant said.

"Yes he is." Xena looked lightning bolts at him, smiling grimly. "And I hope you enjoyed watching my friend being defiled a whole lot, 'cause you'll be dying too real soon and it'd be a pity if you didn't think it was worth it"

"Xena, wait."

The tall dark woman turned to her smaller companion. "It's not what you think it is. They've been nothing but nice to me. Vila and I were just playing around a bit when you came in here. It's all right. Really." She put one arm around Xena's waist and stroked her cheek with the other. "So be a nice warrior and turn his blood flow back on, and maybe I can talk him into showing you exactly how nice he was to me." She grinned impishly. "I promise you'll like it."

Xena grunted. "Sure you're ok?"

"Uh-hu. Fine. But thanks for worrying about me."

Xena bent down and hit Vila's neck again. As he drew several deep, deep breaths of sweet air, she bowed down to him. "Remember this if you ever even *think* about hurting her," she said.

"So why aren't you done yet?" The Amazon sergeant did not sound pleased.

"He'd got loose from his chains, sarge, so we're checking out the room with some extra care," one of the Amazons replied.

"Got loose had he? Trying to escape, I suppose?"

"Nah, he was fooling around with her," she said, indicating Servalan.

"That skinny one? No sense of priorities, I'll say."

"Oh I don't know that, sarge. I wouldn't mind having a bit of fun with her myself!"

"You sure she goes for women?"

"She'll go for anyone we damn well tell her to!"

All three amazons laughed. It wasn't a very nice laugh. "You know she claims to be the president of the Federation?", said the sergeant.

"Yeah, we heard," said the red-headed Amazon.

"We just don't care," said her colleague.

"Well, make sure she stays still and silent right now. You can play with her after the commander's been here to see him."

The sergeant kicked Avon in the ribs, breaking his concentration. Cursing silently, he begun trying to get the Script into focus again.

Jenna stuck her head out the door. "All clear," she said. "Let's move out. If you're all dressed."

"I don't have any clothes to put on," Dayna said.

"This trooper's uniform doesn't fit, and Dayna broke the zipper on it when she pulled it off me anyway," Tarrant said.

"It hardly matters if I put this blouse on," Kelly said, "one can see everything right through it. Can I borrow your leather jacket, Jenna?"

"No, because I'm not wearing anything under it," Jenna replied.

"I've got my pants," Vila said, "but I can't find my shirt."

Xena gave Gabrielle a questioning look. Gabrielle did her best to look like the very image of innocence. "I guess we're about as dressed as we're going to get, then," she said as she pulled her green top into place. "The commander's suite is a few levels up, so I suggest we head for the stairs over in section six. That way we can go through the cell block. It's usually deserted, so we should be able to get through it undiscovered."

The group set off, Xena and Jenna leading the way and Cally guarding the rear.