

Old Lovers Meet

Spacerebels of Gor, part 10

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Maybe just a little bit more.

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

Featured pairings: Anna Grant/Servalan

A.S.S Story codes: ff,bdsm,nc

Story rating: R

"Commander?" The amazon guard sounded nervous.

"Yes?" Anna replied, in her silkiest voice. She knew that'd make the poor girl even more nervous. Making others nervous amused her.

"The man you ordered us to bring here has been brought here. He's waiting for you in a cell."

Anna sat up straight. "Excellent!" she said. "Did everything go smoothly?"

The girl hesitated. "Well... Mostly."

Slowly, Anna climbed out of the bed and stood next to the girl.

"Mostly?" she asked, her voice even silkier than before. The girl fell to her knees and pressed her forehead to the floor.

"When we arrived at the cell holding the man," she said. She was a little hard to hear since she was talking into the carpet. "We encountered two people who were also after him. One of them, a man, disappeared. The other, a woman who walked around naked, claims to be the president of the Federation. We brought her as well as the man, just in case. She's waiting in the same cell he is."

She walked around the kneeling guard. She had quite a nice ass, Anna thought. Maybe she'd invite her to the special guard posting in the commander's bed some night.

"Did the naked woman mention her name?" she asked.

"She said her name is Servalan, Commander."

"Indeed. Did you find her pretty?"

"Er... To be honest, she was a little too skinny for my taste, Commander."

Anna stopped, standing right next to the girl's head. "Am *I* too skinny for your tastes, guard?"

"Of course not, Commander!" The reply came *very* quickly. "You are a most attractive woman!"

She smiled. "Good," she said. "You may now lead the way to the cell where you left Avon."

Avon was concentrating. The situation was quite bad, and getting worse. He wanted out of it, and the easiest way to get out would be to be saved by somebody else. Since he was already lying face-down on the floor, closing his eyes was quite unnecessary. He tried to breathe regularly and concentrate on the Script.

He saw the others walk through a corridor, accompanied with two women he didn't recognize. Most of them were in various states of undress. They seemed to be led by the smaller of the unknown women -- both of whom were quite pretty. As they turned a corner, he *twisted* things so that they'd end up going towards the cell he was in...

"Shall I announce us, Commander?"

The pretty young amazon looked back at Anna over her shoulder.

"No," Anna said. "It'll be more fun to see of the bastard recognizes me after all this time."

The amazon nodded, opened the door and stepped aside. Anna swept by her, granting her a lascivious smile in passing. The amazon followed her into the cell and closed the door behind them.

"Hello, Kerr," she said to the man on the floor. "Long time no see."

She saw Avon start. He looked up at her, eyes wide as saucers.

"*Anna?*" he said. "You look quite -- different," he added after he'd taken in the way she was dressed, which still was no more than her golden chain-mail bikini and a pair of stupidly high-heeled shoes.

"I suppose you expected a corpse?"

"Er..." He looked like a didn't know what to say. "Look, I can explain," he tried.

"Really," Anna said. "And you're really expecting an explanation of some kind to make up for running away and leaving me to the torturers?"

She took a few steps, so she stood between his legs.

"I didn't mean...", he just about had time to say before she gave him a solid kick in the testicles. The rest of the sentence turned into a strangled croak as his lungs failed him.

"Oh baby, I have waited *so* long to do that," she moaned.

"I think we're lost," Gabrielle said. "I don't understand how, but somehow we've ended up somewhere completely different from where I intended to go. It's as if the corridors have moved around."

"Do you think you can figure out where we are?" Jenna said.

"Yeah, no problem," Gabrielle answered. "I'll just have to look into a few rooms to see what's in them."

"I'll bet you a bottle of Soma that you'll find Avon in one of those rooms," Vila muttered from behind them.

"Smells like his sort of stunt, that's for sure," Jenna agreed. "Let's move anyway. It's not like we have a choice."

"And what about you, then."

Anna turned to the naked woman chained to the wall.

"What shall we do with you? Do you have anything to say that's worth listening to?"

Servalan still had reserves of anger and arrogance to draw on.

"I am the president of the Federation, and you will release me at once!"

Anna smiled her nicest smile at her. "Are you now," she said. "The President. Arriving in secret, of course. To prance about naked in a high-security prison facility." She put her face very close to Servalan's. "Does that sound at all likely to you?" she asked.

"I don't care if it sounds likely or not. It's true, and you will obey!"

"I think," Anna said, "it sounds like a story made up by a prisoner who knows that she looks a bit like Servalan and who somehow managed to get out of her cell."

She ran her fingers slowly down the side of Servalan's face. "You do look a lot like the megalomaniac bitch, you really do. Maybe that's why you're here in the first place. She likes to fancy herself unique."

Servalan started to protest. Anna silenced her by putting a hand over her mouth. "Guard," she said. "Give me a gag."

"We'll figure out who you are," she said to the furious president while one of the amazons brought her the requested implement. "But before we do that we'll have some fun with you."

Gabrielle carefully nudged the door open and looked in.

"What's in there?" Vila stage-whispered from behind. Tarrant and Dayna shushed at him, making even more noise.

"A bondage cell. Empty, fortunately. Next time, can you *all* please be silent?"

There was a mumbled chorus of apologies as Gabrielle snuck up to the next door. She was just about to open it when it swung open on its own accord. As one, the entire group pushed themselves flat against the wall in an attempt to hide.

A slender woman in a golden chain-mail bikini walked out of the cell, looking back in. "We'll be coming for you later, Avon. Don't go anywhere!" She laughed evilly as she walked down the corridor without looking back. Behind her came another, more muscular, woman dressed in a silver chain-mail bikini. She was lead-

ing a chained and gagged Servalan, and seemed too busy to notice the rather large and badly hid group of people behind the door.

"Well, I think we can safely assume that Avon's in there," Gabrielle said when they were alone in the corridor again. "So, do we rescue him now?"

Vila, Tarrant and Dayna all looked at Jenna.

"Well...", Jenna said. "We would probably get things done and get out of here much faster if he wasn't conscious. Do you think you can knock him out for a few hours or so?"

"Xena?" Gabrielle fluttered her eyelashes at the taller woman.

"Oh all right," Xena said. She opened the door to the cell and stomped inside.

"Ah, good, there you are," they heard Avon say. "Get me out of these chains and we'll go after that..."

There were two sharp cracking sounds. Avon fell abruptly silent.

Xena sauntered out of the cell. "He'll be out for some hours at least," she said.

"Where do you want her, Commander?"

The three women had entered the Commander's combined bedchamber and office. It was a very large room, larger than some ballrooms. The floor was carpeted, the walls were covered with mirrors and erotic statues, the ceiling had equally erotic paintings on it. There were quite a few pieces of furniture, but all of them paled in significance beside the enormous bed in the center of the room. It looked more than big enough to hold a serious orgy in, which was probably the point.

"Oh, put her in the bed for now,... What's your name anyway?"

"My name is Molly, Commander." She dragged Servalan across the ankle-thick carpet and roughly pushed her face down into the bed, near the edge.

"Right. Molly. I knew that. We have a slight problem here, Molly."

The guard looked worried. "Oh? What?"

"We don't want her to talk, but as long as she's gagged she can't use her mouth for more ... entertaining purposes."

Anna sat down beside Servalan and ran a finger down her back.

"Can't we just whip her as soon as she says a word?" Molly suggested. "That should teach her to shut up, don't you think?"

Muffled protests came from the bed. Anna laid down alongside her prisoner, roughly grabbed her hair and turned her face so she could see her eyes. "You heard that didn't you?" she said. "Nod if you did."

There was a nod. A small one, but a nod.

"Good!" Anna exclaimed. "Molly, get a whip from the toy closet, will you?"

The guard opened a gilded wardrobe that was twice her height and big enough to comfortably house a small family. More muffled protests came from Servalan.

"Relax," Anna said and squeezed the nearest of the Federation President's breasts. "If you behave yourself, we'll not use it much. Just enough to make sure that you *really* understand before we take off the gag."

She pinched a nipple hard enough to elicit a grunt from the chained woman.

"Who knows?" she said. "Maybe you'll find you like it."

"Will this do, Commander?"

Molly held out a five-stranded arm-long whip with a dildo-shaped handle.

Anna sat up straight. "Oh, it's *lovely*, darling. Give it to me."

She almost tore it from the guard's hand. "Let's see now... Where shall we start?" she mumbled. "Thighs? Belly? Breasts?"

Servalan was beginning to look frightened, her eyes following the hand that held the whip.

"Breasts!", Anna yelled, and brought down the whip with considerable force

three times in rapid succession. Servalan jumped and screamed through the gag for every stroke.

Once her victim had calmed down enough to just lie still and pant, Anna brought her face down close to her ear. "No words," she said. "You may scream, moan, grunt and make any other sort of incoherent sound that you like, but you may not speak. If you do, you'll get lots more of what you just had. Understood?"

Servalan nodded very vigorously.

"Good!" Anna said. "Let's play."