

# Seducing An Athosian

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For the Stargate Rare Pairings ficathon.

**Featured fandoms:** Stargate: SG1, sga

**Featured pairings:** Vala/Teyla

**A.S.S Story codes:** ff

**Story rating:** NC-17

It was all Sam's fault, of course.

All Vala had done was to complain, mildly and with dignity, that it was not fair.

"What do you mean not fair?" Sam said. "What's not fair?"

Vala leaned back in the plastic Atlantis commissary chair. The food was exactly the same as in the SGC commissary, which was quite a disappointment. Usually, half the fun of going to new planets was the new food, and this was supposed to be a different *galaxy*.

"You guys already know these people," she said. "You already have relationships with them, and there's nobody left for me."

Sam looked at her with a forkful of brown goop forgotten in between the plate and her mouth.

"Well, we know them professionally," Sam said. "That doesn't exclude you from getting to know them."

"Oh come on!" Vala said. "There's nothing professional about how you're shagging doctor Weir."

Sam's face turned red. She put the fork down.

"What makes you think that?" she said.

"It's called 'eyesight'," Vala said. "You're doing Weir, Cameron is seeing Ronon and Daniel is doing Mckay *and* Shepard. I tell you, there is no accounting for that man's taste."

Sam looked at Vala with revulsion written all over his face.

"Daniel and *Rodney*?" she said.

"I know," Vala said. "Anyway, there's nobody left for me."

Sam shrugged.

"There's Teyla," she said. "You could always try making a move on her."

Vala thought for a moment. Teyla. Why had she forgotten about Teyla? She certainly was attractive, and nobody seemed to be particularly interested in her. Except possibly Weir, and she was currently busy with Sam.

"Yeah," Vala said. "I'll try hitting on Teyla!"

She leaned forward over the table, pushing her tray aside with her elbows.

"How?" she said.

Sam shrugged.

"We haven't got that much time here," she said. "Maybe you'd better be direct about it."

"What, if I may ask, are you doing?" Teyla said.

Vala had found her in the exercise room. Where she had been working out. Which consisted of doing lots of graceful fluid movements with her wooden sticks, stretching and bending her deliciously toned body in ways that were only barely concealed by her clothes. Inspired, Vala had entered the room and done her best to follow Sam's advice. Be direct. Just go for it. No time to lose.

"Um," Vala said. Apparently, the direct approach weren't working quite as well as she'd hoped.

"It's a display of affection from my home planet," she went on, without taking her hands from Teyla's breasts. "We are a very direct people."

Vala had liked the look of Teyla's breasts from the first time she saw her, and the feel of them was every bit as good as she'd hoped. Warm, firm and just plain... good.

"I see," Teyla said. "Then, I guess, you will not disapprove if I am equally direct?"

Vala beamed her brightest smile at her.  
"Sure!" she said.

Carson put down the needle on the bright and shiny steel tray and turned the medical spotlight off.

"I must say," he said, "that the door you walked into chose its target impressively well."

Vala glowered at him.

"The wound is in exactly the right place that it'll hurt like blazes, make you bleed like a stuck pig and still there won't be any visible scarring from the stitches. Quite impressive."

"It. Was. A. Door," Vala said.

"Oh, aye," Carson said. "Did I say it wasn't?"

With a speed born of much practice, he put a dressing over the wound.

"It should heal pretty fast," he said. "If it starts to ache worse or feel swollen, come back and let me have a look at it."

Vala tried to force a smile.

"I will," she said. "Thank you so much."

"You're welcome," Carson said. "If I were you I'd stay clear of that door in the future."

Fat chance of that, Vala thought as she jumped off the hospital bed and headed out of the infirmary. She knew well that she was a thief, a liar and a cheat. Hell, she was proud of it. She saw something she wanted, and she went for it. No hesitation, no doubt, no stupid morals to get in the way. There usually was resistance, of course, but that only made her try harder. Like now. Her usual happy grin returned to her face. One way or another, she'd get into that Athosian's pants.

"It's called chocolate," Vala said. "It's from Earth. Fantastic invention. Try some."

Teyla picked up one of the small dark squares from the plate Vala had placed before her. It was nearing the end of dinner time in Atlantis, and the commissary was fast clearing out.

"Yes," Teyla said. "I know. Elizabeth is very fond of it."

"So try it," Vala said. She was eagerly leaning forward over the table.

"I have," Teyla said. "Many times. It took Elizabeth a long time to accept that I do not like it."

Vala looked at her.

"You don't like chocolate?!"

"No."

"Well, a lot depends on how you eat it," Vala said. "I particularly favor smearing it all over a lovely pair of breasts and then slowly licking it off."

Teyla put the chocolate back down.

"I see," she said. "I will certainly suggest that next time Elizabeth tries to get me to eat it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have work to do."

She got up and left. Vala let her head fall forward until her forehead hit the cold, hard surface. Foiled again. And, which was starting to annoy her, she wasn't sure if Teyla was really as oblivious as she acted or if she was a master player of the game.

Vala knocked on the door. When it opened, she held forth the large bouquet.

"For you," she said.

Teyla smiled. "They are beautiful," she said. "I didn't think these grew anywhere in Atlantis."

Vala tried not to look smug.

"They don't," she said. "Zelenka gave me a ride to the mainland so I could pick them."

"How very kind of him," Teyla said.

And closed the door.

"You know," Vala said, leaning against the nearest tree and trying to talk in between gasping for air. "When I suggested dancing I had something slightly more intimate than this in mind."

Teyla smiled at her. The evil woman didn't look winded at all.

"Really?" she said. Behind her, the village-wide coordinated dance kept spinning at an insane pace. Vala could hardly hear the caller over the slamming of booted feet.

"This is how we Athosians always dance."

Daniel laughed so hard he had to sit down.

"A *serenade*?" he managed to say. "You?"

"It's a time-honored seduction technique," Vala said, offended.

"But you only know lewd drinking songs!"

Vala nodded almost imperceptibly. "We do the best with what we've got," she said.

Daniel took off his glasses and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"So did it work?" he said.

"No," Vala said.

"Didn't she like it?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? How long did you try?"

"I'll have you know that I stood on the balcony below her window and sang for three hours straight!"

"And you don't know if she liked it? Was she even there?"

"She was. I saw her."

"So?"

"So it turns out outside windows on Atlantis are soundproofed," Vala said.

Vala dropped herself down into a chair across the table from where Lieutenant Colonel Carter and Doctor Weir were trying not to look as if they spent every free minute shagging.

"I give up," Vala said. "That woman is hopeless."

"Who is?" Elizabeth said.

"Teyla, I think," Sam said.

"Teyla is hopeless?" Elizabeth said. "I've always found her to be one of the most sensible people I've ever met."

"I've tried everything," Vala said. "Nothing works with her. I tried groping her. I tried flattering her. I tried chocolate. I tried dancing. I tried flowers. I tried singing. *Nothing* works."

"Maybe I'm missing something basic here," Elizabeth said. "But what are you trying to *do*?"

"Get into bed with her," Sam said. "I think."

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow. "Are you?"

"Of course I am!" Vala said. "Have you *seen* the body on that woman? I mean, yow!"

"I see," Elizabeth said. "Have you tried asking her?"

Vala looked at her as if she'd suddenly sprouted facial tentacles.

"You mean," she said after a little while, "just *ask* her to have sex with me? Like that?"

"Uh-hu," Elizabeth said.

Again, the grin spread across Vala's face.

"You know," she said, "it's so crazy it just might work."

A moment later, she was sprinting out from the commissary.

"Asking for something is crazy?" Weir said.

"Vala's world is not quite like our world," Sam explained.

Teyla opened two buttons in Vala's uniform shirt as fast as she could, then grew impatient and simply tore the rest open. The casual display of strength scared Vala a little and turned her on a whole lot.

"I do wish," Teyla said as the shirt joined Vala's uniform jacket in the corner of the training room, "that you had been a little clearer in communicating your desires."

Vala was too busy undoing the knots in Teyla's clothes to answer. She considered imitating the bodice-ripping maneuver, but it wouldn't look nearly as impressive to fail. By the time she had Teyla naked to the waist, she was herself wearing no more than her boots. She took a step back and put her hands on her hips.

"Like what you see?" she asked.

Under Teyla's own fingers, the weird fastenings in her clothes opened as if by magic. Cloth and leather dropped to the floor. Vala swallowed hard. The woman was even better looking than she had imagined.

"Can I touch you without being beaten up now?" she asked.

"Yes," Teyla said, smiling. She spread her arms and slightly parted her legs.

Vala let go of what little impulse control she usually had. Her arms embraced that wonderful body. Their mouths met and kissed eagerly, almost frantically. She held on as hard as she could, for once not the slightest afraid of hurting her lover. The feel of the firm muscular body against her own was heavenly, and she wanted to feel all of it at once. Her hands moved, caressing and fondling and probing. When Teyla broke the kiss to laugh in delight, Vala kept her mouth busy by kissing her way down the tanned alien skin. When she passed the navel hands buried themselves in her hair, guiding her lower.

As if that was necessary.

She kissed her way through the rough black hair at the bottom of Teyla's belly, steadily moving down. She'd planned to skirt around the, so to speak, central issue for a little while, but hands like iron guided her mouth right to where it was wanted.

Suddenly, Vala's radio crackled into life.

"Hey, Vala!" Cameron's voice said. "Get your ass over here, we're leaving!"

The hands holding her head hesitated.

"Do you want to..." Teyla said. The rest of the sentence vanished into a moan, since Vala choose to answer by sliding her tongue along the wet vulva in front of her. That ought to convey better than words that no, she didn't want to. To make it

even clearer, she removed a hand from Teyla's buttock and gently started playing with the opening to her vagina, slowly and rhythmically pushing inside. The hands on her hair increased their hold to an almost painful level.

"Harder!" Teyla said.

Maybe there is something to this communication thing, flashed through Vala's mind as she pushed her lips hard onto Teyla's clitoris and pushed two fingers as far inside her as she could reach.

"Oh yes," Teyla breathed. "Don't stop."

"Vala," the radio said. In Daniel's voice, this time. "We're leaving without you."

Teyla was grinding her crotch into Vala's face, and Vala did her damndest to play along. She reached up with the hand that wasn't busy inside Teyla and grabbed hold of a fantastic breast. She licked for all that she was worth, in time with her pumping finger. Above, Teyla's words were getting more frantic and less comprehensible.

"Ok, that's it," the radio said in Sam's voice. "Vala, we're bringing you in."

As Teyla screamed and spasmed, Vala dissolved into glowing lines and disappeared.

Brightly glowing stars slid slowly past the window in the Daedalus common room. Which, at the moment, wasn't particularly common, since it only held one foul-tempered Vala Mal Doran.

"Um, knock, knock?" Sam said from the door.

"Who's there?" Vala said.

Sam hesitated. Did Vala know knock-knock jokes? If so, would she be making them now? Or did she really wonder who it was?

She went with what seemed like the safer choice.

"It's me," she said. "Sam."

"Go away!" Vala said.

"Look," Sam said. "We're sorry, all right? We didn't know where you were. And we always beam directly to the bridge, you know that."

"Is that supposed to make me feel better?" Vala said. "I'm a laughingstock!"

Sam dared walk a little closer, taking care not to step into the glass shards from when Cameron had tried to talk to Vala.

"We really are sorry," she said. "I'm sorry. And for those who saw you naked, I really doubt laughter is what they'll be thinking about."

Vala glared at Sam.

"So what you're saying that instead of a laughing stock I'll be the main sex fantasy for a shipful of horny soldiers?"

"Yep," Sam said. "Pretty much."

"Well," Vala growled, "that's..."

She frowned.

"...pretty cool, actually," she finished.

Sam sat down next to her.

"Makes a change it not being me," she said.

Vala looked at her.

"Like you've ever been that hot," she said. "And you still owe me."

"I so am that hot," Sam said. "And how do I owe you?"

"When you beamed me up," Vala said. "I wasn't... finished."

Sam couldn't stop a laugh coming.

"Well, I'd love to help," she said. "But I've been informed that I'm not really all that hot, so I'm not sure if I can."

Vala tried to glare at her again, but a grin broke through the dour face.

"Oh, just shut up and fuck me," she said.