

Dressing Up

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For Snowgrouse. Dayna, Soolin and Dorian's wardrobe.

Featured fandoms: Blake's 7

Featured pairings: Dayna/Soolin

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: PG

On the eve of the first day of the month they found Dorian's wardrobe. It was huge, it was full of all kinds of clothes imaginable and it was, for some reason, rather well hidden.

"Look at all that," Soolin said, standing in the open doorway to it and looking in. "What a waste."

"Maybe not," Dayna said, standing next to her.

"So what would you do with it?"

Dayna smiled. "Wait, and I'll show you."

On the eve of the second day of the month, there was a knock on Soolin's door.

"And what is that supposed to be?" Soolin asked after she'd opened the door.

"This," said Dayna who was standing outside, "is a formal evening dress from the planet Vadranaï. It was made famous through a number of star systems by a series of plays about an unrealistically competent and lucky secret agent."

Her clothes were black and white, with the black in the outer layers and the white in the inner ones. It had many well-pressed folds, and it very nearly managed to hide her womanly shape.

"And what would the agent do in a situation like this?" Soolin asked.

"In a situation like this," Dayna said, "when he was confronted by a beautiful woman, he would sweep her of her feet, amazing her with his elegance and wit. He would take her in his strong arms, bend her deeply down and kiss her like she had never been kissed before."

"Well," Soolin said. "I guess you had better do that, then."

So Dayna swept Soolin off her feet, and amazed her with elegance and wit. She took her in her strong arms, bent her deeply down and kissed her like she had never been kissed before.

Then she left.

On the eve of the third day, there was again a knock on Soolin's door.

"And what is *that*?" she asked.

"This is the dress favoured by the Space Pirate Robeaux," Dayna said. "He was infamous all across the Myrian Arm for his daring raids and amorous exploits. He would disable and board the strongest of ships. He would take their valuables, and he would choose the most beautiful of the ladies aboard and offer her to come with him for a time, of her own free will and desire. Many did, not a one spoke badly of him after, and all of them cried bitter tears when he finally died."

Her dress was flowing and free, made from bright colours and rich fabrics. When she moved, colours would flow into and out of each other in a bewildering pattern, and when she stood still there would be a new and never before seen pattern flattering her dark-hued skin.

"Well?", Soolin said.

"Most beautiful of ladies," Dayna said. "Will you come with me for a time, of your own free will and desire?"

"Oh yes," Soolin said.

And so they left.

On the eve of the fourth day, there was a gentle knock Soolin's door.

"What is this?" Soolin asked when she had opened it.

"This is the sacred garb of a Priestess of Gernarat, the ancient Yian Goddess of

Lust," Dayna said. "Once a year, on the nine nights when the moons of Yi were all dark, the Priestesses of Gernarat would walk the streets of Yi's great underground cities, and eventually they would see someone who appeared to them to be marked for them by Gernarat herself. They would approach, and offer themselves for the night. If they were accepted, which almost always were, they would spend the night fulfilling every desire and dream of their chosen. Or, at least, every dream and desire that could be fulfilled in a single night."

Her clothes were thin and mostly transparent, cut to enhance rather than hide, to reveal rather than cover. They had many layers, and they could be removed slowly and piece by piece, or quickly and all at once.

Soolin waited.

"You are my chosen," Dayna said. "For this night of nights, let me come into your bed and fulfill your every desire."

Soolin let her in.

On the eve of the fifth day, there was again a knock on Soolin's door.

"Ok, what's *this*?" she asked, frowning.

"This is me," Dayna said. "Born on Earth, brought up a fugitive, lately turned rebel. I have little or nothing to offer but myself. I know little or nothing about the universe. I have done little or nothing of any consequence."

"You're more than that," Soolin said.

"I offer myself to you," Dayna said. "For as long as you will have me."

"You are too good for a killer like me," Soolin said. "But how could I refuse an offer like that?"

She took Dayna in her arms, and as she led her into her room she brought her lips to her ear and whispered.

"Until death do us part."