

Supreme Commanders Like Exotic Toys

Heroes Lost, part 1

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Heroes Lost was my first fanfic story of any serious length. I posted it in installments, which I occasionally regretted since it prevented me from going back and rewriting things when I got better ideas. The seed idea was "What would happen if Servalan got her kinky mitts on Deleenn?", and at first I only intended to write the rape scene as plain and simple PWP porn. Somehow it got out of hand.

As you may have guessed from the names, it's a crossover story between Blake's 7 and Babylon 5. In the B7 timeline it's set in the second season, sometime after "Pressure Point". In the B5 timeline it's a seriously alternate version of "War Without End", where Deleenn becomes unstuck in time instead of Sheridan and gets really lost.

Featured fandoms: Babylon 5, Blake's 7

Featured pairings: Deleenn/OCM/Servalan

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

Story rating: NC17

"So this person just appeared, out of nowhere?" The woman in white sat back in her chair, softly smiling. Her smile did not appear to do much for the peace of mind of the uniformed man before her.

"Yes, Supreme Commander. There was a flash, and then the prisoner was there." He straightened his back even further. "It looked pretty much like descriptions we've heard of how the teleportation device of the terrorist Blake works, so we apprehended and incarcerated the intruder at once." He glanced nervously at Servalan. "I hope we didn't do anything wrong, Supreme Commander."

"Oh, no. You did fine. I am just...curious. The Liberator hasn't been anywhere near Space Command, and neither has anything else that might conceivably hold a teleportation device." She stood and walked towards the monitor. "Tell me, Ger, did the prisoner say anything?"

"Yes, Supreme Commander. She stated that she comes from an alternate universe, and that her name is Delenn. She seems to worry a great deal about someone named John."

The prisoner was sitting on her bunk, facing one of the cameras, apparently meditating. She was dressed in a kind of decorated red robe, her black hair hanging far down on her back and held back with what looked like a peculiar tiara. Servalan found her quite beautiful.

"What is that on her head, Ger?"

"It's an extruding part of her skull, Supreme Commander."

"Natural or artificial?"

"Natural, as far as we have been able to determine, madam. She's only been here for a couple of hours, though, so all conclusions we've drawn are of course subject to future revision."

"What a sentence!" She turned from the monitor showing the cell to face the dark-haired young officer. "One might almost think that you're afraid of me. Are you, Ger?"

"Well..., Supreme Commander, I can't..."

"Are you?"

"You...you do have a reputation for being very harsh, Supreme Commander, if I may say so."

Servalan smiled.

"If that bone tiara of hers is natural, that'd make her a variant human, like the Aurnar."

"Yes, Supreme Commander," Ger answered, a bit thrown by the sudden change of subject.

"I wonder what she looks like under that robe. Have you checked if there are any more differences from a normal human?"

"No, madam, there hasn't been time."

"Well, then. Let's go have a look."

"Zen! What is that?!" Vila still held on for dear life to his console, as if he didn't yet believe that the violent evasive maneuvers were over.

"It appears to be a spacecraft of unknown configuration."

"How could it just appear in front of us like that?"

"Unknown."

"Calm down, Vila. It's ok now." Cally adjusted something on her console. "Zen, put the battle computers online, just to be sure."

"Confirmed. The unknown ship is trying to communicate with us using radio waves."

"Put it on speakers. Vila, try to wake up the others."

"...respond. This is the White Star to unknown ship. Please respond. This is the..."

"White Star, this is the Liberator. We hear you. Who are you, and how did you get here?"

"Liberator, I am Commander Susan Ivanova, we are from Babylon 5, we're looking for a friend of ours and how we got here is a long story. Perhaps we can meet?"

"We'll come to you. Please stand by."

"Are you human?"

Delenn woke from her meditation, momentarily confused.

"Excuse me?"

"Are you human?"

They had entered the cell while she was distracted. A tall, dark, sharpnosed man in a black uniform and a slender woman in a clinging white gown. The woman had short, black hair and was obviously the man's superior. She was sitting on the cell's only chair, he stood behind her.

"Physically, I am human."

"Really? That thing on your head...?"

"My bonecrest? A leftover from...before I was human."

The woman rose and walked over to Delenn, slowly drew her fingers over her cheek, down her neck.

"Are there any more leftovers from before you were human?"

"No. None."

"Really. I think I would like to see that for myself. Take your clothes off."

"What?"

"Ger, take her clothes off."

The uniformed man smiled and took out a pocket knife. "With pleasure, Supreme Commander," he said.

"Wait. I will do as you say." Delenn rose and started to unbutton her robe.

"No," Servalan interrupted. "You had your chance. It'll be more fun if Ger gets to do it. Just stand still."

With a few economical movements he cut through shoulders and arms of robe and underthings, letting them fall to the floor, leaving Delenn naked before them.

Servalan let her gaze slide up and down the slender, pale body. "You look human enough," she said. "Let's investigate further." A step closer, a hand on each side of her prisoner's head, their lips met and the Supreme Commander forced her tongue into the shorter woman's mouth, tasting her and feeling her warmth.

"Cally, do you read?"

"Loud and clear." Her voice sounded tinny coming from the bracelet on Blake's wrist.

"Good. We're standing in some sort of corridor. We're about to try to find someone to talk to. I'll get back to you when we have something to say. Blake out."

Blake pulled his sleeve down over the bracelet and started forward. There weren't many other directions to choose from, and the voice calling itself Ivanova had said to meet on the bridge.

"This doesn't look like anything I've seen before," Jenna said. "It's definitely not Federation."

"Unless the Federation designed it like this to allay our suspicions," Avon replied.

"If they can do that appearing-from-a-glowing-blue-vortex trick we're lost anyway."

"In any case we have to investigate, Federation or not," Blake added. The three walked on in silence, through strangely decorated and illuminated corridors.

"I hear voices," Jenna said after a time.

"Just round the corner," Avon added.

Blake kept on walking without comment, turning the corner and emerging on the White Star bridge. The talking stopped. A rather tall man in a black uniform with silver decorations on the chest turned towards Blake, smiling.

"Welcome! You must be our visitors from the Liberator. I'm John, Captain John Sheridan. These are my crew, I guess you could call them. Commander Ivanova, whom you have already spoken to, Marcus Cole, Ambassador Jeffrey Sinclair, Lennier and Zathras. Pleased to meet you!" He held his hand out to Blake, who shook it.

"Our pleasure. I'm Roj Blake, these two are my companions Kerr Avon and Jenna Stannis." General handshaking and greeting ensued.

"I suppose you're rather curious about who we are and how we got here," Sheridan said afterwards.

"Yes. We are," Avon replied.

Sheridan looked at his crew, then back. "Well, it's quite a long and complicated story. Why don't you sit down while I tell it?"

Servalan let her hands slide down the prisoner's smooth back, enjoying the feel of the soft flesh and the featherlight touch of her long hair. The kiss broke as Delenn turned her head.

"What's the matter? Don't you like it?" Servalan smiled.

"I don't see what the point of this is."

"The point? It amuses me."

"That is all? It amuses you?"

"Well, sooner or later I'll ask you a few questions." She drew her fingers lightly along the other woman's side, ending up with her hand cupped over a bare breast. "Although with you I think it will be later. Much later." She began circling Delenn's nipple with a finger, provoking an involuntary gasp. "Do you have a name, my pet?"

"Delenn," Delenn breathed. All her years in the temples had taught her to withstand discomfort and pain, bear it without losing her concentration. Pleasure was different. Once before she'd felt like this, and she knew she didn't handle it very well. She tried not to feel it, to treat it like someone tickling her, but it didn't quite work. She could feel her selfcontrol starting to crumble under the whiteclad human's caresses.

"Your reactions are so fascinating, even more naïve and confused than a virgin girl's. Yet you must have had some experiences at your age, even if only by yourself." The larger woman's hands stopped moving.

"You can't be a virgin, can you?" One of the hands started moving again, down, towards Delenn's groin. As soon as she realised where it was going, she grabbed hold of it.

"Ger," Servalan said mildly, "hold her hands for me."

Without a word, he stepped up behind Delenn and violently pulled her hands behind her back. Before she'd had time to react, Delenn felt Servalan's hand between her legs. She closed her eyes and tried to withdraw within herself, unsuccessfully. A finger started to work its way up inside her, slowly, carefully, while other fingers rubbed her labia. A hot, wet mouth enclosed one of her nipples. Waves of sensation broke against her mind, and she discovered that she'd parted her legs.

Suddenly hands and mouth left her. "You *are* a virgin!" Delenn opened her eyes and saw Servalan looking at her with an amused expression.

"It is not the way of my people to pair more than once," she said and immediately felt embarrassed for defending herself.

"You are a wonderful pet, aren't you? Where *do* you come from?"

"Another time. Another universe, maybe. I got lost."

"And now you're here, all alone, with noone but mommy Servalan to take care of you."

"John will... My friends will come looking for me."

"Perhaps. But right now you're here, alone, on my station. So if there is to be anything for your John to find, you'll just have to do as I tell you."

Delenn found nothing to say. As out of a fog, she heard the taller woman's voice.

"Take off my top."

"What?"

"Take off my top. Just slide it off my shoulders and pull it down. It's easy." The man behind her let go of her hands. Quickly, as if touching something poisonous, she grabbed the white cloth and pulled it down, revealing Servalan's torso.

"Good girl. Now caress me."

She stared silently at Servalan for a moment before reaching out and placing a hand on the alien shoulder, sliding it down, along the side of a breast, to the still-clad hip. Up again, over the stomach, the other hand joining in. Stiffening nipples under her palms. She closed her eyes again, all her attention on her hands. Languid curves, soft warm skin. She surrendered to the pleasure, imagined it was Susan's body her hands were roaming over. She felt her bonecrest grabbed, used as a handle to force her mouth up against a breast. Without further prompting she let her tongue play over it.

"Do you find her attractive, Ger?", Servalan asked.

"So she gave you this stabiliser device, saving you but getting lost in time herself?", Avon accused.

"Well, yeah, basically," Sheridan defended himself.

"How disgustingly noble."

"Among our people the ability to consciously sacrifice oneself for the benefit of another is not only seen as admirable, but as one of the distinguishing marks of sentient life. Being what she is, she could do nothing else," Lennier added.

Blake smiled. "You could learn from these people, Avon."

Avon didn't deign to answer.

"And now you believe that she's ended up here, in our universe," he said.

"Space time track end here," Zathras answered. "Not easy to follow space time track, but Zathras learn as Zathras go along."

"And you want us to help you find her."

"We can't ask that of you. But if you could tell us a little about how things work here, we'd be very grateful," Sheridan replied.

"Of course we'll help them!", Blake interjected. "They're freedom fighters just as we are. We rebels must help each other." He rose from the bench he was sitting on. "To begin with, we'll ask Orac to monitor Federation communications for news of any unusual prisoners. That should let us know if she's ended up in their clutches."

"With our luck she probably appeared inside Space Command," Avon muttered.

"Naturally," Jenna added. "Servalan is probably torturing her horribly even as we speak."

"Very much, Supreme Commander," Ger answered.

The feeling of Deleenn's hands and lips on her skin was exciting Servalan something incredible. Lightly holding on to the bonecrest with one hand, she used the other to open the fastenings of her skirt, letting it fall to the floor and leaving her naked but for her shoes. Gently she guided the alien's head downwards, having her lick her bellybutton. Still holding on to the bone, forcing the lovely face against her stomach, she turned and sat down on the edge of the bunk. Deleenn fell to her knees, bending forward, putting her hands on the Supreme Commander's thighs. Servalan resumed guiding the warm mouth lower, and spread her legs wide. She looked at Ger. His eyes kept jumping back and forth between her own breasts and the prisoner's posterior.

"Would you like to play with her?", she asked, as the roving tongue began wetting her pubic hair.

"If I may," came the answer. Too controlled, she thought. Too controlled by far. Just like the original.

"We'll see," she said just as Deleenn's licks reached her sex. Stifling a sudden gasp, she pressed the other woman's face harder against her crotch. The long, black hair was a cool caress against her calves, contrasting deliciously against the feeling of the coarse blanket against her ass. Waves of pleasure beat in time to the lapping tongue. The captive woman wasn't very good at this, but that didn't bother Servalan much. Forcing her to do it more than made up for lacking skill. Her breathing deepened as tension built. She took a firmer hold of the bonecrest, in anticipation of sudden protest.

"Ger, take her." Protest came. Deleenn tried to lift her head and say something, but only muffled protests were heard. Ger started unbuttoning his uniform jacket.

"No. Keep it on. Just open up as much as you have to." With a lopsided grin, he undid his pants and pulled them down a bit, releasing a very stiff cock. The look on his face as he knelt behind the captive almost brought Servalan over the edge to orgasm. Such single-minded malice on that face! Maybe she should have a poster made from the surveillance records. "Harder, dear, lick me harder," she murmured, not caring if she was heard or not. Maybe she should send a copy of the poster to a

certain Shadow-addict clonemaster, to show what nice merchandise she produced. The protests became more urgent as Ger forced Deleenn's legs apart and positioned himself. She could feel the vibrations from the hindred words in her pelvis.

Tilting the captive head so she could look into its eyes, she said "Keep that tongue working, or you'll be very much worse off than you are now." Without waiting for an answer, she put it back where it belonged, and was gratified to feel her clitoris being nibbled on. She nodded a go-ahead to Ger. The pressure on her crotch immediately increased. She felt a small scream escape Deleenn as Ger first rammed into her, but she didn't stop licking. Smiling, she let go of the bone on the smaller woman's head, instead letting her hands glide over the body in front of her. Ger's thrusts rythmically pushed the hot mouth against her sex, and she felt an orgasm rapidly building. Her eyes fixed on the black-leather-clad man pumping against white, round ass and before she quite knew it, she felt herself erupt in a flash of pleasure.

"Vila, this is Blake, do you read?"

A pause. No answer.

"Vila, can you hear me?"

Another pause.

"Vila!"

"Huh? What?! Is there an emergency?"

Avon looked vaguely disgusted, but didn't say anything.

"No, no, everything's fine. Tell Orac to operate the teleport and bring four extra teleport bracelets over here. We're bringing some friends over."

Servalan pushed Deleenn aside and stood. Ger looked questioningly at her. My, aren't we a well-trained doggie, she thought but didn't say.

"Oh, go on. Just move her a bit so I can get at my clothes."

He unceremoniously threw the captive woman on the bunk, spread her legs and climbed on top of her. Servalan slowly dressed, looking at the pair on the bunk. The woman stared stonily at the ceiling, tears slowly running. The man had his eyes closed, his thrusts getting faster and faster. Once, before she'd had him made, she'd thought that she'd like to have him pumping into her like that, but after she'd tried it she'd realised she didn't want his body that much after all. What she *really* wanted was the real, live Avon under her control, she now knew. Some day she'd have it, too.

Some day.