

# Jenna and Cally do Space City

written by Calle Dybedahl

The opening scene for this has been bouncing around in my head for ages now. Don't know where it came from, really.

**Featured fandoms:** Blake's 7

**Featured pairings:** Cally/Jenna, Cally/Jenna/OCF

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

**Story rating:** NC17

Blake closed the thick parka and pulled the hood up.

"This shouldn't take very long," he said. "We'll just find the local rebel forces and talk them into helping us."

"Yeah, and come back with a murderous robot trying to kill us all like last time," Vila muttered from inside the teleport alcove. He too was dressed for harsh cold, as was Avon who stood next to him.

"Certainly not," Avon said. "We know about that one now, this time it'll be something we *don't* expect."

"Oh great," Vila whined.

Jenna put her elbow on the teleport console and rested her chin in her hand. "Ready yet?" she said.

Blake stepped back into the alcove. "You'll be ready to pick us up when we ask for it?" he asked.

"Certainly," Cally said. "Just call. As usual."

"Good, good," he mumbled. "Well, put us down."

Jenna nudged a switch, and the three men vanished from view. As soon as they were gone, she leaned back and put her arm around Cally's waist.

"Well, at least it'll give us some time to ourselves," she said.

Cally kissed her teasingly on the cheek. "I don't know why we keep them, really," she said.

Jenna sighed a little. "Not to demean your charms, dear, but sometimes a girl wants somebody with a long, rigid tool pumping between her legs."

Cally looked at the voluptuous blonde.

"I've got a strap-on," she said after a little while.

The freezing wind tore across the desolate landscape, bringing the temperature down from absurdly low to something Blake'd rather not think about. The place would've been covered with snow if the planet had had any substantial amount of water.

"I'm cold!" Vila whined. He was sitting closest to the back wall of the shallow cave they were hiding in, with both Blake and Avon to shield him from the worst of the weather. There had been no sign of the local rebels yet, but that was no surprise. They had arrived with plenty of time to spare before the scheduled rendezvous. Blake was just about to snap at Vila when his bracelet chimed.

"Blake here," he said. "What?"

"Blake, it's Jenna. We just sighted a bunch of Federation pursuit ships coming this way. We..."

"How many?" he interrupted.

There was a slight pause. "Lots," Jenna said.

"Orac says they're a new model," Cally added. "Mark fifteen. With ground-strike capability."

"What?" Vila exclaimed. "They can shoot at us down here?! I wanna leave!"

"Shut up, Vila," Avon said.

"We're breaking orbit," Jenna said. "We'll try to draw them away from you."

Blake nodded at the bracelet, which brought a subdued groan from Avon. "Good thinking, Jenna," Blake said. "We'll see you when you get back."

"Yeah ri..." Jenna got out before she was interrupted by Cally.

"Of course we will. Take care down there," she said. "Liberator out."

For a few moments all that could be heard was the wind howling outside the cave, then Avon spoke.

"What was that last thing Jenna said?" he asked.

"Probably just some colorful smuggler expression", Blake said. "Why?"

"I have a bad feeling about this."

"You *always* have a bad feeling about *everything*," Blake said.

"Gee, I wonder why I picked up *that* habit while associating with *you*," Avon muttered, low enough that Blake couldn't hear him.

Cally pushed at Jenna's naked back, forcing her to bend forward and press her breasts against the flight console. With her other hand she rubbed the blonde woman's pussy, parting the lips and making sure it was well lubricated. She adjusted the strap-on harness so the back of the dildo would put pressure on the right places in her groin, and she carefully placed the tip of it between Jenna's labia.

"Zen, accelerate forward real fast for ten seconds or so," she said.

"Confirmed," Zen chimed, and both women were immediately forced towards the back of the flight deck. Cally stopped moving almost immediately, when her naked back made contact with Jenna's flight chair. Jenna kept moving, making a loud yelping sound as the dildo forced its way up her vagina until her buttocks hit Cally's hips.

"Zen, reverse acceleration," Cally said as soon as they stopped.

"Confirmed," Zen chimed again, and the ship set off backwards. Cally held on for a moment, letting Jenna slide almost entirely off the plastic penis before she relaxed her grip on the chair and followed her. Jenna's thighs hit the edge of the console, stopping her. Cally kept moving until she hit Jenna's ass, pushing the dildo in again.

"Ouch," Jenna said. "These consoles are *not* padded. Please don't do that again."

Cally giggled and placed her hands solidly on Jenna's buttocks. "Sorry. I'll just have to do it the old-fashioned way, then," she said and started moving her hips back and forth.

"Oh, that's good," Jenna moaned. "Why didn't you tell me you had this thing until now?"

"I thought you *liked* the guys!"

"As if!"

Cally slid a hand down Jenna's hip in between her legs. After some probing she found the hard little nub at the top of her slick folds.

"Moan loudly if you want to go to Space City," Cally said, as she pushed the dildo firmly in and rubbed Jenna's clitoris at the same time.

Jenna moaned loudly.

"Well, then. Space City it is. Zen, set course for Space City. Speed standard by, oh, six or so."

"Confirmed. Course laid in for Space City, speed standard by oh six or so."

Space City lay in front of the Liberator, looking quite like a cheap plastic toy. Jenna and Cally stood on the flight deck, looking at it on the main display. They were both dressed in skin-tight tan leather pants, loose white blouses, wide black belts and knee-high black soft boots. They both carried Liberator handguns, and stood side by side with an arm around the other's waists.

"Looks like a plastic toy, doesn't it?" Cally said.

"And not even the *fun* sort of plastic toy," Jenna replied. "What are we doing here, anyway?"

"To have some fun, of course. With the teleport and the speed of the Liberator, we've got the best escape vessel ever. I just thought we'd use it."

"I take it that your idea of having fun here involves things that the local authorities might just possibly object to?"

Cally just smiled.

"One large Echartarian Vodka," Cally said to the bartender. "And if you're about to say that nobody sane would drink that stuff I'd like to point out that I'm armed and looking for an excuse to start a fight."

Being the sort of guy who likes to survive a day's work, the bartender poured a large glass of something steaming and opalescent yellow and handed it over to her. He was standing behind a real, classic bar, made out of various transparent materials lit up from behind. The entire establishment followed the same theme -- retro-tacky. In spite of that, the place was about half full.

Jenna looked surprised. "Cally, you don't drink alcohol," she said.

In a single long gulp, Cally emptied the glass. "Another one, please," she croaked at the bartender.

"Not quite right," she went on, her voice almost back to normal. "I don't drink alcohol *often*." She leaned closer to Jenna and did her best to whisper. "I get into such an *awfully* bad mood when I do, so I usually avoid it."

"Right... Should I stay sober to take care of us, do you think?"

Cally finished the second Echartarian Vodka even faster than the first.

"Nononono," she said. "That's why it's so great that we have the Liberator. When things get too exciting we just say the word and Orac gets us out of it. Wonderful! HEY!"

The last exclamation was aimed at a well-dressed young man who'd just stepped up to bar next to Jenna.

"I'm sorry?" he said.

"Can I have one of those Echartarian Vodkas?" Jenna asked the bartender. "And I think you'd better give her a third before she asks for it."

"You're not looking at my friend!" Cally growled at the man. "You think you're too good for her, or what?"

Jenna received two glasses from the bartender, who'd had them standing ready. She passed one to Cally and quickly drank one herself.

"Fuck!" she said. "This stuff is *foul*!"

"Er, no, of course not. I'm sorry if I've offended you in any way, you are both most attractive ladies..."

"HEY!" Jenna yelled at him from a distance of several millimeters. "That's my girlfriend you're hitting on!"

"What? I wasn't..."

"AHA!" Cally shouted. "He admitted it! He thinks he's too good for us hard-working rebel girls!" She pulled out her handgun and pointed it more or less in the young man's general direction. Several people sitting at tables towards that end of the room suddenly remembered urgent business elsewhere.

"Oh, *darling*," Jenna gushed. "I love it when you protect me from the nasty males! Bartender, more vodka!"

The bartender placed six full glasses of Echartarian Vodka on the bar and put a couple of unopened bottles next to them. Having done that, he hid behind the conveniently bulletproof bar.

The well-dressed man looked distinctly nervous. "What? Protect? Look I didn't *do* anyth..."

"Shoot him for me, dear?" Jenna pleaded exaggeratedly, after which she kissed Cally deeply. Not even trying to see beyond Jenna's head, Cally fired wildly towards where she thought the young man had last been.

"Anything for you, my love," she said after they'd finished kissing for the moment.

"How long do you think it'll be before security shows up?" Jenna asked.

Cally looked around. It seemed she'd missed the young man, after all, since he was curled up on the floor apparently unhurt. Elsewhere in the room there were overturned tables and chairs, broken glasses and the occasional pool of blood. Several traces of blood led out the doors.

"Not long now," she said. "And what sort of wimps are these people, not one of them fired back!"

"Maybe we should proceed to another establishment," Jenna said.

"Right." Cally tried to jump across the bar, but alcohol-induced lack of coordination made it more of a clamber. Jenna followed, in a slightly more controlled fashion.

"Hey, bartender," Cally said. The bartender was still sitting under the bar, watching the yearly Miss Federation contest on a video-slate and waiting for the commotion to stop.

"You're not supposed to be here," he said.

"So tell us where the back door is, so we don't have to make one ourselves."

He pointed at the one and only door behind the bar.

"Much obliged," Cally said. "You don't mind if we take a couple of bottles with us, do you?"

"Look, we're kind of in a hurry here," Cally said to the pale, sweaty and trembling person in front of her. Jenna thought it was a man, but it was so far gone into mixed drug abuse that it was hard to tell for sure.

"Yeah, yeah, take it easy, sis, there's not much demand for this stuff so I almost forgot where I put it already..."

He -- she -- it fumbled among the many pockets sewn on the inside of his dirty old coat and eventually got out a bag of dried vegetable parts.

"Now," he said, "this stuff is really hard to get out here, so it's gonna cost ya a bundle, sis."

"Will this cover it?" Cally grabbed the bag and dropped a handful of diamonds in its hand. It looked at them as if they were a bunch of poisonous spiders.

"You're gonna kill me, aren't ya?" it said after a few moments.

"Nah," Cally said. "We've got plenty more of those. It's just that the local security forces are hunting us and we don't really have the time to make change."

"Security forces...?"

"Yeah, that's the running steps you can hear in the distance, if you listen carefully."

The seedy individual took off at a run, without dropping a single one of the diamonds.

"What is that stuff?" Jenna asked, nodding towards the just purchased bag.

"Fun stuff. Goes well with the vodka. Let's find somewhere to sit down. Or, even better, to lie down."

The place was dimly lit and full of sweet-smelling smoke. Bass-heavy music drowned out any conversation farther than arm's length away, and most tables were placed between shoulder-high screens. It was, to put it mildly, a place not to be noticed in. Cally moved through it as if she'd been born there, discreetly slipping a dia-

mond into a waitress' cleavage to ensure them a well-placed table and good service. Through the alcoholic haze, Jenna was starting to wonder when and how Cally had become so familiar with this sort of establishment. She herself had been a smuggler for years, and *she* wouldn't treat this place with that level of familiarity.

"Ah, here we are."

Jenna snapped out of her introspective moment, and took a swig from the vodka bottle to help prevent it from happening again. In front of her Cally threw herself onto a low, wide couch by an equally low table. There was no other couch or seat in the alcove. Cally moved up so she had her back resting against what was probably meant to be an armrest and her legs stretched out. She spread her legs and patted the area between them.

"Sit down here and lean on me, dear," she said. "And open your blouse so I can fondle your tits."

Jenna smiled down at her and slowly unbuttoned her blouse.

"These are what you want?" she asked as she let the garment fall open, revealing her bare and well-shaped chest.

"And not only those. Come here already!"

She sat down between Cally's legs and leaned back. She felt her lover's breasts cushion her weight, and her warmth was easily felt through their two thin blouses. Only moments after she'd settled, the alien woman's hands were on her breasts, lightly pinching her nipples.

"There is a problem here," she said.

The hands on her breasts stopped moving. "What?" Cally said.

"I'm sobering up."

"Oh my, that *is* a crisis. Waitress!"

The dark-haired and curvaceous waitress that Cally had given the diamond to appeared as if by magic.

"Yes, mistress?"

"Get us a few bottles of Echtarian Vodka and a water pipe, will you?"

"Certainly, mistress. What do you want in the pipe?"

"Nothing, if possible. Something cheap to throw away, if not."

"I could put Terran Brown, which is basically scented sawdust, on the bill and not bother to actually put it in, if that's all right? We're not allowed to give out empty pipes, you see."

"Fine. And do it quick, woman, we're getting sober here!"

Jenna watched as Cally poured half a bottle of the yellowish vodka down her throat.

"How can you drink that stuff?" she asked. "It tastes awful."

"No it doesn't," Cally said hoarsely. "It tastes like home."

Jenna blew a smoke ring towards Cally's face. "Remind me never to go to Auron," she said.

Cally put the bottle down, bent forward and kissed Jenna deeply at the same time as she caressed her still unclad chest. She kept the kiss going for a long time, long enough for Jenna to entirely forget what she was thinking before.

"I think we could make you feel welcome there," she said after she'd broken the kiss.

"Welcome where?" Jenna mumbled. "Don't stop now."

Cally laughed. "Like that, do you, my sweet?"

There was a gentle cough from the foot of the couch. Both women lying on it

looked up.

"Can I... do something for you?" the waitress asked. Her gaze was quite obviously hovering around Jenna's breasts.

Jenna started to say something when Cally put a hand over her mouth. "Yes, actually, you can," she said. "But it goes quite outside your usual duties, so I think we'd have to pay you rather extravagantly for it."

"Yes...?" The waitress sounded hesitant.

"You see, my friend here is getting quite... tense. Now, the way we're lying I can't reach most of her, and it'd be a terrible bother to move around. So if you could pull down her pants and do whatever you can to relieve her tension? Perhaps?"

They could both see the waitress' nipples hardening under her rather too tight top as Cally spoke.

"I could hardly charge for helping a lady in distress," she said as she sat down between Jenna's feet and started to undo her belt and pants.

"Well," Cally said as a Jenna's dark blonde pubic hair became visible. "We will just have to leave you a generous tip, then."

Jenna looked on over Cally's hand, entranced, as the waitress pulled down her pants and panties as far as they'd go. With some persuasion, they and the tops of her boots all bunched up at her ankles. She spread her knees wide and a shiver of pleasure went through her as the waitress softly slid her fingertips up the insides of her thighs. When she reached the top she hesitated only for the brief moment she needed to find the blonde smuggler's opening before she slid two fingers into her very wet vagina. If not for Cally's hand over her mouth, she would've moaned out loud.

"So tense she's almost dripping," the waitress said. She moved herself up the couch a bit, bent down so her mouth reached Jenna's sex, keeping her fingers inside of her all the while. When in position, she began to slowly slide her fingers in and out, slowly probing the insides of Jenna's vagina for the spots that gave the strongest response.

"Let me hear your pleasure, love," Cally whispered in her hear. She took her hand away from Jenna's face, reached for the pipe's mouthpiece. She inhaled deeply, then blew it out into Jenna's mouth as she gathered air for another loud gasp. Jenna almost immediately felt the effect. Colours grew more vibrant, sounds louder, touches stronger. The club's music seemed to beat in time with her pulse, the sensations the waitress was provoking in her sex were almost too strong to bear. She moved her hips, wanting more, more pressure, more movement, more sensation. She closed her eyes. The fingers in her moved faster, and she felt warm breath caressing her tender flesh for a moment before something warm and moist suddenly slid up her wet slit, starting just above where the lovely fingers entered her and ending up at her hard, sensitive clitoris. Vaguely, in the distance, she heard herself screaming for more, much more. She brought her legs up, trying to get the waitress closer to her.

"My, I never knew you could be so *loud*," she heard Cally say, but it was distant, unimportant.

Teeth gently gnawed on her clitoris, and she felt an orgasm starting to gather somewhere inside. While the teeth held the tender little nub in place the tip of a tongue worked on it, and the orgasm swelled, grew to infinite size in a moment and swept away all other sensation.

When it ebbed away, she collapsed into near-total relaxation. She felt her lover stroke her cheek, and the waitress' weight rested on her pelvis.

"Cally?" she said.

"Yes?" came the reply.

"If she follows me home, can I keep her?"

"It gets easier if you pinch your nose."

The very recently resigned waitress, whose name turned out to be Naari, looked doubtfully at Jenna and then at the glass in front of her. She was sitting on the couch, with a dressed Jenna next to her and Cally beyond that.

"In over a year of working here, you two are the only ones I've ever seen actually *drink* this," she said. "Usually, they just bring it in on a dare and leave it sitting in the glass. So we pour it back in the bottle and sell it again. Some of this stuff I think we've sold fifteen or twenty times."

"No wonder it tastes like it does!"

"It is *not* as bad as you make it out!" Cally protested. "It's just an acquired taste."

"If I acquired a taste like that, I'd demand a refund," Jenna said.

"You're just jealous. Let me out of here, I've got to go to the little girls' room." Cally clambered out of the alcove behind Jenna's and Naari's backs and vanished into the smoke and darkness.

"Jealous?"

Jenna shrugged. "She's an alien. Who knows."

Naari sipped at her drink and grimaced. "So, what do you guys do when you don't have sex in nightclubs?" she said.

"Well, we used to do this sort of rebel thing where the boys went off and tried to fight the Federation while we stayed behind and had sex, but we've decided to dump that and go in for a lifestyle of solid debauchery instead."

"Cool. Can I join?"

"I thought you already did?"

Cally returned, placing herself in the outermost spot and motioning at the other two to move in.

"That was quick," Jenna said, suddenly suspicious.

"Yeah, they answered right away. We got any vodka left?"

Jenna and Naari both looked at Cally. "I thought you were going to the bathroom," Jenna said after a moment.

"Huh? No, the communicator booth. You know, where little girls go to tell on each other to the guardians." She poured herself another glass of vodka and took a deep hit from the pipe.

"You come from a weird place," Naari said.

"*Who* did you call?" Jenna asked.

"Space City security. They're quite eager to get us, it seems. Something about them not liking other people with guns. I think that was why they answered the call so fast. They should be here any minute now."

Jenna looked at Cally. "What?" Cally said. "I said I wanted a fight! The other bar doesn't even count as target practice, I wasn't even looking while I was firing."

Jenna sighed. "Oh well. I think we'd better get Naari a bracelet and a gun."

"This isn't your table!"

The short red-headed waitress looked evilly at Naari, who was peacefully sitting in the booth closest to the entrance.

"None of the tables are, any more," she replied. "I just quit."

The red-head looked surprised. "Really? Got another job, or are you just gonna

starve?"

There was a strange sound just behind her, and two women walked past her and sat down. One of them, a blonde, was buttoning her blouse.

"You're absolutely insatiable!" she said to the other one.

"Here," the other one said and tossed a wide, brown bracelet and a gun-looking thing with a power-pack to Naari. "Put them on."

She turned to the blonde. "Nobody's even *tried* to satisfy me today, so it doesn't matter if I'm satiable or not, does it?"

Naari looked at her ex-colleague. "I've been hired as their sex toy," she said, indicating the two newcomers.

The waitress looked at them. "Yeah, well, gotta be better than working here. You wanna order anything?"

"Get real. I *know* what this place serves."

"Yeah, well, one of your new bosses has been drinking Echtarian Vodka."

"That's her problem."

"Whatever. Just holler if you change your minds." She sauntered off.

The three sat there for a while, waiting for something to happen.

"Are you sure they're coming?" Jenna asked. "I'm getting tired of this."

"Me too," Cally said. "Remind me never to wait for Major Godot again. Let's go home."

"Zen, this is Naari. She can give orders as long as they don't conflict with mine or Cally's."

"Confirmed," Zen said, his lights flashing idly.

Naari looked around. "So this is your ship," she said. "It looks a bit... weird."

Jenna sat down on the couch. "It was built by aliens. It's a small wonder it's no stranger than it is."

"So," Naari said, looking a little nervous. "What do we do now?"

"I'm terribly horny," Cally said. "The vodka and the smoke does that to me, and I didn't even get to kill someone."

"That's my cue, isn't it?" Naari said. She didn't wait for a reply, but just grabbed hold of Cally and kissed her deeply while fondling her ass.

"Mmm, yes," Cally said when they came up for air. "Good start. Keep it up."

Naari squeezed Cally's cloth-covered breasts. "You're pretty worked up already, aren't you?" she asked.

"That's what I just said, isn't it? Why?"

"Then I can go straight for the heart of the matter," Naari said and tore Cally's blouse open. She quickly proceeded to get her pants open and pulled down as far as they'd go while she was still standing.

"Want help?" Jenna said from the couch.

Naari cupped Cally's now-naked breasts with her hands, roughly rubbing her nipples. "No, I think I'll be fine," she said. She half lifted, half pushed Cally onto the edge of the nearest console. Kneeling in front of her, she pulled off her boots and pants and spread her legs widely. Without the slightest hesitation, she put her mouth to the alien woman's sex and pushed her tongue in between the wet folds.

"Oh yes, *good* girl," Cally gasped. She put her hands on Naari's head and pulled it more firmly into her groin. Naari's hands played with the backs of Cally's thighs and her buttocks, caressed the sensitive flesh below her vulva, all while her tongue still worked at her labia.

Cally's face wore an expression of utter bliss. "Very, very good girl," she panted. "I just wish this could last a lot longer than it's going to do..." She let go of Naari's head, leaned back and put her elbows on the console to support herself.

"Force wall activated," Zen said.

"What?" Jenna said.

Naari slipped a couple of fingers into Cally's vagina, found a magic spot and rubbed it hard.

"OH YES!" Cally yelled. She was trembling all over, and her sweat-slick elbow slid over the console's surface.

"Neutron blasters armed and ready to fire," Zen said.

Jenna got up from the couch. "Er, guys, I don't think you should be doing that there..."

Naari kept rhythmically licking and rubbing, Cally made louder and louder noises and moved about more and more.

Jenna wasn't sure what to do. "Hey, look," she said, to absolutely no effect whatsoever.

With a wordless scream, Cally came. She threw her head back and fell helplessly the last little distance onto the controls. The entire ship shook as all its blasters fired repeatedly while Cally twitched in orgasmic spasms, until she finally relaxed and slid bonelessly to the floor.

"Wow," she gasped, quite out of breath. "It felt like the entire ship moved under me."

Jenna stood turned to the viewscreen, looking at the debris that had until a few moments ago been Space City.

"Ah well, it was an ugly place anyway."

Cally sat in between Jenna and Naari in the couch on the flight deck, still dressed in nothing but her torn-open blouse. She did her best to sound as if she didn't care, but didn't quite succeed.

"It was full of Terra Nostra thugs and drug addicts. Good riddance to the place." Naari did sound genuinely uncaring.

"Where do we go now?" Jenna asked.

"We didn't get to do any gambling here," Cally said.

"You never said you like gambling?"

"I don't, but it's a good excuse to pick fights."

"I'd rather pick up cute women."

"Freedom City, then," Naari said. "They've got a large casino and plenty of bars. A friend of mine works there."

Jenna and Cally looked at each other.

"Fair enough," Cally said. "Zen, set course for Freedom City, speed standard by, oh, something suitable to get us there by tomorrow night. I want to sleep in tomorrow."

"Confirmed," Zen said. "Course for Freedom City laid in, speed standard by oh something suitable to get us there by tomorrow night."

"I shouldn't have let them fend for themselves like that!" Blake whimpered, tears running out of his eyes and freezing on his cheeks. "Because I wasn't there to help them, the Federation killed them!"

Avon didn't even look up. He was busy trying to connect his handgun power pack

to the heater elements in his parka, to buy some time before he froze to death. After Blake and Vila had frozen to death, he planned to use their power packs to buy himself even more time.

"You don't know that," he said. "Maybe the Liberator was damaged badly enough that it'll take some time for the autorepair circuits to make it flight-worthy again. They could be here any minute."

"No they won't," Vila said glumly. "They've ditched us here to die." He had smashed a bottle of Adrenaline and Soma and was licking at the frozen green contents like a lollipop. "We're done for, we are."

"The local rebels will be here soon," Blake said. "You'll see. They'll save us. For sure. Besides, it'll get warmer once the sun rises."

Avon looked up. "The sun here doesn't rise for another two hundred and nineteen days."

"That's ridiculous," Blake said. "The local day of Geligis VIII is only about thirty standard hours long."

"That may well be, but you said to go to Geligis IX, and *here* the local day is almost six *hundred* standard days long!"

"Did I say nine? I meant to say eight."

Avon and Vila looked silently at him.

"I never could keep those straight," Blake mumbled. "Sorry about that, guys. My mistake."

Outside, the freezing wind howled.