

Entering the Prison

Spacerebels of Gor, part 1

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This was supposed to be "the crossover from Hell", mixing Blake's 7 with John Norman's execrable Gor novels. Unfortunately(?) I couldn't write the B7 women the way Norman treats the women on planet Gor, so the Gorish content is pretty minimal and it's just a quite silly and moderately smutty story. I spent quite a few dull days at Ericsson writing it.

Featured fandoms: Blake's 7

Featured pairings:

A.S.S Story codes: mf

Story rating: PG-13

The pretty young journalist leaned forward towards the pair on the other sofa, displaying an impressive amount of cleavage in the process.

"Tell me," she said, "how all this came about? I believe you weren't even supposed to be here, Jenna?"

"No, that's right," the blonde smuggler said. "I was supposed to be lost during the Andromedan War, but due to Avon's new powers I was found and returned to the Liberator." She adjusted her very short skirt, trying to make it not reveal quite so much.

"I bet that was a surprise."

"You could say that, yes."

The journalist turned to her other victim.

"Del Tarrant, I believe you were aboard the Liberator when it happened?"

Tarrant smiled, not the least embarrassed to have his shirt open to the navel.

"Yes, Kelly, I was," he said.

"Tell us about it."

"Well, it was fairly ordinary at first. We had spotted a strange vessel drifting in space, so of course we decided to board it. Avon went first, and so he was the one affected by the strange alien device."

"And this device, what did it do?"

"Well, it gave him the power of the Script, of course."

"For the new viewers, could you elaborate a little on what this 'Script' is?"

"Naturally. As far as we know, the Script is the basic component of the Universe, that which ultimately controls everything."

"And Avon has the ability to manipulate this force, this... what did you call it? Component?"

"To a certain extent, yes."

"It sounds marvellously useful."

Tarrant's smile wavered momentarily. "Oh, it is. We're very...fortunate to have him on our team."

She looked through her notes for a moment.

"So, tell me what's going on right now? I believe you're on your way somewhere in a hurry?"

"Yes, we only slowed down to let you get aboard," Jenna said. "Just recently, we, by the most extraordinary series of coincidences, found an old letter from very high up in Federation Military Intelligence. It said that a former lover of Avon's, Anna Grant, had been arrested and sent to the ultra-secure prison facility on the planet Gor. So we're on our way there to rescue her."

"I see. Well, I guess I'd better let you get to it. Thank you ever so much for your time, and good luck. The readers of Weekly Universe News will certainly appreciate it."

"You're welcome," Jenna and Tarrant said as one.

Avon sat in the newly installed command chair on the flight deck of the Liberator. He was looking down on where Vila and Dayna stood at their consoles. In particular, he was looking at Dayna's smooth chocolate skin and lovely ass. Most of both was quite visible, since she wore nothing but a small bikini.

"We can see the place now," Vila said.

Reluctantly, Avon tore his gaze away from Dayna. "Zen, put it on the screen."

"Confirmed."

It looked ghastly. Vast areas of steaming jungle, scorching desert and freezing glaciers with nothing much between them. It was as if someone had gone out of their way to design a miserable but yet livable planet. Someone without a great deal of imagination.

"Are there any buildings?" Avon asked.

"One, it seems," Dayna replied. "Just on the border between the largest desert and the largest jungle. A huge thing surrounded by fences and guntowers."

"Sounds like a prison to me," Vila said. "Do we have to go there?"

"Yes. And I need you to open doors. Dayna, tell Tarrant and Jenna to prepare, we're going down to the surface. Cally'll operate the teleport."

"What do you mean we can't take off?!" Kelly looked furious.

"I tell you it's broken," her pilot said. "Three of the engine harmonisers have ruptured. Total freak accident. Never seen anything like it at all. If it had been one or two, we could've limped home at reduced speed, but never with three."

She cursed, with considerable skill and feeling. Then she sat down to think. There must be something she could get out of this.

"We're down, and everything seems quiet," Tarrant said into his bracelet.

"Ok, I'll be here when you want to return," Cally replied.

"I want to return right now," Vila muttered to himself. "I've never liked prisons. Nasty places."

Dayna looked up and down the corridor. It was dry, but that was just about everything nice that could be said about it. It was badly lit with bare concrete walls, and it clearly hadn't been cleaned in a very long time.

"Just a moment," Avon said. He closed his eyes and started to concentrate. "Show me the Script," he thought. "Let me see. Let me see." His breathing became shallow, and all exterior sensation faded away. The Script lay before him, and he looked...

...they turned one way, and came to an exit... he saw them wade through the swamp, hunted by troopers with dogs. Cally didn't reply, and things looked grim...

...they turned the other way, walked and turned right... they fought a few guards, but won and continued onwards...

...they turned the other way, walked and turned left... they were ambushed, and were captured... later, he and Dayna rushed into a room where a naked Jenna lay tied spread-eagle on a huge bed...

Avon opened his eyes. He pointed up the corridor. "That way, then left," he said.

"DROP YOUR WEAPONS AND PUT YOUR HANDS ON THE TOP OF YOUR HEADS!" the guard captained bellowed at his five new prisoners. While they obeyed, he had a better look at them. They didn't look like a very likely bunch of rebels. There was a tall, curly-haired familiar-looking guy in a sort of pirate's shirt and very tight brown leather pants. There was a smaller guy, sensibly dressed and carrying a big red box. Another tall guy in black leather with studs. A blonde girl in a skirt so short he could

see some hair poke out under the hem, a top that didn't leave much to the imagination and black high-heeled knee-high boots. A black girl in a red bikini and a gun belt. All of them armed with odd-looking guns. Well, they used to be armed with odd-looking guns, at the moment the guns were on the floor.

He kept staring at the guy in the pirate shirt while his men handcuffed the prisoners. He knew him from somewhere, if only he could remember where from... Something about that butt... The Federation Space Academy!

"Del!" he said. "You're Del Tarrant, aren't you?"

"Er, yes?" came the answer.

An unpleasant smile spread over the guard captain's face. "Turned rebel, have you?"

"In a small way..."

"An officer of the Federation turning rebel? I think that warrants some *special* punishment, don't you? Men, put him in the cell by my quarters, will you?"

"Yes, captain," one of the men said. "What about the rest?"

He pondered for a moment. "Find out who they are and notify Space Command, then lock them up. Maybe there's a reward or something."

Servalan couldn't believe it. The gang she'd been hunting for years and years suddenly just walked into a high-security prison and let themselves be captured. It must be some sort of trap, but she couldn't risk ignoring it. It just *might* be true. So she found herself in the fastest little ship she could get, with two mutoids and a six-day wait. She leaned back in her seat and wished she'd remembered to bring her vibrator.

Avon could hear the guards talking outside the cell. Most of what they said was pretty boring, but a few minutes ago one of them had mentioned that President Servalan herself was coming to interrogate the prisoners. In a week! He didn't want to wait a week. On his back on the hard bunk, he slipped into the Script.

"Madam, we're approaching the planet Gor."

"What?!" Servalan stared at the mutoid pilot. "But we've only been on our way for a few hours!"

"Yes, madam. If I were to guess, I'd say that it seems to be a plot hole."

"That would have to mean that someone down there has the power of the Script. And that said someone wants me there."

She didn't listen to the mutoid's reply, if it voiced one. She was thinking furiously. There was only one thing that could stop someone with the power of the Script, and she didn't have any of that. If only she'd known, she could have prepared! But she hadn't, and that was that. She'd have to try to make the best of the situation anyway.

"Land," she told the pilot.

"Avon?"

"Yes, Dayna?"

"I'm scared," she said, and for once her voiced betrayed her youth.

"It'll be all right," he said.

"I heard them drag Tarrant into the captain's room. It didn't sound like he was all right. I got to thinking, what if they try to rape me? There wouldn't be anything I could do, they're too many and they're armed." She got up from her bunk and walked over to his. "I don't want to lose my virginity that way," she said as she removed the top of her bikini. "I thought, maybe, you could help me?" She quickly stepped out of the bikini bottom and sat down straddling his chest, clad only in her gun belt. In the distance Avon heard Jenna cry out.