

# More People Enter

*Spacerebels of Gor, part 2*

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The conversation between Tarrant and Servalan hints at a story I never finished and which I can't find any more, so it must have got mislaid when I left Ericsson. Maybe I should give it another shot, it could be entertaining.

**Featured fandoms:** Blake's 7

**Featured pairings:** Jenna/Vila, OCM/Tarrant

**A.S.S Story codes:** mf,mm

**Story rating:** NC17

"If you ever try that again you little twerp, I'll..."

Vila didn't quite catch the end of the sentence. Ordinarily, he was a very good listener when the talker was threatening his life, but by now Jenna had been strangling him for so long that he was losing consciousness.

"Grglg," he said.

"What?" she glared back.

"Grglg!"

She loosened her grip of his throat. "What?!"

"Sorry..."

"Sorry? Sorry?! Is that all you have to say? Look, Avon may force me to dress like this, but that doesn't mean I have to put up with having your hands under my skirt!"

"Last chance..."

She let go entirely. He sat down, heavily, on the bunk.

"What do you mean last chance?"

"This is a prison. A maximum-security prison. They're not very likely to let us stay together, are they? And we're definitely not getting out again, not from here." He shrugged. "So I thought what the hell? Might as well try while I still can."

She thought about it. He did have a point.

"Well, let's see then what those nimble fingers of yours can do," she said as she pulled up her skirt and stood with her legs spread in front of him.

Kelly put on her best professional smile and walk into the teleport area. The alien woman looked up.

"Hi!" Kelly said. "What's happening? Things working out?"

"I thought you had left," Cally said.

"We're having a bit of engine trouble, so I'll be here for a while yet." She hesitated. "I hoped that maybe you'd lend me one of those bracelets and let me get down onto the planet and have a look?"

Cally looked appraisingly at the journalist. Long blonde hair, generous curves everywhere and innocent blue eyes. Clothes that flattered but did not reveal. High heels, but not high enough to be impossible to run in. Innocent and friendly expression.

"There seems to be a bit of a problem. I was about to go down and have a look. If you don't mind some danger you're welcome to come along."

"Danger's part of my job," Kelly said. "Of course I'll come."

Cally smiled. "Good. We'll get you some more suitable clothes, then we'll be off."

"Come on, Del! For old times' sake?"

The guard captain stood on the opposite side of the table from Tarrant. He feinted left, but it didn't work.

"No! I haven't done that since I left the Academy, and I'll never do it again!"

"I'll hurt your friends."

"So what? Servalan's on her way, whatever you could do, she'll do worse. Trust me on that, Ardol."

They ran around the table a couple of laps. Tarrant wished his hands weren't cuffed behind his back, it made it much harder to run.

"I could hide you from her. She won't notice a prisoner more or less."

"Oh yes, she will. If it's I who's missing, she *will* notice."

"Why?"

"That's a long story."

"I'm not in a hurry."

Tarrant thought about it. Ardol took the chance, dove under the table and grabbed his prisoner's legs.

"Ha! Got you!" he yelled. Tarrant tried to pull free, but only managed to fall over on his face. Quick as a pouncing cat, Ardol lunged forward and started undoing Tarrant's pants.

For a moment, Avon considered asking her if she was serious. For a moment, his conscience reminded him of how young she was. Then his hormones took over and he pulled her down so he could kiss her. He broke the kiss long enough to turn over so she lay under him. Lifting himself slightly he slid his hands over her dark breasts. He teased her nipples with his thumbs, and could feel a yelp try to escape through their kiss. She turned her head, having to breathe, so he let his lips travel down her throat and chest to the dark, dark tip of her left breast.

"Wait, wait." She pushed on his chest. "Too fast. Slow down. Please."

Jenna kept riding him, faster and faster. He moved along as well as he could, but sitting with her in his lap that wasn't much. He loved looking at her, face flushed and mouth slightly open, breasts bouncing. His hands roamed over her, trying to touch her everywhere at the same time. She went faster and faster, until she froze screaming, holding him almost painfully hard for a moment before she relaxed against his chest. Not yet satisfied, he pulled her down onto her back and kept pumping into her, furiously, until he also came.

"Man, what a show!" someone said.

They both turned towards the voice, and saw an open door and three guards.

"Like, we decided the lady should have her own cell," one of the guards said.

"With a, huh, nice bed in it," said another guard.

Servalan was very annoyed. Somewhere along the line, without her noticing, her clothes had changed. She now wore a very flimsy dress, without back or sleeves, loose enough to show everything if she leaned forward and slit to the hip at each side. And no underwear, of course. The sudden change was another plot hole, she supposed. Whoever was doing it would pay. Not that she minded showing off her body, but she'd do so when *she* wanted to, not at the whim of some puerile git with occult powers.

She heard the sounds before she entered the room. Grunts, groans and flesh hitting flesh. In the guard captain's office. She opened the door, taking great care to be silent, and slipped inside.

He had her on her back, legs spread and eyes closed. He'd been stroking and kissing and licking and fondling her for a long time, and she sounded like it was finally time for him to enter her. His hands slid along her dark skin as he slowly moved into position. He could feel her pubic hair against his penis when the door to the cell was thrown open.

Dayna threw Avon off the bunk and jumped up, ready to kill whatever was about to enter.

"Don't hit me!" Vila cried.

"Vila?" Dayna asked. "Didn't they lock you up as well?"

"I picked a pocketknife from a guard when they came and took Jenna away, then I picked the lock and got out." He looked nervously around.

"Look, if you don't mind I think we should get out of here," he said.

"Yes," Avon said as he fastened the last few zippers on his black leather suit. "Let's go."

"I'll just get my clothes," Dayna said.

"No time," Avon decided. "Let's go."

"Dayna?" Vila asked as they left the cell.

"Yes?"

"Why're you wearing a gun belt when you don't have any guns?"

Dayna looked at her gun belt, as if surprised that it was still there.

"I just feel naked without it," she explained. She set off after Avon, breasts bouncing. Vila followed, enthusiastically ogling.

Servalan sat down in the guard captain's chair, legs decorously crossed. Tarrant was lying face-down on the floor. The captain was on top of him, energetically humping the young pilot's ass. She found the scene quite arousing, so she watched for a while.

"Hello, Tarrant," she said once she'd seen enough. All movement stopped. Both men turned their heads towards her.

"Madam President!" Ardol exclaimed. Tarrant just groaned.

"Oh, don't mind me," she said as Ardol started getting up. "Do go on. I just want to talk to Del here." After a few moments' hesitation, he resumed his pumping motion.

"Hello, Tarrant," she repeated. "It's been such a long time since I last saw you. How have you been?"

"Better than this, mostly," he groaned.

"How nice. You're in the rebel business nowadays, I believe?"

"In a small way."

She got off the chair and squatted by Tarrant's head, giving him a nice view of her crotch.

"Do you remember your graduation ball, Del?" she asked. His face became blood red. She turned to Ardol.

"When you've finished, Guard Captain, could you please turn him over and make sure he's...useful to me? I had a long and boring voyage here, and I could do with some...relaxation."

Kelly walked up to the guard. His eyes were hidden by his helmet, but she could feel his gaze travel from her high-heeled shoes via her tights-clad legs to her tits covered with an almost transparent white blouse. "Hello," she tittered, "my name is Kelly and I'm with the Weekly Universe News and I'd like to ask you a few questions if that's all right with you?"

"Yea, I guess," came the reply.

"Good! I'll just get my recorder." She took a couple of steps forward so he'd have to turn around to keep watching her, then she put her handbag on the floor and bent over to make sure he *did* watch her. The pants Cally had given her were tight enough that one could see the contours of her sex. More than enough to distract a soldier, if she knew anything about men.

As she took the recorder from the bag, she heard a dull thud followed by the sound of a guard collapsing on the floor. When she looked that way, she saw Cally standing over the unconscious guard, grinning like a mad-woman and with a strange flat club in a two-handed grip.

"What's that?" Kelly asked, nodding at the club.

"It's the traditional weapon of the ancient Auron martial art," Cally explained. "It's called a 'cricketbat'. Come, let's find the others."