

Surprises

Spacerebels of Gor, part 3

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Some people obviously did get the identity of J.L. It's good to know how obscure you can get away with, or something like that.

Featured fandoms: Blake's 7

Featured pairings: Servalan/Tarrant, Dayna/Vila

A.S.S Story codes: mf

Story rating: NC17

With a soft sigh of pleasure Servalan lowered herself onto Tarrant's cock. One kind of tension relaxed as another one grew. Supporting herself with her hands on his chest, she bounced up and down, ignoring the world in favour of the glorious feeling in her loins. As she felt climax approaching, his breathing changed. She stopped.

"If you come before I do, I'll rip your balls off," she said in her friendliest voice before she started moving again. She moved slowly, deliberately keeping herself from getting too excited, for a long time. She could hear Tarrant grinding his teeth under her, which made her smile. On and on it went, until she couldn't take it any more. Speeding up and assisting a bit with her own hand, she brought herself to a fabulous orgasm that left her unable to move for several minutes.

"Thanks dear," she said as she climbed off of his prone body. "We'll have to do this again soon." Her smile didn't seem to cheer him up.

"Have some troopers take him to my ship," she said to the guard captain.

"Yes, madam," he said. He stuck his head out the door, and as luck would have it a pair of troopers were just passing by. After they'd left, Servalan again turned to the guard captain.

"Did the shorter trooper really have breasts?"

"Impossible," he answered. "We have no women among the troopers. The women are all in the elite Amazon Guard."

"Just wishful thinking, then," she said, smiling.

They dragged her into a surprisingly opulent room for a prison. It had thick carpeting, large oil paintings on the walls and a huge four-poster bed in the middle. As soon as Jenna saw the strategically placed restraints on the bedposts, she frantically tried to pull away from the guards.

To her surprise, she succeeded without a problem.

"Sorry for the rough treatment and all, but we've got a reputation to think of, all right?" one of the guards, the short one, said.

The tall one handed her a dressing gown. "Here. It's a little big for you, I think, but it's better than nothing."

The last one took off his helmet, revealing a rather pleasant face and a bald head.

"Would you care for some tea?" he asked.

Jenna wrapped the gown around her. "Who *are* you people?" she asked.

"Just ordinary guards, ma'am," the short one answered. "I'm Jim."

"Fred." The tall one saluted her, grinning.

"I'm called J.L." He dug out a thermos flask from a chest of drawers by the wall. "I hope Earl Grey will do? Because that's all we've got at the moment, you see."

"I'm Jenna Stannis," she said, not quite believing what was going on.

"Oh, we know," Fred said. "Like, you're famous." He hesitated. "If you don't mind, do you think you could write an autograph? For my nephew?"

She sat down on the bed. "Of course I can. And Earl Grey will do just fine. Look, what do you want with me, really?"

They looked at each other. "It's a bit embarrassing," Jim said.

"It's this friend of ours," Fred continued. "You see, it's his birthday today."

"And he's like your biggest fan in the whole universe," J.L. said as he handed her a cup of tea. "And since he talks in his sleep a lot, we know that finding you in the nude tied to a big bed like this is like his ultimate fantasy. Watch out, that Earl Grey's hot."

"So we thought that since you're here and all," Jim went on, "we would ask you if could do that for us? Just lie there when he walks in, that is, not anything more, and

not tied up for real either, just so it looks like it from a ways off? So we can see his face when he walks in on you?"

They're nuts, Jenna thought. They've clearly been in this place for *far* too long. Which is of course no reason not to take advantage. She put on her most seductive smile. "If I do that, will you do something for me in return?"

Dayna looked cautiously around the corner. They'd been looking for Jenna for some time now, without success, and she was starting to doubt that they'd find her anytime soon. She'd suggested that they try to find Tarrant instead, since they were reasonably sure he was being held -- or something like that -- in the guard captain's quarters. But Avon insisted that they look for Jenna, so they looked for Jenna. And on top of that, she was still naked and horny.

She turned to Avon to tell him that the corridor up ahead seemed safe and saw him stare strangely at a door a bit the other way. "Are we going on or not?" she asked testily.

"I want to have a look at something," he said. "You and Vila go back to the empty room we checked a while ago and wait for me."

She looked at Vila, who simply shrugged. "Fine!" she sneered and stomped off, soon followed by Vila.

This must be, Tarrant thought, one of the worst days in my entire life. But, hey, at least I'm not dead. Yet.

"If you don't mind me asking, where are you taking me?" he said to the guards who were holding him under his armpits and dragging him along the floor.

"In here, I think," a familiar voice answered, whereafter the taller one of the troopers kicked a door open and tossed him inside.

"Cally?!"

Instead of answering, she took off her trooper's helmet.

"What are you doing here? Who's handling the teleport? What if we need to get back in a hurry?"

"I'm rescuing you, Orac's handling the teleport and you won't be teleporting anywhere without the bracelets we've brought." She looked closer at his handcuffed and partly disrobed state. "By the way, what did Servalan mean by not having finished getting back at you? I thought you'd never met her before?"

"Do you really think this is the moment to inquire into my past?"

"Perhaps not. Where are the others?"

"I don't know. The last I saw they were being taken to the holding cells on the level below us."

"Let's go there, then," Cally said and put her helmet back on.

Dayna paced the room like a caged tigress, unable to relax.

"Nervous?" Vila asked from the bunk he'd occupied.

"No!"

"Angry?"

"No!"

"Frustrated because I interrupted you and Avon?"

"No!" She kicked at a chair. "Yes, I am. Is that so strange?"

"He'll be back soon, I'm sure."

"I don't particularly want him. He was the only one there, and I didn't want to be a

virgin any more."

"So what do you want now?"

She sat down on the chair she'd just kicked. "I don't know," she muttered.

"Would you mind getting dressed a bit?" Vila asked. "Seeing you like that is getting me all hot and frustrated as well."

Dayna looked at him, and found that he was actually quite good-looking. "Do you really think I'm pretty?" she asked.

"Oh yes," came the answer. She smiled. "Which bit do you like the best?" She sat up straight and spread her legs a bit, so that he could see her better.

Vila got up. "This bit," he said and kissed her between the eyes. "And this bit," as he kissed her lips. "And this one." The little hollow at the bottom of her throat. "These", as he kneeled before her and lightly touched his lips to her nipples. His hands stroked her thighs. She giggled a little. "This." Her navel. He slid his hands around her ass and gently pulled her out so that she sat on the very edge of the seat, legs spread wide. "This is a very nice bit," as he teased her slit with his finger. He kissed the insides of her thighs, her knees, her calves and toes. "That's the bit I like the best," he said, as he pulled her down to him on the floor and kissed her deeply. She responded more than enthusiastically, trying to undo his clothes. He let her, holding on to her with one hand and letting the other play between her legs. By the time she'd got his pants off, she was breathing heavily, her face all the way down to her breasts flushed a deeper shade of brown.

"Please..." she gasped, trying to pull him down on top of her. He willingly followed, kissing and fondling her with increasing urgency. Pretty soon, he couldn't wait any more, and so he pushed into her with all the tenderness and care he could. A gasp and grimace of pain passed over her face, but soon ecstasy returned. Her legs around his hips, her arms around his neck, she met his thrusts with urgent need again and again and again until at last she froze, holding him with all the strenght she had, screaming. As she relaxed, she felt him speed up his thrusts, faster and faster until he suddenly stopped with a drawn-out groan.

He collapsed onto her chest, and they just lay there.