

Servalan Enslaved

Spacerebels of Gor, part 4

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Jenna's leather jacket is a nod to the excellent *Bizzaro* fanzines from Ashton Press.

Featured fandoms: Blake's 7

Featured pairings:

A.S.S Story codes: gen

Story rating: PG

Unlike how he'd seen it in the Script, Avon opened the door very carefully, making sure not to make any sound. Once he had it open, he was treated to just the sight he had expected and hoped for: Jenna, naked and blindfolded, with arms and legs tied to the bedposts of a large four-poster bed. He smiled and stalked inside, shutting the door just as carefully as he'd opened it. The carpet was thick, so he got to the side of the bed without any signs that she knew he was there. What a hot woman she was! From her long, blonde hair via her luscious breasts and voluptuous hips to her long legs, she was marvelous. And at the moment he could do pretty much whatever he wanted to her. No need to be nice or sensitive. He bent down and grabbed a tit with each hand at the very same moment as the door opened behind him.

For a moment, all was still. All the participants in the little tableau were as frozen. Jenna, because someone had totally unexpectedly started to maul her breasts. Avon, because someone had walked in on him when he was doing something he deep down knew he shouldn't be doing. The guard, because he had suddenly walked into a room where his idol lay naked on a bed. Not only that, he was obviously just in time to save her from a fate worse than death.

"YOU BASTARD!" he screamed and, using his gun as a club, he hit the dastardly assailant over the head as hard as he could manage.

"I thought this guy was one of your friends," J.L. said with a worried tone in his voice.

"I didn't mean to hit him so hard," Little Mike said.

"Don't worry, dear, you did fine," she told him, trying very hard not to show exactly how much she enjoyed what had happened.

"So what do you want us to do with him?" Fred asked.

"Oh, throw him in a cell or something. We can pick him up again on the way out."

J.L. looked at Fred and Jim, who grabbed Avon's unconscious body and carried it out of the room. "I'm sorry it ended like this," J.L. said.

"It's absolutely fine," Jenna insisted. "Little Mike even got to be a hero for real." She smiled at the young man, who looked away and blushed. "But if you don't mind, I'd like to go looking for my friends now. Would it be all right if I kept this dressing gown? I don't really like walking around naked in strange prisons."

"That's right, I almost forgot!" J.L. vanished out the door for a moment and returned with a bundle of something. "We found you some clothes," he said. "No suitable underwear, I'm afraid, but it's a bit better than a dressing gown, I think."

She took the bundle from him and separated it into a pair of black leather pants and a black leather jacket with "Nova and the Nylon Hamsters: '23 Galactic Tour" printed on the back. Both the pants and the jacket had studs on them. It was better than the dressing gown, but not by much.

"I hear steps," Dayna said. Vila let go of her and they both got up.

"Trooper steps," she specified. "Two of them. I'll take care of it."

Taking up position by the door, she waited until she could hear that they had just passed by. With a series of movements so smooth a passing tiger would have died of envy, she opened the door, swung herself out and kicked the nearest trooper in the back of the head. The trooper flew forward into the back of the man walking in front, and they both dropped to the floor.

"Dayna, stop!" the other trooper yelled.

She did. "Cally?"

"Yes!"

"What are you doing here? Why are you dressed like that? And who was it I just kicked?"

"I'm here to help you. Where are the others?"

"Vila's in there. Some guards took Jenna from her cell earlier. We were looking for her when Avon suddenly wanted to go on looking by himself, I don't know why."

"I do," Jenna said.

Dayna and Cally turned as one. "Where did you come from?" Dayna asked. Jenna waved vaguely down the corridor. "I've been looking for you for a while. Who's the trooper?"

"Kelly, the journalist. That's Tarrant under her, and Vila's right here," Cally said as Vila came out of the room, newly dressed.

"Good," Jenna said. "Avon's in cell 1651, and I suggest we let him stay there at least until we've found his Anna and are ready to leave."

No protests came. "Right," Jenna went on. "I was told that if there is an Anna Grant in this facility, she must be in what they called the 'Inner Volume'. It's so high-security that even the normal guards can't get in, only members of the Amazon Guard are allowed to. Come, this way..."

The cell was, though small, reasonably comfortable. Warm, dry, bunk not too bad. Avon still didn't like it. He couldn't get out. Not with a reasonable amount of effort, anyway. Even if he used the Script, he'd have to write an entirely new scene, and he didn't think he could concentrate long enough for that. He laid back on the bunk and sighed. Maybe he could mess something up for someone instead. It might at least provide some entertainment.

Servalan swallowed the last of the wine and put down her glass. It had been a truly excellent meal by any standard. "Not bad, for prison fare," she said.

"It is enough for my simple tastes," replied the guard captain. "Some coffee and cognac, perhaps?"

"Of course. What kinds do you have?"

The captain got a strange expression. "Whatever it is, it's far too good for you, woman!" he said.

"What?"

"I don't know what came over me... I'll teach you your place, slave!"

He got up and came towards her.

She honestly didn't know what to say. The man was obviously insane. He grabbed her by the neck and forced her to stand. "Your appearance pleases me, woman. I think I'll keep you."

This was too much. "Guards!"

"Ha! They won't listen to you, *woman*. They're men, and they know your place well. And your place is in chains at my feet, as you will soon learn!" With a swift movement, he ripped her flimsy dress off.

"Tell me what you are, *woman*", he growled, his face less than a hand's breadth from hers.

"I'm the President of the Federation, and you are a very much ex captain," she meant to say, but that wasn't what crossed her lips.

"I'm your slave, master, to use as you see fit," she heard herself say. Not only that, she sank down on her knees, legs widely spread and hands on her neck.

"Madam President! I... I don't know what's going on, I'm terribly sorry, I'll... I'll drag you to my bed and take you like the bitch you are, woman!"

Momentarily able to control herself, she threw herself towards the door. If she got out of there, maybe she'd be able to control herself again.

He grabbed her ankle before she got even halfway. "Don't even try, *woman*. From now on, you do as I say! GUARD!"

"Let me go!"

A trooper entered. "Yes, sir?"

"Take this slut and chain her in our coldest, darkest and dampest cell!"

The trooper hesitated. "We don't have any such cells, sir."

"DO AS I SAY!"

"Sheesh, sir, no need to yell. If you'll follow me, madam? I think maybe we can get something if we take one of the cells down on zero level and turn the air conditioning way up and turn off the lights, maybe... Damp might be trickier, but we'll pour a bucket of water or two on the floor and see how it works out."

"And have her *crawl* all the way there!"

The hooded man lurked in the shadows, as hooded men commonly do. He knew there were supernatural forces at work, and it always paid to stick to the cliché in such cases. Unfortunately, the cliché in this case said that he should wait a long time before she finally arrived. No matter, he would wait. Waiting was one of his many talents.

"Fourteen degrees? Is that federation or galactic scale?"

"Federation, of course! What kind of place do you think this is anyway?"

"Sorry, wasn't thinking. That's far too cold for her, don't you think? I mean, she might fall ill or even die."

"Yea, you're right. I don't think these nutty alphas want their sex games to go quite that far."

Servalan sat on the floor, listening to the troopers. Her hands were chained together and the chain fastened to a bolt in the wall. The room was already chilly, with the promise of getting worse. She was covered in goose-bumps, and her nipples were hard.

"Please use me," she said. She kept saying these stupid things. "I need you to show me what being a woman's really about."

"Sorry, ma'am," one of the troopers said. "We don't want to get involved in your sick games. You'll have to wait until the captain gets here."

"Seventeen, I think," said the other one. "Seventeen should be about right. Enough to be uncomfortable, but not enough to be dangerous."

"Seventeen it is, then. Let's go get something to eat, I'm starving."

"Please, kind master, fuck me hard," Servalan said, vowing for the hundredth time to kill the one who did this to her. To her relief, the troopers just left.

As soon as their steps had died away, the door opened again and a man clad in a dark cloak entered.

"Hello, Servalan," he said.

She looked up. "Travis?" She looked closer at him. "Travis 1? My, I haven't seen you since the first season!"

Suddenly she realised what she was saying. "I'm talking sense again! The power of the Script is gone!" She smiled at him. "Dare I guess that you've brought what I think

you've brought?"

"I don't presume to know what you think, Servalan, but I brought this." He reached into his bag and took out a glowing green crystal the size of his clenched fist.

"I've never seen it in real life before. Is it pure?" She sounded slightly awed.

"Oh yes," he said. "One kilogram of absolutely pure plotdevicium. With this, we can fight the Script!"