

# Clash of the Universes

*Spacerebels of Gor, part 6*

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It took me a stupidly long time to work in the pun in Gabby's explanation of the converging universes, but at least I got a few mailed groans as a reward :-)

**Featured fandoms:** Xena: Warrior Princess, Blake's 7

**Featured pairings:**

**A.S.S Story codes:** gen

**Story rating:** PG

Things were calm and silent in cell 1651. While that wasn't as bad as it could have been, calm and silence wasn't why he'd come to Gor. He'd had a bit of fun with Servalan, but for some reason he couldn't get at her any longer. He sighed. Maybe it was time to have a look at what his crewmates were doing...

"We're going out to fetch a male prisoner," she went on. Xena raised an eyebrow.

The sergeant blushed. "It's for the commander!" she said. "And what do you care anyway, you've got your blonde little cutie." The barest shade of a smile played on Xena's lips.

"I don't know why I'm even talking to you! Can we pass or not?"

"Of course," Xena said, not moving an inch. The young sergeant glowered at the much larger woman, and then squeezed past her.

"Follow me, girls," she ordered, and soon the lot of them were gone. Jenna stepped out from behind the crates, following the amazons retreating backsides with her eyes. "That the guards in there?"

"Yeah," Gabrielle said, coming out behind her, looking the same way.

"Are there more of them?"

"Lots," Xena said. "Are you sure you want to go in?"

There was a general agreeing murmur from most of the Liberator crowd.

"I'll go *anywhere* you go, Xena," Cally said. "Who else would make sure that you *suffer* appropriately?"

"Are you feeling all right, Cally?" Vila asked, but only got a sort of short gasping laugh in return.

"Well, no point in waiting," Jenna said. "Let's go."

Twenty pretty girls coming to get a male prisoner? Now that was a chance to get out if he'd ever seen one! Avon opened his eyes and sat up. Question was, should he go willingly with them or escape after they'd got him out of his cell? Well, he didn't have to decide that right now. He could just as well wait until they fetched him, and then make up his mind. Smiling, he laid back down on the bunk at closed his eyes again.

"I need to find some clothes, I can't walk around all naked like this."

"I doubt that they have any uniforms in your size."

"So we'll have to find something else!"

"Such as?"

Servalan didn't know the answer to that, so she just crossed her arms over her breasts and glared at him.

"Besides," Travis went on, "I find your current outfit very pleasing. Those manacles really suit you."

She decided to change the subject.

"So, do you know where Avon is?"

"Of course. I looked it up in the prison's computer system; he's being held in cell 1651." He paused. "By a stroke of luck, it seems no one bothered to remove my Space Commander's access rights after I died."

"Useful, that plotdevicium."

The group walked slowly along the most lavish corridor anyone of them had ever been in before. Its ceiling was high, the floor was covered with a lush carpet, the walls were richly decorated with mosaics in gold and precious stones.

Jenna looked around, obviously in awe. "This is a prison?" she said.

"Did you see the stairway back there?" Tarrant asked. "It looked like those statues were made out of solid diamonds!"

"I know this place," Vila said with a peculiar expression on his face.

"So *that's* why there are so many female mutoids," Dayna said, her gaze sweeping over the mosaics.

"Where did Cally and Gabrielle get to?" Kelly said.

Xena spun around. Her face turned even grimmer as she verified that her companion was indeed missing. With an elegant move she drew her cricketbat and set off down the way the group had come.

"Where are we, sergeant?"

"This isn't quite as easy as it seems, Mirka. The last time I was here, you could go directly from corridor 360 to 365 then down to 165 via the cargo lift, but they've blocked that... Be a dear and have a look at that sign over there for me, will you?"

"185."

"Good, we just have to go two crossings north, then. Come on, girls!"

"Where are we, Travis?"

"We'll be there shortly."

"Shortly?"

"They've redesigned since the last time I was here. What does that sign say?"

"145."

"Just two more crossings south. Five minutes and we'll be there."

Xena turned the corner into the stairwell and stopped so quickly that the rest nearly ran into her. The stairs wound their way along the sides of the shaft, leaving a deep chasm in the middle. Near the top of that chasm, Gabrielle hung. Her hands were over her head, tied to a rope that was in turn tied to a fixture on the ceiling. Under her was plain air for a very long way. Standing on the stairs beside her, blocking the way to where the rope was fastened to the ceiling, stood Cally.

"Hello, Xena," she said, smiling cruelly. "Want your little friend back?"

Xena advanced up the stairs. "I wouldn't mind," she said.

"Just come get her," Cally said, twirling her cricketbat.

Xena slowly inched closer. Her eyes never left Cally for a moment, and vice versa. As at a predetermined moment, they both exploded into motion. Xena somersaulted forward, Cally likewise. They met in midair, exchanged a furious set of blows, continued, landed, turned, jumped again. At the fifth pass, Cally jumped a little more left, grabbed a pillar, swung around it and kicked Xena firmly in the chest. As they both landed, Xena rather disorderly, Cally laughed.

"Does it *hurt*, Xena dear?" she asked. "And does it hurt more or less than it'll hurt you when I rip the head off the annoying little blonde?"

Xena yelled and jumped again.

Avon lay on his back with his eyes closed, enthusiastically watching the amazon troop coming to get him. The very scantily clad amazon troop. These definitely were his sort of women. As they ran down the corridors, he made sure that the Script always said that they chose the right route. Until they turned the last corner before his cell and vanished from his inner view. He opened his eyes and sat up. Trouble.

"Who are you?" he heard Servalan's voice say outside the locked door.

"Who are *you*?" said the amazon sergeant. "And why are you running around naked out here?"

A couple of flights down the staircase, the Liberator people watched the acrobatic fight, transfixed.

"Where did she learn those moves?" Dayna said. "And *when*?"

"Hey!" came a shout from the stairwell. Five pairs of eyes turned as one.

"Could you please help me get away from here?" Gabrielle said. "My arms are really beginning to hurt."

"Oh, sorry," Jenna said. "Should've thought of that earlier. Vila, give me your shirt."

"What?!"

"Give me your shirt!"

"What for?"

"To use as rope."

"Why my shirt? Can't you use--" Vila looked at the others. Jenna, wearing a leather jacket and a pair of leather trousers, both tight enough to make it obvious that that was all she wore. Tarrant, in nothing but torn black pants. Dayna, in nothing but her gunbelt. Kelly, in thin tights and a blouse he could see her nipples through.

He sighed. "All right then..." he muttered and started unbuttoning his shirt. Moments later, Gabrielle was safely roped in and on firm ground.

"Thanks," she said, smiling brightly at Vila.

"Er... you're welcome."

Dayna was still watching the fight. "How does she *do* that?" she said at a particularly awesome move, with a touch of anger that clearly implied an unsaid "And how can I learn to do it too?"

"And why?" Tarrant said. "Hanging people over long drops definitely isn't something the Cally I know would do."

"It's an effect of the Script," Gabrielle said.

Several questioning looks turned her way.

"You know, when something here is very much like something in a parallel universe with its own Script, the two will occasionally try to converge. So in this case, Cally here is getting pieces of Script meant for someone else in another universe." She looked thoughtful for a moment. "It seems to happen a lot around Xena and me... I don't know why, but for some reason the effect is usually called a Hudson Leak."

"So how do we get her back to normal?" Jenna asked.

"I don't know," Gabrielle said. "I never thought about that before. Usually Xena just breaks their heads." She slipped her arm under Vila's. "Come, let's go find somewhere to wait for them to get tired."

The door blocked enough sound that he couldn't hear much of what was said, although at one point he was sure he heard Travis' voice. He also heard the sergeant say "Oh, bugger this! Tie her up girls, and we'll let the commander sort it out." The words were followed by what sounded like a brief struggle, several not very polite words from Servalan and a few much more polite words from Travis. And then came the sound of the lock to his cell opening. The door swung open, and he saw the amazon sergeant in the flesh.

"You. Come here," she said.

He did as she said.

"Are you going to come willingly?" she asked.

"Yes," he was about to say, when she punched him in the face and knocked him to the floor.

"Just playing it safe," she said. "Besides, I wanted to hit someone after arguing with that irritating female. Girls, tie him up."

Which they did, with great speed and enthusiasm. He hardly had time to figure out what was going on before he found himself gagged and hanging by his hands and feet from a pole carried by a couple of amazons. Beside him, Servalan had been similarly treated.

"Let's go," said the sergeant. "Try not to bang their heads against too many corners. Especially him. The commander will be most pissed off if someone else hurts him."