

Rest and Recreation

Spacerebels of Gor, part 7

written by Calle Dybedahl

I wish the Gabby of the actual TV series was like this, and that the producers would let us see it on the screen.

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

Featured pairings: Gabrielle/Vila, Dayna/Tarrant, Jenna/OCF

A.S.S Story codes: ff,mf

Story rating: NC17

"Here's a nice room," Gabrielle said after they'd walked for a few minutes through the impressive hallways.

She stopped in front of an ornate door twice her own height, and opened it with a touch on a button. Through the opening they could see one of the most lavish and over-decorated rooms either of them had ever seen. On the walls were patterns in red and gold. On the floor was a thick, thick carpet and lots of huge pillows. There were low couches, with suitably low tables nearby. In the corners were plants, big ones reaching from floor to ceiling, a ceiling that was of course also covered in gold decor. "Come on," Gabrielle said as she headed for the far wall.

"This doesn't exactly look like a prison cell," Tarrant said.

"No kidding, Federation boy," Jenna muttered under her breath.

"Hey, Vila, what are you drinking?" Gabrielle shouted.

He entered the room, somewhat nervously. "Er, Adrenaline and Soma, if there is any."

"In this place, there is *everything*."

She slid a bit of a relief aside, pushed a few buttons and picked two tall glasses out of an opening. After closing the relief again, she sat down on a couch and put the glasses on the table beside it. "Your drink's getting warm," she said, as she stretched out sensuously.

Vila looked at the inviting amount of naked skin, covered only by a small green top and a short brown skirt. "Yes, er, can't have that," he said. As he walked closer to the couch with Gabrielle on it he could feel the others' stares boring into his back.

The sergeant stopped abruptly when they came to the door to the Inner Volume. She looked around at overturned and broken crates. "There's been a fight," she said. "And Xena and her toy-girl aren't here any more, so it must've been pretty bad. Time to shape up and stop playing around, girls."

She drew her sword and walked through the door. Her amazons did the same, a group of them crowding closely around Avon and Servalan, to protect them.

When he came close enough, Gabrielle pulled Vila down onto the couch. "Come here, good looking," she said. "Let's get comfortable."

"Er, would you, maybe, like us to leave?" Tarrant asked.

"As if," Dayna said and walked into the room. "Where is that drinks dispenser, Gabrielle?"

The young woman seemed to think for a moment before she answered. "Over there." She said and pointed. "Just pull on the arm of the naked girl to make it open, then enter your order on the dials."

She got up from the couch. "Maybe I'd better help you, the dials are tricky until you get used to them. What're you having?"

"Orange juice." Dayna looked suspiciously at Gabrielle.

"A healthy drink for a ... healthy girl," Gabby said, her eyes roaming all over Dayna's naked body. "What do you others want?" she continued.

"Whisky. Straight. No ice, no water," Jenna said.

"Adrenaline and Soma for me too," Tarrant said.

"Just some white wine," Kelly said.

As they spoke, Gabrielle worked the dials, extracted one glass after another and handed them to Dayna. "Sit down, make yourselves comfortable," she said as Dayna distributed the glasses. "Who knows how long we'll have to wait here?"

"Someone's fighting up near the top of the stairwell, Sergeant!"

The girl she'd sent out to scout their way panted as she spoke. The sergeant swore.

"Did you see who it is?"

The scout shook her head. "But I heard Xena's war-cry."

"Ok, girls, that means we do it the hard way. Tie the prisoners together so we can lift them with a rope, we're climbing up number three air shaft. I'm not going into any fights while carrying around the Commander's pet. Especially not a fight involving *her*."

Gabrielle sat down in Vila's lap.

"Comfortable?" she asked, putting her arms around his neck and placing her cleavage right before his eyes.

"Uhu," came the reply. "I'm feeling very... relaxed..."

"Me too," Tarrant said. He was lying in another couch, feet up on a table and eyes closed. An empty glass stood on a table beside him. "I'm really, really relaxed and comfortable... Isn't it a bit warm here, though?"

"Not if you ask me," Dayna said from where she was stretched out on a huge cushion on the floor.

"But *I'm* wearing clothes," he replied.

She smiled mischievously at him. "That can be fixed." Gabrielle caressed Vila's cheek. "Are you feeling hot?" she said. "I know that I am. I hope you don't mind if I undress a bit?" Without even pretending to wait for an answer, she stripped off her top. "Much better, isn't it?" she said as she leaned backwards a bit to give him a better view of her breasts.

"Yea," came the answer. "But not exactly *relaxing*, if you see what I mean." He swallowed audibly.

She let her hands roam over his naked chest. "So what would it take to make you relax again?"

His hands slid along her thighs in under her skirt. "If you'll just let me experiment a bit I'm sure I can find out."

Gabrielle closed her eyes and moaned. "If you keep experimenting like *that*, I'm all for it..."

With a great effort of will Jenna tore her eyes from the sight of Vila's manly chest and Gabrielle's stiffening nipples. There was something funny going on here. She was far more aroused than she ought to be just from watching the two on the couch. She looked around, and saw Dayna and Tarrant embracing passionately. *Definitely* something funny going on. "In the drinks," Kelly whispered in her ear. Suddenly feeling her warm, moist breath made Jenna lose her concentration so badly that she for a moment didn't understand what she'd heard. She found herself acutely aware of the other woman's body standing close behind her own. "What's in the drinks?" she asked when her brain returned to a working condition, however briefly.

"Really strong aphrodisiac," the journalist said. "I've heard about it, but it's the first time I've experienced it. Made by the Federation's biolabs. It's naughty stuff, the only way to get rid of it is to work it off, so to speak." She started nibbling

Jenna's ear. Jenna moaned and, after a split second's hesitation, decided that there really was no point in resisting. With a decisive move, she turned around and kissed Kelly deeply.

"Get your pointy nose out of my mouth!"

"If you kept your mouth shut it wouldn't be a problem!"

Servalan and Avon were face to face, their hands tied together above their heads with the same rope they were hanging from. They were being pulled up by the amazon guards, up through a narrow ventilation shaft. It was dusty and cramped, and not at all comfortable. Avon didn't like it a bit. Well, actually, the small bit that consisted of having a tied-up and naked Servalan pressed against him wasn't so bad, but he really wished it had occurred under better circumstances. It could've been worse, though. At least he had clothes that protected him against the occasional sharp edges on the inside of the shaft.

Kelly's fingers traveled slowly down Jenna's chest, unbuttoning her leather jacket as they went. After them came a soft pair of lips and the hot tip of a tongue, taking a detour towards a breast and a stiff nipple as it became accessible. "Why?" she gasped.

"Why what?" came the muffled reply.

"Why the aphrodisiac?" She started pulling off her leather pants, to give Kelly access to what was inside them. "Why not give us some more ordinary poison?"

"Not for us," Kelly said.

She fell to her knees and tried to push Jenna's legs apart. The standing woman eagerly obliged. Jenna yelped as Kelly's hand started exploring between her legs. "What...do you...mean...not for us?"

"For Amazon recreation," came the answer just before Kelly's mouth became occupied with more interesting things. Jenna bit her lip to prevent herself from crying out and grabbed the reporter's head with both hands, pulling it tighter against her. Waves of pleasure ran through her, and strangely enough it made it easier for her to concentrate. Not easier to stand up, though. She sat down heavily on the edge of a couch, pulling Kelly along with her. With a delighted groan she leaned backwards, for a few moments just relishing the sensations. It felt so very, very good. Maybe she should see about joining those amazons. Maybe she should have a look at what the others were doing. Dayna had lain down on the floor, with Tarrant on top of her. He was plunging into her at an increasingly frantic pace, and she was urging him on, eyes closed. On the couch on the other side of the room was Gabrielle and Vila, she on all fours and him taking her from behind at a slow and deliberate pace. His hands caressed her hips, her back, her sides and occasionally as far as her breasts. Much of her face was covered by her hair, but one could still see the flush on her cheeks. Deciding that everything was all right after all, and that if it wasn't she'd deal with it later, Jenna turned her concentration towards the mouth caressing her sex, the hands fondling her breasts and the need to get the clothes off of the owner of the mouth and hands.

Xena lowered her cricketbat into a defensive position, panting. "We could go on like this for days," she said.

"Missing your little friend?" Cally asked, tilting her head and smiling.

"Look," Xena said. "There's just no point in us fighting here and now. Let's just go see what Gabrielle and your friends are doing, OK?"

Cally seemed to consider the question for a moment. "Ok," she said, put her cricketbat firmly into her belt and started doing somersaults down the stairs. Xena followed, in a rather more sensible manner.