

Translation

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This stems from a conversation on LiveJournal, but I can't remember where it was... It is, very much, an attempt to craft a halfway serious story around a very silly concept.

Featured fandoms: sga

Featured pairings: Teyla/Weir

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: R

When Elizabeth Weir first saw the phrase she thought it was a joke from the translation team. Both its meaning and its transliteration from Athosian to English were... Well, "silly" was about the best word she could think of. Her immediate reaction was to call the team and tell them not to leave jokes in their finished documents. As far as she was concerned, it was perfectly all right that they played them on each other (within reason, of course), but the jokes had to go before final reports got sent to Earth. It was, however, the middle of the night and all of the team's members had gone to bed. So she decided to check up on it a little more, and hopefully take it up in the morning with the individual responsible.

To her great surprise, she found that it actually came from their source material on the Athosian language. If it was a joke, it came from the Athosians themselves. Elizabeth stared at it. *Asdfhjkl: Rare word roughly meaning "Yes, thank you, my breasts do look particularly lickable in this top".*

What kind of culture needed a word for *that*?

She tried her best to put the strange word out of her mind, but it was hard. The phrase "my breasts do look particularly lickable in this top" kept echoing through her head no matter how she tried to push it away. And it didn't get the least bit easier when the normal morning briefing started.

All the usual people were gathered around the horseshoe-shaped table in the conference room. Sheppard for the military, Beckett for medical, McKay for science, Caldwell for Pegasus and Emmagan for the Athosians.

Wearing a tight white top, of course. Elizabeth could tell that she wasn't wearing anything under it.

"Well," she said. "Let's get started, shall we? Rodney, have you managed to get anything out of that Ancient laboratory you found?"

McKay looked momentarily stunned at actually being asked to talk about that, but quickly rallied and started talking before anyone protested. Out of his view, Sheppard mimed dying from boredom.

Elizabeth didn't care. She'd bought herself some time to get her thoughts out of the gutter.

Which would've been much easier if Teyla's breasts hadn't actually looked very, very lickable. She'd never thought of them exactly like that before, preferring words like "firm", or "well-shaped", or "attractive". But somehow "lickable" managed to sum up all that and then add a few more along the same lines. Like, for example, "Sweet mercy, how I'd like to get to know those up close and personal".

Somehow, she got through the meeting without any obvious disasters. How, she had no idea. She didn't even remember more than half of it, which said something about how preoccupied she'd been. All because of a stupid translation! She sighed and fiddled with her papers until everybody else had left the room, then she swept them into a pile and walked out herself.

Only to find Teyla waiting for her.

"Good morning, Elizabeth," she said.

"Good morning, Teyla," Elizabeth replied, desperately trying not to blush. Or stare at her chest. "How are you today?"

"I am fine," Teyla said as they started walking towards Elizabeth's office.

"Good," Elizabeth said. "Good."

"However..." Teyla said.

"Yes?"

"During the meeting, you seemed... distracted."

Elizabeth felt a blush force its way onto her face.

"Oh?" she lied. "Really?"

"And you seemed to be looking at me quite often," Teyla said. "Somewhat below my face."

Busted, Elizabeth thought. Oh well.

"Come inside," she said and walked into the office. She closed the door after Teyla had followed her in.

"I was looking through translation reports last night," Elizabeth said.

"And they were talking about my chest?" Teyla said. A small smile graced her face.

"Not as such," Elizabeth admitted. "But there was this word..."

Teyla's eyebrows furrowed.

"A word?"

Elizabeth looked away, avoiding Teyla's gaze.

"An expression of appreciation for a compliment, I believe," she said. "I have no idea how to pronounce it."

Teyla's face lit up in understanding.

"Ah!" she said. "You're thinking of 'asdfhjkl!'"

"Is that how you say it?" Elizabeth said. "I guess it is."

Teyla smiled, and there was a distinct mischievous glint in her eyes.

"It is not a word that is used often," she said. "But if you're really interested, I could demonstrate its proper use to you."

"Oh, sure," Elizabeth said, greatly relieved that Teyla didn't seem insulted or upset. "Go ahead."

Teyla smiled and shook her head.

"Not now and, I think, not here," she said. "Unless you have an exhibitionistic streak I do not know about, doctor Weir?"

"God, no!" Elizabeth said, pulling her pile of papers closer to her chest at the mere thought of it.

"My quarters, then," Teyla said. "Tonight, after dinner."

She smiled and left the office before Elizabeth could respond.

If Elizabeth had been distracted during the morning meeting, that was nothing to what she was the rest of the day. Her brain kept coming up with possible scenarios that matched what Teyla had hinted at concerning the word, and while none of them were particularly believable they were all highly distracting.

Heck, she wasn't sure if *anything* involving the concepts "Teyla's breasts" and "lickable" could avoid being distracting. She sighed and turned her monitor off. As long as she couldn't work on any reports, she might as well take a walk around Atlantis and see what was going on. Gather information for future reports home. Sometimes it felt like

her entire life on Atlantis consisted of roughly equal parts reports and disasters. In the long run, she wasn't sure which half she liked the least. From moment to moment, the one that was currently happening usually seemed like the worse option.

She felt quite sure that a certain Athosian bosom would seem to be a better alternative than either of the others even while it was happening. So to speak.

The Gate room was busy. Earth medical supplies were being shipped out to an agricultural world, and foodstuffs being shipped in. Elizabeth hung around watching for a while, but nothing dramatic happened. Thankfully. Disasters usually led to more reports, while reports for the most part only led to disasters named Woolsey.

The infirmary was calm. There were a few people occupying beds, but they were only suffering from straightforward things like broken bones or allergy reactions. Beckett and his staff were busy doing research, so Elizabeth just smiled and waved and walked on.

In the physics lab nothing more dramatic than McKay having a temper tantrum was going on. She smiled to herself at the way the others in the lab just ignored him, and stalked away before he could see her.

Section after section, the story was the same. Nothing needed her attention. Nothing distracted her from her thoughts. Not even the weather, which insisted on being warm and sunny with a pleasant breeze. She sighed, sat down and waited for dinnertime.

Maybe she should have brought flowers? Elizabeth turned and walked a few steps back up the corridor from Teyla's door.

No, that was silly. This was just supposed to be Teyla explaining a quirk of Athosian language. Not a *date* or anything. She'd never had any indication that the Athosian leader had more than friendly interest for her counterpart from Earth.

She walked back again.

But then, why didn't Teyla want to do it in the office? And what was that about exhibitionism? It might well be an indication of interest. Or just a part of Athosian culture Elizabeth hadn't encountered before.

Chocolate, perhaps? Yes, chocolate. Chocolate's never completely wrong, and she had some in her quarters.

She headed up the corridor again. This time, she only got a couple of steps before the door opened behind her. She turned around.

Teyla stood in the doorway. She had let her hair out to hang like a soft, dark drape from her head. She was wearing a skirt that reached all the way down to her feet, but was slit on both sides so her legs showed as soon as she moved. Above that, she was wearing several layers of sheer blouses.

"Elizabeth," she said. "I hope you have not changed your mind?"

If I had, that outfit would've made me change it back in a hurry, Elizabeth thought while taking in the luscious view in front of her. The possibility of mutual attraction suddenly looked much greater.

"No," she said. "No, of course not."

Teyla stepped aside and gestured to Elizabeth to enter. Elizabeth did as she was bid.

The room was, like most rooms on Atlantis, relatively bare. There was a bed, a table, a closet, some more necessary stuff. And in the middle of the floor were two large pillows, an incense burner and a bunch of candles.

"Please, sit," Teyla said, indicating a cushion.

Elizabeth sat, while Teyla knelt to light up the incense.

"This seems a bit complex to explain a word," Elizabeth said.

"All words are part of a context," Teyla said. "They have histories. Some more than others."

"This would be one with more, I guess?"

Teyla smiled at her.

"Yes," she said. She put the lid onto the burner and sat down facing Elizabeth. Sweet-smelling smoke started drifting from the burner.

"The word you asked about," Teyla said. "Should not be said without a certain amount of ceremony."

Elizabeth raised an eyebrow.

"You said it in my office."

Teyla tilted her head in acknowledgment.

"Sometimes we do things we shouldn't," she said. "Are you sitting comfortably?"

"Yes, thank you," Elizabeth said.

"Good."

Teyla visibly collected herself.

"The word was not originally Athosian," she said. "Nor did it mean what it now means for us. It came from a language spoken in an empire that flourished during a time when the Wraith did not appear for almost two centuries. At its height, the Tyui empire covered almost a fifth of our planet, and it was ruled by a dynasty that was on the whole good and effective rulers. And best of that dynasty was the Empress Yuio, famed for her wisdom and beauty."

"Ancestor of yours?" Elizabeth said, wincing internally even as the words came out her mouth. A seasoned diplomat like her should know better than to let her thoughts slip out like that.

"Not as far as I know," Teyla said. "As any ruler, the Empress Yuio had enemies. Particularly the son of a general her father had had executed for treason. The son had risen to wealth and power in spite of this, and bore a powerful hatred to the ruling clan. A hatred that was shared by some, and after many years of preparation they tried to take control of the Empire."

"Sounds familiar so far," Elizabeth said. Teyla ignored her.

"Not only had they planned well, but they also got lucky. A great flood threatened the capital, and Yuio sent out all the people she had to help fight it. Including her palace guard. When the coup came, she, her handmaidens and a few servants were the only people in the palace."

Teyla paused, as if to see if Elizabeth would interrupt again. She didn't.

"Fortunately for Yuio, the general's son was ruled more by his emotions than his head. Rather than kill her outright, he put her and her favorite handmaiden on the royal dais in the center of the dining hall, and ordered a victory feast held around them."

Elizabeth shook her head. "Gloating," she said. "Always gets them."

"Yuio knew that her forces had been warned, and that what she most of all needed was to buy time for them to arrive. Now, while the general's son and his cohorts spoke only the common language which is today's Athosian, Yuio and her favorite handmaiden also spoke the language of their childhood in the mountains. Not only that, but over the years they had grown so close that sometimes a single word would suffice for an entire sentence. With such a word, the Empire asked her handmaiden for help. The handmaiden helped. She kissed her mistress, and started removing the princess' top."

Elizabeth thought she knew where that was going, and she was proved right when Teyla leaned forward and kissed her. Enthusiastically playing along, she unbuttoned the outermost of Teyla's many blouses. With an effort of will, she resisted the temptation to fondle the luscious breasts her hands were so near.

"Their kiss caught the attention of the general's son's men," Teyla said after they'd broken the kiss. "As Yuio had known it would. Her handmaiden, also wise to the plan, smiled at her and said 'poiuy', which in their own tongue meant 'your breasts look very lickable in that top'."

"Poiuy," Elizabeth said, or at least tried to. The pronunciation was quite tricky.

Teyla smiled. "Washjkl," she said. "Which means, roughly, 'not lickable enough,' and is exactly what Yuio said to her handmaiden. Who knew what to do about it, of course. She started removing the next layer of Yuio's clothing, making sure to get a good grope in while she did so."

Elizabeth did as she was, more or less, asked to do. One by one, the buttons on Teyla's next top came undone, and this time she made no effort to resist temptation. Her fingers caressed the soft mounds under the cloth, gently and slowly. By the time the blouse fell to the floor, both women were breathing a little heavier and were looking a little flushed.

"And so they carried on," Teyla said. "The handmaiden took a layer of clothing off, said that the princess' breasts looked lickable, and was gently rebuffed. Her fondling of her mistress grew ever more bold, and the general's son and his men grew ever more entranced."

There was no need for any more encouragement than that. Elizabeth got to work on the buttons of the next blouse. She was getting a little frustrated with the many layers, but not too badly. This time she kissed the side of Teyla's neck while her hands rested cupped over her breasts. Erect nipples pushed like little pebbles into the palms of her hands, and a low moan came from Teyla when Elizabeth nibbled her ear lobe. She threw the blouse aside.

"Poiuy," she said.

"Washjkl," Teyla said, a little breathless.

As the layers of tops grew fewer, Elizabeth could feel the heat from Teyla's skin more clearly. Not really keeping herself in rein at all any longer, her hands roamed down Teyla's legs. When she hit the naked thighs under the large slits in her skirt, she couldn't stop a moan of her own slipping out. She kissed Teyla deeply, almost violently, as she more tore off than unbuttoned the next-to-last layer.

"Poiuy," she breathed. She could easily see Teyla's lovely breasts through the near-transparent material of the final blouse.

Teyla leaned back, supporting herself on her outstretched arms. She spread her thighs, making the skirt hang down invitingly between them.

"Asdfhjkl," she whispered.

Elizabeth got up on her hands and knees and leaned forward until her mouth met Teyla's. She kept the kiss going as long as she could, playing with Teyla's tongue nibbling ever so gently at her lips. Eventually, she started kissing her way down the neck and shoulders to the parts of Teyla's anatomy which the two of them had by now well established as being highly lickable.

And they were, even through the thin silk. She liked the way the wet cloth stuck to Teyla's skin, and she felt a little surge of pleasure every time she managed to do something that made Teyla make little mewling sounds. Standing as she did, needing both hands to support herself and only her mouth available for caresses, also made her feel unusually naughty.

A kiss landed on the top of her head.

"You are supposed to take the top off," Teyla said.

Elizabeth tilted her head back until she could look Teyla in the eyes.

"What if I think it's more fun this way?" she said.

"I would have to take matters into my own hands."

Elizabeth gave her her best "go ahead, make my day" look.

Teyla smiled. Elizabeth felt a warm hand slide inside the front of her pants and through her bushy hair until it put pressure on exactly the right spot to make her produce the kind of sounds she'd just made Teyla make. Her arms grew weak, and she had to sink down onto her elbows.

"Take off my top," Teyla whispered into her ear, "or I'll stop."

In the face of that horrible threat, Elizabeth started undoing Teyla's last layer of clothes. It was slow going, since she had to stop every now and then when Teyla's cruel fingers hit a particularly delicious spot. Eventually, though, the final top and the skirt were thrown to the side and Teyla lay naked under her.

"Good handmaiden," Teyla said. "Now yourself."

Elizabeth reached down and undid her pants before she sat up, so that Teyla could keep her hand where it was. As seductively as she could, she stripped naked to the waist.

Since she hadn't been as forward-thinking as Teyla and worn something that could be removed without standing up, the next bit posed a bit of a problem. She did have a Swiss Army knife in her pocket, so she could cut her pants off. But they were her favorites, so she'd rather not do that. Also, it'd mean walking back to her own quarters half naked later on.

Teyla's hand stopped its delicious work and moved away. Before Elizabeth could protest, Teyla had pushed Elizabeth's pants down far enough to reveal the hip bones. She put her hands on them and with an easy movement lifted Elizabeth a foot into the air.

Elizabeth spent a moment or two just marveling at the casual display of strength before her wits returned. Doing her best not to kick Teyla, she squirmed out of her pants. Naked, she was lowered back onto the delicious body under her and Teyla's fingers resumed playing with her sex. Elizabeth stroked Teyla's arms.

"Would the real princess have been this muscular?" she said.

Teyla shook her head.

"Probably not," she said.

Elizabeth smiled. "Lucky me," she said.

She was rewarded by a finger sliding inside her, making her close her eyes and another moan escape her. With an effort to regain control of herself, she bent down to feel Teyla's body against her own and to kiss her as deeply as she could. Any thoughts of old stories had gone away, and all that mattered was the woman she was touching, and who was touching her. She shifted her weight to the side, so she could get an arm in along Teyla's and do to her what she was doing to Elizabeth. Their kissing prevented Teyla from making any sounds as Elizabeth gently parted the folds of her vulva and pushed inside her, but Elizabeth could clearly feel the shiver that went through her.

She had no idea how long they kept going like that. Intense pleasure driving off all worries and fears, warm skin and eager lips meeting in pure want. Hands that were not busy rhythmically pleasing vaginas roaming where they could, stroking limbs, running through hair and squeezing breasts. She felt climax slowly build, and tried not to hurry it, to just let it arrive in its own time. But in the end instinct took over, making her rub herself ever harder against Teyla's hand until finally the inwards explosion arrived.

Some time later, she lay with her head resting on Teyla's shoulder. The room was warm, heated by their bodies and the candles. It smelled of incense and sex.

"Teyla?" she said.

"Yes?"

"Was even a word of that story true?"

"No."

"You planted the word in the translation data?"

"Yes."

Elizabeth laughed.

"I must say that's by far the most elaborate ruse anybody has ever used to get into my pants."

Teyla's strong hand slid up Elizabeth's flank until it came to rest on her breast. Which, to judge from Teyla's behavior earlier, was quite adequately lickable.

"It worked, didn't it?" Teyla said.

"From you, 'hey, wanna have sex?' would've worked," Elizabeth said.

"I see," Teyla said. "I will remember that."

"This was fun, though," Elizabeth said. "Maybe I should dream something up to repay you with."

Slowly, sleep was getting her.

"I'll look forward to that," Teyla said.

She sounded just as sleepy as Elizabeth felt. Elizabeth felt her move, and then a blanket swept over them.

"Sleep well," Teyla whispered.

And Elizabeth did indeed sleep well, and she dreamt of Snow Weir and the Seven Teylas.

But that is a story for another time.