

War Trophies

written by Calle Dybedahl

A pornbunny (a less-known subpieces of the plotbunny) bit me hard after I watched *In a Mirror, Darkly*, where everybody seemed to be complete bastards except poor T'Pol. Spoils the end of the episode. And since that ep is just about all the ST:ENT I've watched, there may be oodles of canon violations. If there are, the official excuse is "But this is the mirror universe!".

Featured fandoms: ent

Featured pairings: Hoshi/T'Pol

A.S.S Story codes: ff,nc

Story rating: NC17

During her weeks in the brig, T'Pol often thought about how she'd almost made it. When the Avenger started firing on the Defiant, she had been left alone in the briefing room. Archer and Hoshi had rushed off for the bridge, and their guards had followed them. As soon as they were out of sight, she'd ran, as fast as she could with her hands cuffed in front of her and with the entire ship shaking around her. She'd ran for her life, hitting or kicking anybody she met on the way to the lifepods.

And just as she was frantically opening the hatch to one, she got shot in the back. Again.

When she woke up, she was in the Defiant's well-lit aquarium-like brig, and there she had remained. She wasn't sure exactly how long, but her sense of time said three weeks at least. It was hard to tell, when the light never changed and her meals appeared irregularly. So she sat there, still and silent and seething. Waiting for something to happen, and trying to will the past to have come out differently.

Of course, when something finally did happen it was when she was sleeping. She was brutally woken by a kick in the stomach, and as soon as she opened her eyes something soft hit her face.

"Get up," a voice said. "Clean yourself and put that on. You're seeing the Empress."

The *Empress*? Archer's plan had failed, then, and someone else's had succeeded.

Leered at by two guards, she used the cell's primitive sanitary facilities and dressed in the clean uniform they'd thrown her. They were armed with Defiant-style phaser rifles, she noticed, yet their uniforms were of the kind she was used to.

"I'm ready," she said the instant she closed the last fastener, to deprive them of the opportunity to hurry her.

"Let's go then."

The Defiant's mess hall had been redecorated. Instead of the bare walls and pastel colors, there were black and red drapes with Empire insignia on them covering the walls. The furniture had been cleared out, and replaced with a handful of large solid tables in the imperial style. Near the far wall, a large chair of carved mahogany had been placed. Well-armed and armored guards stood behind and beside it, clearly proving it the center of authority. The Imperial Throne.

And sitting in it was Hoshi, dressed in something that looked like a very impressive purple and gold version of a Starfleet dress uniform.

"Ah, commander T'Pol," Hoshi said when she spotted her. "It is good to see you have recovered from your wounds."

T'Pol frowned. She'd had no wounds worth mentioning.

"Hoshi?" she said.

The butt of a phaser rifle hit her in a kidney.

"That's the glorious Empress Sato to you!" one of the guards behind her hissed.

There were groups of people standing in the room, all more or less facing the throne. Most of them were humans, in expensive civilian dress or military uniforms with plenty of brass on them. The few aliens she saw seemed to keep to themselves. She tried nodding to the group of Vulcans near the throne, but got nothing but cold stares back.

"We have been telling your fellow Vulcans how you valiantly helped us retrieve the Defiant and crush the rebellion," Hoshi said.

"What?" T'Pol said. "I didn't..."

Again, the rifle butt hit her.

"You speak only when the Empress tells you to!" the guard said.

"Such modesty," Hoshi said. "Trying to play down your contribution. But I assure you, we saw what you did and we are going to reward you generously for it. We have decided to make you governor of Vulcan and all its people."

Gasps of protest came from the Vulcan group, and several outright hateful looks were cast in the direction of T'Pol, who felt her stomach sink as she realized what Hoshi was doing. She was going to blame everything horrible she wanted to do against the Vulcan people on her. An ancient technique, straight from the pages of Machiavelli.

"I,..." she started saying, steeling herself against the strike from behind that was sure to come.

"Hush, my servant," Hoshi said before it did. "No need to thank us. Your continued good service is all that we require. We will talk to you a later, in private, to give further instructions in how we wish Vulcan to be handled."

The rest of the public audience passed with agonizing slowness for T'Pol. She wanted to talk to the other Vulcans there, to tell them that they had been lied to, that she had done her best not to help the Empire but rather risked her life to defy them. But her guards didn't let her move. She could do nothing but stand there and listen as Hoshi gave orders to mop up the last of the rebelling forces and increase the repression of all non-humans.

But Hoshi had said that she'd see her privately later. Maybe she could do something then. Sacrifice her own life to kill the Empress, if nothing else.

When Hoshi returned to her quarters, T'Pol was waiting outside, closely watched by two of her personal guards.

"Bring her in," she said as she walked through the door. She took off her uniform jacket, revealing the usual small top under it, and poured herself a glass of Andorian wine before she turned to look at her old crewmate. When she did, she found T'Pol staring hatefully at her. She smiled.

"You're probably planning to sacrifice yourself to kill me," she said. "Before you try that, there is something you should know."

She sat down in one of the sumptuous armchairs that now graced her suite.

"The Terran Empire has just gone through a rough patch," she said. "Earth is, at the moment, unusually weak. This will pass, of course. But at the moment, a new regency crisis might give the non-humans a chance to successfully rebel. And we can't have that. So I have given standing orders to the effect that if I die, all the homeworlds of all the non-humans in the Empire will immediately be bombarded until they are no longer habitable. Do you understand?"

"Yes," T'Pol said.

Hoshi sighed.

"Hit her," she said. One of the guards immediately smashed his phaser into T'Pol's back. She grunted and briefly grimaced in pain.

"You need to learn some politeness," Hoshi said. "So try answering that again. Do you understand what will happen to Vulcan if you try something stupid?"

"Yes, Empress," T'Pol said. It looked like she just barely managed to avoid clenching her teeth.

"Good," Hoshi said. "Then we can talk. Guards, leave us."

The guards saluted and left.

"You are no doubt wondering why I appointed you governor of Vulcan," Hoshi said. "You know that I despise you, yet I give you a position of some considerable authority."

"You're going to blame me for everything unpleasant you plan to do to the Vulcan people," T'Pol said.

"Of course. You can turn the job down, if you like."

T'Pol looked in honest surprise at the Empress.

"I can?" she said.

"Yes. If you don't want to be governor, I'll appoint Admiral Tanz instead. His wife and three children were killed in an attack on Starbase 14 by a Vulcan-crewed rebel ship. He'd *love* to have power of life and death over the entire Vulcan species."

T'Pol visibly wilted a fraction of an inch.

"I will accept the position," she mumbled.

"Good," Hoshi said. She got up from the chair and walked close to T'Pol.

"But not quite enough," she said. "Letting you be governor or not is too much of an all or nothing deal. So we need something I can use if you displease me a little less."

"Undoubtedly you have something in mind."

Hoshi smiled.

"Of course I have. This is what we'll do. Vulcan has just under seven hundred major cities. Every time you displease me, one of them gets destroyed. On your orders, naturally. That'll give you plenty of chances, don't you think?"

"Yes."

T'Pol tried her best not to look at the woman standing right in front of her.

"And here's a bonus," Hoshi said. She put her hand on T'Pol's bare midriff.

"I had them look up where your parents live," she said. "That city will be one of the first five to be destroyed."

"I see. That will not be necessary. I will obey."

Hoshi pretended to frown.

"I don't think I quite believe you," she said. "I think I'll have to see if you really intend to be a good little Vulcan or not."

She reached up and opened the zipper on the front of T'Pol's uniform top. Freed of their confinement, the Vulcan's ample breasts pushed the loose halves of the top aside and hung free for the empress to see.

"Pretty," she said. She grabbed them as well as she could with her small hands, letting her thumbs rub the green-tinged nipples.

"Are they sensitive?" she asked.

"Yes," T'Pol said, with her eyes closed. "They are."

"But does that do anything for you?" Hoshi asked. "Can you get aroused at all when you're not in heat, bitch?"

"I can," T'Pol said. "If I wish, I can allow it to happen."

"Well then. What are you waiting for?"

T'Pol's eyes flew open.

"What?" she said. "But... You never go with women!"

"I'm not picky," Hoshi said. Her mouth twisted into a cruel smile. "Although to be honest, I'll get off just as much on forcing you as from having you eat me out. Now get that heat going, or there'll be one less city on Vulcan in the morning."

"Yes, Empress," T'Pol said. She closed her eyes, and this time it looked to Hoshi like she was concentrating rather than just trying not to see what was in front of her. She kept kneading the taller woman's breasts, roughly and hard. The feel of them was

turning her on, and for a fleeting moment she considered simply telling T'Pol to go down on her right then. But no. It would be much more fun to see how much discomfort and pain she could give her old rival first.

Suddenly, the nipples under her palms stiffened. Just like that, in a couple of seconds they went from completely soft to as stiff as Hoshi had ever felt a woman's nipples be.

T'Pol opened her eyes.

"I'm ready, my Empress," she said, and there was a throatiness to her voice that hadn't been there before.

"Ready for what?" Hoshi teased.

"For sexual intimacy."

"No, no, no," Hoshi protested. "That sounds much too fancy for what I want with you. You're ready to be fucked."

"If you wish, Empress. I'm ready to be fucked."

Hoshi let go of her tits. "But you're still dressed," she said.

Without a word, T'Pol kicked away her shoes, ripped the fastenings of her uniform trousers open, quickly stripped them off and finally shook the already-opened top from her shoulders. Mere seconds after Hoshi's order, T'Pol stood naked before her.

"Nice," Hoshi said. "If only all my orders were followed that enthusiastically."

"I'm ready to be fucked, Empress," T'Pol said.

Hoshi shook her head in amazement and laughed.

"You Vulcans really don't kid around, do you?" she said. "If you're like this now, I wonder what you're like when the Pon Farr hits. That's got to be really special."

She ran her hand down T'Pol's stomach and through her pale pubic hair. She kept looking closely at T'Pol's face so as not to miss the slightest nuance of her feelings.

"Open your legs," she said. T'Pol obeyed without hesitation. Her mouth was slightly open and her breathing heavy.

Hoshi slid her fingers along the outer lips of T'Pol's vulva. They were warm, soft and slick with juices.

"Feels just like a human pussy," she said. "At least on the outside."

She bunched three fingers together, and as fast as she could manage she rammed them up T'Pol. The Vulcan drew breath sharply and a shiver went through her.

"Inside too," Hoshi said. "Nice."

She started to slowly slide her fingers out and in of the slick hole, enjoying the feel of the satin-smooth flesh caressing her fingers as they moved..

"Take my top off," she said. "Gently, I don't want it ripped. Then suck my nipples. Also gently."

With shaking hands, T'Pol undid the zipper on the imperial purple and gold top and took it off. She licked her lips when she first saw Hoshi's smaller but very beautiful breasts. Carefully she bent forward and wrapped her lips around a dainty pink nipple.

"Oh yes," Hoshi breathed. "*Just* like that."

More smooth, wet feeling, this time counterpointed by a slightly rougher tongue and the occasional sharp pressure from teeth. Hoshi took her hand from T'Pol's crotch. It got uncomfortable reaching down there, and this was not about her being uncomfortable. She returned to playing with T'Pol's breasts instead, pinching and tugging at the nipples.

"Undress me," she said after a while. When T'Pol seemed too preoccupied with what she was doing to obey quickly, Hoshi dug her thumbnails into the nipples she was playing with.

T'Pol screamed.

"I said, undress me," Hoshi said.

T'Pol looked at her with an expression she couldn't quite read. It looked somewhat like a mixture of anger, humility and desire, which didn't make much sense to her. Maybe it did to a Vulcan. In any case, T'Pol knelt before her and undid her trousers.

"This will be more comfortable if you sit down, Empress," T'Pol said.

Hoshi smiled.

"Good girl," she said. She sat down. On a sofa, to get more space than an armchair would give. She lifted herself a little when T'Pol pulled her trousers and panties past her hips, but other than that she stayed passive. It was more fun letting her victim do all the work.

"What now, Empress?" T'Pol said when she sat kneeling in front of the naked Hoshi. Hoshi spread her legs as wide as was comfortable, exposing herself.

"Guess," she said. T'Pol moved a hand up towards her sex.

"Wrong," Hoshi said.

On the second attempt, T'Pol got it right. She scooted forward, slid her arms under Hoshi's thighs and put her mouth to the imperial vulva.

"Oh yes," Hoshi breathed when T'Pol's tongue started to provoke wonderful sensations. "Keep that up."

She lifted her legs and rested her feet on T'Pol's curvy ass. The Vulcan's long blonde hair gently fell against her own inner thighs, like a soft velvet caress. She leaned back, closed her eyes and just relished the feelings. She lost track of how much time passed. There was nothing pressing. No hurry. She'd made sure to have the entire night to play with her new toy, and nobody would dare intrude short of a new rebellion.

"I really should thank you," she said. "After all, you *did* help Archer get Defiant out of that Tholian dock. Use your hand too."

A finger pressed at the entrance to her vagina, and gently pushed its delicious way inside.

"They tell me it'll take a hundred years to figure out this ship's secrets," she said. She didn't know why these thoughts appeared to her now. They just did. It felt like she was floating in a space filled with pure pleasure, and the thoughts just appeared. It would take too much effort not to let them out.

"But we have it now," she mumbled. "And we're making more. The replicators are making all the difficult parts... The databank tells us where to mine the dilithium..."

She buried her fingers in T'Pol's hair, pushed the lovely mouth harder against her pussy. The finger inside her might be two or three now, she couldn't really tell any longer.

"With this, we're invincible," she whispered. Her fingers traced the strangely pointed ears hidden in the hair.

"It's the crushing jackboot of the Empire."

She felt the lust and arousal start to increase sharply.

"With it, humanity'll trample you into the mud..."

Her fingers clenched around handfuls of T'Pol's hair. Images swam before her inner eye, images of legions of beautiful naked aliens kneeling in front of her ready to service her any way she wanted.

"Trample you foreveeeeerrrr..."

The last word rose and exploded into an uninhibited scream. The images somehow crescendoed and transformed into the sensory white-out of orgasm that swept through

her and took everything else with it.

When Hoshi's senses returned, she pushed T'Pol aside and got up from the sofa. She was terribly thirsty. She found a wine carafe and topped up the glass she'd poured earlier.

Damn, she thought while she gulped half of it down in one go. That was the best orgasm she'd had in years.

"You know," she said and turned around. "I think I'll keep you as my unofficial concubine."

T'Pol was sitting on the floor. She was flushed from her face down to the tops of her ample breasts, and the expression on her face was wild.

"Is there a problem?" Hoshi said.

"Must reach," T'Pol said through ragged breath. "Climax."

Hoshi's eyebrows rose.

"Well, just use you hand," she said. "I don't mind. I'll even enjoy watching."

T'Pol shook her head.

"No," she said. "Must be partner. Pheromones."

Now wasn't that interesting. Hoshi returned to the sofa.

"Tell me," she said. "What happens otherwise?"

T'Pol's eyes followed Hoshi's hips as she moved, and the Vulcan woman even licked her lips when she caught a glimpse of the empress' labia.

"Pain," she said. "Imbalance. Emotion rule."

Interesting indeed!

"Well, we can't have our Vulcan governor be out of her skull, now can we?" Hoshi said. She leaned her back against an arm rest, taking care not to spill her wine. She pulled one leg up so the knee stuck out in the air. She stretched the other one out straight and patted its thigh.

"Here," she said. "Ride my leg until you come. That'll do, won't it?"

For a fleeting moment, frustrated anger clouded T'Pol's face.

"Yes," she said. "Will do."

She climbed up and straddled Hoshi's thigh. She pressed her dripping wet pussy hard against it, and started to gently sway back and forth. Hoshi leaned back and sipped her wine. T'Pol's breasts jiggled enticingly with her movements, and the way her entire upper body undulated was a delight to see.

But the best part of all was knowing that she was only doing this because Hoshi had forced her to. And that was just a tiny little part of it all. This night was dedicated to pleasure, but she wouldn't be able to do that often. Come morning, she'd be back to working hard at consolidating her power. To entrench the place of humanity at the top of the galactic food chain.

"Oh yes," she said to a T'Pol who was too preoccupied humping Hoshi's thigh to listen.

"This is truly only the beginning."