

Wedding Ceremonies

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I didn't feel like working, but was too tired to write anything serious. Ergo: porn!

Featured fandoms: Babylon 5

Featured pairings: Deleenn/Ivanova

A.S.S Story codes: ff

Story rating: NC17

"And then there is the verification," Delenn said.

She had, very politely as usual, grabbed Susan when she was about to leave the council chambers after yet another frustrating negotiation with the League of Unaligned Worlds, and wanted to discuss wedding arrangements. Susan had protested that she knew nothing about such things, she was a soldier, for crying out loud.

Delenn had countered that nobody else knew either, since this was the first marriage between Human and Minbari for at least a thousand years. And since Susan had already agreed to serve as En'Li'Kzar to Delenn during the ceremony, it was important that they work out what that would mean, in this case. Grudgingly, Susan had seen the sense of that, and agreed. She only knew that En'Li'Kzar meant something like "the bride's closest friend", and that there would be a few things for her to do during the ceremony.

"The verification?" Susan said, questioning eyebrow raised.

Delenn nodded. "Yes," she said. "I think that is the best translation. It is the part of the ceremony where you and I undress, and you make a thorough investigation of my body, to prove to the groom and his family that there are no hidden..."

"Woah!" Susan interrupted. "Where you and I *what*?"

"Undress," Delenn said. "I undress so you can see me properly, and you undress so that I will not have to be the only one without clothes."

"No," Susan said. "Absolutely not. There is *no* chance on *Earth* that I do a striptease at the Captain's wedding. *None*."

"We are not on Earth," Delenn said. "Please, Susan? I have no one else to ask."

Susan sighed and looked pained. "Delenn, I can't," she said. "Not with John and Michael and Steven watching. Not to mention all the staff. And the ambassadors. *Londo* would be watching!"

She looked pleadingly at the bride-to-be. "There must be another way," she said. "Please?"

Delenn hesitated. "There is..." she said.

"Yes?" Susan asked, latching on to hope.

"There is another ritual, that can be used under certain circumstances. None of those circumstances quite apply here, but in light of the special nature of the entire ritual I think it would be acceptable to use it."

"And with this other ritual I don't have to get naked?"

"Well," Delenn said. "Not in public."

This time, both Susan's eyebrows reached for the ceiling.

"This ritual," Delenn said, "is for when there is... doubt... about the bride's... capabilities. So a few days before the wedding proper, the En'Li'Kzar will take the bride to a private chamber and... test... her sexual responsiveness."

Susan stared at Delenn.

"So," she said, "instead of getting naked in front of a crowd, I take you to a private room and have sex with you?"

"The sexual acts do not have to be reciprocal," Delenn said. "But it is custom that they are."

Susan rubbed her eyes, then looked up.

"This is important to you?" she asked.

Delenn tilted her head slightly to the side. "Yes," she said. "Please, Susan?"

Susan sighed. "All right," she said. "All right."

A few days later, Susan was leading Delenn from hers and John's quarters to the room she had rented. She was wearing her dress uniform, complete with medals and service ribbons. She had offered Delenn her arm, and the ceremonially dressed half-minbari had obviously recognized the gesture for what it was, so they were walking down the corridors of Babylon 5 like an old-fashioned Human couple.

Susan did her best not to glare at the people who looked at them.

"Couldn't we have used my quarters?" she asked. "Then we wouldn't have had to walk across half the station."

"It is important that this be done on neutral ground," Delenn said. "And the walk there is seen as a very spiritual thing, on Minbar."

Oh yeah, Susan thought to herself. I'm going to boink my commanding officer's fiancée. Very spiritual. She still wasn't entirely sure how she'd come to agree to this. There was a kind of slippery slope effect to helping Delenn. You thought you were agreeing to something perfectly ordinary, and before you knew it you were hip deep in... someone else's hips, so to speak.

"Here we are," she said, stopping in front of the door to a perfectly ordinary Brown Sector rental room. "Do you or I enter first?"

"I do not think that matters," Delenn said. "At least I never heard it mentioned, when I was studying in temple."

"Right," Susan said. She opened the door and entered, closely followed by Delenn. While the room was small and not particularly well furnished, Susan had made damn sure that it was well cleaned and she'd ordered a large amount of flowers, vases of which now covered nearly every flat surface in the room except the bed. The smell of them was thick and heady.

"Will it do?" she said.

Delenn smiled. "It's wonderful," she said. "Thank you."

"Don't say that yet," Susan said. "I never made love to a half-human half-minbari before. Nor all that many whole-humans, to be honest."

"I'm sure you will be fine too," Delenn said.

She reached up to the neck of her heavy red and gold robe, pulled something loose and the whole thing fell off her. Without it, she was still very slim, but surprisingly curvy. She was also dressed in see-through red lacy bra and panties, garters, black silk stockings and red high-heeled shoes.

Susan stared.

"Does it not please you?" Delenn said. "I tried to find out what a human woman would be expected to wear in a situation like this, but there was a surprising lack of reliable information."

Susan tried to talk, and succeeded after a few tries.

"You look great," she said. "It's not quite what I expected, but... nice."

"Thank you," Delenn said, smiling.

"So, um, what do we do now?" Susan said. "Do we just strip and... go at it? Do we snuggle and try to be romantic? There's a bottle of wine in here somewhere..."

A thought struck her, and she stabbed a finger in the air in Delenn's general direction.

"No, wait!" she said. "Let me guess. There's a *ritual*, right?"

Delenn smiled. "No," she said. "What happens now is all up to you. We're here so that you can test me. Until you feel that you have enough information to make a judgment, I am yours do with as you please."

Susan looked at her. "As I please?"

"Yes," Delenn said.

"No restrictions?"

Delenn smiled.

"It is considered bad form if the testing leaves the bride in a state where she cannot attend the wedding," she said. "But no. No restrictions."

Susan walked around behind Delenn, frowning at her to stay still when she wanted to turn and keep Susan in sight. She gathered Delenn's hair in her hands, and pulled it back so it all hung down her near-naked back. It smelled of incense and shampoo. The same brand of shampoo that Susan had got for her when she was newly human, she noted. She ran her fingertips down the sides of Delenn's arms, standing close enough behind her that her breath made the thick, dark hair move a little.

"Are you nervous?" she said. "Afraid what I may do to you? You don't really know what I like to do to people."

"No," Delenn said. "I trust you."

The muscles in her back tensed, her shoulders rose slightly, arguing that not all of her agreed with her conscious mind. Susan smiled. She undid the clasp on Delenn's bra, let it fall. She slid her hands around to the front, embracing her and cupping her breasts.

"You trust my intentions," she said. "But even then, I may do things that I think are perfectly fine, but that will hurt or distress you."

She felt nipples stiffen under her hands. She gently squeezed, moving her hands a little, caressing smooth and less smooth skin.

"I will let you know," Delenn said, sounding slightly breathless.

"No, I think not," Susan said. She took a hand from the breast it was resting on and placed it over Delenn's mouth, cutting off whatever she had just been about to say.

"I think you will only speak when I tell you to" Susan went on, "You see, I *really* like to be the one in charge. Probably something psychological, tied up with the being an officer and all. So, really, getting the chance to control you like this? It's not something I'd *ever* forgive myself if I passed up."

She let go and took a step back.

"So, if you understand what I'm saying, show me that by taking you panties off. And for the future, in a getup like that you usually put your panties on *over* the garters."

Without a word, Delenn slowly unhooked the garter belt, pushed her panties down until they fell to her feet and then fastened it again. She stepped out of the panties and stood still, her arms at her sides.

Susan admired the now naked buttocks, and so recently revealed hips and thighs. Delenn really was a lot more well-shaped than she'd ever guessed. All those floor-length robes, they obscured her body quite well.

"Put your hands behind your neck," Susan said. "Then face me and spread your legs a bit."

Delenn lifted her arms, sliding her hands in under her own hair in a fluid movement that sent shivers down Susan's entire body. She turned around just as smoothly, like dancer performing. Finally, facing Susan, she moved one foot a shoulder's width to the side, the narrow heel clicking against the floor as she set it down. Her

legs were just as beautifully shaped from the front as from the back, and the hair where they met was thick and black. Susan could see just a hint of dark pink lips below it.

Susan swallowed. The room suddenly felt quite hot, and her uniform seemed to have shrunk a size or two. She unbuttoned her jacket and threw it on the table, knocking over a vase full of roses. If she'd known how this would turn out, she would've chosen rather more severe underwear than the plain pastel blue set she had on now.

She got up close to Delenn again, and stroked her cheek. Delenn held her head high, unabashedly looking up at Susan.

"You're very pretty," Susan said.

She let her hand drift down Delenn's body, lightly touching the skin all the way from her chin down to her hip. She held it there for a few moments, then let it continue in between the satin-clad thighs and ever so lightly ran a nail up along the outer labia. Delenn gasped and Susan could see her body suddenly become much more tense. Pleased with the reaction, she did it again, and again. Delenn closed her eyes and her breathing got a little heavier. She kept moving her finger back and forth, back and forth, until she was quite sure that Delenn was completely focused on the feelings between her legs. When she was, she leaned forward and kissed her, forcing her tongue into Delenn's mouth without delay or hesitation. She brought her hands up and placed them over Delenn's breasts, squeezing them and thoroughly enjoying their firm softness.

To her surprise, Delenn immediately accepted what she did and joined in the kiss. There was not even a moment's hesitation, nor any protest when the hand left her crotch.

Susan broke the kiss and drew breath. Must be a Minbari thing, she thought. Taking orders is what they do all their lives, so no wonder she's good at it.

"Take my blouse off," she said. "And my bra."

She took a step back and spread her arms wide, giving Delenn access to the garments. While Delenn unbuttoned the blouse and carefully pulled it down her arms and off, Susan watched her move, wondering where she'd learned to move like that. Minbari didn't dance, as far as she knew. A temple thing, maybe? Or maybe some martial art, although she couldn't recall ever seeing Delenn in a personal fight. Commanding a fighting ship, yes, but not hitting someone herself.

Her bra joined her blouse on the floor, and she saw Delenn's eyes focus on her breasts.

"You may touch them, if you like," she said.

Her hands were warm and soft, very soft. Almost too soft for a grown woman, but then, most of Delenn's body was what? Three years old? Her caresses felt good, so good. Susan felt her heart beating faster, her breath becoming heavier, and she wanted not only to feel but to *possess* Delenn's luscious body.

Desire and action one, she picked Delenn up by the waist, turned and unceremoniously dropped her on her back on the bed.

"Spread your legs," she said. "As wide as you can."

Again, Delenn did as she was told without the slightest hesitation. She lifted her bent legs and let them fall to the sides. The translucent black silk of the stockings shimmered in the dimmed light, the pale whiteness of her skin at the top insides of her thighs contrasted sharply against the darkened pink and deep blood-red of her

vulva. Her labia were engorged and parted, glistening with moisture. Her breasts had flattened out slightly against her chest. Her long, dark hair spread as a smoky shadow on the deep red bedspread around her head, her bonecrest just a paler shadow.

As slowly as she could stand, Susan removed the rest of her uniform, dropping it on the floor next to the bed. She climbed onto the bed, standing on her knees between Deleann's spread legs, admiring the wonderful sight before her. She put her hands on the parted thighs, bent down and pressed her extended tongue to the exposed vulva. Starting at the opening to Deleann's vagina, she licked her way up to the clitoris in a single hard and fast movement. Deleann's hips and thighs twitched under her hands, and she heard a strangled moaning grunt. Pleased, she did it again and kept doing it, up and down, occasionally breaking the rhythm and working closer at either vagina or clitoris. Deleann's hips soon tried to match her rhythm, wanting more, wanting harder. Wanting release. Soft hands descended on her head, demanding more.

Susan rose, putting her hands in each side of Deleann and walking on all fours for a step or two until her head was right over Deleann's, her hip over hers. Deleann's hands were still on her, stroking her sides, fondling her breasts, caressing her face. She looked deep into Deleann's lust-darkened eyes, relishing the pure undiluted desire for herself that she found there.

"You're mine," she whispered. "You're mine."

She lowered herself to the bed next to Deleann, turned towards her. She snaked an arm under her head, and kissed her. Her breath was heavy with Deleann's own musky scent, and for a moment she wondered how Deleann would react to that. But she didn't seem to care at all, she responded enthusiastically, hungrily. Still kissing her, Susan moved her hand up Deleann's leg until she reached her vulva, where she slid a finger inside the hot, wet vagina. A shudder travelled through Deleann's body and her hips started moving again, but there was no moan, to Susan's slight disappointment. She started moving her finger back and forth, reaching out with her thumb to rub the clitoris as well. A sudden drawn-in breath, a clenching of strong hands on her flesh, a tensing of legs that lifted hips off the bed. But no moan. No vocal expressing of desire.

Susan kept moving her hand. She kissed her way from Deleann's mouth down her neck up the delightful swell of her breast as far as she could twist her own neck. She felt Deleann's muscles start to twitch, felt her hand grab on as hard as they could and her entire body arch up from the bed, strong enough to lift Susan along with it. A drawn-out, hissing breath. A long, long moment of frozen tension released.

Deleann relaxed, all at once and completely. Her body, moments ago so tense, collapsed into a weak heap.

Susan didn't remove her hand. After a few moments, she slowly started moving it again. A stroke in, a stroke out. A slight rub of the clit. It didn't take long before she felt Deleann tense up again, before the wetness flowed again.

Deleann looked at her, confusion in her eyes.

Susan let go of her. She scooted up to the top of the bed, leaned her back against the headboard.

"Turn over," she said. "Come here."

Deleann did as she was asked, turning over and getting up on all fours.

Susan grabbed her head.

"We're not done yet," she said. "Not even close."

Holding on to the bonecrest, she spread her legs and guided Delenn's head down to her own crotch.

Lyta looked up as she felt someone sit down on the bar stool next to hers. The Zocalo was as crowded as ever, but for some reason the places next to hers were usually empty even in the worst of crowds.

"Well," she said when she saw Delenn. "How's it going?"

Instead of answering, Delenn placed a scrunched-up pair of pastel blue panties next to Lyta's drink glass.

"Already?" Lyta said. "I assume you have more proof than this? I mean, you could've just swiped this from her underwear drawer."

Delenn placed a data crystal next to the panties.

"Pictures?" Lyta said.

"Film," Delenn said. "I had her rent a room, so Lennier could easily hide a camera there in advance."

"Lennier?" Lyta looked alarmed. "He doesn't know, does he?"

"Don't worry," Delenn said. "This is an entirely private bet. As we say, understanding is not required, only obedience."

"Good," Lyta said. She picked up the crystal and admired the way it refracted the lights from the casino. "So how many days did it take you to get her? Six?"

"Yes," Delenn said.

"How did you do it, if I may ask?"

"I asked her help with a wedding preparation ritual."

Lyta put down the crystal and looked at Delenn.

"You lied to her!" she exclaimed. "I've spent some time scanning minbari, and I never, ever read anyone who had even heard about a ritual that involved anyone but the groom having sex with the bride."

"You have been scanning minbari?"

"Girl's got to make a living."

"Minbari do not lie," Delenn said. "It's just not a ritual that is often practiced these days."

Lyta smirked. "Let me guess," she said. "It hasn't been practiced much since the days before Valen and the Grey Council."

"True," Delenn said. "But it was not a lie."

"Smooth," Lyta said. "So, I've got six days or less if I want to win the bet, you say?"

"Yes."

Lyta put the data crystal in her pocket and got up from the bar stool.

"Well, I'd better get started then," she said. "Be seeing you."

She walked away.

Delenn remained seated.

After a few moments, Lyta returned.

"Just in case," she said, picked up Ivanova's panties and stuck them as well down her pocket before she left again.

Delenn smiled and got up from the bar. She glanced up at the bar's clock. Only early in the afternoon. Good. She would have plenty of time before John came home to verify that her copy of the data crystal was still in perfect condition.