

Farce Scape!

Look Out , PeaceKeepers - the Hussies Have Landed!

Text and Illustrations by Aleria/Bialar

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Farscape or StarWars characters. This is all just for giggles.

Background: The Shameless Hussies were born at the first SFBB Claudia Black Birthday Bash, primarily as a group of Crichton Hussies. Since then, the Hussies have diversified, with the Crais Hussies being one of the more – ah – militant factions.

These three short stories are dedicated to Lani, who makes Crais live, to the Cohorts, and to EowynAeryn, Hussy Numero Uno, whose Hussiness I'm sure will bring her through her illness.

2/2002

**FARCE-SCAPE: a Sexy Romp Through the UT's, or
The Birth of the Crais Hussies, or
The Hussies Out-Barbarella Jane!**



FARCE-SCAPE: a Sexy Romp Through the UT's, or
The Birth of the Crais Hussies, or
The Hussies Out-Barbarella Jane!

Aeryn was on long-range recon. Zhaan, Chiana and Rygel had gone to the planetoid below Moya's orbit for edible plants. Having done their duty and checked out the planetoid for safety, John and D'Argo were doing a little male-bonding aboard Moya, while Pilot kept a watchful eye on the universe.

"So, what to you want to do?" D'Argo asked.

"Dunno. What do you want to do?"

Just then Pilot rescued the pair from bonding with an excited announcement. "Crichton, D'Argo - a ship has approached from out of nowhere!"

"What? What kind of ship, Pilot?" John and D'Argo were already on their way to Command.

"Well, it's - unusual."

"Show me," John snapped as he reached the central command console. Pilot pressed a series of panels on his console, and activated the forward portal showing a star field with a ship rapidly growing in the center of it.

"What is *that*?" D'Argo wanted to know.

"It's, ah, well, it's *pink*! *Hot* pink, to be exact. Pilot, they're getting awful close..."

"Moya say's it's OK. She's allowing the ship to enter the transport hangar."

"WHAT?!" John and D'Argo shouted together as they about-faced and ran for the transport hangar. They had almost made it there when they were confronted with the oddest scene either could imagine coming across, even in the UT's.

Strutting, swaying, and sashaying up the corridor from the hangar bay was a large group of women (human or sebacean, John couldn't tell). More important was the fact that all were in various states of undress. Bikinis, thongs, lace, fishnet and fringe, and very, very painful-looking stiletto heels seemed to be the uniform of choice for these females. Most were dressed entirely (or, more correctly, un-entirely) in black and red. One of the women was obviously the leader. She stepped forward as the group paused in the corridor.

"We are the Hussies."

"Uh, OK."

"Oh, c'mon, big-boy, we're the Hussies!" EowynAeryn treated John to her best 'men are so dense' look. "We've depleted our planet's resources, so we've come to you for help."

"Oh, the *Hussies*," John said, rolling his eyes at D'Argo. Like he was supposed to know the name, right? The big Luxan looked nervous.

"John," he whispered, "I've heard rumors, just wild tales, but..."

"Easy, D'Argo. I'm sure we can help the - ah - ladies out, and see them on their way."

Eowyn did a quick round of introductions. John wondered if D'Argo's reaction meant he should draw his pistol. Then he realized that there was *nowhere* these women could be secreting weapons, and decided against it.

"So, you're Hussies, and..."

"Not just any Hussies," Eowyn interrupted. "We're *Shameless* Hussies." Eowyn shimmied in emphasis, and John's eyes glazed. "Ordinary Hussies are so unimaginative. We have *lots* of imagination!" D'Argo groaned.

John began to realize that the Hussies were advancing down the corridor, effectively herding him and D'Argo back toward the central chamber. Light began to dawn. "Pilot," John grated, "How could you and Moya let these..." he paused, looking for a word that wouldn't offend.

"It's alright, John," Pilot replied. "They're not here to harm you. They're here to love you!" Eowyn was nodding and smiling brightly.

"Love us?"

"Thoroughly." Pilot shut down the comms channel and whispered, 'Kahaynu preserve them,' then snickered quietly.

Meanwhile, Eowyn and the Hussies had succeeded in backing the two men up into the central chamber. "John," D'Argo whispered urgently, "Ask them what their resources *are*."

The Hussies had begun to fan out and were industriously producing items from boxes the men hadn't noticed before. One Hussy, the one called ShebaApollo, paused. "Why, men, of course!" She chirruped. "This is just a stopover - a rest-stop. We're on our way to our promised land, a shining planet known as Erp."

"Erp? Your promised land is Erp, - ah, Earth?"

"Oh, yes - there are lots and lots of men there."

"Don't worry," Eowyn added. "We won't make you **too** happy. We're on a mission, so we really can't stay." John eyed the boxes being unloaded as if for a very **long** stay. "We have substitutes - inflatables, Virtuals... but there's no good substitute for a real man!"

One box looked suspiciously like a boom-box. Sure enough, in microts a grinding beat filled the room, heavy on the bass... 'Boogie, Oogie, Woogie,' it went.

"That sounds familiar!" John shouted, taken by surprise.

"Oh, Hussies collect the finest music from all over the Universe," Leah assured him.

Another box, labeled 'Vital Stores' produced dozens of cans of aerosol whipped cream, bowls full of S&M's (John did **not** want to know...), and chocolates. Another unfolded into an ingenious portable bar, and the Hussy called Mesa was quickly behind it working. Another box was labeled 'Tools of the Trade'. John and D'Argo exchanged worried glances as silken ropes, leather thongs, feathers, and bottles of oil were taken from the boxes and laid out for use.

Soon, Mesa pressed a drink into John's sweaty palm. He eyed it dubiously, not really sure what to do with it, since the liquid inside was on fire. "Drink it down in a gulp," Kossara advised.

"Mmmm, yeah - it's very good for the digestion, especially heartburn," 13thNight added.

Eowyn and BamaGirl were chatting intently as they laid out supplies, including stethoscopes and BP monitors. "You know, Eowyn, we're really going to need a manager when we reach Erp," Bama suggested.

"You're right, Bama," Eowyn nodded. "We'll have to find a hot studly guy to keep us organized, and make sure the flaming margaritas don't cause any problems. Put it on your list of things to do when we reach Erp."

"Oh, I'm sure I can find someone suitable," Bama agreed. "But if I find one **that** good, I may just keep him for myself!"

The Hussies began to close ranks, all their preparations made. IG and Fellowshipper were dancing to the beat, while Shipscat and several others began examining the males' unfamiliar clothing fasteners. Feeling hands beginning to creep into places that made his blood pressure spike, John turned to look at a perspiring D'Argo. "It's been fun, man."

"Yeah, but not as much as it's going to be, I'm afraid!"

"Shhhh, you hunka-hunka burnin' Luxan," Sheba purred, fondling a tenta.

"That's it, time to get down to business," Eowyn asserted. 13thNight and Leah formed up alongside her, each bearing a very large, alien-looking weapon. They were contorted and looked something like a large puzzle-ring, but each had a very large muzzle about the size of a shower-massage.

"After all that you're just gonna *shoot* us?" John demanded.

"Absolutely," Eowyn said. "Girls? Ready - aim - FIRE DISROBILLATORS!"

'POOF!' went John's jacket.

"Fire!"

'SWIFF!' went 'Dargo's tunic...

A few of the Hussies hung back as the others closed in on the hapless heroes. "So many Hussies, so few men," PKL griped.

"I know we have to take turns, but..." Missee said as she was filing her nails with a file produced from some mysterious part of her scanty costume, bored with the wait.

"Why wait?" Aleria piped up. All three Hussies looked at one another as a brilliant idea dawned.

"Road trip!" They cried, and dashed for the hangar bay. They could take a little side-trip, and still be back in time for their turn with 'the boys'.

In no time at all they were aboard the Pink Posse-Rocket and putting distance between them and Moya. Missee, at the controls, moved the throttle control from 'slow and comfortable' up to 'Whoa, Momma!', and metras flew by. The libido-drive whined with the strain, but when Hussies go a for a joy-ride, they play it loud and drive it fast. Aleria cranked up the CD player, while PKL tinkered with the nav console. Not for any particular reason - she was just bored.

The blip of the proximity sensor went unheard beneath the blare of the UT's equivalent of 'La Vida Loca'. Aleria spotted the danger at the last microt and pointed, since screaming was useless. Missee swung the directional control and banked away from an impending collision just in time. Seeing that they'd stumbled upon another leviathan ship, PKL fingered the switch that ordered the Posse-Rocket, semi-sentient

being itself, to send greetings to the leviathan. They were in luck! This leviathan was male, and very, very curious.

They landed in the hangar bay without incident, but when they marched (or, rather, strutted) up the gangway, they were greeted by a very angry uniformed man with a pulse pistol.

"Get off my ship!" he snapped.

"Hmmm, I've heard that somewhere before..." Missee murmured.

Aleria stepped forward. "We are the Shameless Hussy Posse, and we've come to..."

Before she could finish, the man had grabbed her, spun her into a headlock, and was holding the pistol to her temple. "I am Bialar Crais, Captain of this leviathan, and you are trespassing," he growled, sending chills up Aleria's spine - or maybe the lack of clothes accounted for the chill? No, Hussies never catch chills from dishabille. It had to be the voice.

"Oh, I'm disarmed!" exclaimed PKL. "Ooof!"

Missee had nudged PKL's ribs with her elbow. "She means we're *un*armed."

The pistol's aim was now weaving back and forth between Missee and PKL, and they very sensibly separated, Missee to the left, and PKL to the right. Crais' chokehold tightened, and Aleria thought furiously how to get herself and her fellow Hussies out of this situation and into a hot tub. She was distracted by a lock of thick dark hair which, having escaped Crais' queue, was tickling her cheek. Then it came to her!

Aleria sent signals to her cohorts, comprised mainly of an index finger inserted into the circled thumb and forefinger of the opposite hand, and an assortment of smirks, winks and leers. The other Hussies grinned predatorily, and Crais inexplicably felt himself begin to sweat.

Missee inched forward, but found her progress blocked by a number of plastic crates. PKL, too, tried to move, but Crais' pistol persuaded her otherwise. "We really are - mostly - harmless," PKL offered.

"We're just lonely ladies, out looking for a little fun," Missee added.

"How did you find me? You're from the Command Carrier, aren't you?"

"Command Carrier?" Aleria asked. "OH! The big ugly ship? They were fun for a while, but they just couldn't keep up with us. They won't be up to much of anything any more."

"What do you mean?" Crais said directly into her ear, his voice low and threatening.

"They're done. Over. Finished." Missee said.

"You've killed them all?" Crais asked in disbelief.

"Killed? Oh, no! They're not dead," PKL laughed.

"Just very, very satisfied," Aleria finished with a decisive nod.

Crais was totally confused. Aleria decided it was time to put her plan into action. At her slight nod, PKL advanced on the right, and Missee climbed up on the boxes on the left. PKL thumbed a hidden contact that started the CD player on the Posse-Rocket. The external speakers issued forth a sinuous, seductive tune, and PKL began to sway to the beat, adding a little shimmy, at appropriate moments. Missee, meanwhile, was slinking on all fours and inching closer to where Crais held Aleria, her sexy, catlike movements dividing the former Peacekeeper's attention.

Aleria took the cue to wriggle in Crais' grip. Instead of pulling forward to get away, she leaned back into him, wiggled her hips and arched her back.

"What are you doing?" Crais cried, sounding near panic. His pistol was no longer pointed anywhere in particular, although Aleria could tell his gun was definitely loaded.

"Why, I'm struggling in my bonds, of course! You **do** have bonds, don't you, hmmm? And maybe a hot tub?" She craned her neck to look into Crais' face and batted her eyelashes pleadingly.

Crais tried to make a break for it, but he never stood a chance. He was quickly overwhelmed by leather, fringe, and very nicely jiggling flesh...

Zzziiiiipp!

"Ooooh, velcro! I just **love** velcro!"

ZZZZIIIPP!

The Hussy Posse Party was still in full swing on Moya when the absent trio returned. "Oh, Eowyn..." PKL called out.

"Look what we found!" Missee cried.

"Can we keep him, puh-leeze?" Aleria batted her eyelashes again, knowing full well that particular tactic didn't work on fellow Hussies, particularly Numero Uno, but figuring it was worth a try, anyway.

"And look what he can do," PKL added.

ZZZZIIIPP!

"Oooh! Another pretty one!" Kossara gasped. "Can I play, too?"

"Crichton!" a haggard-looking Crais gasped.

"Crais?" the reply came weakly from the midst of a tangled mass of Hussies. "Sorry, Crais-boy, yer on yer own. M'jus too tired to fight it anymore, y'know? Go w'the flow. Jus' go w'the flow. Mmmmm..."

Aeryn met Zhaan, Chiana and Rygel in the docking bay, having arrived at nearly the same time. "Pilot! I demand to know what's going on!"

The only reply was a helpless, snickering laugh.

"That's all we were able to get out of him as well, Aeryn. I can't imagine what's gotten into him," the blue Pa'u offered.

"I think there's trouble, is what I think," Chiana said. Rygel zoomed his thronesled toward the bay doors, grumbling.

"Yotz! Can't leave the ship for a few arns but Pilot goes fahrbot. Where the frell are Crichton and D'Argo, anyway?"

"Yeah, shouldn't they be here to help us carry this stuff?" Chiana complained.

"And why is Talyn here, yet no word from Crais?" Zhaan wondered.

Aeryn strode purposefully down the corridor to the central chamber. She stopped dead in her tracks when she saw the scene there.

The entire place was neat as a pin. There was no sign at all to account for the three bodies on the floor. A low groan told Aeryn that all the bodies weren't dead. In fact, none of them were. John, D'Argo and Crais lay in various splayed poses and states of undress on the floor of the chamber. The women rushed over to check pulses and look for wounds. Although the men's hearts were racing, there wasn't a mark on them that didn't rub off.

"Lipstick?" Aeryn wondered.

"Oh, no - it can't be!" Zhaan gasped.

"What, **what?**" Chiana was near panic. She cradled an unconscious D'Argo's head in her lap.

"They've been..." Zhaan began.

"Hussified!" Aeryn snapped, and let John's head fall to the floor with a crack. She tripped over Crais' prone form as she stomped away, causing the ex-Captain to groan again.

"Great. Just frelling great!"

THE END



FarceScape, Episode 6 (or, Jedi Nights)

FarceScape, Episode 6 (or, Jedi Nights)

"Master, I know I'm still only a Padawan, but don't you think we should evade that ship headed straight for us?"

Patience, Obi-wan, patience."

"Patience! But, Master... Duck!"

Obi-wan dove beneath the ship's main console as the alien-looking pink light cruiser buzzed the Jedis' vessel.

"Does that help, young Padawan?" Qui-Gon Jinn teased, chuckling. "Come. I believe that strange ship is docking."

Obi-wan scuttled out from beneath the console and stood looking sheepish. "Sorry, Master. But, I... I, *feel* something."

"I, too, Obi-wan. There's a strong disturbance in the Force. I think this strange ship will have some surprises for us. Be wary."

"Fzzzzzzst!"

"Schwwwnnnngggg!"

Both Jedi activated their light-sabers, preparing for the pressure doors to open.

"Master," Obi-wan started, glancing sidelong at Qui-Gon Jimm, "Why does my saber go 'fzzzzzzst', while yours goes 'schwwwnnnngggg'?"

"Be at ease, young Padawan. It's not the volume of your saber's sound that counts." He artfully hid a smirk.

Obi-wan was about to retort when the pressure doors opened.

"You-hoo! Anybody home?"

The Jedi were unsure whether to deactivate their sabers or not, having found themselves suddenly surrounded by innumerable bouncy women, half-clad in bits of leather, lace, and feathers.

"M-m-master?" Obi-wan stammered. He slapped at his chest where hands were creeping under the folds of his robe.

"Eowyn," Shipsat pouted, "They're *awfully* skinny. How will they hold up?"

"And these *robes*! Fashion faux-pas," BamaGirl chimed in.

"Easy, girls," Eowyn said. "I believe these are Jedi Knights. They're stronger than they look."

"Ooo!" came multiple voices.

"But Bama's right, these robes are a no-no," Aleria asserted. She and Leah shared an understanding glance, then shouldered their weapons.

"Uh, it's sorta close quarters in here..." Eowyn began.

"Foop! Pop-pop-pop!"

"Whoa! Disrobillators sure have a wide pattern." Missee looked down at her sudden lack of attire. Then she noticed that few hussies had more than a feather or a few sequins left to them. The Jedi, meanwhile, were looking quite chilled.

"I'm on it," Mesa called, and rushed to whip up a batch of flaming margaritas. The other hussies closed ranks on the two Jedi.

"Qui-Gon, what do we do?"

"Relax, Obi-wan. Some things are stronger even than the Force."

"And Hussiness is one of them!" 13thNight piped.

Far away, in the midst of a planet-girdling city, a diminutive and ancient Jedi stumbled as he walked along a corridor with his companion.

"Master Yoda, are you well?" Mace Windu asked anxiously while he steadied the old Jedi Master with his hand.

"Me it is not, Mace Windu. Felt a strong ripple in the Force, I did."

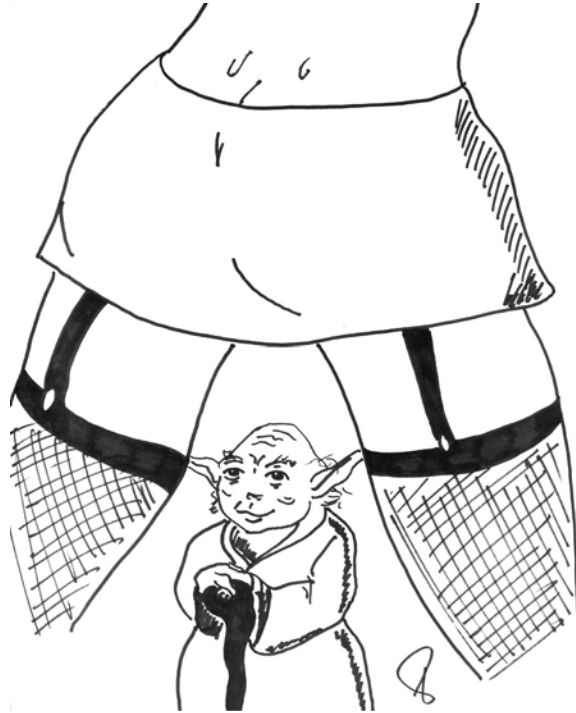
"Are the Sith Lords rising again?"

"No, Mace Windu. The Sith it is not. Like a sudden cry it was, as of Jedi under strain."

"Are some of our brethren in pain, Master? Can we help?"

"Pain? No, no - pain is not *exactly*. More like 'release'." Yoda brushed off his companion and continued on alone while Mace Windu stood in confusion, trying to figure out what the venerable Jedi meant.

"Younglings," Yoda muttered under his breath. "Have all the fun, they do..."



"Mmm, the Force is certainly with *me*," IG purred. The Hussies were back aboard their Pink Posse Rocket, and the Jedi starship was shrinking rapidly in the aft viewer.

"In all the excitement I nearly forgot - why didn't Kossara come along on this mission?" Mreen asked. "She missed *some* fun!"

"Kossara's 'occupied'," Eilish smirked. "Remember that computer scientist from a few weekens back?"

"Yep."

"Well,. Kossara's hooked up with him."

"Yeah," ShebaAppollo chimed in, "They're growing a new little Hussy!"

"Or Huss-er. Mm. Is that a word?" Eowyn mused.

"Well, let's get back to the Mutha ship and fill her in on all the details!" Fellowshipper crowded.

"Yep. And once all the Hussies are back aboard, we'll resume course for Erp."

FARCESCAPE 3: Everything's BIGGER in Texas!

FARCESCAPE 3: Everything's BIGGER in Texas!

The wormhole spun, twisted, pulsed – normal things for wormholes. But then a strange thing occurred. A strangely configured (and even more oddly-colored) ship streaked into near space, headed directly for the wormhole. As the ship entered, the wormhole began to contract and to writhe, as if trying to expel the intruder. Then, just as suddenly, it went back to behaving like a normal wormhole once more. Well, almost. The 'mouth' of the wormhole had warped considerably from its usual appearance as an ovoid. Now, it had been bent in on itself, and narrowed, so that it resembled nothing more closely than a, well, a silly grin.

Several microts later another ship entered the wormhole, streaking in at top speed. This ship was completely different than the last. It was small, dark and sleek, and had a distinctly menacing look to it. And a very, very big gun.

Crais was pacing the Command like a caged Perentan swamp cat. He was tense, nearly vibrating with his anxiety. "Talyn, you must not do this," Crais urgently said, trying to make his leviathan ship understand. Talyn merely maintained his dangerous course.

The ex-Peacekeeper paused in his pacing and eyed the main Comms console warily. "Talyn, listen to me: this is not good for you. You're thinking with your..." Crais paused a microt, trying to remember if he ever knew just what 'equipment' leviathan's have. "You're not using your head," he amended.

Crais continued on, trying several different arguments to stop Talyn from pursuing the other ship. All failed. He had been about to resign himself to the fact when sensors showed a spacial anomaly nearby, a wormhole – and the ship Talyn pursued was headed straight into it!

"Talyn! No! I forbid this; you will *not* follow that ship into the wormhole! Reverse course, NOW!"

Only microts remained before Talyn entered the wormhole. Crais used the time to send off a brief and desperate message. Finished, he gave Talyn's Comms console one last, disgusted look and left. He stomped out of the Command, arms stiff at his sides and hands fisted. Maybe, just maybe there was enough time for him to hide before Talyn caught up with that ship.

"No, no, no, this is *so* not good!" John leaned intently over the main console, gazing urgently at the scene on the viewer. A small pink ship was heading into the wormhole John had asked Moya to investigate. Suddenly the wormhole seemed to quiver and nearly fold in on itself before re-stabilizing, albeit with a slightly different-shaped opening.

"Pilot! Get us there, quick!"

Aeryn grabbed John by the shoulder, spinning him to face her. "Are you fahrbot? Don't you remember the *last* time we investigated a wormhole?" She was glaring at him with her best 'stupidity is congenital among your species, isn't it' look.

"Moya will not approach any closer. She's frightened," Pilot added from the clamshell.

"But, you *saw* that ship! We can't let it get any farther!" John protested.

"Pilot, is Moya picking up any signals from that ship?" Aeryn asked, still holding John away from the console.

"No, Officer Sun."

Aeryn released John and stepped back slightly. "Good. I thought maybe they were sending some kind of lure. But if that's not it, why do you want to follow that ship?" Her face was tense. She was wondering if John's last encounter with that particular ship had left him wanting more.

"No, it's not a siren's song, Aeryn. Look!" John pointed urgently at the viewer, at the center of the now warped opening in the anomaly. As the wormhole undulated, glimpses could be caught of a small blue world.

"So?"

John sighed in frustration. "It's *Earth*, Aeryn, the big blue marble, terra-firma - my *home*"

Aeryn's face shut down then, going completely blank. She turned on her heels and began to leave the Command. She'd known it all along – that if John found a way home, he would leave, despite all his promises.

"No, no – Aeryn," John surged forward and grabbed Aeryn's shoulders, spinning her to face him and pinning her body against his. "It's not what you think. Yes, that is my home. It's Earth. I'd love to go back, but I know now that I can't – not to stay. Not without you."

"Then what..."

"It's *them*, Aeryn! The Hussies! They're headed straight for Earth. Humanity has absolutely no defense against them. I can't... I can't let that happen..." John released her and stepped back, head down. Aeryn saw the desperation and fear in his face.

"I'm sorry, Commander. Moya will not... Wait, there is another ship coming in very fast. It's, it's... Talyn!"

"What the frell..." Aeryn was cut off by an incoming message. Pilot hastily put it up on the viewer.

"Officer Sun – Aeryn. If you receive this message, I'm asking for your help. Talyn has become unmanageable. He's locked me out of most of his systems. He's in pursuit of the Pink Posse Rocket," Crais fairly spat out, his face purpled with anger. "I cannot persuade him otherwise. If you can hear me – follow. Stop Talyn from making a terrible mistake. I'm going to go hide, now. Those, those – women – will not take me again!"



As the transmission cut out, Aeryn and John could feel the deck under them shifting. On the viewer, Talyn was streaking into the wormhole after the sentient pink pleasure ship. There was no time to respond to Crais' distress call.

"Pilot, what is Moya doing?" Aeryn called out.

"She's following Talyn! Moya knows that the Posse Rocket means no harm, yet she fears it. She also feels that Talyn could do much, much better. Entering the wormhole in pursuit... **

"NO!" Aeryn yelled.

"GO!" John shouted.

"First things first," Eowyn said. "This is a strange planet, which may or may not be Erp. We need to blend in to our surroundings and scope things out before we act."

The Posse Rocket was orbiting high above, while the Hussies had debarked on a transport pod. They'd landed in a secluded, park-like area, and were now standing in tall grass, checking out the area. It seemed secure. It was daylight, tending toward sunset.

"The sensors say there's a populated area 500 paces beyond that stand of trees," Intergalactic_girl pointed out helpfully.

"I hope so," 13thNight grumbled. "This place is supposed to be crawling with men, but so far I'm not impressed."

"Patience, patience," Eowyn counseled. "As I was saying, we need to blend in..."

"Maybe they have shops, like on a commerce planet?" Leah offered.

"Yeah. Then we can buy local clothing and fit right in with the crowd," Aleria chimed in.

"Oh, I *hope* these people have a color sense, and some style! I am *so* not going to dress badly just to fit in," Misse said.

"Now, Y'all are putting the cart before the Hynerian donkey. First we have to find a trading center." Bama turned in place, looking around the area where they had landed. There were buildings visible in the distance, two-or-three-story structures of great size, with facades of manmade stone, and vine-like flora growing up the walls.

"No, not that way," PKL corrected. "IG says we go in that direction." She pointed toward the small woodland. "Besides, I know stores, and those are not it. Kinda look like libraries, if you ask me..."

"Well, come on ladies," Eowyn said briskly, in her best take-charge tones. "We're not gonna find any males by standing around here."

The Hussies set out after Numero Uno, stiletto heels giving them a little difficulty as they navigated tall grass and soft earth. Somehow, though, as they stumbled and plodded along in their leader's wake, they managed to do it gracefully.

The Hussies exited the clothing establishment, each admiring her new outfit. Fellowshipper, coming last, paused on her way out the door and glanced back at the store clerk lying in peaceful repose on the floor behind the counter.

The clerk himself, meanwhile, hovered somewhere near the ceiling, watching. He was perfectly content with the way things had turned out. Some things really **were** worth dying for, after all! He was ready to go to the light, now. He wondered idly, though, whether the morticians would be able to get the smile off his body's face in time for the funeral...

"Isn't it wonderful, Eowyn? These people wear such nice clothes!" Mesa twitched the feather boa draped around her neck.

"This must be Erp," Eowyn nodded, wiggling her butt in the **very** short white uniform skirt she sported. "I feel so much at home here!"

"Well, if nothing else, they do have a fashion sense," Missee agreed.

"Now, let's find some people, especially men!" Aleria suggested.

"I have an idea that the big, tall building over there might be a housing unit," Bama said. "Why not try there first?"

"Oh, but I thought we should go back to the landing site, and try those big gray buildings," PKL offered.

"I thought you said they looked like libraries?" Leah asked.

"Well, they did. Like in a school."

13th and Kossara shot PKL a rather disgusted look. "We want to party, not study, PKL," Kossara said.

"Are there going to be any Luxans here?" ShebaApolloSun wanted to know.

"Have you two ever **been** to school?" PKL asked archly. "Do you know what goes on there?"

"Par-Tay, par-tay!" Aleria crowed.

"We are going...there!" Eowyn pointed to a particularly tall building with several wings, large entrances, and lots of ground vehicles flashing lights in shades of white, blue and red. "I **know** we can find males there..."

Crais groaned, trying to open his eyes against the bright lights. Noise surrounded him: various people talking in urgent tones, the whizzes and clicks of small machinery, and lots of foot traffic. He finally pried his eyes open and squinted against the glare of several large overhead lights.

"Doctor, he's coming around," a female in pink said. A tall man in white with some kind of strange ocular on his face leaned down close, prying Crais' eyelids wider and peering into his eyes while flashing a small light at them.

"Hmm. Pupils seem odd, but they're reacting fairly normally. I still suspect a concussion. But the damned monitor's giving me gibberish. Those vitals can't possibly be right."

"That's the second monitor I've tried, Doctor. It's not the equipment..."

"Have him admitted. I have to get to that rodeo accident patient. Poor bastard, that Shetland Pony really had his number..." The male left, but the woman remained, busily rearranging items on a table and twitching what seemed to be a privacy curtain back from the table on which Crais lay.

"Well, glad to have you back among the living. Do you know where you are?" the woman asked.

"I assume I'm in some kind of medical facility. Blasted windshear! I hope I didn't damage the transport pod too badly. It's the only one Talyn's got right now. Where is it?" He vaguely remembered crash-landing the pod in a small glade, then wandering out in a half-daze, his head spinning from its impact with the pod's main console.

The woman just stared at Crais, a little frown between her brows. "Ah, great. He doesn't even speak English. Well, we'll just get you admitted and then we can find a translator. Sounded kinda Russian, maybe?" When her quizzical look got no answer, she forged on.

"My name's Nancy." She pointed at her chest and repeated her name several times. Crais realized she was trying to convey that she didn't understand and wanted his name. He wondered why these backward people seemed not to have translator microbes. No matter. He dutifully said his name, pointing at his own chest.

"Whoa! A mouthful. Try that again for me, honey – slowly." Crais complied, repeating his name several times.

"O-kay, Bylakrace it is, I guess. That certainly doesn't sound Russian. Slavic? This should be very interesting. Let's get you admitted and we'll see about some dinner. Then the doc will have a look to see how bad your head injury might be. At least this shift is gonna be much more entertaining than usual. And, lucky me – I get the hottest looking patient we've had in here in months..."

Crais mopped at his brow and looked around for a reflective surface, but found none. Odd, he didn't feel at all hot, quite comfortable in fact. He'd stay put til his head stopped spinning, then he had to get back to the pod and contact Talyn. Maybe by then the leviathan's little 'tryst' would be finished. He winced at the thought of the Hussies in the near vicinity (although another part of him was getting pretty excited at the thought). At least they couldn't possibly know he'd escaped in the pod, nor where he'd gone.

"Oh, poor baby," Nancy cooed, noticing his wince. She was carefully navigating his bed through white corridors, heading for a semi-private she knew was empty just now. She hoped he wouldn't be released too soon. Her shift was usually pretty dull, and a little eye candy helped to relieve the boredom.

Crais lay back on the wheeled bed, drew his knees up a bit under the sheet to disguise the sudden evidence of thinking about Hussies, and watched the bright ceiling lights go by.

"No, no, no, no, no... This can't be happening!"

"Crichton, what's got your Knockers in a twist?" Aeryn asked as she entered the Command and found John babbling.

"That's 'knickers', and I've just confirmed we've come out of the wormhole in near space to Earth."

"And this is a bad thing? I thought you wanted to go home?" Aeryn's face was stony, but John could hear the catch in her voice.

"Yeah. Some day. But right now the Hussies have landed, and it couldn't be worse."

"Why?"

"They've landed in Texas!"

Aeryn was completely unimpressed, so John went on.

"Texas, Aeryn – the testosterone capital of the planet! They couldn't have picked their landing site better if they'd set down in Oz or New Zealand."

Aeryn's face remained blank.

John went on rapidly, getting on with it so he could get to the part where he insisted they grab a transport pod and head for Texas immediately.

"In Oz they're pretty butch 'cause they have cowboys, too, and in New Zealand they do this Hongithing where the men butthead squoosh their noses together and grimace and growl and try to intimidate the Hell out of each other, but Texas is where real cowboys are..." John gasped to regain his breath, "We need to grab a transport pod and head for Texas immediately, before it's too late!"

"John. You. Are. Completely. Mad."

"They're *here*, Aeryn, and we have to stop them before they wreak havoc on Earth!"

"Where?"

John pointed to the screen displaying the landmasses of Earth. "Plano."

Player was kinda bummed. His life seemed both boring and crowded right now. All the thinking about Majors and minors, and schools and requirements was getting him down. Plus, nothing new or exciting had happened in a long time. So, he'd clipped a Walkman to his belt under his duster, donned his headphones, and gone out for a walk. He found himself walking farther than usual, and was surprised to see the Hospital in view just up the street.

He was about to turn around, head home and grab some supper when he saw the most extraordinary thing. A large group of very attractive women were just entering the Hospital's emergency area. Usually this kind of thing wouldn't have seemed very strange, especially in Plano, but the clothes the women were wearing... He decided to slope on over and see what was going on.

Nancy the nurse looked up from the chart she was making entries on, her attention diverted by the sound of activity near the emergency entrance, and a large thudding noise. She was just in time to see a rather naked man – she recognized him as one of the night orderlies – slump to the floor. A large group of outlandishly-clad women had entered, and were making their way down the hall toward her.

Nancy stood dumbfounded as the women passed. She was too amazed to even try to stop them. One seemed to be got up like a kind of Mata-Hari spy type, another as Jane from Tarzan, or maybe Sheena. The next was in a blue frock and pantaloons, and carried a crook – apparently Bo Peep. She was followed by a Vampira, a French maid, the most trollop-y nurse Nancy had ever seen, a 50's-style space bimbo, a woman in a sheer top and a prim skirt (until you noticed the slit up to 'here'), a cat-like redhead in a skin-tight bodysuit, a woman in a pinafore and pigtails, and a free-spirit Hippie type who was very definitely braless.

All of this amazed Nancy, but she was finally mobilized when she saw the effect the women were having on the male patients and staff. Already half-comatose men littered the hallway. Some of these shameless, brazen hussies were stopping to coddle the men, and things were getting rapidly out of hand. Nancy squared her shoulders and stomped around the corner of the nurses' station to take charge and end this nonsense.

"That will be enough of *that*! What are you, you – shameless hussies doing here, anyway? What, did some low-budget porn flick finish shooting in the area and now you're out looking for grins? What?"

All the Hussies turned as one to gape at staid nurse Nancy.

"Geez, she's not even wearing *lipstick*," Mesa griped, her lovebeads swaying between her breasts and her gauze peasant top swaying as she turned to look.

"Yeah, and will ya get a load of those *shoes*," Leah added. She primped the petticoats under her oh-so-short black skirt, then leaned down to straighten the back seam on her fishnet stockings.

Eowyn stepped forward. As Numero Uno, she always knew just what to do. She slung her stethoscope over one shoulder and moved to clasp an arm around Nancy's shoulders. The nurse and the Hussy nurse spoke in hushed tones briefly, then Eowyn stepped away and returned to the Posse.

"Ah, Nancy's OK. Just a little lonely. IG, Mreen, be nice and pick up that lovely fellow in the blue pajamas. Nancy here tells me she's had her eye on him for some time..."

Mreen moved as quickly as the tight skirt of her lady spy costume would allow. IG was having similar troubles with her Vampira skirt, although she really liked the pale-skin look with the slinky black dress. And the long red nails were just drad!

The two of them managed to get the surgeon to his unsteady feet and headed in Nancy's direction. Since all women are Hussies at heart, Nancy knew just what to do to take it from there. Eowyn smiled knowingly as Nancy steered Dr. Dan into the staff break room.

Player had hung back, taking in the wild scene in the emergency reception area. Who *were* these women, and where had they come from? Instinct told him not to get too close. He kept his distance, just watching things unfold, until a pair of bright eyes and a baby blue Bo-Peep costume caught his eye.

"Oh, ah – er... That is..."

BamaGirl smiled at the tongue-tied hunk. She liked this one a lot, with his spiky hair and his cool black coat. She knew the Hussy credo – always share. But she wondered if Eowyn would object to her monopolizing this beautiful fellow for just a little bit...

Player was lost in those eyes, but he managed to bring himself around enough to realize that these women were not from around here – by a long shot. They were going to get themselves into trouble if he didn't do something. But what?

The Hussies fanned out over the Hospital wing, Player and Bama bringing up the rear. Eowyn just looked back at them and smiled. She seemed to know there was something special about these two pairing up, and didn't insist that Bama share her 'prize'.

More ailing men experienced miracle cures that night than ever in the history of any hospital – ever. Of course, by morning they were all going to be on respirators, but...

Leah99 peeked behind a privacy curtain to find a construction worker just getting out of his bed to see what the noise was all about. "Oh, goody," she exclaimed, her pigtailed (and other things) bobbing as she waved her giant lollipop about. "With these clothes we won't even need the disrobillators!" The construction worker hastily closed the back of his gown, trying not to blush. ShebaAppolloSun paused at the doorway, then unholstered her toy ray gun and headed for another room.

Aleria, Missee and PKL had all headed for the same doorway by chance. PKL's transparent top and tight, slit librarian's skirt didn't hamper her movements at all. Aleria slunk like a cat in her bodystocking, while Missee strode athletically in her loincloth and fur bra. None of the three was prepared to see an 'old friend' in the room, but they certainly were happy!

"GET OUT OF MY ROOM," Crais yelled, near panic. They shouldn't have. They couldn't have. But they had – the Hussies had found him!

An arm had passed. Crais was completely blissed out. Maybe having Hussies around wasn't such a bad thing, after all. There certainly was an up-side to this...

PKL was trying out a novel method of applying body lotion (Hospital patients get such dry skin, you know), and thoroughly enjoying the job. Missee and Aleria were temporarily contenting themselves with foot massage and hair-braiding.

"Step away from the badguy..." John tried to make his voice sound cop-menacing. Missee, Aleria and PKL stood aghast for a moment. They must've used up all their mojo on Crais – this male was talking back to them, and seemed not to be affected by them at all. How strange!

The Captain sprang from his bed and put himself between the Hussies and John. "Keep away, Crichton. There's no problem here; no problem at all."

John entered the room, Aeryn at his back. "Look, Crais, you're not thinking straight. We're here to rescue you."

"I don't NEED rescuing, you stupid human!" Crais launched himself at John who backpedaled, expecting a blow. Instead, Crais grabbed him by the shoulders, butted his forehead and nose against John's, and started to make faces and growl. John was taken aback a moment, then started pushing back with his nose, grimacing and grunting. Aleria, Missee and PKL shifted position to be behind Crais – those hospital gowns sure were a neat idea!

The three hussies looked on in confusion. Aeryn just rolled her eyes. "Hongi," she said. The Hussies didn't understand the word, but they quickly realized they were

seeing a male dominance contest – a test of will, a testosterone battle. If Aeryn wanted to call it a silly name like Hongi – whatever.

The battle ended suddenly when Eowyn charged the room with the remainder of the Hussies. John and Crais separated. Eowyn pointed her weapon at John and fired before even Aeryn could react.

"NO!" John yelled, and covered his face with his hands. He heard the weapon discharge. A microt later he peeked through his fingers, looking down at himself. He was amazed at what he saw.

"I'm not naked? Hey, I'm not naked!" He dropped his hands in relief.

"Uh, John..." Aeryn got his attention and pointed to his left. There, standing against the wall and looking confused were – TWO MORE JOHNS!

"Just a little toy we adapted from something some rather unpleasant individual on a rotting leviathan had. Kinda handy, huh?" Fellowshipper chirped, her 'material girl' hair bow bobbing.

Crais had come to his senses during the Hongi contest. He took the moment of confusion as a prime opportunity and dashed from the room. He vanished before any of the Hussies could stop him. He and a very smug Talyn were underway and headed for starburst before a half-arn had passed.



"OK, Ladies, party's over," John said. "Time to go."

"Go? Why, we just got here, and this *is* Erp. How *long* we've been waiting to find this place. We can't leave now." The Hussies formed up around Eowyn and pooled their charisma, about to unleash it full-force at John.

"Ah, I think I can handle this," Player spoke up for the first time in a while. Bama's eyes shone.

"Kid, you don't know what you're saying!" John protested.

Player faked a sidekick and stayed in that position with the heel of his boot nearly touching John's nose, and said, "I can handle myself. I'll protect these ladies just fine."

"Protect them? Who's gonna protect *Earth*?"

"I have a plan," Player said as he put his foot back down and straightened himself up.

"A plan? Like a Wile E. Coyote plan?" Aeryn asked.

"Excuse me? Nevermind, but it'll work. Trust me."

Aeryn shook her head. John was adamant that the Hussies return to their ship.

"Listen," Player insisted. "Who can handle a bunch of high-powered ladies looking for a good time better than a Texan, huh? I ask you, who?"

John hung his head, staring at the floor and considering. "I'm just a Carolina boy," he said to Aeryn, "but the kid's right. They say 'everything's bigger in Texas' – they'd better be right."

The Hussies eyes all lit up at that. Just exactly what they liked to hear!

"I can keep this lot entertained, I'm sure. I even have an idea how to do it."

"Alone?"

"Not on your life! Mind leaving the – ah – clones behind?"

"Ah...."

"Yes, definitely," Aeryn affirmed, then added in an undertone, "One Crichton is enough for me to deal with."

John and Aeryn turned to leave, but John hesitated, looking around at the pale green walls and the mauve tiled floors. "Earth..."

"You don't have to go back, do you?" one of the Hussies asked plaintively.

"Sure, you can stay – we'll have more than enough room for everyone," Player added, suddenly unsure whether being the only male among Hussies was a terrific idea. "I mean, you're that astronaut John Crichton, right? You'd be real popular."

"Shhh!" John cautioned. "I'm here incognito," he said, tugging with two fingers at the fabric of his t-shirt over his chest.

"Alright. That's cool, but the offer still stands."

John turned to see Aeryn turn quickly and begin stalking toward the doorway. The set of her shoulders told him how she was feeling.

"Nah, I don't think so. Not this time. I've got – um – unfinished business 'out there'."

Player nodded, understanding. "Well, if you manage to drop by for a visit, or send a message, you can call yourself 'Black-T'. You'll be able to keep your identity a secret, but we'll always know it's you."

After John and Aeryn left, Player turned to find a crowd of expectant Hussies surrounding him. "Whoa! I gotta find Elflore, *fast*."

"Player...baby, are you gonna find us a nice play to stay, here on Erp?" Bama batted long lashes at him. She didn't need to – he was hooked. But some things come to Hussies naturally.

"Uh, yeah. I've got this friend, Elflore, who's some kind of wizard. He can set us up with some place, I'm sure..." Player's answer trailed off as he quickly tried to think of what would suit as an abode for Hussies. Meanwhile, the ladies were getting restless. Missee, Aleria and PKL, in particular, were restive. "How am I ever going to manage this?" Player thought out loud.

"Well, with you as our 'Manager', I'm sure we'll do just fine," Eowyn encouraged him. She placed her stethoscope against his chest, closed her eyes and listened, smiling to herself.

"Manager? I'm the Manager of you, you..."

"Shameless Hussies." Bama offered.

"The Shameless Hussy Posse," Leah amended.

"Yeah. Right. OK, here's what we do..." Player had finally gotten a grip on what was needed to satisfy a dozen (give or take) Hussies. "I'll get Elflore to whip us up a place to stay. We'll make it nice.."

"We'll need a bar," Mesa said.

"And a hot tub," Bama batted her eyes again.

"Yeah, we can do that," Player said.

"Wait – we need a bed – gotta have a bed," Aleria chimed in.

"And a pool."

"And a dance floor."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa!" Player exclaimed. "One thing at a time! We'll get all that stuff together eventually, but it may take some time. First things first. Those clothes...gotta go."

(Now, you just *know* what happened.)

"Nononono! I mean, they're not appropriate. Y'all will stick out like a sore thumb," Player waved his hands in the air, backing off from a gaggle of Hussies in mid-undress.

"But – we got these from a clothing vendor down the street." Leah looked confused.

"Oh, you mean the costume shop?" Several Hussies nodded. Player went on, "That's a place where you get costumes for parties...you know, like Halloween parties..."

"Parties?" Intergalactic_Girl brightened.

"Not *that* kind of party... Look, you ladies find whatever it was you were wearing before you got this stuff. It's gotta be better than these...right?" As soon as the words were out of his mouth, Player was convinced he was wrong. But there was no help for it. The Hussies were forming up and ready to depart the hospital.

"Where is your stuff?"

"In the Pink Posse Rocket," Eowyn said.

"Of course it is. Well, go get it, ditch the rocket thing, and let's go find Elflore."

"Ditch the Posse Rocket!" Most of the Posse exclaimed.

"Why, she's our beloved ship, our home away from home, our libido-driven galaxy-surfer..."

"Sorry," Player said sheepishly. "I didn't realize. So, what can we do with 'her'. Speaking of which, where is the Posse Rocket parked right now?"

Eventually, all the Hussies had changed into their usual attire which, as Player had suspected, was more appropriate to the Vegas Strip or Hollywood Boulevard than a deep-South college campus. Oh well, he didn't mind the view at all, so why not?

After his tour of the Pink Posse Rocket (who had landed at a shrill whistle from Eowyn), Player and the Hussies debarked. Eowyn paused as the hatchway closed. She sent some signal to the ship, which promptly took off and streaked into the distant night sky.

NORAD monitoring stations in Cheyenne Mountain had been going crazy since late afternoon. Houston was manic. But, no matter how many F-15s the military sent out to investigate, no one could locate the source of the radar incursion.

Monument Valley, Utah quieted down after the evening's disruption, settling back into the cool silences of the desert night. All returned to normal, and no one ever noticed the addition of a new rock formation among so many other pink monoliths...

When Player heard where the Posse Rocket had landed he was amazed – that was more clever than he could have thought of! And, as the Hussies pointed out, she was still close enough for the occasional joy-ride – mere seconds by libido drive.

The Crais Hussies, as Player had begun to think of them, were still pouting after the harried Captain's hurried departure. There was nothing more heart-breaking than a sad Hussy. Player cheered them up with the promise that Elflore could do something for them. He only hoped His Wizardness was up to the promise!

The Hussies arrived in their new abode in style. Well, maybe the 21-pulse rifle salute wasn't the best idea, but Elflore set things back to rights. The Hussies had never encountered magic before, but they liked what they saw. Several had already come up with some very interesting requests. Elflore smiled, nodded, and quickly headed for the nearest exit.

"So who was that Claudia person who was having a birthday?" 13th asked.

"Dunno. Some kind of Vorlag goddess, I think," Mreen answered.

"Yeah, and who knew there were Vorlags on Erp? This is one happenin' place!" Leah added.

"Larry's nice," Aleria said, "But the hairballs in the hot tub are *so* not good."

"And the way he *eats*!" Kossara exclaimed. "I hear he has two brothers. I'm glad he didn't bring them..."

"Hey, where's PKL?" Missee wanted to know.

"She went to the school; Player gave her directions." Aleria rolled her eyes.

"Ah-HA! Found you!" The gleeful shout rang out in the deserted university observatory. PKL added a silent thank-you to the beloved Posse Rocket – and the tracking device she had secreted on Talyn. The Hussy Librarian tapped in a series of commands on the telescope computer that not only would track Talyn indefinitely (in case – you never know...), but pushed the telescope and its software so far beyond its design parameters it would take the university scientists a decade to figure out how she'd managed it.

"Momma didn't raise no dumb Hussy!"

Player was at his wits' end. PKL and the other Crais Hussies were about to depart, pick up the Posse Rocket, and go follow Crais. He *thought* they'd be back eventually, and he couldn't be *sure* the other Hussies would follow. There were the

clones, after all... But, just the idea was bugging him. He really liked his new-found friends, idiosyncrasies and all. They were fun to have around.

Just then Aleria happened across some old blow-up 'Bozo the Clown' inflatable punch-bags in a box stored in a corner. You know – the kind that're as tall as a person, with sand in the bottom to make them stand up so you could whack 'em? They were mostly deflated, and not much to look at, but it gave Player an idea.

POP! "Oh, no – not again!" Elflore glanced over toward the noise to see Missee sitting on limp, deflated puddle of latex. "Frell. I gotta find a spell that will hold these guys together better..."

After much study (and several Flaming Margaritas), Elflore came up with a spell. Just to be sure, he lined up two Bozos. In case the spell didn't work just right, he might get one good inflatable Crais out of the bunch.

The Wizard toiled, he sweated, he slaved... Actually, he put his hands in turn on his shoulders, hips, butt – three rounds of the Macarena later (Elflore had to maneuver around the clones who had wandered into his magic circle) there was a loud*Whoosh* and an enormous burst of rainbow-colored smoke, and...

.
. .
. .
. .

...There stood Inflatable Crais Doll - AND another who looked a whole lot like the clones!

The Hussies converged, PKL Aleria and Missee overwhelming the ICD in their joy at seeing him, while the others tackled - literally – the second inflatable, quickly christened "IBD" after some guy on TV.

Some time – and a whole lot of giggling and vinyl-squeaking (even incredibly realistic inflatable guys still squeak under so much pressure) later, Player saw Elflore to the door. Those Flaming Margaritas were starting to take their toll. Oh, yeah – and so was all the hard work he'd done.

"Thanks, Wiz," Player said. You've really made the Hussies happy. I only hope these hold up better than the last batch."

Elflore pointed to the delirious party going on under the mirror ball, the IDs in the midst of it. "Hussy tested for durability, Player," he smirked.

"Yeah. Hussy tested, Hussy approved," Player chuckled as he saw Elflore out the door.

"Just remember, ladies – the IDs are not flame-proof!" Elflore called as he left, brandishing his Flaming-Margarita-for-the-road, or broomstick, or alternate dimension – whatever it is wizards use to get around.

Meanwhile, the dance floor was rocking to "Girls Just Wanna Have Fun". The latest new Hussy – the first Erp Hussy and Hussy of the male persuasion – Stevepalmer – was boogie-ing his heart out. Player shot a smile at Shipscat, who sat off to one side watching the entertainment. It was good to have new folks coming in, and people like Ships – non-Hussies – helped to keep things steady. Without a little rationality, Player

thought, this party might just launch *itself* into space! As manager, he had to think of things like that.

New Hussies were being inducted every day. The Crais Hussy contingent, content for the time-being with ICD, was growing. And the newest arrival was some guy in a cheerleader outfit! Hynerian Donkey by name, he primarily avoided being huss-terpatated by promising the Hussies he'd provide them with butt-shots of their favorite males.

Player sighed happily. Well, things were really working out fine. And with the IDs, if he got bored he at least had a pseudo-male or two to talk to. Although (He winked at a pair of bright eyes in the corner), with Bama Girl around, he didn't think he'd be getting bored any time soon!

END

