

Queen by Xanthe



Story archived: <http://www.xanthe.org/queen/>

Story Notes:

1. This isn't a pairing I'd normally write but I wanted to offer myself as a pinch hitter in the 🍷 **atlantiskink**'s kinkathon and I really enjoyed doing something a bit different. I did my very best to fulfil the prompt although I didn't manage to cover all the kinks – I hope the person I'm writing for likes it and my apologies if not, but I really did try.
2. I've made up some stuff about the wraith. I like making stuff up – I don't think it's contradicted in canon.
3. Many thanks to 🧑 **bluespirit_star** for beta.

This fic was written for 🍷 **atlantiskink**'s kinkathon for 🧑 **saeva** whose request was as follows:

Want: My ultimate want would be Teyla/Sheppard with Sheppard's voluntary, not drug or alien influenced submission

(preferably without reference to 'earth goddess'es.) In this scenario, please don't give Sheppard a vagina. Metaphorically. If you want to give him a literal vagina I'm okay with that. Lt. Cadman/Carson would also rock my socks. So would Cadman/Sheppard.

Kinks (mix & match): People losing their tempers. People losing control. Whimpering. Dog-tags. Interrupted orgasm. Blindfolds. Earplugs. Non-verbal begging. Abrasion. Patience training. Sparring. Voluntary submission/restraint. Uncertainty. Hitting/bruising/violence (but not organized punishment). Hard sex. Woman on top.

I do not want: fecal play, male-to-female crossdressing, emasculation/sissifying, pathetic men/bitchy women. Thanks!

Posted: April 22nd, 2006

This story won the best ship drama award in the **Stargate Fan Awards, 2006**



Teyla gazed at them. The big, hairy one seemed the most promising prospect. He was tall and strong, clearly a warrior. The other one was also appealing though. She turned her gaze upon him. He was tall too, but much leaner...and he was smart; he was allowing the other one to distract her while he crept up behind her...smart *and* strong – that was good. She turned, gracefully, faster than he could possibly have expected, caught him in a headlock and threw him to the floor then pounced on top of him and lowered her face to catch his scent. He smelled good – musky, male, and there was something else – something about his scent that the hairy one didn't possess, something that made her entire body throb. Yes, this one. This was the one she would take. She held him fast beneath her thighs, grabbed his head and turned it to one side, then moved in swiftly and bit him hard on the side of his neck. Oh, he tasted good – very good – and he was shouting something hoarsely as she bit him, his entire body convulsing as he tried to push her off but he wasn't strong enough, and she revelled in subduing his struggles, pressing down on him with the weight of her thighs, the throbbing between her legs almost unbearable now. She wanted to pin him here forever, to rip off his clothes and take him into her body with him powerless to resist her,

but the hairy one hadn't taken his rejection well, and he was pawing at her, trying to pull her off her chosen one. She released her grip on the one she was biting, his blood running down her jaw, and with a snarl she turned and hit the hairy one hard across the face. He flew across the room and she grinned and turned back to the one beneath her. The one she would take...

Suddenly there were people in the room – fighting men, with weapons, and the white-coated one with the soft accent. She glanced at them with mild interest – she had already marked her chosen one but that had been before she had seen these new suitors. They smelled of sweat and power, which she liked, but none of them had the scent that was emanating from the man between her thighs, a scent that was driving her crazy with need.

"None of you!" she snarled at the one in the white coat.

"Teyla. It's me, Carson," he said, quietly, softly, edging towards her.

She raised her head just a little to sniff him. He smelled of soap and medicines and there was something about him that appealed, something stronger and more earthy than his appearance suggested, but she still preferred her chosen one.

"I do not choose you!" she snapped at him. "I choose him. You can leave. All of you! You have failed. I reject you." She turned back to the man beneath her. There was blood trickling down his neck from her bitemark and she smiled, and reached out to touch it. He jerked away from her touch, his hazel eyes locked with hers. He was still fighting her – that was good – and his eyes held no fear. She liked him more and more. She had chosen well. She placed her hands on his thick, dark hair, and held his head in place, then swooped down to kiss those moist, inviting lips, to make him surrender to her and offer himself up...when suddenly she felt a movement behind her, a sharp sensation in her arm, and then everything went black.

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"What the hell was that about?" John Sheppard asked, sitting on the side of the infirmary bed while a nurse dabbed at the bite mark on his neck. He glanced over to the opposite bed, where Carson had Teyla restrained with thick straps.

"I have a notion," Carson muttered, as he hooked her up to various machines and took a blood sample. "Can you tell me what happened, Colonel?"

"I have no idea. One minute we were sparring, and the next...she kind of got this glazed look in her eyes, and she was staring at me and Ronon as if we were prey. Then she went crazy and attacked us," John shrugged. "So what do you think is wrong with her, doc? Will she be okay?"

"I'm not sure." Carson looked troubled. "Get Rodney to patch me through everything we got from the wraith database on their physiology."

"What?" John frowned. He disengaged himself from the nurse who had been tending to his wounded neck, and got up. "The wraith database? Why?"

"I have a hunch," Carson said uncomfortably. "But I can't say more until I've looked at her blood and researched what's in the database."

John returned to his room, fretting silently while he waited for Carson's verdict on Teyla's condition. He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror and winced. The bite mark on his neck was so deep you could actually see the individual tooth marks, and his hair was tousled from where she'd put her hands in it to hold him down. John took a deep breath as that memory came back in vivid detail. Her thighs had been strong, keeping him pinned to the floor, and he had smelled the arousal emanating from between her open legs. That thought made his cock harden and he turned away from the mirror in disgust at himself. Whatever was happening to Teyla, she clearly wasn't herself, and she was part of his team, damnit! He shouldn't find this a turn on.

Carson called him back to the infirmary a couple of hours later, and John realised it must be serious when he saw that Elizabeth was already there.

"What's going on?" he demanded, going to stand beside Teyla's bed. She looked so peaceful under the heavy sedation. Hard to believe that just a couple of hours ago she'd been snarling and biting, as vicious as any predator.

"Well, the good news is that I know what's wrong with her," Carson told him.

"And the bad news?" John raised an eyebrow.

"There isn't a cure. Or at least, there is, but I don't think it's one anyone is going to be comfortable with," Carson sighed.

"Hit me with it."

"As you know, Teyla has some wraith DNA," Carson began, biting on his lip, an anxious look in his eyes. John nodded again, impatiently, wondering where this was leading. "And it seems that when the wraith queen was on Atlantis recently, she was...just starting to come into oestrus."

John frowned. "The wraith queen? What the hell has the wraith queen got to do with Teyla?" he demanded.

"I've just been reading up on wraith mating behaviour," Carson told him, looking even more uncomfortable. "Because to be honest, Colonel, when I ran into the practice room earlier, what she was doing to you looked pretty sexual. And...she said some things that made me wonder...so I took a look on the database." He took a deep breath. "Each hive ship has a queen and when she's ready to take a mate, she goes into a kind of rutting phase during which she looks over all the available men on the ship, tests them out for strength, speed, wits and so forth...and chooses the one she judges most worthy of her to mate with. And

after the wraith queen comes into season so do all the other wraith females on the ship, and they take whichever males the queen has rejected and choose one for themselves."

"Other wraith females?" Elizabeth questioned. "I didn't know there were any. We mainly only ever seem to encounter males and of course the queens."

"There are other females – although they're pretty much breeding stock to produce new wraith which could be why we rarely see them," Carson said earnestly.

"I'm still not seeing what this has to do with Teyla," John said.

"When the wraith queen was here recently, the fact that she was just coming into oestrus sparked a similar reaction in Teyla as would be experienced by the other wraith females on the queen's hive," Carson explained.

"Teyla's not a wraith!" John protested.

"I know – but she does have some wraith DNA," Carson replied. "Her response to the wraith queen's pheromones wasn't as immediate or as strong as it would be in an actual wraith female, but..."

"It sure as hell seemed pretty strong from where I was," John interrupted. "Okay," he sighed. "You said there was a cure?"

"Only one." Carson shrugged. "Any wraith female who remains unmated at the end of the mating season dies – wraith society is predicated on the survival of the fittest, and if a female hasn't been strong enough to subdue a male then her body just shuts down and she dies."

"Would that happen to Teyla?" Elizabeth asked with a frown. Carson shook his head.

"I have no idea – like Colonel Sheppard pointed out, she isn't a wraith. But she is behaving just like one right now, so I think we have to assume that it's a real possibility."

"You're basically saying she has to have sex with someone or she'll die?" John queried, looking down on Teyla's still form. He reached out a hand and gently stroked her hair, wishing he could bring her back.

"In a nutshell – yes," Carson replied, a tight look on his face.

"And does it have to be anyone in particular?" John asked.

"Well...she did make her preference pretty clear back in the practice room," Carson said, in an apologetic tone. "And from what I can see, once a wraith queen has put her mark on a potential mate that shows she's made her choice." He looked meaningfully at the bite mark on John's neck.

"Wraith queen?" John queried, frowning. "She's not a wraith queen, Carson!"

"Well, she kind of is," Carson said with an apologetic glance in Elizabeth's direction. "Here on Atlantis she is," he added. "As far as she's concerned right now, this is her hive and we are her suitors – and as she is the only woman here to be going through the mating drive that makes her the queen – with first choice for mates."

"See, there are any number of reasons why I dislike the wraith," John muttered, "and now there's freaky mating rituals to add to the list. So, it looks like there's only one thing to be done," he added, taking a deep breath.

"John – you don't have to do this," Elizabeth said, putting a hand on his arm. He turned to look at her.

"Yeah. I kind of do," he said. "She's part of my team and if I don't do this then she'll die. So...yeah, I do. If it were me, I hope she'd do the same."

Elizabeth took a deep breath, and nodded. John turned back to Carson.

"Anything else I should know about this mating ritual before I get thrown around again?" he asked the doctor. Carson nodded.

"Quite a bit as a matter of fact, Colonel," he said. "For a start – she's a queen and you are just a lowly male as far as she's concerned. She'll want to subdue you, but if you don't put up enough of a fight then she won't view you as worthy – and she'll kill you and select another mate."

"Oh great," John sighed. "This has to be the ultimate definition of unsafe sex."

"We can monitor the situation," Carson said uncertainly. "Be ready to rush in there if it looks like she's going to kill you..."

"Oh no way!" John protested. "I am not having freaky alien sex with an audience looking on, Carson! I'll take my chances. Nobody's ever wanted to kill me yet during sex."

"How about after?" Elizabeth asked mischievously. He grinned at her.

"I've never had any complaints," he murmured, feeling himself flushing slightly, still hardly able to believe that they were actually standing around here discussing this so calmly. He was a very private man, and while he found Teyla to be an extremely attractive woman, he'd been careful not to go there in his thoughts too often – they had to work together after all. This current situation was his worst nightmare in more ways than one, but if this was what it took to get Teyla back then he was happy to risk his life, just as he would if they were out in the field.

"What about..." John hesitated, because he really didn't want to be having a conversation this intimate, but there didn't seem to be any choice.

"Pregnancy?" Carson nodded, pre-empting his enquiry. "That's one thing you don't have to worry about at least. Teyla asked me for a contraceptive implant several months ago."

"Really?" John frowned, unsure why that should bother him, but somehow it did. Clearly Teyla had been taking lovers, or at least thinking about it. It shouldn't surprise him – she was a beautiful woman and he'd seen the way men looked at her, but she always seemed so...self-contained, sort of aloof and uninterested in the men around her. John found himself wondering whether she had slept with any of the Atlantean men but that idea bothered him so much that he had to shove it out of his mind.

"I should remind you that she's very strong," Carson said, breaking into his jealous mood. "I mean, she always is, but right now she's got all kinds of hormones racing through her veins making her much stronger than you."

"It's okay, doc. I kind of got the idea this wasn't going to be gentle," John replied. He glanced back at Teyla's sleeping form. "God, she'd be horrified if she knew this was happening to her," he murmured. "She's such a calm, wise person."

"Aye," Carson sighed, patting her arm gently. John bit on his lip – they were all so fond of Teyla, and he knew most of the men on this base would happily take his place right now, and not for some perverted reason either – they all genuinely liked and respected Teyla and she'd saved their asses on any number of occasions.

A small voice inside told him that there was a lot more to this than that for him though. He'd do it, because it was his duty, and because it was the right thing to do...but this entire situation spoke to a dark need deep inside him, that he'd never shared with anyone. He remembered lying on his back, pinned to the mat by her strong thighs, drinking in her scent and wanting her so badly. Wanting her to overpower him, to make him take her, wanting to fight her and wanting to lose. Wanting to be her spoil of war, her victory, needing her to force him, to prove she was stronger than him, that he was hers by right of battle and conquest. All his life he'd wanted to find a woman who truly engaged him, someone with whom he could let go, and be himself, someone with whom he didn't have to hold back, guarded, hiding behind walls and lines of defence, someone who could take all he could throw at them, and not back down. John had never met a woman yet who could satisfy that dark place in his heart, and now...now this was happening, offering him his own ultimate sexual thrill with a woman he already secretly admired and adored, and, just to make the situation even more intense, the stakes were ridiculously high. If he got this wrong, he could die...and in that same small, dark place in his heart he knew that he was happy for that to happen. If he wasn't good enough for this beautiful, exotic woman, if he couldn't excite her and fight her and make her victory hard won, then, hell, he deserved to die at her hands.

"Okay." John stood up straight and squared his shoulders. "I'm ready."

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Darkness. Her throat was dry but her need was still strong. She woke to find herself back in her room, lying on her own bed, a lamp gleaming softly on the night stand. She heard a movement, and then saw him, sitting on the end of the bed. She recognised him by the mark on his throat – her mark. He was her chosen one and her blood thrummed in her veins as she caught sight of him.

"You're awake," he said, getting up, eyeing her cautiously.

"Yes. The one who smelled of medicine injected me with some poison that temporarily felled me," she said, remembering. "He took his rejection hard. They sometimes do. He was not my chosen. You are."

"Yes," he replied. His hazel eyes were glowing and she felt her body begin to throb again. Yes, this one was her chosen one – and he was a good choice. Strong, smart...and there was something about him that excited her. He would struggle, she was sure of that, and she would have to be strong to subdue him, but if she could not do that then she did not deserve to be queen of this hive.

"Then come here so that I may inspect you," she hissed, holding out her hand. "You are lucky. There were many here I could have chosen but I chose you." He came towards her, slowly, warily, and she grabbed his arm and pulled him, forcing him to his knees in front of her. She opened her legs wide and positioned him between them, then closed them around him, trapping him there. Then she took hold of his face and turned it so that she could examine the mark on his neck again. She smelled his blood in the open wound and groaned, the scent of it arousing her again, as it had back in the practice room. She sniffed at him, holding him fast between her thighs, enjoying the feel of the tense, hard lines of his muscles. Then she leaned closer and licked the wound, and she felt him tense even more, perhaps expecting another bite.

"You are mine," she hissed to him. "My chosen. You will submit to me."

He gave a little laugh, and she turned her head, curious. "I think you'll have to make me," he replied. She gazed at him for a moment and then gave a little laugh in reply.

"I will enjoy it," she said, and something about the way his eyes flickered made her think that the enjoyment would not be one-sided. She grabbed his thick dark hair, pulled back his head, and then took hold of him and kissed him hard on his mouth. He hung there for a moment and then she bit his lips, startling him, and when he gasped she rammed her tongue deep inside his mouth. Now he started to struggle, and oh, how she loved the way his hard muscles contracted against her as he tried to push her away. She tasted his fresh blood on her lips and only then released him, her arousal strong again now that she had tasted him anew and made him bleed. She pushed him away, and watched him fall back, his lip bruised, the blood running down his chin.

"Remove your clothes," she ordered him. He lay there, making no move, and she got up and stalked over to him. He got up, eyeing her warily, and she saw the fight in his eyes again, and it sparked within her, making her arousal peak once more. She glanced around but they

had removed her knife, so she only had her body with which to fight. That was fine – that was enough. She launched herself at him, and he caught her, and they tussled for a moment, then she managed to get him pinned to the wall and she raised her hand and slapped him hard across the jaw. "Obey me," she ordered. "Remove your clothes." His eyes signalled his acquiescence and she released him so that he could move his fingers to his tee shirt...and then, fast and unexpected, his hand flashed out, and, instead of undressing himself, he hit her across the jaw, as hard as she had hit him.

She fell back, the heat rising in her body. Oh, he was good. She was glad he was not over-awed by her magnificence. How she hated men who fawned over her. She kept her distaste hidden, but she had known many who were only interested in her for how she looked, and who judged her by the calm face she presented to the world, but she was, at heart, a warrior, and she had never yet found a man who was strong enough to interest her. She had taken lovers before, but none of them had fought her like this. They had all genuflected so easily at her feet, wanting to treat her like a goddess, to love and worship in equal measure, and afterwards she had felt empty and alone. This man though...he was different. He might just be worthy of her. True, she felt different too – she wasn't sure how but she knew that this was not how she usually behaved – and yet, there was a hunger within, that craved to be satisfied, and she had been suppressing that hunger for too long. Now this had happened, whatever it was, this feeling of euphoria that was coursing through her veins, making her want things she had never dared dream of wanting before, and it felt so right.

He was standing by the wall, staring at her, awaiting her next move. He looked like a black panther, lithe and powerful, fast and strong. She moved fast, grabbed him by the waist and threw him across the room onto the bed. She'd had enough of playing – now she wanted to see her chosen one's body, and mark him some more, until he was in no doubt as to who he belonged to, until he finally submitted himself to her.

He crashed onto the bed and turned, fast, ready to fight her, but she threw herself on top of him before he could get up, grabbed hold of his hands, and held them above his head. He wriggled beneath her thighs but she was strong, stronger than him, and he knew it. At last his struggles subsided.

"I will see you," she hissed, and then she moved her head down, took hold of his shirt between her teeth, and tore at it. The fabric came apart easily in her sharp teeth, and she spat it out, and gazed down, appreciatively, on his bare chest. He had a thick thatch of dark hair on his golden skin and his nipples were hard, teasing her. She could feel, beneath her thighs, that something else was hard as well, and she grinned, and moved her body over his, rubbing herself against his hardness, enjoying the way he groaned and pushed up against her. "You are mine," she told him. "My chosen. I will take you." She lowered her head, still keeping his hands pressed above his head, and closed her mouth over one of his nipples. He gave a ragged shout and convulsed beneath her, but she took no notice and bit down hard, sinking her teeth deep into his flesh. He was crying out in earnest now, fighting her with every ounce of strength in his body, and finally he managed to dislodge her, and half crawl, half fall off the side of the bed. She pounced on him again, backhanding him across the jaw.

"I told you to remove your clothes. I expect you to obey," she hissed. He gazed at her for a

moment, his eyes awe-struck, and then he nodded, and she knew that this time he did not dissemble. She released him and then sat back on the bed and watched him as he reached out shaky fingers to undo his pants. He slid them off his body, along with his boxers, and removed the remnants of his shirt and then stood there before her, naked and handsome. She gazed at his impressive cock, jutting out from his body, hard and proud, and she smiled, purring at the back of her throat. She had chosen well.

"You will come inside my body – when *I* order it," she told him. "If you come before, I will kill you."

He gazed at her, then nodded. "I understand," he said, that dark head bowing slightly in acceptance of her superiority.

"Good. Now come here and pleasure me." She beckoned him over and he just stood there. "Do you still resist?" She arched an eyebrow. "I can see you still need more convincing as to who you belong to, chosen one." She walked towards him and when she got close, he took her by surprise, and, moving fast, grabbed her arms and threw her against the wall. He pressed up close behind her, his naked body hard against her back, and pushed her arms up behind her body.

"Fair's fair," he told her. "I showed you mine – now you show me yours."

She threw back her head and laughed at that. "You wish to see me? I have no objection to that!" she said. He released her, and then took several cautious steps back. She turned, and stripped off her long leather skirt, then undid the laces on her top, and shrugged it off her shoulders. Her large breasts hung loose and free and she saw the breath catch in his throat and the shudder that ran through his entire body as he feasted on the sight of her.

"I am beautiful," she told him, because that was the truth.

"Yes," he acknowledged. She watched him carefully. Men were so weak – would he drop to his knees and worship at her feet, over-awed by her body, or was there still some fight left in him? "You will come here and pleasure me," she told him. He grinned at her.

"You haven't said please," he replied. She considered this for a moment. He was teasing her, being insolent, but she felt aroused by his refusal to obey – it was so much more exhilarating when a man fought back. She threw herself on him again, held his naked body fast against her own, and then, slowly, inexorably, she forced him to his knees. He didn't go easily – he was fighting against her with every ounce of strength in his body, and she grinned as he went, slowly but surely, his hazel eyes locked with hers. Finally she pressed him down so that he was kneeling in front of her, and he gazed up at her, still spirited, but tamed a little she thought. She grabbed his head, and pulled him forwards so that his mouth was level with her pussy and then she thrust her hips at him, burying his face in the thick, dark hair covering her mound. He groaned, and his hands went around her thighs, pulling her even closer and she smiled as his tongue began to lap inside her body. This felt good, very good. She sighed, and reached up to put her arms behind her head, loving the sensation of his tongue on her clit, lapping at her, making her arch her back. Little shivers of

arousal ran up and down her spine, making her entire body ache and she resolved that she would have him soon. He was hers for the taking, and she intended to swallow him into her body and ride him hard until he was begging for release.

She made him lick her until she came, in little shuddering bursts, crying out her pleasure, and then she looked down on him, saw her creamy come oozing down his bruised jaw, and she thought she had never seen a more pleasing sight. She wiped her come away with her hand, and smiled at him.

"That was good. You have earned your pleasure – but you will make me come once more before you take it," she ordered him. He gazed up at her, transfixed by her, and gave a little nod. She pulled him to his feet, and then pushed him over to the wall, and examined him in more detail. He was quieter now – she hadn't taken all the fight out of him yet, she thought, but he was more biddable to her will now that he had tasted her. She made him stand with his hands against the wall, while she stroked his body. He had a fine, lean body, with a smattering of scars here and there. She paused to cup his buttocks in her hand and he whimpered. She smacked them hard and he bit back a growl. Oh, he definitely had some fight left in him. She was pleased about that. She smacked him again, then opened the glowing cheeks, bent down, and tongued him between them. This was her favourite place to smell a man – she loved the dark, musky odours here, and the taste of this warm, secret skin on her tongue. He went still beneath her, and she worked on him, making him whimper again, with need this time. She wondered if a woman had ever done this to him before because he was whimpering so loudly, excited by what she was doing to him. She could feel his entire body quivering and yet she had forbidden him to come. She had meant what she said as well – if he came before she gave the order then she would snap his neck with her bare hands and go out there into her hive and take another – maybe the hairy one, or maybe the earthy scented doctor, and make them her chosen one instead.

Finally she felt she had teased him enough, and she turned him around and threw him onto the bed. He went, his hard cock still jutting out, painfully, from his body, purple and thick with arousal. She didn't hesitate. She went over to him, climbed on top of him, and forced him deep into her body with one powerful slide of her hips over his hard cock. He gave a hoarse shout and she smiled as he writhed beneath her, taken by surprise by her move. She felt the arousal begin to build in her body again as she rode him, hard, without mercy, not giving him time to draw breath as she tightened her vaginal muscles around his cock and squeezed it powerfully with every single rocking motion of her hips. He was gazing up at her with a look of pure wonder on his face, and she felt a strange wave of affection for him. He was really very pleasing...she was glad she had chosen him.

She knew he was near to coming and yet still he was holding on, and she wasn't ready to give the order just yet. She would make him prove himself some more before she did that. So she lifted herself off his hard cock and moved up so that her breasts hung over his face. Then she lowered herself. "Suck them," she ordered, and he obeyed willingly, lifting his head to take one of her nipples into his mouth. He sucked down hard, making her sigh with pleasure, and his hands came up and caressed her bottom as he worked. She allowed him this impertinence, because he was pleasing her, and she reached down and took one of his hands from her bottom and placed it on her clit instead. He rubbed her there, in time to the

motion of his lips on her breast, and she moaned, enjoying the dual sensation. Finally she came over his hand, and then she drew back, loving the way he whimpered when she removed her breast from his mouth. Oh yes, he belonged to her now. She had made him hers, and now he was her willing slave, held captive by her sexual prowess. She growled, a deep, throaty sound in the back of her throat, and ran her long nails over his belly, watching him suck in his breath as he gazed at her, transfixed.

She moved back, positioned herself over his hard cock again and then lowered herself onto him once more. She loved how big he felt, filling her with his powerful length, and she rode him relentlessly, gazing down on him the entire time, their eyes locked. The arousal thrumming through her veins now reached fever pitch and she knew she needed him to come inside her to complete her satisfaction.

"You may come," she told him. "Upon my order."

She went up and down on him a few more times, tighter, harder, squeezing him powerfully once more, and when she was at the height of her sexual frenzy, she screamed out her order.

"Come. Now!"

She felt him convulse under her, and then felt the warmth of his come trickling down her thigh and she sighed happily. She rocked back and forth on him a few more times until she came again, and then she slid off him and came to rest beside him on the bed. The pounding of the blood in her veins was slowing, and she felt sleepy, and satisfied. She turned her face to him, and found he was smiling at her, a tender look on his face.

"That was very good. You have pleased me," she murmured in a tired voice. He reached for the sheets, and pulled them up, covering them both, then put his arms around her and drew her close. She considered fighting him, or hurting him for his insolence, but his arms felt warm and she liked the way he was holding her. She closed her eyes, and then snapped them open again, to find his still gazing at her, full of light.

"John," she whispered sleepily, tracing a hand over familiar features, combing her fingers through soft, dark hair. "Your name is John."

"Yes," he murmured. "And yours is Teyla."

She nodded, remembering now, but she was too tired to reply. He leaned in and pressed a gentle kiss to her lips and she sighed, and fell fast asleep in his arms.

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John lay awake for half the night, holding this precious, beautiful woman in his arms. He ached all over but he had never felt more exhilarated in his life. This woman had been nothing less than magnificent. She had made him feel more alive than he'd ever felt, had taken him to that dark place in his heart and made him face himself. She had matched him,

outclassed him, and, finally, taken him and made him her own, and now he wanted nothing more than to lie beside her forever, to protect her with his life, to be her bodyguard and lover for the rest of his life. Yet she wasn't real. She looked and sounded like his Teyla, but everything else, all the fire and passion, all the dominance and magnificence, was just the wraith hormones. How would she feel about him when she returned to her normal self? And could he ever go back to having her just as a team-mate when he had known *this* kind of pleasure? How could he fight alongside her and not want to reach out and touch her, to feel her commanding hands on his body, making him submit to her will? John wasn't honestly sure he was capable of fighting by her side knowing he would never be hers again.

When he awoke, sunlight was flooding the room. He stirred, groggily, and looked around. The bed was empty but he could hear the sound of the shower running in the adjacent room. He winced as he moved, and gazed down to find that his body was covered in a myriad of bruises and bite marks. He smiled, and traced his fingers over them, proud of them. He was her spoil of war after all, and she had won the battle fair and square. Then his smile faded as he heard the shower stop. What would her reaction be to him now that she was herself once more? Would she be ashamed of what they'd done? Would she look at these marks on his body with horror – or, worse, try to apologise for them?

The door opened and she walked into the room, and...John became fully awake, his cock responding immediately, because she was naked. Her body looked even more beautiful in the daylight, glistening with water, glowing a warm, caramel colour, her skin soft and smooth.

She gazed at him, a troubled look in her eyes, and walked slowly over to the bed. She stopped and her eyes lingered on his bitten lip and the bruise on his jaw.

"John," she said, and there was a note of uncertainty in her voice. "I am not sure what happened last night," she told him, and his heart skipped a beat.

"It's okay," he told her, sitting up and looking around for his clothes. "Carson explained it – you had some kind of wraith-inspired hormonal thing going on. I'm sorry it had to come to this but apparently it was sex or death." He gave her a wry grin. "I figured you'd prefer sex to death, even if it was with me. And that wasn't my choice by the way – you kind of put your mark on me which is a very significant part of wraith mating rituals according to Carson." He fingered the livid bite mark on his neck ruefully.

"I am sorry," she frowned. She reached out a finger and touched the mark, looking troubled. "I should not have harmed you," she told him.

"You didn't know what you were doing," he said, catching her hand and holding it.

"That is not quite true," she mused. "I remember what we did, John – every single thing. It was me who did those things and I remember how I felt as I did them. I..." she bit on her lip and bowed her head. "I could have stopped myself but I did not," she admitted to him.

"It's okay," he whispered, drawing her hand to his mouth and kissing it.

She gazed at him, then dropped her other hand to his head and stroked his dark hair, her expression thoughtful.

"Maybe I am wrong, but I do not think that what we did last night was displeasing to you," she murmured.

"Oh it wasn't," he assured her, and she smiled at him, her eyes bright with relief. "On the contrary."

"For me...it was like being set free," she whispered. "I am a warrior, John, and I have always known I have a wildness in my heart but I have kept it under control, because I know my own strength and I have not wanted to hurt anyone. Being with you last night was so liberating. I may not have been myself, but I was what I have always wanted to be."

"Me too," he replied, barely able to breathe. "All my life I've searched for something like what we experienced last night."

She smiled and nodded. "I could feel that you were with me, all the way. I have never had a sexual partner who responded like that to me, John. I have taken many strong lovers but they have always disappointed me. With you, last night, I was able to let go, for the first time in my life, and you were strong enough to take me as I really am."

"Teyla...if you want me, I'm yours," he said hoarsely.

She seemed to consider it for a moment and he watched her, his heart in his mouth, and then he saw from the twinkle in her eyes that she was only teasing him, and he grinned, feeling an amazing sense of relief, and opened his arms. She stepped into their warm circle, lowered her head, and kissed him gently on his bruised lips. He responded hungrily, and the kiss deepened into one of passion, and then she pushed him back onto the bed. He went, willingly, and she sat astride his face, and lowered herself onto him. He moaned, the scent of her warm, moist folds of flesh driving him insane.

"Lick me," she ordered, and he darted out his tongue eagerly, desperate to taste her again. Her fingers fondled his hair as he worked, and he sighed contentedly, certain that he would be happy to spend the rest of his life doing this. Now they were just Teyla and John again, but he thought that, to him, she would always be the queen of the hive, and he would always be her chosen one.

The End

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