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Servalan watched the superheated debris of the planet Obsidian spin out into the cold void of space. Leaning back in her command chair, she let out a long, unhappy sigh.

"Course, Madame President?" the mutoid commander asked from her position, turning slightly to face the dejected president.

"Earth. Maximum speed," she replied, weaving her long fingers together. "Order the fleet to regroup and set course for Space Command Headquarters," she added.

"Yes, Madame President," the mutoid answered.

Yes, Madame President. No, Madame President. Gods, she hated the featureless voices of the mutoids manning her ship. No sense of fun, no sense of adventure ... no sense of anything, for that matter. Languidly, she laid her head against the headrest on her chair, and stared out the viewport. There was no excitement left in life. Everything came too easily these days. Even chasing Avon and his crew lacked the sparkle of the old days. They were no real threat to her order, simply a motley collection of thieves, mercenaries, and manic-depressives. That girl, Dayna. She'd have to sort that one out soon. The child was a danger, if only to herself. And Tarrant. Yes, she remembered his service record. Reckless. Talented. And decidedly delicious. She wondered how she'd missed him. And Vila. Oh, dear, sweet, harmless Vila. Hmmph! Useless, he was, but he'd make a lovely little lap dog. Although he was a bit of a problem in this last confrontation. But he wasn't the real problem. Oh, no. Avon went to the head of the class when it came to problems. But even then, his only real interest was money. And luxury. Pity they couldn't see eye to eye on so many things, it would be so ... diverting, if they could form an alliance.

No, the real threat was gone, and so was the spice. She'd capture them all one day, and the game would be over. As it already was, really. Ah, there weren't any surprises anymore. Not since the battle of Star One. The Presidency had fallen so easily into her hands, and now she was recapturing the planets that had slipped away with almost ridiculous ease. Avon and his little coterie would keep, she had no doubt.

But the game held no real interest for her anymore. She was bored. Bored without Blake.

