



# Bored without Blake

by Deborah M. Walsh



Tarrant found Vila sitting at his position on the flight deck, staring morosely into a tall frosted glass of adrenalin and soma. A quick glance around them revealed Avon curled up on the flight couch, sleeping peacefully.

Tarrant broke into a grin. "Well, well, this is a homey sight. What's wrong with him?" he asked, hooking a thumb toward the recumbent computer specialist and resident egomaniac.

"Tranquilizer pad," Vila replied sullenly, and took a long pull from the glass. "I warned him, but does he pay any attention to me?"

"Does anyone?" demanded Dayna cheerfully from the entrance. She stepped down gracefully into the flight deck well (which was quite a feat as she balanced precariously on her mega-chic 4-inch spike heels), and moved to stand by Tarrant, crossing her arms and twinkling mirthfully at him. "So who tranquilized Avon?"

"Yes, Vila whom do we have to thank for this magnificent quiet?" Tarrant prodded, grinning mischievously (and looking mischievously down the deep-cut cleavage of Dayna's tight-fitting baby blue jumpsuit, which could have been the cause of his mischievous grin. Being tall has its perks, you see.)

"Quiet? Quiet!" Vila responded suddenly, turning bleary adrenalin-and-soma-sodden eyes on two pairs of Tarrants and two pairs of Daynas (and trying valiantly -- but failing miserably -- to focus them into one pair, preferably both Dayna). "That's what got us into this in the first place! Not a peep out of the Federation in three weeks! Not a decent bar for 12 parsecs! Not a lock worth picking in three systems --"

"He's gone round the twist," Tarrant commented reasonably, glancing down Dayna's cleavage again.

"I think you're right," Dayna answered, imbedding a mega-chic 4-inch spike heel in Tarrant's booted foot.

"Gmph!" he mumbled, looking quickly up at the ceiling with sudden fascination.

"Precisely," Dayna smiled sweetly at him (if looking like a female preying mantis about to eat her mate can be considered to be smiling sweetly). "But Vila, who tranquilized Avon?"

Vila glanced nervously over his shoulder, then took a hard swallow of his A&S. "Cally," he whispered fearfully, eyes wide. "When she escaped --"

"Cally! Vila, don't be ridiculous!" Dayna exclaimed.

"Why not?" Vila demanded dejectedly.

"Because --"

"Why did Cally tranquilize Avon?"

"He put ORAC in a chair --"

"So?"

"And inserted its key --"

"Big deal."

"And put a cushion on it --"

"But --"

"And tied Cally to it --"

"Oh, no --"

"Then asked ORAC to recite everything he knew about chartered accountancy --"

"A fate worse than death!" Dayna gasped. Tarrant gagged eloquently.

"And locked her in," Vila finished despondently.

"But why?" Dayna asked, her face still tinged with lingering green.

"He was bored," Vila replied, sinking deeper into his flight chair.

"Don't say it," Tarrant warned.

"Bored without Blake," Vila muttered, nodding off into a drunken sleep.

Dayna groaned. Grimacing, Tarrant said, "I asked him not to say that."