

If Looks Could Kill

"Kyle," Arcadia Argent asked her husband as they stretched out on large couch in the living room, "I have an idea. I was wondering if you wouldn't mind trying something different tonight."

"What did you have in mind," he responded absently as he clicked a button on his datapadd.

"Oh, I'll let you know," she told him with a wicked grin as she watched the sunset over Oregon landscape.

"Sounds good," he absentmindedly replied. Kyle was totally absorbed with the specs on the new Shadowhawk and really wasn't paying that much attention to the conversation.

Noting that she wasn't going to get much more than a grunt here or there, Arcadia stood up and trotted off to call Ariel on the comlink.

"Everything ready, Ariel?" she asked Kyle's younger sister.

"I've got everything under control. The caterers will be there in the morning with the food and will set up the tents by mid-morning."

"Good. Anything we need to do?"

"Just make sure my brother is ready. You know how he gets when he's busy with his planes."

"Tell me about it..." Arcadia sighed. "On the other hand," she continued, "We're to have a whole house full of pilots and support personnel all happily chattering away about the latest this or that."

"True! But then as I told Kyle at Regency Station, it was high time he did what all the other past Rigel Cup winners did and put on a get together. With you and I badgering him, it wasn't as if he could refuse."

"Agreed. If you don't need me any more, then I'll sign off. See you in the morning.

"See you later, Arcadia."

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"Oh, Kyle!" Arcadia shouted from the bedroom, "do look at the time! The guests will all be here before you know it."

"I'm almost done," he shouted from the living room. He walked into the bedroom and stared at her. He was dressed in his favorite black pants with his official fighter pilot turtleneck. Since this was somewhat of a fancy dress occasion, he relented and added a black leather vest.

"By the way," he began. "Do you remember our agreement from last night?"

"Yes, I do," she replied as she put on her lace bra and panties.

"Very good. In that case, I want you to wear *this* dress."

He took out of her closet the Ancient Chinese garb he knew to be called a *cheong-sam*. It was a dark emerald green featuring a high collar and no sleeves with a tightly fitting bodice. The length was well below the knees to just above her ankles. The frock was seductively split up the left side to the extreme upper-thigh.

Arcadia looked at the dress and then back to him. "You want me to wear *this*?"

"Yes, I think it will show your... jewels off quite nicely," he remarked as he fingered the necklace that was presented to Arcadia after the Rigel Cup. He was about to leave when he added, "And you don't need these." He took the scissors from his pocket and snipped her panties off.

"What are you bloody doing? You can't.... you can't do that!" she sputtered.

He smiled benignly at her. "Oh, yes I can. We had an agreement. You never asked what I would require in return. And now I'm telling you."

Since he didn't ask her what she had in mind last night and he didn't welch out on her, she had to go through with it. She snatched the dress from his hand as she noted the smile of smug satisfaction on his face.

He began to walk out of the dressing room when he suddenly stopped and faced her. "Oh... by the way. I promise not to embarrass you... *too* much." He managed to scurry out the door before the hairbrush she was holding hit him on his back. However, she narrowly missed Mac who'd come into the room wondering what all the fuss was about....

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He sat down and chewed his back paw as he looked at Arcadia and then looked at the dress.

<"You're going to wear that?"> he asked her telepathically.

"Don't you start!" she bellowed at the cat.

Mac stopped chewing his paw and suddenly made up his mind. <"I am outta here!"> he yelped as he scurried out of the room.

Arcadia clenched her fists in fury as she began to dress all the while wondering just what she had gotten herself into.

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Because Ariel's estate bordered on her older brother Kyle's, it was decided to have the guests park their planes -- many of the pilots eschewed any kind of public transportation and flew on their own -- in her backyard.

"Lawd have mercy, Cordell!" boomed Commodore Johnnie Jamison, Team Manager of this year's winning Rigel Cup Team, as he walked around to examine the old Avenger, called the *Arrowsmith*. "You'all still flying that piece of shit?"

"As if you have anything to say, Johnnie. What about that pile of junk you fly?" the Chief of Staff to the Fighter Corps retorted as he pointed back to Johnnie's old Vigilante, *Belle*.

"Now you listen up, boy, they don't make 'em like that anymore," Johnnie replied somewhat bruised by Cordell's comment.

"That's all right sugah," snorted Johnnie's wife Maybelle that resulted in a grunt from Johnnie.

"*Mon Dieu!* And I for one am thankful for that," remarked Lieutenant Rene Allegri, Kyle's wingman during the recent Rigel Cup victory. "It was hard enough traveling all the way to Regency Station in a Shadowhawk, it would have been murder in a Vigilante."

"You youngins don't know what you'all missed," thundered Johnnie as they walked away from the tarmac towards the festivities.

"Johnnie, they didn't miss squat," Kyle tossed out walked towards his guests. He'd just come over to greet everyone when he overheard Johnnie's comments. "This way," Kyle pointed towards the tent on the lake. "Everything is

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set up there and of course, the house is open if you find being outdoors too strange for you."

Johnnie merely grunted as he pushed Kyle aside and headed towards the bar.

"Good to see you again, Kyle," Amanda Peel greeted him with a kiss.

"Always glad to see you Amanda," he hugged Amanda as they walked towards the lake.

"Where's Arcadia, Kyle?" she asked not seeing Arcadia on the lawn with the rest of the guests.

"Oh... she's probably still dressing," he told her with an uncharacteristically sinister smile. "If you'll excuse me, Amanda..."

"*Still* getting dressed?" Amanda muttered as she blended in with the other guests.

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"I'm going to bloody well kill him!" Arcadia shouted to herself as she kept readjusting her dress. She was certain that a strong puff of air would provide more than the usual party entertainment and she wasn't having any of it. Realizing that she could no longer delay the inevitable, she was about to put on her best face and leave the bedroom when she heard a knock on the door. She opened it to reveal an astonished Ariel.

"Interesting dress..." she stammered as she walked in.

"It's your bloody brother's fault!" Arcadia yelled through clenched teeth.

"Oh?" Ariel replied wondering what her brother was up to.

"Yes, I.... er..." Arcadia paused and looked at Ariel. "Let me put it this way, your brother and I had an agreement. He fulfilled his part and I'm fulfilling mine."

"By wearing the dress?" Ariel asked clearly confused.

"Yes!" Arcadia snapped back.

"Not a problem..." Ariel replied holding up her hands in surrender. "I just came to see if you needed any help and I think you need more than my help in this case. The guests are arriving and wondering where you are."

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"Let's get it over with..." Arcadia began. "And I hope that we have no stiff breezes today."

"Yeah, I kinda understand why," Ariel replied as they walked out into the living room.

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"Oh, there you are," began Amanda and then she stopped dead in her tracks. "Interesting...."

"Don't say it!" Arcadia interrupted. "And don't ask about it either!" she snapped as she hugged Amanda.

"I won't trust me, Arcadia. But don't be surprised if some of the party animals admire more than just the jewels around your neck."

Arcadia rolled up her eyes. "I'm sure they will, Amanda."

Amanda was about to reply, when Kyle called her over to the knot of pilots he was talking to. As Amanda made her way over to Kyle, he smiled at Arcadia, lifting his glass of iced tea to her in a mock salute. The only kind of salute that Arcadia wanted to give Kyle was the rude kind, so she opted just to smile gracefully at him and at the pilots who had suddenly stopped talking and were pointedly staring at her whereupon her congenial smile immediately dissolved into a grimace.

"Is there something wrong, Captain?" asked Rene as he continued to look at Arcadia's.... face...

"No," Kyle began with a mock look of worry on his face as he quietly confided, "it's just that time of month."

"Oh, I see," Rene replied reverently as the rest of the men in the group nodded their heads in understanding.

"What's up, Kyle?" asked Amanda as she joined him with the other pilots.

"Nothing. I just thought you'd be interested in the story that Johnnie was telling."

"What'all story was that, boy?" Johnnie asked with a confused look on his face as he downed another Long Island Iced tea.

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Kyle had to think fast. "What about the story the Klingons told us that night? Assuming that you can remember any, Johnnie," he added wickedly.

Johnnie frowned. "Now, lookee here, son. Ah may drinks a bit but mah memory is as fine as a steel trap."

Cordell rolled his eyes skyward and said nothing as a smile threatened to break out over his face.

"Yessiree bob, those Klingon boys know how to party. In fact..." Johnnie began to the group as Kyle drifted off to see where Arcadia had gone off.

He found her talking to Rudi Serle, another one of the pilots on the recently successful X-Team. He noted that while Rudi didn't exactly fancy women, he tried to keep his eyes on Arcadia's jewels though he noticed that they tended to wander all over her body. Kyle decided that their conversation was getting too serious and he would come over and liven it up for her.

"Rudi. Glad to see you could make it," Kyle greeted him as he deftly moved his hand through the slit of Arcadia's dress and pinched her bottom.

Arcadia made no sound; instead, her eyes popped open prompting a response from Rudi.

"Are you feeling well, Madame?"

Arcadia quickly regained her composure sneaking a look of contempt in Kyle's direction. "I'm fine Rudi. If you'll excuse me, I'll check on the progress of dinner."

She benignly smiled at Rudi and glared at Kyle before she left them.

"Are you sure she's feeling her best, Captain? I don't mean to pry, sir, it's just that..."

Kyle cut him off. "It's that time of month, Rudi. She's fine."

"Oh, I see, Captain," he replied with sincere sympathy for Kyle.

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Arcadia was coming to the slow but inevitable conclusion that she definitely received the short end of this agreement. Certainly, Kyle seemed to enjoy himself last night but right now, she was not enjoying this party one iota. Between the constant stares of the guests and her fear of a strong breeze, she

was becoming more and more agitated. It didn't help that she now knew that Kyle was taking every advantage to corner her while she was talking to the guests and cop a feel. This was turning out to be one of the longest nights of her life. She was about seek out a safe refuge again when she noted that the usual party sounds took a sudden turn downward, then ascended to a crescendo: Wyatt Sustern had arrived.

Admiral Wyatt Sustern, Starfleet Fighter Corps, very retired, as he liked to remind everyone who'd listen, was the oldest living past winner of the Rigel Cup. Because of his advanced age, he didn't get out much, but when he did, he was *always* the center of attention.

"About damned time that yahoo arrived," boomed Johnnie as he downed yet another drink.

"Sugah, he's over ninety years old, so he can take as long as he wants," Maybelle replied as she sipped beloved co-cola while watching the wizened old man weave his way through the crowd.

"Where the hell is Argent!" Wyatt rumbled as he tottered towards them.

"Is that cane for show, Wyatt?" Cordell asked as he took a look at the finely carved walking stick that Wyatt obviously needed.

"Cordell, at my age, you don't use shit by accident," Wyatt started as he narrowed his heavily crows-footed eyelids. "My hip's fucking with me again, besides, it's good for rapping folks across their butts when they aren't paying me any mind." Wyatt opened his eyes and looked around. "Hey!" he shouted to the server, using his cane as a pointer. "Bring that tray over here and just leave it. I'm thirsty."

The server complied and Wyatt took a glass of champagne, downing it in one smooth motion. "Damn, this is good stuff." He licked his wrinkled lips and looked around at the faces that had gathered around him.

"What are you S-O-Bs up to now that you've won the Cup? I'm going to tell you something, Johnnie, I was beginning to think I'd have to suit up the way your X-pussies were performing." Wyatt emphasized his point by tapping Johnnie's chest with his cane. "Leave it to Argent to get finally his shit together." Wyatt paused to down another drink. "What's this about you bastards bringing a broad in to help. This I want to hear."

"Hear what?" Kyle asked as he moved toward Wyatt.

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"About this woman they brought in," Wyatt pointed at Cordell and Johnnie with his cane, "to 'inspire' you as one wag on the grid put it. Couldn't watch the fucking cup without your mug showing up on it all the damned time. What did you do, bribe Townsend?"

"It was the other way around, actually," Kyle commented.

"Who cares about that bastard, what about the damned woman?"

"I can do better than that, Wyatt. I can introduce you to her, in fact..." Kyle began.

"Sorry to interrupt, Captain, but dinner is being served," a party attendant announced.

"Tell you what, Wyatt," he began as he guided Wyatt towards the dinner pavilion. "I'll make sure that I introduce you to her after dinner."

"Fine. Whatever Argent. Just lead me to the food already," Wyatt rumbled as he hobbled towards the elegant tent that would serve as the dining area.

Kyle stayed behind in hopes of finding Arcadia. He knew that she was avoiding him but he wasn't going to allow her to sit next to anyone else besides him for dinner.

"I was beginning to wonder where you were," he told her as he snuck up behind her.

Damn! "I should have guessed there was no way I could avoid you, Kyle."

"None whatsoever." He offered his arm. "Shall we go to dinner?"

"Do I have a choice?" she asked.

He didn't respond but the smile on his face indicated to her that she indeed, had no choice in the matter.

The dining area was set up on a level part of the Kyle's estate under a huge tent. The guests sat down around tables and chairs to enjoy a formal sit down dinner attended to by at least three servers for each table. Kyle arranged to sit with Cordell and Amanda, Johnnie, and Maybelle, Ariel and her spouse Isabell.

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Kyle breathed a sigh of relief as he noted that Wyatt was sitting at another table. He had an idea brewing in the back of his mind and having Wyatt too close would have spoiled it.

"Are you having a good time?" he asked Arcadia as he nuzzled her neck.

"No!" she hissed at him under her breath

"Good," he purred as he turned back to his guests.

Ariel arranged for the caterers to be the same ones that took care of her wedding several years ago, so all the guests really enjoyed the dinner. The conversation around their table ranged from archeology to the current state of politics to, of course, the recent Rigel Cup. As dessert was being served, Kyle moved his right hand under the table, concealing it with the tablecloth and made his way to Arcadia's thigh. He was careful to sit her to his right where the slit in her dress was located. He smoothly moved his hand under her dress until he found his intended target. He could tell by the sudden look of alarm on her face.

Arcadia turned to Kyle and glared while he benignly returned a smile. She rolled up her eyes in hopes that she could keep up her side of any conversation whilst keeping her talons in check.

"How are your medical studies, coming, m'dear," Cordell innocently asked Arcadia as she sipped her tea.

Right as Arcadia put her teacup down, Kyle flicked her clitoris giving her a jolt of ecstasy.

"Fine," she partly choked as she grasped her hands in an effort to keep her talons from becoming exposed.

Cordell became concerned but then he remembered what Kyle had mentioned earlier about it being Arcadia's time of the month.

Amanda and Ariel, on the other hand -- Isabell and Maybelle weren't paying attention as they were locked into a deep discussion about Federation politics -- looked at Arcadia and then at each other. Both suspected that something was going on but not knowing what as they had both overheard Kyle's bogus explanation. They knew that Vaegan women do not menstruate or do they have hormonal fluctuations the way that Terran women do. It is possible that as Arcadia is part Vaegan that she was suffering from fluctuating hormones, but that wasn't likely.

"When are you going to be finished, Arcadia?" Cordell bravely continued. Again, Kyle's fingers found their intended target, leaving Arcadia almost speechless. In her attempt to answer the question, she shot Kyle daggers as she attempted to answer the question.

"Soon," she gasped.

Both Amanda and Ariel began to snicker, not knowing if they should rescue poor Arcadia from the clutches of the Evil Kyle or sit back and allow Kyle to have his fun. As it happened, they had time to do neither as Kyle had brought his hand back from under the table, deftly wiping both hands on the fine linen napkin he'd brought up from his lap.

"That was excellent," Kyle commented to his guests as he stood up.

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As it happened, Wyatt forgot all about meeting the woman that inspired Kyle to win the Cup. However, Kyle was not about to let an opportunity to continue his torture of Arcadia go unfinished. As the guests were about to depart, he pulled Arcadia aside, she assumed, for one last feel for the road.

"You see that old geezer over there," he pointed to Wyatt surrounded by a knot of pilots. "He's very interested in you and I told him that I'd considering giving you to him for the evening. He seemed very intrigued by the idea and wants to check you over."

Arcadia said nothing; instead she examined Kyle's face and determined that he was indeed very serious. She was beginning to think that perhaps using the dildo on him last night wasn't a good idea after all.

Arcadia sighed aloud resigned to her fate. "Bring him over."

Kyle just grinned as he walked to Wyatt. He said a few words to the old man who immediately perked up when Kyle pointed Arcadia out. Wyatt quickly tottered towards her with Kyle trailing behind.

"Glad to finally meet you, toots. Argent's told me all about you," Wyatt began as he was looking at more than just her necklace. "Nice set of rocks you got there, doll."

If Arcadia was appalled, she attempted to keep her emotions under check, while she looked over at Kyle who, it seemed to her, was plainly having too fun tonight.

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"Nice to meet you, sir," she finally told him in a controlled voice.

"Same here sweets... and if you'll excuse me." Wyatt tottered off leaving Arcadia with a look of profound surprise on her face. She watched him saunter over to Rudi who looked eager to see him. They happily left the party arm and arm. Arcadia turned back to Kyle who had a smile which threatened to take over his whole face. It was at that point that she realized that Kyle had set her up. She walked over to him, knowing full well that he was going to take advantage of the situation.

"You are a right bastard, Mister Argent," she told him with a stern voice, but then purred, "but I love you anyway."

"I thought so," he told her as they watched the last of their guests depart.

"By the way..." she began thoughtfully as they walked towards the house, "I have an idea."

"Oh, really?" Kyle replied with a grin worthy of a Cheshire cat.

Arcadia stopped to look carefully at him and then made a hasty decision. "Never mind, I'm still recovering from my last grand idea."

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