

Summary: This vignette is a standalone from the AU 'Slaves of the Prantellian Empire'

Categories: [The Sentinel](#) Characters: Blair Sandburg, Ensemble, Jim Ellison, Jim/Blair

Genres: Slash

Warnings: AU, Enslavement , Fluff, Forced Conception, Hermaphrodite, Implied Sexual Situation

Challenges: None

Series: Slaves of the Prantell

Chapters: 1 Completed: Yes Word count: 810 Read: 513 Published: 07/19/2011 Updated: 07/19/2011

Story Notes:

Story Notes: This vignette is a brief moment in time from the AU 'Slaves of the Prantellian Empire' that can be found exclusively at Mpreg. You do not need to read that WIP to enjoy this tidbit, but it might make it more understandable. This is not a *snippet* and won't be found in any of the existing chapters, nor in any of the ones I have outlined for the future.

Note 2: The full version of Slaves of the Prantellian Empire can be found on the Sentinel Page at Mpreg or you can follow the direct link listed below.

<http://www.crosswinds.net/members/~mpreg/slaves2.html>

Note 3: Virtual hugs to Taley! May visions of a leather clad Jim and a chocolate coated Blair dance in your dreams! This is for you...

1. [Chapter 1](#) by Scorpio

Chapter 1 by Scorpio

It had been a long and tiring day. One of the main anti-grav engines on a highly depended upon supply carrier had blown up in a impressive display of green sparks and purple smoke. The only good thing about the whole situation was that the plasma chamber had held. Jim shuddered at the thought of the damage that could be caused by even a small plasma explosion.

Still, the unit was needed to carry the produce that was being harvested from the fields to processing, and then from processing to the transport ship. Suddenly the maintenance and repair crew was expected to perform miracles. And who did they assign to fix the melted mass of circuits and wiring? Jim and Henri.

Jim rolled his eyes. When the Prantellians had taught him and Henri basic Empirical mechanical engineering, both on the drawing board and practical applications, they didn't argue because they felt that knowledge would come in handy to escape. They figured that the Prantellians wanted to educate them in an effort to make them be more accepting of their slave status. In actuality, it was so that they could have mechanics who were used to being put in deadly situations and had proven themselves to stay calm and collected under fire. So, now Jim and Henri got all of the dangerous jobs. Like fixing anti-grav engines and unstable plasma chambers.

Making his way up the stairs of Terran Barrak 3247-R, Jim groaned softly as his tired and sore muscles complained. He was feeling every minute of this last 17 hour shift in every bone of his body. Even his hair hurt.

He brought a hand up to rub at his tired and burning eyes. He stopped suddenly and looked at his callused and rough hand. His skin was dry and cracked. Minute amounts of 10w Zantar Gum had worked it's way into those cracks making his hands appear to be stained a dark green. He groaned.

It was all so pointless, so stupid. His hatred for the Prantellian Overlords flared from a burning ember to a bright white hot flame. What was stopping him from just taking out the guards and starting a fight that would either win his freedom or end his enslavement?

Anger coursing through him, he pushed open his bedroom door roughly. It banged against the

wall hard enough to wake the person sleeping in his bed and all of his anger melted from him. His reason for not acting out in a terminally stupid way lifted a hand and brushed long curls from his sleepy eyes.

"Jim?"

A small smile ghosted across Jim's tired face as Blair shifted. The pale moonlight streaming through the window of their small room illuminated his mate beautifully to Sentinel sight. Soft, thick curls. Generous full lips. Broad strong shoulders. Subtle swell of breasts. Round pregnant belly. Compact muscular legs.

"Yeah babe, it's me. I just got off shift."

Blair shifted slightly, his one square hand fluttering across the taunt skin of his tummy as sleep heavy eyes blinked blearily at him.

"What time is it?"

"It's just past third watch lover."

Jim began to peel off his thick terry cloth robe as his hermaphrodite mate make an effort to straighten out the tangled blankets and bunched up pillows. It was a gently heartwarming sight. The heavy bulk of their child made movement awkward and slow for Blair, but he couldn't seem more beautiful to Jim if he tried.

With a tenderness that only his pregnant mate could instill in him, Jim helped to fix the blankets and then eased Blair back into a comfortable position. Crawling in beside him, Jim wrapped one arm around Blair's hips, snuggled up tight under the bulge of his tummy while the other reached out and clasped Blair's closest hand. Then, wiggling slightly to find the best spot, Jim carefully laid his head against the swollen curve of Blair's stomach and slowly dialed up his hearing.

Blair's strong and steady heartbeat. The gurgle of digestion. The rhythmic swish and whirl of blood rushing through veins and arteries. The sighing sound of airing expanding healthy lungs only to be slowly expelled. There! Soft at first, but then Jim focused a little bit tighter with his hearing.

Thumpa-thumpa, thumpa-thumpa. Thumpa-thumpa, thumpa- thumpa.

His mind was filled with a wash of loving awe as he listened to the sound of his unborn child's heart beating within Blair's body.

Thumpa-thumpa, thumpa-thumpa. Thumpa-thumpa, thumpa- thumpa.

With the hand that was laying flat against Blair's hip, Jim gently began to tap out the rhythm.

Suddenly, all his aches and pains didn't bother him. The humiliation of enslavement drifted away. His anger and resentment melted in the loving warmth of his family. At this moment, in this place, all that mattered was in his arms. He would fight,... but not right now.

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