

The Admiral's Orders

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The Admiral's Orders

by [Singerdiva01](#)

Summary

Admiral Cain wants to will Thanatos to leave her lover alone. No attacks AU, written for the BSG Kink prompt, 'Roslin/Cain, Helena asks Laura to move in with her.'

“Please, Helena, please let me come,” Laura begged plaintively, her body coiled so tight she was not above begging.

“No, Laura, only when I say so,” the Admiral snarled as she pounded into her lover with the strap-on even harder just to make her point.

Laura whimpered but gathered her thoughts just enough to remember her trump card. She pushed the button controlling the vibrator nestled inside the harness, right at Helena’s nub, and forced it to the highest setting.

“Oh, frak,” Helena muttered under her breath. Her rhythm faltered and her eyes clenched shut. She missed Laura’s grin of triumph but felt the other woman’s hips thrusting upward, urging her toward completion.

“Now, Helena?” Laura gasped.

The admiral remained silent for a few moments, her punishing thrusts erratic, before her resolve broke.

“Now, Laura,” she cried as her own body was wracked with the power of her orgasm. Her screams melted together with Laura’s, who found her end with a cry to the Gods.

Helena collapsed on top of her lover, careful to avoid her sensitive chest even in her post orgasmic haze. Laura noticed the tears falling on her shoulder before the Admiral did and shifted her body just enough to draw Helena’s head to her shoulder and stroke her hair.

“Move in with me, Laura,” she muttered, her voice soft and her breath warm against her lover’s ear.

Laura’s body tensed instinctively and her hand stilled in the other woman’s dark locks. She’d never intended to meet this dashing admiral with a penchant for control at the meeting following Galactica’s decommissioning. She’d certainly never expected the woman to hang around once she found the lump in her left breast that very first night. The past two weeks had been something like a dream but she knew deep in her heart it would all be over after her first diloxan treatment the very next day.

“Please, Laura. Let me take care of you,” she continued despite Laura’s obvious shock. “I’m due some extended leave. You don’t have to do this alone.”

Laura sighed deeply and blinked away her own tears.

“Helena, we’ve known each other for two weeks. That’s certainly not long enough to saddle yourself with caring for a dying woman.”

Helena raised her head and met Laura’s misty gaze head on.

“You’re not going to die. I won’t allow it. And you belong right here in this bed, doing exactly what I tell you to do.”

Laura had to stifle a giggle at her lover's surety that she could order even Thanatos away. She looked around the small apartment and took in its' spare walls and military feel. She felt Helena's fingers gripping her arm desperately, the closest the formidable Admiral Cain would come to begging.

"Alright, dear. But we're seriously going to have to redecorate."

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