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Stargate sg1 fanfiction goa'uld queen

Anxiousgeek title: Good DayAuthor: Anxious: Stargate AtlantisRating: PG-13Character/Pairing: Sam/Aiden FordSpoilers: 1.09 - Home Warning: Suggestions.Summary: AKA what else Aiden Ford did while they were unconscious in the fog on M5S-24: One more note: 2001 words. This is more Ford/Sam, than Sam/Ford, if that makes sense. (I want to go back to Atlantis.Collapse) Current Mood: grumpyCurrent music: Radio One scruffyduck Title: Acquiescence Around MeAuthor: anxiousgeekFandom: Stargate SG-1Rating: PG-13Character/Pairing: Sam/fic. Sam/Hathor sort of. Spoiler: HathorWarnings: Terrorism. Summary: What if, at the end of Hathor, Sam and Jack didn't stop Goa'uld Queen Hathor and it all went horribly wrong. Note: 5715 words. Have tried to figure out the right Sam/Hathor fic for ages, this is out. Thanks so, so, so much for the audrich for beta, beta second and the third read through. I am your humble fic servant. Another Sam couple to just _that_ hot this point (This isn't the way it should have gone. Collapse) Current Mood: Cold Music: Radio One Edit Shares Queen Tok'ra Egeria. Queen Goa'uld is a goa'uld capable of producing new Goa'uld. Main Summary[edit | edit source] while Goa'uld is not sexy, there are some Goa'uld that can produce larvae. These goa'ulds are referred to as the Queen, both because they reproduce in ways similar to Earth's insects and because they often use large political clouts. Goa'uld Queens sometimes use power and rise to the ranks of god's systems themselves, but more often than not, they appear to serve as a consort to other System Lords (usually those with male hosts). Almost without exception, goa'uld queen prefers a female host. The Queen is quite rare, and is capable of leasing many goa'uld larvales -- called prim'ta -- in every cycle. To do this the queen first acquired a genetic sample (often sexually acquired, for those queens who have taken the host body) from the host species intended to ensure compatibility. A fossil goa'uld queen found on P3X-888. While the development of new symbiots typically involves passing goa'uld genetic memory to his children, the queen can choose not to do so -- making symbiots of empty stones that are more susceptible to order and domination, rather than thirst for their own power and worship. (SG1: Evolution, Part 2) When the queen begins to create symbiots it grows large studs that contain young people until they are ready to be born. The Queen can dispartate from the cancah to enter the host if desired. (SG1: Cure) Hathor gets master removing pheromone similar to Nish'ta, (SG1: Hathor) but it is unclear if this is something the Queen can do. The queen known [edits resources] Those who have passed are 1. The Queen Goa'uld Community Content can be found below unless otherwise stated. General Hammond... General Hammond, Sir! General George Hammond stopped midstride as he heard someone call his name. Footsteps are quickly approached from behind. Swirling, he smiles as he sees who approaches. It was the young woman who had hovered in Jacob's bed when George first arrived in hospital. Yes, um, Miss, General said politely as the young woman rushed to her, concerned written clearly on her face. General, I know you must be very busy. But, maybe I like having a quick word? The young woman asked her in earnest. Sank hati Hammond. Oh no, no more bad news, he's worried, wondering what might be worse than what Jacob has just told him. Well, if it's about Jacob Carter, you can have more than a quick word, Ma'am, Hammond tells him with a fading smile. One of his oldest friends is dead, and George is just happy to know that someone is here and personally takes care of it. All the dead old men should be so fortunate; Hammond couldn't help thinking because he was snatched at the exciting young woman in front of her. I shouldn't let Sam go ahead with that badly mission; George educated himself for the second time as the young woman moved him to the side room. The room is completely empty except for cribs, and chairs. The girl covered the door firmly behind them, and then pulled the chair around so it faced an empty bed. He moved him to the chair while he was uncomfortable on the edge of the bed. He thought of getting up and offering a chair, but immediately he decided it against him. General Hammond. Sir, he began to be somewhat uncertain. I hope you won't think I'm trying to pry. However... The girl greped her hands for a while, and then she burst out. You must get Jacob's daughter back here, and as soon as possible. The general cleared his throat a little uncomfortable. Well, I'm afraid that's easier said than done, Ma'am. JacobSaya's daughter knows exactly what she has told you, she harasses her. He has told you not to call him, in no uncertain terms, right? Hammond rephrensed, and suppressed the smile.Well, just ignored it, he told him flatly. You just ignore whatever he says to you to do. I didn't mean to sound cool, Sir but-He broke down again. Hammond was very touched to see two tears well in the young woman's blue eyes. He angrily propelled them with the heels of his hands, his eyes never leaving Hammond's face. He didn't have a very long time at all. Sir. Know that now, and Samantha ... I mean, his daughter, ... he needs to be here. Not only for his sake, but for his peace of mind as well. So, you just ignore whatever stubborn old man there says; it's just his pride to speak, and not his Father's heart. Samantha is the one who has to live with this for the rest of her life, unable to say the right Goodbye to her Father... He tracks tracking and then said in a nearby whistle, I knew what it was like for a daughter, General Hammond. My own father died in war, and I had no hope of saying Goodbye to him. It's still something that intestines me, even after all these years. So, please, Sir, if you can do anything at all, please? Observing her, the first thing George Hammond wonders is there in the war what might this young woman's Father have died? He looks so young, no older than Captain Carter did. His apparent concern for Jacob and his family makes him look younger and more vulnerable. This doesn't leave too many choices Hammond's wars can figure out. But, of course, he didn't ask. He decided to let him in small secrets, instead. Well, Hammond decided. Leaning forward, Hammond is happy with the name on his usual smock. Mary's mother, I... He cleaned his throat, and then he took another close look at the tag, thinking that he had read it incorrectly. Mother? he asked. The girl gave her a bit of a shrub. That's what everyone around here calls me, General. But, if that's too uncomfortable for you, please contact me Mary. The general offered his hand, and he took it. Well then, Mary, and please let's drop the military's official stuff. Just call me George. Now, please don't mention to Jacob, but I'm trying to organize Sam, his daughter, to be here. I can't promise anything, given its current situation, you understand. Relieving Mary's facial flooding, and for an uncomfortable time, George Hammond was absolutely sure that he would jump and embrace it. It didn't happen, though. He just squeezed his hand before releasing it. He smiles at him. I'm sure that the smiles have seen some old soldiers from the Big Outside, Hammond racing dumplings. Well, I apologize for wasting your time later, Gen, I mean, George, he said, rising to his feet. But... you don't know how hard it is for me. Just trying to convince Jacob to call anyone at all has been a full-time effort. The old idiot is stubborn that he is., he adds in the shade. Oh, I think I can guess, Hammond replied, too. I've known Jacob for decades, Mary. Would you mind if I asked how long you had known it?. Um, the young woman seemed to be considering a moment. I've known Jacob for just under a week. I was asked to come and sit her wit shortly after she was put here. Well, you're a good character judge and soon later, Miss Hammond told him as he took him towards the door. Thank you for taking care of Jacob. The young woman was smiling again, but it was a very distressing little smile. No one should die alone, George. The doctor actually takes care of it. I'm just, um, well, just a bit of a distraction, and moral support, that's it. Hammond felt the young woman was too modest in underestimated her true role at the end of this man's life, but she didn't Point. Looking into Mary's eyes, she was struck with a sudden notion of grievance that the eyes held not just years of grief, but perhaps centuries worth... centuries or more... Placing a strange notion of his mind, he handed the woman a small business card with a personal number written on it. Will you please contact me, if you can, when—he broke, but Mary instilled to him in a knowing way, and carefully tucked his card away in his volunteer smock pocket. Of course I will, George. After the older man had left the room, Mary closed the door, and leaned heavily against the wall. We need to do something, he says silent, and other presence that lives in his mind and his body answers, sounds weak but not countless. We do everything possible. You know we have no child to offer him, Mary, Symbiot Goa'uld known as Isis telling his hosts slow-peppering. And, it is inevitable to continue using Healing devices too—I know that! Mary replies to her Symbiot, sounding quite strong then she has been intended. I just want her to be able to part with her daughter peacefully, that's it, her chiws more gently. On this matter I disagree. Isis is scary, messy just a little bit. I guess it won't be harmful to keeping this for a while yet... but not forever. I cannot agree to risk our exposure to a dead man, especially the useless to us. Mary has long stopped winning on Isis sometimes a very blunt announcement. Her symbiot is, generally, more tolerant and forgives women than it ever seems to be any man, and Mary is used to this. It doesn't mean he likes it, though. If she's a woman or Osiris' host, you wouldn't think she was so wasted, she complained. Perhaps not, Symbiot agrees lightly. But, he doesn't host Osiris. Osiris will make a very interesting addition to his personality. I regret not having any current relationship with Tok'ra, if with some miracle they yet live, admit Isis. Given their desperate need for the hosts, I'm sure Jacob Carter will be good enough for them. Mary knows when to stop while she's ahead. He straightened his smock and headed towards Jacob Carter's room. Rooms.