Robin Hood? Not So Much...

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I thought it would be AWESOME to put SG-1 in the Robin Hood world...I wanted it to be funny, but it got kinda sappy near the end.
Oh! And about Ba'al wanting to take Carter as his queen...I always though that Ba'al had the hots for Carter.

Provided by Fanart Central.

1 - Robin Hood? Not So Much...

"How do we always get ourselves into these messes?" Jack grunted as he, Daniel and Teal'c scaled the castle wall.

"Perhaps because we get our hands in things we shouldn't?" Daniel grunted in return.

"We should have learned that long ago!" Jack hefted himself through a window then helped pull Daniel in after him. He had to admit, the man had gotten much better at stuff like this in his absence.

"I do not understand why we are in these clothes," Teal'c said after he pulled himself in and started to pull in the rope.

"I'm not very fond of the Men in Tights look either, T," Jack replied, cracking a door open and peeking into the hall.

Daniel folded his hands together inside the wide sleeves of his robe. "This reminds me of the Gamekeeper. I think this is a sort of virtual world…"
"And the virtual bad guys are still holding Carter hostage. With very real weapons," Jack growled at his friend as he unsheathed his sword.

Once again, SG-1 had found themselves in a rather peculiar predicament. They had 'gated to P7R-991 and found themselves in the mythical world of Robin Hood. Nottingham, archery contests and merry men included. Suffice it to say, they were not amused. Having to go on a rescue was one thing, but having to play a role at the same time was completely different. At least Jack got to be the hero, and Teal'c was in the role of Little John, but Daniel was 'privileged' to be Friar Tuck. At least he got to keep all of his hair.

Daniel stood between Jack and Teal'c, feeling completely vulnerable without a weapon.

Jack was leaning out of the door, knuckles white around the hilt of his sword. "I count three, four, five guards in the hall," he whispered. "Daniel, stay here."

Daniel nodded, holding himself against the cold stone wall as Teal'c slipped past him and followed Jack into the corridor. There were a few shouts, clanging of metal on metal and metal scraping stone, then stretching silence. Daniel risked sticking his head out into the corridor and came face to face with Jack.

"I thought I told you to stay put!" Jack frowned.

"It was quiet for too long, so I, uh--"

"Thought you'd risk getting caught? Here, I brought you a present." Jack thrust an object into Daniel's hand and turned back out into the hall.

Daniel glanced down at the heavy sword in his hand and felt guilty at the security he felt with a weapon in his hand. Unfortunately, it had become part of his life. Shaking his head, he followed Jack out into the corridor and looked around for Teal'c.

"This way," Jack whispered, pointing to a door at the end of the corridor.

"What about Teal'c?" Daniel asked, looking over his shoulder at the other end of the hall. Soldiers lay unconscious all over the floor.

"He'll catch up. C'mon. Carter's up here." Jack opened the door to reveal a staircase. Hugging the wall, Jack started up the staircase.

"Highest room in the tallest tower? A little cliché, don't you think?" Daniel whispered as they crept up the stairs.

"I have taken care of the remaining soldier, O'Neill," Teal'c's voice rumbled behind them.

Daniel started. "Teal'c! Do you think you could not sneak up on me like that?"

"I apologize, Daniel Jackson."

"Shh!" Jack hissed, coming to a halt. They were near the top of the stairs, which came to a stop at a trap door. "Teal'c, keep an eye on the stairs," he whispered over his shoulder, craning his neck awkwardly to listen for activity on the other side of the trap door.

It was a tense few minutes, but finally Jack was satisfied there were no enemy soldiers on the other side and he rapped on the wooden panel with the butt of his sword. "Carter!" he hissed. There was no answer.

"I don't think she heard," Daniel whispered over Jack's shoulder.
"Ya think?" Jack snarled back. "Back up." He waved his hand, getting Teal'c and Daniel to move down a few steps. Carefully, but not without force, Jack swung his sword at the secure latch, breaking the lock on the first try. With a creak, the latch fell open.

"Huh. Didn't think that would work." Jack shrugged.

Pushing the trap door open, Jack, followed by Daniel and Teal'c, ran up the last few steps and into the room above. It was a large circular room with cloth hanging from the walls to insulate it, an enormous hearth, spiral rugs on the floor and a big four poster bed with a canopy. The curtains were drawn around the bed.

"Guard the stairs," Jack whispered to Daniel and Teal'c.

The men nodded.

Walking slowly so his boots didn't click on bare sections of the floor, Jack made his way over to the bed. He really hoped Carter was up here. They had been separated as soon as they arrived on this planet so

they could act out this ridiculous fairytale for the entertainment of the inhabitants of the planet. As far as he knew, anyway. Daniel had assured him that, according to the way things were playing out, Carter would have assumed the role of Maid Marian. Lucky Carter…

The muscles in Jack's jaw twitched when he reached the bed. Extending on hand, he pulled back the curtain and found Carter, once again dressed up to fulfill a part. Jack wasn't complaining, though. The pale pink dress and bodice were beautiful on her.

"Carter," he whispered, shaking her shoulder gently. "Carter!"

Carter sat up with a start. "Sir!" she gasped as she sat up. She frowned at him, raising an eyebrow at his outfit. "Not to sound ungrateful or anything, sir, but it's about time!"

"Nice to see you, too, Carter," Jack replied sarcastically. He extended a hand and helped her up.

"Uh, Jack! We've got a problem!" Daniel called from the stairs.

"What is it, Daniel?" Jack asked, spinning on his heel. Daniel and Teal'c were backing into the room.

"Uh…guards. And lots of them!" Daniel called back when the first swords clanged together.

"For cryin' out loud!" Jack charged into the fray to fight alongside his friends. "Carter, stay outta the way!"

"I don't think so, sir!" Carter shouted back as she kicked out, making one guard topple over. She took the sword from his hand and joined in with the others.

"You go girl!" Jack shouted sarcastically.

Carter grinned as they began to push back the continuous stream of guards. The tables were beginning to turn.

"Hey! Watch the knees!"

"Jack, I don't think he cares about your knees."

"Daniel, shut up."

Okay…so maybe taking on twenty plus armed castle guards when all they had between the four members of SG-1 was three swords and a quarter staff wasn't such a great idea.

"Hey, muscles! There was a fourth person with us. A woman. Pretty, blonde hair, blue eyes? Sound familiar?" Jack asked, looking up at a well built guard that stood off to the side.

"Silence!" With the barked command came a blow to the side of the head.

"Ooohhh…" groaned Jack, turning his face to the side. Blood trickled from his temple and over his cheek.

Daniel grimaced when Jack rolled onto his side, bound arms twisting painfully.

"Was that necessary? You know, you guys have really bad PR…"

"I said silence!" This time the guard landed a kick to Jack's midsection.

"You also take constructive criticism really badly," Jack managed to cough out.

"Jack," hissed Daniel, looking over at Teal'c who looked stolidly worried, if that was even possible.

"Daniel, I'm handling this…"

Despite the fact that his friend was about to receive another blow, Daniel rolled his eyes. "Oh yeah…Really looks that way, Jack."

Jack was about to say something else, and the guard was on the verge of striking him again, but both froze when they heard trumpets.

"What's that?" Jack asked, glancing over at Daniel.

"I assume someone important is coming," Daniel whispered, keeping his eyes on the door that the trumpeting sound was coming from.

The door swung open and two armed castle knights came through, followed by a single man.

"Ba'al," Teal'c spat, glowering at the man who came through the door.

"For cryin' out loud!"

Daniel shot a worried glance at Jack. He was the only one who had seen his friend tortured and killed over and over. It had left an empty place in the man that had never healed.

Ba'al ignored their comments as he sat down in a tall backed chair behind a long table. He tented his fingers, resting his elbows on the table. A smirk played on his lips. "Robin Hood."

Daniel kept his eyes on Jack. The man looked a tad confused.

"Ah…Not so much," Jack replied. "Have you lost what little there is of your mind?"

Ba'al sighed. "No, I just thought it would be fun to play out this little Tau'ri fairytale."

"Fun isn't the word I would have used. Oh, and by the way, Robin Hood wins in the end," Jack grumbled, glowering at Ba'al.

The host's lips quirked up in the ever present smug smirk and he leaned back in his chair. "Not this time, I'm afraid."

On cue, every guard in the room removed their helmets. Almost every one was a Ba'al clone.

Jack looked around the room, then back to the man sitting before them. "Stretching ourselves a little thin, are we?"

Daniel and Teal'c surveyed the room as well. Of the thirty guards in the room, twenty of them were Ba'als.

"I'm gonna get you all confused," Jack began, feigning calm. "I'll have to name you all. You can be Basket, Base, Tennis, Soccer, Ping Pong…" he continued to name the different Ba'als in the room as the smirk on Sheriff Ba'al of Nottingham's face grew.

Daniel's head dropped to his chest. "We are so screwed…"

"That reunion was short lived," Sam grumbled to herself, sitting down on the bed in her new room. She blew upward, causing a few strands of hair to flutter before settling back into place.

With a long sigh, she got up and made her way over to the single window and looked out. The plan that had begun to form in her head was destroyed before it was completely formulated. The window was way to far from the ground to create a rope with the bedding. She couldn't even MacGyver a way out of this mess. Not that she'd leave without the others, anyway, but at least she'd be free to come up with a rescue plan.

Sam leaned forward, bracing her elbows on the sill and resting her head on one fist. She racked her brain for ideas, but the only one she could come up with involved a naquadah generator and an explosion. She didn't have a generator, but if she could get her hands on some black powder…

"Ah, the sweet Maid Marian."

Sam rolled her eyes and groaned. She knew that voice all too well. Slowly, she turned around and met the gaze of Ba'al.

"Ba'al. What do you want?" she asked impatiently, crossing her arms.

"Now, now, m'dear. Is that any way to speak to your future husband?" Ba'al replied, looking as smug as usual.

Sam had to choke back a laugh. "You've u*gotta* be kidding!"

Ba'al feigned hurt. "You break my heart, m'dear."

"Do you even have a heart?"

The smirk grew on his lips again. "I believe I have chosen well."

Frowning, Sam studied the Goa'uld in front of her.

"You will be an excellent host," he said, taking a few steps toward Sam. She was backed against the wall and had no where to go, so Ba'al reached her position in a few strides. Reaching out, he brushed the backs of his fingers against her cheek.

Repulsed, Sam shuddered, grimacing. She kept her eyes locked with his, making sure he could see the hatred in her eyes.

Raising his right arm, Ba'al displayed the hand device he wore. It began to glow as he passed it over her forehead.

Sam tried to struggle against the white hot fire that burned in her skull, but her muscles refused to obey. She tried to shout, but her vocal cords were paralyzed. Her body was under his control, but her mind was screaming.

Dropping his hand, Ba'al smiled. "Come along, my Queen. It is time for the wedding of Prince John and Maid Marian."

"No!" Sam shouted, but she didn't hear her voice. She was trapped in her own body.

"O'Neill." Teal'c turned his head to face his friend. Their leader's eyes darted back and forth across the courtyard, surveying their surroundings.

"What is it, T?"

"What is the plan of escape?"

"Haven't come up with one yet. That's Carter's forte," Jack muttered.

"Someone better come up with something fast because I think Ba'al is on his way," Daniel added.

"Which one?" Jack shifted on his feet, testing the thick ropes again. He, Daniel and Teal'c had been tided together, wrists and ankles bound. Things were not looking good for them.

"Make way for Prince John!" a Page called from one side of the courtyard.

Jack glanced toward the Page. "You've gotta be kidding me!" he shouted when yet another Ba'al made an appearance.

"He has Colonel Carter with him," Teal'c observed.

"For cryin' out loud! I'm too old for this crap!" Jack started to struggle against the ropes that bound his wrists.

Daniel refrained from pointing out the face that he hadn't needed to come along. Colonel Mitchell could easily have come instead, but Jack insisted on another outing with SG-1 while he was in Colorado Springs.

Ba'al, along with Colonel Carter walked up a set of stairs, into the stands that lined one end of the courtyard and sat down in the tall backed chairs in the center.

"Colonel O'Neill--!"

"Actually, it's General now!" Jack cut him off, still trying to wriggle free of the rope.

"Well, congratulations. General O'Neill, it is my pleasure to inform you that I have granted an extension on your life!" Ba'al called across the yard.

"Is that so? Lucky us…" O'Neill growled. Every muscle in his body tensed at the thought of another stay in one of Ba'al's palaces.

"I have decided you should be alive when I take Samantha as my Queen."

Carter remained ominously silent at his side.

Jack met Carter's empty gaze. "Over my dead body!" he snarled.

Ba'al's triumphant smirk was surely visible from outer space. "Oh my. Have I struck a soft spot?"

"Let her go, you sick bastard! Carter! Carter!" With renewed vigor, Jack strained at his bonds, the rope cutting into his wrists, making him bleed.

Daniel and Teal'c joined in with Jack's shouting.

"C'mon, Sam! Fight it! You're stronger than this!"

"Colonel Carter!"

"Don't let him manipulate you like that, Sam!"

Ba'al's gut-churning cheerful laughter rang out. "Don't waste your breath! She's under my control!"

"No! Sam, snap out of it!" Jack shouted back. This wasn't fair! He wasn't going to let Carter go that easily.

Sam stood calmly beside Ba'al. Not because she wanted to, but because she was forced to. She could hear every shout from her teammates, and she wanted to call back to them, but she couldn't find her voice. Her chest hurt at seeing the expressions on her friends' faces. The expression on Jack's face cut deep, but Ba'al's laughter cut deeper.

In her mind, she struggled like the others, but she wasn't struggling against rope. She was struggling against her own body.

"Carter! Please fight it!" Jack nearly begged.

"I'm trying!" her mind called back. The only part of her body that seemed to want to respond to her was her eyes. She blinked a few times, trying to hold back the tears that threatened to spill. She looked towards General O'Neill and caught his eye.

"I know it's you in there, Carter!" Jack called to her.

"Samantha, my dear. I believe it is time for you to go change for our wedding ceremony," Ba'al leaned over and whispered in her ear.

Sam's impulse was to reach out and punch him in the nose. Her arm didn't respond.

"You will make a very beautiful host." This time the whisper was accompanied by brief lick to the shell of her ear.

Without even thinking, Sam's arm shot out and she felt cartilage crunch under her fist. Vaguely she heard a cheer off to one side.

Blood poured down his chin as a very angry Ba'al brought his hand up to use the hand device.

Sam's legs felt like jelly with relief that she was able to move again, but she stood her ground. She grabbed his wrist, preventing him from using the hand device on her. A powerful gravity wave erupted from the device, blowing a hole in the far wall.

Sam brought her knee up, making a solid connection with Ba'al's, well…The man grunted, doubling over. She managed to push him over, sending them both down onto the floor of the stands.

Jack and Daniel both grimaced in sympathy when Sam's knee connected with Ba'al's groin.

"Colonel Carter has gained the advantage," Teal'c said when the man bent at the waist.

Using that advantage, Carter sent both of them tumbling over and out of view. Jack growled, wishing he could see what was going on and vaguely wondering why Ping Pong and Tennis weren't protecting their boss. Or was that Soccer and Base?

"Daniel, can you see anything?"

Daniel craned his neck, straining futilely to see over the wall in front of the chairs. "Nope."

"Teal'c?"

"I can not see anything, O'Neill."

"Damn."

They could hear vague grunts and other sounds of struggling, and occasionally a limb or a butt would become visible as the two fought.

"C'mon, Carter…"

"Jack, I don't think any of the guards are real. I think they're part of this, ah, virtual world and don't do anything without a command," Daniel muttered beside him.

"Well, the Ba'al fighting Carter is real," Jack growled.

"O'Neill!"

Jack looked up and saw Carter standing up, looking dazed.

"Sam!" Daniel called to her.

She looked over at them and wasted no time leaping over the short wall, in her dress, and running over to them. Starting with Daniel, she untied their wrists and let them take care of their ankles. Coming around to stand in front of them, she began to tear strips of cloth from the hem of her dress. "I'm so glad you guys are alright," she said as she wrapped the cloth around Jack's bloodied wrists.

Jack couldn't say anything as Sam tied the cloth.

"You, too," Daniel replied, putting a hand on her shoulder.

"I am glad you are safe, Colonel Carter," Teal'c added, bowing his head.

She offered a smile, which turned into a wince when the darkening bruise on her cheek stretched.

"Jack, you okay?" Daniel asked, eyeing up his friend.

"Uh, yeah. Teal'c, Daniel, go secure Ba'al."

"Ah…oh…kay." Daniel frowned, but went with Teal'c anyway.

Once their friends were out of earshot, Sam looked up at Jack. "Sir, you okay?"

Jack threw his feathered cap off his head and scrubbed a hand through his hair. "No, Carter. I'm not."

He didn't elaborate, and Carter didn't question. Frustrated with himself and the universe, Jack let out a low growl. He reached out, grabbed Sam's shoulders and pulled her into a tight embrace.

"Sir," she whispered against his chest, returning the hug.

"Sam." He found himself at a loss for words. He wanted to tell her that he would protect her, but he couldn't live up to those words anymore.

As they shared the embrace, the world around them began to waver and fade into something different. Jack found himself staring up at a ceiling of a dark red and golden room. When realization sank in and the chair let him go, Jack lurched forward.

"I *hate* these things!" he exclaimed, glaring at the familiar piece of technology.

Daniel, Teal'c and Carter slowly extracted themselves from the chair, coming to stand in front of them.

"I wonder when Ba'al got his hands on the Gamekeeper's technology," Daniel wondered aloud.

Jack shrugged. "Don't know, but it needs to be destroyed."

"Indeed."

Carter remained silent.

Jack looked over at her. "I wouldn't have let him make you a Snake Queen, you know."

"I know, sir. I'm just still a little creeped out that he had my body under his control."

Jack sighed. "Alright kids. Let's find our weapons and go home."

Carter nodded. "This experience has totally ruined *Robin Hood: Men in Tights* for me," she muttered as they headed toward the Stargate.

"You and me both."