

The Witches of Eriadne: Double, Double - Part 2: Introductions

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Lilith by Lilith

Chapter 2

When John awoke, he realized that someone was playing music.

He opened his eyes and looked up at a high ceiling covered with the most extraordinary plaster reliefs he'd ever seen. Directly above him he could see two mating unicorns in the grass of a meadow. When he let his eyes roam he saw that there was a herd of unicorns on the meadow, including stags, mares and foals, which were grazing, playing and just standing beside each other, enjoying the peace. The animals and plants seemed so realistic that he expected them to move at any moment.

"Do you like it?" John pushed himself up on his elbows, realizing that his uniform jacket and shirt -- or what was left of them were gone and that he was lying between soft furs and cushions in a round [Trough?] of sorts. [Well considering my earlier situation -- and if it wasn't so plush -- I'd call it a pit.] In the opposite corner of the room he saw a table and several easy chairs, but no one was sitting in them. The fireplace in the left wall was cold. He turned on his stomach and looked behind him, where the voice had come from.

In front of the big window, Lily sat on the broad window seat, gently plucking the strings of what looked like a small harp. She smiled down at him. "I love unicorns. They are so beautiful and perfect."

She put the harp on the ground and with one fluid movement glided down from the window seat and onto her belly on the floor in front of him. Her head rested on her hands, and her emerald green eyes smiled at him as much as her lips. "Good morning. Or rather, good evening."

Again Matheson found himself captured by her eyes. They seemed as vast and deep as an ocean, something you could lose yourself in if you weren't careful.

"Is it already evening?" he asked.

"Well, the sun is going down right now. I like to watch that from my window." She reached down for his arm and tugged him to his feet; he was surprised to find that her petite figure hid more strength than he'd have given her credit for.

Only when he stood at the window beside her did he realize that his uniform pants had been removed and replaced by tight-fitting, dark red pants of a silky material. But he didn't have time to think about that before she sighed and said, "Isn't this the most beautiful sunset you've ever seen?"

Matheson looked out and had to agree that despite having seen many sunsets on many different worlds, it was at least one of the most impressive ones, if not the most beautiful one, he'd seen. The sky seemed to be alive with countless shades of red, orange, yellow and gold.

Lily leaned her cheek and right hand against his chest and reached around his back with her other arm, her hand lightly resting on his left hip. John looked down at the mass of red curls, unsure about what to do, then laid his arm around her shoulder and looked out at the setting sun again.

Suddenly she stiffened, her left hand momentarily clawing into his hip, then she slipped away from him and stared out the window, a distracted look on her face. Suddenly her mouth curved into a smile. "He's coming... he will come here!" She whirled around and looked at him excitedly. "He will come here!" He fully expected her to clap her hands and jump up and down like an excited child. Instead she grabbed his arm and pulled him towards the table he had already seen in the opposite corner, before he could ask what or who she was talking about. "You must be hungry. You have to eat!"

She pushed him down into one of the easy chairs and gestured at the collection of plates already waiting on the table. "Take what you like." She seated herself on the chair opposite his and poured

red liquid from a decanter into their glasses. He had a moment to study her clothes, which she had changed during his sleep. She now wore a dress made of an incredibly fine material with intricate red and gold designs, seeming almost weightless as it rippled at the edges and flowed with her every move. It was gathered at the waist with a golden belt that was slim at the back and sides, but widened and curved down into a tip at the front. Her heart-shaped décolleté imitated the form of the belt and revealed her full breasts, accentuated by the snake tattoo he had noticed earlier. She wore the sleeves, which were gathered at the elbows and then flowed down gracefully, off-shoulder. They were long enough to touch the floor now that she was sitting. He also discovered long beaded earrings of matching colors amidst her curls.

"Fruit juice," she explained as she took a sip from her glass. "It's my favorite." Then she attacked the food, obviously very hungry herself. Matheson helped himself to something that looked like some Asian curry, but tasted very sweet and exquisite instead of spicy. Once he had gotten a taste he found that he was very hungry. No wonder - his last meal had been on the Excalibur, and the mental and physical strains of the last hours had taken a lot of energy. They ate in silence and cleaned most plates. Finally, he had to give up and leaned back in the soft easy chair.

"One bite more and I'll burst." For lack of napkins he licked his fingers clean, suddenly aware of Lily's intensive stare. He tried to ignore it, and especially her cleavage that was even more visible now that she leaned to the front, and instead moved his gaze around the room, studying its details. The walls were covered with white plaster, all corners and edges rounded. On the wall between the table and the "pit" was a fireplace, made of a marble-like stone in warm greens and browns. He let his gaze wander to the left and caught his breath when he saw the giant tapestry hanging directly opposite the door. "This... this is - incredible!" he gasped.

Lily smiled, eyes sparkling. "Thank you! I made it myself!"

He looked at her aghast, then back at the tapestry. It hung almost from floor to ceiling, and showed Lily in life size, standing in a dark grove. She wore the green velvet bodice he'd seen on her earlier that day, only with the sleeves worn off-shoulder, and a matching ground-length skirt with added train, which disappeared into the dark background. Two giant wolves framed her, one white and the other black, yellow eyes glowing. Above her and the tree canopy hung a giant full moon, a single bat silhouetted against it. He noticed that her snake tattoo was missing on the tapestry, but instead a real snake stuck its head out of her generous cleavage. Another one curved around her right arm, its head leaning on the base of her thumb, her hand stretched out almost as if beckoning him to join her in the scene. He could just make out her three sisters in the shadows between the trees. The broad edges were filled with intricate floral patterns and symbols. Everything looked incredibly realistic, almost like a photograph.

"How did you achieve such a realistic look?" Matheson asked.

"My secret," Lily answered, smiling.

John looked at her, decided she wouldn't tell him more, and looked around the rest of the room. To the left of the tapestry stood a four-poster made of reddish wood, sheets, canopy and draperies all in a warm blue. On the left wall he saw a dresser and chair, followed by a wooden door with intricate carvings. In the wall behind him, exactly opposite the tapestry, was another wooden door with similar carvings. And all over the room there were flowers and other plants. Most were

unfamiliar to him, but one looked very much like Hibiscus from Earth.

Suddenly he was distracted when Lily kneeled down before him and rested her forearms on his knees. Her breasts were pressed together by her upper arms, making it even harder for John to ignore her décolleté. "So... is your hunger appeased?" she asked with her purring voice.

John swallowed. "Yes..."

Lily smiled, "Good..." and leaned forward. "Then I can serve dessert..." Her lips gently touched his in the softest of kisses, but it soon turned wilder, their tongues playing with each other. Both were gasping for breath when it finally stopped.

"I don't think... I ever... had a dessert... so delicate," John breathed into Lily's ear.

She smiled. "Oh, you've only tasted the icing yet..."

He looked at her, right eyebrow cocked. "Then let's get to the filling..."

He lifted her up and carried her to the bed, letting her legs slide down to the mattress but still holding her at the shoulder. He studied her face reverently, stroking her cheek. "You are... incredibly beautiful!" Lily smiled, then stepped down from the mattress and a bit away from him. She reached to her back, and a moment later her belt fell to the ground. She shook her shoulders once, and her dress gently flowed to the ground, revealing all of her to his eyes. He was breathless as his eyes roamed her perfect body - her full breasts, her slim waist, softly rounded hips, the V of curly red hair, firm thighs, perfectly shaped legs... her bare feet were half hidden under the garment, but he could still see that they had to be tiny.

For a few seconds Lily let John marvel at her body, very much enjoying his clearly visible arousal, then she stepped forward and slid up to him. She could feel his cock twitch when her breasts touched his chest, increasing the wetness between her legs. He looked at her, dark brown eyes full of desire, then bent down to kiss her, hard. Her hands wandered downwards from his shoulders, her fingernails experimentally raking his skin. John gasped slightly, then louder when her hands slid beneath his pants and clawed his buttocks. He broke their kiss and looked at her, his expression half amused, half menacing. Lily gave him her most innocent smile and started massaging his tight cheeks, loving the feel of them, and loving even more the reaction she caused in his body.

Suddenly he grabbed her and literally let her fall on the bed, making her squeal with surprise and delight. She threw the sheets and the cushion to the foot end while John quickly got rid of his pants, giving her the chance to look at his rigid shaft for a moment, then joined her on the bed. "You little feline!" he murmured into her ear.

"Would you want me any other way?" she asked and reached out for his cock, stroking it lightly. His kiss was answer enough.

John soon had to pull her hand away from his cock - if she didn't stop he'd come in a matter of seconds. His lips moved down her throat to her right breast, making her moan and arch her back when he closed his lips around her hard nipple. His hand slid further south, resting a moment in

the curly hairs down there, then his fingers dove between her folds, bathing in her wetness. He found her clitoris and started massaging it gently, drawing another moan from her. Soon Lily was desperate. "Please... I want you inside me..." John looked up at her, still suckling her breast, and gave her a look as if that thought never would have occurred to him. "Oh you..." Lily couldn't help but laugh.

John was also grinning and said, "Your wish is my command," while he positioned himself between her legs. His cock entered her slowly, completely, making her gasp.

Then she laughed again and murmured, looking at him teasingly with those incredibly green eyes of hers, "Well I hope so... you are my toy, after all!" He tickled her belly, making her giggle, then sat up, still connected, her eyes going wide from the sensation that caused inside her. Grinning at Lily, he pulled her up to a sitting position on his lap. She cradled the back of his head and whispered, her lips almost touching his ear, "And so far I enjoy my toy very much!" Matheson laughed lightly and softly bit her shoulder, making her throw back her head and purr. He could feel the tips of her hair tickle his thighs, sending shivers through him. Her fingernails raked the skin of his back, and she started moving her hips against him. Her eyes were ecstatic when she lowered her head and looked straight out the door. Matheson didn't see the lascivious smile on her lips when her hips began moving faster...

Max was fully recovered from their earlier encounter and eagerly awaiting the next one. [She's going to be the death of me if I keep going like this.] He glanced down at Ilas, meeting her lavender eyes. [But what a way to go ...] Grinning at her sprawled form, Max crouched and climbed onto the bed, moving up her body. Max hooked his hand gently under Ilas's left knee, stroking her thigh as he raised her leg, setting her calf to rest on his shoulder. Reaching up for him, she pulled his mouth down to hers for a slow kiss, trapping her leg between them. Glancing at her face, he saw no apparent discomfort. "Mighty limber, aren't we?" he murmured, reaching between her legs, slipping two fingers into her heat.

"You have no idea." She raised her other leg to wrap around Max's waist.

"I'm getting one!" Max whispered against her neck, several images dancing across his mind. Deciding to save them for later, Max moved his hips back slightly, poising himself to enter her. With a quick thrust, he slipped into her, burying himself to the hilt. Max braced himself with his arms on either side of her and moved quickly, feeling her leg pulling him closer and deeper. He drove into her with energy he didn't know he had, pushing her hard against the mattress.

Ilas wrapped her arms around Max, seeming to dislocate her hip as she pulled him down to kiss her, her breasts crushed against his chest. Her leg was still between them, but Max barely noticed as she started writhing madly beneath him. Her orgasm was too much for him and he came hard, emptying himself deep inside her in several powerful thrusts.

Resting his head on her shoulder, Max lay recovering for a long moment as Ilas held him gently, feeling her own pulse gradually slow. Finally Max returned to himself enough to notice the strange angle her leg was held at between them. Fearing he'd broken, or at least damaged something, Max quickly rolled onto his back, letting Ilas's leg return to a more natural looking position. The young

woman seemed to have suffered no ill effects as she quickly turned to face Max, shifting closer and snuggling against him.

"Where's Matheson?" he asked quietly, his mind beginning to clear. "Still in the cell?"

"Oh, no, I'm sure Lilith has him by now. The others -- your friends -- are also being taken care of by my sisters. Your Captain is going to have his hands full!"

"If your, uh, sisters are anything like you, I'm sure he does, and then some!" his chest rumbled faintly as he chuckled. Max closed his eyes and felt himself drowse somewhat, but was quickly awakened by something warm pressed against his chest. Opening his eyes, he saw Ilas slowly kissing her way down his chest. "Of course," Max reached for her, flipping her neatly onto her back and rolling to his side to face her. "If they're anything like you, none of the men on this mission will survive the night." He kissed her briefly. "We'll die of exhaustion!" He grinned before kissing her again.

Moving his lips along her jaw, Max kissed his way down her white throat. Her breasts fit perfectly in his hands as his lips brushed over them. His eyes flickered up to meet hers as he took a pale blue nipple into his mouth, closing his teeth gently around the hard nub. Ilas's soft sighs and moans of pleasure encouraged Max as he feasted on her breasts.

Max slowly made his way from her breasts down her quivering stomach. On her hip he found a pinkish scar - the only flaw in her otherwise uniformly white skin. Experimentally, he ran a finger lightly over the slightly puckered mark, watching her carefully for a reaction. She let out a long gasping breath and arched upwards, seeming to seek his touch when he pulled away. Licking his lips, Max lowered his mouth to one end of the scar. Gently kissing the discolored skin, he was rewarded by a low moan of pleasure from Ilas. He was certain she was enjoying it -- she would stop him if she weren't. To Max's delight, the scar seemed to be guiding him to the junction of her thighs. Slowly, enjoying her responsiveness, he guided his lips and tongue along the scar, inching towards her center.

Sitting up slightly, Max lifted Ilas's leg and draped it over his shoulder. Stretching on his side, Max settled between her parted thighs. For a moment, his fingers teased her, tickling at her soft blue curls. Slipping his fingers into her, he parted her folds, discovering that her whiteness extended to this region as well. Smirking, Max flicked his tongue over her glistening folds, delighted to discover she tasted remarkably like honey. Honey, and a hint of her own unique and intoxicating spice. His hot breath sent shivers through Ilas's body as Max chuckled. A moment later, it felt as though his tongue were everywhere at once. She felt him suckling her inner lips, his tongue pushing deep into her. She quickly came as he nibbled her hard clit. Not giving up so soon, Max continued to stroke her with his tongue, sending her into another orgasm before she'd recovered from her first. Letting her recover this time, Max began the enjoyable task of lapping at the fresh flow of juices.

Max lost himself in the texture and flavor of her, his tongue delving inside her, moving over her folds in a thorough exploration. Max had always enjoyed this part of a woman, but never so much as now. He lost count of the number of times she'd climaxed under his attentions. Max was enjoying her so much, he almost forgot the needs of his own body. He was reminded by a warm hand slowly stroking his shaft, which was responding eagerly. Reluctantly pulling her hand

away, Max sat up, working his neck as he considered his next question. "Ilas, just how flexible are you?"

"Try me." Ilas licked her lips, her lavender eyes sparking with challenge.

"All right." Max reached for her, gently flipping her onto her stomach and tugging her towards the foot of the bed. "Stop me if it hurts," he told her, knowing she would. He was remembering the video he'd watched not long before the mission began. [Well, I did want someone to try this out on,] he reminded himself, hoping he was going about it the right way. He still wasn't sure that position hadn't been faked, somehow. Standing on the floor between her legs, he gently raised her right leg, slowly bending it upwards, away from the floor. Ilas guessed his intention and reached back, grabbing her own ankle and pulling her leg farther back than Max would have dared. He watched, stunned, as she copied the action with her other leg, arching her back and exposing her hungry opening as her thighs parted. Max studied her for a moment, and despite seeing her in it, he still didn't believe that position was possible. Certain he would never find another woman able to do this, Max quickly moved closer, pressing slowly into her.

The uniqueness of the situation had Max's blood racing as he sank into her, noticing that she was shaped differently inside as a result of her position. She was snug around him, a bit tighter around the tip of his cock than before. Finally buried to the hilt, Max began thrusting slowly, carefully.

"I know you can do better than that," Ilas whispered, feeling his hesitance.

"Your wish is my command." Max stepped up his efforts, his hands on her disjointed hips pulling her towards him with each thrust. He built up speed, slamming into her harder and harder. Having climaxed twice recently, Max was surprised to feel another powerful orgasm building already. Unsure how long he would be able to contain himself, Max bent slightly and reached a hand around Ilas, stroking her clit gently. A moment later he was rewarded as her body shook violently with release. Her already tight walls clamped down on him and Max exploded once more, almost blacking out from the intensity of it.

Gideon watched Angel, his eyes taking in her narrow little waist. He bet if his hands were free, he could encircle her waist with his hands meeting easily. Her skin was so pale and so flawless except her right shoulder, where a long scar stretched from just above her armpit to the top of her collarbone. He was wondering how she got it, when a movement demanded his attention. Angel was busy removing her tight red pants, peeling them off down her long, perfectly shaped legs. She kicked them away with one bare foot. Gideon took in the sight of her, drinking her in like a man who hadn't had anything to drink in days.

His attention focused first on her hips. He saw a small tattoo and he squinted to see what it was. It was an intricate unicorn, small and colorful. [Interesting] he thought to himself. Then his eyes came to the mound of dark curls, as raven as her hair, and standing out like a beacon against her pale thighs. His cock started to throb in reaction to the sight of her. Desire coursed through him.

Angel stood there, letting Gideon feast his eyes on her. She felt like she had a fever. She was all too

aware of the wetness between her legs as she moved with lithe grace towards the bed. Her eyes held Gideon's like a trap as she mounted the bed in a single motion, once again straddling him. She leaned down, and felt Gideon's erection poke into her stomach. The feel of it there caused a butterfly sensation in her stomach, while in Gideon it set the fires raging again. He felt like screaming at her to take him now. But he found her lips clamping his in a bruising kiss. Angel was losing control. She forced Gideon's lips apart and her tongue slipped into the warm haven of his mouth, seeking out his tongue. Gideon didn't resist, welcoming her invading tongue with a thrust of his own. The kiss was brutal, lips moving against lips at a bruising pace, tongues intertwining in a violent duel.

Gideon felt Angel shifting so that the lips of her vagina were just above his erection. But she didn't move, she just remained hovering, just out of reach.

Angel grabbed Gideon's hair, pulling his head up so that she could deepen the kiss. She finally broke the kiss, leaving them both panting for air. Before Gideon had fully got his breath back, she again claimed his mouth, her tongue probing deep into his. Then Gideon felt her lower herself onto the tip of his erection, so that he was just at the entrance of her wet warm center.

Angel, having herself positioned just right, bit down on Gideon's lip. Gideon screamed in pain and his hips thrust upwards, just as Angel came down, the lips of her vagina spreading to accommodate his large cock. In one quick, hard motion he was deep inside her.

Angel held her hips still, lowering her upper body onto her arms on either side of Gideon's chest, her face close to his. Gideon's lip throbbed and he tasted blood. She had actually drawn blood. Angel's tongue flicked out and traced the area where she had bitten his lip, the strong taste of his blood now on her tongue. She giggled. As long as he lived, Gideon would never forget that bell-like sound. She moved up slightly on his shaft, and Gideon forgot all about the pain of his lip. As she lowered her head to kiss his throat, Angel thrust downward on Gideon, taking him once again deep inside her. She heard Gideon moan, or was that her?

Her hands snaked around the top of his shoulders, taking a firm hold. She pulled back, bracing herself, then began to move slowly at first, then the rocking back and forth increased in tempo. Gideon's shoulders and arms strained with the way her motion pulled him with every thrust. He was stretched so tightly that every time she moved back and forth, his wrists and ankles alternatively strained against the ropes that tightened painfully against his skin, rubbing him raw.

But he didn't care as he felt himself going deep inside her, the warm walls of her vagina wrapped tightly around his cock.

Angel picked up the pace, riding him harder and harder, her moans of pleasure mixing with his deep ones, filling the cell with almost animal sounds. She continued to thrust back and forth, harder, wanting him to bury himself as deeply as possible inside her, reaching the most sensitive area. She leaned down, her lips capturing his in a frenzied kiss. Then she broke away and once again sat straight up, throwing her head back, leaning as far back as she could with her hold on Gideon's shoulders.

Gideon flinched as her nails dug into his shoulders. He could feel his skin breaking beneath the

sharp instruments, but waves of pleasure rode over the pain, heightening his feeling beyond anything he had ever experienced. His eyes opened to watch Angel as she rocked on top of him. Her eyes were closed, her mouth open slightly, a fine sheen of sweat covering her body, and his, too. His eyes were drawn to her breasts, which moved slightly with every rock, her nipples hard and standing erect. He wished he were free to cup them, to be able to rise into a sitting position so that he could take one in his mouth while his hands kneaded her soft breasts. But he was trapped.

Angel was lost in total passion. As she tightened her buttocks, bringing her walls even tighter around him, she could feel Gideon's entire body shudder, and she opened her eyes to look at him. Their eyes met, full with passion. Her thrusts became wilder, driving down on him hard. Her pace never slowed as she attacked his neck with a series of kisses. Gideon's hips bucked up again to meet her when she sank her teeth into the flesh above his collarbone. This time he was sure her bite had drawn blood, but he didn't care. He could feel himself getting closer to climax. He was barely aware of the soft kiss that she placed on the bite before she leaned back again. He could see that she was close to the final explosion, her thrusts getting harder.

Angel could feel herself bringing them to a crescendo, and she rocked harder, burying his cock in her to the root of his shaft. Gideon's breathing was as labored as hers. Despite his restraints, he was now meeting her every move, and with a single thrust she took them over. A wave of pleasure swept over them both as their bodies convulsed in orgasms. Angel thrust one last time and another orgasm ripped through her.

Gideon's body shuddered as the orgasm hit him. He came hard inside her, the warm jet of hot fluid filling her. Angel felt him come as she did, their juices mixing and becoming one. She collapsed onto his chest, her head above his heart. She heard its rapid beat; it matched hers perfectly.

Gideon lay still, his breathing as ragged as Angel's who was lying very still on him, her hot skin damp against his. She moved off him, lying half on him and half off, her right leg draped across his thighs. The only sound and movement from her was her labored breathing, which was slowly returning to normal.

Gideon felt sore all over. His muscles had been stretched to their limit while she was fucking him. He was now aware of how much his wrists and ankles hurt. When he turned his head to the side to see what damage had been done, he could see his skin was raw beneath the rope, which had flecks of blood on it. His blood. He realized that this was the first time that he had been fucked by a woman who not only brought him pleasure, but at the same time brought him a hell of a lot of pain.

He felt Angel move, her soft breasts pressing into his ribcage, and he looked down at her. He found her looking at him, smiling like a Cheshire cat the way she was grinning up at him. He didn't know whether to smile back at her or frown. He opted for keeping his expression neutral. That seemed to displease her because she frowned and like a cat on a hot tin roof jump away from him and off the bed.

She stopped and looked at him, then at the door. Gideon wondered if she had heard something. He looked at the door, and hoped no one came through to see him in this rather embarrassing and

revealing position. But there was nothing, and he watched as Angel looked back at him and then in amazement, he watched as she stretched. She raised her hands above her head, which gave him a good view of her breasts as they lifted up even more with the movement. She looked like a cat that was stretching itself after having spent a pleasurable time in the sun. Her eyes were closed and Gideon looked at the peaceful expression on her face. Then her arms came down and her eyes opened to fix him with an icy expression. She frowned again, and looked again from him to the door, with a look of distraction on her face.

She seemed to have made up her mind about something. And in that low, sexy voice of hers she spoke to Gideon "I am going to be leaving you for awhile Captain." She paused as she moved over to where her discarded clothes were lying and started to get dressed. She continued as she put on her tight pants, which Gideon couldn't help but notice fit her like a second skin. "There is something I need to do."

She finished dressing and looked over at Gideon. She could see that he obviously wanted to say something. She decided she would let him "Go ahead, speak if you have something to say."

Gideon cleared his throat and looked from her to his naked body and to the ropes tying him. "Would you at least release me and allow me to get dressed?"

Angel giggled that little bell-like giggle and moved to kneel beside the bed. Her hand reached up and she traced his lips with her index finger. There was amusement in her voice, but Gideon didn't think what he had said was amusing in the least; he was damned uncomfortable. But she obviously did "Of course not silly. I prefer you like this... no obstacles when I come back." [Come back?] Despite his position he hoped that wouldn't be soon, he didn't think he could handle another session like the one he'd just had. [Not for a while, anyway.]

Angel leaned forward and kissed his cheek, then stood up. Dear God, she was serious, she was going to leave him like this. Gideon gaped at her retreating back, watching her hips sway seductively. She reached the door and pulled it open, then turned back to Gideon. "Don't go anywhere," she said with a tiny laugh, then disappeared, closing the heavy door behind her.

Gideon stared at the closed door. He then looked at himself and the ridiculous situation he was in, "Don't go anywhere," he said imitating Angel's voice. "Like that's an option."

Gideon lay still in the semi-darkness of the cell. Despite his predicament, he smiled. He had been right about this being an interesting afternoon. And he couldn't deny that he had enjoyed himself, even with the pain that wild contradiction of a women had inflicted on him. But now that he was alone and his body was aching, he wished that someone, someone other than Angel, would come, at least to untie him. He also wanted to find out about his crew, where they were, if they were all right. He sighed heavily and realized that he was probably going to be there awhile, and that it was pointless to try to get loose. So he lay still and did all that he could do. Wait.

Luke had gone down another spiral staircase and was now walking up another empty corridor. The castle seemed even more elaborate from the inside than from the outside. Most of it felt unoccupied to him, but it was kept very well. From the windows he had a fantastic view of the

surrounding landscape. He couldn't help but stop and look out every third or fourth one he passed -- this planet reminded him so much of Earth.

Luke leaned heavily on the next of the broad window-sills, each of which had its own window seat, and longingly gazed out at the hills that stretched beyond the drier area next to the castle, interspersed with groves of deciduous forest. He let out a sigh. [I can understand the pressure the Excalibur's crew is under... and especially Gideon.]

Suddenly he heard laughter from further up the corridor. Glad to be distracted from his brooding, he went in that direction, careful not to make any noise. After a few seconds he heard it again, nearer this time, somewhere to his right. It sounded light and free, and he felt drawn to it immediately. [That must be one of the witches,] he thought. A picture of the red-head popped up in his head. [Yes, could be her from the sound of the voice and the way she laughs...]

He came to an intricately carved wooden door that was a crack open, and he could hear the same voice giggle from behind it. Carefully, he peeked inside and saw a bed, a four-poster, standing a bit to the left on the opposite wall, cushion and sheets piled at the foot end. Just then someone sat up, his naked back to Luke. [Matheson?] he thought in bewilderment. He saw him pull someone up -- [Lily!] -- and move her against him. She cradled the back of Matheson's head in her right hand and whispered something into his ear, which caused him to laugh. Raven had decided it would be better to leave when Matheson softly bit Lily in the shoulder, causing her to throw her head back and let out a purr, her fingernails raking the young Lieutenant's skin. At that moment she lowered her head again - and looked straight at Luke, a lascivious smile on her ecstatic face. Her eyes seemed to burn their way through him while she was rhythmically moving on Matheson's lap.

Luke threw himself around and pressed his back against the wall, breathing hard. He could hear soft moans and gasps from inside the room, not helping him regain his composure, as little as the pictures playing inside his head... He had to summon up all his control to walk away from the door and further down the corridor. After a while he leaned heavily on the next window seat, his hands grabbing the stone edge of the sill. For balance, but also to keep them from -- [Oh my God! What happened to me?] He could still see that look she had given him -- [Stop it!] Luke closed his eyes and concentrated on drawing slow, deep breaths, which slowly helped him calm down.

"You found my second favorite place."

Luke spun around and found Lily standing on the other side of the corridor, her naked body barely covered by the blue sheet she had wrapped around herself. It was underlining rather than hiding her curves. Luke swallowed and managed to utter a half-choked, "What?" A strand of hair was hanging into his right eye, but he didn't notice it.

Lilith smiled as she slowly came nearer, step by step, like a predator on the prowl, while Luke slipped away from her, gripping the edge of the window seat behind him. In her slightly raw voice she continued, "I had a sight that you'd come to me... and that you would like what you'd find here."

With that she had reached him and stretched out a hand to stroke his face. He flinched, feeling trapped by her eyes boring into his, by the scent of her making him dizzy, by her hand on his

face, by her body so close to his. He was left defenseless, trapped like a bird in a snake's stare. Some remote part of him realized that he was afraid of her -- he'd felt intimidated by this petite red-head with the hypnotic green eyes from the first moment he'd seen her... because he'd known from that very moment that he wanted her, and that his body would betray him once she got close enough. [Too close... I can't --]

Coherent thought fled him when she ripped open his shirt, sending buttons flying, and softly bit down on his left nipple. Luke gasped, closing his eyes, not feeling his fingers trying to dig through the stone of the sill. He was unable to move, unable to do anything but feel Lily's mouth on his chest, her body pressing against his, her fingers swiftly removing his shirt. Her fingernails seemed to trail a path of fire on his skin as she raked them up his back. She grabbed his neck and tugged, meeting his mouth in a violent kiss. At the same time she pushed him back onto the deep window seat, climbing up after him without ever breaking the kiss. He found himself responding, desperately so, willingly opening his mouth when her tongue demanded entry, burying his hands in the flood of red curls that surrounded them like a veil. Her nearness was intoxicating, making his head spin, and he held on to her like a drowning man.

Lily broke free of his lips and planted kisses all over his face, on his neck, on his chest, while her hands slid down along his body to free his growing erection from his pants. When her fingers didn't succeed immediately to open them, she produced a small dagger from out of nowhere and simply cut them open before Luke even realized what she was up to, without scratching one inch of his skin. Moments later he lay there naked, moaning and arching his back when Lily straddled him and impaled herself on his hard cock. She started moving her hips and leaned forward, offering him her full breasts. He pulled her down further and closed his lips around her right nipple; his tongue playing with it, causing Lily to let out a purring moan. He caressed her other breast with his right hand while his left closed around her ass, urging her to move faster, and she complied eagerly. When Luke's mouth left her breast for a moment, she sat up and steadied herself on his shoulders. The rhythm of her movements grew ever quicker, both their breaths now coming out in soft moans. Lily's eyes seemed to be burning with a green fire, burning into the core of his soul, but again he couldn't avert his eyes. Already he could feel himself starting to lose control; again Lily's hips moved faster, harder, her moans growing louder and more desperate, and then he could feel her come violently, her muscles spasming around his cock, sending him over the edge with a loud cry.

Lily collapsed on his chest, both still shivering and panting, and Luke only realized that her fingernails had cut into his shoulders when she let go of them. Their bodies were covered with sweat. When their breathing had calmed somewhat, Lily rolled to the side, covering them with the sheet and snuggling up tight against him. A million questions floated through Luke's head, but he felt much too drowsy to concentrate on any of them, and soon he fell asleep.

Lily was looking at the two men lying on either side of her large bed, sleeping soundly. After Raven had gone to sleep, she'd called a guard and had him carry the doctor to her room. Then she had ordered more food, he'd be very hungry when he woke up. She intended to let them rest for a few hours - and herself as well, although with the two in her sights, it was a very hard thing to do...

A knock on her door woke her from her musings. A Brakiri entered when she opened it, a big tray filled with food in his arms. He cleared the plates she and John had left there and then put down the new ones, as well as a bowl with assorted fruits and another decanter of the fruit juice. He didn't so much as glance at the two humans lying in her bed -- the Brakiri were used to not questioning their mistresses. When he had left, Lily locked the door and looked around her room, wondering what to do until her two toys woke up. Nothing that came to her mind appealed to her the slightest bit. [Come on... you need some rest too!]

She silently walked over to her bed and let her dress float to the ground, then stepped up onto the mattress and lightly over Luke's sleeping form. Without waking them, she slipped under the sheet between the two men and was soon sleeping.

Angel walked into her bedroom. She felt very satisfied and happy. Her session with Gideon had been wonderful. Angel smiled to herself, she really liked Gideon. She would definitely be having more fun with him later. But right now, she was burning with curiosity. Time to see what her sisters were up to.

Angel walked to the wall beside the fireplace. She brushed her arm in an arc in front of it. The wall began to ripple and a doorway appeared. Angel stepped gracefully through, and the wall closed back around the opening.

This was her workshop, a place that was private where she could come to work on her spells and potions without being disturbed. None of the others had ever been in here. And if they had they would have been surprised and shocked, to see that, unlike her living area and bedroom, it was immaculate. Despite having a lot in it, it was neat. Books neatly piled on tables, in and on bookshelves and even the ones on the floor were piled into neat stacks. The shelves that contained all the bottles of ingredients she needed for spells and potions were kept neat and labeled.

This room also contained a fireplace. It was constantly lit, as the room with its dark heavy walls would get very cold without it.

Candles were everywhere -- on tables, on the mantle over the fireplace, and large candelabra stood in each of the four corners. Angel spoke a word, and the candles came alight, casting a warm glow all over the room.

Angel walked to where a large reading stand stood in the center of the room. A shaft of light from a small round window above illuminated a thick, large leather-bound book that lay open. Angel stood and let her hands run over the open page. This was her pride and joy -- her Grimoire, the book of spells that she had worked on over the years. It was thick and well, what could she say, she loved magic. Angel smiled softly.

Touching the book one more time, Angel walked over to a shelf that contained various objects. She picked up two glass balls that when touched shimmered to life, a myriad of colors playing across their surface. Holding one in either hand, Angel walked over to a large overstuffed high back chair in front of the fireplace and sat down, curling her legs underneath her. She placed one of the Balls of Sight down on the small round table next to her chair. She then held up the other one, letting

the glow from the fire play across it.

Then she closed her eyes for a moment, her lips moving silently as she said the words. She let go of the ball. It hovered in midair and started to glow. Then it seemed to expand until it turned into what appeared to be a mirror. Inside the image of a room appeared. Angel opened her eyes. She smiled when she saw Ilas walk over to and stand by the fireplace drying her hair. She sat up slightly when she saw the one called Max walk into the room wearing a black robe. [Well, you have to admit he's a hunk of a man,] thought Angel as she continued to watch.

Angel could feel her body responding as she watched their lovemaking. She considered stopping so that she could go satisfy herself again with Gideon. But her eyes were fixed on the view in front of her as she watched Max flip Ilas onto her stomach. Angel's head craned to the side as she watched Ilas twist her body into an inhumanly possible position. Angel knew what Ilas was capable of doing with that body of hers but it still amazed her.

Angel smiled at the concern she heard in Max's voice when he asked Ilas if she was hurt at all. But she quickly sat up in surprise when Ilas's body froze and her eyes darted around the room.

"Uh-oh" said Angel as she sat up in the chair with a start. "Rats, caught in the act." She watched Ilas dragging and pushing Max into her workshop.

Angel knew that Ilas didn't like to be watched. But she had taken the risk, believing that being so involved with her pet, she wouldn't notice the window. But she had. Angel quickly waved her arm up and the window closed, the Ball returning to its original size. Angel grabbed for it before it fell to the ground.

"I'm going to be in trouble," said Angel with amusement. Ilas would be angry with her, but she knew her sister wouldn't be mad at her for long. Not like Demon... Angel screwed up her face at the thought of her other sister. Now, Demon would give her a lashing if she ever caught her watching.

"Oh, well." Angel put the ball down and picked up the other one. Time to see what Lily was up to. At least Lily wouldn't mind if she watched.

She got the Ball set up and relaxed back into her chair as she saw Lily in her four-poster bed with the handsome young man. [What was his name again? Oh yes, Matheson.] Angel watched as they made love, saw Matheson pull Lily up into a sitting position, still deep inside her, bringing them both to climax. Angel felt the heat rising between her legs as she watched. She thought about going back to Gideon but was caught when her window showed the door to Lily's room slowly opening. A man Angel hadn't seen before stood in the doorway watching the couple in bed for a moment, before quickly drawing back into the corridor. [Lily has quite an audience today.]

Angel leaned forward in her chair, watching intently as Lily left her first lover in her bed, wrapped a sheet around herself, and followed the stranger out into the corridor. She muttered a few more words, causing the window to shift, showing a view from outside Lily's room. Angel's breath came faster as she watched Lily push the stranger back into a window seat and take him there. She decided the time had come to stop watching and start acting. Time to go back to Gideon.

Angel was just putting the ball beside the other one when she heard Demon's strident voice calling from her living room. "Angel, when will you learn to tidy up after yourself?"

Angel sucked in her breath and then let it out in a long suffering sigh as she rolled her eyes up to the ceiling. "Nag, nag, nag," muttered Angel under her breath as she unfolded her legs and lazily stood up.

She didn't really feel like it, but Angel left her workshop to go see what Demon wanted.

Ilas panted slightly as she recovered. Max was unmoving inside her, and she twisted her head to look at him. His blue eyes were glazed over with pleasure, and Ilas could feel him pumping the last of his essence into her. When it seemed he was finished, she moved back, releasing her ankles and returning her body to its usual arrangement. Max grinned down at her, his blue eyes clearing as he returned from wherever his orgasm had sent him.

She pulled back the covers and they climbed under them, Max pulling her close for a deep kiss. "That was incredible," he told her. "Are you hurt at all?" his hands slid to her hips, feeling carefully for any sign of damage.

"Um-mmm," she shook her head, letting his hands go where they would. "It was fun, actually. I like--" she stopped, her face freezing. Max moved his hands away, watching her eyes dart dangerously around the room. "Go get the robes," her voice was low, and he could see the anger in her eyes.

Not wishing to challenge her, Max slipped from the bed and retrieved the robes from the floor. Pulling his on, he tossed the other to Ilas, who quickly donned it before standing. Glancing once more around the room, she snarled something in a language Max didn't have time to translate. Grabbing his hand, Ilas pulled him over to the tapestry and pulled it aside, revealing a hard stone wall. "Go."

"It's just--"

"GO!" she pushed him towards the wall, and Max felt himself falling through the wall and landing hard against a stone floor on the other side. A moment later she joined him, lighting a candle that flickered brightly.

Max looked up at her, stunned. Before he could ask what had happened, she spoke again.

"She can't see in here," Ilas reached down and pulled Max to his feet. Her face seemed to glow in the candlelight and she stepped away, lighting more candles.

"Who can't?" Max watched as the room took shape out of the darkness. Most of the candles rested in nooks in the wall. There were also mirrors all over, which further brightened the room, making a dozen candles seem like a thousand. In one corner, there was a large bed, which Max was surprised to find curtained.

"My sister," Ilas's voice had softened, but still held a bit of hardness. "She likes to watch, sometimes." Pulling back the curtain, she sat on the bed. Max joined her, leaning against the headboard as she continued. "I don't like an audience. No matter how unseen."

"How did you know she was watching?" Max asked, his eyes drifting to some writing on the wall where curtains weren't needed. Even as he wrapped his arms around Ilas, and pulled her close, part of his mind had already begun translating the words, and he was powerless to stop it.

"She's my sister. I just knew. I didn't notice it before, so she might have been watching for a while." Ilas saw that Max's eyes were fixed on the wall. "What are you looking at?" She saw the markings. "They've been there since before I got here. I think They left them, but I can't figure out what they say."

"I can," Max said softly, shifting closer and peering past the bed. "Who left them here?" he asked distractedly.

"Them." she said simply. "The ones who brought us together. I don't remember them as well as the others do."

Max heard her, but at a distance. When his mind was translating, everything else took a back seat. Including, apparently, Ilas. He finally read the entire message and the meaning of it stunned him. Turning, he looked at Ilas as memories of a post-graduate dig surfaced.

"Ilas, what do you look like?"

"You can see what I look like," she replied, trying to evade the question she knew he was asking.

"No, I mean what do you look like really ... " He spoke softly, trying not to sound demanding. If he was right ... Lord, he hoped he wasn't.

Ilas closed her eyes, and didn't move for a long time, finally, she removed the robe, exposing her body fully to his view. Max reached out to her, but stopped as her skin began to ripple, her body changing. She was still light, but not nearly so white, and her skin took on a faint golden sheen. Her body thickened, but not unpleasantly so. Her breasts remained full and her waist small. Blue hair darkened and reddened to become a dark lavender, almost purple. The scar on her hip vanished. She opened her eyes and Max saw that they had become cat's eyes. The iris was red, surrounded by white with a slit of black in the center. Her face was fuller when she met his eyes. He could see the truth in them, and was about to speak when he saw she had one final change. On her right cheek, a nasty looking scar formed, and Max knew it was why she chose to wear a different face from her own.

"My God," he whispered as the pieces fell into place and he realized what she was.

"What is it?" She looked away, afraid her appearance had repulsed him.

"Ilas," he said gently. "How long have you been here?" he reached out and placed a hand gently on her shoulder.

"A few years, why?" she shifted closer, seeking his touch.

"Hmm," Max pulled her close, wrapping his arms around her. "The ones who brought you here, what did they look like?"

"Light," was all the answer she gave. In truth, it was all she could remember about them. They had brought her together with her sisters and trained them, and then, for some reason, had left them here. The light ones were all she remembered before her sisters.

"Vorlon?"

"Yes, that's what my sisters call them sometimes. How did you read the writing and why did you want to see what I look like? Do you know what I am?" she asked, her voice eager. Her origins had plagued her for as long as she could remember. Her sisters knew where they had come from. Ilas did not.

"Yes, I do," Max sighed sadly, meeting Ilas's piercing gaze. "There's no easy way too tell you this," he cupped her left cheek. "Your people, your planet - they were mostly destroyed over a thousand years ago. I was there when I was much younger, studying. Few of the buildings survived, and those that did had crumbled over the centuries. Some of the underground caverns were still intact, including many with pictures of the natives and a few artifacts. We didn't know it then, but they'd been destroyed in the last Shadow War."

Ilas curled up against him, listening as he related the pieced-together history from his memories of the dig and what he'd read on the wall. "Your people, by the way, were chameleons. They could change their skin color at will, but this," he ran a hand over her upper arm, hugging her lightly as he did so. "Is what color they were when they didn't actively change it. From what I can tell, the Vorlon took what survivors of your race they could find -- you included, apparently, and ... saved them; stored them. For what, I don't know. But whatever the reason, they've obviously enhanced your natural abilities. Why they did it, and then left you here with the others, I don't know."

"So, I'm the last of my kind?" she asked quietly.

"Considering that the Vorlon have gone beyond the rim, I'm sorry to say yes, you are." He could feel her shoulders tremble as she cried. Max held her long after her tears had subsided. He studiously tried to ignore the fact that she was naked. "I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news."

"No," she stopped him, sitting up and meeting his eyes. "I can't thank you enough. I've always wanted to know what I was, where I came from. I just ... a thousand years!" she looked away and reached for her robe, pulling it around her before sitting beside him again. "You never did tell me how you could read that. Do you know the language?"

"Nope. Never saw it before." Max couldn't help but preen. It was so rare that he had a chance to really show off. At least she seemed to appreciate it, rather than take it for granted.

"Then how could you read it?"

"That's my job," he said somewhat smugly, grinning. "I'm a linguist, and a xeno-archeologist. That's how I came to be at your home world. It's out on the rim, no colonies around it - perfect for an eager young grad student to make his mark. Your people were quite advanced, technically. It was what I found there that helped me land a job at IPX, which has set me up for life. Most of the technology has become obsolete in the last few years, though, what with Vorlon and Minbari tech on the markets."

"Well I'm glad I could help," her lips curved in a smile and she kissed his cheek.

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