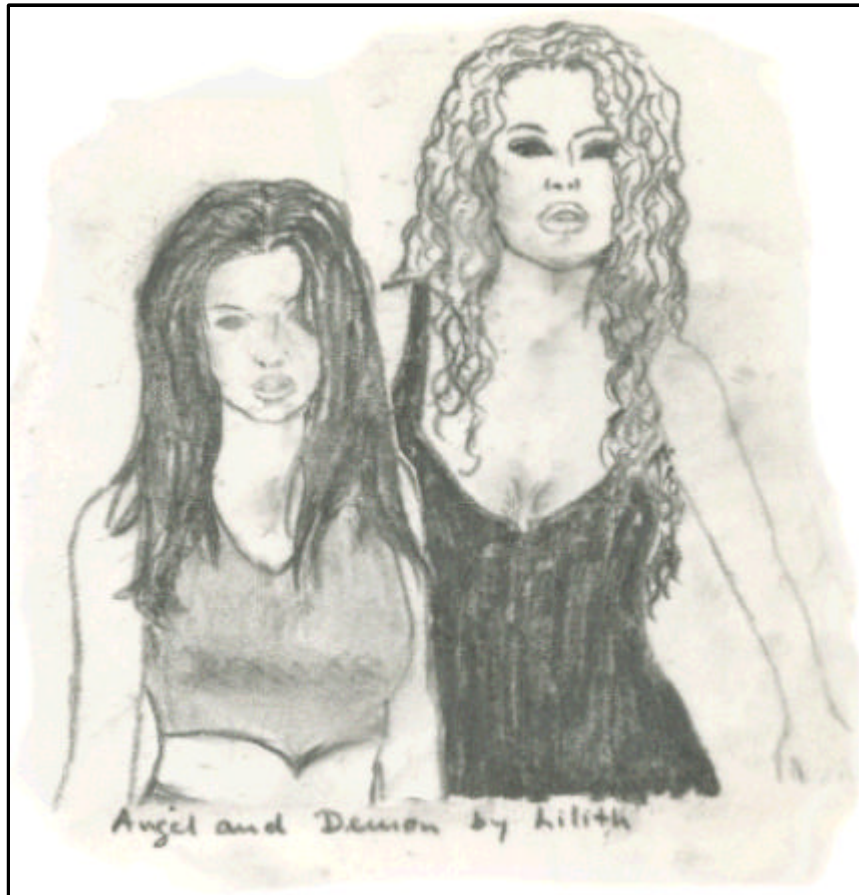


The Witches of Eriadne: Double, Double - Part 2: Introductions

by [The Space Witches](#)

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Angel and Demon by Lilith

Chapter 3

Gideon lay waiting in the cell. It seemed like hours since Angel had left, but he knew it hadn't been that long. He ached all over. He'd played some rough games in the past, but this lady took "rough" to a new level. He looked up at the bindings that held his wrists to the headboard and pulled gently against them. It hurt. His wrists and ankles had been bruised and rubbed raw. Not surprising in the circumstances. He wondered how long she would leave him like this. He didn't know whether he longed for or feared her return.

On the one hand (he glanced up at one of his bound hands and grinned) it had been one hell of a ride. She was certainly creative and there was something very attractive about letting another

person take total control. Having to make life or death decisions every day for years had ground him down. Sometimes he wanted someone else to take over. She'd certainly done that!

On the other hand (he looked the other way and grinned again) he didn't know how much more of this he could take. His entire body ached, his muscles and tendons felt stretched and sore, and dammit, he needed to pee.

When the door started to open, he looked down the length of his naked body to see who was entering the room. He still wasn't sure who he wanted to see there, but he certainly hadn't expected this. The woman they'd called Demon stood in the doorway. She walked to the side of the bed and looked at the length of him stretched by the bindings at his wrists and ankles. He had never felt so naked in his life as he did under this woman's scrutiny. She showed not the slightest flicker of interest as her eyes swept up from his feet to his head. He felt himself blushing.

She leaned forward and released the binding of his left wrist without saying a word. She leaned across him to release his other wrist and as she did so, Gideon became aware of her body. His face was within inches of her generous breasts; he could hardly help noticing that they were firm and round. He inhaled her scent, not knowing whether it was a perfume or her natural musk; but whatever it was, she smelled good. As he brought his arms down from above his head, the muscles in his shoulders and arms screamed in protest. He flinched but kept moving.

She moved to his ankles and released them, allowing him to draw his legs up and release the tension under which they had been kept for the last couple of hours. Again, his muscles sent him a clear message that they were not happy. He tried to sit up on the bed and fell back, unable to control the spasms now searing through his tendons. She spoke. "Lie still, Captain, I'll be back in a moment". She turned and left the room. Her voice had been low and sultry, husky but soft spoken, with a strong English accent.

He fell back on the bed and wondered again who the hell these women were. They'd captured him and his crew with ease, and he still couldn't understand how they'd done that. What they wanted was clear. Or at least what Angel had wanted was obvious. Would this woman want the same? He hoped she would at least give him time to recover. The way he felt at that moment, it would take him at least a week before he could perform again. He wondered what was happening to his crew. Were they being held and subjected to the same punishment as he? He hoped not. He wished there were some form of covering on the bed; he was very much aware of his nakedness.

The door moved again and she re-entered the room. She carried a glass in one hand and a small cylindrical object in the other. Draped over her right arm was some black material. She helped him to sit upright and put the glass to his mouth.

"Drink this, it will help," Could he trust her? It didn't really matter. He was as weak as a kitten and when he sat up he realised just how tall she was. In low heels she could look him straight in the eye. And while her body was slim and athletic, the curves were completely female and muscles rippled beneath the figure-hugging black one-piece suit she wore. He suspected that she massed not much less than he did, and could probably give him a tough fight in normal circumstances. At present she could flatten him with a harsh word. He drank.

She dropped the black material into his lap, covering him where he felt most exposed. He looked

down and saw that she'd brought him a robe. He left it where it lay as he looked back up into her face. It was a face well worth looking at. High cheekbones showed under a flawless pale skin. Her full lips looked moist, while a long straight nose gave her a regal appearance. Her pale gold hair was tied up loosely and soft curls fell around small, neat ears. But her large eyes were her most noticeable features. He realised that they were exactly the same colour as his own -- hazel brown, and showing the concern that the rest of her face concealed.

She turned and walked to the corner of the room where she put the empty glass on a table. As she walked away Gideon watched her move. The back view was as good as the front. Long legs led up to firm round buttocks. Her full hips swayed as she walked. His eyes traveled up to her slim waist then further up to broad shoulders. Her neck was long and slender and her head elegantly balanced. She returned to where he sat on the edge of the bed.

"Give me your hand." That soft, sultry voice again. He didn't hesitate, just raised his right arm. She grasped his forearm firmly and he could feel the strength in the long, slender fingers. She lifted his wrist and moved her other hand, which held the small cylinder, until it rested just above the bruised and scraped area. She started to move the cylinder in slow circles over his wrist, turning his arm so she could cover all the damaged parts. A low hum came from the cylinder, and as he watched, the bruises faded and the scratches closed up.

"That's amazing." He spoke to her for the first time. He looked back up into her face and saw she was smiling.

"Just a technology a little more advanced than your own." The low voice sounded again. He wanted to ask her a million questions, but for the moment just watched as she played the cylinder over his other wrist and ankles. The wounds faded and healed and the pain vanished. He wondered if she could do the same for the tortured muscles in his shoulders, arms and legs.

"Try to stand." She put her arm around him and helped lift him. As she did so, the robe started to fall and Gideon bent to catch it. His naked back and shoulders were exposed and he heard her intake of breath. She had seen the scratches and bites Angel had inflicted.

"Turn around." Well, she was certainly good at giving orders. She had done little else since entering the room. What the hell, he might as well play along. He turned his back to her, and felt her run the cylinder over his shoulders and back. The soreness disappeared and he was able to move his shoulders enough to pull on the robe she had given him. He felt better at once, but was still unsteady on his feet.

"Can you walk?" She sounded concerned. He looked into her eyes again and saw that he was right. Her face was impassive but her eyes looked worried.

"I can try to carry you if you can't." Her smile broadened into a grin and he couldn't help himself.

"What's so amusing?" he snapped at her.

"Oh, I just had this image of a 20th century film in which the hero carries the heroine in his arms up a flight of stairs, while her gown trails behind her. I wondered what we'd look like if we reversed the roles?" Her grin was infectious and Gideon barked a short laugh.

"Let's not try that one. I'll do my best." He took a step towards the door and staggered. She moved towards him and again put her arm around him.

"Just for balance," she said smiling again. He needed her support more than that, but he smiled back and leaned against her as they left the room.

"Where are we going?" He leaned more heavily on her as they walked down the corridor. "I hope it isn't far." She smiled up at him again.

"Not far; only to my rooms." He almost groaned aloud. Was she going to try to repeat Angel's games? If so, she'd probably kill him. She continued, "It's the one place where Angel won't come after you, Captain, and I suspect you need some respite after being the subject of her... attentions." She sounded amused, which annoyed him. Didn't she realize how demanding Angel was? Before he could say anything she carried on.

"I've noticed that my baby sister can be a little rough on her pets." Baby sister? How the hell could these two women be related? He thought back to his session with Angel. He'd certainly had the opportunity to study her in detail. Medium build, slim and strong, raven black hair and piercing blue eyes. But when he looked again at the woman who was by now half-carrying him, he could see the resemblance in the shape of the face and set of the bones. Maybe they were sisters after all. At least it sounded like she wanted to protect him from Angel. His main concern was whether she had any other agenda.

They arrived at a door that she pushed open with her free hand. The room they entered was large and white. The walls, furniture, drapes -- everything was white. She led him towards a sofa, but he held back.

"Look I'm sorry to trouble you, but I really need a bathroom." Gideon straightened up and let go of her shoulder. He was damned if she was going to carry him in there. She nodded towards a door in the corner of the room and he staggered towards it.

When he emerged from the bathroom, feeling much more human, she was sitting on one of the two deep sofas that filled the centre of the room. Between the sofas was a large, low table that was now covered with plates of food. Gideon's stomach gave a loud and prolonged rumble. He realised that a good part of his weakness was caused by lack of food. He couldn't remember when he had last eaten, but it had been before they jumped from hyperspace. She smiled up at him as he approached.

"I can hear that I was right to assume you might be hungry. I don't know what you eat so I ordered a variety. I hope you can find something acceptable." Gideon half-collapsed onto the sofa opposite her and studied the food in front of him. There was enough to feed a dozen people.

"Well, OK, this is what I'm having, where's yours?"

She laughed. "Oh I ate earlier while you were... occupied. This is all yours, Captain." He started on

the nearest plate. He hadn't a clue what it was but it tasted good and he didn't have to reach.

"I have about a million questions I'd like to ask." He fitted the words in between bites.

"Ask away. But why don't you wait until you've finished eating. Less chance of choking." She smiled again to take the sting from her words and poured him a drink. He lifted the glass and sniffed at the contents.

"Fruit juice, nothing added or taken away." She explained. She poured herself a drink from the same jug and drank. He followed her example. She sat and watched him eat for a moment and then started to speak.

"Why don't I try to anticipate some of your questions? Who are we? Where did we come from? What do we want? How did we capture you? What are our plans for you and your crew? Where is your crew and what has been done to them? Will that do for a start?" He nodded.

"I'll start from the end and work back. Captain, I will not tell you everything I know or everything you want to know, but everything I tell you will be the truth. If you can bring yourself to believe that we'll get along much better." He nodded again, but before she could start speaking he interrupted.

"Just one thing before you start -- what's your name? I heard someone call you 'Demon' but that seems unlikely. Did I misunderstand?" He watched her sitting across the table from him; the contrast between her black skin-tight clothes and the white surroundings made her the focal point of the room -- which she probably knew. And the pale skin and golden hair both appeared lighter against the dark of her clothes, which was no doubt why she dressed as she did.

"No, you didn't. Why do you find my name so unlikely?" He swallowed a mouthful of something then spoke.

"Well, in the mythology I'm used to, Angels are light and Demons are dark. You two don't seem to fit that mould." He resumed eating and watched her carefully. His life and that of his crew might depend on this woman; he didn't want to piss her off.

"That's what makes our names so appealing. We like to confuse people. But there is a good reason for our names. Angel is short for Angelique. Demon is a nickname I picked up at school. Don't ask why, as I won't tell you." There was no smile this time. He decided not to push his luck.

"My crew?"

"They're safe and secure from any unwanted attentions. After Ilas, Liliith and Angel had chosen their victims, I arranged for the rest to be held securely but comfortably elsewhere in the castle. And don't ask me where, as that's a question I won't answer. Believe me or not as you wish." Her face was impassive. She had the ability to hide her feelings completely behind that blank mask. It made her difficult to read. Only her humor showed on her face. All other emotions were hidden

"Victims?"

"Victims. Pets. Toys. Play things. Call them what you will. It amounts to the same thing. We've not had access to human males since we've been here. I don't think Ilas has ever come across a human male before. They want to play, to experiment." Her face was still impassive giving no clues as to whether she approved or disapproved of her sisters' behavior.

"I don't interfere unless they get too rough, which Angel does on occasion. Then I intervene to make sure that no one gets hurt... too much. Ilas and Lilith are much gentler with their pets. I can assure you that your Mr. Eilerson, Lt. Matheson and Dr. Raven are in no danger. They may even be enjoying themselves. I was concerned when I saw Angel pick you out. She doesn't always know her own strength. It would appear that my concern was justified." Her voice was hypnotic, with the precisely clipped words of the English accent delivered in that low, husky tone, and he found it hard to doubt what she said. But despite her actions to date and her words, he didn't trust her. Not by a long shot. She spoke again.

"And you doubtless wonder what our plans are for you and your crew. That I will answer. We don't have any. We didn't expect to be found and we'll have to decide what to do now that that has happened. When my sisters are less occupied we'll meet and decide. The only assurance I can give to you, Captain, is that no lasting harm will be done to your crew. I wish I could say the same for you." She had leaned forward in her seat, and he couldn't help noticing that the weight of her breasts stretched the fabric of her suit. He lifted his eyes again quickly; he didn't want her to see the effect her body was having on him. As he met her eyes he could see the genuine concern there.

"So why am I particularly at risk?"

"As I said, Angel doesn't always know her own strength or when to call a halt. She could hurt you next time, Captain, more than I can mend." She rose from her seat and paced the room. Gideon carried on eating but followed her with his eyes. The smooth motion of her legs and the sway of her hips were distracting. God, she was beautiful. He felt a movement in his groin. That couldn't be happening. He couldn't be responding to her on a sexual level. He was still exhausted from his session with Angel. And he couldn't risk offending her by letting her see his reaction. Fortunately, the robe was loose; he leaned forward on the sofa to hide his incipient erection and dropped his eyes to the floor.

"As long as you're with me here in my rooms, she'll leave you alone. She might assume that I'm following her example. But if she finds you alone she'll finish what she started. Could you handle that right now?"

Gideon shook his head and kept his eyes on the floor. He wished she'd stop talking about what Angel had done to him. He was becoming seriously aroused. He'd lost his appetite completely, but when he looked at the table was surprised to see that he'd cleared over half of the plates. Had he really eaten that much? No wonder he felt lethargic... all but the one part of him that was very much awake.

"Captain, you look exhausted. Why don't you get some sleep and we can resume this conversation in the morning?" She gestured towards the window where he could see that night had fallen while they talked.

"That's a good idea. Where do I sleep? On the couch?"

"If Angel came in here and found you alone on the sofa, she'd consider you fair game. Of course if you want to go back to her," Demon left the sentence unfinished. Gideon pushed himself to his feet, careful to ensure that the folds of the robe hid his problem.

"Not tonight, Josephine. I think I'd better give myself chance to recover a little before I see that lady again."

She smiled and tilted her head towards another door. He followed her into a bedroom; again all in white, but this room had no windows. The bed was large and covered with a white quilt. Pillows were piled high at the head.

"Make yourself comfortable, Captain, I'll be back later." She turned and left, closing the door behind her. He heard the click of a lock being turned. Was that to keep him in or to keep Angel out? He wasn't sure. He closed his eyes and concentrated. Nothing. Why had Matheson not been able to get through to him? A telepath with his rating should have been able to get some form of warning out. The fact that he'd heard nothing worried the hell out of him. But there didn't seem a lot he could do about it at the moment.

"Step into my parlor said the spider to the fly." He spoke aloud. He still didn't know exactly what Demon wanted from him. His naturally suspicious nature prevented him from believing she was being altruistic. So what was her agenda? Hell, he wasn't going to figure it out tonight; he was going nowhere, and that bed looked very inviting. He dropped the robe on the floor and climbed in.

Demon leant back against the bedroom door she'd just locked. Her heart was beating at twice its normal rate. If she hadn't got out of there that instant she would have flung him on the bed and raped him. She pushed herself upright and walked out of the room, thinking back over the last few hours as she walked.

When she first saw him in the courtyard she'd been instantly attracted. But so had Angel. Dammit, why did they have the same taste in men? Demon had vowed a while back that if she and Angel went for the same man, she would back off. They'd nearly killed each other over a man once, and both had the scars to show for it. That would never happen again. So Demon had stood back and let Angel whisk him away, swinging her neat little red-clad butt behind her.

Demon had paced the floor of her room for hours, sensing every gasp of pain and pleasure that had echoed around the castle. And there had been plenty of the latter, mixed with a little of the former. This was what she hated about being an empath; she could never really get away from others. Their feelings intruded constantly. That was why she had developed the mask of impassiveness she wore most of the time. She didn't want others to know just how much she felt. But she knew every feeling experienced by Gideon in that room down the hall. Only her sisters were hidden from her. Then she could never sense.

She'd sensed Gideon's discomfort. She couldn't help herself; she had to go to him. When she walked in the room and saw him stretched out before her she nearly passed out. She just couldn't

keep her eyes from his body and felt a surge of lust as she took in every detail... the long slim legs, with their fine down of hair, the flat belly, and the chest covered with hair that looked so soft... the well-developed arm muscles that stood out where his arms were stretched above his head. She tried not to let herself remember the rest, but her memory kept turning back to the line of hair that led down to the much darker curls in his groin and his cock lying against his thigh. Even unaroused, she could tell he was big.

As soon as she'd released him, she flung herself from the room. If she'd stayed longer she would have broadcast her feelings to the entire population. That was the problem with being both a receiving and sending empath. Unless she controlled herself, everyone would know how she felt.

When she'd gathered her control, she'd re-entered the room but took a robe for him; she knew that if she didn't get him covered up, she would be lost.

Her control had held until she'd healed him, taken him to her rooms and fed him. As they talked, she'd leant forward on the sofa and suddenly realised that he was staring at her breasts. He'd moved his eyes away quickly enough, but she'd felt the stirrings of lust that had moved him at that moment. Trying to ignore her own and his feelings she paced the floor, but it wasn't enough. She'd rushed him into her bedroom and locked the door behind him. She just didn't trust herself alone with him. She knew she would lose control and start projecting her feelings, which at present consisted of a roiling mass of lust.

Time to burn off some of that excess energy. Time to pick a fight with Angel.

Angel's rooms were in their usual state. Chaos. The sensation that hit the casual visitor was RED. The colour was everywhere. In the drapes, rugs, cushions and clothes strewn carelessly on the furniture. Wherever Angel was, the place looked like a tornado had hit it. Demon had given up worrying about it years ago. If that was the way she liked it, fine. Even so, given that she could move objects just by looking at them, Demon could never understand why she didn't pick up the mess in the room more often.

For a moment Demon hated Angel for the pleasure she'd taken from Gideon and the pleasure she'd given in return. She knew that despite the bindings and the pain, Gideon had enjoyed his encounter with Angel. Demon had felt his pleasure clearly through the walls between them. He just wanted a rest before he went a second round with her.

"Angel, when will you learn to tidy up after yourself?" Demon's voice was no longer low and sultry but strident even to her own ears. Amazing. No one else could wind her up quite as successfully as her younger sister.

Angel slunk into the living room, her movements both graceful and predatory. She never looked quite so cat-like as she did after sex.

"What's it to you how I keep my rooms?" She snapped straight back at Demon. "If you don't like it, just leave."

Demon took a deep breath. She should know better by now than to charge straight in; all that happened was Angel counter attacked. A more subtle approach was needed. But Demon wasn't feeling subtle.

"I don't give a flying fuck about the state of your room. I do care when you hurt people." Anyone but her sisters would have been shocked to hear Demon swear. Only with them did she relax her control and her barriers.

"And just who are you protecting from me now big sister?"

"Gideon"

Angel strode forward, her icy blue eyes flashing. "Hands off Demon, that one's mine." Her voice was harsh with anger.

"Then you shouldn't have left him in pain while you came back here to ... what exactly have you been doing in the last couple of hours, Angel?"

Angel ignored the bait. "He was enjoying it as much as I was."

Demon lowered her voice a notch. "I know he was, while you were there, but you left him, Angel, and he was in pain. I know. I felt it."

Angel calmed as fast as she had flared. "I didn't mean to hurt him. I got distracted and forgot. I'm sorry Demon." She was genuinely contrite and tears appeared in her eyes. Demon hugged her, then pushed her out to arms' length.

"I know you are, darling. But I need a favor from you."

"What do you want, Demon?" Angel couldn't remember the last time Demon had asked her for anything. She was so self-contained; she never asked anyone for anything.

"I want Gideon, Angel, I really want him." Angel felt the surge of emotion, which Demon projected for a moment when her control slipped. She bit down on her anger; she had seen Gideon first. He liked her and what they'd done together had given them both pleasure. How dare Demon try to take him away? But she hid her anger, knowing that Demon couldn't read her.

"Of course, darling, if it means that much to you, take him." Angel turned on her heel and glided out of the room.

Demon was stunned. She couldn't believe Angel had given in so quickly. Not for the first time, she wished she could read her sister as easily as she read others. But if Angel was prepared to let Gideon go, Demon wasn't going to hang around until she changed her mind. She left Angel's rooms at high speed, heading back to her own apartments.

Angel sat in front of a mirror in her bedroom and brooded.

Demon returned to her rooms. She turned down the lights in the living room as she crossed to the bedroom door. Unlocking the door, she opened it slowly. The lights in the bedroom were out and she could hear a faint snore coming from the bed. Gideon was sleeping deeply. In the faint wash of light coming through the door she could just see an outline of his shape under the quilt. [Oh well, maybe he'll be feeling better in the morning.]

She returned to the living room and pulled off her boots; the one-piece suit she wore had a single zipper that ran from neck to crotch. Unzipping herself, she peeled the suit off to reveal that she wore nothing underneath it. She turned off all but one light in the living room, walked into the bedroom leaving the door ajar, and slid under the quilt next to the sleeping Gideon. She was careful not to touch him, and the bed was big enough for them both to have plenty of space. She closed her eyes and willed herself to sleep.

Angel sat staring at the shards of glass and broken perfume bottles lying on the floor at her feet. She took a deep breath, trying to calm the anger she felt towards her sister. She had to be under control to work on the spell. If she were angry she might not be concentrating, and that could lead to a mistake.

She took a few more deep breaths and then stood, careful not to walk on the glass with her bare feet. Angel crossed to the wall and opened the doorway to her workshop.

Angel walked to her Grimoire and started to page through it, searching for a love spell that she had created a couple of years ago. One of the local men had approached her, asking her if she would please help him get the female he was in love with to love him again. After a final turn of the page, Angel found it, and read over it. She frowned and slammed her fist on the book.

"No! This won't do. Dammit!" Angel slammed the book shut. The spell was to get someone who had loved you once to love you again. Gideon had never been in love with her; hell, they'd just met. Angel stood, her hands on her hips, her mind searching. She needed a spell that would make someone fall in love with her and not be interested in any other woman but her. Angel chewed her lip. She didn't have the skill yet to create something like that without help. She needed a base to work from, a spell that she could tweak and change to what she wanted. Part of this spell would help, but she needed a control spell. Suddenly Angel's eyes widened and she slapped her thigh.

"That's it!" Angel said with delight. She turned quickly on her heel and walked briskly out of the workshop.

Gideon awoke with a start. Where the hell was he? He looked toward the doorway where a soft light filtered through, giving just enough illumination to see by. Slowly it came back to him; he was in Demon's bed, hiding out from Angel, just for a while and until he got his strength back. And the door was open. He started to move when he became aware of the shape in the bed next to him. He froze.

As his eyes adjusted he could see the outline of a woman's naked back and shoulder. She was

lying on her side with her back towards him. The quilt had fallen away from her shoulders and only covered her from the waist down. The light skin of her back glowed in the dark and the pale gold curls of her hair were spread across the pillow. He heard her sigh and realized that his movement had disturbed her sleep. She rolled on to her back, still asleep. Her right arm came to rest on the pillow next to him; her left arm flung outwards from her body. He stared appreciatively at the view; at her flat stomach where it emerged from the bed covers and the shadow made by her navel, up her rib cage to the full rounded breasts that were now completely exposed, further up her long, slender neck to the firm chin and mouth, softened by sleep, the long, straight nose, and high cheekbones, with the deep eye sockets, where her eyelids covered the beautiful hazel eyes he'd seen earlier; the pale gold hair spread across the pillow.

He didn't know what to do. Half of him wanted to leave her bed and seek out his crew. The other half wanted to bury himself completely in the depths of this woman who lay sleeping beside him. His sense of duty prevailed over lust and he started to move away from her, but his movement made her shift again. Her hips moved provocatively, causing the bedcovers to slide lower still, until the very first curls of pale hair showed above the edge of the covers. Well, at least he now knew that she was a natural blonde. He knew if he moved again she would wake and see him leaving. While he was now much improved on the state he'd been in earlier, he still didn't feel up to a fight with her, although the idea of wrestling her naked to the floor had its appeal.

So if he couldn't fight her and he couldn't run from her, there was one option left. Seduce her. He couldn't believe that she would have climbed into bed with him unless she had some sort of interest in him. What the hell, she could only kill him.

He leaned towards her and kissed her wrist where it rested on the pillow. He moved down and kissed the hollow of her elbow, then up her arm to her shoulder. He felt her stir as he moved his lips to her neck, to her chin and finally to her mouth. As he dropped his head to kiss her mouth he realised that he was becoming aroused. The blood was surging into his cock, swelling it and making it more sensitive every moment.

Her mouth opened under his. Was she awake yet? Or was this an automatic response? He gently moved his tongue around her lips before probing further. Her tongue met his and flickered briefly against it. He felt her lips move into a smile beneath his. He pulled his head back a little.

"So you're awake." He looked straight into those large brown eyes, which made him feel like he was drowning.

"I am now." She lifted her right hand from the pillow, placed it behind his neck and pulled his head down into a deep and passionate kiss. Gideon relaxed. She didn't want to fight; she wanted this too. It was going to be very enjoyable.

He moved his right hand to her breast and gently massaged the nipple with his thumb. He felt it harden beneath his hand. He moved his mouth away from hers, again following the line of her neck, kissing gently down her collarbone and onto her breast until his mouth found the nipple he'd just played with. He licked gently at the tip and was rewarded by a moan of pleasure. He moved his hand down her ribcage until it came to rest on her hip, all the while continuing to suck and lick at the nipple that now hardened in his mouth. Her hands brushed his shoulders, stroking down his upper arms, running her nails gently along his sensitized skin.

He moved his hand down her hip, feeling the silky texture of her skin, before gently sliding across to the inside of her leg. He moved his fingers in circles, stroking the skin of her inner thigh, feeling her becoming more aroused every moment. He moved his mouth to her other breast and started giving that nipple the same degree of careful attention he had given the first. Her breath was coming faster now and her hips were moving against the bed. The covers had fallen away entirely. He lifted his head and looked down the length of her body. Over those beautiful breasts, over the flat plane of her stomach, past the curls of her pubic hair, down her long, slender legs that were now slightly parted where his hand pressed between them.

"Don't stop, please." Her deep and sultry voice whispered softly. He returned his mouth to her breast and continued to suck at the tip. He moved his hand slowly up the inside of her thigh until it rested against her curls. Her legs moved again as she parted them further, silently begging him to continue. Her hands were in his hair, pulling his head away from her breast and back to her mouth. The next kiss wasn't gentle at all. He locked his mouth over hers and pushed his tongue deep into her. She met him with equal force and passion. As he tugged at her lower lip with his teeth, he moved his hand so his fingers rested at the mouth of her vagina. He could feel her heat and moisture. She shifted her hips to meet his probing fingers. He slipped a finger inside her. The hand she had wrapped in his hair clenched and pulled his head away from hers so that she could gasp for air.

Gideon looked down at her as he slowly moved his finger inside her. Her eyes were closed, her head thrown back, her throat exposed to him. He kissed the hollow at the base of her throat as he slid another finger inside her and found her clitoris with his thumb. Her hips surged up to meet him; her back arched, thrusting her breasts towards him. Well he didn't need to be asked twice. He put his mouth back to her breast, but this time gently gripped her nipple between his teeth while he licked it with the tip of his tongue. Her breath was now coming fast and her hips were thrusting into his fingers as she lifted towards climax. He increased the pressure of his thumb, rotating it gently. He felt the muscles of her vagina clamp down around his fingers drawing them deeper inside her, deeper into the hot, moist core of her that wanted to be filled by him. His own breathing was ragged, but he was determined to make her come before he entered her.

He pushed his hand into her, pressing down hard on her clit, releasing the tip of her nipple from his teeth and taking the whole into his mouth. As he bit down on her breast her back arched again. Her internal muscles spasmed against his hand and she cried out her pleasure as she came. She dropped back to the bed and he pressed hard inside her again; she lifted again, and again, moaning as each wave of orgasm hit her. This was incredible. He could feel what she was feeling. Somehow, she was projecting her waves of pleasure into him. How was she doing that? He barely hung onto his self-control until the waves of emotion passed.

She fell back to the bed panting, her throat and neck flushed, her eyes closed, her mouth open and inviting. Gideon had never been a man to refuse an invitation, so covered her mouth with his own. As he kissed her deep and long, he pulled his hand away from between her legs and shifted himself over her. He now lay between her legs, his cock pressed between them, pushing hard against her stomach. Still kissing her deeply, he moved his hand back to the moist warmth and spread the lips of her vagina. Lifting his hips above her, he brought his cock into contact with the opening beneath him. She lifted up to meet him again, drawing him into her, but he pulled back.

He lifted his mouth from hers and placed his lips next to her ear. "Slowly," he whispered. He licked around her earlobe as he gently pressed his hips down towards her, pulling back before he had gone much further than his first thrust. Her hands clenched and he felt her nails driving into his back. The resulting pain made him lift his shoulders back, thrusting his hips forward, deeper inside her. He breathed into her ear again, "Naughty, naughty," and pulled back. She was panting hard now, obviously wanting him deep inside her. Her hips shifted under him and he feared he would lose control of himself.

She started to lick round the edge of his ear, while her hands slid down his back to his buttocks. As he thrust into her again, he could feel her trying to push him down, deeper with every stroke, into the hot dark core of her. Her vagina was tight around his cock, but the moisture she'd produced lubricated his progress, further and further into her. At last he was completely inside her. His whole shaft was enclosed within her, right down to the root in his belly.

He lifted his face from the pillow and pushed his mouth over hers again. He wanted every part of him inside her. And she wanted the same. Her mouth opened under his and she sucked at his tongue. Their hips were moving together now, thrusting deeper and longer with every stroke. The walls of her vagina were pulsing, pressing down on his swollen cock. She started to rotate her hips sideways at the same time as pushing up and down; the sensations were overwhelming. He didn't know how much longer he could keep going and was almost relieved when he felt her back arch beneath him, her hips surge upwards, her mouth fall away from his, her vaginal muscles pulse again as she came, hard. He thrust deep into her one last time and let go. The waves of pleasure came crashing down on him as he came into her. He didn't know whose orgasm he was feeling, hers or his own. She pushed upwards again, her vagina clenching hard around him, drawing more from him than he thought possible. He lifted his head back and groaned as he collapsed onto her, completely drained.

Luke realized he had his arm around something - someone, even. His eyes popped open, only to find himself looking into a by now familiar, but still spectacular pair of incredibly green eyes. "Hello, Sad Eyes. Did you have a good rest?" Lily purred. Luke stared at her for a few seconds, then hastily withdrew his arm and sat up, which revealed another surprise. On the other side of the bed - on the other side of Lily - was lying John Matheson, apparently just waking up himself.

When John saw Luke, he seemed a bit surprised, maybe even slightly embarrassed, but then he grinned and said casually, "Hello doc. When did you get here?"

Luke threw a sideways glance at Lily, who lay on her back now and smiled at him innocently, and said, "I don't know, really... but I bet our Fire-Lily here had something to do with it."

Matheson chuckled at the accurate nickname, and Lily looked at him curiously. "Fire-Lily?"

Luke shrugged. "It's a very beautiful flower from Earth. It has the colour of your hair."

Lily smiled. "I like it! OK, you can continue to call me that!"

She sat up, threw the sheets back, also baring Luke, and got out on his side. Luke looked at John,

not sure if he should be amused or embarrassed. Matheson shrugged. "We might just as well get used to it, I think."

Lily had put her dress of that floating material back on and said, "Feel at home here. Bathroom's over there, food's over here. And you can find some robes in my wardrobe." She pointed past the bed, to another intricately carved wooden door. Then she went to the table and sat down, picking up a fruit.

John and Luke got up and went to the door, opening it and finding themselves in an elaborate walk-in wardrobe, containing what seemed like hundreds of clothing items. They got themselves some robes, which hung directly next to the door. Luke then joined Lily at the table, feeling how hungry he was when he saw all the food. John decided he really needed a pee, and headed for the bathroom. When he opened the door, he couldn't help but stare for several seconds. "You call this a bathroom? Dear God!" Lily just giggled, and he went on, closing the door behind him.

Luke, still feeling a bit awkward, found himself unable to identify any of the dishes, so he picked out something at random. It looked a bit like porridge, but tasted very exotic and spicy.

"Take anything you like," Lily said. "There's more than enough." Luke looked at her. She took a bite of the peach-like fruit she'd picked up, looking at him in a way that almost made him blush. "You don't eat any of this?" he asked. She shook her head. "John and I ate earlier." Luke nodded and concentrated on the food again, avoiding looking at her directly.

John joined them soon, sitting down between Lily and Luke. He also picked a fruit from the bowl, something oval with dark-red skin and white flesh that tasted a bit like mango. Even with his telepathic abilities blocked he could tell that the doctor didn't feel entirely comfortable with this situation. [Probably because I'm here, too...] He cleared his throat and said, "Doctor... Luke. I know that this is a very strange and... delicate... situation. I just want you to know that whatever happens here won't leave this room." Luke looked him in the eye, slightly surprised, seeing his sincerity. He nodded, grateful. "Thank you. I can promise you the same." John nodded and took another bite of his fruit.

They continued eating until Luke was finished. Many dishes were untouched or still half full. As soon as the last drop of fruit juice had left his glass, Lily got up and said, "I want to take a bath." She motioned them to get up and go into the bathroom while she detoured to her wardrobe to get a robe. They followed her order and John opened the door, looking back at Luke. "Hold your breath, doctor." Then they entered.

Luke stood there, mouth agape. What he saw here was probably the biggest bathroom he'd ever see in his life, its style a mixture between roman bath and grotto. Two walls and the floor were covered with mosaics of underwater scenes. The wall directly to the left depicted mermaids floating through the water, while the floor, the ceiling and the wall on the opposite side showed a coral reef with all its colorful inhabitants. The toilet could be found in the left opposite corner, hidden from view by a blue-green partition wall. The rest of the opposite wall was formed into a knee-high closet with wooden doors. Beside the entrance door, two organic looking hand basins of the same stone as the bathtub emerged from the wall. The taps were an integral part of them. A big mirror reflected the mosaic on the other side, making the room seem still larger. Above it a soft light seemed to come directly out of the wall.

As in Lily's room, every edge and corner was rounded. But the most astonishing feature took in the full right hand wall, the one opposite the mermaid mosaic: the bath "tub." It consisted of one big rock that was formed like a wave, going up the wall and left frozen when it started coming back down. Its coloring reminded Luke of a trip his parents had taken him on when he'd been a kid, to Antelope Canyon in North America on Earth. There were two holes/tubs inserted in the rock's thick base, seemingly natural, the one on the right an irregular oval and rather shallow, but deep and long enough to lie in it, the other on the left round and cut deeper into the stone, with what seemed to be a bench inserted at half height. Just above its floor, soft blue-green lights were installed that gave the whole room even more of an underwater feeling.

"Amazing, isn't it?" He heard John say, and only nodded. Suddenly both jumped when Lily lightly slapped them on their asses as she entered. "Don't stand around and stare! I want to have my bath now!"

She walked over to the round, deeper tub, throwing her robe on the floor, quickly touched the top of the tap, and hot water began to fill the tub. She added a few drops of a sweet, exotic fragrance that soon filled the room. Then she turned around, studying her two toys, who were still standing there, undecided whether to watch her or look at the elaborate mosaics. [Embarrassed, gentlemen?] Lily smiled at them, quickly undid their robes and threw them on the floor, then let her own dress float down and took their hands, like a mother would with her children. She led them to the tub, stepped in herself, and only let go when they followed. She leaned back, closed her eyes, relaxed, concentrated for a moment... and soon the water was full of tiny air bubbles floating to the surface.

Both Luke and John were surprised for a moment. "A whirlpool bath." John exclaimed. "But the ground is absolutely smooth. Where does the air come from?"

Lily opened her eyes and shrugged. "Out of the stone. I don't know how it works, they made it this way." She got up and stood, the underwater light and the drops running down her shapely body making her seem like an elf or a fairy. Again she concentrated, and a small waterfall poured out of the stone over her. She laid her head back and reached her arms up, letting the water flow through her hair, which in its wet state now reached mid-thigh.

She sat down again, and Luke marveled at how naturally graceful she moved, when suddenly she splashed him. "Beast," he murmured, smoothing his wet hair back, and tried to splash her back, but she was too quick, and most of the water hit John. "Hey!" He glared at the doctor, then went for Lily and dunked her. Soon they were splashing and dunking each other and laughing like kids. One thing led to the other, innocence to sensuality, sensuality to desire, and soon Lily found herself in the two men's arms, their hands and lips exploring her body above and below the water, making her shiver with anticipation. Usually she preferred to be in control, but this had happened so naturally that she didn't see any reason to change the state of things -- especially since she was the one profiting most.

Luke was suckling her breast while John trailed kisses along her neck, making her purr. John locked eyes with Luke. At that moment no words were necessary for the two to communicate. John raised his eyebrows slightly, Luke nodded; they smiled, then concentrated on Lily again, who hadn't witnessed the short exchange. While John continued to kiss her neck, he slid his hand down

along her spine - way down - and when he felt the muscles around her anus under his fingers, he started massaging them softly. Lily was surprised at how pleasurable this treatment was; soon she felt her body ache for more. "Patience," Matheson whispered, his fingers slipping between her legs, feeling her wetness, then retreating again.

At that moment Luke entered her, making her gasp, and gently pulled her down, covering her mouth in a reverent kiss. A second later her eyes went wide when she felt John's staff, lubricated with her own juices, push at her other opening, and then enter it slowly. She gasped at the new sensations when he started moving inside her ass, slowly first to give her time to accommodate him, then faster, harder. Being taken from front and back made her head spin, and it caused the most extraordinary sensations. With each of John's thrusts she thought the top of her head would blow off, and she could tell that both men felt their cocks touch and rub through the thin wall separating them; their moans were evidence enough, and turned her on even more.

Luke's eyes were closed, his face ecstatic; Lily watched him through half-closed lids while she rode him to the rhythm of John's thrusts, getting a kick out of his gasps, his moans, the way he quickly opened his mouth with each thrust. Before long she could feel herself lose control, and she came violently with a loud cry. She felt the muscles in both her holes spasming, and at the same time Demon's first orgasm ripped through the two men filling her, taking both over the edge. She could feel them emptying themselves deep into her, both shouting her name.

For almost a minute they lay entangled there in a heap, panting heavily. Finally Luke managed to utter, "What... was... THAT?"

Lily giggled and lifted her head. "Demon is having fun with your Captain... she can feel what others feel, but also sends out what she feels."

Luke stared at her. "You mean... that was her..." - "Orgasm you felt? Yes," Lily finished the sentence for him.

Then she shuddered. "The water's getting cold... better get out." She wiggled herself out from between John and Luke, letting John's head rest on Luke's chest, stepped out and got herself a robe. Without thinking, Luke let his fingers caress the black hair, loving the soft feel of it. Suddenly he became aware what he was doing, and at the same second John looked up. There was an awkward moment when they were looking at each other silently, then John followed Lily's example.

Max laughed and held Ilas close as he kissed her slowly. Her mouth tasted different, but was still intoxicating. He felt her hands inside his robe and broke the kiss. "Woman, you're going to be the death of me," he exclaimed, nevertheless easing her back and moving over her.

Their robes fell away and they made love slowly, Max insisting that she not change one bit while they did so. "I made love to an illusion already. I want the real thing this time," he said, tenderly kissing the scar on her cheek. "You're beautiful whatever you look like."

She had smiled at him, taking him inside her, her legs circling his waist.

As responsive as ever, Ilas came soon under Max's slow thrusting. He chuckled against her throat and continued pushing inside her. She came several times as Max's orgasm built, much more slowly than before. When he finally climaxed, it was more powerful than anything he'd ever felt. It also seemed to begin from outside himself. When he recovered, he heard Ilas chuckling to herself. "What?"

"Demon's having fun," she told him, noticing the weariness that lined his eyes. "But sleep for now. She could be at it for a while,"

They tossed the robes to the floor and snuggled under the covers. Max lay on his side, Ilas spooned against him. He tried to stay awake, if only to prolong the feel of her body snug against his. The evening had been too much, however, and he was soon asleep.

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The Witches of Eriadne: Double, Double

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