

The Witches of Eriadne: Double, Double - Part 3: Changing Partners

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Angel

Chapter 2

Demon emerged into the courtyard and was relieved to see Angel there. She'd become seriously concerned by the fact that she couldn't find Angel during the recent disturbance. However much her sister annoyed her, Demon did care for her and worried about her.

When Angel asked her to have lunch though, she was surprised. After their little run in over Gideon, she'd expected Angel to avoid her. Demon had been having serious second thoughts about Gideon. She'd acted impulsively out of hurt and anger when she'd taken him back to the cell and shackled him. She could have given him a chance to explain. And why shouldn't he feel a sense of triumph when one of his people broke free? She would have felt the same in his place.

She was headed back to his cell to release him when Angel stopped her. She thought about Angel's invitation and was sceptical about her agenda, but it did give Demon a chance to explain to Angel

how she felt about Gideon. She needed to share that with someone.

"Let's go to my rooms. I'll order us something." She led the way with Angel swaying behind her. She decided not to tell the younger woman about the break out yet. The danger was over now; it could wait. And so could Gideon, for a little while, anyway.

They sat in Demon's room and ate together. Angel had been surprised when they entered to see that the living room was untidy. She'd never seen Demon's rooms in anything other than a state of sterile perfection. That perfection irritated Angel so much that she was even more chaotic in her own rooms. There were two black robes tossed over the back of a sofa, one of which had doubtless been worn by Gideon. Angel smiled to herself. Not much longer now. Another five minutes and it would all be over. He'd be hers!

"So, what did you want to talk about, Angel? Anything in particular?" Angel started. She'd been miles away again, thinking about what she would do with Gideon when he was entirely hers. She was bitterly angry at Demon for keeping him here so long.

"Oh, you know. Nothing really. I just thought it would be nice..." How the hell was she going to keep Demon here if she couldn't do better than that. Before she could continue, Demon interrupted.

"If there's nothing in particular you want to talk about, I do have something I'd like to discuss with you." Angel eyed the clock in the corner of Demon's room. Two more minutes.

"It's about Gideon." Angel jumped. Did Demon suspect? No, she hadn't been anywhere near when Angel had cast her spell. And she hadn't been back to Gideon. How could she know?

"We talked a lot yesterday." [I bet you did, and I bet you did a lot of other things as well] "He told me why they'd come here and what they want." Angel was barely listening. One minute to go.

"I told him who we are and where we came from -- well, as much as we know about it anyway. He hasn't come across any shape shifters before, so I wonder if the Vorlon specially created Illas? Gideon has been to a lot of places, Angel." [Yeah, and I know exactly where he's been with you honey!] "If there were any others he'd probably have heard about them."

Time! That was it; Gideon was hers. Angel could barely control her elation, but she still didn't want Demon to suspect what she'd done, so she pushed down her excitement as best she could.

"Angel, are you listening to me? Oh, never mind, I'm just blathering anyway, trying to avoid what I really need to tell you." Demon looked down to the floor and blushed. Angel was surprised. Demon relaxed her iron control around her sisters, but she'd never seen her blush before.

"What is it, Demon?" Angel was truly concerned. For all their fighting and Angel's desire to beat her sister at anything they did together, she did love Demon. She wouldn't want to see her really hurt.

"It's Gideon. Oh Angel, I know this sounds so stupid, but I think I've fallen in love with him." Angel was aghast. How could this have happened? The cool, aloof Demon never felt anything for anyone other than her sisters. How could she have fallen in love with a stranger?

"You can't mean that, Demon. You don't love anyone." Angel flinched when she heard her own words. That's not what she'd meant to say. It had come out all wrong! But Demon was smiling at her.

"Don't worry, I know what you meant. And up until now you were right." To Angel's mounting horror, Demon went on to describe how she felt for Gideon, why she loved him, what it was that she loved about him, in endless nauseating detail. [This can't be happening, oh gods what have I done!] When she ran out of things to say, Demon leapt to her feet.

"I was really horrible to him this morning and I've left the poor man chained up in a cell for the last couple of hours. I must let him go or he'll be so mad that I'll never get him to calm down enough to listen to me."

Angel watched her rush from the room, and wondered what to do. There was nothing she could do. She fled.

When Demon entered the cell she found that he had been released from the shackles where she'd left him, but was now lying on the floor, barely breathing. She dropped to her knees by his head.

"Matthew? Matthew! What's happened? What's the matter?" The sound of her voice seemed to rouse him and he groaned. She rolled him onto his back, noticing that he was naked from the waist up. What the hell had been going on here? Angel. She clamped down on the fury that rushed through her. At that moment she could have cheerfully strangled her baby sister.

She placed her hands either side of his head and tried to feel what was going on inside him. He felt different from when she had last touched him. The guilt and compassion, his twin driving spirits, seemed to have drained from him. What was left was... rage? Well, he'd been pretty angry when she left him earlier.

Her touch seemed to stimulate him and he opened his eyes and stared up at her. His eyes were out of focus and he was obviously unaware of what was going on around him.

"Matthew, can you get up? Can you stand?" She had a sense of déjà vu. At least her little sister hadn't left any physical marks this time, but what else had she done?

He didn't speak but reached out for her hand. She helped him to his feet, where he stood swaying for a moment. She braced herself under his shoulder and helped him out of the cell.

"Matthew, I'm so sorry. I should have listened to you, given you a chance to explain." She heard herself rambling as she helped him back to her rooms. [Oh for God's sake, you sound like a schoolgirl. Just shut up and help him, woman.] She took her own advice and shut up.

He seemed to regain his strength as they walked the corridor that separated the cell from her rooms. By the time they reached her door he was walking unaided, but still hadn't spoken. She kept her arm around him anyway; it felt good against his bare skin. And he kept his arm round her shoulder where he'd placed it for support. Maybe he'd forgiven her after all.

He let go of her as they entered her living room and walked away from her side, [Then again, maybe not.] seeming to take in the details of the room. When he'd finished his survey, he turned to her.

"Deborah... Demon... I think I prefer Demon." His voice sounded different too. Deeper, with a drawl that hadn't been there before. What had Angel done to him? She reached out to touch his face and he grabbed her wrist. Catching her other wrist he brought them together and held her hands in front of his chest. His grip was strong; she tried to break his grasp but had no effect at all. What was going on here?

He pulled her wrists apart and bent his arms, drawing her hands behind his neck. Letting go of her wrists, he reached out and grasped her neck on either side. His thumbs pressed against the corners of her mouth and drew her chin down, opening her mouth as he did so. He leant forward and kissed her open mouth, driving his tongue between her teeth, forcing her mouth to open wider still. She was startled by the roughness of the kiss, but enjoyed the sensation of his tongue probing her mouth, her lips, her tongue. He released her mouth and drew her hands down from behind his neck. Holding her wrists together in front of him, he spoke.

"So," he said softly, "Now you know who *really* loves you"

He bent swiftly and put an arm behind her knees, the other behind her back. Lifting her into his arms he wondered just how heavy she was. [130? 135? She's no wisp of a girl, that's for sure.]

He carried her into the bedroom and laid her on the bed. He stood back to admire the view. She wore skintight black leather from neck to toe, but not for much longer. He reached down and grasped her ankle, raising her foot so he could unzip her boot and remove it. When he had her naked foot in his hand he bent and carefully licked her toes.

She was lying still, watching him carefully, but the sensation of his tongue flickering along her toes made her quiver. He smiled and did the same with her other foot. He dropped her ankle and moved towards the head of the bed. His hand reached out and slowly tugged at the zipper that held the tight leather jacket together. Inch by inch he dragged it down, watching as he reached the swell of her breasts and the pressure from within forced the zipper apart. Her jacket fell open on either side of her body revealing her firm, round breasts. He let his hand stroke round her nipple, then leant over and grabbed her by both shoulders. Pulling her into a sitting position he pushed the jacket off her shoulders and threw it into a corner of the room. He pushed her back until she was fully horizontal, then started work on the zipper that held her pants in place. When he had that undone, he grasped her pants at the waist.

"Lift." It was the only word spoken since they'd entered the bedroom. She did as she was told and

lifted her hips from the bed. He pulled the pants down from her hips and legs, revealing the simple black-lace g-string she wore underneath. He slid a finger under the flimsy lace at the side, and with one quick tug snapped the material.

When she was completely naked, he stood next to the bed looking down at her. He ran his eyes from the pale gold hair spread across the pillow, [Now, who does that remind me of?] to her long slender neck, to her broad shoulders and high firm breasts, down across her stomach and the golden curls below, to her long legs and neat feet. Not his usual type -- he preferred petite brunettes. But he wasn't going to kick this one out of bed, no sir.

He sat on the edge of the bed next to her and bent to kiss her. This time he was gentle, just touching her lips with his, flicking his tongue against her closed mouth until slowly her lips parted. He pushed gently into her mouth, sensing her becoming more excited as he did so. He slid a hand over her breast, feeling her nipple harden as she became aroused.

He stood again and removed his boots and socks, throwing them into the corner where he'd left her clothes. He slowly undid his pants, watching her as she watched him. He was amused to see that her eyes were fixed on the bulge in his pants. Pretty obvious what this little lady wanted.

He removed his pants and briefs in one swift movement and raised a knee to the edge of the bed. Pushing both hands under her hip, he flipped her onto her stomach and pulled himself over to kneel between her parted legs. He brought both hands up to her buttocks and stroked appreciatively. [Nice, very nice.] Her hips twitched under him as his hands wandered. He leant forward and kissed the base of her spine, causing her to arch her back and moan softly. With slow kisses and licks he worked his way up her spine, pushing her hair out of his way until he reached her neck. The nape showed beneath her hairline, making a vulnerable hollow. This was his favorite part of a woman (well, one of his favorite parts) and this woman's neck was perfect. He kissed it gently while moving his left hand down from where it had been caressing her butt, pushing in between her legs. By now her hips were writhing and grinding into the mattress below and as he slid his hand into her curls he could feel how wet she was.

He knelt upright again and with both hands grasped firmly under her hips, bringing her up to kneel in front of him. He reached around and felt her breast and the nipple that was now rock hard. With his other hand he reached back between her legs and slipped a finger inside her. He could feel her swollen and running with juices. [Oh, this one's ripe for the picking,] he thought to himself and grinned.

She moaned with pleasure. "Matthew..."

He decided it was time she knew who was giving her such pleasure.

"Not Matthew, darlin'. The name's Buck... Lucas Buck... that's Buck, with a B." He thrust into her deep and hard.

Demon lay face down in the wreckage of her bed, the sheets crumpled and torn beneath her stomach. They were wet with her sweat, [Not his... Why doesn't he sweat?] and their combined

fluids. Her arms were raised above her head, her wrists bound together with torn sheets, then tied to the headboard.

She heard him moving around her rooms. ("Just havin' a look around, darlin'.") She could hear the clatter of plates from her living room and realised that he was finishing off the remnants of lunch that she and Angel had left. He probably needed food after the exertions of the last few hours. In the hours since they had returned to her rooms, he had given her no rest. He was relentless and remorseless. He could be gentle, tender even, then rough to the point of brutality. He'd taken her in every position she'd ever heard of and a few she hadn't.

He'd brought her to the edge of climax again and again, then kept her there, strung out and quivering, while he played with her, before finally pushing her over the edge into a series of glorious orgasms. Her hips ground the mattress beneath her just at the memory of the things he'd done, moisture welling up inside her again.

She could feel the bruises and scratches that the hours had left on her body. Her buttocks still felt sore. That memory roused the fluid level between her legs further. She had made the mistake of calling out "Matthew" in a moment of total ecstasy.

"Now darlin', what did I tell you?" He'd laid her across his knees and spanked her, hard. The pain and pleasure of it had brought her back to the brink of orgasm, and sensing it, he'd stood, tumbling her to the floor. She lay there for a moment before moving, trying to catch her breath, and in that moment he'd moved to kneel behind her, between her parted legs. [How did he move so fast?]

Lifting her hips from the floor he'd ground into her again, burying the full length of his swollen cock inside her. She'd exploded into orgasm so hard she'd almost fainted.

At other times he'd been slow and gentle, caring and considerate -- everything she could have dreamed of in a lover. But when she thought back to the first night she'd spent with him, she could only wonder at the differences. That first night Matthew had made love to her -- she wasn't stupid; she knew his first moves had been studied, even manipulative, but when he'd first entered her she could feel his genuine warmth and concern that he should please her.

This evening was completely different. Tonight he'd fucked her. Skillfully, at times with great gentleness, even tenderness. There was no doubt that, as a lover, he was very good indeed, but with few of the feelings she'd sensed in Matthew Gideon. Deep down, she could sense that some warmth and humor did exist, but it was dominated by the rage that drove his actions. What had happened to him? Who was this man who was now returning to her bed?

She sensed him standing by the side of the bed studying her. He slipped his hand under her hip and rolled her onto her back. She let out a gasp of pain as the bindings bit into her wrists and her arms were stretched uncomfortably. He saw what had happened and she felt a flicker of his concern. He'd not intended to hurt her. He bent and lifted her carefully a little further up the bed, releasing the tension in her arms and wrists.

She looked at him and realised that his cock had swollen and was again erect. She really wasn't sure if she could take any more. He went to the foot of the bed and, grasping her ankles, spread

her legs apart. Moving up between her legs, he pushed his arms behind her knees, lifting her legs until they hooked over his shoulders. Her hips lifted off the bed as he pulled himself closer to her.

"Mat..." [wrong, don't use that name] "Lucas, I'm not sure about this. I don't think I can."
Without speaking, he slid a hand between her legs and felt the moisture trickling from her vagina.

"Oh, I think you can," he said and pushed into her. The last thing she was conscious of was the full length of him thrusting deeper inside her than anything she'd ever experienced before. She had fainted.

"Oh hell." Lucas looked down at the unconscious woman beneath him. He hadn't planned for *that* to happen. He withdrew from her and gently lowered her to the bed. Now what? He looked down at his swollen cock.

"All pumped up and no place to flow."

He thought about carrying on with Demon anyway, but he preferred a little life in his women. What the hell was wrong with women these days? Didn't they appreciate a good thing when they had it? Selena had never fainted on him no matter what he'd done to her... well, there was that one time. He smiled at the memory.

Where the hell was he going to find someone to finish off with? After 250 years in that damn Box he was raring to go and still had a lot of catching up to do. He thought of the years he'd spent trying to find a suitable "host," someone whose head he could work his way into, slowly taking over control of his body.

Matthew Gideon had been perfect. He'd had a small piece of his consciousness riding round in the back of Gideon's head for years now, watching but not usually able to do much about it. He had a good idea what it was that had suddenly released him, and at the same time banished Gideon into the darkness of the Box.

Lucas smiled again as he recalled one of Gideon's more recent experiences. Angel! Now there was a girl who knew how to show a man a good time. A little bit of pain, a little bit of pleasure. He wondered if she had any candles. Black ones.

Perfect! And she was just his type, a brunette with a great body and a creative mind. 'Course that telekinesis of hers could be a bit of a problem, but he'd soon fix that. He'd closed a few doors of his own in his time.

He moved to the corner where he'd thrown their clothes and picked up Gideon's pants. Not exactly what he preferred, but the more generous cut wasn't a bad thing at the moment. If he'd had his usual tight fitting jeans, getting the zipper done up over his erection could have been a mite painful. He looked at Gideon's boots and sneered. Did that Space Cadet have no sense of style? Oh well, there wasn't a lot of choice. Demon might be a big girl, but he doubted if her shoes would fit him.

But he might find a shirt that would. He went back to the wardrobe he'd found earlier and searched through her clothes. All black. Well at least the girl knew what she looked good in. He finally found a man's shirt in black silk, which must have swamped Demon's shoulders, but fitted him well. [Wonder which lover left this behind?] He pulled it on and tucked it into the top of his pants. Turning to check his appearance in the mirror, he grimaced with distaste at his own reflection. Why couldn't this guy get a decent haircut? And why did he have to keep it so short? Lucas knew that women liked to run their fingers through hair like his, so he'd always made sure they had plenty to play with.

He turned back to the bed where Demon lay, still unconscious. He gently removed the bindings from her wrists and brought her arms down to her sides. He lifted the quilt from the floor where it had fallen and covered her, before kissing her gently on the forehead.

"Sweet dreams, darlin'."

He left the bedroom, shutting the door behind him and turning the key in the lock. Pushing the key into his pocket, he winced momentarily at the pressure it put on his swollen cock. Time to fix that little problem. He'd taken a lot of information from Demon's mind during the night, including the location of Angel's room.

"Time for a little pay back, darlin'."

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The Witches of Eriadne: Double, Double

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