

The Witches of Eriadne: Double, Double - Part 4: Moving Forward

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Lucas and Angel

Chapter 4

The women were herded into a large, light cell and the door closed behind them. They heard both a voice lock and physical locks being set.

Dureena turned to Demon and spoke. "Well, that didn't go down too well. Any suggestions?"

Demon shrugged. "We knew he wasn't stupid. What else did you expect? That he would break down and confess everything when we arrived? You haven't spent time with him as Lily and I have." Demon turned and hugged the tiny girl who was still shaking from reaction to what Lucas had said in the landing bay. Ilas leaned in from Lily's other side and stroked her arm comfortingly.

"So why did you come with us? You could easily have stayed on your planet and carried on with your lives. Why risk being captured by him?" Dureena stood with her hands on her hips, glaring up at Demon, her frustration and anger at their situation evident to all. To Demon, her emotions were painfully intense.

"Angel." Demon said just the name, then turned to take Lily to sit on one of the bunks in the room. She settled Lily on the bed and knelt at her feet, holding her hands and projecting waves of calmness at the frightened girl. Her sisters were largely immune to Demon's sendings, but it

certainly couldn't do any harm.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Dureena turned to Ilas, who had become her friend in the last day or so. "Will you tell me what is going on here? I know you told me you have a sister called Angel and I assume that she was the woman with Gideon in the courtyard, but she seemed to be willing to go with him. So why are you risking so much to come after her?"

Ilas sighed deeply, wondering how she could explain their bond to Dureena, who had got so used to being alone. She felt so much sorrow for the little Zanderi who was so isolated from everyone around her. She tried to explain, while Demon continued comforting Lily.

"We are a unit, a team. We are four, but we are one. If one of us is taken away it's like..." she struggled to find a comparison "Like if you lost a limb. It hurts." She frowned in concentration, trying to pick the words that would communicate their need to Dureena.

"When Angel left in the shuttle it was like a... tearing. Something inside each of us pulled until it tore. I can't describe the sensation any better, but it hurt. And the farther she went away from us, the more it hurt. We've never been separated like that before. Something, someone is preventing us sending to her now. She's cut off from us. It's wrong, very wrong. We must find her and bring her back to us."

Dureena stepped back at the intensity with which Ilas spoke. "Well, in that case we'd better get out of here and find her." She turned to the door and started working her way round the edge, looking for the location of the control panel behind the wall. She took off one of the boots that Ilas had given her earlier and threw it into Ilas's lap. "Start bending that."

Angel awoke with a start, her mind reeling when she felt herself being roughly turned onto her stomach, then someone kneeling astride her hips. She tried to get up, but a strong hand at the top of her back pressed her down onto the bed. She turned her head to see who it was, a small cry of anguish escaping her lips when out of the corner of her eyes she saw Lucas looking down at her. In the hand that wasn't holding her down, he was holding her small knife; a dangerous, hungry look in his eyes.

He leaned forward, so that his face was only inches away from hers. Angel opened her mouth to speak to beg him not to hurt her, to let her explain, but he raised the knife to his lips indicating that she should be quiet. She saw the look in his eyes, and didn't dare say anything. She just looked up at him, fear causing her heart to beat so fast she would have sworn it would burst out of her chest at any minute. [God, he's going to kill me.]

"Oh no, Angel-face, I'm not gonna kill you. I still have a use for you." Lucas leaned in closer and kissed her on the cheek. Angel twisted her face away from his lips. This caused him to chuckle coldly at her. "Still fighting what you find impossible to resist, darlin'?" He asked her sarcastically.

"Go to hell," she spat at him.

"Darlin' I've been there, and it ain't half what it's cracked up to be," he shot back at her. Something told Angel he was telling the truth about that -- and it didn't surprise her. She froze when she felt the tip of the knife at her neck and felt him leaning over her again so he could whisper in her ear. "Now did I give you permission to dress?" Angel couldn't respond, she just watched as he paused, apparently thinking about it. "No, I didn't, did I Angel-face?" He ran the edge of the knife against her cheek. Lucas continued, not allowing her to answer as he clicked his tongue at her, "Well, I see I'm gonna have to teach you two lessons today."

Angel watched out of the corner of her eye as he straightened up, relieved that the knife was no longer so close to her. She felt him take his hand from her back and then he grabbed the T-shirt at the bottom. She couldn't turn her neck far enough to see what he was doing, but she could see him raise the knife in front of him and look at it "I knew this would come in handy again." He shot her an amused look, and she knew what he was going to do with it. She felt rather than saw as he pushed the hand with the knife under the shirt, his skin brushing against hers. Then she felt him move upward with the knife, and heard a tearing sound as with a swift motion he pulled his arm towards him, the knife slicing the fabric from the neck down. Then he did the same with the arms, hooking the knife under and slicing from shoulder to wrist.

Lucas sat up straight and surveyed his handiwork. He closed the knife and placed it once again in his pocket. Then he brushed the remnant of the cut T-shirt aside. Angel twitched at the contact his hands made on her naked back, then arched up as he ran his finger down the length of her spine, the gentle caress tickling her. He watched her as she leaned her head into the pillow at his touch, then he leaned forward again, his hands coming to hold her around her waist.

Angel felt his lips close to her ear, and felt his warm breath as he whispered, "Time for that lesson." Her head rose up at that, just as he straightened.

"Lucas, please, I can explain," Angel pleaded. She was afraid of what he was going to do.

"I told you to break 'em good, darlin'. You didn't. You have to learn not to disobey me," drawled Lucas dangerously.

She began to speak but he cut her off. "I know you broke 'em, but you didn't do a good job, and you did that on purpose darlin'. That amounts to disobeying me, and for that, you have to be punished."

He leaned hard on her back, pressing her into the bunk. "Your sisters have come to join us. That was stupid of them. While they stayed on the planet I could afford to ignore them. Now I can't." Angel froze where she lay at the menace in his voice. [What's he planning now?]

"What have you done with them?" She couldn't keep her voice from quavering as she asked. She was terrified of his answer but had to know.

"Oh, they're locked up in the brig for the moment, but I have plans, don't you worry. I thought I might give Blue to Max as a present. That should buy his loyalty." Angel almost relaxed; that wasn't so bad. Ilas was fond of Max and he seemed to like her; he wouldn't hurt her. "But then again, having a shape-shifter around could be too dangerous, so maybe I'll just toss her out the airlock."

Angel cried out in terror; she knew he was quite capable of carrying out that threat "Oh God, no. Please Lucas, don't hurt her"

Lucas sat back, taking some of his weight off her, but still holding her down.

"Then there's luscious Lily, who loves a little variety. There are about fifty horny crewmen on this ship, who would love a new playmate. Maybe I'll turn Lily over to them. Of course she wouldn't look quite so lovely after fifty men have fucked her. But hey, she might enjoy it."

Angel sobbed as Lucas leaned forward again, whispering his next threats. "And then there's Demon. You know I have a hard spot for that girl. I can think of some things I'd like to do to her." He whispered into her ear what he planned to do with Demon; these made his previous threats seem tame. "And you'll get to watch while I do it darlin'. That'll add a bit of fun for you both."

Angel was crying bitterly by this time, but couldn't help but hear his final comment. He leaned forward and whispered seductively "Whatever happens to them now will be your fault Angel-face. If you'd done as I told you, they'd be safe down below. You chose to defy me. Now you have to pay."

Angel felt Lucas shift slightly, his hands moving from her waist. She tried to see what he was doing, but it hurt her neck to turn it that far.

"Lucas, please, I'm sorry. I promise I won't do it again. Just please don't hurt them." Angel begged him, hoping that she could get through to him. She turned her head again, ignoring the pain, her eyes widening when she felt him undo the zipper at her hip and then his hands take hold of her pants. She gasped when he pulled up, lifting her hips off the bed, and then pulled down. He moved so quickly (as he always seemed to do), his body shifting as in a few quick motions he had her pants off, and thrown into a corner. Angel was trying to figure out just how he had managed that with no help from her, when he knelt astride her legs, just above her knees, low enough so her legs were pinned beneath him.

"Don't worry, I promise I won't hurt you much, and I'll kiss it better when I'm done." Angel started to struggle beneath him. She wanted out, she had to get away. But he pinned her back down with one hand. "Oh no, darlin', you're not going anywhere. I suggest you stay still, that way I won't have to hurt you too much for trying to get away." Angel stopped struggling beneath him. She knew he'd hurt her more if she struggled. She lay still, bracing herself for what was to come.

Angel lay crying, her face buried in the pillow, her hands gripping the edges of the pillow tightly. Her buttocks felt like they were on fire from where Lucas had spanked her over and over again. He hadn't hit her that hard, but he had hit her many times, and her backside was hurting, burning. What she hated most was that she'd enjoyed what he'd done, as much as it had hurt her. She'd felt herself becoming aroused as he spanked, and was crying as much from shame as from pain. He was still above her, and when he moved, she flinched, anticipating another blow. Instead he spoke to her softly.

"Relax darlin'. Punishment is over. Time for pleasure." Angel was surprised at his gentle tone. She raised her head from the pillow. She hissed when his hands brushed softly on her abused buttocks, biting her lip at the stinging it caused.

Lucas then stroked her back gently, and then moved back to her buttocks. It no longer hurt as much. He felt her relax a little beneath him, her crying stopping. Angel meanwhile was trying to figure this switch from punishment, she'd been so sure that he would hurt her more. Yes, he'd hurt her, but now he was being gentle, caressing her sore backside. She couldn't figure him out. But she was sure that he was up to something. This wasn't her only punishment. No, there would be more. Punishment could come in different forms, not always physical. Her attention was brought back to his hands, as they moved up and down her back and over her cheeks. God, it felt so good. She gasped softly when he moved and lowered his lips to her shoulder, then down her back. She could no longer think about anything, other than the prospect of his lips brushing over her backside, his tongue coming out to lick over her burning flesh, the coolness taking away the burn and pain.

She felt him shifting his position over her as he worked his way down her back, his hands still caressing her, while his lips moved back up and his tongue traced its way along the length of her spine. Angel could feel the pain seeping away and the rest of her body responding to his touch. [Damn him!] She trembled as his tongue worked a circle at the base of her spine. She didn't want this; he was making her body respond to him. She was irritated and angry with herself and ashamed now. He'd hit her, and threatened her and now despite that, she was responding to his gentle touches. She knew that if he carried on she wouldn't be able to resist him, that she would enjoy it and want more. She had to get away!

Angel was no longer aware of the kisses and hands on her back. She was aware that with the way he was positioned she could easily get up. It was too late when she realized that he was no longer caressing her back. It was also too late for her to move when she felt his hands on her ankles as he flipped her over onto her back, the remains of the T-shirt beneath her. Angel made a move to sit up and try get off the bed, but he was kneeling astride her before she could even blink.

He lowered his lips to her mouth, his tongue slipping between her parted lips. His tongue moved deep into her mouth, where it sought out her tongue. Angel didn't want to respond, but as he deepened the kiss, she couldn't fight how good it was. Her tongue met with his. His hands moved over her breasts, kneading them gently, his fingers rubbing her hardened nipples. She arched up into his hands, butterflies coming alive in her stomach at the sensation of his hands on her naked skin.

Lucas broke the kiss so that he could rain kisses along her jaw line, slowly moving down to her neck, where his tongue traced over a bite mark. When Angel moaned softly he raised his head to look at her.

Blue eyes met hazel; the way he looked down at her made her heart beat faster.

"Tell me now that you want me to stop Angel-face." He was challenging her. His fingers rubbed her nipples gently, heightening the stakes. Angel looked at him, unable to say anything. She felt the wetness between her legs, her body wanting him to carry on, her head telling her to be stronger

and not give herself to him again, that he would own her even more if she did. She looked up at him, enjoying how the back of his hand was now caressing the side of her breast. She was lost.

Lucas watched her as she shook her head from side to side. He smiled and lowered his head, his lips barely away from hers. "That's my girl," he breathed. Then his mouth claimed hers again, the kiss a little rougher than the one before it. Angel's arms came up to his head, she ran her hands through his hair, pulling him closer to her, deepening the kiss. As he moved lower onto her, she could feel his erection poking into her hip through his pants, the feel of it causing the fire between her legs to increase. She felt him pulling away, and she tried to keep his lips on hers by tightening her hold on his hair, but his hands came off her breast, to take hold of hers, pulling them away. He moved back, still holding her hands in his.

"I can't do anything with these pants on, darlin'." He leaned forward to place a quick kiss on her lips. Then he let go of her hands and moved off the bed. Angel watched as he quickly took off his clothes, her eyes taking in his lean body and his impressive shaft. Then with a quick stride he was on the bed, lying next to her.

Angel lay there, her body responding to every one of his skillful touches, her mind remembering how he'd made love to her like this back on Eriadne. This is what she'd wanted more than anything else, for him to take her this way again. She arched her hips up when she felt his hand move between her thighs, a finger sliding into her. She writhed when he slid another finger past her wet folds, his thumb rubbing her clit as his fingers began to move in and out of her. Her thighs spread further as he continued to move his fingers inside her, his lips fastening onto her breast, his tongue caressing her nipple. She raised her hips up, wanting his fingers deeper inside her, her movement brushing up against his hard cock that pressed against her hip.

Lucas hissed slightly as her moving hips kept brushing up against him, stimulating him. If she continued to do that, he would come all over her, and he wanted to come inside her. He slipped his fingers out of her, shifting so that he was lying on top of her, between her parted thighs. He silenced her moan of disappointment when he moved his fingers out of her with a kiss.

Angel was enjoying the feel of his fingers in her, and almost cried out when he stopped, but when she felt him move to lie between her legs, she felt the butterflies beating furiously in her stomach. He'd brought her so close to the edge and now she wanted him more than ever inside her. She parted her legs further, raising her knees. He broke the kiss to look at her, his lips curled in a smile at the look of wanting in her eyes.

"Tell me what you want, darlin'." He enjoyed making her tell him, hearing the pleading in her tone. He knew that he had her completely when she begged him.

Angel knew he was tormenting her, his eyes saying more than his words. By asking her what she wanted, he was telling her again that she belonged to him body and soul, that she couldn't fight it, that he made her want it. She was hopeless, because she didn't care. At that moment, all she wanted and cared about was having him inside her again.

"I want you Lucas, only you. Please." Her voice was husky and pleading. And Lucas smiled. He shifted his weight. His arms hooked around her legs, and as he moved forward to enter her, his arms brought her legs up high draping them over his shoulders. Angel raised her hips to meet

him as he entered her with a hard thrust.

Her hands came up to pull his head to hers, their lips and tongues meeting in a bruising kiss. She gasped as he thrust deeper into her wet haven, feeling his hard cock burying itself to the hilt. Lucas thrust harder, feeling her walls tighten and spasm around him. Angel met his every thrust as he pushed them closer to climax. She closed her eyes, her hands leaving his head to take a tight grip of the pillow at her head, her moans loud as he moved in her.

Lucas looked down at her, as he thrust into her again. [Look at the pure bliss on her face...] He had to admit to himself that she was an exquisite beauty. Made of fire and passion, so much like Selena. Her eyes opened again and met his; he held them there as he moved faster into her. He could feel he was closer to coming than she was. He slowed down, wanting to bring her to where he was, before he pushed them into the abyss.

Angel couldn't take her eyes off him as he moved over her. She felt her body spinning as his thrusts slowed down, taking her to a place she had never been before. Her body felt like it was both hot and cold as she came closer to climax, her body trembling and meeting his every movement.

Then she was shuddering, a scream escaping her throat as with a hard thrust he sent her body plummeting as the intense waves of orgasm crashed over her. She felt Lucas shuddering, his eyes closed as her orgasm tightened the walls around his cock, making him come. She felt his hot essence explode into her, and climaxed again. The orgasms seemed to go on, and she felt as if she would faint as her body experienced the most overwhelming sensations she'd ever felt.

After what seemed an eternity, the explosions of release subsided as he emptied himself in her. Lucas lowered her legs off his shoulders, pulling himself out of her and moved so that he was lying beside her, his arm coming to lie across her, his hand coming to rest over one breast, his head resting on her shoulder. She could feel his warm breath on her damp skin, his breathing almost as ragged as hers.

They both lay still for a moment. Angel was unsure of what this meant. Lucas was lying quietly beside her, his hand stroking her breast and then moving to stroke her stomach. She was confused. She wanted to speak, but she didn't know what to say. And she wished that he would say something. Any other time she would have enjoyed this, but it was making her uneasy. She sensed that he was waiting for something; building up to say something to her, and her gut told her she wouldn't like it.

She felt him move, and watched as he raised his arm beneath him, resting his head on it so he could look down at her, while his other hand continued to stroke her stomach. Angel almost heaved a sigh of relief when he spoke.

"Ever heard of a Technomage, Angel-face?" Something about his tone made Angel very nervous. She shook her head and swallowed a lump that had formed in her throat.

"Well, you're going to get the chance to get to know one up close and personal." Lucas drawled, emphasizing the words.

"I don't understand," stammered Angel nervously, her lips and throat suddenly dry.

He paused, his eyes moving from hers to his hand on her stomach, watching as he moved his hand back up to her breast. Then he slowly brought his eyes back to her face.

"There's a particularly annoying Technomage that you're gonna help me get rid of darlin'." He paused letting Angel wrap her thoughts around that. He saw her eyes widen as she started to realize what he was getting at. She was a bright one. She opened her mouth to speak, but he raised his hand from her breast, placing a finger over her lips to silence her.

"You're gonna seduce him, and then, when his guard is down, you're gonna kill him for me." Lucas's voice was cold and it sent shivers down her spine. Her eyes widened in shock and she tried to get up.

"No" she gasped out, struggling against him as he pushed her down.

Lucas arched his eyebrow at her. "No?" His hand gripped her chin painfully, forcing her head to turn as he made her look at him. "Yes, Angel-face, you are mine and you will do whatever I tell you to." Angel was now blind with anger, at what he was telling her to do. She started to fight him with a strength she didn't know she had. He was caught off guard at the ferocious way she fought him. He was knocked off her when she elbowed him hard in the stomach.

Angel took advantage of this and sprang off the bed, but she didn't get very far before she felt herself tackled to the ground, the breath knocked out of her, as he pinned her, with his full weight on top of her, to the floor. She shrieked in pain when he grabbed her hair and pulled her head up. She was sure her neck was going to snap. He leaned his head close to her and spoke into her ear. "There's no runnin' from me darlin'." Her hands flew up to try and get his hands away. She gasped again in pain as he straightened, bringing himself to a kneeling position with her kneeling in front of him.

"You'll do as I tell you, or you'll live to regret it." Lucas drawled, his tone lethal.

"You can't make me do this, Lucas, not this," Angel cried desperately. She gasped when he yanked on her hair again.

"Wrong, Angel-face. I can make you do whatever I want. Do you really want to save your sister's life? You do this or Blue goes out of that airlock. Ever seen anyone die that way? It ain't pretty darlin'." Angel's stomach turned at this threat. She could defy him for her own sake, but to sacrifice her sister's life was too much. She had no doubt that he would carry out his threat.

His free hand came around to her breast. "I can make you want me to take you again now, and you wouldn't fight it." His fingers tweaked her nipple roughly. Angel jerked back into him, stunned to feel that his cock was hard again. Angel froze, her breathing labored and she stopped struggling against the hold he had on her hair.

"Lucas, please, don't." Her voice was small.

Lucas's finger and thumb began to rub her nipple between them, making them harden in

response.

"Well, darlin', it looks like I have to keep proving to that stubborn nature of yours that your body is no longer yours. That it does what I want it to, and that your head has no say in the matter." Lucas whispered in her ear. Angel twitched when he took the lobe of her ear in his mouth, suckling it.

He felt her breathing stall when his hand moved from her breast. He stopped suckling her ear, and pulled at her hair; drawing her neck sideways so that her throat was exposed. He lowered his lips to her neck and felt her tense, expecting him to bite her again. But all he did was kiss her, letting his tongue run across the top of her shoulder. He moved his hand around behind her, and slid it between her legs. His low chuckle felt like an insult to Angel, when his fingers parted her folds and found her wet with her fresh flow of juices. His fingers worked past her damp folds, sliding easily into her.

"See what I mean, Angel-face. You're still fighting me in your head, but this..." Lucas paused to rub into her wetness. "...This proves you can't resist me." Angel couldn't deny it. The feel of his fingers was so good. Her mind rebelled against him, screaming at her that she should be stronger, that if she let him do this, then she wouldn't be able to fight what he wanted her to do with the Technomage.

Angel couldn't think straight when his fingers moved out of her and his hand moved between her buttocks. He slid a wet finger between her cheeks, where it pressed against the puckered skin of her anus. Angel sucked in a breath when he slowly slid a finger into her back passage, her own juices on his finger lubricating his invasion.

Lucas moved his finger in and out of her slowly. He didn't know if she'd ever had anal sex, and he didn't want to cause any damage or hurt her - for now. After a few strokes he removed his finger. Shuffling forward, he let go of her hair and he pushed her down, holding onto her waist. Her legs were slightly apart, and he moved forward thrusting into her wet center. Angel gasped in surprise, her hands coming down to the floor to support herself. She was expecting him to move into her again, but instead he pulled his cock out, and once again pulled her back so that she was kneeling up straight in front of him.

Then slowly he moved forward, letting his hard shaft move between her cheeks, the head of his cock just at the entrance of her anus. Before he moved further, he took her arms from her sides and lifted them back and up, until they encircled his neck.

"Better hold on tight darlin'," drawled Lucas behind her. Angel knew what was coming; she could feel his erection against her. Her arms tightened around his neck, her head resting against his shoulder, as she felt him push forward, his cock lubricated with her own juices sliding into her slowly, letting her walls stretch to accommodate him. He felt her nails dig into his neck as he moved further into her until he was buried deep inside her. She felt herself stretching painfully as he began to move out of her again, then pushed back in. As he began to move more, his hand snaked round to her front. With two fingers he parted the folds of her labia, then slid his fingers into her while his thumb began to rub her hard and swollen clit.

His fingers working inside her from the front caused Angel to move her hips backward, taking

his cock deeper into her as he moved forward. His thrusts no longer hurt as she became accustomed to his shaft inside her. She had never had anal sex before, and she was overwhelmed by the double pleasure of his fingers inside her vagina, and his cock filling her from behind.

She had to hold on tight to his neck as her legs began to feel weak from being taken over like this. He sensed that she was no longer feeling pain and began to thrust harder into her, his fingers too, sliding deeper into her, reaching the most sensitive part inside her. She was moaning as she leaned against him. After their recent release, it wouldn't be long...

Angel's eyes opened when she felt Lucas suddenly stop moving inside her, both in the front and behind.

"Lucas?" Angel questioned with uncertainty. Why had he stopped?

"I can do whatever I want to you, Angel-face, and if you defy me again, I'll kill you. But I'll kill your sister first. While you watch." Her response was silenced as he thrust into her again, his fingers moving roughly inside her, his thumb against her clit. She wasn't able to think about his words as with a final powerful thrust, Angel came, her body arching into his chest. She felt his hot essence coming out to fill her from behind, her own juices flowing past his fingers. She arched again as his thumb still rubbing her clit caused her to shudder as another orgasm hit her.

Lucas felt her walls tightening around his fingers as she spasmed in orgasm again. He withdrew his cock from her when he was drained completely. He held onto her waist for a moment and then lowered her to the floor. Angel let him; she felt boneless, and she didn't think she could move again until her body came down from the heights he had taken it to.

She lay there, her thoughts becoming more rational as she watched him get dressed. When he was finished he came to stand over her, his expression a mix of smug and dangerous. Angel suddenly remembered what he'd just said to her. "...And if you defy me again. I'll kill you." She knew he'd been talking about the Technomage. There was no doubt in her mind, that if she said no to what he wanted to do that he would kill her and Ilas. She looked up at him.

"Ready to meet your first Technomage?" Lucas watched her, almost daring her to defy him again. He could see she was thinking about it, but like any human, she had a strong will to live. He smiled when she nodded and stood up. He let his eyes run down her naked form. Then he let her move past him to where her clothes were. He stood leaning up against the doorway, his expression impassive as he watched her pick up her pants and boots. He watched her move to the cupboard.

"Oh no, Angel-face...." He pushed himself from the doorway and walked over to where he yanked the clothes she was holding out of her hands. "You ain't gonna be wearing anything when you meet Galen." Her hand was still frozen in midair from where he had snatched her clothes away. She was barely able to stifle a startled cry when he grabbed her wrist, his arms coming around her waist and his head lowering to claim her mouth in a bruising, passionate kiss. She almost fell when he suddenly released her and walked to the door.

He paused at the doorway. "I have to go and fetch your new playmate." Angel watched him in stunned silence, as he looked her up and down. "Get yourself cleaned up, you're a mess." He watched with cold amusement as Angel's hand involuntarily flew up to her face and hair.

Ignoring her hurt and embarrassed expression, he continued, "I want you looking your best by the time I come back." She stood staring in disbelief. He moved forward again to stand looking down at her, his expression deadly.

Angel almost jumped out of her skin when his hand reached up to her chin to force her to face him. "Don't even consider puttin' anything on over that sexy body of yours, darlin'." He paused, letting his eyes rake over her naked breasts. She bit her lip, willing herself not to tremble in fear. He raised his hazel eyes back to hers. "I want you freshened up and totally naked when I return. You get me, Angel-face?" She swallowed hard and blinked. She couldn't believe what he was saying to her, but she did know beyond a shadow of a doubt that if he returned and she had defied him, by dressing, he would hurt her.

Lucas watched as Angel nodded her head slowly, and gave her a cruel smile, "Don't worry darlin', it won't be that bad, hell, you might even enjoy it." He chuckled and moved away from her. She watched him saunter towards the outer door, where he punched a few buttons on the key panel. The door opened with a whoosh. Before he left, he turned his head to give Angel an impassive stare. "Just remember Angel-face, if you'd obeyed me on the planet, your sisters wouldn't be here. This is your fault, your responsibility." Then he was gone, the door closing with another whoosh.

Angel just stood there, unable to move, her mind in chaos. She knew she had to do what he'd told her, or be damned. She snorted at that thought; hell, she was damned already. She forced herself to move to where a small sink was. When she reached for the black washcloth on the counter, she noticed her hands were trembling.

She took hold of the cloth in one hand, while with the other she turned the warm water on. She held the cloth under the running water, then she leaned forward to wash her face. The whole time her mind racing with what Lucas wanted her to do. God, how had she sunk so low. He wanted her to prostitute herself; that in itself made her feel sick. But worse still, he wanted her to kill a man, a man who she'd never met and who had done nothing to her. She couldn't understand why he even wanted this man dead. Angel tried to figure it out, to understand, how she had become so weak and unable to fight what went against her better nature. But she couldn't, she was so tired and weary. Her thoughts raced around like demons attacking her, to the point where she was thinking, but at the same time not thinking at all.

Her mind in confusion, Angel finished washing herself, cleaning her body and wiping away all traces of Lucas's dried fluids from between her legs. When she was done, she looked into the small shaving mirror above the sink. She looked terrible; the only thing that would make her look better would be make-up. But she doubted that Gideon had any lying around. All she could do was take the comb lying on a shelf above the sink and give her hair a good combing. She winced as she combed her matted hair, the teeth catching and pulling in her knots. After a few moments she was done. She had to admit that at least with her hair neat, she didn't look as tattered as she still felt. She went into the small bathroom, and answered the call of nature that was knocking on her bladder. When she was done and had washed her hands, she moved to sit on the bed, her hands clasped tightly together in her lap.

Angel sat there, desperately trying to ignore the sick feeling in her stomach that made her want to throw up, and also trying to not think about her nakedness. She sighed heavily and forced back the tears of humiliation, anger and pain that threatened to burst out in an uncontrollable flood.

She closed her eyes, sighing again as she tried to prepare herself for what was about to happen.

Galen followed his old friend silently. A few moments ago Matthew had come and greeted his arrival, which was his first hint that something was different. Matthew had never come to the landing bay to greet him before. But he wasn't given the chance to say anything as Matthew had gone on to explain the past few days' events. As they had stood in the landing bay, Matthew told him about the troubles they'd encountered. Galen had been ready to ask if everything was all right, but Matthew continued on saying that all was sorted out, and that they'd discovered some new technology that could bring about a cure for the Drakh Plague. Galen had stood there listening to the Captain as he explained further.

He'd reacted with mild surprise when Matthew told him that he had a gift for him. Something he had picked up on the planet. "Think of it as a welcome home present after being gone for so long." Matthew had said and then Matthew had told him to follow him as the gift was in his quarters waiting for him.

As they neared Gideon's quarters, Galen cast another look at the Captain. There was something different about him. He looked like Matthew, and he sounded like Matthew, well almost. When Matthew had welcomed him, Galen had noticed a slight drawl in his greeting. But he shrugged it off as his imagination as the Captain continued to talk, sounding exactly like Matthew Gideon. But there was a darkness to him, Galen didn't need a true sight spell to tell him that. But something told him to play along. He was aware of something wrong here, but for now his instincts told him to go along until things became clearer.

Lucas could feel the Technomage's eyes on him as they stopped outside Gideon's quarters. He knew Galen was thinking that something was up. That was why he had to get rid of the annoying Magic Man. Galen could be a threat to his plans. Well, Angel-face would be the one to make that happen. He turned to Galen.

"You said you were peckish and I know you have good taste, so I've got something really delectable for you to try." Lucas said, having to concentrate on keeping up the Yankee accent.

Galen looked at him, giving him that typical snooty Galen look; it had irritated him no end while riding around in Gideon's head. He'd often imagined himself punching that expression off the Technomage's face. Galen watched Matthew closely, taking care with his reply. [Let's keep him thinking I don't smell a rat] thought Galen as he replied. "Well, Matthew, I haven't eaten in 24 hours, I could do with something to eat."

Lucas had to contain a smirk as he gave the order for the door to open. Forcing a Space Cadet smile, he turned back to Galen. "Well. I'm sure this will satisfy your appetite." He entered Gideon's quarters with Galen trailing behind him.

Angel was still sitting on the bed when she heard the whoosh of the outer door opening, followed

by Lucas's voice [Was he speaking like Gideon?] She jumped up and quickly ran to the screen that divided his bedroom from the front room and yanked it shut. She didn't know why she did it; it wasn't like a door would stop him from coming in. She backed away, her eyes darting nervously at the sounds of Lucas and the Technomage [Galen? Yes, he'd called him Galen,] entering and the door closing. She wanted to get closer to the door so she could hear what was being said, but was unable to move. Instead she stood straining to hear the muffled voices through the closed screen. [Funny, it doesn't look thick enough] she thought absently. Her heart raced as she realized that in a matter of minutes Lucas would be coming for her.

As Lucas moved further into the room, he noticed that the screen was closed. It didn't bother him; in fact it suited his needs. He didn't want Magic Man getting a glimpse of his surprise, and besides that, he had to give a little instruction to the firecracker in the bedroom. He felt Galen's eyes on the back of his head, and turned. "Give me a minute to make sure your gift is ready."

"Of course, Matthew" Lucas had to hide his irritation; God that accent really annoyed him. He forced a small smile at Galen, then turned and walked to the screen, opening it. Making sure his body blocked Galen's view, and without a further word to Galen, he slipped inside, closing the screen behind him.

Galen stood looking at the closed door. "What's going on here, Matthew?" He whispered. Galen moved to the center of the room. A frown crossed his brow as he heard muffled voices, one of which sounded distinctly female. He considered moving closer, even going inside, especially when he heard a bang, like something hitting the wall. But decided it was better to wait. Besides it gave him a chance to think about what could be going on here. So he stood there, his arms crossed, and waited.

Angel watched as the screen opened and Lucas entered. She was so afraid =

now that every breath hurt. She felt like a wild animal caught in a spotlight when he closed the screen behind him then stopped and looked at her, taking in every naked inch of her body and appearance.

"Well darlin', don't you look pretty?" drawled Lucas. When he advanced toward her, something in Angel reacted and she moved, trying to dart past him and escape. But he was too quick, one hand grabbing her wrist while the other fastened like a steel vice around her neck, turning her sharply and slamming her against the wall. The tight hold he had on her throat prevented her from screaming.

"Not a sound Angel-face. Don't want your 'date' to suspect something is wrong now, do we?" Angel looked up at him desperately, and felt dizzy when his hand tightened slightly. His hold slackened again when he felt her nod. "Now, listen good darlin', while I tell you exactly what you're gonna do." He gave her a narrow look, and she nodded again.

Angel almost choked when Lucas suddenly released his grip on her throat. She watched with

nervous eyes as he moved away from her. Her eyes widened when he removed her knife from his pocket, and showed it to her.

"Ol' Magic Man through there could prove an annoyance to me, so you, my love, are gonna do a good job of making him disappear permanently." Angel still couldn't say anything as she watched him move to the bed, where he placed the knife under the pillow and then turned back to her. When he began walking toward her again, Angel backed up against the wall as far as it would allow her, silently wishing she could disappear into it. When he stopped only inches from her she finally managed to find her voice.

"Lucas, please I..." She couldn't continue as he narrowed his eyes. His cold expression robbed her of the ability to speak again.

"Not thinking of defying me again, Angel-face? You know what'll happen to your sisters if you do." Lucas's tone was deadly. Angel knew there was no way she could retreat now. For her life and that of her sisters she'd better do what he ordered. When she spoke, she knew that by saying the words, she was totally submitting to him. From this point on he could make her doing anything and she wouldn't be able to fight it. A spark of rebellion lit, but she quenched it. It would only get her into trouble, and could kill her sisters.

Her voice quivered when she spoke. "What do you want me to do Lucas?" She saw by his expression that he knew he had her.

"You seduce him. Use this slinky sexy..." Lucas paused to glance over her body. In the back of his mind, he thought about the bruises and bite marks on her body. He should have let Max run that do-hickey healer gadget over her. [Well, too late for that] Besides he didn't really give a fuck that he was giving Galen damaged goods. He looked back at her face and continued. "...body of yours to drive him wild. Then when he's finished fucking you and he's distracted and unable to think about anything else other than the good lay in his arms, you take that sharp little knife..." Lucas nodded his head to where he had placed the knife under the pillow, "and you drive it into his heart, and if you miss that, you keep driving it into him until the job is done. As simple as that. Understand, darlin'?"

Angel was horrified at the cold, matter-of-fact way Lucas was telling her what he wanted her to do. For the first time since she had come face to face with him, she saw him for what he was, the most dangerous man she'd ever met. Angel was startled out of her thoughts by him repeating his question.

There was nothing she could do. She nodded.

"Good girl, oh and this time do the job good. Or else you know what the consequences will be." Angel nodded meekly. She barely managed to contain a gasp when he grabbed her arm, pulling her toward the screen, which with his other hand he pushed open. "Time to go to work, honey." She felt herself dragged away from the wall and out of the bedroom behind him.

Raven had arrived in the Medbay hard on the heels of the men carrying the stretcher and

immediately started giving orders to his team for the equipment and blood he needed to work on Matheson. While the tools Ilas had given him on the planet had saved Matheson's life, he wanted to work with things he knew about and could predict. Some of the things Ilas had shown him were a little too like magic for his tastes.

His chief nurse started assembling the equipment he ordered while others stripped Matheson ready for surgery. Raven was worried by the pallor of Matheson's face. While he'd stopped the external bleeding, he worried about what was happening internally. He'd pumped all the blood he'd taken from his volunteers into the Lieutenant, but his color hadn't improved. He must be bleeding internally.

When no one was watching him, Raven leaned forward and stroked Matheson's hair softly. He whispered, "This was Lily's 'sight' wasn't it John? But she said the future isn't written in stone and she made us promise. Don't break your promise, John." He started a further transfusion and went to work. "Don't leave us now."

He didn't notice the guard who'd arrived outside the door.

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